

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

THE TWO WREATHS.

The last embodiment of earthly joy,
The father dwelling in the dark-eyed boy,
Who stood before me in his young life-time,
One hand upraised, the other pressed in mine—
And in a hand clasping the upraised hand,
Which but my vision had the power to scan:
I felt the well known touch come through my child,
And death was life, and death as Eden-milled.
“Now, young adventurer,” I earnest cried,
“Ask thou a boon, it cannot be denied.”
The quick blood mounted to his youthful brow,
The lips essayed to speak, yet might not now.
I knew that high-souled boy had justly deemed
That words were all too poor for such a theme.
Yet brother grew his heart, as pressed to mine,
And thrillingly he murmured, “Madeline!”
Half breathless now, with wondering eyes upraised,
Upon a strange, sweet scene I yearning gazed;
For, resting o’er the youth, a new light came,
And yet so near, it well might seem the same—
A light reflected from a circling throng
Of white-winged angels, bearing flowers along,
And, pointing o’er the unconscious lover there,
They wove the flowers into a garland fair,
The whilst, all playing they sang,
They laid the rose wreath his curls among.
How trustful grew his heart that mystic hour,
At once endowed with Faith’s unwavering power
In his exultant season of success,
The crowning of his heart’s deep tenderness,
He deemed he might defy the life of time—
The boon was his—the long loved Madeline.

If love might purchase love, truth purchase truth,
Then might I joy for that impassioned youth;
I dared not trust the smiling faith he knew,
And still my fears his future would pursue,
Taught doubly by my own unshed heart, to know
That love and truth were seldom met below.
Despite the wreath amid his clustering hair,
Still resting in its fragrant beauty there—
Despite myself, my bodied heart would say:
“Earth-love, like flowers, is doomed to fade away.”
Yet forth he went, with glad and fearless tread,
Firm in the faith that heart with heart might wed.
All silently I gazed, for well I knew
That he alone life’s pathway must pursue;
That my experience could avail him naught,
But by his own each lesson must be taught.

He went, he came—and each succeeding day
A flower had faded from the wreath away,
And each last flower from his eye a light—
A shade of rose-tint from his cheek so bright;
And though he smiled, and seemed all blithe and gay,
I felt the shadows that around him lay.

“Twas late one night—oh, I remember well!
His eye I heard—how heavily it fell—
How wearily across the chamber floor—
How with hushed breath I listened at the door!
A moaning sound was all I heard within;
It was as one when life is waxing dim;
I could not leave my boy to wrestle there
Alone with madness, or his deep despair.
I stole in; upon a chair I sank.
Bloodless his cheek, his eye was dim and blank,
Senseless the rose wreath, all withered now,
And cruel thorns were on his bleeding brow.
Too late, alas! the fearful truth he’d seen,
His Madeline was but an ideal queen.
From her fair lips there came no thrilling tone—
No heart-throb sweetly answered to his own.
Like frost upon his loving heart he lay,
Chilling his weary life from day to day;
High aims and holy purposes were dim,
For love was not—and what was life to him!

“Thou too, my child,” I cried, with anguish rift,
“Must learn the cold philosophy of life—
Bravely alone must stem the bitter tide,
The best, the holiest boon of God denied?
Yet know thou now, my earnest, gifted boy,
Life is not, as it seems, a worthless toy.
Aimless despair is weakness, madness, sin;
Thou hast a higher life to lose or win.
The worth of time language can never tell,
Come back—improve the precious season well!
Eternity is thine, immortal thou,
Son of the Father, stamped upon thy brow.
Prove thyself worthy the illustrious birth—
Thy spirit’s infancy must be of earth.
Prove thyself brother to the Son of God—
Far thornier was the path he trod.
Thy years, and gifts, and woes, are only thine,
For growth into the spirit-life divine.”

While thus I plead, the thorns had fallen away,
And a soft light in circling halo lay
Around a second circling angel throne,
Who, chanting, hovered o’er the youth new-born;
A wreath of Poesy they wove him now,
And softly twined it round his tranquil brow.
The eyes, once flashing with love’s dream so bright,
Assumed a softer, more enduring light;
All spiritual became his thoughtful mien,
As though he tinged earth and heaven between.
Listening the music of that angel-choir,
Tuning by theirs his own poetic lyre,
Drinking the holy inspiration in,
Dying to disappointment, death and sin—
O’er the sacred sphere’s harmonious sound,
With Poet’s pen to breathe it all around.
Deep in his soul had slept a sacred strain;
There, all unwritten, had that music lain,
Had love but crowned his dear, delicious dream—
And growth of spirit had been dimly seen.
I cannot count the lesson dearly bought,
E’en though by heart-death was the Poet taught.

Messrs. Treason & Guiney, who, says Digby, ought
to know better, issue the following American bull:
“All persons whose names have been refused en-
try on the voting lists, in consequence of not being
able to read and write, are requested to call upon the
undersigned to day.”
TREASON & GUINEY.
Digby read and re-read the above, and finally
offered Brad a GUINEY if he would become the
TREASON of his comprehension regarding the above.
“How,” quoth Digby, “are the unfortunate igno-
rants, whose innocence of the how to read and write, in
no sense fits them to respond, to know that they are
called upon to call?”

Belief is a half-way point between thought and
knowledge.

“ROCKY NOOK.” A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

“Every pure and seriously-disposed mind must acknowl-
edge that marriage is of God. It is one of the divine arrange-
ments, a sweet and silent harmonizer of the many discordant
elements that enter into the conditions of our existence.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Our almanacs measure time by years, months,
days, etc., but how differently our hearts sometimes
reckon it. I overheard Joseph and Minny talking
one day, and one of them incidentally remarked, “It
is a month to-day since little Mark died.” “One
month!” I repeated to myself, “and oh, what years
of anguish have been compressed in those few weeks!”
Time is called the consolator; not so—it merely blunts
the edge of grief.

I had sunk into a dull, almost apathetic state, and
went about the house like one who bore life as a
burden, which would be gladly laid down. My situa-
tion grieved Aunt Martha, for she knew that perfect
peace which could say, amid the greatest trials of
life—“Thy will be done.” She came and read to me,
and she insisted upon my riding and walking with
her; but though I made an effort to be cheerful, I was
seldom successful, and, turned from every source of
consolation to dwell upon my own grief.

“Our greatest trials, Anna,” she would say, “are
blessings in disguise; you will live to mourn over
this selfish sorrow, which, wrapping itself in its own
grief, forgets the misfortunes of others; come with
me to-day.”

I passively yielded, as usual, to any wish which
she might express, and we rode down to “The Point,”
as it was called, a little settlement of fishermen, who,
with their families, lived in a few huts by the sea-
side.

Aunt Martha stepped out of the door of one of these,
and, taking a large traveling basket from the chaise,
said, “I’ll introduce you to my friend, Aunt Milly,
first.” I followed her into a low room, neat and tidy
in appearance, but evidently the abode of poverty.
On a bed in one corner lay a woman, perhaps forty
years of age; at her side was one much older, and
quite infirm. The faces of both brightened when
they saw my companion, and as the elder rose to
greet her, the invalid held out a wan, thin hand, and
exclaimed—

“This is just what I prayed for this morning, and
I have been waiting to see the door open, and your
face appear!”

Aunt Martha introduced me, and then seating her-
self by the bed, asked the sick woman about her
rheumatism.

“I am very comfortable,” was her reply; “these
warm sunny days are very precious, and I sufferless
pain than usual, and sometimes I forget that I am
only half alive, and try to rise—it is so hard to lie
here and see my poor, aged mother working so hard
for my sake.”

“I tell Milly she must not talk so,” said the old
lady, “for it is only a pleasure to wait upon her,
and I never forget that she took sick by working so
hard to save her father’s life.”

“How was that, Mrs. Dole?” inquired Aunt
Martha; “I have nearly forgotten the circumstances.”

“Why, ma’am, I am sorry to say it, but my hus-
band used sometimes to take a drop too much; it was
the fashion of the times. It was rather dangerous
in his business, for he was fishing a great part of
the time, and I always felt anxious about him, when
he put his jug of rum in the boat. One day he had
been gone longer than usual; it was cold and windy,
and threatened a storm. Milly and I went down to
the landing a great many times to look out, and at
last, just at dusk, we saw the boat with my husband
and Jim. Milly watched a long time through the
glass, and at last she said, (and turned very pale as
she spoke), ‘Mother, one of ‘em has fallen into the
bottom of the boat, and the other does not seem to be
making for shore; if they are not here in ten minutes,
they cannot come to-night, for the storm is just upon
us, and they will be driven out to sea.’ I wrung my
hands, and groaned, but Milly ran and fastened a
boat which was near, and only saying, ‘Pray for us,
mother,’ was out on the water before I could realize
what she was doing. She had neither bonnet nor
shawl, nor would there have been time to obtain
either, for the storm began in earnest before she had
been gone five minutes. I ran and kindled a fire
near the landing-place, and waited in great suspense,
for it was so dark that my poor old eyes could see
nothing clearly. Milly’s boat was built somewhat
like a life-boat, and rode over the water very fast,
but the wind blew, and the rain poured down, and I
gave my family up for lost, when suddenly, as I was
on my knees praying, I heard Milly’s voice, ‘Help,
mother! bring the lantern!’ I did so, and found
her in the boat, with her poor, drunken father un-
able to move, and Jim swearing awfully at her, and
saying that she was taking the boat to destruction,
and that the light which I had kindled was the light-
house on the Isle of Shoals. How she managed to
bring the boat to land, I could never guess, and she
herself says it was almost a miracle. We had hard
work to carry my husband to the house and secure
the fish; as for Jim, he lay down by the fire on the
rook, and fell asleep. I let him lie till I had seen
his father safe for the night, and then Milly and I
carried him to bed. By that time the poor girl was
exhausted, and I made her a cup of tea, and wrapped
her in a warm blanket for the night; but she was
never strong, and the next day she was not able to
get up. She had taken cold, and it settled in her

limbs, and she has never been well from that time to
this; she suffers less now than formerly, but she is
more helpless—you see, ma’am,” she said, turning to
me, “that one side is dead,” and she showed me
her side. The right arm was withered, the right
side and the right leg and foot; there was no feeling
in them.

“How long have you been confined here?” I asked.
“Ten years, ma’am; at first, I seemed very hard,
and time passed heavily; but mother has not told
you that my father gave up rum-drinking from that
night, and died a sober man; this made my suffer-
ing light.”

“And your brother?” I asked.
“Ah! Jim remembered his danger, too, and drank
no more for a long time, and, while he lived with us,
I got along nicely, and had no fear of hunger or
cold; but he took the California fever, and went
away, and we have not heard a word from him for
two years. We fear he is dead, or has fallen into bad
habits.”

“So you see, ma’am,” said the old lady, “what a
comfort it is to have Milly to wait on; she is all
that’s left to me, and her cheerfulness and faith
keep me up, and what I can’t do, God orders to be
done for me; he has never let us suffer. I have had
four children, but two were drowned at sea, and, as
I said before, Milly is all that is left, and we take a
deal of comfort together, though one is old, and the
other helpless.”

While the mother talked, Aunt Martha busied her-
self in little cares for the invalid. She combed her
long hair, which had become prematurely gray, and
moved her to one side of the bed, while she made the
other more comfortable; then she uncorked a bottle
of choice wine, which she had brought with her, and
gave her some to drink. What else she left, I did
not observe; but I know the basket was much
lighter when we came out, than when we went in.

“Now, Anna, we will give my little David a call,”
and she knocked at the door of the next house.
Here we found a young woman, blushing shoes by
the window; while on a small bed, near another
window, was a boy about fifteen years of age, re-
clining on pillows that raised his head, so that he
could use his hands more readily. He had been
making little baskets, and a number stood on the
window-sill, and some paints and brushes with
which he had colored them.

He had a fair, pretty face, though pale; and, as
he turned towards Aunt Martha as she entered, his
blue eyes lighted up, and a sweet smile played
around his mouth.

“Oh, Mrs. Reed, you have come just in the right
time, for I want your advice about the basket I am
making for the minister’s wife.”

Aunt Martha introduced me, and then sat down
and entered into the little basket-maker’s plans with
all the zeal of a companion in the work. Suddenly
she turned towards myself.

“Why, I forgot, Anna, that you understand the
trade better than myself. Do you remember how
often you used to visit the Penobscot Indians when
they encamped summers on the ‘Green,’ joining
the old turnpike road, and that you gave half your
clothes to a little papoose, while its mother in return
taught you to make baskets? Come and see if you
can recall some of your knowledge, for the benefit of
my little friend.”

David’s eyes brightened with pleasure.
“And have you really seen Indians make baskets
—and can you tell me how they color their wood?
I never saw an Indian in my life.”

“That is strange,” I said, “for they come along
the coast, and stop within a few miles of here every
summer.”

“Oh, yes, I know that, ma’am; but then I have
not been out of this room for six years. I was a
very little boy when I got hurt, and was made sick
by it.”

“Can you tell me how you hurt yourself?”

“Oh, yes, ma’am, I remember very well all about
it. I was playing with another boy, larger than
myself, and he pushed me over—it was all in sport,
but I fell upon a stone door-step and hurt my back,
so that I have never been able to walk since. We
lived in a large, nice house then, and there were
three large stone steps to the door; I suppose I
must have fallen from the highest. I suffered very
much for a long time; but I can read now, and
make baskets, and watch the children at play, and
so I get along very well.”

I gave the little fellow all my knowledge of basket-
making, and promised to send him some genuine
specimens of Indian work, and also some of birch,
from the Canadian Indians, all of which seemed to
afford him great delight.

While I was talking with the boy, Aunt Martha
was busy trading with the mother, who had left her
shoe binding, and was exhibiting some neatly wrought
dollars and night-caps, and I was amused to see my
good aunt select one of the nicest of the latter, and
pay for it liberally.

“Do not put them away,” she said, as the widow
turned to her drawer; “Anna would like one.”
It was safe to follow my leader in this case. I
thought, and I, too, bought a wrought night-cap,
though I had no need of the article. The widow re-
ceived the money gratefully, but no smile lighted up
her features, on which a deep melancholy seemed to
have settled.

When we came out, I inquired her history. She
married, when quite young, a worthy sea captain,
who had accumulated a nice little fortune by indus-
try and prudence. Unfortunately he invested it in
a ship and cargo, which were lost at sea; there was
some defect in his insurance, and his all was gone

at one stroke. The disappointment was so great
that it threw him into a fever, from which he never
recovered. Little David was then a bright, prom-
ising boy, and the widow gathered him to her heart as
the richest treasure for the present, and her hope for
the future. You see how this hope has been blasted,
for the poor little fellow is an invalid for life, and
must be dependent on a mother’s care.”

When I went home that evening, I related the in-
cidents of my visit to Joseph and Minny, and we
laid many little plans for the comfort of Aunt Milly,
and the amusement of little David.

Not many days after, I took my little baskets and
started alone on a walk to the Point. I spent an
hour with Milly, and twice that time with David;
and, in our own opinion, we achieved wonders in
basket-making. Joseph had promised to sell all we
could make, and David said he thought he should
make enough during the summer to buy his mother
a stove for winter, and then they would not suffer so
much with the cold as they had the last winter.

I walked home towards evening with a more quiet
heart than I had had for many weeks, and, as I took
the road by the river side, I was surprised to see a
small brig at the wharf, which seemed to be fitted
for sea. We had, generally, no large vessels at this
port, our captains almost always running into Bos-
ton, and taking their cargoes from there. My curi-
osity was excited, and I went on board, where I
found a friend of my husband, Captain Allen, who
welcomed me cordially.

“We are bound to the gold region, Mrs. Hooper;
any packages for John; be assured they shall be de-
livered safely, for I will not leave San Francisco
without a sight of his face, I warrant you.”

I promised to send some, and walked home, won-
dering what he would need most.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I am not fond of darkness, and from a child I
have thought Heaven must be delightful, because
“there is no night there”; therefore I cannot fully
sympathize with Longfellow, who tells us that his
spirit “drinks repose from the cool clusters of the
midnight air.”

I do not love to wake at midnight, for, instead of
sweet thoughts, I have the strangest fancies imagin-
able—especially if the room be large, and have
many corners, or much old-fashioned carved furni-
ture, or busts, or even plaster images. I soon have
such a population around me, that to call it solitude
would be a strange misnomer; but light the candle,
or a coal-oil lamp, or, better still, a gas-burner, that,
like a trusty watchman’s eyes, penetrates each cor-
ner, and alley, and hiding place, driving out gnomes,
witch, fairy, sprite, and all the host which darkness
alone makes visible, and then I can have quiet
thoughts and contemplation sweet.

On the night succeeding my walk from the Point,
I could not sleep, perhaps from thinking what arti-
cles I should send to John. I resolutely kept my
eyes shut—for it was a very dark night—till, tired
of playing a sort of “bo peep” with all my imagin-
ary companions, I jumped up, lighted my lamp, and
settling it on a table in the middle of the room,
sought my pillow again. The light, or the slight
agitation of the brain, or perhaps both combined,
were a benefit, for a new idea suddenly sprang up
amid my busy thoughts—a bright one surely, and I
would act upon it. The more I turned it over, the
better I liked it; upside down, inside out, front view,
profile, all pleased me. Yes, I would act upon it! I
wondered I did not think of it when on the vessel
that day. There was no more sleep for me that
night.

I was rather taciturn at breakfast, and somewhat
in haste, so fully was my mind occupied with my
own thoughts. The sun shone brightly, and I was
soon dressed for a walk, directing my steps at once
to the wharf, where I hoped to find Captain Allen on
board his vessel.

The cool air, the sunshine, and the glad beauty of
nature in her Summer robes, imparted elasticity to
my steps, and inspired fresh hope in my heart; and
before I reached the vessel, there was not one linger-
ing doubt in my heart that I was doing right.

I was so absorbed, however, with my own thoughts,
that I saw no one near, and was startled a little
when a pleasant voice at my side bade me “Good
morning!”

I turned, and met the frank, open countenance of
the very man of whom I was in search. We were
near the vessel.

“Will you make another call upon the Gazelle,
Mrs. Hooper? She is a pretty craft, and I fancy
we will make a quick voyage of it.”

I followed him, and stood upon deck, turning my
eyes seaward for a moment.

“What day do you sail, Captain Allen?”

“On Thursday—the day after to-morrow—if the
wind is fair.”

“Can you take me as a passenger? I wish to go
to my husband.”

“Well, then, now—if that is n’t lucky!” said the
honest, blunt sailor. “My wife is going, and she
expected to be the only lady on board; and it was
only this morning she said to me, ‘I wish there were
some other one to go with me.’ Why, we can take
you as well as not. You and Sarah may occupy the
bit of a state room I have fixed for her accommoda-
tion, and I warrant you we’ll make a better passage
for having such cargo on board; and John will be
right glad to see me when he finds what I have
brought him.”

I went immediately with the captain to see his
wife, and we made all necessary arrangements in a
short time. Then I turned my footsteps towards

Aunt Martha’s house; and now my pace was slower,
for I had doubts of her approval. I found her mak-
ing jelly. She always made a large quantity, and
packed it in nice little glasses, all ready to carry to
some poor invalid. A row of these glasses was now
before her, and she was filling them.

“Just in time, Anna, to go to the cupboard and
take a piece of sponge-cake and try my jelly. Is n’t
it beautifully clear?”

I sat down with the cake and jelly, wondering
within myself how I should reveal to her what I had
done. She cannot approve such a rash scheme; and
how can I go without her blessing?” I asked myself.
“Aunt Martha,” I said, at last, very abruptly,
“did you ever feel that you must take a certain
course which you knew your friends disapproved,
but which your own conscience told you was right?”

The good woman stopped her work, sat down in a
chair, and looked at me very intently for a moment.

“My dear child, I do not know why you should
ask me that question this morning; but I was think-
ing, just before you came in, about your Uncle
Mark’s long sickness at Charleston, one winter. Per-
haps it was the currant jelly made me think of it,
for I carried some to him, and he enjoyed it very
much. He was sick with fever. It was the year be-
fore we were married, and word came from his mate,
who remained with him, that his physician had given
him up. All my friends thought I was crazy to
think of going to him, (in those days it was a long
journey), but my mind was made up, and I went—
and I never regretted it, for Mark always insisted
upon it that my nursing and care saved his life.
Yes, I have done many things in my life, for which
I looked to my own conscience alone for approval.”

“Aunt, I am going to John!”

“With Captain Allen, in the Gazelle?”

“Yes, Aunt!”

“Just what I have been thinking would be best for
you to do; but I had not courage to propose it, and
am afraid I was too selfish to wish you to leave!”

“Oh, Aunt Martha,” I said, as I sprang up and
kissed her again and again—your approval makes
it all easy—I am sure I heard John calling me last
night, and I have a presentiment that my future hap-
piness depends upon my going.”

“Well my dear, just help me put these glasses
away, and I will go home with you; you will need
my aid, if you go so soon. Do you want me to take
Minny?”

“I wished it very much, but am afraid she will be
too much care.”

“Not at all—I really need her. She is a good
child, and will be a pleasant companion for me.”

As we went towards home, we met my neighbor,
Mrs. Wiggins, and passed the usual compliments of
the day.

“I am going down to the Gazelle,” said she, “the
vessel that’s bound for California; Mrs. Allen asked
me to go down and see her fixins for the voyage;
poor thing, it’s the last we’ll see of her, I warrant.
If men will go off to barbarous lands in that way,
they better go alone, I say, don’t you, Mrs. Hooper?”
“I can only answer you, Mrs. Wiggins, by saying
that I hope to go with Mrs. Allen, to meet my hus-
band in San Francisco.”

“Well, I declare, I’m beat now! who ever would
have thought of it, a little delicate body like yourself!
Well, if you die afore you get there, remember I warn-
ed you of the consequences.”

We passed on, and Aunt Martha quietly remarked
that she hoped I was not seriously alarmed—there
were false prophets now-a-days, as well as in olden
times.

Mrs. Wiggins amused me; not so the expostulations
of Joseph and Minny, who were with difficulty re-
conciled to my departure; our pleasant home was to be
broken up, and years might pass before we could be
gathered again around the same fireside.

On Wednesday eve, at twilight, I went alone to the
grave of my child, and gathered some flowers that
blossomed there to take with me; nor did I forget a
farewell to our old home, Rocky Nook. It was still
in ruins, but the grape-vines were growing—luxuri-
antly around the little summer-house, and as I sat
there, a vision of the past was before me, and the
words of John and Mary came back to my memory,
filling my heart with sadness. I had, only an hour
before, thrown the letters of Mary and John into my
trunk, saying to myself—“they are a base forgery! I
lie who could deceive a young, trusting child like
Lucy, could invent this correspondence. John will
detect the imposition at once.”

The wind was fair on Thursday, and with many
tears, and few spoken words, I bade adieu to the lit-
tle circle of loved ones, and then, after watching the
receding shores of my home, till every object was
lost in the distance, I communed with my own heart
to gather courage and patience for the long, monoto-
nous journey before me. That patience was given,
and the voyage, that in reality I had so much dread-
ed, was made pleasant and profitable, and I learned
some delightful lessons upon the great deep. But I
have seen few happier days in my life than that on
which Captain Allen said—

“We are now, Mrs. Hooper, in the Bay of San
Francisco.”

I had read of the surpassing beauty of this
harbor, but one’s own eyes must see it, as we ap-
proach from the sea, to understand fully why this
noble bay should be called, “the glory of the West-
ern world.” One who has gazed upon it with a
keen relish of the scene, says, “The shores north
and south rise at intervals into lofty peaks, clad
at their bases with primeval forests of evergreen, cedars
and pines, mottled with the boughs of the oak, the
ash and the plane. The bay, which springs from the

northern headlands of its entrance, and, running beneath the blue waters of the Pacific, from five to nine fathoms, causes a belt of surf to roll across the mouth, must be passed. A breeze must bear your bark over and along the dangerous rocks, three-quarters of a mile inside on the right, quarrelling with the surges; and onward four miles between the projecting cliffs, overhanging peaks and verdant woodlands filled with deer and other game, to the harbor at the narrows beneath the fort; and thence onward, still past the fort and the islands lying across the entrance, and the bay is seen—a broad sheet of water, stretching off north and south, the largest and best harbor of the earth, surrounded by a country, partly wooded, and partly disposed in open glades and prairies of the richest kind.

Such was the view then before me; mountains in their verdant beauty rising on either hand, and little islands dotting the surface of the water; and, as we sailed on through the narrows, past the old fort and the Mission, a feeling of pleasure and fond hope took possession of my heart—a moment more, and it faded away. How could I meet John without our child? I turned away and sought where to weep alone.

It was near night when the vessel reached port, and then Captain Allen had many directions to give before leaving ship. "Now, Mrs. Hooper, a little more patience, and I will find your husband."

He had not been gone ten minutes, when to my astonishment he returned, saying, "This is good luck, indeed. Do you see that vessel yonder—the 'Rover'? Well, John is on board of her; the captain is an old friend of his, and your husband has made the vessel his home for some weeks. He has been ill, but is better now. I gave orders not to have him informed of your arrival, as I wished to give him a pleasant surprise. Now, will you go tonight, or wait till morning? I can get you there in a boat; but as to raising a carriage, the thing is hardly possible."

"I will go in a boat, and to-night, if you please. Did you learn whether John had been very ill?"

"Yes, he has had a run of fever—better, though; hope for the best, my dear madam. Don't be in haste. There—it is no easy matter to get into a boat like that; now we are safe. Good night, Mrs. Allen—pull away, my boys. What a glorious night! and what a way for ships! Bless my heart, Mrs. Hooper, what will California be ten years hence?"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FAREWELL.

BY LITA H. BARNES.

I've found me a bower in the deep, shady glen,
Removed from the noise and confusion of men—
Dear Nature has grown me a nice easy-chair
In a cluster of hazels I'll show you to there;
And the softest of all mossy banks, for a seat,
Has kindly built up in this lovely retreat;
So I cast myself down, and, amidst gloomy care—
Ye never can enter the witch-hazel chair!

The sun spreads a glow on the tree-tops around,
But only in chequers it reaches the ground;
The brook, sweetly murmuring on through the glade,
Disperses the wild music as ever was made;
And though all the time it hath ventured to play
To the old solemn warning of "passing away,"
It singeth it out with a melody rare—
Begetting my dreams in the witch-hazel chair.

But the musical stream, as it glides through the dell,
Reminds me of the heart of the coming farewell;
In-memorable old time, with unwearied pace,
Has hurried me on to the last "day of grace."
Ye roomy old farm-house, the waving boughs through,
No more from this covert your quiet I view;
The morning's bright sun, shining clear and fair,
Shall whir me away from my witch-hazel chair.

Will there be no return? Ah, we know not the day;
The brook's sure lesson is, "passing away!"
But Truth whispers clear, "When our spirits are flown,
We pass to a land where no partings are known."
Farewell, then, ye loved ones, my path brightening round—
If we meet no more here, there's a bidding beyond:
Farewell to dear hearts shrouded in Memory's care—
To Ashburham's joys, and the witch-hazel chair!

LOVERS' GLEN, ASHBURHAM, Oct. 5th, 1858.

There is a great deal of travel on the Metropolitan Railroad, and we may add, a vast amount of crinolines is transported at the same time (no need of enlarging upon this, however,) in consequence of which, much inconvenience is often experienced. But while the male passengers are not unwilling to be overshadowed by crinolines, they question the propriety of being obliged, on the score of politeness to the sex, to vacate their seats whenever the said sex see fit to rush into a car already full. Who can suggest a remedy for this evil? The Post, on this subject, has a capital hit. It should have headed the article, "A Standing Joke":—

"Horse Railroad Scene.—Time—forenoon—Lady enters railroad car, and takes the vacant seat next to a gentleman, who says, 'Perhaps you would prefer to sit by the window, Madam.' 'No, I thank you, sir,' she replies, 'but would you have the kindness to give my husband your seat? he is in very feeble health.' 'Certainly,' responds the gentleman, with a smile, rising and hobbling out on two canes. 'I am a poor cripple, myself, but such an instance of conjugal tenderness ought not to go unrewarded.' As the husband, who looked as though he might stand up for half a day, while his wife would be cheapening her purchases in a dry goods shop, took the vacant seat, the faintest possible expression of shame was observable in the face of the anxious matron. Half a dozen seats were instantly offered, by men, and women, too, to the gilliant cripple, who was at length placed beside a nice bunch of crinolines, courtesy and compliments."

That we live in a progressive age no one can possibly deny, after reading the subjoined, which we clip from one of our exchanges. The metamorphosis is said to have recently occurred in Joseph County, Virginia:—

"A respectable hen, after ten years' performance of her maternity duties in laying eggs and hatching chickens, has become ambitious, and is gradually changing, in appearance, to a rooster. Her plumage has become of a brilliant color; her tail feathers are growing to be those of a genuine rooster—long, graceful, and flowing; her spurs are coming out, and a red comb, increasing in size daily upon her head, all mark the metamorphosis most complete. The fact would seem to support the theory that females are merely undeveloped males."

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent, "to what sect do you suppose I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," replied the other, "but, to judge by your size and appearance, I should think you belong to the class generally called insects."

Every day brings its labor, and happy is he who loves his duty too well to neglect it.

A newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own.

NANNIE NYE.

OR,

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF GLENVILLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY OPHELIA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

"Nannie Nye, I have something to say to you as soon as you are at leisure!"

These words were uttered in a tone that assumed more the nature of a command, than of a request, and proceeded from the lips of Miss Grace Ashley, the beautiful daughter and only child of General Ashley, the wealthiest man in the town of Glenville, a charming, yet retired village, for which nature had done much, and art, on the contrary, but very little.

Grace Ashley, becomingly attired in a crimson morning wrapper, of the finest cashmere, heavily embroidered with white floss, was, according to her usual custom, lingering over a late breakfast in the spacious dining-room of her father's dwelling. She had accidentally caught a glimpse of the child, a girl of some fifteen years, whom she had so sternly addressed, as she passed through the back hall into the kitchen.

Nancy Nye, or Nannie Nye, as she was familiarly called in the household of General Ashley, was an orphan child, which the old ex-soldier, a man as much noted for his charities in private life as he had been distinguished for his bravery in times of war, had, as common report said, kindly extracted from the work-house of Redfield, (a neighboring town,) and taken to bring up in his own family.

Who the parents of Nannie Nye were, no one in Glenville seemed to know; the only information having been gathered concerning the poor creature's origin, was, that some fifteen years previous to the opening of our story, a young and miserable woman had dragged her wasted limbs as far as the village of Redfield. Her wretched situation attracted the notice of a gentleman who was passing by the spot, where, numbed and paralyzed by the cold, she had sunk down upon the snow, which lay piled up in heavy masses along the road-side.

Having procured the services of a teamster, whom fate fortunately threw in his way, the stranger lifted the thoroughly chilled form of the insensible woman into the sleigh, and, wrapping the warm buffalo robes closely about her thin frame, drove immediately to the work-house, that place of shelter and refuge to the destitute and homeless.

That very night, in the middle of winter, when thousands of hearts sought their comfortable pillows, only to dream over the bright scenes and festivities which usher into existence a Christmas morn, the poor wretch who had been found nearly frozen to death by the roadside a few hours after daylight, gave birth to an infant. In the midst of that young mother's sufferings, a momentary flash of reason illumined her dark eye. The kind-hearted nurse who bent faithfully over her couch, feeling that death had already set its seal upon that pale brow, inquired of the sufferer her husband's name.

A dark shadow stole over that wan and haggard countenance, which, despite its thinness, bore traces of great beauty, while a sorrowful light looked out from the full dark eyes of the invalid, as, fixing her gaze keenly upon the face of the now-born babe, which the attendant held in her arms, she murmured sadly—

"Husband—I have none! No, my poor babe, thou canst never know a father's love; for he who won the heart of Nancy Nye but to betray, is, ere this, the cherished bridegroom of another!"

As the wretched woman finished speaking, the tender-hearted nurse, whose feelings were deeply moved to sympathy by the peculiarly sad condition of her patient, hastily put down the babe which she held in her arms, and moved away from the bedside of the sufferer, in order to conceal the deep emotion that, struggling up from the depths of her woman's soul, gave vent to itself in a flood of tears.

When, some two or three minutes later, the old nurse returned to her post by the couch of the invalid, she was surprised to find the miserable woman sleeping calmly and quietly, after the tedious hours of delirium that had succeeded the birth of her child. A faint flush lay upon the otherwise pallid cheek of Nancy Nye, while a smile of almost heavenly sweetness wreathed the thin lips that were half parted, as if about to speak again. Approaching nearer to the side of the poor slumberer, for the purpose of readjusting the bed clothes, the hand of the old nurse accidentally touched the forehead of the young mother. Its icy coldness startled her. Quick as thought, she placed her ear close to the patient's mouth, but no signs of breathing were discoverable to the experienced midwife. Impulsively tearing open the night-robe of the unconscious sleeper, she pressed her broad palm against the heart of the invalid. Alas! its pulsations had ceased; and unwillingly the sad conviction that Nancy Nye was dead! forced itself upon the mind of the old nurse. The same sun which rose in all its splendor upon that universal season of merry-making—Christmas day—kissed caressingly the marble brow of the inanimate slumberer, whose earthly cares and sufferings had been rapidly hurried to a close.

A solitary hearse, followed by neither relative nor friend, bore the mortal remains of poor Nancy Nye to their last resting-place, in a remote corner of the village churchyard. No sculptured monument or costly slab marked the spot where lay in the simple habiliments of death, one whose transcendent beauty and wealth of affection had proved, alas, her curse! Heaped upon that fair breast lay the pure and untrodden snow of winter, screening from earthly eyes the outcast's new-made grave.

The babe that had first opened its eyes to the light of day in Redfield work-house, remained an inmate of that establishment for six long years. The dark beauty and childish grace of the little Nannie, whose natural sweetness of temper had made the youthful orphan a pet among the several residents of that institution, at last attracted the notice of General Ashley, who, with his proud and wealthy bride, were making their monthly visit to the work house. Upon returning home that day, the former surprised his aristocratic wife at the tea-table, by communicating his intention of adopting the little pauper child as his own. Mrs. Ashley was at first highly indignant at such a proposal; but, finding that her husband was not the man to be easily thwarted of his purpose, she at last acquiesced to his wishes, although secretly determining, in her own mind, that the child of an outcast should never become a sharer in the rights and privileges awarded to her own little daughter Grace.

But to return to Nannie and her imperious and

would-be-arbitrary young mistress. Upon the morning of which I write, the poor girl found it a very difficult task to dispose of even the small share of food reserved for her at the servant's table. She could in no way account for her total loss of appetite at the morning meal, for since early daylight Nannie Nye had been hard at work, assisting the housekeeper and servants in the performance of their duties, unless it was the remembrance of Grace Ashley's stern words, and a shadowy foreboding of impending trouble.

Her anxious countenance, and extreme absent-mindedness while at the table, excited the laughter and ridicule of the servants, who cared not a whit for Nannie, beyond making her their drudge and lackey. Without heeding their contemptuous remarks, the poor child pushed aside the plate of victuals of which she had hardly more than tasted, and, rising from her seat, smoothed down her jetty tresses, and donned a clean white apron, preparatory to entering Grace Ashley's presence.

As the trembling girl entered the dining room, where were seated at the breakfast-table the young heiress of Ashley house, and the prim old housekeeper, Mrs. Hartwell, the former carelessly threw down the morning paper, which she had been perusing, while waiting for her cup of chocolate to cool, and after taking two or three sallows of the steaming beverage, commanded the poor child, who stood shaking with fear upon the threshold, to move nearer to her side.

Nannie advanced with downcast eyes, and blushing cheeks, to within a respectful distance of her young mistress's chair, looking more like a guilty culprit, than the pure-minded and innocent creature she was.

"No wonder that you blush and hang your head, Nannie Nye!" began Grace Ashley, fixing her cold blue eyes keenly upon the darkly rimmed face of the child before her, whose small fingers toyed nervously with the pockets of her apron. "It is quite time, miss, that you were rid of some of those high-bred notions, which seem to have possessed your mind of late. It was only yesterday that Mrs. Hartwell overheard you telling the servants in the kitchen that you were going to ask General Ashley, when he came home, to allow you to attend school at the new academy, which is to be opened in Glenville the first of next month."

Nannie started at the mention of the housekeeper's name, for although she had been so foolish as to entertain so hopeless a project, she had not dreamed for a moment of mentioning such a thing to either Grace or Mrs. Hartwell.

"See how she starts and trembles, Miss Grace!" chimed in the mischief-making old housekeeper. "She little imagined that I was listening to her long tirade to the servants, upon her ill-usage and lack of education, yester-morn. If the General could have heard her loud and excited tones at that moment, I reckon he would have called you strippling the Queen of the Furies, instead of his gentle Nannie!"

The bitter sarcasm and intended insult expressed in Mrs. Hartwell's words, fell like molten lava upon the sensitive heart of the young girl, and sent the warm blood coursing rapidly through every vein. Smothering back the harsh reply which involuntarily leaped to her lips, she said meekly, at the same time lifting her dark eyes timidly to the face of her young mistress—

"Surely, Miss Grace, I meant no harm in what I said yesterday, and if I have unconsciously incurred your displeasure, I am really very sorry."

"All excuses are useless, Nancy Nye!" replied the cold beauty, with a proud toss of her handsome head, as she touched the end of one of her taper fingers to the little alarm-bell beside her plate, for a removal of the dishes.

As the domestic entered, Nannie dropped her eyes to the floor, for she well knew that her shame would be but fresh food for gossip and sport among the coarse and unfeeling occupants of the kitchen.

This movement upon the part of the sensitive child did not escape the keen eye of Grace Ashley, who, as if determined to add more fuel to the flame already kindled, turned towards the spot where her poor victim stood like a young lamb about to be led forth to slaughter, and said, with a menacing look:

"Go to your work now, Nancy Nye! and let me hear no more of your idle talk about the improvement of your present condition. As Mrs. Hartwell has time and again remarked, your home here is a far better one than you deserve, and if you are not satisfied with attending the district school five or six months in the year, you had better take up your baggage and return to Redfield Work-house, which place will soon dislodge such ideas as entering the village academy as a student, and the very distant hope of becoming some day a fine lady, from their resting place in your weak brain. Academy, indeed! a pretty figure you would make among the young ladies and gentlemen of Glenville!" and the beautiful, but proud daughter of General Ashley gave vent to a loud mocking laugh, which rang in the ears of Nannie Nye like a death-knell over buried hopes, long after she had bent a hasty retreat from the scene of her censure and mortification.

At the commencement of the New Year, there was a great deal of excitement prevalent among the residents of Glenville, owing to the inauguration of a spacious and elegant academy, built by subscription among the wealthier portion of the inhabitants comprising that little town.

As might have been expected, General Ashley was one of the prime movers in this affair, which promised so much intellectual good and advancement to Glenville. A graduate from Yale College—a young man of some twenty-five years—had applied for the situation of principal of the establishment, and had been accepted. All the young ladies in Glenville, who had, previous to the building of the academy, considered their educations entirely "finished," were, strange to say, suddenly struck with a fit for the acquisition of knowledge, which was, to say the least, amusing to behold. General Ashley had hitherto employed a private tutor for his only daughter, who, like most fashionable young ladies of eighteen years, was pretty well versed in the artificial branches, which go so far now-a-days, to constitute the education of the youth of our country. In obedience to her father's desires, however, Grace Ashley had consented to become a pupil of the new academy, because, as she declared to her less wealthy acquaintances, her presence there would give a tone to the entire establishment. Grace Ashley was the perfect counterpart of her mother, who had been dead just six years at the period of the commencement of our story. In figure only did the young girl resemble her father. Her blonde complexion, sunny hair, and

old blue eyes, were patterned strictly after her deceased mother's, whose queenlike style of beauty and worldly wealth had won the hand, rather than the heart, of General Ashley.

That Grace Ashley was beautiful, no one could deny; although, to use an artist phrase, her beauty lacked warmth of coloring. The severely out features had been formed in too classical a mould to realize our ideas of earthly beauty. As a statue, Grace Ashley would have been considered a masterpiece of art; but as a living, breathing woman, she fell far short of nature's standard of perfection. Selfish, exacting and tyrannical in her disposition, the heiress of Ashley House was but ill-fitted to retain that stronghold upon the affections of her only surviving parent, which constitute the chief charm of domestic happiness, in the filial relations of life.

In direct contrast was the beauty of Nannie Nye, the outcast's child, to that of her wealthy but not more lovely young mistress. Nine years had changed the bright and gipsy-like child into a dark and handsome girl of fifteen, whose brunette complexion, jetty curls, and large hazel eyes, seemed to indicate a foreign birth. General Ashley often looked with unmistakable delight upon the beautiful child, who had never known a mother's love and care, and secretly wished within his noble heart, that God had endowed Grace with a nature more keenly alive to the sufferings and misfortunes of others, for then the position of Nannie Nye—the offspring of the work-house—and child of his adoption, would have been something beyond that of a mere drudge in the household of General Ashley.

That Nannie Nye felt the extreme loneliness and dependence of her situation in the family of the old ex-soldier, was evident from the meekness with which she bore the crosses and trials which surrounded her young head on every side. Even in the days of Mrs. Ashley, she had been treated as a beggar and an outcast—a thing to be despised by the children of wealth and fortune.

The proud and aristocratic mother of Grace had not died before completely inoculating the heart of her spoiled and petted daughter with the same disagreeable qualities of mind that had characterized her own short life. Like her lost mother, she, too, learned to shun and loathe the sight of the little pauper girl, whose innocent head her father's roof had so generously sheltered for long years. More like a father than a master seemed General Ashley to the yearning and affectionate nature of Nannie Nye. His frowns were smiles—his menaces, caresses—which made her young heart to love, rather than fear him; and it was for the few words of kindness which the old soldier lavished upon her, that the poor child of the work-house checked back the oft-rising tears, and cheerfully and uncomplainingly performed the heavy duties imposed upon her youthful shoulders at Ashley House.

It was the week preceding Christmas of the year 18—, and Nannie Nye had been a pupil of Glenville Academy for nearly a year, owing to the kindness and liberality of her master, of whom she had at last gathered sufficient courage to solicit so great a favor, notwithstanding the severe rebuke which she had received at the hands of her young mistress and sister confederate, the old housekeeper, who, from the time of her first entrance into General Ashley's family, seemed to have taken a strong dislike to little Nannie, whose years only served to strengthen and develop.

Grace Ashley, after some three months constant attendance at school, and an unsuccessful attempt to fascinate and captivate the heart of Frederic Windsor, the handsome and talented young principal of Glenville Academy, had renounced her studies on the plea of ill-health.

The particular attentions which the young schoolmaster had openly bestowed upon his promising pupil, Nannie Nye, for the past few months, at last reached the ears of General Ashley, who, delighted at the rapid progress which his fair charge had made in her studies, and the favorable impression her beauty and sweetness of temper had made upon the mind of the principal of the Academy, Mr. Windsor, hastened to communicate the intelligence to his daughter.

Grace Ashley laughed lightly at the assertion which her father made concerning Nannie and her lover, and declaring the story to have been circulated for mere scandal's sake, adroitly changed the theme of conversation.

On the morning of the week before Christmas, Nannie Nye walked modestly up to her teacher's desk, and handing him a neatly folded note, said in a low and musical voice, that thrilled the heart of Frederic Windsor like a strain of rich music—

"Miss Grace bade me present her compliments to you this morning, sir, and give you this little note, which she fondly hopes will elicit no answer but an affirmative one."

A low buzz ran through the room, for every scholar present observed the deep and tender gaze which their dignified teacher bent upon the blushing face of his favorite pupil.

After running his eye hastily over the fairly written note which he held in his hand, Mr. Hartwell, refolded it and threw it carelessly upon his desk; then bending his handsome face close to that of Nannie Nye, until the heavy waves of his chestnut hair nearly touched the fair brow of his beautiful companion, he said in a voice slightly tremulous with emotion:

"Nothing, dear Nannie—I mean Miss Nye—would induce me to accept Miss Ashley's invitation for Christmas evening, but the delightful thought of spending a few hours in your charming society."

As these last words fell upon the ear of Nannie Nye, the crimson dye in her dark cheeks became deeper, and she tremblingly answered:

"Do not say so, Mr. Windsor, for if Miss Grace were to hear you, she would never forgive so ungallant a remark, especially when coming from the lips of one whom she so highly esteems."

"Humph!" said Mr. Windsor, with a scornful look, and a slight shrug of the shoulders, which said most plainly to Nannie's quick perceptions—

"What care I for the favor and friendship of Grace Ashley? Naught!"

Christmas night at last arrived, and the splendid drawing-room in General Ashley's spacious dwelling was one blaze of light. Clad in a dress of azure velvet, with rare ornaments of pearl upon neck, arms and shoulders, the young heiress of Ashley House moved gracefully along through the done throng assembled in that gorgeously furnished apartment, as if she had been born a queen, and those persons surrounding her were subjects of her broad domain, solicited there to do homage to her beauty and wealth. Nannie Nye appeared more plainly dressed than

her rival, the haughty Grace, being simply attired in a robe of pure white muslin, with no ornaments save a bunch of crimson fuchsias, which she wore upon her breast, and a coral band encircling her small but finely shaped head, whose richness of color was in beautiful contrast to her jetty curls, which swept unrestrainedly over her plump but sloping shoulders.

General Ashley's gaze rested with admiration upon the rich and glowing loveliness of the beautiful Nannie, whose genial good humor seemed to win all hearts present. Yet his own daughter Grace had never, perhaps, looked more lovely, than upon that particular evening; and as she glided noiselessly along the room, leaning upon the arm of Lieutenant Parker, her attendant cavalier and betrothed husband, he could not help exclaiming inwardly—"What a handsome couple!"

But there was one present who seemed to have eyes for no one but Nannie. It was Frederic Windsor, the talented and dignified school-master of Glenville Academy; and Grace Ashley would have willingly surrendered both her entire fortune and distinguished lover, to have won the heart of so noble a man. General Ashley was happy, for he was naturally revolving in his mind, the fair prospect of seeing his two household pets, at no very distant day, united, as he believed, to the two men of their hearts' choice. Not so with Grace; a dark shadow crept over her marble brow, as she beheld the gaze of her intended husband deeply riveted upon Nannie Nye, as she sat in a retired alcove, cheerfully conversing with Frederic Windsor, and totally unconscious of the unholy passion which her luxuriantly brilliant beauty had awakened in the breast of the young soldier.

Lieutenant Parker was quite a lion, in his way, and a general favorite among women of beauty and fashion. Nature had endowed him with a strong degree of physical beauty, which, together with his fine family position and love for martial exploits, made him a person of no slight importance in the saloons of wealth. He had ingratiated himself into the favor of General Ashley, chiefly through the peculiar merits and excellencies of his deceased father, General Parker, who for long years previous to his death had enjoyed the strict confidence and friendship of his brother soldier, General Ashley.

In the young man's several visits to the country-seat of his friend, he had pretended to make love to Grace Ashley, who, finding that the attentions of Frederic Windsor, the village schoolmaster, were firmly set upon the humble, and low born Nannie, at length began to look with more favor upon the suit of Lieutenant Parker.

At a late hour in the evening, Frederic Windsor withdrew from the scene of so much excitement and merriment at General Ashley's house. After his departure, the spirits of Nannie began to flag, and glad to escape from the heat and geyety of the brilliantly illuminated drawing-room, she wandered alone into the conservatory. The lights had been extinguished, and the coolness of the atmosphere, together with the fragrance of the rare plants and flowering shrubs there collected, gave it the appearance of a shady and miniature forest.

Scarcely had the young girl entered, however, when Lieutenant Parker glided quietly in through the door which Nannie had accidentally left ajar, and, without uttering a word, clasped the girlish form of the terrified Nannie in his arms, and strained her wildly to his breast. The frightened child would have screamed; but, as if anticipating such a thing upon the part of his companion, the passion intoxicated soldier threw his hand across the mouth of Nannie, completely stifling every sound.

"I beseech you, sir, to release your hold of me!" cried Nannie, as soon as she had regained the use of her mouth, at the same time struggling to free herself from the embrace of one who held her with all the strength of a Hercules.

"I will, my sweet bird, on one condition, which is, that you will not reject the proposal which I am about to make to you," said Lieutenant Parker in a low, firm voice.

"I cannot pledge my word to an acceptance of a thing which may prove injurious to my reputation and future peace of mind," said Nannie, trying to compose herself; "but, I will listen to you, although even a moment's interview is perilous to both our lives."

"Well, then, my sweet Nannie, know that I, Lieutenant Parker, madly and wildly love you."

"And would make me your wife, at the expense of sacrificing your faith to another?" interrupted the innocent girl.

"No, not exactly that; I suppose I shall be obliged to marry Grace Ashley, for whom I entertain not the slightest spark of affection; simply because her old father, whose wealth is not to be laughed at, desires it! But, even then, my union with Miss Ashley will not hinder my loving you too, although it may, perhaps, be necessary to exercise a degree of secrecy in the matter."

"Sir, your insolent proposal has only corroborated the opinion which I have always entertained concerning you, namely: that you are a base and designing villain at heart, and totally unworthy of even the respect and friendship of any pure-minded woman, however humble her birth!" and saying this, Nannie Nye made him attempt to move towards the door.

"I pray you to calm yourself, Miss Nye," said Lieutenant Parker, still retaining his hold upon the young girl's arm. "I will be brief in this matter, for time flies. Grant but my request, and I will raise you to a life of ease and affluence. Scorn but my proffered love, and I will whisper that in Frederic Windsor's ear, concerning your doubtful and mysterious birth, that will change the deep love which he now feels for you, into bitter hatred."

"Blasphemous villain! lie there!" cried a loud voice, and the next moment a heavy blow was dealt upon the head of Lieutenant Parker by Frederic Windsor, (who, concealed among the foliage of the conservatory, had witnessed the interview between Nannie and the base-minded soldier,) which sent him reeling to the floor. Without uttering a word, Nannie fled to her own room, leaving Frederic Windsor to explain the affair to General Ashley, who, followed by his daughter, now rushed to the scene of action. Notwithstanding the young schoolmaster used his most powerful eloquence in favor of Nannie Nye's innocence, Grace Ashley would not listen for a moment to the protested portly of her lover. Finding that the opinion of Grace also influenced her father, Nannie Nye determined to leave on the morrow, a house where exalted people who doubted her purity and innocence of character.

A poor but respectable family in the neighborhood, gave shelter to the injured girl, who had no one to look for sympathy and protection, but her lover. Nannie had been in her new home scarce a month,

when she received one day a hurriedly-written note from Grace, stating that her father was lying at the point of death, and requesting her immediate presence at Ashley House, together with Frederic Windsor.

A half hour later, and Nannie Nye and the schoolmaster entered the chamber, where General Ashley lay tossing upon the bed, apparently greatly distressed for breath.

The moment that the old man's eyes fell upon the face of Nannie, he stretched out his arms towards her, exclaiming wildly, "Nannie, my dear child, forgive the past, and come to your father's arms!"

All looked aghast at such a denouement, and Grace, pausing in the midst of her tears, declared that her father's strange words were but the effect of delirium. But when the old ex-soldier motioned Grace to his side, and clasping her hand within that of Nannie's, told them the story of his early life, all further doubts of his sanity were removed.

While stationed at Montreal, General Ashley, then a young man of twenty-two or three years, fell desperately in love with a beautiful French Canadian girl, by birth a peasant. After going with her some six months, the young soldier was suddenly called home to Boston, to attend his father in his last illness, who extorted from his son a promise to marry a young and wealthy lady, a distant connection of the family. Yielding to his father's dying request, rather than to his sense of honor, General Ashley married a woman whom he never truly loved, and left Nannie Nye to end her last hours in a workhouse, having dragged her wearied limbs as far as Redfield, with the vain hope of dying near one whom she never ceased to love, notwithstanding his cruel desertion of her. It is needless for me to add, that Nannie Nye, the subject of this sketch, was the fruit of their intimacy. To only one person had General Ashley ever entrusted his secret, and that was his esteemed friend, General Parker, whose profligate son had become enlightened in regard to the affair, by an examination of his father's letters after his decease.

General Ashley has lain in his grave long years, and it will be eight years, this coming Christmas, since Nannie Nye became the wife of Frederic Windsor, the talented schoolmaster of Glenview. Grace Ashley has never married, but still resides at Ashley House with Nannie Windsor, whom she now owes as a sister.

Written for the Banner of Light.
LINES, BY GEORGE E. C.

BY MADON CARROLL.

Thou'rt blest with guardian's bright, dear child,
To watch with tender care
Thy pilgrimage through life's dark wild,
And lend thee strength to dare
The fiery darts that maybe hurled
On thee from a blighted world.
The angels from above, loved child,
Shall guard thee on thy way,
Guiding thy path with radiance mild,
That gleams from heaven away;
And never shall thy soul be bowed
By the dark forces that o'er it crowd.
Roses have crowned thee, spotless child,
Wreathed by an angel hand,
And heavenly music hath beguiled
Thy soul to that bright land
To which already thou canst rise,
And view with thine own spirit-eyes.
Life is before thee, lovely child,
But through these angels bright
Shall speak to men to accents mild,
And gently lead them right;
So blest may all thy labors be,
And pure the works that follow thee.
Gladly we hail thee, "sinless child,
Born with the leaves and flowers,
Love's sunshine on thy path hath smiled,
In this fair world of ours;
Bright may it on thy spirit beam,
Thy life be like a holy dream!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HARMONIAL AND NEW CHURCH SPIRITUALISM.

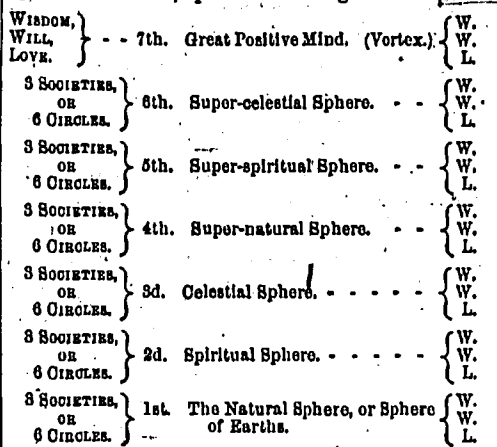
ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY—NO. X.

MY DEAR SIR—Your long letter being wholly devoted to our scientific inquiries, and making only a passing allusion to Spiritualism, offers no suggestion on which to base any remarks which would be of interest to you on this subject; but I have a desire to lay before you the fundamental differences which are beginning to take form in two classes of Spiritualists. It may not yet be apparent to you that there are, so to speak, now fairly started in a struggle for supremacy, two schools of Spiritualists; but such a state of things is clearly evident to my mind, and must also strike the minds of many other persons who have closely observed the "signs of the times." These two schools will soon be known by terms which in some way correspond to the "Harmonial Philosophy" of the one school, and the desire of the other school to reconstruct the religious element of society into a "New Church." For our present purposes, we will speak of them as the "New Church," and the "Harmonial School." I propose to lay before you a brief outline of some of the features of the philosophy," which each sect or school follows.

The Harmonial School resolves all things into series and degrees, through cause, effect and use, and traces all things to a common origin through these series and degrees, and thus arrives at a first cause. It considers the first cause, or great Positive Mind, as the controlling and vitalizing principle of the universe, through the material portion of which it has developed orbs, planets and satellites, for the purpose (use) of developing and individualizing man, with whose rudimentary existence only we are acquainted by experimental knowledge, and whose ultimate condition (however unfavorable the present rudimentary conditions) will be one of celestial bliss, to be attained through series and degrees—which are terms which imply Progression. The Harmonial Philosopher generalizes on these facts of Nature and the principles his reason may discover operating them, and, applying the deductions therefrom, assures himself of the general progress of all things, and regards all the exceptional matters (evils) of life as incidental or accidental, and having no laws to make them a fixed and influential agent in controlling the final destiny of the individual. This school does not of course regard the old theory of total depravity and a personal devil, as compatible with the goodness and wisdom of God; and to all miracles and wonders they apply the measure of the law, regarding all things as the result of a legitimate succession of causes and effects. Inasmuch as a personal devil and total depravity are ignored, it becomes necessary, in order to advance the human race, to find out the causes of evil, and remedies for those evils which afflict society. This matter is now actively

engaging the attention of the more prominent men in this school.

I append hereto a diagram, which illustrates the general idea entertained by this school of philosophers respecting the order and relation of the several spheres of human, spiritual and angelic existence:



I have constructed the above diagram from the terms employed by Davis, in his Divine Revelations, in which work most of the prominent ideas of the Harmonial School have a basis; and for further ideas on this subject, I would refer to Davis's works, as containing a very lucid explanation of them.

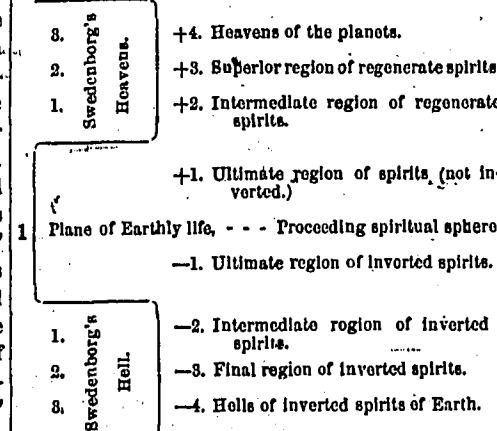
The New Church philosophers agree with the Harmonial school very closely in the origin of all things, and very likely will adopt very nearly the same forms of expression for ideas and things, until they arrive at that point where this earth began to be the abode of man. This era introduces a great many wonderful things, and here commences the struggle between faith without reason, and reason without faith.

The total depravity of the human race is a fixed principle, out of which grows the necessity of the regeneration of such a portion of the human race as have not lost all their faith and love for God—and involving all the rest of the race in a certain and inevitable destruction. The idea of a personal devil—and a host of minor demons—is a part of the structure of the New Church theology, (as well as of the Old Church,) and, in order to render a satisfactory account of his origin—an account in prose, somewhat systematizing the fancies of Milton, appears in one of their publications, detailing the remarkable wisdom of the inhabitants of a certain (now lost) planet of this system, and of one man more wise than the rest, who pushed his inquiries beyond the threshold of faith into the domain of reason, and thereby became inverted; and thenceforth, instead of progressing in wisdom and goodness, progressed in all sorts of evils, which extended so largely as to involve the whole planet in the Divine wrath, so that it was burned up, and its parts disordered; and finally the world-soul of the last orb, together with its imprisoned demons, became absorbed by the world-soul of earth—and from these demons the inhabitants of the earth are infested by impulses of evil through the soles of the feet, and there is no goodness in the whole world!

The New Church grows out of Swedenborg's teachings in part, and will find its votaries in those Spiritualists who, venerating the traditions of their fathers, take as literal truths many of the singular and unsatisfactory statements contained in the Bible, which many other people are disposed to reject, either for their unreasonableness, or for their useless character, when considered as agents likely to affect the future happiness of the human family.

The New Church makes evil grow out of a positive cause, as the Harmonial school makes good come from a positive cause. To the New Church there are two positive causes: one is positive good, and infinite; the other is inverted, and becomes positive evil; but singularly enough is confined to one single planet in the solar system, out of the whole universe and is only infinite, in a finite sense, as it relates to this earth.

For a very lucid account of this theory, I beg leave to refer you to a work by Rev. T. L. Harris, entitled "Arcana of Christianity." Mankind being subject to the influences of demons, and their inversions and obsessions, the order in which the New Church arranges the several spheres of human existence, is as follows:—



You see that the two diagrams are very different. A view of the first presents an orderly arrangement, in which just relations are discoverable. In the second, viewed in connection with the first, we find a disorderly arrangement, in which order is preserved as follows:

The starting point is on the vibrating centre of a balance; in one direction the privileges and progressions are +, (if you are a mathematician,) and on the other side —, and once the departure is made —, there is no return to the + side of the point of departure, and the finale is total destruction.

The diagram, illustrating the New Church construction of the spiritual spheres, is remodelled from Harris, and conveys, also, an approximate idea of Swedenborg's views, only that he calls all the — regions Hells, and the + regions Heavens, making three of each.

With such wide differences in their teachings, it becomes all careful investigators of Spiritualism to weigh well all that is presented by the two schools for consideration.

We may have our ideas about these things, and they may be right, or wrong. We may not be able to know certainly where the truth is, in the teachings of these two systems, and I very much doubt if there be many minds on earth at this time so free from prejudices derived from education, and so susceptible to truthful impressions, as to be able to give us a satisfactory and comprehensive idea of these things. It becomes us, then, to do as we best can under these circumstances, and that is, to adopt all those things which the universal evidences of Spiritualism prove to be true, and let them influence us in our daily work.

Out of Spiritualism grow these teachings, which are not disputed by any. The Great Positive Mind (God), is the soul and creation of the universe; that all things were made that man, the finite embodiment of the principles of the Infinite, (in infinitesimal?) might be created; that man, to be most happy, should seek to make all others happy, and to relieve their evils and distresses; that all evils are to be removed, and good to take their places.

Spiritualism does not teach us, in any very clear manner, how we shall view God, nor how we shall worship him. Perhaps there is a spontaneous impulse in every mind which should answer each person his own inquiries in this particular; and perhaps there is also a plan somewhere in the structure of society that requires that somebody, especially delegated for that purpose, either at a salary, or for what he can get, to dictate these things to us. I have my opinions about these things, and I hope you have opinions of your own also.

REMEMBER CHRIST.

The editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT appended some admirable remarks to a recent article by Dr. Child, upon the case and present condition of Mrs. Gardner, the husband-murderess. Dr. C. attributed the murder to "obsession," considering her "a powerful medium," and claiming that "she had no control over the influences that obsessed her;" but the editor claims that the guilt of Mrs. G. originated in self-love, which "bade her free herself from her husband."

I do not know that I disagree with either of these writers. Both are correct in their main position; only it takes the point affirmed by the second, to elucidate clearly the truth presented by the first. Any person familiar with Spiritual phenomena, can see at once that spirits can as well operate upon one set of faculties as upon another; and none acquainted with Spiritual facts can rationally deny that there are spirits who would magnetize and incite the action of the lower feelings, including destructiveness; but at the same time self-love, or what the apostle calls "lust," is at the root and foundation of every person's temptation or addledness to any actual guilt or crime—for the stimulated action of an individual's selfish propensities or passions, is really the impulse that impels him, or her, into wrong; and no person can, in fact, be led into evil unless he is, within himself, prone to yield, or, at least, inclined to yield, to the promptings of his more sensuous or animal nature. And hence, in this sense of the word, the apostle truly says that man, "when tempted, is led away of his own lusts, and enticed."

And here let me remark, that *sophisticated reasoning* is as much an agent in temptation, as any more direct or immediate influence can possibly be. Self-love is here approached through the reasoning faculties—it may in like manner be reached by subtle appeals through the affectional sensibilities and sympathies of our nature—and thus it is that many are led into serious errors, who have no thought of doing wrong, and who, even in grievous misdoing, are yet strong in the conviction that they are still doing right. Indeed, guilt, to almost every mind, is more or less glossed over with the idea that it is "just the thing;" pleasure, profit, etc., are almost invariably mixed up with the conceptions of its devotees concerning it.

Hence, *sophistry*, as well as *direct influence*, is to be guarded against in overcoming or resisting temptation; and it is not merely that a person is a "medium," or a "powerful medium," that he or she is misled—neither is it altogether because a person is vile, and attracts evil influences. All are approachable by those influences which lead the mind astray; but all are not equally disposed to yield themselves to the monitions of either self-will or self-love; and, accordingly some conquer, while others fall.

To conquer, and not to be basely led, should be the aim and determinate purpose of every and any man or woman, especially in this period of the world, when susceptibility and sensitiveness of impression seem to be a matter not only to be curiously considered, but to be sought for and cultivated. Clearness of intellect, to distinguish sophistry from true argument and reason—and strength and uprightness of character, to hold the passions in subjection, and overpower the impulse and the force of wrong—these are the gems, the pillars, the mighty levers of progress which the age demands, which the welfare of society requires, and of which the people will learn the importance by severe and terrible experiences, if they do not give timely heed to the lessons of true wisdom. And it is precisely here that the temptation of Jesus becomes of great value to us. Pure in all his intentions, and glorious in all his essentials of character, evil could not find many attractions or affinities in his nature—and yet he was tempted. Self-love he had—self-consciousness and self-hood were among his distinguishing traits; and yet, in him, self was sublimely merged in love of God and love of humanity; therefore on him the syren voice had no power—the untoward impulse met in him no welcome reception, no affirmative response. The sophistry of his adversary he at once detected and set aside with wise reply and prompt determination; and when hunger, weariness and wasted by contest and by fasting, he still yielded no acquiescence to the tempter's will, even though it involved nothing more than the use of his own miraculous powers for his own relief.

The lesson here, then, is for us to yield nothing to the demands of any mind whose primal object appears to be to entice us—to lead us astray. In yielding assent to such a mind, even in a thing which plausibly seems to affect our own interests, we only assent to our own degradation and subjection; for small concessions are the strong links by which the false mind fetters surrounding souls, and binds them to its debasing purposes. Whether in the body, or out of the body, all such minds should be met promptly with the response that they are more fit to be led than to lead.

Close attention to this will be of great service in the Spiritual movement, for none can deny that in the present Spiritual influx and ministrations, there are many things that correspond with anciently recorded temptations, in which the strength or weakness, blindness or lucidity of parties, is being fully tried and tested. Others besides Spiritualists are being exercised by these experiences as well; but it especially becomes those who avow a special interest and insight into Spiritual affairs, to pay a special attention to those principles which hold in check what is false and foul in spiritual, and consequently, in all human relations. Therefore, to "remember Christ" as a Spiritual duty to Spiritualists, even as it is a Christian duty to Christians.

D. J. MANDELL.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

MIRACLES.

That "the fact of Christianity, being of divine origin," rests on the evidence of Christ's miracles, I do not believe; but I cannot think an enlightened Spiritualist would argue that those miracles, recorded by Matthew, as having occurred after he became a disciple, (more particularly,) did not occur substantially as recorded. In your paper of December 4, I find an article on this subject. The first part of the second paragraph, as applied, seems to me to assert that human evidence is of no value as evidence of these miracles. What is this but Feltonian logic?—a logic as absurd, when applied to ancient, as modern miracles or wonders—a logic which has immortalized its authors, making them "an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word" throughout the land. The narratives of events recorded by Matthew and John, as having transpired, most of them, in their presence, are styled "accounts collated by ignorant men." Ignorant of what? True, they were ignorant as regards the Greek language, nor were they trained historians, nor accustomed to the use of the pen; therefore, according to Harvard logic, they were ignorant, superstitious, fanatical fools, the evidence of whose senses is good for nothing; "and to ask us to rely on such a historical account as this, is to ask us to dispense with the faculty of common sense." Says C. M., "If any reliable historical evidence of one fact, can be drawn from the mighty past, it will sufficiently substantiate the possibility of miracles, by being itself a miracle." The conclusion does follow from the premises, but C. M. forgets that the same persons who have transmitted to us an account of the miracles of Christ, have transmitted to us an account of his sayings, and that the manner in which they have reported his words, stamp them as men the very last to whom the term fanatical should be applied, or who deserve to be spoken of as "prepared to believe and remember, whatever they wished to believe and remember." He asks, "Where is the reliable evidence that these books were written by the men whose names they bear?" And what security have we that they have passed unaltered through the hands of monks," etc. "Where is the contemporary evidence of a disinterested character?" When C. M. is prepared to step from his Feltonian stilts, and reason as men in general do, he will find, no doubt, to his surprise, that the evidence on these subjects is abundant. He has been referred to "Paley's Evidences;" this work I have not seen, but can refer him to "Norton on the Genuineness of the Gospels," where there is evidence enough for me, till I find it, refuted, that the Gospels are ascribed to their true authors, and that they have been handed down to us with but few alterations, and these are manifest to the scholar, and of which the following is a list.

There are strong reasons for thinking that the first two chapters of our present copies of the Greek Gospel of Matthew, made no part of the original Hebrew. Of the passages referred to, the genuineness of which is suspicious, one is the account of the conduct and fate of Judas, on the morning after the apprehension of Jesus, Matt., xxvii., 3-11. Another, Matt., xxvii., part of verses 62, and 63. Passing to Mark, there is but one passage that demands consideration, against which the internal evidence, in the dialect of the Greek, is strong. It consists of the last twelve verses of his Gospel. The doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer, in Matthew, and John xxi., 24, 25, are the only passages mentioned of any importance as of doubtful authenticity. It will perhaps be useless for C. M. to read this work, as long as he accepts the Feltonian standard, that a Christian is an interested and incompetent witness, and an anti-Christian a disinterested and competent one.

The authors of the Gospels—interested surely—men who had been promised rewards in this language, "Then shall they deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake"—Matt., xxiv., 9. "They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doeth God service"—John, xvi., 2. C. M., in the next paragraph, says, "Setting aside the exploded idea of men being infected by devils," etc. But though we did set this idea aside as exploded, ten years ago, "these accounts of familiar spirits, judged from the standpoint of man's present knowledge," lead us to the single conclusion, "that many cases of insanity are caused by the power of evil spirits." C. M. says, "Doubtless Christ had great powers of healing." (But how did he draw this "one fact" "from the misty past," if not from "the reliable historical evidence" of the Gospels?) "But making allowance for the magnifying properties of the imagination, these powers are equalled by those of the healing mediums of the present day."

I think this may be true, without making any allowance, unless for the magnifying properties of the imagination of some Gospel readers. C. M. says, "A miracle performed by such a being as Christ, would be both probable and useful." (Whence this "one fact?") "Neither of these tests apply to many of the miracles recorded by him." Let us see how many, many means. He healed all manner of diseases, restored sight to the blind, etc., cast out evil spirits, or cured cases of insanity, raised two young dead (as supposed) persons to life, on two occasions fed a multitude of weary, hungry men, quelled a storm which threatened life, walked on the lake to his disciples, turned water into wine, and cursed a barren fig tree. How many of these miracles shall we assume to judge as improbable or useless, all the circumstances being considered? C. M. speaks of "the ridiculous story of these devils being forced to enter a number of swine." I find no such story in my Testament.

So absurd and revolting have been the doctrines taught by theologians, as Christian doctrines, and multitudes having been misled into the idea that these doctrines were taught by Christ—Christianity also, without any reason, having been saddled with all the errors of the Old Testament, and made responsible for the real or supposed misconceptions of Paul, therefore the Gospels were little read, and not understood by the masses ten years ago, and very many had become zealous Bible-haters. But the facts and teachings of modern Spiritualism have led many to a searching and fearless investigation of the authenticity, claims, authority and teachings of the various and miscellaneous books of the Bible. Would that all whom Spiritualism found with misconceptions of the simplicity, beauty and loveliness of the Christian system, and the substantial correctness and authenticity of the Gospels, would adopt the same course. We should then find less cavilling in regard to the acts and words of Jesus. The Gospels, as we have them, contain some serious errors of translation, and are not entirely free from manifest additions, and interpolations. Nor are those of Luke and Mark as correct, more especially as regards their chronology, as that of Matthew. But correct the manifest mis-

translations, and reject the additions and interpolations named above, and I think any Spiritualist, who has carefully studied them, with a heart open to the influx of Divine wisdom, will find very few words which he would care to erase, especially in Matthew or John. He will find nowhere in the teachings of Jesus the doctrines of original sin, of total depravity, of infant damnation, of endless misery, of a personal devil, of salvation by faith without works, of backsliding from grace, of the atonement, or the Trinity. But he will find most beautifully set forth, by a Spiritualist brother, the fundamental doctrines of true religion, such only as can supply the wants of the human soul. He will find that he can "stoop at the same fountain with Jesus, and be filled with living water." He will see in Jesus a man living man-like, highly gifted, and living with blameless and beautiful fidelity to God, stepping thousands of years before the race of man; the profoundest religious genius God has raised up—whose words and works help us to form and develop the native idea of a complete religious man. He will find in the miracles of Christ encouragement, for in them he reveals powers naturally resulting sooner or later from a divine life, a oneness with the Father. Or should he perchance arrive at different conclusions, he will not "venture" with "the presumption of ignorance, to deny that Paley, or any one else, can substantiate the miracles recorded" by Matthew, but will combat, not by assertion, but by facts and cool argument, the positions maintained by able scholars, and profound thinkers, not devoid of wisdom, who have devoted many years of their lives to patient research into the facts bearing on this question.

GEORGE G. ODIERNE.

EXETER, N. H.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.

On the 8th inst., Miss Hardinge gave a lecture in National Hall, in this place, before a large, appreciative and intelligent audience. It was characterized, as are all her lectures, by uncommon eloquence, and the almost superhuman exhibition of mental powers. The audience selected a committee to choose a subject for her lecture; among whom was a clergyman, a physician, and a reporter. We quote the following account from the Cincinnati Daily Gazette, a paper we believe not favorable to the subject of Spiritualism:—

The Chairman of the Committee, the Rev. Mr. Gage, announced to the meeting the subject selected. Understanding that the lecturer claimed to obtain knowledge, other than in the ordinary way, and for the time being, to be instructed from some higher source, they had, with a view of testing the scope of her mediumship, selected, as a subject, "The Anatomy and Physiology of the human brain, or its structure and functions."

Miss Hardinge immediately rose, and in a firm manner, entirely divested of anything like embarrassment, said—Your speaker declines the subject. She comes not here to give you a test, but to teach the many how to live and how to die. The object in the permitting of the selection of a subject, should have been stated by those who have charge of your meetings. It was simply to present to an audience an improvised lecture—such lecture to be restricted to those subjects as would meet the minds of the many, not to satisfy the one, and send away the hundreds hungry. Who can say whether a lecture on the subject proposed be a test or not—it may be one in ten thousand—while three millions of men and women on this continent have pronounced, on unmistakable tests, that Spiritualism is true. Your lecturer asks for no confidence from one—she asks for the voice and the hearts of the many who are seeking for spiritual life. Under the right conditions, namely, the spirit circle, her power as a spirit-medium has been tested. The conditions of a public audience do not admit of public tests. We submit to this audience, whether your speaker shall give the subject adapted to them, or whether another committee shall choose for her. (Partial applause.)

Rev. Mr. Gage remarked in justification of the course of the Committee, that in view of the fact that many Spiritual lecturers had been heard in this city, who had any amount of words to give to an audience on the common humanitarian themes, they thought it well to have some evidence, that was clear and satisfactory, that these lecturers could fulfill the professions they make, and which had been made through the press to the public, that they could come here, and by inspiration derived from above, deliver an address to the audience on any subject selected. Now he put it to the audience whether this lady had fulfilled the promise set forth in the notice of this meeting.

Several Voices—She has not.

A voice—The audience do not want a lecture on anatomy.

Rev. Mr. Gage—Another member of the Committee suggests a different subject—An exposition of the passions of the human soul.

Miss Hardinge—No pretensions with the sanction of the speaker have ever yet been put forth, asserting for anything beyond the ordinary mediumistic capacity, which all spirit mediums possess within the range of their own abilities. Those who have studied the phenomena of Spiritualism, are already acquainted with the fact that each spirit medium is a vase capable of containing a certain amount of the ocean of spiritual intelligence; but not all the power of God or spirit—for God works by natural causes—could, by virtue of such law, infuse into any such vase a larger amount of spiritual intelligence than that vase was able to receive. The mind, under the controlling power of spirit influence, still preserves its idiosyncrasies; and if the subject presented be not within the range of that mind, it has never yet been met by any spirit medium. Your committee acted with perfect candor and justice. They are not aware of the law of spirit communion; and your speaker stands here unable, by virtue of her normal capacity, to meet the subject first proposed. Except in the spirit circle, where the battery is complete around the medium, and where forces are derived from different sources, no medium has ever yet been known to transcend her normal capacity beyond that amount of inspiration which enables her to bring her own intelligence into a more excited condition. With this remark, the lecturer proceeded to accept the second subject, if it be the will of the audience that she shall do so.

Several—Proceed.

Miss H. then proceeded. Her lecture was deep and philosophical. It commanded the individual attention of every hearer, and apparently gave great satisfaction. The Gazette continues:—

We could not afford, at present, space for an outline of the discourse, which spread over an hour and a half in the delivery, and was not only very interesting in itself, but derived much additional interest from the eloquent powers of the lecturer, which are scarcely to be surpassed.

At the close of the discourse, she announced herself ready to answer questions.

A gentleman here rose, and asked if the medium could tell how Joshua made the sun to stand still.

Miss H.—The question would involve an inquiry into the sciences of geology, astronomy, natural philosophy, and other departments of science, to determine whether the sun moved at all, and whether it did not stand still upon Joshua's bidding. [Laughter.] No other questions were asked the lecturer.

Why is the Nahant House like a discarded lover? Because it has been asked. Why is it like a cod-fish ready for the cook? Because it has had its spines removed.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1888.

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HOW MUCH IT COSTS.

Earlier or later, we all have to "sit down and count the cost." Some people think they can get rid of so disagreeable a duty, and so shirk it from the beginning; but it is not within the limits of possibility that they can shirk it finally and altogether. Whatever we get, whatever we do, whatever, in fact, we are, costs us something. The only question we have to answer at last is, if we can afford to give what is asked.

A man, manifestly, may have about what he sets his heart upon; but he must make up his mind to pay the price allied as a condition precedent to its possession. He would be rich; and forthwith he bends all the united energies of body and soul to the accumulation of a worldly fortune. He forgets, or seems to forget, the claims of his family. He foregoes the culture of all those sweet and wholesome affections that alone are able to keep the life healthy and in harmony with itself. He passes sleepless nights and restless days. He starts involuntarily at his own morbid and coward thoughts, fearing lest some undefined evil impends over his plans for gain. He turns his back on friendships, and refuses to see any delight in free social converse. He flies like a shuttle from his home to his labor, and back from his labor to his home. In fact, he understands not that the word Home has any dear and heavenly significance, but it is like all other words to him. He sees no beauty in anything; he can behold only the dollar; this is the god of his soul, which has become in a little time as hard and metallic as itself.

Well, and he succeeds in amassing the fortune he proposed to himself. It is all his at last—in bonds, in stocks, in mortgages, in notes, in real estate, and in money. He passes his time in counting it up, and delights himself altogether in witnessing its accumulation. Interest piles up on the principal every year. The fortune, begun with such small savings and ventures, has grown to be a monster. And what has it cost him? Why, some would say it has cost him a certain number of years' hard toil and self-denial; and these same would satisfactorily ask in reply if he was not now a thousand times repaid for it all.

Let us see. In order to heap up this amount of wealth, which can only excite the envy and discomfort of others, he has become a stranger to his wife, to his family, and to his friends. The motto of "no friendship in business" he has acted upon so faithfully, that he finds he has cultivated friendship no more out of his business than he has in it. He has omitted to perform his obligations as a neighbor and a citizen. The sweetness of charity he has never once tasted. The uses of knowledge, except only the knowledge of how to make money, he has been obliged to utterly ignore. Everything has been banished from his heart, save only the love of money; all other love he has from the first forsworn. His fortune, therefore, has cost him as much as all this; and is this nothing? Is it really not, of a thousand fold more worth than his money that he has thus greedily scrambled together? And, after all, he cannot carry his money out of this world with him. He is allowed only the use of it here; and when he comes to have leisure to use it, as he once hoped he might have, he is astonished to find that he has not the disposition! He has nothing in the world but his money left him; and that has cost him all else; all the valuable and lasting qualities of his soul; nay, his very life itself, and more than his life.

Or a man is ambitious to be considered, and, if you please, to be learned. He sits down to his task. It is a mighty one, appealing far more powerfully to the mind than a temptation of a mere fortune can, because of the many splendors that shine down from the heights of such a reputation. And to this gigantic and self-imposed task, he finds himself obliged to summon all the deepest and strongest forces of his being. He must labor as no other man can labor. Day by day, and night upon night, he expends the freshness of his youth and the strength of his manhood. In the severe process, he finds that the flow of feeling in his heart has gradually slackened, and finally ceased. The friendships he once cherished toward others, are now all turned within the narrow channel of his ambition. The lustre has been dying out of his eyes this long time, and they are bleared and faded. He talks little; and if he has secret interior experiences, no living soul knows it. It is a great secret indeed.

He can quote you, asleep from the old authors he has read, but it is out of his power to surprise and startle you into a new life by coining for you in powerful phrases deep spiritual thoughts of his own. It is not in him to give forth anything original, but forever he quotes, bewildering you with authorities, and commentaries, and systems, and so forth—but no underlying laws, no deeply imbedded principles, no fundamental and everlasting truths. He has become learned, truly. The world points to him as a prodigy of learning. They look at him with wonder; a few only with admiration; and actually none whatever with sympathy and kindly regard.

And do you ask what his reputation for learning has cost him? It has cost him just all that his whole life would have brought him in abundance, had he employed that life in harmoniously develop-

ing the qualities of his being. It has cost him all the sweet and tender enjoyments of family affection, of personal friendships, of a fresh and free love for Nature, of kindly human sympathies, and, in fact, of his own unfettered soul. He has lost all his freshness and youth, which might have been preserved unimpaired a long time still, and has become as dried and repulsive, inwardly not less than outwardly, as the very mummy made memorable by Gliddon's public exposition. And can you truly answer that mere learning, any more than mere money—which in no sense educates, stimulates, furnishes, or develops the soul—is worth what it is seen to cost for its ambitious acquisition?

We would be powerful, as the world superficially estimates power. But it cannot be reached without a corresponding outlay. And the first and last question should be, if we can afford to pay what is demanded. In fact, that same question has to be answered in reference to every choice on which our hearts settle down; if we do not put it at the staff, then we have to do it at the last; and that is the only difference there is about it. We certainly may make our selection of what we will have in life; but then, it must at no time be forgotten that we have to pay for it.

Do we ever pay too much? Do we always get back as much as we pay away, and even more? Are we not often deluded with the current values of things, finding, when too late, that the popular estimate is altogether too high? Do we find ever, after we have secured what we fondly set our hearts upon, that we should have chosen something else, had we known as much about ourselves and our wants as we do now? All these inquiries, and many more like these, enter into the calculation of what the treasures of our wishes and purposes cost us. Well is it for that soul which asks itself these questions seriously and searchingly every day, rather than when life has turned out to be a worthless expense indeed.

OUR SUNDAY REPORTS.

There is one feature about the BANNER, which we confidently believe meets the universal favor of its thousands of readers—and that is, the faithful and spirited reports of Sunday discourses. We have made a practice hitherto of furnishing full accounts of the Spiritual Lectures at the Melodeon, and the bold, impressive, and liberal discourses of Theodore Parker at the Music Hall. Besides this, our New York correspondent has kept the readers of the BANNER carefully advised of prominent and regular Sunday lectures before the Spiritualists of that city. Other correspondents at other points are also industriously engaged in furnishing us with accounts of interesting meetings and discourses, both on the Sabbath and on other days, in their neighborhood.

We have another project on foot, however, to be carried out at once, too, for which we are assured we shall receive the thanks of all—not more of professed Spiritualists than of the public at large. That is, a regular weekly abstract of the Sunday discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. There is not a man or woman in this broad country, but eagerly reads what Mr. Beecher has to say, however they may feel disposed toward his present creed, for they feel he is doing much to soften its harshness, and substitute a truly spiritual belief in its place. He is unquestionably a great man, with large sympathies, imposing intellectual power, and a rapidly growing spirituality. Such a man must of necessity challenge public curiosity, and rarely fails to excite most deeply the public sympathy.

For these and other reasons, we have completed arrangements for a weekly abstract report of his Sabbath sermons, which we feel assured will add much to the attractiveness and value of the BANNER or LIGHT. While we would see others full of charity and liberality, too, we should stand self-condemned did we not on all occasions practice the same graces ourselves.

The thoughts these gentlemen express are listened to by audiences of from two to three thousand people in their respective churches; but thousands who cannot hear them, will thus be enabled to read the pith and gems of their discourses. Both are progressive men in religious matters—one is in the recognized church, the other outside that church, in the world. But both are liberal men, laboring to inaugurate a Christianity which shall not consist merely in professions, but in deeds of love, charity and truth. Neither of these gentlemen are believers in Spiritual manifestations, yet there is true Spiritualism in their discourses, and both are no doubt endowed with power from on high—perhaps greater than most of our mediums—all are parts of one body—Truth.

TROUBLE IN THE GULF.

There has been, until within a very short time, a squally look about matters in the Gulf of Mexico, as if we might have trouble with both England and France in that quarter. One of our New York steamers, bound for Nicaragua, after being boarded by a war-vessel of the United States cruising on that station, was visited by the officers of the British vessel of war Valorous, on board of which was Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley, the British Minister. The rumors that were current for sometime in relation to the affair were quite exciting, and people grew very indignant at the thought that another outrage, in the line of search, had been visited upon our commercial marine, when everybody thought that Great Britain had abandoned her claim to the right of search forever.

But by waiting a little we find that an explanation has arrived, which is said to be perfectly satisfactory to our Government, and which therefore takes away the fears generally entertained of a collision. Despatches have been received from the American Commander by our Government, and also by the British squadron, availing that the act of visitation was one of pure friendship, and designed in no sense whatever to attempt the continuance of the odious practice of searching American vessels.

Central American matters seem likely to absorb a great deal of the attention of Congress and the country for some time to come. There is a complication between ourselves and England in that quarter, which it is generally agreed should not exist. There is a pretty strong desire in some quarters to have the Clayton and Bulwer treaty annulled altogether, leaving each nation to its own aunes and resources, and for ourselves insisting on the application of what is termed the "Monroe Doctrine in its full force."

H. P. Fairfield, the celebrated trance speaking medium, will lecture in New London, Ct., on Sunday, January 2d.

EXPLODING THE HUMBUGS IN SPIRITUALISM.

At the New York Conference, on Friday evening, Dec. 10th, Mr. Coles said, he had some time since stated that he had never seen a satisfactory physical manifestation. A friend wrote him from Worcester regarding a certain manifestation, and he was preparing to go and see it. In the meantime the medium came to the city. He had since stated that he had seen a table move without contact; when asked if the spirits did it, he begged to be excused from making any assertions until he had investigated further. He went again, accompanied by Messrs. Smith and Watson. The medium was the celebrated Mr. Paine, of Worcester. A large table was moved without contact. He imagined there might be machinery to move the table; if there was, two or three inches would disarrange it. Smith moved it—the manifestation ceased—conditions were wrong. After a little search, a hole was discovered in the carpet and floor, having connection with the table. They insisted upon further examination, when Mr. Paine made full acknowledgment of the deception. Mr. Paine was present and would speak for himself. A medium not long since wrote from Boston to Mr. Paine that his guides, having called him to speak before the public, desired him to invite him (Mr. P.) to come and give his wonderful manifestations in his room. Now he would like to know what sort of spirits those were who did not know a rogue from a true man, a medium from a steel rod and machinery? I believe, said Mr. Coles, in the immortality of the soul, and so I believe in the immortality of humbuggery.

Mr. Paine, with the utmost coolness, said—Ladies and gentlemen, I feel deeply the position in which I am placed this evening, yet I feel I have acted properly. I am a believer in Spiritualism; I am a Spiritualist; I am also a medium. I have deceived for the good of the cause—for the sake of battling deception. I think the means justifies the end. What sort of a medium is that person who, while I am producing raps and movements by the aid of machinery, will assert that he sees standing by, the spirit of the party moving or rapping? My manifestations have been attested by nine-tenths of the celebrated mediums of the Eastern States. He then proceeded to describe the machinery used on the occasion of his discovery by Mr. Colpe, the particulars of which may be found in the letter of our New York correspondent, "York," in another column. During his speech much excitement existed in the hall, and his statements, many of them, were warmly and severely questioned.

Dr. Gray said—A medium is always in a certain condition of trance during the accomplishment of a physical manifestation, which no trickster can counterfeit—such as a perceptible coldness of the extremities with the pupils dilated beyond their usual capacity. Premeditated fraud has none of these evidences; people never need be deceived, if they would devote a little time to the study of the trance in its variety of conditions. He would point out tricksters as fast as he could count his fingers, as no one could counterfeit successfully the trance—this to him was one of the greatest evidences of the relation of the world of spirits to this.

Mr. Paine says that a large proportion of the mediums of the Eastern States have seen his manifestations, and have described the spirit producing them, and thus throws a slur upon these mediums.

We think this may be explained, so that it will not call in question their reliability so pointedly. It is not improbable that Mr. Paine may have attracted to himself a spirit fond of the same sort of trickery; and that this spirit, to keep up his end of the rope, has presented himself to the vision of the medium, who, without stopping to inquire if the manifestations were genuine, took it for granted they were so, and attributed them to the spirit.

It may be asked why these spirits, who claimed to guide the Eastern mediums, did not expose the imposture? Perhaps, because by so doing they would create an antagonism, which would injure their mediums and draw to them the same evil influences attendant upon Paine. Knowing that all evil must in time be exposed, and in a proper manner, they might not care to subject their mediums to the dangers of a quarrelsome exposure.

WARREN CHASE IN BOSTON.

We are authorized to announce that the above gifted lecturer will speak at Mercantile Hall, in this city, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, December 29th and 30th. The subject of the first lecture will be Ancient and Modern Revelation; second lecture Church History and Influence, including the theology of our prophets, press and colleges. The lectures will commence at 7 1-2 o'clock; tickets will let all hear who wish.

Mr. C. has held many responsible trusts in the gift of the people in the Territory and State of his adoption—Michigan, and is one of our most genial speakers. It is needless for us to say more, as he is well known here.

MR. MAGOUN'S SUICIDE.

The Courier has a long article, in its usual absurd style, in reference to the suicide of Mr. Magoun, of Cambridge, ascribing it to Spiritualism.

It is distinctly understood that Mr. M. was subject to this species of insanity before he became a Spiritualist. Seventeen years ago Mr. M. attempted self-destruction, and again eight years ago; and has all his life been predisposed to suicide. It is distinctly asserted, that to Spiritualism may be ascribed the fact that he has not before this fallen a victim to this element of his nature.

OUR NEW YORK REPORTS.

Our Junior partner, Mr. Squire, has located in the city of New York, where he will attend to our business in that section of the country. His reports, intended for the last issue, arrived one day too late, so that we are behind the secular press in the matter of the exposure of Mr. Paine. Having got the "hang of the school-house," we shall be up to the mark in future.

SOUTH DEDHAM.

H. P. Fairfield, the Green Mountain medium, paid the Spiritualists of this place a visit last week, and lectured in the trance state to a good audience, composed of all sects. There are a number of intelligent and active Spiritualists there, who evince a proper interest in the cause. Bro. F. was well pleased with his visit.

TEST MEDIUMS WANTED.

Good test mediums wanted at Munson's Rooms, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York. None but those possessing undoubted qualifications need apply. Terms advantageous. Apply to S. T. Munson, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York.

BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Dec. 18.

Subject—"Fate and Free Agency."

Mr. Pike said—That on the face of all human action, we see man's free agency. The evidence of free agency comes to us from individual action, and the united action of the masses. In financial operations, each individual has control of his own funds, his own investments and expenditures. An agent entrusted with the funds of another, is called to render an account for the funds entrusted. An individual is a sovereign of his own possessions. A government claims no kindred to fate—it rests on the free agency of the people. Our statute laws, made by the people, recognize no fatality in crime. Thus, on the face of human action, we have clear evidence of free agency. Every child inherits from his parents his organization; but phrenology teaches that circumstances will influence that organization, both in quality and quantity. Individual effort may change the quality of the organs of the brain; activity will increase it, and inactivity diminish it.

Dr. Child said—At every turn, we meet the laws of nature, and find them, as a general thing, acting independent of will; these laws are fixed and unchangeable, existing everywhere, in everything. Fate is another word for the laws of nature; destiny is the chain of cause and effect, ultimating in life continued; over which no incidental power can exist. Man has no control over the laws that exist within himself, and govern his body; his heart involuntarily beats from birth till death; he breathes without the aid of volition; the secretory, excretory, absorbent and exhalant functions, are all performed without even the immediate consciousness of the man; and digestion and sensation are active without the exercise of the will. Unseen law (fate) governs all these functions. The will, too, is an effect of law; it is an action of the brain, which action is ruled by the laws that govern the brain and intellect; so that free will is but a child of nature's laws, or fate. Outside of himself, too, man meets laws that oppose his free agency—gravitation, when he goes up stairs, and when he falls from a high eminence; resistance, when he runs, and when he fights; extreme cold in winter, and heat in summer. The desires of man are but illy satisfied; he is constantly compelled to do different from what he would do. Who would not love to be as beautiful as an angel? Who would not like to possess a little more money than he already possesses? Who would not like to be pure and holy—all harmony and happiness within? There is not a man or a woman that would oppose the gratification of these desires. Why are they not gratified? Because law stands between the desire and its gratification; fate holds the power; law is supreme from the beginning of all things. Our freedom is a phantom we chase with a wild delirium, never yet caught by any one. Free agency is but a seeming thing—it is most real when our desires are in exact harmony with nature and her laws—which free agency, as we call it, is but the legitimate property of fate; fate is law, the operation of which is the exhibition of God's power. We are admonished "to trust in God," which trust is a confidence in his power, as shown in his laws. Faith in God is not a misplaced confidence in our own powers, conceived to be free and independent, but in a childlike reliance and humble trust in the power that rules and governs all things.

Mr. A. E. Newton presented some written remarks favoring both sides of the question, which he intends to publish in the Spiritual Age.

Mr. Dunin said—It is a law of our being, that the exercise of our faculties makes the man; this is done by our own free will, not by fate; no fate made the learned blacksmith what he was; it was indomitable perseverance and energy—the exercise of his free will, and free agency. I am the builder of my own castle. I get my knowledge by my own abilities and efforts. I have the power to accept good, and reject evil, when it is present. I am a free, moral agent—not a fatalist.

Mr. Wetherbee said—Pope has said:
"Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few, in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fate is fair and wise;
And 'e'en the best, by fate, what they despise."

Such is the fate of all, and in this fate is our salvation. If free agency there be in human government it is so small, compared with the government of nature's laws, that it seems to me useless to claim anything for it. When a stone is thrown into the air, it moves by the power that propels it—the wind blowing against it alters its course but slightly, if any. Free agency affects the force of nature's law no more than the wind does the stone.

Mr. Trask said—That though the Turks, the Prussians and the Chinese are fatalists, it does not follow that fatalism is right. What follows in the adoption of fatalism? Its adoption makes us machines. There can be no such thing as responsibility, as vice or virtue, as right or wrong—for these are the necessity of free will. Fatalism renders history, language, duty and goodness of no avail. I do not accept fatalism; it is free agency that makes us what we are; that makes a nation and a people great and good.

Mr. Edson said—That fatalism "destroys the lines that man has drawn between virtue and vice"; it annihilates no virtue; it argues not against the existence of goodness or right, but rather sees every thing that exists, as having been meant to exist for good—all right, and nothing wrong. The doctrine of fate will be recognized, whether we will have it or not. There is a great First Cause that moves all matter; that gives life and sustains it. All things beneath this cause are governed by it, and not by unconscious motives. The soul of man comes from and is ever governed by the Supreme Intelligence, and no freedom of man exists of himself independent of this power.

Mr. Burke said—That however many and ingenious the objections brought against fatality, they are only theoretical—not philosophical. Governments and individuals always act on the ground of fate; that men are not free; they act with the ruling power. The motives of the people govern the individual—not free agency. Government acts on the principle that man will do what is wrong; nature made man ever to choose the good. A man cannot avoid his responsibility—his nature involves it. Her laws are means adapted to work out ends. The learned blacksmith only acted in conformity to his nature; he could not have done different from what he did do. All men act of necessity from the laws that govern them, of whatever kind or variety they may be.

A. B. C.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont lectured recently in Newburyport on Spiritualism, and gave much satisfaction, we understand. A synopsis is given in the Herald.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

The Conference opened on Friday night, 17th inst., with a continuation of the question, viz: The sources of fallacy in spiritual communications.

Dr. Orton—I think a great portion of the fallacies are to be referred to deceptions practiced on the part of spirits themselves. I do not think that those who hold out so strongly against me, differ from this idea very much. And I expect if you were all appealed to, and especially the mediums, who should know best, it would be generally admitted that many and cruel deceptions are practiced by spirits. Refer to the Evangelists—they give you many instances of the possession, and its subsequent injury on the part of evil spirits; and they do not deny the like power of possession on the part of good spirits. I have spoken of those fallacies which characterize Spiritualism; the Kiantone movement for instance—how are we to account for this, except that it is the incultation of evil spirits? There are, if we would take the trouble to ascertain, thousands in this city, who have been misled by what every scrutiny demonstrated to be spirits. I heard not long since, at the close of an eloquent moral address, a spirit say through a medium, whom I sincerely believe to have been enfranchised, "Don't damp what you call your evil passions—they will cease by consuming themselves." I have no doubt this was said by a spirit; was it an evil one?

Dr. Gould—I am at loss to see how those persons who take a stand against the possession of evil spirits, can have any belief in the Bible; for, when this ground is taken, you come right in the teeth of its truth. Take the testimony of ancient Spiritualism, and you will have a good position.

A Mr. Baker offered a theory, explanatory of the causes of fallacy, represented by a couple of drawings, in which he demonstrated, in his own way, how the unintentional answers to questions propounded in circles—answers formed in the minds of persons forming the circle—might be transmitted to the medium, and come out as spirit-answers, unrecognized by the party who had thus answered. His theory had evidently something of truth in it, though a little more metaphysical than otherwise.

John F. Coles—A question was asked regarding Winne's bones—could they be brought beyond the sphere of the medium? Mr. Coles said—I don't see how they could be brought in the medium's sphere without his knowing; but I see how they could be brought in his sphere without his friends knowing it. I began five years ago to investigate Spiritualism, without knowing anything about it; I am in the same box now. I have a little circumstance to relate of Mr. Hume. It has been supposed that Hume was very great because he has succeeded in gluing the crowned heads; but I tell you crowned heads are no more than uncrowned heads; they live in an atmosphere of deception and courtly trickery. A Mrs. Fitzgerald, of London, whose address I can give, met Mr. Hume in a circle; she, amongst others, was touched by what purported to be a spirit; they believed—she doubted; she requested the privilege of meeting him again, without expressing her doubts. Before she went the next time, she prepared herself with a sharpened darning needle, encased in an ivory handle. During the evening she was touched; she requested the spirit to touch her again, designating the place. Mr. Hume was lolled back in his chair, evidently thinking of little or nothing; she was immediately touched; at the same moment she gave the substance touching her a vigorous thrust with the needle; at the instant Mr. Hume sprang from his chair, turned as pale as a sheet, after which he refused to sit for further manifestations, and was lame for some two or three days. What shall be our conclusions when, from the first to the last, from those considered the best to the worse, are found to be tricksters? I speak of all mediums; and I think those who feel the spirit are the guiltiest; and if any medium objects to my position, and asks me to prove him a deceiver, I will do so, and show him when and where he has cheated.

Mr. Hallock—I think, with Mr. Coles, that there are many instances of premeditated fraud; but I think we are able to guard against premeditated fraud. If Mr. Coles' statement is correct regarding Paine, I think the regularity and uniformity of movement were enough to betray machinery. I believe nature never admits of a waste, and until Mr. Coles can comprehend what he has already had, he will never get any more. Mr. Coles admits he thought he had received a truth; how did he appropriate it? By uniting with Mr. Smith, who is in the same box with him to day, they procured a room in the Bowery, and jabbered Choctaw hour by hour; his greatest fallacy is in supposing all fallacies outside of himself. He had better study himself, to find out what he is—not inquire of another just like himself.

Mr. Smith, of razor strap notoriety—I defy any lady or gentleman to say that I ever said I was controlled by spirits. I spoke something which mediums told me was Indian. I did not know it was. I could not help speaking it. After physical manifestations, I have been converted eighteen times, but have since found that I was cheated every time. I again deny that I ever asserted that I was controlled by spirits—I am still an investigator.

Dr. Orton—It has been said that mediums carry things back and forth to facilitate their manifestations. I wish to assure you that I devoted careful attention to the examination of Dr. Redman's baggage, which seldom was anything more than a carpet-bag, whenever he traveled, during the period in which the bones were brought to us, and I am sure that he never conveyed anything of the sort.

Mr. Coles made a few remarks in defence of the Bowery circle, and received some little applause.

Mr. Partridge—If we design to reap any benefit from our searches here, it cannot be found in applauding or hissing any person. We are after truth—not individual eulogizing. The question involves a spirit. Are we clear as to what spirit is? What is spirit, in contradistinction to our desires and appetites? We can all agree that there is within us something which speaks of right, and is constantly remonstrating against wrong. We have a consciousness about right without being taught, though education may govern in a degree that consciousness. Then what of us goes to the spirit-world? We do not believe that our appetites and bodies go there—flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven. Then, if the spirit be that which is here constantly remonstrating against wrong, can we suppose that it meets with a change, by which it becomes malicious? I think all fallacies may be traced to that which is earthly in man. Mr. Baker's system has a truth in it, and the character of the fallacies go to prove that their sources are in the earthly of man, and not that which is

constantly remonstrating against wrong. Friend Coles has once been a Spiritualist and a medium, but does not seem to be so now; he is willing for the sake of something to hold on to, to admit one-tenth of the phenomena as true, but he does not say that cheerfully. Mr. Coles was the medium for a prophecy regarding European affairs, which has since been mostly confirmed; will he now deny that this came from a foreign mind—a spirit? He now asserts that all he has seen consists of deception or hallucination. His greatest fallacy is, that because he has not seen, I never have, or you never have. Let us take the statements which may be collected from all parts of the world regarding spirit-communion; is not one to be relied on, if so, one proves the great question—the existence and communion of spirits.

Mrs. French—Two ladies, attracted to my house by the sign of "a room to let," entered my parlor where my little girl was playing, barefooted. She seated herself on the floor to hide her feet, when one of the ladies requested her to leave the room. She answered, "I would, but I see standing near you a man, who says his name is William, having with him two children, one so large, the other so large," designating their size by a motion of her hand. He says, "Tell my wife she will find a certain document (mentioning it) in such a place" (stating it). The other lady overheard, and with a cry of surprise said, "It is my husband and my children. I have been in search of a paper belonging to my husband." On looking in the place designated by the child, she found the paper, precisely as had been stated. Where did this intelligence come from? I can give you the names of the parties who would be only too happy to attest to the truthfulness of this statement. The child was five years old.

Rev. Mr. Benning—I wish to state to the Conference an assertion which was made by the spirit of an old friend of mine last night. This spirit sometime ago told us, and before the Jews arrived, the exact hour when the cable was joined in mid-ocean. We were discussing the cable, and asked him if he was aware of the difficulty. He replied, that it was, on the other side, and that the operations going on at present would remedy it, and then distinctly stated that there would be a message over it on Christmas day. This I firmly believe will be the case—though the failure in one test would not disturb my present belief in the slightest degree.

Mr. Eldy, of Cleveland, made some remarks, and stated some manifestations which he had seen, some of which have received publication. He stated that he had three pictures, executed by Rogers, of relatives who never left any portraits behind them. They are readily recognized by all who knew them.

Dr. Gray—I think all fallacies, as well as many solutions in spiritual manifestations, may be traced to the well known laws of psychology. If a man operating upon a subject can cause that subject to see a picture and draw it, he is bound to believe that he can do the same when he quits his present condition. Therefore, if the procuring of a likeness is a success, it will be readily received as an evidence of the existence of their friends—if it is a failure, psychology is not at loss to settle the matter.

Some further remarks were made by different parties, and the Conference adjourned.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS:—On the first page—An original poem, "The Two Wreaths," continuation of the excellent domestic tale, "Rocky Nook." Second page—A Christmas story, entitled "Nannie Nye, or the Schoolmaster of Glenville," by Miss Cloutman. Third page—Lines to George E. C., by Madge Carroll; Harmonical and New Church Spiritualism. (Answer to an Inquirer—No. X.); Remember Christ; Miracles; Miss Emma Harding in Cincinnati, Ohio. Fourth and fifth pages—Editorials, Correspondence, Reports of Lectures, etc. Sixth page—Interesting Spirit-Messages. Seventh page—Andrew Jackson Davis; Spiritualism on the Cape; A Song, by Cora Wilburn; Observations on the Past and Present; Way-Side Notes; Test of spirit presence; More about Converted Mediums; Letter from Michigan. Eighth page—Reports continued from fifth page; Movements of Mediums, etc.

In the case of McNulty, tried in this city last week for the murder of police-officer Hodgson, the jury could not agree, and were discharged. A second trial has been ordered by the Court, to take place immediately. It is intimated that the case will be renewed with vigor by the government.

"LIFE ETERNAL" is again laid over, on account of the press of other matter. It will appear in our next. One more number concludes the series.

Kate Fox—S. T. Munson, 6 Great Jones street, New York, has just issued a fine steel engraving of this well known lady. It is quite truthful in its expression, doing full justice to its subject. We recommend it to all Spiritualists.

A writer in the Investigator is quite fellonian on Spiritualism. He is to be pitied.

Non-INTERVENTION.—Orders, it is said, have been sent to Captain McIntosh not to allow any foreign fleet to interfere with the filibuster southern Susan, but to resist interference at any risk.

The Georgians are much exasperated on account of the recent landing of a cargo of negroes on their soil from the yacht Wanderer, which she brought from the coast of Africa. Several arrests have been made of suspicious parties, and the U. S. Marshal of the District is using every exertion to obtain evidence against them. Should he do so, they will probably be tried for piracy. This is the yacht that was detained for a brief period last summer in the port of New York on suspicion of being fitted out for the slave trade; but, on account of insufficient evidence of the fact, she was released.

Articles for next number:—"Obsession—Reply to H. T.," by F. C. of New York; "Problem For Spiritualists," by La Roy Sunderland.

The Washington Union says England, France and Spain concur fully in the line of policy laid down by the United States concerning Mexico and Central America.

A letter dated Nov. 23, reports the steam frigate Wabash, at Alexandria, Egypt. She had touched at Jaffa to give some of the officers and men an opportunity of visiting Jerusalem, and other places of interest in the Holy Land. The officers and crew of the Mediterranean squadron were well.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Mrs. Townsend speaks in this place Sunday, Dec. 26th, and Jan. 2d. She will be followed by Miss Amedy, on the 9th of Jan., and she by Lizzie Doten, Jan. 16.

Abstract Reports.

(Reported by A. B. CHILDS.)

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Forenoon, Dec. 19.

After a voluntary, the choir sang the hymn, beginning.

Oh, draw me, Father, after thee!
So shall I run, and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art near.

PRAYER.

O thou who art everywhere, and with thy loving kindness, and tender mercies, occupiest alike the winter's glare and the summer glory, we would draw nigh unto thee, and feel thy presence. We would remember our life in private and in public, the blessings we have received, and while we see thy goodness, may the fires of gratitude burn on the altar of our hearts, making us conscious of our own weakness, and of thy infinite power and love; so may the words of our mouth, and the meditation of our hearts be always acceptable in thy sight. O Lord, our strength and Redeemer, may our prayer lead to a service of thee, which is full of glory and joy forever and ever. O thou infinite Father and Mother of us all, we bless thee for all thy tender mercies, whereby we are endowed. We thank thee for our bodies so seriously and wonderfully made, every bone, muscle and nerve of which is a masterpiece of workmanship, proclaiming thy power and wisdom. We thank thee for the spark of thy life that dwells within this body, ennobling it to active life and duty, and the manifold talents thou hast endowed it with. We thank thee for the power thou hast given us, by which our hands are made to provide for the daily wants of our bodies. We thank thee for the great intellect thou hast given to the sons of man, for the power of thought whereby the material world is put in subjection to us. We thank thee for our consciousness, whereby we recognize thy works of love and wisdom. We thank thee for the power whereby we love each other, and, in return, are loved; for the tender ties that join us together in kindred blood and soul. We thank thee for the flowers of affection that spring up among us, never to fade; for the lamps of love that burn ever brighter through life, that death does not put out. We thank thee for thy motive and purpose, and perfect means for the good of all, and thy perfect love that governs all. We thank thee for thyself, who, out of the plenitude of thy being, providest the world of matter and spirit, and still transcendest both, with thy breath warming each into life. O, infinite Father, for all things we thank thee. We thank thee that in the history of the human race, we trace its constant growth and progress; and still for greater progress to come, we thank thee. For the great and powerful men thou hast raised up from time to time, we thank thee—men who have trod fear under their feet, and have boldly declared human justice; for the dear souls of men and women, who have lit the torch of truth, and carried it to give light in dark places; who have bound up bleeding wounds, and lessened the suffering caused by the darkness of error. We thank thee for those noble souls who have showed forth the great life of true religion, drawing millions after them with a sweet, attractive force; and we thank thee, too, for the million of honest, noble souls, who have done well the work of life in quiet obscurity. We thank thee for the noble souls living on earth to-day; for the light of science, which is bread for the hungry, and help to the fallen. O thou infinite Being, may we live great, religious lives, filled with hope, love, and beauty; may every deed be noble and manly; with every limb of our body, may we serve thee, that our lives may be filled with gladness and joy. So may we build up our temple—the human soul—that the divine spark within shall radiate and shine through its windows, walls, and roof, glowing ever with thy divine love and goodness. [Ending with the Lord's Prayer.]

The choir sang the hymn, beginning,
Beneath the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with men at strife.

DISCOURSE.

Text.—Jeremiah, chapter v., 31st verso. "What will ye do in the end thereof." To-day I ask your attention to public morals in America, and our duty in relation to them. Consensus declares to us what we ought to do; it clearly defines what we shall, and what we shall not do. If we violate these declarations, the consequences come. Nature ever seeks the better; all the universe is confederate against wrong; humanity hunts it down. What a reputation wicked beings always get—all scoundrels, liars and deceivers, like Arnold and Burr. The story of the "Babe in the Woods" only repeats the sentiment in humanity; the wicked uncle became the victim of the ignominy that humanity showers upon like wickedness. How mankind treats a liar, a swindler, a knave; by every look and action he is despised; feeling and opinion are at war with him. But what benediction is heaped upon the good man; blessings crown him everywhere. Think of the honors of men like Franklin, Washington and Jefferson. It seems as if the universe was set against evil. The miser is the poorest man in the world—he is nothing but the leather bag that holds his gold. The shrew's tongue cuts her own mouth more than her neighbors ears. No men ever were worse abused than Washington and Franklin—yet this did not hurt them. Less worthy modern rulers are not made better by praise bestowed on them. What if Mr. Devil does keep his coach and six, he is Mr. Devil still; his six horses will never carry him away from himself. Reputation does a man no good; justice is the key-note of the universe; mankind must face justice, and march to it. God's moral law needs no sheriff—it is judge and jury both—it never slumbers or sleeps.

From the second century to the present, the Christian Church has never done right; its belief has been a deal of nonsense; the bloody jaws of hell have been opened for all who profess not a belief in the church creed, and confess not faith in the efficacy of salvation taught by its doctrines. But heaven's gates have been thrown open for men who have led the worst lives—drunkards, thieves, murderers—men most unfaithful and unjust—men wrapt in the worst deceit and hypocrisy, provided they make the outside claim by confession and profession of Christianity. In reality the church makes small count of morality. The Turks are as moral as Christians, and so are the Jews; the Buddhist and Chinese are as moral as Christian men in New England. Christian men will never be moral till they abandon their

present religious character. The morals of New England have come to a strange pass. For the last ten or twenty years New York has been growing worse than any town in Christendom. Officials are full of corruption and complicity. The city is the sink of two continents, where vice runs in to poison the waters. The city of Boston has begun to follow in the same course, and is now swiftly tending to the same end. One of our municipal officials is a man of questionable character. Three thousand grog-shops open every day where intoxicating drink is sold against the law, and not a liveried or unliveried official anywhere lifts a finger in opposition. Poison is allowed to run down the throats of Boston people every day, Sunday not excepted; while on Sunday the Public Library is shut, and the water is not allowed to run in the fountains—but "liquor" runs free to every child, carrying with it an increase of poverty, crime, and suffering. Look at the increase of crime under such municipal government. I think a week never passes in Boston without some man killing his wife. What is the cause? Poisonous rum, sold at a hole in almost every wall; not by a man drunken, but by a man sober, which is still worse. More than one half the taxes paid in Boston go to support municipal mismanagement. Look at New York, and you see the certain future of Boston. Boston is in certain danger; you cannot jump from the steeple of Park Street Church, and stop halfway down.

Look at the newspapers—nothing is too small for the pen of editors; they know the name of the apple-woman whose stand fell over, as they know of the Thursday evening lecture. Murder and politics, science and immorality, are indiscriminately presented. Taken as a whole, the American press is the most immoral in the world; and public opinion controls the press; it fears not God or man; it is no law to you. I do not mean religious sectarian papers; they are edited by dyspeptic men, who discharge bile through their pen. Yet to these there are some honorable exceptions. Such things are expected of sectarian papers as much as dogs are expected to bark. Auction and fish men are expected to ever cry their wares. There is in the American press no considerable abhorrence of wrong; it has talent of the vulgar sort; ready, quick, and impudent. Evils, of pleasing trivial importance, are noted, while evils of greater importance are passed without comment. A poor foreign girl, on a very stormy night, sought shelter in a lighted room, was there ravished by three men, then thrown out the window, and the next morning died from the injuries she received. The newspapers simply told the story; one paper made sport of the horrible tragedy. If an obscene man is on trial, the newspapers spread the filthiest details before the people. A prize-fight, which is more brutal than any bull-fight of Spain, opens the columns of every secular press for full details and comments. Such is a fair sample of an American newspaper. Look at the general government of the nation—corruption lies in its nature; it has not in office high-minded, conscientious men. Bribery has put forty thousand dollars of wicked money into the pockets of individual men. I remember a man from Massachusetts, who put more wicked money than this, by bribing, into his pocket. Now presidents are made by party. Adams and Washington were made presidents by the people. I look with severity on the wickedness of our government, the wrongs of which I both hate and despise. I would have them booted down.

Righteousness is the blessing of every people, and sin the curse; the wickedness of the wickedness, the more seriously should we watch over and correct ourselves, in our secret and open acts and thoughts. During the last fifteen months we have had a terrible financial crisis. Yet commercial men say, honesty in trade was never so high as now; never was there so much personal integrity as now. We must cultivate public virtue; fathers and mothers must teach it to their children; teach them to manifest truth and loving kindness to one another; deal justly freely, and it shall rout all evils. Let us deal justly, and the very stars of heaven in their courses, wisdom, and love, and almighty God, shall be on our side—little by little shall we overcome every wrong, and enthrone right in its place.

P. B. RANDOLPH AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon.

The services commenced with singing. Mr. Randolph arose and offered a prayer to God that he, His humblest and meekest servant, who had been called upon to do battle in His holy cause against the influences of the pit of darkness, might, if His labors were acceptable in His sight, be snatched up by the angels of His presence, or, if he did wrong that the avenging destruction of angered deity might await him.

He said—Benedict Arnold received the epithet of traitor. I think Benedict Arnold deserved that stigma which has been heaped upon him, for he betrayed the truth. I am not a Benedict Arnold, for I have renounced error, and am now endeavoring to maintain the truth. I have come before you, in this goodly city of Boston, to explain my recantation, my repentance, my own pecuniary and personal interests; but it seems I have not had my say out yet. I come not to gain popularity—that which the fickle multitude recognize; nor in search of fame—that golden dream of youth. I am to stand or fall alone, with what I honestly consider truth and right. Spiritualism is an evil, in whose track I see discord and ruin; and as I feel I have a soul to save, I resist it, condemn it, and repudiate it. Though pleasing outwardly, perhaps, and attractive, foul and venomous cobras lurk inside.

I had made up my mind never to appear before the public again; and my resolution would have been carried out, but for the evil-reform Convention at Utica, and affairs incident to it and growing out of it. Resolutions and remarks were put forth by men and women there, utterly subversive of all morality and virtue; it was said that God was not the author of our human souls, but that they were the result of our physical organism! My experience is so different and opposite, that I felt called upon to explain my position to the world. Had I been allowed the privilege of saying what I had to say in defence of my position with my ten years experience as a medium, eight years travelling over the eastern world, and four years of intense mental slavery, I should not be in public now; but they would not give me that opportunity. I do not charge Mr. Davis, Mr. Curtis, or Mr. Rogers, with this unkindness, but other leaders of that Convention; but I struggled till I got the floor, and have kept it ever since.

I am now a humble follower of Jesus of Nazareth in his teachings and doctrines. I have been led to the gates of Hell by Spiritualism; and now by

Christianity I am drawing near the glory of Heaven. I have changed, and have bartered anguish and despair for happiness, and ruin for bliss. Man is his own judge. I stand forth a follower of Jesus Christ, and in his cause I defy all the mediums of Boston, assisted by all the demons from the depths of Hell. He is my model, and the model for all.

Spiritualism seems to me like a very long bridge over which I have gone to search out noble truths. I thought I had found immortality, but it was a deception, and I find that I did not get even a microscopic glance at it. I have been tossed about by the dashing waves in search of truth and happiness for ten long years; but at length I have found my sheet anchor in Christ, and my refuge at the altar of God. I am assured of life beyond the grave, by the limitation of life here, but it can never be proved by any stretch of transcendental philosophy.

For ten long years I was a medium—I struggled hard and painfully on the plane of rampant individualism; I considered myself an independent sovereign, and persuaded myself there was no evil on earth; while I was in truth but the most degraded slave. But I am free now. God is no longer an ideal thing—no mere spasm of the intellect, as he once was to me, but is now my good Father, and his word I can read in ancient revelation, in the harmony of science, and the beauties of nature.

I am prepared to rise here, and characterize Spiritualism in all its varied developments, as deception, demonism, or the result of the merest imagination. I cannot say that all who claim to see by spirit-vision, are impostors, for I know of many of the kindest, most self-sacrificing, purest and sincere, who are mediums; but those of this character are few, and as far as angel visits between. But I do say the minds of such are not free from a species of mental insanity, of whom we can quote Shakespeare in relation to—slightly improved:

The medium's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
And is imagination busy for his food;
The forms of things unknown, the medium's mind
Joins them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Remembering what I have passed through, my soul rebels at its bondage, worse than the Southern slavery to which my body had been subjected to before—as much worse as the mind can conceive. I was told I had no brains, but was supplied with a pulpy network for the ghost to breathe into, and fill up with his inspirations. This was a bitter, galling form of spiritual degradation; but I was flattered by the consolation that the spirits would stoop to honor me so as to make me their mouthpiece, tool and machine.

That is a suspicious and dangerous influence which asks man to surrender his own will to a race of disembodied unknown, unheard of, unsubstantial beings, spirits or demons—call them what you will. But there is no such thing as spirits, and I defy any man or woman in Christendom to convert what I say. A mind that accepts everything in spiritual manifestations as the influence of disembodied spirits, is out, for he cannot identify the spirit intelligence as that of any being who ever lived on the earth; and so long as there is a single doubt, the verdict is on our side.

I disclaim all Spiritualism in toto; still I do not deny that spirits have controlled mankind. I could have sworn on a heap of Bibles, as high as the heavens, that I had seen the spirit of my mother standing beside me, and that I had seen a spirit-hand under the table; but I am now fully satisfied that the hand was a medium's foot, and the mother's ghost only the seething of a muddled and disordered brain.

I repudiate everything about Spiritualism but its truth; that will stand—it is immortal, and can never die. I ask for justice only. I now firmly believe in the inspiration of the Bible; and say that when Andrew Jackson Davis calls it "very soft bark," he tramples on the refined sensibilities of millions of human beings. I believe one can be inspired by God and his high angels, or obsessed by the demons from hell. Understand me, when I say hell, that I do not mean the fiery, brimstone pit theologians taught of a century ago; my idea is of a place as much hotter than that as that is hotter than a frozen pond—a hell made by the deprivations of those blessings God bestows on those who were his good servants on this planet. I believed there was no evil; yet I find man is all evil, till the hand of God reaches forth and grasps him away from his impending doom.

My idea of the Devil is different from that of ancient theology, too. I do not find him a hideous monster, with hoofs, horns, and caudal appendages. He has all the graces of manhood; rejoices in great, noble, stupendous intellect—he is all intellect; without moral power, or affectional impulses. Our intellectual attainments affiliate with him, and he is the magnet which we attract to us by the loadstone of our own cold, dark intellects. This unprincipled intellect has drawn thousands from the path of moral principle, down to the lowest depravity and insanity. I have a volume of sixty closely written pages, of names of those who have been drawn down from respectability, morality, wealth and intelligence, to the filth of free love, poverty, and to insanity itself—names of men and women in Boston, too.

To be sure communications have come, as from the dear departed; but they were only baits, set by the adversary to trap our souls.

An objection to trance, mediumship is, that it deprives men of the credit to which their brains entitle them. It takes away from the mediums all credit of the action of their intellect; and if I ever said anything which was smart, it was attributed to some unknown, unfathomable spirit; but, by virtue of my servitude to these spirits, my consolation was that my poor cream-colored soul was to have a reserved corner in the celestial spheres; and I might, perhaps, be appointed barber-general to the saints, to cut their hair and dye their whiskers for them. Or, perhaps, by virtue of the blood of Pochontas in my veins, I might be allowed to whoop and halloo; and with a brace of dogs at my heels, hunt game through the swamps and bogs of spirit-land. But at length my eyes were opened, and now I denounce all this spiritual clap-net, for I find the Bible is enough for me.

Andrew Jackson Davis is credited with the authorship of the Great Harmony, and other text-books of Spiritualism; but I cannot give him the credit of being Dame Nature's abnormal clerk, but rather attribute those works to the grander genius of Mrs. Davis. So ninety-nine hundredths of those who profess reliance are impostors, and you cannot place much reliance on the hundredth. Understand me, that I do not declare Spiritualism all an imposition, but ninety-nine hundredths of it is so. It is my

opinion that no positive good can ever come to man through its teachings. It is to the intellectual mind what the Jack-o'-lantern is to the traveler—a guide which leads into bogs and swamps, and results in bewilderment and despair.

It is urged that Spiritualism is a royal road to knowledge. I admit it. But I have followed it till I have gone through bloody sweat almost into the jaws of Hell. The walls on either side of this royal road are built of human skulls, and the only breeze which blows there is burdened with the wall of crushed bodies and disappointed souls. But I am free again, and by God's help, I'll battle for the truth with the heavenly armies, under Christ, my field-marshal.

Again, Spiritualism builds up a sort of selfish egotism which looks upon itself as truth, while it tramples heedless on the feelings of others. It teaches benevolence, but only to its own followers. It has charity for none others. Spiritualists had sympathy for me once, but they have none now. I am charged with want of stability, with fickleness, and with having done wrong, and the stigma of color is brought upon the dead mother who gave me birth in agony. I have been guilty, but have repented. No man could have been a medium for ten long years, and preserve his virtue and integrity; but it is to Spiritualism I owe all the stigma they have heaped upon me.

Since I have recanted Spiritualism, I have received nothing but abuse from the spiritual press—with a single honorable exception—in the Spiritual Clarion, at Auburn; that paper treated me fairly and honorably. A paper printed in Boston—the Spiritual Age—took the opportunity of abusing me most unjustly. I do not charge A. E. Newton or Lewis B. Munroe with writing the article, but S. B. Brittan. But Mr. Partridge, of the Spiritual Telegraph, kindly offered me the use of his columns to reply.

Spiritual papers will laud to the skies the quack healing-medium while he is in the ranks, though his hands and soul are covered with the stains of murder. There should be a penal statute against any person's tampering with human life, who has not been found qualified by a competent board of medical men.

In reference to myself, I will say that I have been a fool, a dolt, and a dupe, for I have been a Spiritualist; but I have repented, and hope I am forgiven. Spiritualism enslave the mind—unfits it for the business of life—leads the believer to reject his Bible and his reason, and follow after that verbose nonsense called transcendental philosophy. I challenge any Spiritualist to produce a single idea in Spiritualism which they did not have ten years ago. It is said Spiritualism has progressed, from three believers to millions. But I am not sure increase is always progress, for I may have three bad potatoes on my farm, and by planting them I may have thousands of bushels of those villainous bad potatoes—but it's no progress.

Truth is immortal, and can never die; it is not the truth of Spiritualism I battle against, but against the twaddle, charlatanism and free-love which are wrapped around it. I intend to be a bloodhound on the track of these, and nose them up till they are known on earth no more. Then let us all strike hands to hasten on the golden day—for I believe it is not far distant—when all error shall fall, all truth be elevated to its throne—and all shall be recognized as the brothers and sisters of each other, and the children of a common God.

When Mr. Randolph had concluded, a woman in the audience arose and made a few remarks, most of which our reporter did not hear, and the balance he did not care to report.

Mr. Randolph gave notice that he should deliver a course of lectures in Chippman Hall, the coming week, explaining his recantation, and would be willing to answer any questions which might be propounded to him, making it perfectly free in speech to all who came.

Sunday Evening.

After the singing, the lecturer said: On the wings of abnormal inspiration, my soul has soared to regions wild, weird and unutterably grand; and now the old love comes back to me, and asks if I am not wrong at last—in the whole course of my life, and my intense sufferings, was not necessary to my spiritual welfare. All this shows the force of habit—they are only the traces—the scars, that this thing has left, and it requires all the will I am master of to keep it down.

It is urged, as an argument in favor of Spiritualism, that it is competent to do that which Christianity has failed to do. There are thousands of souls in Christendom, who labor under the impression that Christianity has done its mission, and must make way for a new dispensation—I must charge this public opinion to the Christian clergy for the last sixty years. The shepherds of the Lord have not done their duty faithfully, and the sheep have strayed away. The time has been when Whitfield and Wesley told their story in plain pulpits, and plain churches; and now religion is nothing but trappings, pomp and show, to appeal only to man's external senses—a mere formalism, its homely virtues gone. And it might be it required divine armies of spirits to waken it up. It might have been the providence of God which led these demons upon the earth, to waken man up to the truths of Christianity. But if I keep on, you will say I am as big a Spiritualist as anybody; but the Spiritualism I oppose is the twaddle which comes to us from those under abnormal power—for no sight can be more disgusting than to see a person surrender his or her faculties to an unknown influence called spiritual power. But I do not believe he did send those spirits to earth—I only say it is possible that he might, or, even, probable—for surely something was necessary to waken man up, more than he received from the pulpit. If the clergy had done their duty, the fact of immortality would not have died out. It was taught by the fishermen of Galilee; but we have no fishermen-teachers now—all are gentlemen, surpliced and salaried. Occasionally a Deoher or a Parker loom up, as noble exceptions; but such exceptions only make the rest seem the more insignificant.

Spiritualism claims itself to be the one thing needful; but I say it is a usurper. When I read the Scriptures, I find there was knowledge enough of immortality there, if advantage had only been taken of it.

Spiritualists tell you there is a demand for light on immortality. But we find it in the Bible, and sustained in the past history of the world, clear down to the present day. No man can believe he has been created, and exists to-day, only to be blotted out.

There is no theme in the world so great as Immor-

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim as given by the spirit, who came to us, through the medium, J. H. Conway, Trance Medium, who allows his medium powers to be used only for this object.

These messages are not published on account of literary merit, but as a means of communication to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *virtu* beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purely good spirits will appear to them.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives, no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to satisfy the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us.

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half past four, and ending at six o'clock. The sittings are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

Mrs. Conway desires us to state that she has removed from the National House, to Springfield street, near Roxbury.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication.

Nov. 22—Charles Wilson, Ann Paul, Nancy Seaward, Moody Dodge.

Nov. 23—Emma Barr, Joseph Perham, Capt. J. M. Marston, Mary Clenden, Rev. Dr. Burroughs.

Nov. 24—Samuel W. Matthews, William Hall, Hugh MacLennan, Louis Pazzette, Samuel Woods, Caroline Mason.

Nov. 25—Samuel Buck, Harriet Falls, Henry Harwick, Rev. John Moore, Abner Kneeland, Chas. Hutchins, Joseph Grace.

Nov. 26—Alfred Mason, Patrick Welfen, George Dixon, Nancy Judson Cleveland, Light, Charles Clark, Robert to Fairy Wells.

Nov. 27—John Gage, Joseph Wiggins, Samuel Dow, Sally Reed, John Stewart.

Nov. 28—Helen, the Eastern Belle, to Julia, William Henry Herbert, Esthla, Dr. Samuel H. Rich, Bangor.

Nov. 29—Eliza Cook, George Holmes, Nathaniel Weeks, James Barrett.

Nov. 30—Charles Morse, John Mills.

Dec. 1—Wm. Bailey, Tristram Burgess, Wm. E. Channing, Patrick Donahue, Richard D. Winn.

Dec. 2—Samuel W. Matthews, Joseph W. Waters, Geo. Kittredge, William, Richard Thomas, Wm. Adams.

Dec. 3—George Hanly, James Capen, Charles Spinney, Charles Sautavet.

Dec. 4—Rebecca Nourse, John Page, William Townsend, Simon Parker.

Dec. 5—Lemuel Ryeburn, Susan Lewis, Charles Tolman, Charles to William Boundy, Stephen Mann.

Dec. 6—David Hamilton Jas. Withersell, Wm. H. Temple.

Dec. 7—Samuel Atkinson, William Hodgdon, Caleb Reed, Betsey Davis, Mary Snyder.

Dr. Henry Kittredge.

When the winter of death approaches the spirit, the chill winds of doubt are always sure to make that spirit troubled, and ere the messenger of change has accomplished his mission, we find the spirit in a hell—a hell of doubt and uncertainty. I care not how well-founded the belief may have been in the spirit who was in health and strength, dwelling in the mortal temple, there is not one in a thousand who, at the approach of the messenger, does not tremble within and without. Why is this? It does seem to me that it is because the people of the past and present time have never informed themselves, as they should have done, in regard to the present and future life. The question naturally arises, why have not the people of the past informed themselves of the future? Why have they not become positive of the future? In my opinion the greatest stumbling block that man has ever known, has been the Bible. You have proof of this all around you. Every five souls from among seven you meet in your day, will tell you, I should believe in these things if I could see that my Bible taught them. I would investigate, says another, if I did not think I should be sinning against God—and my Bible, (I might have added.)

Now I consider I have a perfect right to return to earth and discuss this subject, because I, among many millions, passed on, trembling at the messenger of death. I believed in my God and my Bible, and thus I went out from the mortal life with nothing to lean upon—not one star crowned my life—every star faded from view as I went from one sphere to another. I led an honest life, I prayed often to God; I must say I was never cognizant of any answer to my prayers. Yet I prayed—was carried on by the tide of public opinion, as thousands are, and prayed because they did so.

The Christian may tell you he has no fear of death, that he has perfect faith in that he has so long said he believed in—the religion of Christ and the Bible; but could that soul tell you as he was passing through that change, that soul would tell you there was a terrible dread, an awful uncertainty, that he could not be rid of—for the spirit never dies. It may not be able to manifest through the organs as they dissolve, yet the spirit is terribly conscious of the change, made horrible by its uncertainty.

I suppose you have all read the story that is laid down in the Bible concerning the rich man and Lazarus. It seems the rich man was very anxious to come to earth, that he might inform his friends of the future life.

Now I stand upon pretty much the same ground he stood upon. I would not have my friends come to me with the terrible horror that haunted me. I want them to know of the future. I want them to have something firm, something that will not admit of a doubt; that is what I never had; that is what my friends need; that is what the whole human family need.

How many thousand natural lives are embittered by the fear of death—this terrible uncertainty of the future life! How many hopes have been blighted, how many souls have been tormented by this fear! This man's life has been made a continual death, by reason of ignorance of future life.

And how shall men be made positive of the future, when they do not know that spirits can come and commune? The true Spiritualist has no doubts to make black his entrance to heaven.

I speak of the true Spiritualist—the soul that has become perfectly satisfied that the two worlds mingle into one. It would be well for some of the scientific men of the age to thoroughly investigate the philosophy of death. Many, who have passed through that change, will gladly assist, and they need not fear to grapple with death—need not fear to stand between heaven and earth for knowledge—for the soul that goes out for wisdom shall never return empty.

And now is it, not the duty of every spirit to return and strike off the chains of fear that have so long bound the children of earth. All in nature tells me it is my duty; and, if it is mine, it is that of every spirit.

When man once becomes fully acquainted with death, all the fear will be taken away, and men will see at once that death is not robed in the dark garments that man has put upon him, and they will see at once that man must not only pass through this one change, but through many others. To be sure this is the only one bringing physical suffering. As one passes from sphere to sphere, he passes through changes as striking as that of death, although as he is no longer subject to mortal, he no longer can suffer pain.

My time with your medium has nearly expired. In conclusion, I will say, I hope—yes, I expect to meet my own dear friends in personal communion, and I shall try to give them such proof as shall cast away all their fears, and make them to sit in pleasant places while on earth, and give them perfect confidence in the changes of death. It is my duty so to do. And now, as I pass from you, you may know me as Dr. Henry Kittredge, of Tewksbury, Mass.

Nov. 17.

Sarah L. Barnard.

My dear, dear mother and father—the spirit-world, with all its beauty, is now fully open to my enraptured spirit, and I would not for all the wealth of earth, again be called to dwell in the earth-life. Oh, no, I should be very miserable if I thought I should ever dwell on earth again, in an earthly, mortal body.

Yes, dear mother, dearly as I love you I would not again dwell on earth. Now why do you mourn when I am so very happy? Oh my dear mother, my dear father, do receive me as you were wont to when you could see me in my mortal body. Oh then I shall do much to make you happy, and to reconcile you to your loss. But my dear father and mother, you cannot lose, I assure you, in my gain, although you cannot see it in its true light now. My dear mother, do you see it in its true light now? My dear mother, do you know that I have been with you many times since I left you! Oh that night I dear mother, I am trying to forget it, and it is my wish that you should do so too. Yes, dear mother, try to think of me as I am now—an ever-present angel. Your own Sarah L. Barnard.

Nov. 17.

This spirit has communicated at our circle three times; she has never spoken, but writes easily.

John Robinson.

Two or three spirits had tried to control the medium, prior to this, but had failed, and to this an allusion is made.

Speak! They want to know if I'm going to speak; to be sure I am. I'm not going to be fooled as the others have. I'm going to speak. I said I would speak the first time I come, and this is the first time. What care I if I have to use power enough to run a steam engine, so I do no harm.

Twenty years ago I used to sail out of Boston. Ten years ago I kept a boarding-house in North street, and died there. My name was John Robinson. Some of the friends want me to come back and talk. They want to know how I find things in the spirit-world. It's an old story; a good many have repeated it, and it's no story for me to.

An old friend of mine, by the name of Carr, thinks he shall be much better satisfied if I come back and talk. He wants to know where he and I met last. At home, I suppose; that is the last place I met him in. The first time was on board my ship—he was my steward, sailed with me twice after, and then I lost sight of him for some years, until he came to board with me after I cast anchor on shore in North street. I don't know much about his business. I first went to keeping boarding-house sixteen years ago, and the time of my leaving was ten years ago. They say I died of delirium tremens; I think it was brain fever, and I have a right to my opinion, I suppose.

I should like to know where the old folks are that I used to know. Why don't more of them call for me? I never thought much of Carr—told him so once, and told him so now. He is one of those claps who pry into others' business to help themselves. He would not have put himself out to benefit me a peg. He knows what I thought of him, and I have not changed my opinion at all. I don't see as I am different at all. Have been standing still since I left earth, waiting to see if something would not come along to take me off. Strange place where I am—good, on the whole, but strange.

Well, you don't know much about what's going on in your section, I suppose—I want to know about the shipping interest most.

A ship six hundred feet long! She won't work. Oh, a steamer—that alters the case, but I don't think she will answer.

Yes, I have heard of the telegraph, but that won't work—until they have made more experiments. The wire is too small, in the first place. Then again, there is a difficulty in intelligence being conveyed through water. There must be a return wire, before the thing will work successfully. It's like having only one track for cars to run on, and have them running back and forth all the time. Don't you know Nature wants plenty of room to work in? She won't be cramped.

The street I kept on wasn't called North street when I was here—it was called Ann street. Do you know where Dock Square is? Well, it was about twenty yards east of the Square. Lewis kept close by me; I knew Miller. I'd like to talk to some of the folks that knew me—my old boarders—some by name of Jefferson, Clark, Hussey, Common. That's a Common and an uncommon name. Nov. 18.

George.

The spirit who should answer this cannot yet approach the medium, but he desires me to say he will do so soon.

The above was given in reference to a sealed letter lying upon our table. Nov. 18.

Adeline White.

My name was Adeline White. I lived in Boston. I wish to speak to my mother. I died last December, of small pox, in West Centre street. My mother has gone home to Halifax. I was born there, and was nineteen years old when I died. Please tell my mother I can come. Nov. 19.

Samuel Chapin.

In 1856 I cast off the mortal and put on the immortal. That event took place in Cambridgeport, Mass., at which place I have friends, relatives and acquaintances, to whom I am very desirous of speaking. I feel very strange on coming here to day, and do not well like the idea of clothing myself with mortal—for, in spite of myself, it brings to mind old scenes that I have passed through, which have become almost a portion of myself—for, go where I will, let me hear a sound from earth, the first thought that forces itself upon me, is of the sorrows that attended me during my last days on earth.

I was a Christian. I believed in God and the Bible, heaven, and a hell; but it seems there has been a vast mistake made by the Christian world. The Bible used to tell me that when one passed home to the home of the spirit—he could not again return to earth. Gone—gone to the bourne from whence no traveler returns! Now, my senses tell me that at least that portion of the Bible is untrue—for, if I know myself, I know that I speak to you today.

I do not feel prepared to say that the Bible, as a whole is false; yet I can truly say it has caused me a great amount of mental suffering since I passed from earth, for I placed too much confidence in what I found therein. I would rather have forfeited my claim to happiness, than to find one passage even untrue, for that will rob me of a great portion of my faith, if not all. I find many wondering souls in the place where I dwell, and many who are more misified than I am—for they, like myself, have found no other foundation to stand upon than the one held out by the Christian world.

I have been told that in many parts of the spirit world, or in many conditions of spirit-life, there are many spirits who totally deny the Bible—say it is wholly untrue. I have thought of going and communing with some who are higher than I in point of knowledge; but I fear I shall receive proof that the Bible is false, and shall be compelled to grasp at a new theory; and I fear to grasp at anything new. I had some fears of death—yet they were momentary clouds which fitted across my vision for an instant. But oh, to know that one can come back to earth after he has lain aside the mortal! I am almost inclined to believe that the old is passing away, and the new and more beautiful is being brought forth, that man may become better and happier.

A few weeks previous to my death, I conversed with a friend on the subject of Spiritualism. I could not believe it. I had seen no evidence of its truth—indeed, I was astonished to learn that my friend placed any confidence in the Spiritual theory; but I believe that conversation has induced me to come here to-day—for I have never been entirely able to rid myself of some thoughts that were thrust upon me at that time.

I cannot tell my friend whether there is a local heaven, or a local hell, or a personal God, or a personal devil; but my friend I believe I shall yet see God in all his glory—yet be admitted in the presence of angels, and be happy.

They tell me souls change their opinions quite as readily here as when shrouded in mortal. If this be true, I too may change, if some new light is offered me. But while I speak to-day through your medium, I fully believe that hereafter I shall be permitted to go into the presence of the Most High God. When

that time will come, I know not; but I shall try to wait—with patience—until the mysterious veil is cleared from my vision, and I am permitted to look beyond the immediate future. Now I have only belief to lean upon. I cannot say I am a happy spirit to-day. A shade of disappointment rests upon me—and they tell me I have gathered shadows about my spirit, but that in time the clear light of truth shall dispel them, and illumine not only my locality, but my own soul. Well if this be true, I shall be grateful to the Giver of all Good—more grateful than ever. I sometimes murmured on earth, because I suffered much, and at times I would be happy, and say, "Oh Lord, not my will, but thine be done!"

I cannot feel it my duty to say the Christian religion is untrue—and yet I do feel there is much error mingled up with that we call true religion.

My friends—my dear, dear friends, whose happiness is indeed precious to me—what shall I say to them? Shall I tell them to hope for happiness in the future? Shall I tell them to pray on, and walk in the path the world has so long trod upon, or shall I tell them to diverge from that path, and seek some new one? Shall I tell them to look for the star that has so newly arisen? Yes—say many souls—I should tell them to let go of the past, and wander forth for new truth; and that star that gives light to all—who bid it welcome in honesty, shall shine upon them. Well, I too, feel it well for them to seek for new truths, for surely truth is truth, wherever it may be found.

I am told it is your custom to receive some facts from the communing spirit, that the friends, if such there be, may identify him. My disease was consumption; may age, 27; my occupation, bookkeeper. I was at one time bookkeeper for one Robbins, some eight years ago, in New York; he was a carpet dealer. At another, for Smith, in Pearl street, Boston. The last perhaps two years I had been unable to attend to my business, on account of my excessive weakness.

My name was Samuel Chapin. My parents are in the spirit-land, but I have not yet seen them. Nov. 19.

Joseph Young.

I'm crazy! I can't talk through your medium—I'm crazy! I've got here—if you want me to talk, you must talk to me. My name was Joseph Young. I lived in the Hospital—out here—Worcester. I'm dead now. I was crazy. I'm just dead. This year there weren't a man on earth could tell time better than I. Do you suppose I'm a fool—that I've lost anything by dying? I was crazy—I ain't crazy now. My folks wanted me to come here. I don't want you to think I'm crazy now. Do you know how to make chairs? I can learn you how. You'd rather write—both your brains by writing when you can make your living by a good trade.

I ain't crazy—this is Boston. I have friends here. I know who you are, if I did ask you who you was.

I've been dead a whole month. Yes, I died in October—who told you? You weren't there—no good many were. Rum and religion made me crazy—two good things. Some of them said I was crazy, because I was hurt some years ago. That wasn't it—it was rum and religion; I haven't changed my mind. You don't know how old I am? Well, I shan't tell you.

You needn't look at me, nor think I'm crazy. I can see what you are thinking about. I ain't crazy. Well, just say I came, and if you say more, you and I will have a fight. Run, would you? Run if you ever run on the ridge-pole of a house? I have. I wanted to get to heaven the nearest way. I thought if I got there it would be nearer. That's what I told them.

I know all about your medium. I knew about it before I died—did not believe it; but I said I'd come if anybody could come, so just say I have come, and don't say any more. Nov. 20.

William Shapley.

In the year 1821, I committed suicide in Baltimore. Now I am here to day speaking through your medium, that I may convince my brother and my sister; they say if spirits do come, why can't our brother William come and give us some test—some proof that he does indeed do so? My brother places firm reliance in a strange belief; he will tell you he believes all suicides pass out of this state of life, and are annihilated—they live no longer in a mortal form. But if I live and speak to-day, why may not all who have cut the thread of mortality? To be sure I regret at this late hour, even the last act of my life; but man can commit no sin, however black, that will annihilate him—drive him out of space, and take away his life—that eternal part of God himself. Yes, tell my brother and sister I live; although I tried hard to drown the sense of thought, I saw all the more clearly, and suffered more intensely when I passed on, and then I could not go back to earth. There was no reprieve from sorrow. I live to-day, and though I am not so unhappy as when I first came here, yet I am not happy.

My brother will require some strong proof. What shall I give him? Oh, I'll tell him of our last conversation, and then he will know—he must know it can be no other than his brother. When I left him, which was about two months previous to my death, I gave my brother \$100, and told him I should probably be gone from home a long time. I wanted him to give that to my mother, and said, "if I do not come back, I want you to take good care of her."

He promised he would; but, "said he," William, you look strange; where are you going?"

"I do not know," said I; "I may never come back; I am going away to get rid of trouble."

Now, no one knows of this but himself and me; there was no other present. Perhaps it might be well for me to tell him where we were, for we were twin brothers. We were born in Hargen, New York State; my sister in Baltimore, and your mother died about one year after I left earth.

These little things are of small importance to me, but I suppose they will be much to him. If I could be permitted to talk freely to my people I should be much happier.

They tell me there is no more hell for me, and they tell me that I am gradually passing from darkness and unhappiness to light and happiness. I have a strange desire to come to earth; I am drawn to earth, as it were. They tell me it is an outgrowth of my position at the time of my death.

Perhaps it will be well for me to tell how I committed suicide. Some of my friends were disposed to believe I was shot by some person unknown; but my brother and my sister believe I committed suicide. Yes, I did shoot myself; no one was with me—no one had anything to do with it. I have not told you my age, have I? I was in my twenty-second year. Young I yes, early in life to get tired of earth; but sometimes men live a thousand years in one.

I shall now bid you good day. "Oh, I forgot, I gave you only one name. My whole name was William Shapley. If you had spelled it as you say you were going to, you would have been wrong. Some spell it Shapleigh; if you had spelled it so, my brother would have said William has forgotten how to spell his name. Nov. 20.

Deacon David Oakes.

Now I must tell you, in the beginning, that I don't know much about these things. (I have good control, my memory is good, and I shall try to give you truth. But, as regards enlightening any of my friends, I don't know as I shall be able to. It seems to me that the most of our friends request too much of us. They think we are possessed of all knowledge, and can at any time and in any way give them whatever they may chance to ask from us.

Now a friend, whom I know well when I was on earth, desires to be informed respecting a certain deed that was given something like forty-one or forty-two years ago. I was present at the time, and remember very well something about the difficulty that existed between my friend, and the party he seems to be trying to bring from the spirit-world in these days. He desires me to bring that individual, if it be possible to do so, and then to aid him in

telling the truth, that he may gain knowledge of his earthly affairs.

Now I do not like to be charged with these things. I do not desire to think the brother he desires to have me bring, is guilty of falsehood. I did not think it on earth, and I do not now wish to charge him with it. Now I think it will be well for the friend to call on some one who is on earth. I suppose the affair has been overlooked by our brother, as it has by me, and I think it had better be dismissed, as it is an affair of so long standing.

Perhaps I do wrong in coming to this public place to speak of what my brother desires me to. Perhaps I ought to have gone to some private source and sent my views in private. If I have done wrong in coming here, it cannot be helped, for what is done cannot be undone.

If I remember right he did not like to speak much with the greedy multitude on business affairs. I think he was close-mouthed and did not spread his affairs to the world. I may thus incur his displeasure, but I cannot help it. He has enough of this world's goods, and what matters it if he does not get the \$10,000? What he has now makes him a close, cold-hearted individual, and he is better off without more. If I am harsh, and if my words out like a two edged sword, I cannot help it. That individual has more than enough now, and yet he asks me to come here to give him more. He will be very sorry, when he comes here, that he has so covered himself up in dross. Now he only calls for wisdom, where gold is concerned—where wealth shall overburden him. Now he walks only among thorns and carries the weight of gold upon his back, while his soul is a sepulchre of death. Perhaps I may be an instrument of good by advising that friend. I have been in the spirit-world between twenty-nine and thirty years. I lived to be, when on earth, fifty-one years of age. I saw something of earth and its joys and its sorrows, its truth and its falsehoods, and now I feel myself, if not competent to advise in the matter my friend seeks to know about, I certainly do to advise him in regard to his spiritual welfare. And were I to live my life over again on earth, I would not ask for the wealth of earth to sustain me. I would labor with the hands to support the body, and would not be the owner of a thousand dollars for all the hope of hereafter. I would advise that friend to get rid of all the gold he has; and if he cannot get rid of it in any other way, let him walk among the poor and give it away, a dime at a time, until he gets rid of every cent of it. Oh, poor soul! he is making himself a bridge which will break down and wreck all his hopes of happiness. I would advise him to stretch forth his hand and grasp hold of truth, and let go the dross he clings to so tightly.

When I left earth, he was, as it were, a mere child to me. At the time of this legal transaction this boy had just been bereft of his father. His affairs were left in an unsettled state. I was called upon to assist in settling them. I did what I could, but I saw, then, that unless there was a mighty change in the boy, he would suffer by reason of Avarice. He loved money too well. Now I find the same principle in him, only it has grown stronger and rules him—makes him a slave to gold. He had better turn his thoughts to other things, for could I give him information so he could get that \$10,000, I would not do it. I might as well bury him, soul and body. He now stands with one foot on the shore of unhappiness, and I am not going to plunge him, body and soul, in it. But I will say no more. If the brother desires me to advise him in spiritual things, and takes this kindly, I shall be happy to come again and do so. But he must not call upon me for any more of these things.

Now you may say what has been given you was received from Deacon David Oakes, formerly of Hanover, N. H. I shall now leave you, as I have nothing more to say. Nov. 20.

Mary Ripley.

My dear father—you will scarce look for anything from your child Mary, who left you a child in years. But do you know I have learned that I may do you good by coming, for the darkness is almost passed, and mother says the sun is about to shine upon you. Why do you so often weep because you are alone? You are not, nor can you be, while I am permitted to be one of your guardian spirits.

I often come to you at night, but your sight is not clear enough to see me in my new form. I cannot write any more, dear father, now. Mother says she will soon send you something, so you should not think we are not often in rapport with you. Nov. 20.

Alexander Clark.

Who's postmaster here? You? Well, suppose I want to send something to New Orleans, what's the way? How do you send it?

Well, I've heard tell of this place, and I concluded to try it.

Well, first, my name is Alexander Clark—next, my age was twenty-four. I was born in Bangor, and died in New Orleans, of fever—yellow fever, in 1853, in the month of July.

Well, go on and say that Alexander Clark finds himself pretty comfortably situated up stairs. Well, it ain't down stairs, for I find myself a little bit better off.

Next, say I am not very well satisfied with the way they disposed of my body. I wanted it buried where my mother and father were buried, in Bangor. Instead of this, I'm buried in New Orleans. I merely mention it to let them know I don't like it. I shan't do anything about it, only I don't like it.

You may say I found everything a little different from what I expected here. I don't see any God, or any heaven, as I expected, and I don't see as I'm in hell, for I am pretty well off, any way. I've an uncle in New Orleans; but, my God! it is no use to say anything to him—he's too religious, and won't believe it is me. We were not on very good terms on earth. I was a little too fast for him. There was a time when he had the care of me, but, after a time I got too big and too smart for him. But I don't care a fig whether he believes it is me or not. I have got somebody in New Orleans, and I will send a letter to them.

There is a lady in New Orleans I want this letter to go to. Her name is Maria Louisa Walker. She was with me when I was sick—I knew her before, and I think a great deal of her, and I want her to know I can come and talk to her. She lives in St. Charles street, New Orleans, when she's at home.

I should prefer to give the rest of my communication in private. I don't like to send it in this public way. I'd like to tell my uncles one thing—he was my mother's brother—David Watson—just tell him that Aleck thinks he's full as well off as he will be, with all his religion. I always told him so; but I can't go away without telling him that, now I know it is so. He'd be a decent man if it wasn't for religion. He said we mustn't worship idols, but I reckon he's got two, if no more; they are his Bible and his minister.

I'd like to tell a conversation he had with me, or what he said to me; but I won't guess, unless he asks me to.

Well, say I'm happier than I was. I have not got to die, and I'm in a place where do the best you can is the only current coin. Well, I suppose you like to have me thank you for writing. Very well, then, good bye. Nov. 20.

Elizabeth to Henry Woodward.

My HUSBAND—Linger for awhile amid the shadows of earth, and then come up to a more perfect state of life, to be no longer subject to the sorrows of a mortal body. I am free, and only wait your coming to pass on far from earth. Be happy and content while suffered to remain on the dark plane of earth, doing what good you may be called upon to do, and ever rejoice in the promise of the Great Spirit, who sleepeth not, and never getteth weary.

ELIZABETH TO HENRY WOODWARD.

Benedictio Baker.

Will my brother listen to me, should I meet him at home? I desire to speak with him. Nov. 20.

William H. Miller.

I have been desired to come here, and answer two questions. I have been requested to answer them in spirit accordance with the light I have received during my journey in the spirit world. The call comes from one who was once and is still very dear to me. Such a dear friend is now residing in New Bedford. I would tell my dear friend, in the outset, that I cannot answer the questions he has given me to answer only by strict accordance with what I have received since I have been free from the mortal; he need not have said, answer according to the light you now have, for I could answer by no other light. The questions are these, "What is God, and what is Man?"

The Bible tells us that God is a spirit; thus far the Bible gives us truth. But the minds of the present generation are not content to understand God as a spirit. They wish to become further acquainted with him. My dear friend has been content to worship God afar off these forty and seven years, and at the eleventh hour he comes and desires to be introduced to his God and to himself. It is well, and as we have power, we shall try to answer his questions, and thereby to shed, perhaps, one ray of light upon the darkness of the past.

We can only touch lightly upon the subject, although it is one that demands a great deal of time, and one that might cover a great deal of space.

My dear brother has heretofore supposed that his God was an individual, whom he should one day see—whom he should at one day fall down and worship, even at the foot of the throne in the New Jerusalem. But thanks be to an ever-present holy influence, that dear brother begins to see the past feeling before the present; and if he would stand upon a firm foundation, he must grasp at the light of today.

God is a spirit; Man is a spirit; then the two are one. Man first finds an intelligent existence upon this planet, the earth. We find him in this state of life, clothed in two forms; first, we find the spirit clothed with soul; second, we find soul clothed with the body. Thus the spirit, the God, the man, are moving in mortal form, and are not recognized by the multitude.

As man passes from this state of life, he loses the outer covering, or mortal body, and we find him clothed with the soul, or spiritual body; and he moves on, on, on, from one degree of development to another, until we find him casting off even the soul. What is he then? a spirit, a God. All men who shall outlive all grossness—who shall have passed beyond all that is mundane and material—go to make up the Godhead, the superior portion of the intellectual world; and the many millions who inhabit the wisdom sphere, may be recognized as the one God.

A holy thought, is a portion of God. You cannot see it—you cannot hear it—unless it is clothed with words, you cannot understand it. So it is with God—so it is with all spirits who have passed beyond the sphere of materialism. Yes, God is Man, and Man is God. That superior spark of intelligence or wisdom that exists within these forms, we may well call God, yet it cometh forth only in its true light, after it hath cast off both the body and soul.

Your mediums tell you they see spirits around you. This is a mistake; they see only the soul—the covering of the spirit. "No man hath seen God at any time." No man hath seen spirit at any time, for it is only a principle—an essence—which is only fully manifest through man.

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HARMONIA, MICH., Nov. 25, 1858.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

tally, and I am sorry there are so many bad things in Spiritualism, that I have got to spill all this good milk; but justice must be done, though the heavens fall. So I say Spiritualism is a usurper.

An old, grey-headed man met me this afternoon, on the Common, after my lecture, and told me that I had done more in my discourse of an hour and a half to convince him of immortality, than anything he ever heard before, and if I went on, I would soon make Spiritualists of all Boston.

If immortality can be proved by Spiritualism, I am willing it should be. I do not wish to harm any such Spiritualism. I repeat again, that the Spiritualism I raise my voice against, is the trance speaking twaddle, the immortality and the transcendental philosophy of its leaders. I say I do not know the evidence of immortality is to be found in Spiritualism, but I have no objection to others finding it there. I find but a probable corroboration, at best. Evidence to one man is not to another. Evidence which will convince A, has no influence over B, nor will C be convinced as B was. The appearance of the Devil in *propria persona*, is as much evidence of immortality as any other spirit manifestation.

I speak of Spiritualism aside from immortality. It is immortality which makes man a free, moral being—which makes great souls like Carlyle, Emerson, Parker, Beecher, the friends of the outcast, of the swart African, or the poor wanderer from the Orient; it makes man feel he can never die—that he can never fall from the sunshine of God's smile—that all is pregnant with eternal life. On the contrary, Spiritualism is a synonym of all falsities and lies; a cloak for all kinds of crimes—adultery, murder and lust; it weakens man's intellect and individuality; changes his love of God to a worship of ghosts—it is, in short, a female Dagon, spreading everywhere destruction and terror: and I say to Spiritualism, that I will pierce it with the arrow of God's truth, and send it howling to the hell from whence it came.

You know my experience in Spiritualism; I have told you it is a humbug, charlatanism, or insanity. I have just written to New York for a young man to come on here—at an expense of a hundred dollars to myself—and tell you how Mansfield answers sealed letters, and how Mrs. Coan raps out names written on folded paper.

I do not charge all mediums with deception, but I wish to set you on your guard. I want to hasten the demise of evil. If I detected my mother or my sister in this deception, I should surely expose them as quick as though they were entire strangers.

I am not a sectarian; am no believer in theology, nor do I believe in Mrs. Davis's Divine Revelations. Mediums are obsessed by spirits, I will admit; but they are not spirits of those who ever lived on earth; for I do not know but God has made a planet, somewhere away in the solar system, and peopled it with infernals, whose work it is to come and try the souls of mortal beings.

[The lecturer here stopped and remarked that this theory did not hardly agree with himself; so, leaving the broken thread, he began again:]

The normal faculties of man are all he is justified in using. It is a disgusting sight to see a medium surrender his own individuality, and let an unknown force talk nonsense through him.

[The speaker here advanced to the desk in mimicry of a trance-speaker, made a meaningless harangue, and then appealed to the audience to know if such a thing was not disgusting and sickening. Most assuredly it was.]

Anything which thus detracts from the dignity of the human soul, is disgraceful and degrading. The woman who consents to it, is to be pitied; and the rogue who does it is too despicable to associate with respectable pigs.

Trance-speaking is an abnormal thing, whether spirits are at the bottom of it or not. But one thing is true—namely, that phenomena does occur, which none can account for. Every mind can draw its own hypothesis. That which I draw, is, that it will be arranged and classified into a new science—a mystic bridge, between mind and matter. It is a science yet undeveloped; and if this is true, ages hence somewhere in the spirit-world you will meet a dapper little fellow about my size and complexion, and you will thank him for the truth he is telling you to-day.

Ever since the thirty-first day of March, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, certain facts have been occurring of a mysterious nature. They have been accounted for under every variety of hypothesis, but each new one finds some newer development which it will not cover. The manifestation, like Galileo's world, won't stop at the bidding. Raps may be made on the floor or table by the feet, but that won't explain rapping on a sheet of paper held in the hand at arm's length, nor for the moving of a table with no one near it, or its dancing at the music of a flute. But these are *facts*, and if we do not know of any law which governs them, let us take these facts, and refer them to some new law. When this is done, we shall have a new science of imponderables—a science our great grandchildren may thank us for discovering, and Dr. Gardner for sending on to New York for me to come here and expose Spiritualism. I am looking for the advent of a new Corinth, or a new Bacon—a man who will take these facts up separately, and give a month's time to a single one of them. If spirits will do this, we may look for something better than transcendental philosophy, or the clap-trap and moonshine of mediumistic inspirations.

[The speaker stopped and remarked that he believed he was the victim of a conspiracy—that Dr. Gardner had bargained with the spirit-world to come down here and hinder him from reading his poor, unfortunate lecture.]

After all, perhaps this thing is right; perhaps I am filling my mission in the economy of God's universe. Who knows? I never thought of it before. Perhaps I was out for this very *expose* of Spiritualism, and to instill common sense into it. There is

"A destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may."

Perhaps there is good enough in Spiritualism to redeem it yet. There are very few things in this world without some use, and for the one or two good things in Spiritualism, perhaps God will consent to spare the city for awhile, as he did Sodom of old, at Lot's request.

The day is not far distant when Spiritualists will recognize Jesus, and worship no longer the Magi of the Western world. It is not against truth I fight, by any means; but against enmity towards God, Spirit-worship in its place, and the exaltation of demons and wicked fiends, while I would send them back to the Hell from whence they came. If this is done, my mission is accomplished, and fatality will pay me, if you do it.

Spiritualists are like young men in a boat over

Niagara Falls. They scorn every warning voice, and admit their danger only when it is too late to put into the shore of Christianity. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," is oftenest their logic.

It is better to be on the safe side; and you may rest assured, if you do your duty to yourself and to your neighbor, your God will find no fault with you; and when I go over the falls of death, I will have the satisfaction of feeling that I have been the cause of saving many from insanity, suicide and premature death.

When he concluded, Dr. Gardner suggested that appearances indicated that the lecturer had been under influence.

Mr. Randolph replied: Doctor, I disclaim that. I like to see fair play. I have got some brains, and I like a right to use them.

Dr. Gardner replied, that if he spoke in a natural condition, and said what he intended to, he was a most singular mass of contradictions. He said he would like to contrast the crime in Spiritualism with that shielded by Christianity, as it had lately come to light. The charge of inapposition on the part of Spiritualists as a body, he hurled back to the teeth of the lecturer.

Dr. R.'s were written lectures. In the afternoon he kept most of the time confined to his notes. In the evening he attempted to, but succeeded in reading only one or two pages. He could barely commence a point, before he ignored his notes, and continued on in an extempore strain of surprising eloquence.

It will be seen, in reading the report, that he made many glaring contradictions, and, often leaving an argument unfinished, he would take a position in utter disregard of what he had said before. He alluded several times to his inability to read his manuscript, which we have made no note of. We have endeavored to do him all the justice an abstract report is capable of, and will leave our readers to judge of it as an exposure of Spiritualism, and to answer whether it is characterized by the subtlety and acumen of a sound thinker, or is "only the seething of a muddled and disordered brain."

HENRY WARD BEECHER AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Sunday, December 12.

Mr. Beecher spoke upon the following Text:—
PHIL. 4: 8—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

The peculiar power in this passage is in that word—*whatsoever*. It gives us a class of things which are types of many species, first of which, of course, is truth; the spirit and soul of honest truthfulness is meant, not in words, but in motives. Truth is not to speak a literal truth, or act it—it must be felt down deep inside of you; if it is not, it is lying inwardly, and telling a sort of truth outwardly. All truths are meant by this passage—*whatsoever* things are true. *Whatsoever* considers all things, and also means *whosoever*. Honest, here, means a special application of honor between man, that which makes a man seem to be a man of honor, a real, whole-souled, fine man; this is expressed *honest*—*whatsoever* is just, all that is true, and good, and equitable between men. And *whatsoever* is pure, we must love. This word pure, is the angel with a sword of flame outside of the Eden of man's life. And *whatsoever* things are lovely—we are enjoined to appreciate *whatsoever* things are lovely; this is brought in after the sterner requirements.

Men live above the world, as eagles do, building a dry nest upon the rocks of duty, and are thus often rock-bound, doing only what they have to do. If you are good, men should incline to you more and more; and if they do not, you should question your goodness. Christians ought to be considered good—they are not, always. He who walks in a garden of spices, and amid the aroma of sweet flowers, bears away in his garments, imperceptibly, perhaps, to himself, some perfume, and all who meet him know whence he came, and where he has been. So we, by our lives and actions, which, if we do not recognize them as of moment, may be known by our fellow men.

Christians are recognized by their long faces, uninviting appearance, morose manner, etc. But the child will tell you the man is a Christian, who is outwardly kind, not cold, and austere; the scholar will tell you the teacher is a Christian, who is not reserved and long-faced, but who carries a continual summer about with him—and children speak truthfully.

There never was a time when bravery was not reputable; there never was a time when kindness was not reputable—these are things of good report. We are to take cognizance of the things which are reputable in good life. Our faith in Christ does not require us to forget politeness. A man is not to be disagreeable, because he is a firm Christian; he is not to be blunt, and coarse in his opinions and the expression of his sentiments, because he considers himself a good Christian; all such things are expressly forbidden—they are not of good report.

The golden cord is thrown about all humanity by this one expression, if there be any praiseworthy thing. The expressions in the passages are like so many great cities—the city pure, the city good, and honest, etc.; and we are called to search in all their palaces, and accept *whatsoever* things are good, and true, and of good report.

Whatsoever is always unlimited. If this exhortation be received as a true idea of a Christian, a Christian then is not a man who has felt and suffered; a Christian is what a man is; it is not how much he has felt, nor how far he has looked into the pit of sin, or how far he has roamed in the realms of idealism. It is to be brought by the power of God into a full development of all excellencies. It is what all these feelings and experiences have done for him. A healthy man is not one who has taken all of the best medicines. No more is a Christian who has taken all the doses between Zion and Calvary.

The evidence of such Christians is, that they were so affected by Mr. So-and-so's preaching, that they felt filled with all the torments of the damned, and had borne a long face ever since. All these things are not able to make a Christian. It is that you have *whatsoever* things are good, and true, and pure, and *whatsoever* things are of good report. If you want to know whether you are a Christian, don't go to a man just like yourself. He will ask you—"Do you love to read the Bible?" "Yes!" "Do you love to sing?" "Yes!" "Do you love to go to church?" "Yes!" "Well, I do not see, but what you are safe." Just as if five thousand men, who

love to read the Bible, sing, and go to church, had gone to hell. Don't go to your minister, for it's most likely, if he spoke as he felt, you would not stay in his church another hour. Go to your servant, go to the man who envies you, go to the child—they will speak truths you cannot get elsewhere.

A Christian, of a true spirit, should hold himself bound to be better than the law requires. It is not to mind rules and regulations—it is to invent out of your own soul something ennobling and beautiful. I have known Christians, so-called—men who took into their hands the broken bread, and who held the cup of blood—to say they had no higher standard than the law, and who claimed to respect what the law made good, while God says, *whatsoever*. This is no more Christian than is Juggernaut.

Men are as much separated by theology as though the one spoke Arabic and the other Choctaw. It is the case that each denomination considers its own way, and that every other is going directly away from God. You go to the man who believes in the five points of Calvinism, and he tells you it is God's truth; all other professing Christians will tell you the same, no matter where they are found. While some men praise me for being tolerant, and speaking well of other denominations, many good Christian people can't like the man who can see any good in the Catholic, Unitarian, or Episcopalian; but I believe in all things good and pure and holy, wherever found.

I see in many denominations better things than I see in my own; and I would be in danger of losing my head for saying this—that is, if any other than myself had the keeping of it. It only requires sufficient arrogance, sufficient irritation, and sufficient egotism, to make a thorough going sectarian. If I see a drunken man do a good thing, I love it, and hope it is the germ of something better to be. I like to see a close man do a generous act. If the Roman Catholic has a truth better than I have, I want it. So of the Unitarian. If there is a truth which Spiritualism is going to develop, I would accept it as quickly as though it came from my own mother or father. I am not going to despise anything, if it has a truth I want. There is a fundamental want for spiritual light. I believe there are, outside of the church, many men of spiritual minds; there are many men who might be patterns of grace and purity. I am not bound to black ball those who are as pure and good and live lives of rectitude. I believe in all things good and pure, and of good report. We may say to our sons, of a man who does not profess Christianity, there are qualities which you well may adopt and prize.

I have seen Christians examining a young man who was too conscientious to acquiesce in anything he did not deeply realize. I have seen him turn away from Christian example, when I felt him superior to his judges. There is no possible room in a Christian for such meanness as we often find amongst those who profess to be such. No man has done all he is required to do, when he swears to the articles of faith. He is required to love all things pure, good, etc. If a man possesses a virtue—any honesty or quality—which you have not; no matter whether he believes in the Bible or not—he is qualified, and master enough to teach you.

You may go North, go South, go East or West; and from the crowded head, the wise, and the ignorant, in high and low life, and wherever you find man, no matter what his condition, you will find something which may benefit you.

R. P. AMBLER AT DODSWORTH'S HALL, NEW YORK.

Sunday Evening, December 12th.

A traveler wandering in a land of gold, yet unconscious of the nature of the soil over which he passes, moves over the wealth beneath without a thought, until a glimpse of gold causes him to investigate. It is but a single gem of the whole which attracts him; had it not been for this, he had gone on wandering still over other lands and other seas, but this gem has opened a new source to him. Man intellectually is like the traveler—he stands surrounded by the sciences—he wanders where majestic principles are floating like particles in the air; yet he is all unconscious until he sees a single spark, and he is led to investigate the wealth around him. All discoveries have been preceded by the simplest occurrences. A little drift-wood caused the discovery of a continent. Who can conceive that the falling of an apple led to the discovery of the grand law of gravitation? An experiment with a kite has given us the telegraph—a jet of steam from the lid of a tea-kettle has given us the steam car and boat. It is the same at the single grain of dust discovers a mine of gold. The world was startled by the veiled image of a new truth, and the past trembled like a shadow before it—and its miracles were no longer miracles, because they were understood. We have a glimpse of the new light—we are not to rest. If the world had rested on Franklin's experiment, where had been our telegraph—or, on the fact that steam was generated in a tea-kettle, where had been the iron horse and the levitation? This truth is a discovery, great and grand; it is sustained by facts which have been derided by theology, and scouted by the skeptics. Spiritualism, as a principle, is founded, first, on manifestation; this is what the skeptic has ever demanded—a manifestation which would drive conviction to the questioning mind. The shadows of this cold night air might be full of white-winged angels—of friends and loved ones, whose voices have long been silent on earth—this the skeptic would laugh at, until the abstract truth might become a manifestation. The first steps in Spiritualism are necessarily sensuous, since it depends thus on the manifestation of an abstract truth; it is free from idealism on the one side, and cold materialism on the other. The idealist looks back to the hours of childhood, and the teachings of those hours when his mother knelt and prayed beside him, and taught him that God was a great spirit who walked the skies, become the worship of manhood, because his ideas had been so trained.

Milton was an idealist; he stepped into a chariot of his own construction, and boldly pushed it to the very heavens.

The materialist looks upon the mighty rocks as the hieroglyphics of time; he contemplates the vast concourse of worlds which are suspended above him, as the evolutions of chance. He dissects the human body, and lays it about him, part by part, yet has no conception of the Spirit which animated its muscles and fibres.

Science is material; it discloses fact upon fact, but can give you no explanation. While it piles up the mountain of fact, it does not crown the glory of the cause. There is a Spiritualism in the universe—chance cannot be the motive power of Nature—matter is inert, and if it moves, it has a source of power.

When we look upon nature, we see a vast manifestation of spirit—it shimmers in the stars—it burns in the mystery of the sun—it paints the fragile flowers—pictures the rainbow on the storm, and fringes with gold the beauty of sunset. When our bodies are deserted by our spirits, it will be seen that in our muscles and fibres was not the actuating principle of life. This is a demonstration of spirit power.

This fire of soul burns, as did the ancient altars, night and day—you know what it is. It dies away in the transient blush on Beauty's cheek—it lives in the smile—it flashes in the scintillations of thought, and beams in the tender look of love. Thus if spirit can act at all upon matter, it can act on all matter to a certain degree, proportioned to the capacity of the object acted upon. God, as an Infinite Being, produces infinite manifestation; while spirit, as finite, produces finite manifestation. Nature, throughout its vast domain, is one chain of connected things; everything gives forth an emanation peculiar to itself; every atom speaks to kindred atoms; the flower gives out its perfume, and it is taken again to kindred buds on the wings of air. In all these things exist the Divine principle of sympathy. Nothing is alone; world answers world in language of light; everything is united—all is sympathy. Man never was fitted for solitude or dearth of sympathy; without sympathy, he would sit upon a throne of ice, and reign over a frozen sea. How beautiful is the thought that souls, like worlds, are connected, and that they pulse in unison around the great soul. If we admit the law of association, as applied to the spirit-world, we must admit, also, the law of communion. What would this world, or that be, devoid of that sympathy which desires association and communion?

I have seen a little stream wandering alone through lonely glens and dark forests, and, as it leaped and sang, still it spoke a yearning for its sister drops pulsing in the great sea. So it is with man wandering alone; he longs fervently for that beyond, where are the kindred and the friends he loves. Spiritualism—we cannot make or unmake it; and it grows, independent of human effort; and, like the morning light which waits not for the sleeper, it comes—and no detection of personal fraud—no recantation can stop its onward course. It is not a plan of human invention—it has the Divine impetus—and under its glad light we may go with joy to worship in that land where morn' knows no sunset, and day no night.

New York Correspondence.

New York, Dec. 18, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—How infinitely better it is that the frauds, fallacies, and fanaticism of Spiritualism, should be exposed by Spiritualists themselves, than by their opponents; and that Spiritualism cleanse itself of them, rather than nurse them in its bosom, and array itself in their defence? Thus while the war and the sifting go on—while humbug mediums are being exposed, and questionable movements like that of Kiantone are being examined and probed in their several parts, the true disciple may look on without the least alarm, and, indeed, with an enlarged and invigorated hope.

The defence of the Spear movement, and particularly of the Kiantone phase of it, volunteered by John M. Sterling, Esq., is brought to a conclusion in the last number of the Telegraph. It is a well written paper, and admirably calculated to make the worse appear the better reason. As was said of John C. Calhoun by his legal instructor, if an advocate was wanted to show that the pumpkin was the natural fruit of the apple-tree, young Calhoun was the man—so has Mr. Sterling vindicated his eminent ability in the article to which I refer. And yet I would not impugn his motives; on the contrary, I am free to say, that I think he, and probably most, perhaps all, of those who are acting with him, are entirely honest. The history of fanaticisms shows that men may deceive themselves, or suffer their hearts and intellects to become befogged, until they may not only believe that apple-trees produce pumpkins, but that white is black, and wrong right, in the most important departments of moral and social life.

What else but this is the fanaticism of the Shakers, on their peculiar point; or the Communists on theirs; or of many honest Morhons on theirs? I well remember in my youth, an instance, where a company of well-disposed persons permitted themselves to be so far carried away by religious excitement, during a revival, that they undertook to re-enact the scenes of the Crucifixion; and an innocent woman was seriously injured, and to all appearance, only saved from the horrors of the cross, by the intervention of the civil power; and this is only an extreme illustration of the wild and pernicious conclusions at which so many honest reasoners are arriving at the present time. The central error of the Shakers is, in assuming that the highest use of cohabitation is the propagation of the race; that of the Communists is in elevating brotherly love above all the human loves, so that a man must not even hold his wife sacred from his neighbor, or the wife her husband; and that of the Mormons and Free lovers, as also the Communists, is in forgetting that one man is made for one woman, and one woman for one man.

Mr. Sterling, in his defence, admits the birth of the child at Kiantone, and that its paternity is concealed. The reputed fact that the parties interested were expecting a *spiritual* child, instead of a *natural* one, he says nothing about. Nor does he deny that Mr. Spear is his father. On the contrary, he would seem to imply that he is, and shapes his argument accordingly. He sustains both the father, and the mother in the transaction. Professing for all to be followers of Christ, he claims, first, that if Miss H. has become the mother of a child, it does not follow that Mr. Spear is a debauchee, nor that the "movement" is corrupt; and second, that Miss H., in pursuing the course she has, has acted from principle, and only vindicated her inalienable right to become a mother whenever and under whatever circumstances she might choose; and this assumed right of the woman, Mr. Sterling unblushingly defends.

It may here with propriety be asked, whether, under this new dispensation, the father is to be recognized as having any rights at all. Is he to be allowed, too, to say when he will become a father? Is he to be allowed to know his own children from the miscellaneous flock in the streets? And if not, who is to care for the children, and who for the mother, when she is disabled from child-bearing? And who is to protect society from the myriads of fatherless and motherless children liable to be thrown on its hands? And what is to prevent our present wicked and licentious race of mankind from

becoming rotten in body and soul, under the operation of this license?

Mr. Sterling quotes the spirits who direct the "Movement," as saying:—

"All the purely natural passions must have ample scope to work themselves out in their true order. The hoops which have bound the past must be burst—a narrow conventionalism must be disregarded; *legality, so far as it fetters the body, or the highest aspirations of the mind, must be trampled under foot*, and a high and holy freedom must take their places."

Such were not the teachings of Jesus; but I have heard such doctrines before from spirits. Indeed, I have heard the sentiment here half concealed, far better and more pointedly expressed, through our friend Randolph. The spirit speaking at the time was a magnificent orator, and a fine moralist, as well as a religiousist. At the close of much valuable instruction, he said, in substance, and very nearly in these words:—

"Oh, do not dam up your passions, what you call your evil passions, and force them back upon yourselves, to consume you; but let them burn themselves out. When once they have thoroughly exhausted themselves, you will be troubled with them no more."

It is agreed on all hands that the affections should be free, not fickle; and that in the ascending scale of the race, the time of harmonious and happy marriages will come. Analogy, revelation, observation, and the nature and necessities of love, unite in declaring that the true, eternal marriage, is the union of one man and one woman, in the Father.

Oh, painful it is to witness such things, and painful to write them in connection with brethren, who, in many ways, have entitled themselves to our respect; but let the truth be told, and stand as a beacon and a warning to the generation.

The Telegraph has experienced some loss, and more inconvenience, in the destruction by fire, on Friday of last week, of its printing office. The material mostly belonged to the printer, A. J. Brady, who had but a small insurance, and lost everything. The loss of the Telegraph is confined mostly to its engraved heads, and brass rules, and some valuable copy; from which it seems very expeditiously to have recovered.

Mr. Ambler, it is expected, will occupy the desk at Dodsworth's for some weeks.

Dr. Orton is preparing a history of the extraordinary manifestations connected with the skeleton of Cornelius Winne, which, it is expected, will first be issued in one of the city papers, and afterwards in pamphlet form.

At the Conference, last week, occurred a grand *expose* of a bogus medium, Mr. Paine, of Worcester, who stated that the contrivance for raising his table, was simple, but ingenious. He had levers passing under the floor, with iron needles or pins playing up through the floor against the bottom of the table-legs, and these were set in motion by another pin inserted through the carpet and floor, several feet from the table, which was operated by his heel. In this way he could raise two legs of the table at will, produce raps, and even drum a tune. His table in Brooklyn, he informed me, was arranged to move by a cord; the one at his house in Worcester, by levers, the same as the one in New York. Yours.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLIES.

The Social Assembly given by the Ladies' Harmonical Band, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Conant, the popular manager, at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, 18th inst., was one of the most agreeable sociables of the season. Halls' Quadrille Band were there, and furnished as fine music as we ever listened to. It is needless for us to advise those to go again who have been there once; but others will bear in mind that the next of the series will be held on Wednesday evening, 29th inst.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak as follows: At Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 26th; Sutton, N. H., Jan. 2d; Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 9th; Nashua, N. H., Jan. 16th; Dover, N. H., Jan. 23d; Waltham, Mass., Jan. 30th; Abington, Mass., Feb. 6th; Leominster, Mass., Feb. 13th; Natick, Mass., Feb. 20th; Dover, N. H., Feb. 27th. He will answer calls to speak at other places during the week. His addresses are mainly in the trance-state, and upon the subject of Education. He will act as agent for the Banner, and receive subscriptions either for this paper or for the New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture at St. Louis, and adjacent cities, during December and January; February at Boston; in March at Philadelphia; in April at New York; in May and June at Worcester, Providence, Portland and Troy; together with such adjacent places on week-day evenings as her time and strength will allow. Those who do not know how to address her at the cities she visits, should send letters to her residence, 194 Grand street, New York, from whence they will be punctually forwarded.

Warren Chase will lecture, Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, in Salem, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Worcester, Mass.; Dec. 29th and 30th, in Mercantile Hall, Boston; Jan. 2d and 9th, in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 12th and 13th, in Windsor, Conn.; Jan. 16th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, at Duxbury, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22d, 23d and 24th; West Duxbury, Sunday, Dec. 26th; Kingston, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 27th and 28th; Plympton, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29th and 30th; Middleboro', Sunday, Jan. 2d. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

H. B. Storer will lecture at Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, Dec. 26th; Northampton, Mass., during the ensuing week, if arrangements are completed; at Williamsville, Conn., Sunday, Jan. 2d; Utica, N. Y., Jan. 9th; Oswego, N. Y., Jan. 16th; and the four Sundays of February at Providence, R. I.

E. S. Wheeler inspirational speaker and improvisatore, will speak at Providence, R. I., Sunday, Dec. 26th, and during the week at adjoining towns. Address, Providence, R. I., until Jan. 1st, 1859, care R. A. Potter.

Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, having returned from a visit to New Hampshire, will answer calls to lecture Sundays and week evenings. Address, to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House, Boston.

H. P. Fairfield will speak in Taunton, Mass., Dec. 26th, and the last three Sundays in Jan. in Boston. He will receive applications to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of Boston. Address at the Fountain House.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Norwich, Conn., Sunday, Dec. 26th; and in Somerville, Conn., Jan. 2d and 9th. Address, until January 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Norwich, Ct.

Mrs. A. M. Henderson will lecture in Philadelphia every Sunday in December, and will answer calls for week evening lectures in that vicinity during the month. She may be addressed in care of Dr. H. F. Child, 610 Arch street, Philadelphia.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES in Boston.—Dr. P. M. Randolph will lecture in the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Admission, ten cents.