

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

I AM WAITING.

BY OLIVER TAYLOR.

I am waiting, though the night has settled down upon my soul,
Though I hear the threatening waves darkly round my spirit roll;
Though the fierce red lightning's gleam, in its track goes wildly by,
And the thunders deep boom out from their caverns in the sky.
I am waiting, though the flowers long have faded by the way,
Though the bleak December lasts, and there comes no bloom-ing May—
Though the snows have wrapped their mantle close around my bleeding heart,
And I'm cold, and oh! so want of life's never ending smart,
I am waiting, though the wee birds long have hushed each music strain—
I am waiting, if perchance they may sing once more again.
All is silence, save the shrieking of the stormy blasts outside,
And the wailing of my heart since bright joy went out and died!
Ah! there gushes up anew a holier song of love and praise,
Born of the spirit's anguish deep, which now to heaven I raise:
I am waiting, still am waiting, but oh! never, never more,
Shall that song of praise be hushed, to the God whom I adore!

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Disappointed Girl; OR, THE FOWLER ENSNARED.

BY MRS. E. A. ALCOCK.

CHAPTER I.

"Why, Rosalie Arnold! how can you smile upon an egotistical fog like Ernest Ridley? And such a smile! so sweet and winning! Do not my eyes deceive me, or was not that smile intended for one more worthy than he, for whom you have mistaken him?"

"And are my smiles such precious boons, then? Ha, ha, ha!" and the maiden laughed merrily at the conceit engendered by the speech of her companion, who resumed, seriously—

"Nay, Rosalie, do not laugh, but answer me! Was that smile intended for Ernest Ridley?"

"It was!"

"Why, Rose! can it be that I have labored under a misconception of your character, during all the past years, over which our friendship has extended? Oh, no, I cannot believe! You must be all that I have loved, and possess all those virtues I so much esteemed you for!"

"Ella! you are severe, methinks, and doubtless believe you have sufficient cause. Perhaps you may; yet I believe otherwise, and so will you, I trust, when you know all. But explain why you evince so much displeasure at my smiling notice of my father's favorite suitor for thy hand and fortune. Can it be that my sweet friend Ella has been impressed in favor of my lover, and seeks to lower him in my estimation, rather than that I should win him?"

"Impressed, indeed! You know me better! A suitor for your! How you surprise me, Rose! Has Ernest Ridley, indeed, dared to aspire so high?"

"Why not? Is not he human? and, if so, what more am I?"

"His superior in moral worth—the true standard by which we should be measured; and also, in point of wealth, so far above him, that your father's favor of his suit amazes me!"

"Strange things have come to pass, while you were absent, Ella; one of which is, Ernest Ridley's accession to a princely fortune—some two millions, rumor says—how truly, I cannot say; though, I presume, a good foundation for the report exists, since enough else has won for him my father's favor."

"Strange—strange, indeed! I was unaware he possessed a relative richer than himself."

"A nabob uncle—his mother's brother—from whom the family never heard from the hour he ran away—a boy—to sea, until his death was announced, with the intelligence that his vast wealth—acquired in India, where he died—was left by will to the children of his sisters, one of whom was Ernest's mother. The other was, like himself, an outcast from home, of whom all trace is lost, since her marriage with the son of her father's coachman. Ernest being, as you are aware, an only child, thus becomes sole heir to those vast estates, together with his father's wealth—not much, indeed, but still enough to enable him heretofore to maintain a foothold in what the world terms the front rank of fashion, though such ambition must have diminished those means to a great extent, his extravagance being unbounded."

"But I cannot believe this wealth can in aught influence my sweet friend Rosalie, or cause her to view with favor one, whose known principles she holds in detestation?"

"Thanks, Ella! Fear not, I will not forfeit your esteem; and when you know all, you will approve of the motive which prompts my kind notice of the lover, whose fate, added by my father, hath sent me."

"Explain! I do not understand you!"

"Anon. But you must wait with patience! I hear his voice in the hall, and in all courtesy must attend to receive his homage. Amuse yourself till my return, and be assured I will return soon. Ah! here's my maid."

"Throw it in the grate, Eva. How looks my lover to-day?"

"Fascinating as ever, Miss," replied the maid, smiling, while a deep blush mantled her cheeks.

"Ah! more indirect overtures, Eva?"

"Yes, Miss. He seldom omits that polite impertinence, which I scarce know how to bear."

"And which draws near its close, Eva! But inform him that I will attend him at once!" said Rosalie, adding, as the maid disappeared, "Pray, form no hasty conclusions from what you have heard, dear Ella, but suffer me to let you into the secret after my own fashion."

"I must bide your own time, Rosalie."

"And I shall not delay its approach. But my cavalier will become as impatient for my presence, as I shall soon be for his departure; therefore, for the present, au revoir!"

Availing ourselves of Miss Arnold's temporary absence, we will improve the same by submitting to our readers a brief history of herself and friend, which may serve to amuse, at least, if not interest, the former, until the return of the maiden enables us to resume the dialogue.

Rosalie Arnold was the daughter of one of Boston's most distinguished merchant princes, and for the last three years had been toasted as the reigning belle of the city of notions; while numerous suitors lavished on her their homages in vain. By some, she was pronounced heartless; by others, proud, vain, and unsocial; but those charges were pronounced false, by her more intimate friends, one of whom, at least, deemed her little short of an angel. And that one was Ella Mortimer—the adopted daughter of the Hon. Henry Mortimer, U. S. Senator from Ohio.

To Ella Mortimer, Rosalie Arnold was more than a friend. During the period of their intimacy, their souls had become inseparably united, mingling, as it were, and forming but one soul with two caskets. Both were beautiful; and, though conscious of that beauty's power over the senseless butterfly of fashion which fluttered round them, valued it but little, and adorned it less; while that neglect won for one, at least, a portion of the reputation she enjoyed as proud and vain—her unadorned loveliness awakening envy in the bosom of more than one unsuccessful competitor.

Miss Mortimer invariably spent the winter in Washington, and the summer with her friend Rosalie, either in Boston, or some neighboring watering place, in accordance with the wishes of her parents, rather than their own, which were in favor of seclusion from the pleasure seeking throng, whose society they deemed at all times a painful infliction.

Becoming weary of the continued round of gaiety in the federal metropolis, Ella had begged her parent's permission to visit Boston, and upon receiving his assent, had repaired thither at once, arriving the day previous to her introduction to our readers; when, as usual, she became the guest of her friend Rosalie—who was in the act of interchanging news and comparing notes with her, seated at one of the second-story drawing-room windows of the Arnold mansion, when the gentleman above named drove slowly past, and, engaging her attention, bowed low, which bow she acknowledged with a smile, eliciting from her friend the series of exclamations and demands, which begin this sketch. Here we pause, referring our reader for information concerning the gentleman above-mentioned, to the conversation which ensued on the return of Rosalie to the drawing-room.

"Now to redeem my promise, dear Ella. But first inform me what you know in connection with Ernest Ridley, which influences your opinion so highly to his disadvantage?"

"Little, that you do not yourself know. I have heard him spoken of as dissipated—a gambler—indeed, an accomplished rogue!"

"All which have been true of him heretofore; at present, he is changed, however—at least, outwardly."

"And you doubtless can judge of his motive for such outward change?"

"You shall learn anon. Be assured I know him much better than he is aware of. But you shall hear. Four months ago I engaged a seamstress to do some family sewing. She was a beautiful girl, and as pure—as lovely. I know not why it was, but during our first interview, she inspired me with full and unlimited confidence. On the next day she became an inmate of our house, and almost from that hour I sought her society, as one might that of a beloved sister, neglecting my fashionable friends sadly, simply because I would not forego the pleasure derived from her society."

Our attachment was mutual. In less than a month after her installation here, she had confided to me the history of her life. And such a history, Ella! I wept during the relation of scenes therein, and so would you, had you been by. 'Twas a simple, yet a touching tale, and one to which I could not render justice, were I to attempt a repetition; therefore, I will confine myself to the leading incidents therein, giving you a brief outline, in which, if I mistake not, you will perceive enough to interest you in her fate."

CHAPTER II.

Estelle Warner was the child of poor parents, who, during her childhood, resided in the South West—where, to be poor, was to occupy a station on a level with the brute creation. But her recollection of that portion of her life is far from vivid; yet one incident therein, of which she has a faint remembrance, cannot be banished.

It is the remembrance of two babes, over whose cradle she spent many hours, the happiest of her childhood—while she was yet aught but a babe herself. She has told me of their first attempts at speech, and how she aided them therein; and of the patters with such deep emotion, as were poured to her heart, was all remembrance of a pair.

She kissed them fondly, ere repairing to her rude cot, and next morning, upon awaking, she flew to greet them with the usual kiss; but they were not to be found, while her demands as to where they were, elicited from her mother nought but tears, and from her father, curses. For sometime thereafter—how long, she knows not—all was blank, while returning recollection found her with other and busier scenes, amid which her early girlhood was spent. 'Twas New Orleans! There her father followed some occupation, highly remunerative, and affording ample means for provision for the future, had he not squandered them as soon as gained, compelling her mother to have recourse to her needle to keep remorseless famins from their door. To this task was her mother's life and energies devoted, until a violent death—the result of a street brawl—removed her degraded husband.

Yet she mourned him—such is the devotion of our sex to those we love, however unworthy—and, unable to remain longer amid scenes where each familiar object reminded her of him, she sought the North, and with her darling Estelle settled in New York, where, by their joint efforts with their needles, they eked out a scanty subsistence, until some eighteen months ago, when death removed the former from the scene of her life-long struggle, leaving the latter a homeless stranger in the land of her nativity.

Towards the close of Mrs. Warner's life, the power of articulation was denied her, and as her last moment drew nigh, her struggles were indeed painful to behold. With her last breath she partially triumphed, but could only say—"In Boston you will find your gran—name is Joh—", when death sealed her lips forever, depriving her child of that intelligence she evidently desired to convey, and which she alone could impart.

Believing such course to be in accordance with her mother's will, Estelle repaired to our city, where she soon found friends through whose representations I was led to employ her—an act I shall never regret, since it has proved a blessing to the orphan, and a boon to the novelist.

That Estelle's mother was a person of refined manners and superior mental attainments, was evident in the education conferred upon the daughter, who was perfect in every accomplishment, mental and physical—gaining the former during her toilsome struggle for bread, and the latter during the frequent seasons of rest, to which they were condemned by lack of employment. Such was the being in whom I became so deeply interested, but of whose present fate, I alas! am at this moment ignorant!"

"Why! what mean you, Rosalie?"

"Patience, dear Ella! you shall soon know!" rejoined Miss Arnold, resuming. "As already stated, it is now some four months since the dear girl became, in a measure, a member of our family; and about the same time I was honored by the notice of our new fledged millionaire, whose suit my father sanctioned at once. As I never gainsayed his wishes I received the addresses of Ernest Ridley with all due courtesy; trusting to time and fate to get relief therefrom; always avoiding, or adroitly averting the grand crisis—a declaration—which he appeared resolved to hasten. In this manner some two months elapsed, when he met Estelle during a morning call, and though her presence in the parlor was but momentary, became deeply impressed with her beauty, betraying his interest therein by the dexterous manner in which he questioned me concerning her."

"Veiling from him the discovery I had made, I answered all his queries with such apparent frankness, as threw him completely off his guard, causing him to betray more fully the interest awakened, and which boded no good to my sweet friend. He saw her again on two occasions in quick succession, each time manifesting increasing interest, betraying fully his passion and purpose, which latter I resolved to foil at any cost, and with this view sought Estelle's confidence. She had been aware for some time of the real state of my heart with regard to him, and therefore—if for no other reason, granted all I desired. Judge of my surprise, Ella, as I heard her confession of love for him. Not an ephemeral passion, but a love deep-toned and absorbing—such as is never but once awakened, and, being once awake, lives always."

I placed the man of her choice before him in his true light, avoiding all allusion to the difference in their station, or ought that might wound her sensitiveness, but all in vain. Though she believed my words, with her arms clasped tightly round my neck, her burst face fluttering against mine, and her tearful face hidden on my shoulder, she avowed her firm resolve to shun him—to afford him no opportunity to approach her, and almost with the same breath declared all abatement of her love impossible."

Poor girl! how I pitied her! What could I do more but guard her against him and against her own heart, which I will never prove her most faithful foe, could he gain access to her presence. And I did guard her most vigilantly for a whole week; at least I thought so, but alas! how vainly!

He called one morning but I was too indisposed to see him, sending him a message to that effect, whereon he took his leave, having first placed a note upon the parlor table, addressed to Estelle. At least I am confident that I had at last obtained a clue to your friend's whereabouts."

Now convinced he placed it there. My maid discovered it sometime after his departure, when searching for a book which I had left in the parlor on the previous day, and conveyed it to its owner, supposing it had been left by the postman. Of this I was unaware at the time. Had I been better informed, I could have traced to its proper source the mental excitement under which she labored during the afternoon, and which I supposed drew her forth at eve, with a view to quietude. She remained so long absent that I became alarmed for her safety, and dispatched two of the servants to search for her in different directions, but in vain; they could obtain no trace of her, nor has she since returned."

It is needless to name the person whom I believe to be the author of her disappearance. Your own convictions of that author's identity I believe to be in unison with mine, therefore I will merely add that as I loved her, so will I labor for her restoration and the overthrow of her enemies. The guilty party does not dream that I suspect him; neither shall he, until I have so entangled him in a web of his own weaving, that escape will be impossible."

In conclusion, dear Ella, you must congratulate me upon the tender of Ernest Ridley's hand and fortune, with which he recently honored humble I! but to which were attached conditions which barred acceptance at the moment, and which I now have under consideration."

"And those conditions are?"

"That I elope with him—ha! ha! ha!"

"Elope with him!"

"Yes indeed! Notwithstanding the favor in which my father holds his suit, he would persuade me to elope with him, in order, he says, to create a furor in the world of fashion."

"Dear Rosalie! I wonder how you can smile on such a monster!"

"When I say that each smile he receives from me is but drawing the meshes of the snare he laid for another more closely around himself, perchance you will cease to wonder at their sweetness."

"Enough! you are my own Rosalie still, and smile on whom you may, I'll not object, so long as I may share your smiles. But this poor girl's history has deeply interested me. Her sorrows seemed almost my own, or those in which I had a right to share. I love her without having seen her, and, if you will only let me, will aid in the accomplishment of your self-imposed task."

"I accept your aid with pleasure, Ella, and I have already Frank's, and with the aid of two such kind friends, will certainly succeed."

"Frank's, Rosalie?" demanded Ella, anxiously.

"Yes! and why not?" responded the former, with a spice of coquetry in her air, adding: "without the strong arm of the law, we could accomplish but little in a case of abduction!"

"Ah! how shrewd you are! But a truce to jesting. I presume you see but little of my brother, since his release from college, and subsequent incarceration in your father's office?"

"I refer you to himself for an answer. Here he comes," said Rosalie as she drew back from the window, blushing deeply beneath the glance flashed at her from the opposite sidewalk, by the object of their remarks—a young man of handsome mien and prepossessing exterior, as he prepared to cross over, with the evident intent to pay his respects. But as we have not space to devote to a record of their meeting and subsequent conversation, we must humbly request the indulgence of our readers for the unintentional neglect, referring them to a new chapter for the introduction we have withheld in this."

CHAPTER III.

"No, no! You shall be foiled, Ernest Ridley! circumvented! ay, caught in your own net, or striped of the wealth you deem all your own!" soliloquized Frank Mortimer, as he sat at his desk in the office of Judge Arnold, on the morning succeeding the visit we observed him about to pay to his sister and her friend, in the close of our last chapter.

"Ah! What news, Webster?" he demanded, as a person, wearing the badge of a police officer, entered the office unceremoniously.

"Good news, Mr. Mortimer! I am on his track, and have discovered his victim."

"Excellent! Where is she?"

"In Malden."

"So near?"

"Yes! I supposed he had not removed her to any distance, and the fact proves I was right."

"Did you obtain an interview with her?"

"No! I did not deem it advisable, your advice to the contrary notwithstanding. However, it is not too late yet, should you desire it, when in possession of all the particulars."

"Pray be seated, and proceed at once, Mr. Webster; I am all impatience!"

"I do not doubt it!" rejoined the officer, with a quiet smile, assuming a chair, and placing his hat on another at his side, while Frank Mortimer availed himself of a seat in his immediate vicinity, assuming the air of a deeply interested auditor, whereupon the former resumed—

"During the past week I have kept incessant watch upon Ernest Ridley, hunting him as closely as his shadow, and necessarily undergoing quite a number of transformations, in order to maintain my espionage undiscovered. In the latter I was successful; but failed to gain any clue to the lady, until yesterday, when I observed him receive a letter at the post-office, the envelope of which he dropped, and I obtained. It bore his address; in the delicate cellophane of a lady, and was post-marked Malden. Confident that I had at last obtained a clue to your friend's whereabouts, I immediately repaired to the post-office, and there, in the presence of the postman, I procured a duplicate of the letter, and, as I have already stated, I have been successful in my search."

missing friend, I redoubled my vigilance, and soon had the pleasure of beholding our gay lothario en route for the residence of his victim. The same person who provided him with a conveyance, provided me with another, which enabled me to keep him still in view, until he alighted at the door of a neat, but unpretending cottage, in the western part of Malden village, at the entrance of which he was received by the veritable original of the miniature I received from you. I was a witness of the meeting, and, judging by the unfeigned pleasure with which his victim welcomed him—how hostile to our designs might be the slightest betrayal of them—I drove on leisurely to the nearest hotel, where I resigned my horse to the hostler, and, returning to the vicinity of the cottage, resolved to await his reappearance. During the next hour I passed the cottage twice, each time obtaining a full view of the interior of the parlor, through its windows; and also a glimpse of our man and his victim, whose handkerchief was applied to her eyes at the moment I passed the second time. After a lapse of two hours he came forth, accompanied by her, and, lingering at the gate for a few moments, seemed to be combating some resolution, or denying some request, which she was earnestly urging, until, apparently wearied with opposition, she desisted, and I was about to reapply her handkerchief to her eyes, turning away at the same instant, when he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder, and, whispering a few words in her ear, pressed his lips lightly to her brow. The act appeared to pacify her, for, as he regained his carriage and drove off, she waved her handkerchief in reply to his adieu, and tripped lightly into the cottage."

Having ascertained the name of the parties who owned the cottage, I called upon them without delay, with a view of gleanings further information. From them I learned that they had rented the residence to temporary tenants—a young, and recently married pair—who were to embark for Europe within a few weeks, or months at most. As my ostensible purpose was to purchase or hire the cottage, I expressed my pleasure at this intelligence, and, taking my leave of them for the present, returned to the city, satisfied with the achievement of the day, and was on the point of seeking your hotel, to make the same known to you, when a carriage passed me, containing the identical lady I had left in Malden. Hailing a passing hack, I jumped on the box beside the driver, telling him to keep the carriage in view, which he did, until it drew up at the entrance of the U. S. Hotel, where Ernest Ridley stood ready to receive his victim. Dismounting, I followed them into the hotel, and entering the office, remained there for some time, awaiting their exit. At length, Ridley came forth alone, and, as usual, repaired to the headquarters of the Club in Court street, whither I followed him, and where I remained until a late hour, when I left him engaged playing for heavy stakes with a Southern planter."

This morning I again visited the hotel, and learned from the clerk that he was still absent, and also that his lady friend manifested great anxiety concerning him. I next posted to the club-rooms, where I found him still deeply engaged in play, and evidently a loser to a large amount, which fact renders it very improbable that his victim will see him for the present."

Now, as all this proves her to be a willing victim, I entertain doubts concerning the propriety of admitting her as a party to our purpose, lest her infatuation for him should lead her to a betrayal of our design, and consequently to its defeat. For this reason, I have deemed a consultation with you necessary, and, having submitted the facts of the case to your consideration, will be governed by your decision."

"You have done well! To betray our design to her, would be to defeat it indeed! I never believed her to be a willing victim ere now; and even now, I scarce know what to think. You say she is in the city?"

"Yes! in the United States."

"Perhaps I had better call upon her, and endeavor—"

"To defeat yourself, which you would most assuredly do," interrupted officer Webster, regaining his hat and an upright position. "No, no! Let her rest, believing in your and your friends ignorance of her place of concealment, so that you may be enabled to find her when the proper moment for discovery arrives. Should you anticipate it, you will only consign her to renewed concealment, in which all trace of her may be irretrievably lost."

"True! All that can be done, then, is to keep her in view until that moment arrives, and that portion of the task devolves on you."

"Yes! and I am equal to its execution! Have, you any further directions to give at present, Mr. Mortimer?"

"None! The business could not be in better hands than your own! Advise me daily of their movements, and in return, receive any information concerning the progress of our scheme, which may be mine to communicate. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Mortimer!" and the officer retired when Frank resented himself at his desk, where he penned a note to Rosalie Arnold, informing her of their success, and was about to place it in an envelope, when he paused, and saying in a musing tone, "I were as well to call on her in person!—I will do so, and at once!" tore the note into small fragments, scattering them over the office floor; then repairing to a closet, took thence his hat and coat, which he donned hastily, and departed."

Half an hour later, Rosalie and her friend were engaged in consultation regarding the most proper course to pursue in the event of their friend's return."

course to pursue, when the former's maid announced the presence in the parlor of Mr. Frank Mortimer.

"Something to communicate, I am sure!" exclaimed Rosalie, instantly preparing to go down, and adding, "Come, Ella! our ally must not be kept waiting! His aid is too valuable, to be lost by apparent neglect."

"True!" responded her friend, adding with an arch smile, "But of that there is no danger, so long as she who needs his aid writes her name, Rosalie Arnold."

"Perhaps!" said the latter, blushing slightly, adding—"But I will have no concealments from you, sweet Ella! You are his sister, as you are my friend, and therefore should know that we are already affianced lovers."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ella, bounding to her friend's side, when, winding her arms around her, she strained her to her heart, adding, "Oh, Rosalie! you know not how happy you make me! That Frank should win you has ever been my prayer! His affianced bride, and my sister! I can only pray he may prove worthy of the prize!"

"Nay, Ella! but that I may prove worthy of his devoted love!"

"That you already are! Yes, more than worthy! With you, the presiding angel of his home, his fate must indeed be a happy one!"

"I trust it may. It shall be, if effort of mine can make it so! I would not it were otherwise for a world! But come!" and the maiden led the way towards the parlor.

"What news, Mr. Mortimer?" demanded Rosalie. "Taking your countenance as an index, I am prepared for cheering tidings of my missing friend."

"I do, indeed, bring tidings of her; though, not so cheering as I could wish; but you must hear them ere you judge."

Then followed a rehearsal of the tidings already laid before our readers, in the commencement of the present chapter, which, being commented on to some extent by the trio, they entered into consultation concerning the most proper mode of procedure, which resulted in a resolution on the part of Rosalie, to accept the conditions attached to Ernest Ridley's proposal for her hand.

"But you will have all arranged, so that we cannot fail in our purpose, Frank?"

"Assuredly! My dear Rosalie, you know I have too much at stake, to risk defeat lightly. We cannot fail!"

"Would it not be better to obtain an interview with her, and inform her of our plan?"

"For the present, no! He must have succeeded in inspiring her with confidence in his good faith towards her, and such course would render our design liable to exposure and consequent defeat. When all is arranged, it might be adopted."

"As you will! The case in your hands—"

"And all clients must be ruled by their counsel!" interrupted Ella, archly.

"Yes, indeed, sister mine!" responded Frank gaily, adding jocularly—"Oh, by the way! has Harry Morton filed an appeal in the case of Morton vs. Mortimer et al., in which the defendant obtained a judgment, but he could proceed no further. A fair hand was pressed upon his lips, and a sweet voice exclaimed—

"Sauce box! A truce!"

"Agreed, little sis! only please reserve your shafts for other breasts hereafter. And now a word in your ear!"

"Say on—I'm all attention."

"Harry Morton arrived this morning. I met him at the depot, and he—"

"Is now domiciled with his arch abettor and college chum, Frank Mortimer!" interrupted Ella, blushing vividly, adding—"I thought you but now agreed to armistice?"

"Which I shall not be the first to violate," responded the gentleman with a gay laugh.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

MRS. SOCRATES.

A word or two about poor Xanthippe, whose name has become a convertible term for shrew and scold. Perhaps there is nothing but justice in the common estimate of her character. But had she no cause to be angry with her husband? Socrates was an astonishing man, but astonishing men generally make indifferent husbands, and your great reformer is too often a small creature at home. Socrates had a "mission," and he went about Athens questioning and cross-questioning people, until he made a nuisance of himself, and enemies of all men, save a few philosophic bores—and finally he was got rid of through means of a dose of hemlock, which he had brewed for himself. This was a very reprehensible proceeding on the part of the Athenians, but it was not quite so unprovoked as is generally supposed. Now, a man cannot reform the world, and take care of his own household. Instead of minding his own business, which was that of a statuary, or stone-cutter, he must needs take to remodeling blockheads, a most dangerous pursuit, as it bears immediately upon the feelings of the great majority of men. Then it is not remunerative. Socrates got low in the world. He was poor indeed. He had not a shirt to his back, and it is matter of record that he went barefooted in the dead of winter. It is not at all probable that his family fared better than himself. It is not the way with philosophers, to treat others better than they treat themselves. They think their duty to society requires them to look very sharp after a liberal supply of butter for their own bread, which bread is always of the very best flour, and capitally made—at other men's expense.

Mrs. Socrates probably bore with this state of things as long as she could bear with it; but when the house rent, long remained unpaid, when the butcher and baker were sent empty away, when her praline collapsed for the want of sustenance, when the gas was turned off and the Cocchitane was cut off, and when there was not a stick of wood or a bad full of coal left—then she broke out, as it was her duty to do, and liberally gave her husband a piece of her mind, and liberally gave the gift frequently; and as Socrates happened to have the speaking and writing portion of the Athenian community on his side, they gave her a bad character, which has endured, like that which Thucydides gave to Cleon. There is, indeed, nothing like a bad character for permanence. It wears long and washes well. That Xanthippe was only, at the worst, asserting the real "rights of woman," is plain on the face of things, and we have the evidence of Socrates's own words, as reported by his friend and disciple, Xenophon, that she was a woman of excellent qualities on many points, and Socrates was a truthful man in words, and would not have praised her if she had not deserved his praise. Her name and memory should be vindicated by some competent scholar.—*Dr. H. A. R. R.*

THE PARTING OF SIGURD AND GERDA.

BY LILLIE POTTER.

"He is a strong, proud man, such as a woman might with pride call her partner—if only—O, if he would but understand her nature, and allow it to be worth something!" [See Miss Bremer's "BROTHERS AND SISTERS."]

She stood beneath the moonlight pale,
With calm, uplifted eye,
While all her being, weak and frail,
Thrilled with her purpose high;
For she, the long-afraid bride,
Must seal the fount of tears,
And break with woman's lofty pride
The pledged faith of years.

As I she had loved as in a dream,
And, like a length, to find
How coldly o'er her spirit gleamed
The dazzling light of mind.
For little was the true, deep love
Of that pure spirit known
To him, the cold, the selfish one,
Who claimed her as his own.

And what to him were all her dreams
Of higher, holier life?
Such idle fancies ill became
A meek, submissive wife.
And what were to him her yearnings high
For God and "Fatherland,"
But vain chimera, lofty flights,
While Sigurd held her hand?

And then uprose the bitter thought,
"Why bow to his control?
Why sacrifice, before his pride,
The freedom of my soul?
Better to break the golden chain,
And live and love apart,
Than feel the galling, grinding links
Wearing upon my heart."

No came; and in a soft, low voice,
In that pale, gleaming light,
She laid her gentle hand in his—
"Sigurd, we part to-night.
Long have these bitter words been kept
Within this heart of mine,
And often have I lonely wept—
I never can be thine!"

Proudly, with folded arms he stood,
And cold, sarcastic smile—
"Hail! this is but a wayward mood,
An artful woman's wile.
But this I know; so long—so long
I've held thee to thy vow,
That I have made the bond too strong
For thee to break it now."

Nay, Sigurd, nay—my lofty pride
Was hidden from your eyes;
But you have crushed it down so low,
It gives me strength to rise.
O! all my bitter, burning thoughts,
I may not, dare not tell!
Sigurd, my loved—forever loved!
Farewell! once more, farewell!"

One moment, and those loving arms
Were gently round him thrown;
One moment, and those quivering lips
Pressed lightly to his own;
And then he stood alone!
With eyes too proud for tears,
Yet o'er his stern, cold heart was thrown
The burning blight of years.

O man! so godlike in thy strength,
Pre-eminent in mind,
Seek not with these high gifts alone
A woman's heart to bind.
For timid as a shrinking fawn,
Yet faithful as a dove,
She clings through life and death to thee,
Woe by thine earnest love!

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Experiences of an Old Nurse.

A SERIES OF SKETCHES.

SKETCH NUMBER SIX.

THE DISINHERITED.

"Do you really think him dangerously ill, Mrs. Marlow?"

This question was put to me by a young man—the son of a Mr. Tudor, who, upon his return from Europe, had been suddenly taken sick while, spending a few days at the Tremont House, preparatory to his going south for the winter.

I had only been called upon to attend the patient the night previous, and therefore did not feel myself competent to judge accurately of the nature of a disease which, although of only a few hours' birth, had taken a strong hold upon the stout and naturally vigorous constitution of its victim.

Dr. F., a perfect stranger to me, but apparently a man of no slight medical information, had just gone out, after a few moments spent at the bedside of the sick man, and telling me, as he did so, in a whisper, that inflammation of the brain was the chief thing to be dreaded in the case of so full-blooded and active a person as Mr. Tudor.

Richard Tudor—for such was the young man's name—had read what thought had unconsciously written upon the old physician's face, with all the skill of a practical physiognomist. I felt that the eager and questioning look which the devoted son bent upon me, demanded an immediate reply and so I said with a smile and an assumption of carelessness quite unnatural to me:

"I cannot see any particular cause for alarm as yet, and it is always my custom never to court the presence of danger."

"I suppose my fears are foolish, Mrs. Marlow," he replied; "but it is such an unusual thing for my father to be sick, that I presume I am needlessly alarmed in the present instance."

"I should judge that your father was a man of remarkable powers of endurance," I remarked, as I glanced towards the couch where my patient was peacefully sleeping.

"You are right. Many a time I have heard him say that he never remembered having had a single sick day during his whole life, and he is now about fifty years of age."

"One should, surely, be very grateful for the enjoyment of so great a boon as good health—especially in so variable a climate as that of New England."

"Besides, Mrs. Marlow, my father has been a great traveler in his day, having visited nearly all the principal countries of Europe and Asia since the death of his wife, which occurred about ten years ago."

The sudden awakening of the invalid now arrested my attention, and put a speedy end to all further conversation between Richard Tudor and myself.

As night approached, symptoms of a most unfavorable nature began to show themselves, which at once confirmed the words of Dr. F., when he left the bedside of the sick man in the morning.

A violent flushing of the face, and redness of the eyes, together with a small, dropping of blood from the nose, were the first things which aroused the fear of inflammation in my mind.

When the old physician again presented himself in the chamber of Mr. Tudor, he looked as possible even greater than before. I felt relieved to think that Richard Tudor was not present, for I well knew that the deep anxiety so plainly depicted upon his strangely expressive countenance of Dr. F., could not have escaped his watchful gaze. Luckily he had, but just gone out for a stroll upon the Common, a few minutes before the physician's entrance, and would probably remain absent a half hour or more.

Upon examination, the pulse of the sick man was found to be soft and low, while a violent pulsation in the arteries of the neck and temples was already perceptible. I remarked to Dr. F., that although the patient's tongue was sadly discolored and dry, that he seldom complained of thirst, and oftentimes refused drink when offered him. The old physician assured me that this was no uncommon thing in this particular disease, of which, strange to say, I had seen but few cases during my long medical experience. Upon being asked where the principal seat of pain was, Mr. Tudor replied, that he suffered most from his head.

After a few words of conversation with the invalid, to whom Dr. F. was quite as much of a stranger as to myself, the latter took his leave, after ordering the patient to be kept very quiet, and to receive for nourishment light and farinaceous substances, such as panada and water-gruel, sharpened with juice of lemons, or currant jelly; and for drink, something of a cooling nature, like barley water. Upon going, the doctor, the next morning, called at an early hour the next day, although cautioning me to send for him only in the night, if I saw a marked change for the worse in the condition of my charge.

When Richard Tudor returned, he seemed quite disappointed to think that the doctor had called during his absence, and questioned me pretty closely concerning the opinion of the latter in regard to his father's case. I told him that he, as well as I, had noticed some unfavorable symptoms, but that we were in hopes that, with proper care and treatment, inflammation of the brain might be avoided.

A shade of doubt crossed the face of the young man at that moment, which has since proved to me; that from that time forth, every hope of his father's recovery vanished from the mind of Richard Tudor. So anxious was he to assist and relieve me in the discharge of my duties towards the sick man, that it was with the utmost difficulty, that I at last succeeded in persuading him to retire to his own room.

A miserably restless night the invalid passed, as, tossing from side to side upon his weary bed, he muttered frequently between his closed teeth, the name of Margaret. He was a stout, dark-looking man, with a keen, black eye, that seemed to pierce one through at a single glance. Once or twice, during his moments of delirium, he became so frantic, that my heart fairly quailed with fear, and I had half a mind to knock upon the wall, for the purpose of awakening his son, whose sleeping apartment joined that of his father.

So very acute, however, was the sick man's sense of hearing, that my slightest movement startled him; so, putting on a brave face, I took a seat beside his couch, and again succeeded in soothing and calming him down. Near the close of that seemingly interminable night, the weary and exhausted man fell into a tolerably sound slumber, from which I hoped that he might derive at least temporary refreshment.

Contrary to my expectations, however, the invalid awoke with an increased pain in the head, a ringing of the ears, and a degree of nervous sensibility, which was fearful to contemplate. As soon as the doctor arrived, he said that it was necessary that something should be done at once, to lessen the quantity of blood in the brain, with the view of thereby relieving the head. The lancet was now applied to the jugular vein. After a sufficient amount of blood had been drawn off, an effort was made to induce a free perspiration, and a copious discharge of blood from the nose, by the application of cloths dipped in warm water to the parts. But vainly; and it was with a feeling of utter despair, that Dr. F., at the end of the third day, proposed to Richard Tudor that a consultation of doctors should be held on the following morning.

The young man, who seemed greatly distressed at the thought of his only living parent being taken from him, eagerly acquiesced to this proposition; at the same time urging the old doctor to spare neither pains nor money, in attempting the invalid's restoration to health.

That very night I inquired of Richard Tudor if his father had no near relatives in the city, who needed to be apprised of his dangerous illness. He replied that he had a daughter, whom he had disinherited some two years previous, because of her refusal to wed a man whom he had selected for her, on account of his great wealth and position in London, and who was, to say the least, full twenty-five years her senior. The object of her choice was a young and rising lawyer of Boston, by the name of Stanhope, whom she married, at the expense of incurring her stern father's lasting displeasure.

The words of the young man surprised me, and I immediately urged the propriety of his effecting a reconciliation between two hearts that had for two long years been so cruelly estranged, before death should deprive the suffering man of the power of forgiveness.

The unanimous decision of some five or six consulting physicians was, that the case of Mr. Tudor was an entirely hopeless and incurable one. Heeding my advice, the young man, as gently as possible, inquired of his father if he had nothing that he wished to say to Margaret before he died. He replied indignantly, "that she was no longer a child of his, and that he neither wished to see or speak with her."

Knowing that Richard Tudor entertained feelings of a brotherly nature towards his sister, which he had long concealed, because of his father's unrelenting nature and anger upon the subject, I suggested to him the idea of seeking out the residence of his sister, and allowing her to exert her own influence in the matter. By reference to the directory, the address of Charles Stanhope, husband to Margaret, was readily obtained.

An hour later, Richard Tudor entered his father's chamber and whispered in my ear, that his sister Margaret was waiting in the parlor below to see me. I found Mrs. Stanhope to be a beautiful and graceful woman, of about twenty-four years, with a sorrowful face, that accorded well with her sable garments.

Her story was indeed a sad one, and I could not listen to its recital without feeling, that the poor and disinherited child of wealth had been most harshly and wrongly treated by her father. A few months before, she had been a beautiful girl, and her father, in the midst of his wealth, had named Richard, after her brother, in the will, and had left her a large fortune, and the title of Countess.

Just one year, from the time of the death of her father, she had been married to a man, who, she said, was a cruel and selfish man, and who had treated her with the most cruel and selfish manner.

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Richard now slowly entered the parlor, bearing the cruel intelligence that his father had firmly refused to see his discarded daughter. For two or three hours the poor woman lingered in the hotel, with the hope that her proud father would at last relax from his harsh purpose, and receive her once more to his arms, as of old. Finding, however, that his resolution was unchanged, Margaret Stanhope returned sadly to her home.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and Henry Tudor was dying. He had calmly placed the key of his private cabinet in the hands of his favorite child, Richard, and enjoined him to see that the will there enclosed was carried out to the very letter.

The young man had sorrowfully nodded his assent to his father's wishes, and a silence as of death—like the tomb, reigned within that handsomely furnished chamber, where another human life was passing away. Through the unclosed door, which had been purposely opened for the admittance of fresh air, a young and beautiful female hurriedly forced her way. Another moment, and Margaret Stanhope knelt weeping at the foot of her father's bed.

With almost superhuman strength, the dying man raised himself upon the bed, and, with a convulsive movement, seized the arm of his child, and threw her with considerable force prostrate upon the floor.

"Thus do I spurn and cast thee from me!" he cried, and with a heavy curse still trembling upon his lips, the hard-hearted and unfeeling father fell back dead upon his pillow.

At the request of Richard Tudor, the will which had made him heir to his father's immense property, was broken; and I am happy to say that the wealth of the late Henry Tudor is now equally divided between his two children. For the future of such a man as Henry Tudor, we can hope but little, yet our prayer is, "Father, forgive him, for he know not what he did!"

PRAYER.

Prayer is the language of the soul.

The odor of the flower,

And the sweet voice of the bird,

To God, thy controlling power!

Within the soul there would not be

This infinite desire

To whisper thoughts in prayer to Thee,

Hast Thou not lit the fire.

Prayer is the spirit's loving truth

To Thee, whose love divine

Stead fastly draws the soul to soothe,

Or like the sunbeams shine;

For in the humblest soul that lives,

As in the lowliest flower,

The dewdrop back his image gives,

The soul reflects his power!

At night, when all is hushed and still,

And e'en soft echo sleeps,

A still small voice doth ever thrill,

And to each heart-beat leaps:

It is the spirit's pulse which beats,

Forever deep and true;

The atom with its author meets,

As sunlight greets the dew!

Mrs. LOUISE WORTHEN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I have hailed thee with joy and have met thee oft with tears. I have welcomed exultingly thy merry advent, and dreaded thy approach, that heralded sorrow and bereavement. Once I smiled unconsciously in thy wintry face, from the sweet shelter of my mother's bosom; then, o'er my orphaned head passed swiftly a gloomy shadow from thy presence cast!

I have met thee, new-born year, with songs and gladness. I have awaited thee in mourning robes, with heart all desolate. I have bounded at thy coming with festive glee; I sat enrapt in shadows listening to thy coming songs.

Precious, but most inexorable spirit! thou hast held to my lips the brimming cup of trial, and the tear-veiled eyes saw not the diamonds glistening therein—the pearls of countless price that it contained. On the hopes and aspirations of my youth thy sunshine rested; on the tortures of my spirit thy shadows lingered; thy myrtle wreath and cypress crown upheld—the angel finger ever pointing upwards!

I saw thee mirrored in the silvery lake, a rose-crowned spirit, fresh with the promises of hearts untried and souls undiscovered; showering on me ideal wealth and joys unrealized. Again, upon the broad Atlantic waste, I met thee, and the weird legends of olden life lay heavily against me, and the storm clouds drifted warningly above.

With unchanged mien, in all the summer's aspect, bedecked with gorgeous flowers, and crowned with music, sunlight and joy, I met thee 'neath tropic skies, beside a grave!

In stranger lands, houseless and wandering, I trod the frozen ground and with the hail-drops mingled, the mourner's bitter and accusing tears! Amid the darkness of scepticism, the long night of desolation, came to me the wailed sound of Time's warning bell, and the first star glistened in the midnight depths.

I have prayed with the fervor born of sorrow, that the day might come; and in bleak disenchantment of life's promises, have veiled mine eyes from the light, and implored eternal rest!

The joyous, rarely-accorded welcome words, the sad, last, long farewell, has been spoken in thy presence, eventful year!

A child, I wept over the lifeless form of a cherished bird; a woman, I consigned to earth and Heaven, the choicest hopes, the loveliest dreams of life. I saw the love-angel unfurl his shining plumes, and on the marble tombstone of my heart, write in departing to his native skies—"Forever!"

From lips that smiled, from eyes that beamed, the ray of faith departed, and I mourned the sad desertion; unknowing then, that Heaven compensated for earthly loss, with strength and trust and truth. One by one they all departed with the changing years; the loved, the friends, the companions of earth; and time passed wearily, and through the opiate shades no sunshine streamed.

One day, an angel that ever bade me look beyond for hope, above for consolation, led me to a new vale of thought—to a wide, unexplored region, and I felt strange and shy amid the wondrous there. But soon I beheld the vague, mysterious dreams of childhood.

the forebodings of youth, revealed in word and symbol, the sunshine was as I had deemed it, the reflection of the Godhead's smile—the flowers were his spirit messengers. I had learnt well the language of the stars and ocean—I had learnt well the summer's songs. But I had draped my life in sorrow; had enshrined the holy lessons of adversity in semblance of a giant wrong. I had not opened my soul's closed chambers to the fragrant breath of Heaven, to the sunshine ever alighting to beautify and bless.

I saw not—for such great joy was not awarded me—but I felt, with heart and outward touch, the ministering spirits of the departed; and words of peace and welcome from the spirit-shores awoke each dormant faculty; aroused my soul to the beauty and joy of life; to the eternity of love; to the uses of sorrow; the goodness of God. I greet the New Year now, with a quiet joy; with fervid thankfulness; with silent prayer; with a forgiving heart, and a yearning, aspiring soul, and the angel of Life is beautiful to me now, and to my lonely hearth come messengers of love and peace. All hail New Year!

PHILADELPHIA, January 1, 1869.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MATRIMONIAL.

I have been glancing over the "Matrimonial Advertisements" in one of the New York papers to-day, a few of which I now extract for the amusement of the thousands of readers of the "Banner of Light."

With profound respect for those unfortunate beings of the opposite sex, who may have had the good fortune, (I beg your pardon, I meant misfortune!) to lose their better halves, I will place first upon the list—

A WIDOWER 30 YEARS OLD, WITHOUT CHILDREN, and who is doing a steady and profitable business, desires to make the acquaintance of a young American or German widow of pleasing appearance, who would be willing to marry him. She must not be over 25 years of age, and must have a good form and affectionate disposition. Address, giving place of meeting, Richmond, Broadway Post office.

You will perceive that the above gentleman is distinguished from the large class of widowers generally, by two things—first, a willingness to avow his real age, which widowers over twenty-five are not apt to do; and secondly, by being free from that greatest of incubrances—children. A widower without a brood of little babies, is certainly a novelty now-a-days. For my own part, I should be "a little skittish" about marrying Mr. Horton, even if he were "doing a steady and profitable business," for fear that after getting thoroughly and nicely to house-keeping, two or three juveniles, who had been kept out to nurse, or at boarding-school, might poke their noses into the hall door, and lamb-like, blast out the name of a f-a-l-l-e-r. Bah! I have a wholesome horror of being epithetized stepmother, to any one's hopefulness—especially the late Mrs. Horton's. However, the man advertiser shows his good sense in one thing, namely, by preferring a widow to a single lady. Of course he wants some one who has been through the mill like him. Success to him!

A YOUNG BACHELOR OF GOOD PERSONAL APPEARANCE and ample fortune, desires to make the acquaintance of a young lady, with a view to matrimony. She must be young, not over 20, above medium size, and have a kind and cheerful disposition; an American lady preferred. Money no object. Address, stating when an interview may be had, Richmond, Broadway Post office.

Slightly concealed, I should say, from his strong and sweet desire to inform the public generally, of his extreme youthfulness and fine personal appearance. However, I suppose Mr. Richmond, (I wonder if he is in any way related to the Earl of Richmond that was?) can afford to be, since he is the lucky possessor of an ample fortune, and money is no object to him in the selection of a wife. My gracious! what a grand chance for some young miss just let loose from boarding-school. Poor and rich may alike try their hand in this lottery; and what is still better, not even good looks are taken into account. No matter, my young friends, if you are as ugly looking as the Witch of Endor, if, like her, you are tall in stature, and under the prescribed age. As for the disposition, you know homely women generally are amiable, and cheerful—nature, in that way, compensating them for their lack of physical beauty. An American lady preferred.

N. B.—English, Irish, and Dutch, with good recommendations, not excluded from competition.

A GENTLEMAN RECENTLY RETURNED FROM CALIFORNIA, and intending to travel for a year or two, wishes to meet a young and beautiful lady not over eighteen, and of a happy disposition, with the view of marrying her immediately. She must be American, English or German. Address, with place of meeting, Munson, Broadway Post office.

Here is a fine opportunity offered one for traveling in "further parts." I really believe that if I were not already pre-engaged, I should be tempted into a correspondence with this Munson, (readers of the Banner of Light will please bear in mind that the above advertiser and our New York agent, Mr. S. T. Munson, of No. 6 Great Jones street, are two distinct individuals.) I do hope that some poor female will take compassion upon so generously disposed a wife-hunter, by helping him to relieve his pockets of a few of those rocks gathered in California. Since this is a world of change and exchange, there's no knowing but that such an adventure might, after all, end with a rook-et (it). Can't most always tell!

Here comes the last:

FROM ONE WHO IS IN EARNEST—A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE gentleman, with ample income,

that a man with aforementioned income, would never be satisfied, but, like "Oliver Twist," would be continually "asking for more."

Again, a man, or rather a *he*, with the semblance of a man, who would solicit the hand of a lady in marriage, entirely through mercenary motives, would as truly seek the earliest opportunity of ridding himself of the bag which brought him the gold, after once getting the specie safely clenched in his fist. Hang such specimens of would-be-humanity, say I, for drowning would be by far too easy a death for them!

Take, my advice, daughters of Mother Eve, and never marry a man who loves money better than his God. You can easily tell such a one, by the sparkle of his eye.

Yours, in all faith,

BEZ. BRIGHTON.

Written for the Banner of Light.
DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND, A. FES-
SENDEN.

BY COSMOS.

At "Sweet Home."

When sorrows and trials in life's cruel way,
Afflict and assail us while lonely we stray—
We look from this earth with its darkness and gloom,
And look far beyond to a bright spirit home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There blessings await us, where freed spirits roam.

A loved one has left us—her spirit has gone,
To dwell in a home which her virtues have won;
We long for her presence, but will not grieve more,
For cheering the thought that her sufferings are o'er,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
We'll meet her again in her bright spirit home.

When shadows of death creep slowly along
And the ear catches faintly the sweet spirit song
That comes from the lips of the angels above,
And welcomes the transit with accents of love:
Come, come, spirit come,
And dwell overmoor with us in that home.

Then rest, gentle sister, we'll think of thee night,
And cheer with our kindness the lone mourner's sigh;
And often at night in the pale moon's glow,
Thy footstep will turn to the door ones below:
Peace, peace, sweet, sweet peace,
There's joy that awaits us when life's troubles cease.

ABOUT THE CLERGY.

Just the best exposition we have read, this long while, of the real value and importance of the clergy as a body, we find in the "Professor's" talk—who has superseded the "Autocrat"—in the January number of the Atlantic Monthly. The Professor takes hold of the matter by the handle. Without prejudice or passion, but clearly seeing the true meaning of things, refusing to worship any man's opinions because they proceed from his calling, rather than from himself—he speaks so directly and plainly of the subject that no one who reads him as he should, can fail to find his spiritual perceptions awakened to their highest and freest exercise.

Such preaching as this among the laity is worth while; but it is what is going on all the time, and will surely show its own fruits in due season. We quote thus:—

"I continued: 'If a human soul is necessarily to be trained up in the faith of those from whom it inherits its body, why, there is the end of all reason. If, sooner or later, every soul is to look for truth with its own eyes, the first thing is to recognize that no presumption in favor of any particular belief arises from the fact of our inheriting it. Otherwise you would not give the Mahometan a fair chance to become a convert to a better religion.'

"I did not know you were a settled minister over this parish," said the young fellow near me.

"A sermon by a lay-preacher may be worth listening to," I replied, calmly. "It gives the parallax of thought and feeling as they appear to the observers from two very different points of view. If you wish to get the distance of a heavenly body, you know that you must take two observations from distant points in the earth's orbit—in midsummer and midwinter, for instance. To get the parallax of heavenly truths, you must take observations from the position of the laity as well as of the clergy. Teachers and students of theology get a certain look, certain conventional tones of voice, a clerical gait, a professional neckcloth, and habits of mind as professional as their externals. They are scholarly men, and read Bacon, and know well enough what the 'idols of the tribe' are. Of course they have their false gods, as all men that follow one exclusive calling are prone to do. The clergy have played the part of the fly-wheel in our modern civilization. They have never suffered it to stop. They have often carried on its movement, stored in their vast body. Sometimes, too, they have kept it back by their *vis inertia*, when its wheels were like to grind the bones of some old canonized error into fertilizer for the soil that yields the bread of life. But the mainspring of the world's onward religious movement is not in them nor in any one body of men, let me tell you. It is the people that makes the clergy, and not the clergy that makes the people. Of course the profession reacts on its source with variable energy." But there never was a guild of dealers, or a company of craftsmen that did not need sharp looking after.

A man that knows men, in the street, at their work, human nature in its shirt-sleeves—who makes bargains with deacons, instead of talking over texts with them—a man who has found out that there are plenty of praying rogues and swearing saints in the world—above all, who has found out, by living into the pith and core of life, that all of the Deity which can be folded up between the sheets of any human book is to the Deity of the firmament, of the strata, of the hot, aerio flood of throbbing human life, of this infinite, instantaneous consciousness, in which the soul's being consists—an incandescent point in the filament connecting the negative pole of a past eternity with the positive pole of an eternity that is to come—that all of the Deity which any human book can hold to this larger Deity of the working battery of the universe only as the films in a book of gold-leaf are to the broad beams and curled lumps of ore that lie in unmined mines and virgin placers—Oh!—I was saying that a man who lives out of doors, among live people, gets some things into his head he might not find in the index of his 'body of Divinity.'

HINTS TO MARRIED MEN.

Peppergrass says that if he stays out late at night and wishes to avoid sousing or a certain lecture from Mrs. P., he generally waits out to the "wee wee" hours about the twilight, when the anger of his better half subsides into fears for his personal safety. He goes out "on business," with a promise to be home at nine. Half-past nine, Mrs. P. uneasy; ten, positively enraged, and releases to herself an address for Peppergrass' especial edification, filled with cutting remarks; eleven, vague uneasiness, accompanied by an indefinite fear that "something must have happened;" half-past eleven, nervous apprehension—tears take the place of withering glances; twelve o'clock, unendurable suspense—if she only knew the worst! One o'clock, she is completely worked up, has the "convulsion," and is about going off the handle. When Peppergrass arrives; throws herself into his arms, overjoyed to see him; as she "was so afraid some accident must have happened to him."

What kind of a drum is that which can't be beaten? A conundrum. A conundrum.

RELIGION OF THE WORKING CLASSES OF ENGLAND.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

The French Revolution did immense service to popular freedom in England. The political, social and religious ideas which it eliminated, agitated and convulsed, not France alone; but Europe, and England felt the full surge of their influence. The writings of Rousseau, Voltaire and the encyclopedists, which had quickened the intellectual energies of the French mind, and given it a direction which the madness of revolution and imperial tyranny have broken, but cannot ultimate destroy, have also largely effected the English mind, but with calmer and happier issues. The Reform Bill would not so soon have been conceded to the English people, if the dreadful image of that French Revolution had not haunted with its mercenary visage the palace, the cabinet and the Parliaments, proclaiming audibly its bloody historic lesson to those unwilling but not unheeding executive powers. And there can be no question that the enfranchisement of the popular mind from the theological slavery of the church and the thrall of party politics, has been accelerated by and through the ideas and influences of this Revolution.

For it is a remarkable fact, appertaining to the present to the working classes of England; that as a body, they are utterly divorced from the established religion, and the teachings and communions of the sectaries. It is rare, in the manufacturing districts, where intellectual activity is dominant, to see a workman within the walls either of a church or a conventicle. He is absent from principle—from a belief that the church has no longer any sympathy with him, nor any truth to communicate to him; that religion itself is now a shaven and a make-believe—a stated profession for the priest, and a respectable amusement for the congregations. Added to this, he has, in most instances, religious, or anti-religious, ideas of his own, which, in either case, strike at the root of the orthodox doctrines, and place him in direct antagonism and hostility to them.

This fact, which is potent to all who are acquainted with these classes, is still more curious and interesting as a psychological growth and development, if we consider the fierce historic struggles which they made, and the persecutions they suffered to win first of all, the right of nonconformity to the church, and the accompanying liberty of a public independent worship. The Commonwealth was the period when the great right was first legalized—although even now there is a statute of Elizabeth unrepealed, which commands all persons to attend the established church at least once a month, under pains and penalties. But the legal recognition of this right, under the sway of a nonconformist chieftain, and the enforcement and practice of it during the Restoration, and subsequent reigns, down to the time of Whitfield and Wesley—and even long after that—were different matters—this last requiring rare moral courage, and even heroism, to achieve. This was especially the case when the people themselves, unaided and uncountenanced by the rich and powerful nonconformists, had to found their own religious societies—for it must be borne in mind that dissent in England did not attain its majority in respectability until quite a modern date; and that its whole previous history, after the Commonwealth, was one of persecution and political and social disability. The rich could afford to be dissenters, and to abide the issues of their position; but the poor, although they could not afford it, stood firmly by their conscience, abiding also the issues, and thereby making both God and man their debtors.

An American, accustomed to the unrestrained liberty of worship, and to the equality of sects, can form no adequate idea of the courage, self-sacrifice, and supreme devotion which the struggle for dissent required and evolved in the mother country. There was a rich and powerful church to contend against—its traditions, influences, and holds upon the national mind; there were the king and court, the aristocracy and landed gentry; and a large section of the middle and working classes also—for nominally the bulk of the nation belonged to the church. It was no light thing, therefore, to set all these powers and authorities at defiance, for it involved, amongst the rich, loss of social position, and amongst the poor, persecution, and often the loss of employment.

Whitfield did much to popularize dissent by his eloquent dramatic preaching—and he certainly rendered good service to civilization, by going down to the lowest and most abandoned classes—the legends of society—and awakening them, for the first time, to the consciousness of moral and religious life. John Wesley not only made dissent popular, but formidable as a political and religious power. He was an organizer as well as a preacher, and the institution which he founded is the most subtle in its construction and entire versifications, which, with the exception of that of the Jesuits, has ever, perhaps, been conceived and developed by the human intellect.

The Independents and Presbyterians, the Baptists and Quakers, stood their ground with more or less firmness and vitality through all these struggles; and they consisted chiefly of the middle classes, supported here and there by the rich descendants of the old nonconformist houses. But in Whitfield's and Wesley's time, the people themselves were reached as a body, and no longer as sections and individuals; and society soon felt the influence and importance of this new movement, which has in late times grown into a religious and proprietary despotism as absolute as that of Rome in the haughtiest days of its triumphant sovereignty.

The secret of the success of Methodism—of its stability as an institution—lies in the skill with which it has enlisted each member to its service, as one not only personally interested in its prosperity, but upon whom this prosperity depends. It is a body—each unit of which is the body—and it demands all the energies of each constituent. It flatters the vanity of all, whilst it teaches them duty of obedience to authority and discipline. From first to last, it is a great system of discipline—a school, and an education. An illiterate and often half-savage congregation is addressed by the preacher, and made to feel that they also are men and immortal, for whom God cares. Their sympathies and emotions are quickened by the praying and singing, and exhortations, and by the brotherly kindness of the old members. They begin to think on what they have seen and heard; to feel the first glimmerings of intellectual life within them. Then at the prayer meetings they are asked to pray—and their faith and earnestness supply them with words; and they are astonished like Hillel's man in the play, that they can speak Greek—and so pray with unctious-

Then they attend the class-meetings, and love feasts, and get eloquent in the matter of their 'experience.' Finally they become superintendents of the Sunday schools—leaders of the classes—local preachers—with the high emprise of Circuit Preacher in prospective; a great good—a great boon in many ways to these poor dejected human beings, for whom the government of England has provided no other education at present.

And yet—as we said awhile ago—by far the greater majority of the working classes in the great industrial districts have grown out of Methodism, Churchism, and all other isms which have religion for their constitution, and primary object. Their fathers, or their fathers' fathers, perhaps, were Methodists, or went to some church or meeting-house; but these men, their descendants, regard what is called "religion" as their enemy, and man's. The popular struggle for dissent has come to this end! It is another phase in the still grander struggle for a freedom of the conscience and the intellect, when men shall no longer worship in this mountain, nor at Jerusalem, but all shall worship God in spirit and in truth.

Philosophically considered, the skeptical, and even infidel and atheistic, attitude of the popular mind in England, is but one of the necessary developments of Protestantism—of the idea upon which Protestantism is founded—and which upholds and permeates with its vital elements the entire fabric of modern civilization, or all our civil and religious liberty. This idea is the right of private judgment, and includes the right of toleration, as affecting such liberty. Each man is his own pope; there is no appeal from the individual but to God alone. Hence all convictions, from those of the Fifth Monarchy man to the Shaker and the Atheist, are equally sacred—so far as this idea is concerned—and cannot be impugned without endangering freedom itself. There are only two paths open to us and to all men: Either that of authority and the Pope, or this of untrammelled license of belief. There is no half-way house.

We do not speak thus as the apologists of skepticism—nor of any belief, nor unbelief—but as showing the logical necessity for universal toleration, starting from the Protestant premise. Roger Williams was the only man then alive on this continent whose mind was large enough to admit this great truth, and who had manliness and devotion enough to build it up into the masonry of a State.

That skepticism does exist, however, in the English popular mind, and is a natural growth, stimulated by historic events and unfoldings, both domestic and foreign—is, as we said, a potent fact. And assuredly the Church of England, by its enormous, insatiable greed for wealth—its Satanic pride—the profligacy of too many of its priests, and the practical contempt for religion which is manifested in the worldly lives of the priesthood as a body—combined with the senseless nummery of their ritual—and the insulting jargon which they utter as sermons from the pulpit—assuredly we say, the Church of England is not guiltless—if guilt there be—of this ominous heterodoxy.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY JOHN O. BAXE.

"Good luck is all!"—Ancient proverb phrases, "Duties to the lazy lesson that it teaches, For as it stands, the musty maxim lies!

That luck is something, were a truer story—And in life's mingled game of skill and luck, The cards that win the stake of wealth or glory Are Aces, Fates, Fortune, Perseverance, Luck!

To borrow skill another illustration, A trifle more speedily and precisely—Small chance has luck to guide the operation Where cunning Wit has loaded all the dice!

The real secret of the certain winner Against the plottings of malignant Fate, Learn from the story of a gambling slinger, Whose frank confession I will here relate:

"In this 'ere business, as in any other, By which a chap can honest living earn, You don't get all the science from your mother, But as you follow it, you give and learn;

And I, from being much behind the curtain, And getting often very badly stuck, Finds out at last, there's nothing so uncertain As trusting cards and everything to luck!

So now you see—which n'at'ally enhances The faith in Fortune that I used to feel—I takes good care to regulate the chances And always has a finger in the deal!"

The Public Press.

[This page is opened to the public for a free expression of opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism.]

THE TRANCE.

In a recent issue (Jan. 1, 1859) of the Banner I find a report of some remarks I made at the Boston Reform Conference, on the following question, viz.: "Whether it be susceptible of demonstration, that the state of trance is ever produced by any laws except such as appertain to this world?" I state this question here, because it was not fully given in the above report; and, as my remarks upon it, at the Conference, are not correctly reported, it occurs to me that I may, perhaps, be well if I should correct the errors in that report, and, withal, explain more fully than could be done on that occasion, what my views are upon this subject. I referred in my remarks to the case of the lady who had a tooth extracted without pain, after having entranced herself. She requested me to meet her at the dentist's office, for the purpose of entrancing her. I did so, and found her waiting for me. I stepped behind her chair, for a moment, in order to read a paper which I held in my hand. The lady thought I was standing behind her for the purpose of exerting "the influence" over her; and, while I had no thoughts of her at all, she fell into the trance, from her own thoughts of me, or of the state she wished to have produced. Now, this lady had been entranced before, and she may have been influenced by the "laws of association," and, if so, it would make her trance self-induced, in the sense I explained, of the man who went into the trance from inhaling a dry sponge, which he thought contained chloroform. Do you say these cases were produced by "spirits" out of the body? How do you know this? But, suppose they may have been induced by spirits; then so were the following:—

A criminal, under sentence of death, was handed over to the surgeons for an experiment. He was blithely folded, and made to believe he was to be bled to death. His arm was made bare, banded, and punctured, as in cases of bleeding from the arm; and, at the same time, a small stream of water was set to running near him, which resembled, in sound, a stream of blood flowing from the criminal's arm. In a few minutes he was seen to grow pale, and his pulses grew feeble; and these symptoms increased until he was found to be dead. Not a drop of his

blood had been drawn, and yet he was killed. Now, I put the question to friend N., and ask him to tell me what, killed that criminal? Was it spirits, or his own mind? The reporter gives it as his opinion, that I did not "satisfactorily answer" this question, when put to me, in the Conference, as to what caused that lady to fall into the trance. But I think I did give the true, and the only satisfactory answer, that could be given. That lady was entranced by her own mind, similarly as the man was entranced by breathing through a dry sponge, which he believed to be saturated with chloroform; and, as the man was killed by his own mind who believed he was bleeding to death.

These cases I mention as specimens of the largest class of the trance which occur; there are so few cases of trance, which can be traced to any other immediate cause, that it is safe to say, that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the trance comes on from the patient's own mind, from his own ideas, from his own belief, from his own thoughts.

The reporter also misapprehends me, when he represents me as saying, that the "human will is only known to act through the external senses." What I said was this: that the human will never acts upon another person (in producing the trance) until a relation has been previously established between the operator and the patient, by addressing the patient's mind through one or each of his external senses. This position is fundamental, and, I think, impregnable. The notion that you can "influence" or "permeate" a stranger, independently of his external senses, is an assumption without one particle of proof; indeed, it is not susceptible of proof. For, as we know that there are, as it were, ten thousand, other adequate causes, any one of which may be present with the patient to bring on the trance, it is absurd to attribute that state to a remote and extraordinary cause, which it is difficult, or impossible to demonstrate in any way. I admit that, in very rare—exceedingly rare cases, (scarcely one in a thousand)—I have induced the trance by my mere volition; but, in such cases, it was only done after a relation had been previously established between myself and the patient, in entrancing him by addresses made to his mind through each of his external senses!

In a vast majority of cases the trance comes on from suggestion. All the experiments made, under the cabalistic names of "Electro-Biology," "Mental Alchemy," etc., are produced by suggestions made to the organs of oreality. And, for this reason, these experiments are decidedly objectionable. And, it is mostly of notice, here, that most of the persons, now before the public as lecturers, who perform this class of experiments, are in the habit of presenting these disgusting phenomena as proofs of the theory of Spiritualism. Mr. A. J. Davis, speaking of these operators, (Universum, Vol. 1, page 8) divides them into two classes, and says:—

"The first class are mercenary practitioners, who commit to memory a few fragmentary facts in science—who claim extraordinary or supernatural powers for their subjects—who give public and vulgar exhibitions—who employ chicanery and ignoble plans—who trifle with, and play fantastic tricks with their subjects—and who injure the truth, by producing these three effects—Superstition, Skepticism, Disgust."

The second class are doctrinal practitioners, who pervert and misinterpret principles and results—who labor to make the phenomena subservient to and illustrative of theological dogmas—who receive, modify, or reject, as sectarian education may sanction—who conceal, misstate, and magnify disclosures, and who retard the progress of truth by producing these three effects—Orality, Distrust, Enthusiasm."

In this description I fully concur, and do not doubt but the time will come when all the friends of progression will concur in this estimate of experiments produced, wholly, by appeals made to the organs of marvelousness, and which subvert the purposes of candor and disgust; hence they cannot be approved by the intelligent and candid advocates of truth.

I am sure that the "trance state" often, very often, becomes a habit—a "second nature," with many people. When they have been once entranced they are liable to fall into the state, spontaneously—or, from the mere thoughts of it—so that, in given conditions, they will fall into it in opposition to their own wishes, as it is said. And another class of persons will fall into it from the laws of sympathetic emotion. These sympathetic tendencies of the nervous system were described by Burton (Annals of Med., vol. 1, p. 221) more than two hundred years ago. He says:—

"Men, if they see by another man tremble, giddy, or sick of some fearful disease, their apprehensions and fear are so strong in this kind, that they will have such a disease. Or, if by some soothsayer, wise man, fortune-teller, or physician, or lecturer, they be told they shall have such a disease, they will so seriously apprehend it that they will instantly labor of it. If it be told them that they shall be sick on such a day, and when that day comes they will surely be sick, and will be so terribly afflicted that sometimes they will die upon it."

And hence it is if one person is said to have been "entranced by spirits," it is not unfrequently happens that this sympathetic tendency of the human mind is thus awakened until the infection spreads, and multitudes become thus "impressed," with an idea of spirits, and spirit-influence, when it is not susceptible of demonstration that there is any influence at work upon them except that which appertains to the human body.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1859.

MIRACLES—NO. 4.

The dispensations of the Deity, whether in the nature of a revelation, or in any other way, have in every successive age of the world been made with reference to the nature of man, as a free, accountable and rational being; and also to the existing degree of the development and cultivation of his moral and intellectual powers, to which he had attained. It follows from this nature and condition, therefore, that when any new system of government, or additional revelation of his will, is to be made to the human race, it must be accompanied by such evidence as is adapted to convince the reason of man, and influence his conduct but not such as will overpower the former and control the latter, because in such a case it would deprive him of his free agency, and make him a mere machine in the hands of Deity.

Now apply these reflections to that dispensation which is termed the New Testament, or the Gospel preached by Jesus Christ. This was attested both by miracles and the fulfillment of prophecy. But neither of these were of a kind, considering the state of the world at that time, to afford evidence which should be in itself irresistible and overwhelming—which should leave the mind in no doubt, and preclude all investigation. At that period of the world, there existed an almost universal belief in the agen-

cy of the devil and of other evil spirits in the government of the universe, and in the affairs of mankind. This impression existing, the miracles which were wrought by Christ did not necessarily carry conviction to the minds of men that they proceeded from God himself. But they were still left to exercise their reason and faith upon the subject, and to determine upon candid reflection and investigation of the circumstances, whether they were the works of God, or proceeded from those beings in whose existence they had been in the habit of believing. This question, then, was one to be first settled in the minds of both, to do which properly, it was necessary that they should combat and overcome all their cherished opinions and deep rooted prejudices upon this subject, as well as upon others. And it was this circumstance that took away from the miracles of Christ that irresistible influence which otherwise they must have had, in compelling them to believe him. The incredulity, therefore, of those who would not accord him as the Son of God, nor receive his Gospel, is to be accounted for by their obstinacy in persisting in their superstitious notions, strengthened as this obstinacy was, by their expectation that he would be a temporal Prince and Messiah. And the faith of those who were led to believe in his divine mission, and adopt his religion, was the result of the conquest they effected over all these preconceived impressions and prejudices.

Now it will clearly appear from this statement, that the kind of miracles which were wrought in attestation of the gospel dispensation at that time, became precisely the right kind in consequence of the superstitious notions which then existed; and that they would be precisely the wrong kind now, because these superstitious notions no longer generally prevail. If miracles precisely of the same kind were performed at the present period of the world, the evidence furnished by them to the senses would be of such a kind as would completely overpower the reason and the will, and leave man no longer a free agent. There would be no doubts to be settled in regard to the origin of the evidence of the system, and all that he could do would be passively to receive it. It could not be made a matter of investigation, to determine whether it had the internal evidence of its divinity, such as its being in conformity with enlightened reason, and its containing a pure and practical morality. All this investigation and discussion would be precluded by the very awe and dread which would be felt in the minds of men, in relation to the subject. In this way, then, it would fail to produce many of the beneficial effects which it has for its object, which are to rouse the intellectual powers into action, and to produce a thorough and earnest examination of the subject upon its own merits—to set men to thinking, reasoning and debating upon its doctrines, and the arguments used in explanation of them. The Gospel does not rely for its adoption and influence, upon external evidence alone, as miracles and the fulfillment of prophecies, but it invites, and even challenges examination by the most powerful intellects and the most profound erudition which the world has produced, or does now furnish. It is prepared to stand or fall by the result of such a contest, conducted on fair and manly principles, and will not seek shelter behind any other kind of unassailable evidence. If it cannot be proved to be "the power of God, and the wisdom of God," by a course of moral reasoning, as strong as any moral reasoning in its own nature is—able of being made to its own advantage, and yielding up all its pretensions to a divine origin. But if it can thus sustain itself, and support its claims, it insists that upon this ground, in connection with other evidence, it should be considered and acted upon as the "Word of God" for the government of his rational creatures.

By this doubt existing as to the origin of these miracles, an excitement was constantly kept up in the minds of the people, which it was necessary should be kept up, in order to preserve the attention of men alive upon the subject, and ensure an examination and discussion of the principles and doctrines of the new system of religion. The human mind is so framed that nothing will engage the attention of mankind for a long time, unless it is accompanied with circumstances calculated to produce frequent excitement for a continued period. And as the preaching of Christ was protracted for some length of time, it was for this reason necessary that this excitement should endure through the same period.

After the period of these miracles addressed to the senses had ceased, the doubt was transferred to the testimony of those who gave a relation of them. And this testimony then became the great subject of investigation and dispute. And as testimony in its own nature, is not calculated to carry irresistible evidence respecting the subject matter of it, there was still doubt enough left on the minds of mankind of following ages, after a belief in the miraculous power of demons had generally ceased to prevail, to enable them calmly and candidly to investigate this testimony and the religion resting upon it; so that the same effect was produced by doubts respecting testimony afterwards, that was in the first instance respecting the origin of the miracles themselves.

W. S. A.

A RELIGION OF LOVE.

Messrs. Editors—I find that the number of honest, earnest inquirers, after the truths of an immortal life, and the relations of our present state to that of immortality, is steadily and surely increasing, and the number of mere wonder-hunters, as surely relatively decreasing. This is certainly encouraging; as it indicates a deep and growing interest in the subject of Spiritualism itself, as distinguished from its phenomena.

If Spiritualism be true, people are beginning to inquire, what of it? Does it open up to us any brighter hopes than those proffered to us by the dead and decomposing theologies of the past? Will it emancipate us from the thralldom of the old and gray gods, with their "heavens built on pride, and their hells on spite," wherein to reward and punish believers and unbelievers? Will it give us a religion of love, and a morality of goodness—not that stunted half-love, which scowls and frowns, and shakes its head, and threatens us with damnation unless we believe without, or against evidence; and that morality which is always putting itself to the stretch, to see how much good it can get rid of doing, and gages itself by the outward standard of worldly respectability—but that religion which loves and blesses alike, the believers or unbelievers in Moses, or Mahomet, Christ or Buddha; and that morality, whose goodness is equal to man's deepest needs?

Is Spiritualism a revelation of love to man? Will it bring him peace and God with it? If yes, it is of God, and must prevail. LOUISA MOORE.

true, they form an ample reason for the separation of the parties.

This is the conclusion which any right-minded man would arrive at, if the charges alluded to are the same as represented to us by Dr. Hatch, the truth of which he not only did not deny to us, but frankly admitted.

We think the public will be satisfied with this information; and as we wish to have as little to do with injuring Dr. Hatch, or any man, in the estimation of the public as possible, we will say no more at present, on this subject. We think Judge Edmonds acted very judiciously in pursuing the course he has, and laying the matter before the editors of the Tribune, without entering into any condemnation of, or argument with, Dr. Hatch, who, in any point of view, deserves the pity of all—not that he has lost his wife, but that he was not more wise than to conduct in such a manner that she could not be true to herself and remain his wife.

"TOTAL DEPRIVITY."

In his lecture before the Fraternity a few weeks since—of which a report was printed in the Banner—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said that "every selfish man believes in total depravity." The "New York Examiner," an organ of the Baptist denomination, calls Mr. Beecher to account for the phrase, and remarks:

"If he did say what is attributed to him, he must have been understood as denying and vilifying that doctrine of human nature, without which there can be no logical or reasonable necessity for a supernatural redemption. If he has been falsely reported, we should be happy to know it."

This called out Mr. Beecher in the last number of the Independent, with a lengthy and pungent letter, from which we extract a few paragraphs:

Although we did not employ the phrase "total depravity" in any opprobrious sense, at the time mentioned, we do not hesitate to say now, that we regard it as one of the most unfortunate and misleading terms that ever afflicted theology.

We do not feel called upon to give the mischievous phrase any respect. We do not believe in it, nor in the thing which it obviously signifies. It is unscriptural, monstrous, and an unredemptible lie.

If there is one thing that we believe above all others, upon proof from consciousness and proof from observation and experience, it is the sinfulness of man. Nor do we believe that any man ever doubted our belief, who sat for two months under our preaching. Nothing strikes us as so peculiarly absurd as a charge, or fear, that we do not adequately believe in men's sinfulness. The steady bearing of our preaching on this subject is such as to plow up soil and subsoil, and to convict and to convince men of their need of Christ's redemption.

But our belief of this sad truth is purely practical. We have no sympathy with those theologians who use Time as a grand ally, and roll their speculations six thousand years, knocking down and setting up the race, in the various chances of this gigantic theological game—what is the origin and nature of sin? Poor Adam! To have lost Paradise was enough. But to be a shadow endlessly pursued through all time by furious and fighting theologians—this is a punishment never threatened. Or, was the flaming sword of the angel a mere type and symbol of theological zeal, standing between men and Paradise for evermore? We take men as we find them. We do not go back to Adam or the fall, to find materials for theories and philosophies. There is the human heart right before my eyes, every day throbbing, throbbing, throbbing! Sin is not a speculative truth—but an awful fact, that darkens life, and weighs down the human heart with continual mischiefs. Its nature will never be found in the Past. It must be sought in the Present.

We hope the Examiner will be satisfied that its fears are needless. We hope that we may hereafter speak lightly of the words Total Depravity, without being supposed to doubt man's need of a Saviour by reason of his sinfulness.

We heartily hate the phrase Total Depravity, and never feel inclined to use it, except when reading the ethics of the New York Observer, or the religious editorials of the Puritan Recorder.

N. FRANK WHITE AT THE MELODEON.

The friends in Boston may expect a rich treat on Sunday next, in the lectures of Mr. White, who is in an unconscious trance while speaking, although (like Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch) his eyes are open. A gentleman in Troy, who is fully competent to judge, says, in writing of Mr. White, "We have had three lectures through him, and they have never been excelled by any lecturer in Troy, and the friends in Boston will enjoy a literary feast in listening to him." This is speaking in high terms of Mr. W. as a public speaker, as the "Trojans" are celebrated for enjoying the very best lectures in the field—such as Miss Hardinge, Mrs. Hatch, &c. &c. We anticipate a full house to greet him on his appearance in Boston.

BOOK NOTICES.

STREET THOUGHTS, by Rev. HENRY M. DEXTER, pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston, with illustrations by Billings. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co., 117 Washington street. 1869.

This is a capital book for both young and old. In it Mr. Dexter has shown a soul bursting through the fetters of Orthodoxy. A religion of every-day life—of common sense—is his, in his daily walks. He is not afraid in these times to speak of angels coming to the dying couch of mortals, and being recognized by them. The book is filled with street incidents in Boston, presented and pictured, so they are, as interesting and as natural as theatrical scenes well played on the stage. This book is another star from that justly well-known house of Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE PROVIDENCES OF GOD IN HISTORY. A lecture delivered through and by L. JUDY PARDEE, at the Melodeon, in Boston, Sunday, July 25th, 1858. Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. 1869.

This lecture contains many fine thoughts. It deals not in epithets and scandals, as many lectures in Spiritualism do, but presents in the past progress of the world new truths, as they have been revealed, and the benefit humanity has derived therefrom.

NEW TYPE.

In a few words as possible, we call attention to a new font of type, used in our page of reports. This is an improvement rendered necessary by our incursions among the pulpits stars of the age.

Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employ.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this corner.]

SUBSCRIBER, DORSET.—We presume the rumor you write of, arose from the fact that one of the Misses Fox has joined the Catholic Church. We know of no other foundation for it. In the ceremony, the question is asked the convert—"Do you renounce the works of the Devil?" &c. &c. Perhaps as she answered "yes," this gave rise to your rumor.

R. A. PROVIDENCE.—We cannot promise what you desire. You may send the letter—we will place it upon our file of letters, and if the spirit addressed can arrange matters with the guide of our circles, we have no objection, and he will doubtless answer it.

New York Correspondence.

MRS. HYZER'S LECTURES, &c. "It is the folly of the world which confounds its wisdom," says the Professor, or otherwise the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "A plague has fallen on the proprietors of theology," and that plague is Spiritualism. It is "quietly introducing the traditional ideas of the future state, which have been and are still accepted—not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community, to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of." The "Nemesis of the pulpit comes in a shape little thought of, beginning with a snap of a toe-joint, and ending with such a crash of old beliefs that the roar of it is heard in all the ministers' studies of Christendom."

So much for the Professor in the Atlantic Monthly, who does not inform us how far he is a believer in Spiritualism himself. Indeed, he says, it is not necessary that it should be true, in order to accomplish its work. That this general demolition of sectarian idols is everywhere going on, is evident enough. Beginning with the East, we see it in the Chinese revolution, whose leaders profess to be inspired, and strike down the time-honored gods of the Celestials as remorselessly as they do its ancient tyrants. The same, to a less degree, is true of Hindostan and India. The Grand Turk also, the head of the Mussulman religion, has been loosening the hold of the Koran, on the Faithful, for years. The Papacy maintains its prestige very imperfectly, even at Rome. Lutheranism is tottering in Sweden, and Episcopacy in England; and these are but samples of the condition of all Central Europe; and frozen Russia at the north, is beginning to feel the force of the inflowing tide. At home, in the Western World, even in South America and Mexico, Catholicism and Spiritualism have grappled, and will again. In Canada and the United States, we are witnesses of the work which the new ideas have achieved and are achieving; and the men who have adopted our programme of freedom, without our name, are doing more perhaps for the moment, in breaking the fetters of manhood, than we are ourselves. The Beechers, the Parkers, and such writers as Dr. Holmes, are the scourges of idolatry, and the whip of small cords which is applied most successfully to the backs of the money-changers of the Temple.

I witnessed, a few days since, a most gratifying evidence of the liberalizing tendency of the age, in an Orthodox clergyman. He was addressing a portion of his flock, and took occasion to refer to the supposed prohibition of Paul against women speaking in public. His explanation of the passage was learned and ingenious; and was fully accepted by me, at least until further light. He began by quoting from the speech of Peter at the day of Pentecost, when the Apostle, referring to the words of Joel, says that that was the time spoken of by the Prophet, when God should pour out his spirit on all flesh, and both sons and daughters should prophecy. To prophecy, said the learned divine, in Scripture language, means not only to foretell, but also to preach and exhort; and that women did actually fulfill those offices in New Testament times, he proved by referring to Anna the Prophetess, and other cases. And now for the real meaning of Paul. He first directs—1 Cor., xi.—that then, when praying or prophesying, should have their heads uncovered; and that women, when praying or prophesying, should have the head covered. But it seems the Corinthians were disorderly in their meetings, two or three speaking at once, and the women chatting and asking questions, meanwhile. Therefore the Apostle directs them to speak one at a time, and if there should be any one present who spoke in an unknown tongue, to have him keep silence in the church, unless there was some one to interpret. And in the same spirit he adds: Let your women keep silence in your churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak, [what with one another in meeting]. And if they learn anything, [that is, if they have any irrelevant questions to ask], let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for a woman to speak [interrupt the proceedings with her chatter] in church. This very satisfactory view of the case, the speaker illustrated by a critical examination of the Greek words of the original, and a reference to the Greek customs, ancient and modern; points on which he may be supposed to be qualified to speak, as he has given great attention to Oriental literature, and has spent many years of his life in modern Greece.

On Wednesday of last week, Mrs. Witte, wife of Henry B. Witte, of Brooklyn, departed this life, and was buried on Friday. Mr. Ambler officiating on the occasion. Mr. W. is one of our early Spiritualists, and Mrs. W. was also firm in the faith. She promised her husband, previous to her departure, to endeavor in some shape, to make an early manifestation of the truth of her continuance in life, which would appear to have been, presumptively at least, fulfilled. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Ambler being at Mrs. French's, suddenly Mrs. F. was compelled to say—"Mr. Ambler—Brooklyn"—very shortly after which a messenger arrived from Mr. Witte, with a request for Mr. Ambler to conduct the funeral services on the following Friday. Near the time of this utterance on the part of Mrs. French, beautiful music was also heard, and a long pair of shears hanging on a knot, commenced swinging like a pendulum, and continued in motion for about forty minutes. After stopping, two or three times, at request, the swinging was renewed; and it was declared that these manifestations were made by a companion or friend of the deceased lady.

Mr. Ambler continues to speak at Dodworth's. Mrs. Coles is the favorite lecturer at Lamartine Hall. Miss Dods, a daughter, I believe, of Dr. Dods, is speaking in Brooklyn, much to the satisfaction of the friends there. Mrs. Felton has an engagement of four weeks at Binghamton. A. J. Davis and wife are in Indiana—their present address, Richmond, in that State.

Our friend Munson has met with a severe affliction in the loss of his eldest daughter, an intelligent and promising girl between eleven and twelve years of age. She is buried to-day.

The sale of seats for the year at Mr. Beecher's church, took place on Tuesday evening, when the two cities of Brooklyn and New York were buried in snow. Nothing, however, could cool the ardor of his admirers, or barriadoes keep them away. A crowd assembled, and the bidding was spirited and determined. Every seat was sold, and many went away disappointed, if not worse. The rental for the year 1859, amounted to the enormous figure of \$24,642.60, an increase of more than \$8000 over that of last year.

New York, Jan. 7, 1859.

The mind is the great lever of all things.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

MRS. HYZER'S LECTURES, &c.

DEAR BANNER.—The first Sabbath of the New Year greeted us with sunny smiles, more like a day of spring than midwinter. Our large hall was filled, and Mrs. Hyzer spoke to us in a strain of fervent and exalted feeling, recounting her own experiences—how, from the most steadfast opposition, she was led by spirit influence to accept our beautiful faith, and become a medium. I can assure you that strong men wiped their eyes, and many women wept, as she told them how, in obedience to her mother's request, urged by the ever-devoted filial love within, she drank of a beverage ordered by spirits to restore her to health, when all other remedies had failed. Her language, and the deep feeling with which she gave an account of the effects of this "inspirational draught," thrilled many a heart with a feeling akin to reverence.

I doubt not that the fears of some were dispelled, who trembled at the recantations of a Randolph, the revealed deceptions of a mercenary few, as this inspired woman told them of the effects of the beautiful and exalted philosophy that had restored her to bodily health, and sent the angels to her quiet home-stand, to lead her thence a teacher of a pure faith, and a high morality.

She sang and played on the melodeon she carries with her, a sweet, low chant of liberty and love.

At the close of the lecture many thronged around her to press her hand, and exchange a kindly greeting.

Early in the evening the hall was filled, and after the singing of a hymn by the choir, Mrs. Hyzer arose, and, after some beautiful prefatory remarks, commenced her lecture, taking for her theme the words said to have been the question of God to the first-formed man: "Adam, where art thou?" Sublime and startling was the spiritual meaning given to those simple words, as implying the ever-continued interrogatory of Deity to matter, and to which matter, in its best representation, replied; in the first man, in the life and death of the beautiful Nazarene, answering his Father from the height of Calvary; in the outworkings of the genius of a Fulton; in the intuitions of the great discoverer, Columbus; in the manifestations of the telegraphic wonder; in the researches of the geologist, the philosopher of all ages—progressive life and unfolded thought responded to the query of the Infinite.

Then she proceeded to speak of the value and sacredness of the olden record, the inspirations of the Bible, true to the times in which they were given, and to the channels through whence they came. She spoke reverently of those ancient truths and beauties, glorious to all time. Was there a heart in that large audience that remained untouched by her appeal to the soul of charity? As she told them of the pure, bright immortals, descending from the heights of spiritual elevation, from the lands of perpetual peace and beauty, to enfold with guardian solicitude the erring, the discarded outcast; "and as our Father in heaven is perfect," through love and forgiveness—as his lightest angels minister to diseased and suffering humanity—should not we imitate the example, and strive for perfection through charity?

"If the human soul respond not to your appeal," she said, "I think not it is because in that soul there is no love, no good; you alone, unskillful player, have not touched the lyre-strings of feeling aright, and you have drawn forth discord in place of melody. Oh, try again; appeal to that seemingly odious heart! Speak not as the Pharisees of old, as one endowed with superior holiness, in tones of reproach and command. Tell him gently, lovingly, of the love and forgiveness of the Almighty Father—of the human love, ready to bless and succor, and lead him upward. Convince that outcast, who has never known aught of love, that it exists; and the stubborn heart will yield in tears and meekness, ready to be guided on and upward."

She spoke of the false relations of the sexes, the impure fear that deterred true fraternal intercourse; that from childhood fettering woman's soul, as a strong chain would her limbs; when once removed or loosened, rendered her liable to fall at the first step. Most eloquently she spoke in praise of purity and holy motive; the power of woman to lead man from grossest sensualism and materiality, up to the heights of a pure, steadfast morality, that no temptations could assail. She spoke in poetic measure of woman's power to overcome the evil in man's nature; that she should take the tempter's burning hand in hers, and, looking into his eye with her own steadfast glance of faith and purity, lead him from his darkness to the light of a divine consciousness.

These beautiful appeals in behalf of virtue and truth, could not fail of convincing our skeptical friends that free love, in its perversion, is no part of the teachings of Spiritualism; that a clamor of tongues for woman's legislative rights, makes no part of the pretensions of the advocates of soul freedom and pure equality, as taught by the progressed spirits of the departed.

Faith and trust, not fanaticism; truth and purity, not seeming and artificiality; love and holy freedom, not immorality and license, are the lessons coming from the pure lips of the spiritually developed medium, now in our midst. Would that we all led the life of broad and beautiful charity, she so eloquently portrays as the life of the true Spiritualist. Truly, as she told us, avoiding the extremes that mark the bigoted creed-follower, and the emancipated thinker, on the middle ground, that true, safe gathering place, will be ever found, a band—small it may be—of true, earnest, unflinching workers in the cause of a holy and rational Spiritualism.

At the close of the lecture, Mrs. Hyzer sang a sweet, poetic gem, that her spirit-guide once gave her. Many a heart in the audience must have thrilled in conscious response to the beautiful assurance—

"Loved one, I am come to thee,
Over life's immortal sea!"

The breathless stillness that pervaded the large assembly, was the best evidence of the medium's power to do that great and noble thing—succeed in touching the heart, as well as reaching the intellect. There is a medium up town, in whose presence some truly astounding physical manifestations are given: the visitors are touched and pulled by the invisible; a bell is rung, and the ladies' shoes almost pulled off their feet. All this in a lighted room, affording every facility to expose deception—if there was any. The medium is a quiet, unpretending lady—Mrs. Ferguson. I will go there soon, and report to you what I shall witness.

Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.

PHILADELPHIA, January 4, 1859.

Ladies are like violets: the more modest and retiring, the more you love them.

The Busy World.

THE BANNER THIS WEEK CONTAINS FORTY COLUMNS OF HIGHLY INTERESTING MATTER.

The General Court of Massachusetts was organized last Wednesday, by the election of Charles Hale, editor of the Boston Advertiser, as speaker of the House, and Dr. Charles A. Phelps, of Boston, president of the Senate. The Orthodox element elected the chaplains for both branches, and on Saturday the venerable Benjamin Stevens, for nearly thirty years sergeant-at-arms, was succeeded by Hon. John Morrissey, formerly editor of a paper in Nantucket.

A Convention of Spiritualists will be held at Penn Yan, Yates County, N. Y., on the 21st, 22d, and 23d days of January, inst. Spiritualists from abroad are invited to attend, and especially speakers. Arrangements will be made for the accommodation of those from abroad. Persons coming from the East by the N. Y. Central Railroad, will leave the cars at Geneva, and come by way of Gorham.

Assembly of the Ladies' Harmonical Band, next Thursday evening, at Union Hall. Remember!

"Independent Order of Good Templars" is the name of a new temperance organization recently formed in Boston. It in males and females are on an equal footing, and the right of women to office is recognized.

"LITE ETERNAL," Eighteenth Part, and conclusion, will be published in our next.

J. C. Cluer, and his daughter Susan, will be happy to attend to any calls to lecture or give readings on Sundays, or other evenings during the week. Miss Susan is only fourteen years of age, and is considered among the best elocutionists in the city. Address 12 Chapman street, Boston.

Mr. Ullman realized \$50,000 during the recent visit of the Italian Opera to this city.

AN ALLEGED MAP, ROBBER IN CUSTODY.—John Mann, of Mechanicsville, Saratoga Co., N. Y., has been detected by mail agent Holbrook, in robbing the mails at Mechanicsville post office, arrested, and committed to the Troy jail. His depredations are said to have been extensive.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The great attraction, at this beautiful temple of the drama at present is, the great play of the "Corsican Brothers," and we doubt whether it has ever before been put upon the stage in such a magnificent style, either in this or any other country. The scenic effects are truly astounding, and, as a mere work of art, we think it worth twice the price of admission. The acting of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport is perfect; in fact everybody plays well; and we would advise our readers who admire the spiritual and beautiful, to avail themselves of this rare opportunity of seeing this great production of artistic genius and intellectual acting. If the people will only encourage Mr. Barry and his talented company, we have no doubt but we shall be favored with many more such extraordinary performances.

The jealous man poisons his own banquet, and then eats of it.

FOREIGN.—News from Europe to the 25th ult. has been received at New York.

At 2 A. M., 23d, a fire broke out in the hold of the ship Isaac Wright, as she was lying at anchor in the Mersey. She was about to sail for New York, and had on board about two hundred passengers. On the alarm being given, great consternation prevailed on board, but as some steam-tugs and ferry boats were quickly alongside, the passengers were all rescued, many of them only half clad, and leaving all their property behind them. Several passengers were nearly suffocated in their berths, but no lives were lost. Vessel and cargo fully insured.

Five ships had sailed with reinforcements for the Cochín China expedition.

Vesuvius was again giving signs of an impending eruption.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamship Quaker City, with 120 passengers, and San Francisco dates of the 20th December, arrived at New Orleans 8th inst. The Pacific mail steamer John L. Stevens had on board \$1,366,000 for New York; \$100,000 for N. Orleans, and \$743,000 for England. Business at San Francisco was dull, and the markets generally unchanged.

FROM MEXICO.—Dates from the city of Mexico are to the 26th ult. Gen. Zuloaga had been deposed by the forces under Gen. Robles, and had taken refuge in the house of the English Minister. Gen. Robles announces himself as the head of the Conservatives, and has sent Commissioners to Vera Cruz to treat with Gen. Juarez for a union with the Liberals.

FROM NEW MEXICO.—The Navajo Indians were perfectly submissive, (Dec. 20,) and willing to do anything to secure peace. Col. Bonneville and Indian Agent Collins left Santa Fe for Fort Defiance on the 14th, to conclude a peace. Nothing had been heard of the mail party that left Neosho, Mo., Oct. 15, for Albuquerque.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

A friend, of Cambridge, Ill., over the signature of "L," writes us that Mrs. A. M. Britt, a trance-speaking medium, has recently, in that place, by the delivery of a few lectures, roused up the people more than all the Orthodox sermons for a long time. These discourses have been very popular, and have met with no opposition, except from a few bigoted church members, who do not like to investigate anything that is not in accordance with their own doctrines. One trance lecture was delivered at the Court House, before most of the court dignitaries, by Miss Hallett, of Rockford, Ill. It was truly wonderful to see this slender young woman, of but eighteen years, in all the simplicity of childhood, and modesty of her sex, stand before, and hold a large audience of giant intellects for two hours, spell-bound by her magic eloquence.

J. B. B. St. Louis, Mo., takes the ground, that all the phenomena of life indicate the existence of a soul in everything; that the soul is unseen and unknown to us, save by the visible operations of all nature, consequently all our knowledge of the soul is a knowledge of the effects of its action. He argues that everything that has life and form has soul, without which all life would cease, and all matter lose its form and crumble into one vast heap of ruin. It is this soul which Spiritualism invites us to come to, and therein learn the lesson for a truer and better life.

A correspondent informs us that he had a sum of money stolen from his safe; and a medium described the thief minutely and accurately. The charge of theft was accordingly made upon this person, and he at first stoutly denied it; he finally "owned up," and the money thus recovered, and the thief left in freedom to mend his ways.

"I was sitting the other day (says the same correspondent) by the fire, and suddenly felt a powerful touch on my right foot, which was near the fire, and caused me instantly to draw it back, which was no sooner done than a stream of boiling water, poured from the kettle, then over the fire, directly in the place where my foot was when touched."

THOMAS A. READ, NEW HAVEN, CT., asks the attention of trance speakers and lecturers to an organization of Spiritualists in that place, for sustaining Spiritualists' meetings in the future on Sundays. The hall and accommodation with friends, is offered free, and what may be received from the audience will be given to the lecturer. Address either of the Committee—Almon Rockwell, Erasmus French, S. H. Sablin, or the Secretary, Thomas A. Read.

Reports.

BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Jan. 3, 1859.

Subject.—What good has Spiritualism done?

Mr. Newton.—In the short space of fifteen minutes allowed for the opening of this question, I shall not have time to speak of but one of the many benefits produced by Spiritualism—which is, it teaches people to think for themselves—to investigate for themselves—to judge for themselves. All the recent exposures of Spiritualism, so called, have been a good thing; whereby the people, without placing reliance on the sayings of others, have been compelled to think, investigate, and judge for themselves. This investigation makes us grow more than the inactive reliance on the sayings of others without the exercise of reason. Whatever makes us grow the most rapidly, does us the most good. In this direction, Spiritualism is doing an incalculable amount of good. In the past, inquiry and reason have been suppressed; the people have been taught and governed by the clergy, without the exercise of reason and the guidance of the voice that speaks within every soul. Spiritualism has thrown us into a position where I have been driven to the necessity of using my own powers of discrimination of what is right. I am aware that people who have accepted the teachings of others as authority without a question, think this wrong; yet I have been led, by the teachings of Spiritualism, to think it a great blessing, for by it we can sift the chaff of superstition from the bread that nourishes men's souls. What is given in the trance, simply because it is given in the trance, may have no value as authority. No value whatever may be attached to a spiritual communication, of whatever kind, because it is a spiritual communication. The value and authority is the appreciation of its truthfulness to the soul that receives it. Each soul must judge for itself.

Dr. Child.—What Spiritualism has done for me, to me, is positive knowledge—what it has done for others, is hearsay. Six years ago, before I was a Spiritualist, the contemplation of death was dreadful to me; I shrank from the thought of it, as I would shrink from an abyss of utter darkness, to which there was no bottom. This made me unhappy. Spiritualism has made this contemplation pleasant; I anticipate it now with real happiness. Thus, in the place of dark uncertainty, of awful dread, darkness and doubt, has come, by the influence of Spiritualism, a conviction, which I know has made me a soul happy. And all true Spiritualists testify to a similar experience—I do not mean recanting Spiritualists, for such I cannot believe have ever been made Spiritualists by that unseen power that comes directly into the soul, and makes a Spiritualist without any external evidence. Recanting Spiritualists were never Spiritualists; they are bogus in Spiritualism, and real in materialism. They take pattern from revival converts, who are tempted back by "the devil" to the place they never started from. Spiritualism destroys the fear of death, for it proves immortality. "It demonstrates death," says Mr. Davis, "as being but an incident in life." It is a gayalium of human rights; it raises the oppressed, and bears down the oppressor; it whispers consolation to the degraded and down-trodden. To the criminal it speaks in tones of love, which love will break iron bars and crumble prison walls sooner than hatred. This love takes the place of hatred and revenge, and shall redeem criminals and banish crime. It teaches forgiveness for criminal offences seventy times seven and forever—not in profession, but in practice. It has no respect for man's definition of respectability. It comes first to the prostitute and the drunkard, to the man and woman of evil repute, and to the outcasts of society. It brings cards of invitation to a better life, borne by the hands of angel-love to man, and there is power in the invitation that draws the darkest soul. It destroys bigotry and sectarianism, and forbids all religious organization and adoption of creeds. It is as broad in its liberality as the world is. It destroys inordinate love for self, which is sanctioned by the present systems of religion, and is contrary to the purer desires of every soul. It does destroy the love of riches, and the fleeting glory that riches produce. A true Spiritualist cannot resort to human law for the protection of self-possession. It institutes in the soul the government of a higher law than human law. It draws our affections to a higher power than that of earthly things—a power to which the love of all must ultimately tend. It sets our affections on things above. It opens the perception to see the wisdom of God in everything, even in evil, as being a means to produce greater good—to recognize an unseen power governing all things, whereby we find FAITH in God. It teaches us to accept everything, and reject nothing; to love everything, and hate nothing; to recognize in deeds all men as brothers, and all women as sisters. It whispers to me that Trask, Coleman, Wheaton and White are God's children and my brothers, just as near and dear to me as they would be if they were Spiritualists; and so of Felton, Randolph, Grimes, Bly, Hatch, Ernestine L. Rose, and others, whose souls are as precious as the souls of Spiritualists; the same equals await them that await a Spiritualist; we are all fellow travelers in the journey of eternal life together. It fills the soul with new and higher conceptions of life, and with broader and nobler conceptions of God. It takes the tone out of the hand that hugs a dollar too tight. It makes its votaries carry and administer relief to the suffering. It softens hard hearts, and fills the soul with sympathy. It makes tears flow—there is bliss in tears. It makes us love ourselves less, and our neighbors more. It kills pride, and invites to humility. It prefers cotton to silk apparel, and cares nothing for a patch on the elbow, or on the knee. It makes men paper in heart. It has, it does, and it shall destroy excesses in lust, and kill out the curses of prostitution, the sting of which curses make humanity bleed and groan. In this respect, Spiritualists are reviled; but they have goodness enough to bear it, and bear it, too, without a murmur. It makes men honest. A Spiritualist cannot help acting himself out. If he is really a fool, Spiritualism makes him act like a fool; if he is an infidel in anything, he acts it out; if he has hell and hatred in him, Spiritualism brings it out. Spiritualism makes a man spit out what is rancorous within, thus purifying him, and making him better. It brings the disease from within on the skin, so it can be seen. Thus Spiritualism makes a man appear what he is; it makes him honest. It makes us better men and better women, because it makes us seek reality instead of reputation; it kills deceit. Language has no power to tell the happiness it brings:

"Call me a dark deceiver—
A sinner unrepented;
But leave, O leave my happiness."

In as dark a night of sin and folly, perhaps, as any child of earth has known, I heard the whisper of an angel—this spirit thrilled my soul as it never thrilled before. It seemed as if the morning of celestial glory had burst on the darkness of my life. Intellect, thought, expansion, and the boundless ocean of wisdom seemed pleased in the future. The eternal rocks and hills, as seen, are less real than these beauties are. Mr. Oushman.—Every new subject presented to the human mind raises a fervor of excitement; all eyes are open to see all ears are open to hear. Spiritualism does this; and the question comes up, Does it incline men to exercise judgment? If it does, it is a benefit; but if it only excites the imagination, the fancies, the passions, and the emotions, then we may look for disastrous consequences to result from it. The teachings of Millierism did this, and disastrous results have followed—it has led to infidelity and infamy. The question with me is, Is Spiritualism leading to such consequences, or is it to enlighten and benefit humanity? Mr. Newton has signified that in spiritual communication there may be no positive authority; and, if this is true, there is no authority in Spiritualism.

Mr. Wetherbee.—The last speaker has been unfortunately incorrect in his allusion to Millierism. Mr. Miller proved, or thought he did, everything by the rule of three. Spiritualism has done a thousand good things; it is the only specific remedy for infidelity in immortality. I know cases that I have cured. It has done me good to shake hands with one who has passed that boundary which divides this life from the hereafter. If there is the advent of any good thing since the advent of Christ, it is the finding of authority within ourselves—not believing a thing because another has said it. Mr. Wetherbee closed his remarks by reading a very spiritual passage from a recent Lyceum lecture of O. W. Holmes.

Mr. Wilson.—Spiritualism does not people thinking for themselves, and leave off obeying as authority what others say. It teaches men to obey God—to keep his laws. It is the dawning of a new life; it opens a new gospel, and where all was darkness, now is light sprung up. It teaches me that God never gave a problem to man, but for man to solve; that man should understand the ways of God to man. Spiritualism leads to this knowledge. It has been to me like the rising sun on the dark sea of life; it removes the veil, and I see what life is. It teaches me charity, love, and humility; Christ was a carpenter's son; he came in the common ranks of life; he taught charity, love, and humility. Spiritualism

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit, whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COX, a French Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.

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

We hope that all spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous ideas that they are more than finite 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 purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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 two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

Mrs. COX 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.

Dec. 10—Between Nourse, John Page, William Townsend, Simon Barker.

Dec. 11—Lemuel Byrnes, Susan Lewis, Charles Tolman, Charles W. Williams, Stephen Mason.

Dec. 12—David Hamilton, Jas. Withers, Wm. H. Temple.

Dec. 13—Samuel Atkinson, William Hodgdon, Caleb Reed, Henry Davis, Mary Smith.

Dec. 14—Charles Washburn, Frank Gorman, Ann Mitchell.

Dec. 15—David Harris, William Door, Mary Foster, John Washburn.

Dec. 16—John Ring, Anonymous, William Chase, David Hill, James Plugging.

Dec. 17—Elizabeth Hopkinson.

Dec. 18—Wm. Alliston, Tom Alken to Richard.

Dec. 19—Polly Barclay, Edward Wright, Joseph Jewell.

Dec. 20—James Brooks, Charles Adams, Abigail Simson, Charles Wilkins, Francis White.

Dec. 21—Mary Ann Marden, Solomon Winslow, George Collier, Edward Butler.

Jan. 1—George White, David Sinclair, Susan Brown, Charles Johnson.

Jan. 2—Charlotte Tucker, Seth W. Winslow, Lorenzo Dow, Eliza Homer.

Jan. 3—Geo. Loveland, Peter Elkins, Sanborn, Tom, Brickett.

Jan. 4—Elizabeth Dow, Anonymous, Joseph Hutchins, Richard Sims.

Jan. 5—Alexander Noble, Edward Henderson, William Crozier.

Eliza Cook.

I don't know what you expect of me. I drowned myself fifteen years ago, in the Delaware River. I was twenty-one years old. Left a husband and one child—a daughter. My name was Eliza Cook. I was born in Jersey City—was married there. I have a husband living; he goes up and down the North River in one of the boats. His name is William Cook. He wishes to know why I committed suicide; tell him that is a question he can answer quite as well as I can. What else will I give you?

Could I speak with my daughter—my child? Oh, then, tell her I come; ask her to forgive me for leaving her to the mercy of this cold life. Her name was Mary Eliza. Can I speak with her as I speak with you? I would like to have her go to some medium; she is nineteen—most twenty. She was born in Jersey City; I left her there with my mother, who died of grief shortly after my death. I was her only child.

Will I go? I would like to speak with my child. I care not to speak to any one else. They told me my husband called me here. Tell him to answer his own questions, and be satisfied with the reply coming from his own soul.

Samuel Hodges.

You're ready for me—well, I am ready too. That carries me back twenty-two years ago—twenty-two years. A gentleman entered my apartment and said, "Are you ready?" "Yes," said I, "I am ready." I had another body then—the one I called my own. Well, you want to know my history, I suppose. It's a hard one. What do you do with folks that have been hung once—do you hang them over again? Do you treat them as you would any one else? Did you ever know any one by the name of John Farrell? Well, they said I murdered him. That was a lie. Nevertheless, I was hung. Some times people die when they have no right to die; are hung when they are innocent. It was well enough for me to die, for if I didn't kill John Farrell, I killed somebody else.

My name first, was Samuel Hodges. I was born in the State of Vermont, in a town called Derby. By the laws of that State I was convicted, and hung. About six years before Farrell was murdered, a young man by name of Washington Chapin—I believe he had a George on to the end of his name; but he went by the name of Washington—belonged in Canada—had parents living in Canada. I had some trouble with him; he was in my employ. He suddenly disappeared—no one knew where he went to. As his parents were poor, and lived in obscure life, they did not do much towards finding him, or what had become of him. There was some stir, but it soon died away. I murdered him—yes, I shot him, and buried him myself. When I was called upon to answer to the charge of murdering John Farrell, I plead not guilty, but I suppose I was constantly thinking of what took place six years before, and that stung me not only upon myself, but upon my face, and every one was against me; they said I showed guilt too much to admit of a doubt.

I made no confession; I died as I lived. I tried to come back and talk several times, but could not. Some of the friends who seem to know, or think they know, a good deal about me and my works, want to know, if spirits come, why I do not come and own up to the murder of John Farrell. I am here to-day to tell those people I plead guilty in one case, but not in the other. It's well I died, for I might have gone on, and suffered more hell than I now suffer. No matter, it's a hell of my own building, and it's a pity if I can't stand a fire my own hands have built. I do not come back to ask the prayers or pity of any one, neither of mortals or immortals. I shall walk straight through the fire, and I am told I shall come out bright and purified, and shall meet those I have sinned against. I hope I shall also meet with some who have sinned against me.

Strange things! Why do you not go down into the graves, and raise the old bodies, and make them talk. It appears to me this is the resurrection. My parents used to believe something about the bodies being taken out of the grave, and being united to the spirit, but I don't believe it. I don't know much about the Bible; it's a long time since I read it—when I was a boy—I read it because obliged to; never did afterwards. I was executed in Norwich. Yes, I was hung there.

A gentleman belonging to Vermont said, that as Norwich was not a shire town, he must be mistaken, and we remarked that people might say he had lied.

Might say I have lied—it is none of your business if I do lie; but I tell you I was hung in Norwich. Yes, I am pretty sure of this, but I'll look at it, and come back and tell you in a few minutes.

You are right, you are right—it was in Derby. I broke jail once after being confined there. I went to Norwich, and stayed four or five days before I was taken back. I see where I made the mistake.

Your old fellow who takes care of this drole, says you must be careful—you are slippery, and must be careful how you walk on this ground.

Do you hang people now-a-days? I think it is a bad custom. Confine them for life. I broke jail! Then have good jails; who the devil would break jail if they are such as that was?

Well, let them hang away. Who's going to hang the spirit—any body? He commits murder in a cold blood, thinks of it, and takes delight in doing it, and then does it. Why does he do it? For

money, man. Why do you ask that question? Ho! for my part, I'd just as lief be in hell on one side as on the other—it's only the going through the Gateway.

I'm getting along—going through; will get to my journey's end some time or other. If my hell is to last eternally, amen; say I; and if I'm to get through with it, I say amen to that. I want to go through all the hell I have created, and ask nobody to help me. There's only one way to go through hell, and do it right, and that is with your head up; I commenced that way, and I mean to continue that way till I get to the end of it, if it ends in misery. Might as well be content—might as well take things easy. Nature's laws are unchangeable, and I know enough to know that I must bear all that is for me. What is the use of crying about what you can't avoid? It only makes the matter worse. Would any of you cry if you knew you had got to die to-night?

Well, I shall go now. Dec. 2.

Nathaniel Weeks.

Do we find our friends here, or do we go to another place to commune with them? Then I am to come here, and give you such facts as shall be recognized by my friends.

I was born in Boston in the year 1821. I died in Cambridge, when I was twenty-four years old and some months, of cancer of the throat. I am very anxious to speak to a brother I have, who, I am told, is in Boston. Perhaps I might give some more facts if they be necessary. I was a trader—dealt in dry goods in Boston. My name was Nathaniel Weeks; I kept on Washington street. I cannot give you the exact location, with myself here, and the place elsewhere. I had been in business only six months before I died; my mother died of cancer before me.

My brother's name was George; I am anxious to commune with him, from reasons I do not care to mention here. I might say much if I were speaking with him; as it is, I can say but little. I never controlled before to-day, and do not understand much about it. Dec. 2.

James Barrett.

James Barrett, who died at St. Augustine, Florida, wishes to communicate with John Holbrook, of Cincinnati, Ohio. James Barrett, native of Charleston, South Carolina. Dec. 2.

Charles Morse.

Tell them I can't speak to-day. Dec. 3.

John Mills.

I've come on a strange errand to-day. I have a son in Boston, and that son says he should like to believe in Spiritualism. I went to a medium some ways from here, with a communication, and sent it to him. Now he wants me to answer a few questions, or state a few facts I did not in the other; and then he thinks he'll believe.

I gave my age, name, place of residence, occupation, time of death, and I have the balance to make up here. He wants to know if I remember the exact weight of my body. Thanks to a good memory, I do. I weighed 376 pounds a few months before I died. That he knew—that I know. I there told my son that I kept a hotel for living. Well, that was some time previous to my death, and it seems it did not satisfy the boy, and he says, why did my father not tell me his business at the time of his death? I did not think it necessary. I gave up keeping a hotel house, and went into the liquor business.

Then again, my son wants to know, if I have the power of hearing and seeing as I say I have, why I did not tell what happened on the day of my burial. Well, they dropped my coffin; it did not hurt me, because I was standing one side. Perhaps it was too heavy for them.

There, I have answered the questions, and given facts I did not give in the other communication. My name was John Mills. Dec. 3.

William Bailey.

And so I am here occupying a position I never expected to. I owe an apology to some friends I have on earth, for my long silence in the spirit-world, for I promised a few friends, if I was permitted to come back to earth and speak, I would do so. But I must say I never expected to be able to. I tried to believe in the philosophy of spirit manifestations, but I could not. I have been in this new world a little more than a year. I find things quite different from what I expected I should. Perhaps it will be well for me to give you a short sketch of the latter days of my life, that I may be recognized by the friends I wish to commune with. My name was William Bailey. I lived and died in Boston, and was a furniture dealer by occupation. About six months prior to my death, having exhausted all my hopes of being made better by any mortal physician, I was advised by some of my friends to visit a medium for the purpose of consulting a spirit-doctor. I selected one to whom I was a perfect stranger, for I hoped to receive some proof of spirit communion, as well as some aid, if possible, at the same time. After sitting about fifteen minutes with the medium, I found that all was silent, except a pencil in the hand of the medium, and that was moving rapidly on the paper. I inquired the cause of this.

"I don't know," said the medium, "but suppose it is some friend of yours who is writing."

"But," said I, "I came to obtain some benefit for my disease."

"I can't help it," said the medium, "I cannot give you what you want; the spirit will give what it pleases, and you must take what comes to you."

After finishing, I found it was from my wife, who had been in spirit-life about six months. I was surprised, for I did not expect anything from her, not having thought of her then.

A short time after that, a spirit, giving the name of Dr. Fisher, opened a conversation. He proceeded to give a correct examination—as far as my knowledge went. He took me back two years, and told me how I had stepped and misstepped during that time. After giving me a thorough examination, he asked me if I wished him to prescribe for me. I told him I did, and he gave me a prescription, which I did not understand, but he told me to take it to a certain place, which I did.

He told me that he must be plain with me, and tell me that I had but a certain time to live on earth, but he said what he could give me would help me, and that when I died I should pass to spirit-life in a moment of time, and without pain. I had suffered much pain, and I told him I could not think as he did.

"Well," said he, "people sometimes realize what they do not expect."

I took the medicine, and it relieved me, and there were times when I thought I was going to get well; but I was flattered by false appearances, and, in reality, was gradually sinking, and when I went to the spirit-world, it was without pain, without a struggle. I have been dead since I became a spirit, without a body, that my disease was called hemorrhage of the lungs, and I have also been told I was derobed of the mortal in about fifteen minutes after an attack, while sitting in my chair. Suffice it to say, that the good spirit, the Doctor, was by my side, and I found he had told me truth. Said he, "Friend, so you come here in the full belief of spirit communion?"

"I do," said I, "and now I want you to teach me how to commune with my friends."

Said he, "Rest awhile, until you have gained the spiritual strength you lost, by its being clothed in a body of disease, and then you will do better."

A few days ago I again went to him, and asked him if I might commune. He said he saw no reason why I could not.

"Go to such a medium," said he, "and there tell your story, that your friends may know you have been to earth, and are ready to commune with them."

And now I thank the Almighty for the blessed privilege I now enjoy, and with blessings for my friends, and a notice to them that I will commune with them, if they give me an opportunity. I bid you good day. Dec. 4.

Tristram Burgess.

A gentleman in Washington, has asked what seems a very foolish question, and calls upon me to answer. That gentleman, by the way, is no believer in Spiritualism; he wants to know if animals live in heaven. Probably he wants to know if that favorite horse of his will meet him when he gets there.

By the question, I perceive the gentleman has an intense love for the animal creation, and therefore loves himself pretty well. I can answer the question, but whether I shall satisfy the individual or no, is quite another thing. It is true that a lower order of animals do exist in the spirit world as well as on earth, and why should they not? They belong to nature's great family, and why should they not? Their creation may cease on this earth, but their existence is not so circumscribed. History gives you accounts of many animals that have existed on earth in prior times, that do not now exist there; but that does not prove they do not exist elsewhere.

I never saw this individual on earth. His words may seem idle to some—to me they are of vast importance. I might have remained in spirit life, in nonentity, if he, in his foolishness and curiosity combined, had not called upon me to answer his question.

Yes, yes; tell the good gentleman he will meet with animals he shall be pleased to meet with, when he comes to us. He will probably meet the favorite horse he lost a few days ago. It belongs to his affections, and therefore, to make his affections whole, and not a broken thing, he will meet that horse. He need not think it strange that I come here to answer his question. He must not say his mind reached your medium; I heard him call, and by nature's laws I come here to answer him.

My name was Tristram Burgess—nobody else; you may add to this, that my ears are quite as useful now to me as they ever were. Dec. 4.

William E. Channing.

The old man's ideas of the affectional, if true, must entirely un-found the orthodox religion. They, in their philosophy, teach that the parent and the child will be separated at the judgment day; that they whose souls were wedded on earth shall be torn asunder in that great and terrible day when God shall judge all nations of the earth.

Now if the beast of burden is necessary to make up a part of man's affections in spirit-life—if he looks upon it as real as in earth life—can the Creator, either in justice or mercy, part the parent and the child, friend or friend? If the old man's philosophy be true, this may not be. Surely they who are attracted to each other, in spirit-life will live together. The evil will draw to itself evil, and the good the good. Light begeth light, and darkness darkness.

Poor indeed is the foundation upon which that soul stands who is leaning upon a God of wrath. We are taught to believe—yes, more, to know that Nature is our God, our father and our mother, to whom we shall look for protection—whose laws are unchangeable—who dieth not, nor becometh animes in the creation of life. So, then, if nature is our father and our mother, and if it be natural for us to love one another, surely we shall not be separated in the world where nature reigns supreme—where her laws are not perverted. Surely the soul which harmonizes with soul, shall be united in the land where mortality is not known.

The vast company of orthodox theologians that swarm your land, are fast beginning to see—yes, more, to know that they are sailing on a vast sea without a compass. They have started without Nature on board, and thus they are drifted without knowledge of the haven of rest. Who, let us ask, among all the Christians, can ensure themselves happiness in a future state, upon the belief they find registered in their souls? In vain their souls shall cry out, "I am more holy than thou," when God shall judge the nations. Man may strive to place himself upon the highest pinnacle of happiness; but Nature will give unto every man his just due—Nature, the great dispenser of blessings.

A voice comes up to us from the busy atmosphere of mortality, and that voice says, "Tell us who among the children of earth shall be found at the right hand of God at the judgment day? Who shall be found among the blessed?" "They who fear God and work righteousness," we answer.

And now suffer us to inform that child of nature who God is. God is that ever-present spark that exists in all humanity, sometimes called conscience—that interior flame that will ever light the soul in the path of happiness. That is God—God, at least, that part of God which Nature hath given man to light his way. Fear God; and how shall we fear? Fear to disobey. If you commit an act contrary to that light, you suffer for it in this life and the next. Fear the voice and obey it, and you shall all stand at the right hand of the Father, for you are at the right hand of Nature; instead of trespassing against her laws, we find you happy in obedience to Nature's laws—which Nature is God.

Man should cease to worship at the shrine of a material God—a personal being; but whenever man findeth that which is good—that which is superior to himself, he may with safety bow down and worship.

Another question we have is this: "When cometh the judgment day, and who shall preside over that day?" To-day is the judgment day; this hour is the judgment hour—and all souls are being judged. That principle of goodness—that ever-present monitor of love, shall preside over the judgment day, the hour, the eternity. None other shall you find. Obey that voice as it judgeth you this hour; for by that obedience, you shall live in the future. No man heareth this voice in vain, he must become happy—for by obedience he standeth upon the right side of nature, and receiveth the blessing thereof. See to it you find that you stand upon the right side of Nature, for by it you stand at the right hand of God. Dec. 4.

Patrick Donahoe.

What shall I tell you, sir? Faith, I can tell you my name—it was Patrick Donahoe. Faith, I don't know how you will spell it, for I could neither read, nor write, nor spell myself—I was, forty-five years old—died of fever, so they say, four years ago about this time. I died in Boston, but I do not know whether I'm there or no. Faith, I think so, but I do not know.

I'll give you the name of the strafe if you ax it—it was Battery street. Most of the time I works for Roby; I shovels coal, and I goes out to saw wood and the like—Faith, I don't know what's his other name, but he keeps on Causeway street. Faith, I don't know whether I'll get to talk to my people. I thinks I got prayed out to come here. Faith, I wants to ax the priest if it is right for me to come here. I be-longed to the Moon Street Church. I've got a moth-er here, and I want to talk to her. When I died she lived in Battery street, but I can't go there. I start, but faith, I fetch up somewhere else. I see folks coming back, and I thinks I'll try my hand at it, sir.

I was a sober man—I drink no rum—not often. Faith, I went to wakes, but I'd no right to get drunk because I was to a wake. I drink a glass of whiskey now and then, but I had no like for getting drunk.

My father told me about coming here, and I hear a great many Yankees here say about coming, and I thinks what a Yankee can do, I can do. The most I want, I want to tell my mother I can come; and I have a brother, too, I want to talk to. His name is James. He saw wood, and do what he find to do—shakes carpets sometime, and do whatever he find to do. He's younger nor I; is married and lives away.

It's a long road that has no turn. I'll fetch up right at home sometime. They tells me about the priest that comes here a day or two ago, and they tells me he went come to the likes of me—he likes better living, I suppose.

Faith, I'd like to come to my mother, and I'd like to know whether it's right for me to come. I think I'm not in heaven at all, and faith, I know I'm not in hell at all, and I'm not on earth, and where will I be if not in purgatory? When I gets here, I thinks, Pat, you're all right; and this is the way you got, prayed out, but I don't know, sir.

I feel just as I did when I came from Ireland; I see no chance for me there, and so I come till Amer-

ica. I came myself, first, and then I send for my mother when I hear my father die, and then I send for Jamey; he was all of us. And I feel just so now I come here. I did not care to stay where I was, and so I come here.

Well good bye, yer honor, I thanks ye for writing for me. Dec. 4.

Richard Davis Winn.

Good day, sir. Well, I have n't anything very interesting to offer; but, like everybody else, I come for something. I have been to you before. You may call me Davis Winn. I want you to tell my brother, through your paper, that I tried to meet him here, but could n't; and, moreover, tell him to come again, and I'll do my best to speak to him, for I've got something to say. Nothing like trying, you know, and if you break down once, try again. Don't spell my name wrong again; it was Richard Davis Winn—no e to it. I've been up stairs sometime. My body—if the fishes haint eat it up—is on some coral reef, with seaweed for a shroud. Very good place, you know, if you can't get any other.

Samuel Garland.

It takes me a long time to control, because I am not used to these things. I have been told that all spirits could commune through your medium to their friends, yet I have not been told under what conditions, or how they are to govern themselves while here, or what it is expected they shall give while here.

You ask too much; all you require is necessary. I suppose; but memory with me, was not very well developed. However, I think I can give you enough to sustain myself, as I am very anxious to hold conversation with my family, friends and acquaintances.

The first item necessary is my name, which is Samuel Garland. I died at Lowell, about seven years ago, of disease of the stomach and bowels; when you gave it, it is more than I can tell. I have a family there; I am anxious to commune with them. I have been told by those who used to be neighbors to me while on earth, that I had better come here; I don't find it very pleasant to talk to a stranger, but I suppose if I reap a harvest at all, it will be more pleasant in seed time.

I have made many attempts to commune, and I seem to be without the power necessary to commune with. I was sick a very short time; I have no recollection of being sick more than ten days. Can you advise me as to what way and means I may wish to take to open communication with those I may wish?

I will say, then, that I find the new life like a strange country; I expected quite a different place of abode. Instead of meeting with things of air, as I supposed I should, things seem to me as they ever did. I, at times, seem to be on earth—at home with my friends—and then, again, I seem to be afar off. I am told my own interior condition induces the exterior surroundings, but I do not understand these things as I desire to. I have been striving to come to earth to commune, and make perfect the bridge that seems to be part-built. I was sixty years of age, and saw much good and evil on earth, and I find that good here harmonizes with good as it did on earth, and I see evil is the same. Every body seems to be working out his own good, and I see that souls do not change much—it is so gradual, that you hardly perceive the change.

As regards Christianity, I hardly know what to believe. I see those who were good Christians, and I ask them if they enjoy their old belief, and they tell me they have done with that now, and do not know much about it; and that is the way with me. I hardly know what Christianity is; I think that to do to others as you would be done by, is the true Christianity.

I will just say to my friends that I desire to commune with them, and then leave, for I have said all I desire to say. Dec. 6.

George Kittredge.

Bless me, how strange I feel here! See here, my good sir, who writes here, you or me? Well, now I was never very good at dictating; I could write my thoughts better.

Some of my friends want to know why I do not come and talk. One reason is, because I have not, till now, learned how, and the other is, I have not had an opportunity.

There is a friend of mine who lives not over twenty-five or thirty miles from here, who wants to know if I enjoy music as well in spirit-life as I did on earth. You may as well tell him I have advantages here I did not have on earth. When I hear music now, it is music; it lifts the soul to heaven, and makes one forget himself. It is very like that on earth, however. One forgets himself for a time, but when the excitement ceases, and he learns he is evil, as well as good. But I think if I am to be saved, music will be my saviour. Yes, sir; if I worship anything, it will be music. Oh, I'm a strange being—always was.

I suppose I died a hard death for the body, but the spirit did not recognize the suffering it had passed through. I very soon learned that I had passed beyond earth, and that I could come back, but that I had got to toil hard if I would progress—for the sweetest joy comes after the hardest toil.

I have made some imperfect communications, but now I talk. If I could take upon myself a body like my own, I could do better; or if I was in my own body, for I find myself considerably startled up in this.

My disease was induced by change of climate. It did n't exactly agree with me. I went to California. No matter what happened there—it will be no good to any body, to tell of it. It will be very hard for me to tell what occupation I lead on earth. I might have been a physician if I had taken a mind to, but I thought I'd rather be dancing than standing by the side of the sick, dealing out powders and pills. I do not want you to understand I followed dancing for a living all the time, for I was jacked at all trades. I have been here long enough to find out that there is no Devil; my friends thought there was. This is a knowledge you'll all be glad to obtain, good as you are. That's all died away here; it's a fable got up to scare old children. Then again, they tell me there is no such person as a personal God. Well, I shan't cry about that, for if there were one, he might not like me. I always believed there was one, and that a God of love—that all he did was for the good of his children, and if I was well it was all right; if I was sick it was all right—in fact, everything was right with me.

When I left my body I saw it, but could not comprehend how I lost it; then I could not comprehend how I could not use it; but I said it's all right, and if I'm going to heaven, it's all right, and if I am to go to hell, no doubt it's all right.

I have got acquaintances and friends I should like to talk to. I do not know but I could do better with some other kind of clothes on, but I guess I could stand it an hour or so in this rig.

Now, where is there one on earth who would like to talk with George Kittredge? I lived all round in spots; if I should tell you I lived in Boston, I should tell the truth; if I told you I lived in Lowell, in Chelmsford, or Sacramento, I should tell you the truth. Did you ever know old Paul Kittredge? Then it's no use for me to tell you about him. I suppose I ought to thank you for writing for me. You do not desire it? Then I suppose you're something like myself then, do n't want people to thank you for what you do. Well, good day then. Dec. 6.

Wildcat.

Why does the white man of the sunny land call back the Indian to earth? Ah, the pale faces have not yet finished their work; and now the Indian dwells where the white man cannot come, they call him back that they may finish the work of torture.

The white man of the sunny land asks the Indian what he gave him two moons before he passed to the hunting ground where the white man never comes. Tell him the red skin gave him a scalping-knife, and when he lies down on his mother earth, let him lay it on his bosom, and not bring it to the hunting ground of the Great Spirit. Tell the white man of the sunny land that the Indian remembers well—that death has no power to rob him of that which belongs to the soul.

The white man of the sunny land says, "If the red man comes, when he comes will he give the reading upon the scalping-knife?" It bears these words, "The Wildcat of the Florida." Ah, will his ears hear, and will his eyes see, and will the Indian carry the white man to spirit-life? No; the red man will not be the first to make a trail for the white man to invade his hunting ground. That now is his own—his game is his own, and the Great Spirit watches over all.

The white man was kind. He entered the lodge of the Indian, when death was upon his brow. He gave him medicine, and cared kindly for him when he came. But the kind care of the white man can never bring back what the Indian lost long ago. Tell the white man the Indian remembers the kind act, and the kind word, and hopes he will meet with much game in spirit-life; but he shakes not hands with the white man, for he dwells in hunting grounds of his own, where the white man never comes.

White man—he of the sunny land—lives upon your hunting ground. Call upon him to answer the Indian, as he has called upon the red man to come here. Dec. 6.

Richard Tombs.

My dear friend Henry—Finding the way open and the sky clear, I hasten to embrace the opportunity to send you a few thoughts from spirit-life. You know I have now been quite long enough here to see something of the beauties of my new-found home. Henry, do you know that I often try to commune with you, and as often fail? I cannot tell why it is so, but so it is. Do you know that I am made very happy by the light I get from you just before I die? But why do n't you see my folks oftener? Too busy—yes; I see you can't help it, and I am sure I shall not chide you much. I have not forgotten how very kind you were to me while I lingered in mortal; but do try and see my friends for me when you can; and if you do not get your pay this side, you will, when you shall read clearly the Book of Nature, which is the Book of Life.

To Henry Clayton. Dec. 6.

William Adams.

You publish a paper, do you? Well, I've a small item I'd like to have you publish. It is this. I want the gentleman that asked me to come here to answer certain questions, to understand distinctly that when I get ready to commune with him and answer his questions, I shall do so in my own way. I shall answer in my own time and my own way, and shall not answer any more calls until I see fit so to do. I wish to rest now, and his calls annoy me exceedingly. I wish to be understood.

Dec. 6. WILLIAM ADAMS, of Boston.

George Hardy.

Remember me to my friends, and do n't forget to tell them that I desired to speak, but could not control to do so.

The spirit entranced the medium, and endeavored to use the vocal

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

Messrs. Editors—Warren Chase delivered three discourses, here recently on Spiritualism. The audiences were large and attentive. The discourses will be productive of good. They were deep, yet comprehensible, and capable of being fully understood by all. He gave universal satisfaction. Regret is expressed on all sides that we are unable to hear him again. He gave more and truer ideas of what Spiritualism is, and is to be, than we have ever before heard. More common sense was shown in his three discourses, I will venture to say, than has been given in all the churches of this city during the past year.

The Sunday previous Rev. John Pierpont addressed us. The hall on the occasion was crowded. I sent you a report of his lectures. Not less than five hundred were present in the evening, the hall being full, many not being able to get in. He is to speak again in the month of January.

Daily, do we hear and see new investigators. Many have given our speakers' hearings and candid hearings, and are desirous of witnessing some of the phenomena. We have no test medium, and need one very much; any one coming here will find a good field—Mrs. Coan, especially, would be much sought for. Any one disengaged, and desirous of coming here, can have all necessary arrangements made by addressing any of the friends.

We are much amused at the disclosures and recantations of mediums; these can see the ridiculousness of the exposures more than those who have become convinced of the truth. One medium may come out, and denounce what he has always before advocated, and he will be made a lion of; but one thousand new mediums may be developed, and not a paper will report them. The Boston Courier, and others of its kind, will rant and rave over every real or apparent error of Spiritualists, but neither they nor their co-laborers dare to oppose the principles inculcated by Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Chase, nor any other of the acknowledged Spiritualists. It is very well to oppose the physical manifestations which of themselves, constitute but a very small portion of the truths we are endeavoring to implant on the ground where error has for so long a time held sway. Great would be the temerity of the Boston Courier folks were they to attempt to oppose any one of the truths advocated by the prominent Spiritualists of this day.

A while since the citizens of this city were astonished, on the occasion of a young man preaching in one of the Evangelical pulpits. The boy was considered a prodigy; it was, in fact, but another case of hot-bed cultivation, of artificial stimulus, not less injurious in its effects than the poisonous liquors now sold. The young man was sent to college, to prepare for the ministry. He has recently been sent home, with directions not to study for a year; he would hardly be recognized—thin and cadaverous; his eyes are wild and roamy; it is, in fact, a case of insanity caused by reading and thinking on religious subjects. Were he a Spiritualist, it would be another of the injurious effects of diabolism, but now it is simply unfortunate—an instance of the difference 'twixt twiddle dum and twiddle-dee.

Great trouble is occasionally expressed by our opponents, because of our taking money at the door for admittance to our meetings. I was much struck with the sincerity of their objection on a recent occasion, when an Evangelical society held a fair in the vestry room of their church, where tickets were sold, and money taken at the door. This was under the same roof—being a part of the building of the church itself, and is so large, that meetings are held in it instead of the church. It has, moreover, been consecrated as the house of God. Consistency, truly thou art a jewel! Mammon was the God of this church on this occasion, if not on all others. And what is the odds in taking money at the door to pay the expenses of the seats, and give the speakers clothes and food, or taking it quarterly for "pew rent?" either way amounts to about the same thing. If taking money be an evil, the small fee at the door is a lesser evil.

The Herald of this city gave candid reports of Mr. Pierpont's lectures. A religious dyspeptic clergyman found fault with the publisher, and was answered, that if he would preach a sermon against it, it should be published; this he declined. They try to prevent their congregation from hearing the truth; object to the press giving its aid, and yet they dare not preach against it.

A distinguished gentleman of this city is preparing a lecture against our belief, which he is to deliver in our hall soon; he is intending to admit all the phenomena; also, that it is caused by disembodied spirits; (as, in fact, he must, for he has had the evidence in his own family) but he opposes it on account of its tendencies.

I have heard a theory that haunted houses are always to be traced to some sudden or tragic death; this was the case with the house occupied by the Fox family. The residence of an old physician of this city has been the scene of some extraordinary sounds. I do not know that any murder was ever committed in the house; but as he lived to an old age, and was of the allopathic school, this may be of sufficient reason for the demonstrations. It has made no difference who have lived in the house, the sounds are always heard. They are of persons walking up and down the stairs, the doors suddenly opening and closing, and even of a horse and chaise stopping at the door; these have been heard in numerous instances, and no horse nor carriage has been given, and it was impossible for a horse to get out of sight.

I have slept in a house in the town of Amesbury, where the same sounds are heard, excepting that of the horse and carriage, and I have heard them; the former owner and occupant of the house was drowned in a well on the premises, his family could not live there on account of the noises.

Some thirty years ago there lived in the town of Sandwich, N. H., a poor man—a wood-cutter, who used to go to the woods, and, while cutting wood, would be thrown violently to the ground, and soon rising, would preach to those assembled; he was an illiterate man, yet would, as the inhabitants expressed themselves, beat the minister; he was considered a great wonder. There are persons living in that town who know the circumstances, and a former resident, now living here, corroborates the story.

In the town of Deerfield, N. H., about twenty years ago, a young woman died, having orders in regard to the disposal of her clothing; her sister disposed of it differently, and one day, while at dinner, the family, with the hired men, were astonished to see the spirit of the deceased appear in the room; one

exclaimed—"There's Harriet!" and all at the table saw her. She passed around the table, opened the door leading to a room where her effects were left, opened and closed the drawers of a bureau violently a number of times, and left. This was repeated the next day, and her sister returned the articles, and disposed of them according to directions, and there was no more trouble.

In the town of Raymond, N. H., some twenty-five years ago, there was, and perhaps is, what was called Blake's Tavern; near it is a high hill; the road runs at the foot of it, and on the other side is a plain. A visitor at this town was, riding near this hill one evening, and saw two females, exactly alike, walking down the hill; coming to the wall, they did not climb over, but went through it, crossed the road, and entered on the plain. He immediately followed them to the plain, but they disappeared; although it was an open area, nothing could be seen. On going to the hotel, and relating the circumstance, he was told it was nothing unusual; they were seen very often, but no one could account for it.

About twelve years ago, a lady died at Amesbury, Ferris; some few weeks afterwards, her daughter was sitting in the room with her husband, when her mother appeared, looking as when alive. She seated herself in a favorite rocking chair, and commenced rocking, but said not a word, only looked around and at her children. A number of nights in succession she appeared in the chamber of her daughter, causing the room to be lighted, and on two or three occasions, conversed with her daughter's husband, relating to private matters. After everything had been satisfactorily settled, she disappeared, and has not appeared since. These statements are all well authenticated by living and responsible witnesses, whom I have seen and talked with; they are but evidences of truth.

NEWBURYPORT, Dec. 22, 1858.

WAY-SIDE NOTES—NO. 2.

Messrs. Editors—At Concord, N. H., where I stopped over night on my way to Vermont, I passed a very pleasant evening with some spiritual friends, at the house of D. Watson, Esq., in whose family circle, through the mediumship of Miss Kate Watson—his daughter—many remarkable spiritual manifestations have been made. Her mediumship was first noticed in 1854, and Mr. Watson has kept a record of the prominent incidents that have occurred, from which I have permission to transcribe the following. [I wish your types could be set from the original record, kept in the distinct, clerical chirography of friend Watson, as your printers would probably have less trouble than with my scrawls.]

Several communications, mostly poetical, have been received by Miss Watson, to whom the lines appeared in letters of gold upon the table, while the room was darkened. They were written down as she repeated them, line by line, and were visible only to the medium. The title, "Chryseograph," compounded of two Greek words, signifying golden writing, has been given to these manifestations, as most appropriate.

"On Wednesday evening, December 10, 1856, a circle was held at the house of D. Watson. On the Monday evening previous, Mrs. W., Mrs. Green, (her sister), and Kate, were visiting at a neighbor's, and, on coming out, Mrs. G. slipped and fell in the snow. On arriving home, she discovered that one of her wrists was missing, and could not be found, after a diligent search. On the afternoon of the 10th, Mrs. Green, having occasion to use her pencil, went to her room for it, but was unable to find it in her trunk, where she was confident that she had left it last. In the evening, after the circle had been formed some time, Kate was influenced to write—'You will have to go to the door to find those missing articles.' Two of the family went to the front door, but could find nothing. Kate then wrote—'You did not look in the right direction—look at the back door.' They looked, but found nothing. Kate was then influenced to make lines on the paper, representing lattice-work, with a black spot on one side. Another person went out, and found the missing wrist rolled up and tucked into the lattice used for grape vines. On opening it, we found the identical pencil, with the following communication:—'My dear Daughter and Friends—Here is the lost cuff and the pencil. The pencil was taken out of the trunk to write off. The cuff was taken out of the snow; it came off when she drew her arm through the snow, and we picked it up. We should have written more, but we had not time.'

On the evening of December 25, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill paid us a visit. They expressed a wish to see the daguerreotype of Jacob Wilder, the father of Mrs. Merrill. She had promised to carry this down to Mr. Merrill's the preceding evening—had brought it out from the parlor, where it was usually kept, and placed it on the table in our sitting-room, but forgot it when she went away. We desired to gratify them, but were unable to do so, as the article could not be found. We searched in every supposable place, but in vain—no daguerreotype could be found. At last Mrs. Merrill burst out laughing, and said—'You need not look any longer—I have got it!' producing it. 'Where did you get it?' said we, in astonishment. Said she, 'I found it in my bed, when retiring for the night. I guess I was somewhat scared at first, but, on opening it, I found therein a small piece of paper, on which was written—'Jacob Wilder, friend Charlotte.' A very polite introduction.'

While sitting, talking over this matter, Kate's hand was influenced, and she wrote—'Meet next Sunday, and all questions shall be answered.' At that meeting, the spirit of Jacob Wilder asserted that he, with the assistance of others, carried the daguerreotype down to Mrs. M.'s. On inquiring how he got it out of the room, he replied—'We carried it out when Jacob went out after wood.'

It may here be remarked, that when we left the evening before, to go to Mr. Merrill's, we left the house in charge of our son Jacob; and he says that after we were gone, seeing the daguerreotype on the table, he opened it to see whose it was, and is sure there was no paper in it then; and that he was strangely influenced to go out after wood, of which there was then no need. This last test seems to have been designed in such manner as to prevent any charge of collusion.

I have only to remark, in reference to the above, that the family in which the manifestations have occurred, are among the most respectable in the city of Concord. Mr. Watson holding the office of Town Clerk, and Miss Kate Watson, the medium, is a high-minded, honorable girl, universally respected by all who know her. To suppose fraud or collusion here, is to contradict the uniform testimony of her life, without showing the adequate motive for such deception. Fraternally yours, H. B. SROAN.

A TEST THROUGH MANSFIELD.

Messrs. Editors—After reading and hearing much of J. V. Mansfield, the writing medium, No. 8 Winter street, Boston, both *pro* and *con*, I, on the 11th of December, 1858, called upon him at his office; and immediately before me passed into his office a middle-aged man, who saluted him thus: "Is that done?" Mr. Mansfield said yes, but that he ought to have three dollars for it, instead of one, for it had consumed the whole of the afternoon in the obtaining of it—had much exhausted himself—was very lengthy and very good, and that he had turned away a number who were anxiously seeking communications in the meantime.

The man, whom I afterwards learned to be a good Methodist brother, declined giving him more, saying, he thought it was only one dollar for any amount that might be given; to which Mr. M. replied by saying he did not exact it, if he did not feel to give it. Mr. M. then said to him, that if he had time to sit, he would read it to him, as he might not be able to read it himself. The good brother did so, after placing the dollar on the table, and Mr. M. consumed some fifteen or twenty minutes more in reading and explaining it to him, leaving me to wait in the meantime, after having come some five hundred miles to ask for a communication. Now, Messrs. Editors, does the above appear like humbuggery, and for the money only?

I, for one, was agreeably disappointed in Mr. Mansfield, for he appeared quite the gentleman in every respect—kind-hearted and benevolent—and showed not the least sign of spending his time in obtaining spiritual answers to sealed requests for the money only. Nay, far from it. He is one of the most remarkable and reliable mediums I have yet met with since commencing my investigations on this subject—the opinions of the skeptical to the contrary notwithstanding; and I fully feel that he will live down all opposition, if he but proves faithful to his calling.

After holding a short conversation with him, he, although much exhausted, kindly consented to make a trial for me, and on his leaving the room, I, with pencil and paper, asked if the spirit of a friend of mine was present, and, if so, if he would communicate with me through Mr. M. and then folded down the top of the paper a number of times, that he might not know what was written. Mr. M. then returned to the room, sat down, and after a few minutes manipulation on said paper, took up his pencil and gave evident signs of being influenced by some power foreign to himself. His hand soon began to move, and, after a few circumlocutions, began to mark on the paper, and soon produced a male profile, around and over which was drawn an arch; and then was written backwards about that arch the identical name of the spirit I had asked for in the enrollment. His hand was then moved to write a communication quite apropos to the pretension and request, and the name signed in full in the usual way at the bottom. But notwithstanding all that had transpired, I, for a few moments, was inclined to doubt; for, on asking for another spirit friend, and folding over the paper, I noticed that I could read it through the folds I had then made; and, although there was a number more folds in the other, yet the thought arose, did he not read the names through the folds with the natural eye, or clairvoyantly, and thereby prove the whole thing a hoax, so far as its being from a spirit, independent of Mr. Mansfield?

Howbeit, that was soon dispelled; for, on casting my eyes upon the first communication, I there noticed, for the first time, that my first name was written in full, when in the enrollment was the initial only—nor do I ever indite more, except the law requires it in some legal document. The existence of that fact, in full before my eyes, dispelled my doubts and surmises on that point, and caused me to ask myself, from whence came this, if not from the source purported. And I will here ask all who are skeptical upon the subject of Spiritualism proper, whence came it? And if you can account for it in any other manner more reasonable, other than spiritual, I will be pleased to entertain it. I will now state, for the benefit of those who may inquire, that I sat at the table and saw with my own eyes—and not with the eyes of those whom history says existed thousands of years ago—the whole thing done, which finally proved the most gratifying test I have yet received in the whole of my investigations; for what can or ought to be so gratifying to all humanity, as proof positive of a never ending life hereafter? I afterwards received other communications quite as satisfactory as the above.

Further, I will state for the benefit of those interested, that my first communication finally proved a double test, inasmuch as that, on returning to the Fountain House, Mr. E. V. Wilson, the present acting proprietor, accosted me thus—

"Did you get the likeness?"

"What likeness?" I asked with surprise, for Mr. M. and myself were entirely alone when the above-mentioned profile was produced.

He said, "The likeness at Mr. Mansfield's; have you not been there this afternoon?"

I told him, "I had; but how came you to know anything about it?" I asked. "Have you seen Mr. Mansfield?"

He said, "No, I have not been away from the house this afternoon."

I had but a few minutes before parted with Mr. M., on his way to his home in Chelsea.

Mr. Wilson then said, "I had an impression given me this afternoon that you had obtained a likeness, and that there was coarse writing under it, (which was perfectly correct), and I can describe the spirit who gave it, too."

"Please do so," said I.

He then gave the description, which proved quite correct of the one from whom the likeness purported to have come. I then showed him what I had obtained, which he seemed quite as familiar with as though he had been present it was when received. How will you account for the above last-mentioned, skeptical friends?

On Sunday afternoon and evening of the 12th of December, I had the pleasure of hearing three discourses through Miss Lizzie Doten, three through Mr. H. P. Fairfield, one through Mr. E. V. Wilson, and one through Mrs. Russell, all of which were philosophical, eloquent, sublime and instructive.

Thine for truth and progression,

O. B. THOMPSON.

O, rich man's son I there is a land;
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never sell;
But only whitens soft white hands;
—This is the best crop for thy lands;
—Heritage, it seems to me,
Which being held to hold in fee—
—J. B. LOWELL.

LETTER FROM LYNN.

Messrs. Editors—Once again I take the opportunity to inform you of the progress of Spiritualism at this place. From a mere handful of earnest investigators, we have swelled our ranks to quite an army, as the following statement will show:—

Up to the nineteenth of the present month, (Dec.), we have held our circles at the private residences of friends. The constantly increasing attendance, and limited means of accommodation, forced the inevitable conclusion upon us, that we must have larger accommodations, or discontinue the hall/circles. We chose the former alternative. A hall was procured for the benefit of the public, and opened for the first time on the evening of December 10th. The hall was crowded. On Sunday evening, the 26th, it was again opened; and such was the interest manifested, that the hall was crowded, and a large number was unable to gain admittance. We have procured a still larger hall, which will be opened to the public on Sunday evening, January 2d. So much for the "dying out principle" of Spiritualism.

The Spiritualists have commenced a course of eight lectures at Lyceum Hall. The first lecture of the course was delivered by Rev. John Pierpont, in his usually clear, manly, and convincing style. He was listened to, thoroughly and with marked attention. So far as I can learn, the audience were well pleased with the lecture and the lecturer.

Last evening Miss Rosa T. Amedey delivered the second lecture of the course; subject—"The Beauties of Spiritualism." Many passages in her discourse were replete with eloquence of the highest order. For beauty of diction, and chaste sentiment, it will compare favorably, if not surpass, any lecture of the kind given at this place. Altogether, it was a sound, practical lecture, well worthy the cause and the lecturer. At its close, liberty was given to any person in the hall to present a subject for improvisation; the subject selected was—"The Last Supper," which was handled with entire success.

I have just returned from a circle where physical manifestations have been performed, and I hasten to lay the result before the readers of the BANNER. What I shall narrate is true to the letter, and can be substantiated by eleven persons—some of them Methodist church members in good standing.

By invitation, I visited the house of Bro. Noyes, of this city, where a circle was formed, and the following manifestations were performed: A large, four-foot table was brought into the room; we examined it, to see that all was correct. A table-cloth was put on the table, the same as at meals. We seated ourselves—twelve in number—around the table, with hands joined. The question was asked if there were spirits present? Loud and prolonged raps upon the frame of the table were heard, as one raps after waiting some length of time at a neighbor's door. Question followed question, and rap followed rap for some twenty minutes or half an hour, when the following question was put and answered affirmatively: "Will you play upon the guitar if we place it under the table?"

The guitar was brought, placed upon its side under the table, and in the centre; the strings towards the medium, but not within three feet of her. The lower part of the back rested against a cricket; the finger-board resting upon a second cricket, whilst in front, and close to the bottom, was a flat-iron, to keep it steady. Every person in the room looked to see that all was right. We drew up to the table again, joined hands, and commenced singing; a slight sweep across the strings was all we heard. Later in the evening, the circle becoming more harmonious, and singing continued, the spirits kept time with the singing, upon the guitar, through several lutes, clear and distinct at any part of the room. Then again they swept the strings, unaccompanied with singing, and so fast that it precluded the idea of deception being practiced. Every new member of the circle was allowed to take the guitar by the finger board, whilst it was played upon, made to rise and hit the table; we were allowed to press upon one string, when the invisible power would touch the same string. The guitar was now placed in the same position as at first; we joined hands as before, whilst the spirits played a tune. They then threw the guitar over the crickets against a gentleman's feet. There were two lutes in the room during these manifestations.

Yours for the cause, JOHN ALLEY, Gm.

LYNN, Dec. 23, 1858.

SPIRITUALISM IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Messrs. Editors—Miss Emma Harding, a course of lectures from Miss-Emma Harding. She came among us like a bright messenger from the beautiful spirit-land, and drew around her the heart-affections of the few believers, battling in defence of truth. She gave us the bread of true Spiritualism, and with encouraging words, left us to continue her journey of mercy to others who are waiting for her.

We have heard much of late in regard to the degrading tendencies of Spiritualism, especially in its effects on mediums; but if we are to take for examples the walk and conversation of those who have visited us, as regards humanity, religion, and purity of life, I must say, if this is "degeneracy," let us have more of it, and may the churches be filled with its holy influence. That Miss Harding is a true Christian, a pure philanthropist, and a noble and fearless advocate of the cause of humanity, her most bitter opposers do not deny.

Mr. R. P. Ambler gave us three lectures in November, and, I think, for Christian deportment, consistency of conversation, and clearness of reasoning, he will compare favorably with any popular church preacher.

H. H. Tator delivered three lectures the first week of the present month, and I have heard old, hardened sinners acknowledge that a tender spot had been touched, deep down in the recesses of the heart, which had not been touched for long years, and they felt as if, after all, life might have something in store for them yet.

Miss M. F. Hulett was our pioneer in this cause, in the present revival. A noble, young champion—bold, fearless, clear, philosophical and truthful. She delivered eight lectures in October, and will return in January. Many friendly hearts will be opened to welcome her, even among those who believe not in the philosophy.

God bless and prosper Spiritualism! It has been indeed a blessing to myself and family ever since its truths were manifested among us. It reclaimed me from the grog-shop—from the gaming hall, which the church drove me to. It restored to my family a husband and father who did not know how low he had degenerated, until the pure, bright spirits, in their gentle admonitions, opened his eyes to see the truth, took him by the hand, and led him "up higher." Please put the down as a "victim" to Spiritualism.

B. A. RICHARDS.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 27, 1858.

A BEAUTIFUL BELIEF.

It is often said that ours is a beautiful belief. It is beautiful, because a dim foreshadowing of what is called faith, is no longer such, but a bright, glowing, resplendent reality. We know we are immortal, and that our spirit, with a materially organized, substantial, sublimated, perfect body, having the likeness of our earthly form, will exist forever and ever.

We have an assurance as perfect, that we never doubt that we are designed for infinite and eternal progression in knowledge, love and wisdom. That as the unimaginable ages of eternity pass away, we shall approximate nearer and nearer to the perfection of the Divine mind, and become more and more like him. Instead of fearing what has been called the grim messenger—Death, we look forward to that change with joy and delight, and view it as it is—a glorious birth.

We are certain that when our freedom from this rudimentary existence takes place, we shall enter upon our second stage of existence, which is far more perfect and blissful than our present state, and that then we shall be reunited with those dear friends who have passed away before us. We are constrained to believe that, after leaving the form, we shall retain all our affections, desires and affinities that we possess at the time of our departure; that the change called death produces no change in the spirit, which is the person, but that we shall find ourselves existing in a different sphere, but free from the clogs of our mortal body. And what is most beautiful, and which fills the soul with unspeakable gratitude to God, is the certainty that, each and every human being in this, and all the infinitude of worlds, is destined to eternal progression. Glorious thought! How it thrills the soul with inexpressible thanksgiving and praise. Compare this effulgent truth with the dark dogma, that part of our brethren are destined to eternal misery, and who can find words to express the contrast? When this truth first beams upon the soul, it fills it with unutterable gratitude. Its stupendous magnitude overpowers us, and so fills us with love to the great Author of our being, that silence alone can best express our praise.

NOT MIND READING.

Messrs. Editors—As you are desirous of receiving tests, I will relate one which may have some influence on the minds of the sceptical, as tending to show that spirit communications are not always mind reading. At the house of a relative in Yarmouth, Me., I was sitting in a "family circle" one evening, when the spirit of my mother's father entered the medium, and, much to the surprise of the whole circle, spoke of his son—who was with him in the spirit land. There being a son living by the same name, it was supposed he meant him. Upon questioning the spirit, however, it was ascertained that the son he alluded to died from the effects of a cold when about two years old—a fact not known by any of the company except two—a brother and sister—who verified the truth of the statement. But, as the occurrence took place over fifty years ago, it had long since passed from their minds, they themselves being children at the time. This communication was the first intimation they ever had that that little infant brother, now arrived at maturity, so long since passed away from mortal vision, and forgotten, was living and progressing in the spirit-land!

Thus does this new and beautiful revelation uplift the dark curtain hanging between the mortal and the immortal, and reveals to us the fact that long-lost spirit-friends, whether remembered or forgotten, are still hovering near the loved one in the earth-sphere, each working out his appropriate mission for the benefit of mankind.

D. B. H.

NEW BEDFORD, Nov. 14, 1858.

"OUT WEST."

DEAR BANNER—It is gratifying to observe the growing respect which is everywhere manifested toward the "Spiritual movement" at the West.

During the past summer and fall, Mr. Tator and myself have visited the principal towns on the Mississippi river, between this city and St. Paul—a distance of one thousand miles—and the chief cry is, "Send us more test mediums and able lecturers." In the majority of places north of Dubuque, for five hundred miles, Mr. Tator was the first public lecturer who had addressed the thousands of earnestly inquiring minds in reference to the spiritual life and philosophy, found in that beautiful northern land. He has given one course of lectures in this city within the past month, and is invited to give a second. He is now filling several engagements in the vicinity of Alton, and is greeted with a numerous attendance.

At a town called Bunker Hill, the friends requested the use of the Baptist church, which one year ago was peremptorily refused. The trustees last week hesitated at first, but finally consented: It was the first public expression for "our cause" in that flourishing town. The people of all denominations were in attendance, and were apparently interested. The church was opened on subsequent evenings without the slightest hesitancy. Such facts speak volumes for the popular advancement of our divine cause.

Fraternally yours,

NETTIE C. TATOR.

ALTON, ILL., Dec. 26, 1858.

FROM MICHIGAN.

Messrs. Editors—It is supposed by readers of our periodicals, that our best speakers are known as such by all who read. But such is not the case. We have had with us, Sundays, for a month or two past, the public efforts of Mrs. M. Kutz, for good. Persons from abroad, incidentally hearing her, are delightedly surprised, and without hesitation place her in rank with our first class trance speakers. Family circles confine her efforts to this section, and she is little known outside of it. Miss Avery, of Southern Michigan, is also a very fine speaker, but is little known outside of her own locality. So you see that while your souls are regularly fed in cities, scattered truth-seekers go not hungry. Mrs. Kutz handles with mastery metaphysical subjects given her on the occasion—is quite strikingly—mingling in proportion the scientific, poetic, philosophical, and practical elements, in her discourses. The result of her labors with us, is a deep agitation among the old elements, and a growth of true spiritual life in our own souls—while investigators gradually multiply, and a healthy progress is observable.

S. B. Brittain is at present doing a noble work in our neighborhood city, Grand Rapids, and so moves the spiritual work in Northern Michigan.

H. W. BOZON.

IONIA, MICH., Dec. 25, 1858.

A friend that you buy with presents may be bought from you.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

comes in the same way, and it not only teaches the same, but forces obedience. It elevates and quickens the intellect. When was it ever known that young girls, not skilled in science, would confound wise men of the day by clear and comprehensive intelligences, declaring God's everlasting will to man?

Mr. Coleman—I have listened to all who have spoken this evening, and I fail to learn that there is any benefit resulting from spiritualism. That spiritualism proves immortality, I deny; and I affirm that there is nothing in spiritualism in keeping with common sense or philosophy. All there is to spiritualism is assumption too ridiculous to talk about.

Mr. Johnson—Spiritualists have generally become such by the philosophy, not by the phenomena; its phenomena are received as its philosophy prepares the way. Man is an actor on the stage of life, and receives according to his capacity. God has given abundance, and still

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will."

Are ministers to do this for us? No. Spiritualism grinds conservatism into dust. (A voice—Why does man seek reform?) Why did God create the universe? Materialism has done good in the same way that spiritualism is doing good—by destroying the reliability of external authority. It was proved by the Bible, as it has been said by the rule of three demonstration, that the world would come to an end in 1843. Thus the Bible prophecy proving untrue, which is only external evidence to the soul, has lessened confidence in many in such authority, and has been a stepping-stone to this period of light.

Mr. Boutin—Spiritualism robs death of its sting, and it makes our lives better; for it makes us exercise every faculty for good. It teaches immortality in many ways. The departed come back, and tell us they still live. It leads us to study nature, and in nature we find evidences of immortality—everything there tends to a higher and better life. Life is a series of perpetual change, from lower to higher; nothing dies but lives, and tends upward forever.

Mr. Burke—One thinks spiritualism does vast good, and another thinks it does no good. Let us be fair, and give credit where credit is due. Is there not a feature in this meeting not to be found in any sectarian religious body of men? This hall is opened by spiritualists for anyone to come in and speak, without regard to their belief; and not only this, but a spiritualist newspaper, the Banner of Light, in its unmeasured liberality, gives a fair report of the sayings of each one, whether for or against spiritualism, every week. No "tem" has ever done what spiritualism has done in this respect. Puritanism was once more unpopular than spiritualism—but it has done good; it has had its day, and done its work. We repudiate free love; but contrast the free love of spiritualism with that of the early Baptist, as taught by its founder in Germany, and there is, perhaps, not any difference. Spiritualism in vulgarly is but the dust of the balance, compared with the Quakers, when they first were known. When spiritualism is fifty years old, then it will be time to ask what good has it done. With all that is said against spiritualism, I may yet prove to be a wise arrangement in the hand of Providence to produce much good. Spiritualism shows greater powers and capabilities of the human mind than we have recognized. It accepts no authority from anybody, or any church, or any book; it only accepts that as authority, which comes home to the soul as truth.

L. JUDD PARDEE AT THE MELODEON.
Sunday Afternoon, January 9th.

The choir sang a hymn from the "Psalm of Life," and the lecturer announced his texts as follows:—

"Old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new." "There shall be a new heaven and a new earth."

He asked his hearers if his thoughts did not agree with their preconceived ideas, to candidly receive them, and give them that weight they deserved.

He said: The book of Revelations, from which this is taken, has a deep, internal meaning. To some it is plain and mystic; to others, deep and profound. There never went up to God a heart-prayer for relief, but there came a response. Thus is spiritualism the answer God sends to our demand for better evidences of immortality.

In consideration of this subject, reference must be made to the past, present and future—not to the far distant past, but that past which was the doorstep of the present; not that dim, unimagined future, but the hidden chambers of the just coming time. As a man cannot step upon the grave of his mother, so we ought not to despise the past, out of which was born the glorious now. As it would be unjust to judge of man before his book of life is closed, so are we not to scorn the future, for we know that each day is a link in the cycle of eternity.

The past may be called the age of reason. It gave to the world naturalism. It taught men to learn of their needs by the demands of their nature that were unsupplied. It induced materialism, and made them free; opened the heart of mankind to co-existent sympathy. The old, earliest past, which touches against the dawn of creation, did not do this, we admit, but it has been the gradual unfolding of the past up to the present. It took the world ages to understand that nature was of God, and not of the Devil.

The present is a spiritual age; and while naturalism has tended to liberate and individualize mankind, spiritualism has a tendency to humiliate and subject him. Man is objective because of reason, and he is subjective because of spirituality. He is proud in his individuality; subjective, because he is in want.

The materialist, by his very fears, confesses that which he denies in words. The soul loves rest, harmony and happiness. Spirits have taken advantage of the magnetic and electric laws of nature, to come back to mortals and hold communication with them. Thus has spiritualism become a power of the land. It is like a wind—not the hoarse, eastern wind, which comes from the sea, bringing the blues to the heart, and obscuring to the head, but the soft wind from the south, which moistens the rigidity of the man, and opens his heart to all mankind.

It is claimed that Heaven is a condition. If so, it is based on circumstances, or institutions; and as spirits ever progress, those estates change.

We have said the immediate past was an age of rationalism; the present, an age of submission. Men have to learn this lesson now—submission to the Divine will. Christ's life was a noble illustration; and it would be well if theoretical Christianity should give place to practical. Spiritualism came not to overturn Christianity, but to give it new vigor and beauty. By submission, the Divine will comes to us—direct by "direct inspiration," second, by "inspiration" through others.

If immortality of an undeveloped sphere, come back to us from the pit of hell, does it follow that good spirits are barred the same power? Is death a gulf over which there is no passage? But, they say, grant that the philosophy of spiritualism is true, what good will it do?—It has brought immortality to light—a task which our state never yet has done.

Everything calls for the new. Not only is there "something rotten in Denmark," but something rotten here; in your executive legislation, in your polity, and your social polity. The day of new governments will come, when every war will tear asunder the nation that you love and love, and the newer and more beautiful will rise like the Phoenix bird from its ashes. Submission must be taught to nations as well as men. "They will not mine, oh Lord be done." If their own souls do not say it, the humility and degradation of revolution and commotion will make them put their trust in God.

Spiritualism will bring to man new nationality, new church, new social policy, new art and science, new commerce—a new heaven and a new earth; what is good in the old will live, but change will make all things new.

As the present is the age of submission, so is the future to be the age of the celestial. The past, or naturalistic age, taught man rationalism; the present spiritual age teaches him submission; the future or the celestial age will learn him harmony. Spiritualism is only a subseal policy, which will fit the earth for the germs of that bright age to come. That time will be composite—made up of the good of all; eclectic—recognizing the use of everything; absolute—in acknowledging the will of God.

Sunday Evening.
The choir sang the beautiful song, written by John B. Adams, called, "Voices from the Spirit Land."

The lecturer designated his subject as the "Development of God in Man." He said, we are created with comparatively few days on earth; we are not placed here to behold a phenomenal existence, alone, but to awake the soul to its purpose, and lead it from the material through the spiritual up to the celestial.

By development, we mean unfolding; and when we speak of the God in man we mean man's soul, which is a divine magnet. In the past it was over covered the most perfect knowledge, the greatest that man might know, and ever will be

a mighty question—what is self? In the treatment of this subject, the question comes up, where did the soul of man come from? It must have had an origin. Was it the result of, and is it dependent upon, the body's mechanism, or something distinct from the body? Many believe it is only a mechanicalism—believe it came in regular gradations from mineral and vegetable existences and animal life. But I take umbrage at this theory, for I do not recognize my indebtedness to the blood of the monkey tribe. There is an idea expressed in Genesis that God breathed on earth and man sprang up. I believe the soul is a divine germ, descended to man from the celestial spheres through the instrumentality of angels, and became incorporated into the body by natural laws.

No sane man can believe that God is like us an individuality, to be measured by our standards. It seems to me God works by the instinct through instrumentalities. The spirit is a substance, if it is not matter. Matter is sensible to the external and material, and substance to the internal and spiritual. The soul is God's thought, germinated by angels. In tracing its progress, I would say that the body is the parent of perception through a nervous sympathy of surrounding. Animals have perception. It is instinctive. Immortality is unknown to the whole animal kingdom. We judge of this because we never see them agitated by that longing for immortality which influences thinking man. Perhaps they have their language of sympathy; but they have not reason. No matter how cunning or ravenous they may be, it is only the perception of their bodily needs which makes them so. We came up to the sphere of man, and we find that perception has become the father of intellect, and here is prepared to receive the divine blessings of immortality. There are beings with the shapes of men, but who have not passed the Rubicon of reason, and been admitted into the realms of soul-life.

When the question is asked where God came from, and who created him, we are reminded that there are certain limits beyond which the mind of man cannot go.

How many men and women, proud intellectual strength, are beggars in spiritual matters! Before they can receive that which they lack, they must become like little children, and learn the first lessons of life. Men like Hume and Voltaire, had they not been deficient in knowledge of spiritual things, with their mighty intellects, would have been almost gods—such as Swedenborg, who almost penetrated the mysteries of Heaven.

The souls of the departed—not the departed, but those who have taken a degree higher—become remodeled as under the hands of an artist, consolidated, melted down, harmonized. People have seen spirits of a high growth. In the past, and have identified them with God. Moses made this mistake.

Man's soul is a microcosm—a little world within itself. It is a germ of the celestial, destined to unending growth. It is a centrality, never to be exhausted. Everything is beautifully adapted to its wants, because there is no end to creation.

Men who think beyond the borders of the old are called mystic and visionary, lacking common sense. Some senses are so common that they become common. The time is coming when great, divine reason will become common—when the pure coin from the mint of divinity will not be returned, stamped "bogus." Creation is not the making of something out of nothing, but the combining of causes to produce effects desired.

The choir and audience united on "Old Hundred," and the exercises closed.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.
Sunday Forenoon, Jan. 9, 1859.

A very large congregation assembled at the usual hour for beginning the morning service, when the following note was read by the venerable Dea. May:

To the Congregation at the Music Hall: Well-beloved and long-tried friends:

I shall not speak to you today; for this morning, a little after four o'clock, I had a slight attack of bleeding from the lungs or throat. I intended to preach on the Religion of Jesus, and the Christian Church, or the Superiority of Good Will to Man, over Belief in Theological Fables. I hope you will not forget the contribution for the poor, whom we have with us always. I do not know when I shall look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirit when my flesh was weak. May we do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, and his blessing will be upon us, here and hereafter, for his Infinite Love is with us forever and ever. Faithfully, your friend, THEODORE PARKER.

The reading of this note produced a powerful and sad sensation throughout the audience. Tears were to be seen in many eyes. Subsequent to the reading of this note, the parish voted Mr. Parker's salary one year at least, with the understanding that he should rest from his labors during that time. The subject of continuing Sunday meetings at this parish, was referred to a Committee. A unanimous vote of the Society was passed, expressing their heartfelt sympathy with their beloved pastor.

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

Sunday, January 24, 1859.

Mr. Beecher took for his text—John's Gospel, xii chap., 1st verse.

Now before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end. Also, I have said, xii chap., 6th and 6th verses—Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.

The last thing which we fully understand is generally the best and highest—which is the reality of God's personal love—the fruits of it—the continuance of it. These things we find out slowly, and receive with difficulty. We should have a desire to worship, not so much the greatness of God beyond our reach of comprehension, but his things within our comprehension. We believe in God's immutability; we believe God is unchangeable in that part of his nature regarding this world—we believe he will always be faithful here—we believe God is always faithful in his government. God's conscience we believe is in all these things easily recognized. But now rise above this, as far as flame arises above cold—we have no way to know why, a feeling that God's love is changeable—that it is fickle, that divine love is different from divine wisdom, and we feel an uncertainty creeping in regarding God's love for man. This faith, I believe, is in part referable to theology, which has taught us that God only loves good morals; thus, when a man does sin, if he is impressed with this belief, he is doubly unfortunate. And men have been taught to look to the Gospel plan; the worst name ever applied to anything is this plan of salvation, but we have been so prone to think divine love so closely united to a plan that we do not look for its universality—but if there be one trait more perfect than another, it is love. Now before the feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end.

Consider who Christ was speaking of—what were the origin of those men on whom he was bestowing such a heart. If you read the four evangelists, you will see that the disciples were not noted for, neither did they possess, intellect. It is sometimes wondered at that Christ should have chosen men so devoid of all culture. He might have gathered together twelve wiser men. You will find that they did not represent any particular ability; the only one who had any grasp on the world was Paul, and he was among the latest. The disciples were not wealthy—they represented none of the comforts of wealth; I do not mean the haughtiness, and austerity, and miserly selfishness of wealth, but the real comforts which might be derived from it. They did not represent art, culture, nor did they represent general power of any kind. Nor were they accepted because they were more than ordinary men; they were not, for soon after they were chosen, we find them, feeling themselves of some importance, disagreeing among themselves; nor did they represent anything peculiar in fidelity; they were lax in their duties, they slept in Gethsemane, and when Jesus was hauled before the judges they followed behind, none of them feeling for his more than for their own. Even their leader, Peter, denied him in the meekest manner; and again, it is recorded that they forsook him and fled! Was this fidelity?

Nor were they noted for moral development. Socrates was a man of his time, whose moral purity was denser than life; they were not of this class, and even after Christ had taught them to the end, and after he rose to them from the tomb and submitted his lacerated body to their touch, it needed all the subsequent manifestations to perfect them for their mission.

I think Cornelius the Roman, was naturally a higher man than any of the apostles, and I think all the worldship of men as saints is peculiarly unscriptural; I think God would manifest trills which were not with the apostles. He dared to go into Jerusalem and claim the body and bury it. Why was such a class of men selected? I think the design of God was to show the world that there was hope for all men. What if Christ had selected the best men of his time? It would

have been said, of course, God can show mercy to the best men, manifest his pleasure in their acts, and give them his wisdom. Suppose I were to go out with a desire to reform the poor drunkard, and I should go to New York and seek the families of rich men whose sons by over-indulgence had fallen into the vice of drinking—confine all my sympathy to the high and famed—the world would say, of course, he goes amongst his own kind; he is all right as far as they are concerned, but wears too low and miserable for his attention. But if instead of this I were, to go among the low and wretched—to the poor-house, and to places lower than the poor-house—the world would see that I was not influenced by circumstances or position; and those who begin at the lowest are sure of the respect of the highest. If such men as Shakespeare, Milton, Moore, (not Tom Moore), and others like them had been chosen, it would have been said, no wonder God could love such men, whose heads so nearly touched the pavements of heaven, that the angels might crown them without stooping. The disciples were neither the very highest, nor the very lowest; they were from that common class which has a majority in this world. It was a part of divine wisdom to select them from such a class of men—what is the result? You feel if the lowly those men there is hope for me.

There is not a fact which I am so glad about, as that the disciples were such poor fellows as they were. You all know that we need a God who can love a sinner—a real sinner—a man who is such a sinner that the great waves of mercy break upon him as the waves of ocean break against the rocks of the coast; a man whose veins pulse with the fever of vice, who feels the thunder-clap of hate; a man who sins morning and night. What! can God love such a man? The universal heart is saying—can God love a man way down where I am? Why don't you go to some good Orthodox church, and listen to some saint man? It is said to the dissolute searcher for truth. How dare you go to these Theodore Parkers and Chaplains? How dare you Christians have to do with these fishermen?

Christ says—I came into this world to show what medicine there was in God's love. It has been a balm a thousand times to my soul; it has kindled a flame in the dying embers of zeal, for I know if he loved them, he can and does love me.

Now what was the nature of Christ's feelings to these disciples? It is very plain to me that love in Christ, although it reached a degree of grandeur which we do not meet with in men, was in a degree similar to that affection which exists between men. We think when God loves, he loves as the sun shines from the dim valley to the towering mountain's brow. We seem to think God so great, that he pours forth a broad stream over the whole—loving high and low. I love the idea of God's generic benevolence; but I admire, too, a particular love. I find Christ so loving his disciples, that he delighted to be in their presence. The coming of one you love into a sick chamber, is like the bursting of light into darkness; the presence of one you love is more than poetry and flowers. One of the sweetest things Christ ever said was—"When I go, I will prepare a place for you." He would provide for his disciples.

You will recognize that toward them he was more forbearing than they were toward themselves. In a mother's love for her child, you may see how Christ loved his disciples. Good people almost always seem to know they are good. They set aside certain days as sacred; they watch themselves so closely, that finally they get to watching everybody else. Their children feel they are good, but do not quite understand it; there is too much such goodness in the world. The love of Christ to his disciples, my friends, has more in it to me, than perhaps to you; for when I was wrapped in skepticism, his actions toward them first gave me light and hope; when they did wrong, his rebuke was as sweet as the breathing of perfumed winds; nothing drew his heart out so much as wrong in the disciples. My child commits a wrong—my first impulse is to say, What a contemptible act; but when I think of Christ, my child is a gainer by the thought. Thus I feel, when God sees a man do wrong he instantly wishes to draw near to him, because he needed him more. And when I found out this was God, I was satisfied, and I found him manifested in Christ, a being living all that was good. I found him the great love of human life. To me, who have sat on oak benches, and listened to precise teachings, it is beautiful to read of Christ taking his disciples with him to walk in the shaded streets, or going beyond the valley, to sit beneath the drooping branches of the olives, through which the soft winds breathed their angelic minstrelsy.

You all know that the imagination is more powerful than reason. Christ knew this. My disciples, he said, have such a literal idea of me, that when I am gone, they will wander away without guidance; hence the transfiguration.

I can see something of the love of Jesus manifested in a mother's love. To take a child and put him into a skirt and shove him off from shore, and tell him to row across the ocean, seems not to me half so bad as it is for the mother for the first time to send her child away into these great cities. She sits him out; talks with and advises him; packs away his clothes—not a single piece is dry—all moistened by her tears. She puts inside a letter, which he isn't to read until he gets way to New York; it is full of motherly sentiment; it speaks of Mary's death; it awakens the deepest and holiest emotions which crowned the past. Said Christ, I am going away from you; you will want advice, and I give it to you. And he gave it so sweetly, that I can see nothing approximating to it but what is found in the family.

I think it is one of the hardest things in the world to say, I love you. I don't know why. A man who could look a woman in the face and say, I love you, without shrinking, ought to shrink. Love is like the ringing of bells; they sound sweetly while they are chiming; but after all it is hard work to ring them. And I marvel at the deep, manly and tender love which Christ poured out upon his disciples. They found in him united both father and mother.

Loving in Christ was not a governmental quality. It was a natural love, just as we have amongst us. It was the spontaneous love of a heart, loving as one heart loves another. And when Christ went back to heaven, he did not go there to love the less. Those who see Christ as a superior man, cannot follow me. His love to me has more in it than human. Christ takes these men and loves them to the end. In view of this statement, I can see you to think on God's personal love for you. You believe in God's power of wisdom and acts; you believe them immutable; but you believe that God loves once in a while. But the Scriptures do not teach this. His love is unchangeable and without end. For as when the sun shines, nothing in the world on which it shines can be dark. It is in the divine love to make everything worthy at last. I see those men who thought the most of themselves, the least loved and the least religious. I notice that the lowest natures need the most beauty in this world. What would a miser marry a woman for? You take one of those hard men—grants into which you have drilled, and never touched water; whom you stumble over and break in pieces; who falls upon you and bruises you. You go from him, and return in ten years, you find him just as hard. But you speak of his family, and he is ready to worship you. What's the change? He has been married five years. You instantly desire to see the woman who could awaken love in such a breast. Thus all natures need love. One says, I am not worthy of God's love. If his love is of a low nature, then you must be very good to be loved; but if it is of a high nature, it is to love what you cannot love. And when I think of God, I do not feel that he looks at my moral nature before he loves me. Does the sun, shedding its glory upon a little mote floating in its light, ask if it is a worthy mote? God surely loves us better if we are good; but he loves us any way—when we are bad, worse—when we are to the very bottom. I notice the moon coquetting with the ocean, drawing his tide up into the bay; then she withdraws her influence, and back the tide goes into the cold deep again. If God were to let us go, what should we be, hurled into the streams and eddies of life? We see the cold, austere man in the busy mart; he drives a sharp trade; has little sympathy for the suffering of his fellow-man; but by and by we see him in the morning, and say, surely, this man has gathered a little dew. The cause. He has taken to his home a girl-child; it's mother is dead—no vine over know how to curl like that child's hair—no blue was ever so rich in the violet, or in the vast expanse of heaven, as that of his tender eye; no voice was so like music. He goes unwillingly to business, returns with impatience, his feet moving faster and faster till he gets home. This boy holds his life. By and by God takes away the only thing he ever loved; and the only God has on that man is, that he loves the child. Now, what is your hope? It is your knowledge that God never forgets—that he loves everlastingly. This love of the Lord which never ceases—what peace ought it to give to those who need to be loved?

Now, we are to begin the year together; this is the first Sunday in the year, beside being our communion day, and we are to sit down to the crucified body of Christ. There is nothing more demonstrative of love than to give up life for it when surrounded by brightness. Do you suppose the woman who has not seen her husband come in sober for the last fifteen years, and has shed tears enough to float his bark to heaven—who has borne with the filthy brute—would fear to die? No; but she finds a work of love in life. I ask all com-

ers of the Christian church to join us in communion. And if there are those who are not members of the church, who feel they have good reasons for not being in the church, yet who feel that they love Christ, and have sympathy with him, while I believe it best to be in the body of the Church, I invite you. The Lord's supper does not belong to the church, but to the world. It has been extensively said that Mr. Beecher invites everybody—no doubt through mistake—but I repeat it is entirely false; but I do invite all in or out of the church, who have a spirit of sympathy and love for Christ.

CORA L. V. HATCH AT COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.
Friday, January 7, 1859.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the bad condition of the streets, Mrs. Hatch was welcomed by an audience of from twelve to fifteen hundred persons. According to the decision of the spirits a committee was selected by the audience to choose a subject for the lecture. A number of names were selected, from among which were chosen Dr. L. B. Wright, Dr. Lovejoy, and Prof. J. P. Mayes. These gentlemen retired to an anti-room to deliberate and select a subject, during which time Mr. H. was entranced. The subject was soon handed to Mr. Gibbs, who read it as follows: "Is the law of God a unit, or is a violation of one command the breaking of the whole law?"

Mrs. Hatch now advanced to the desk, with her hands crossed upon her bosom, and in a full, impressive tone, delivered the following prayer:

Infinite Jehovah, thou who art our God, yesterday, to-day and forever, who art immutable and unchangeable, we approach thee to-night with thanksgiving and prayer. Not because of this occasion do we praise thee more than at any other time—not because thy children have assembled here to listen to what we have to say—but because at all times, under all circumstances, and on all occasions, we feel the necessity of thy great and mighty power to sustain, uplift, strengthen and assist us. We do not ask thee to-night to shower any special blessing upon us. We do not approach thee with any wonder or astonishment like what we would feel towards a magistrate or king. But we seek thee as a companion and friend—a guide and director—to ask the inspiration of thy presence. Our Father, thy children here assembled feel in the depths of their inmost souls that law which binds them to thee. They know thy infinitude, they know thy power, they know thy majesty. We do not bow in humble and suppliant adoration, not knowing whom we adore; but we bless thee as an everlasting existence—a God of love, of affection; we still acknowledge thy power and greatness. May thy children, therefore, that are here assembled, ask to-night the inspiration of truth, of light, of love, of intelligence; and the answer will come from every part of the universe, from the most distant stars—the rolling orbs that fill you space—from the deepest bosom of the sea, whose waves forever lash the shore.

The prayer concluded with a supplication of God's blessing on all present, and after entirely changing her demeanor into an animated, declamatory style, Mrs. Hatch proceeded.—The subject of the evening is metaphysical, and not theological. A theological discourse is based upon some assumed platform. We shall treat the subject entirely as a scientific and metaphysical one, and have no intention to treat of theology. The question will require an explanation, and a proper understanding of the platform, before we speak. God signifies to our understanding that Intelligence and power which controls, guides and directs the vast mechanism of the universe. There can be no mechanism without intelligence, no intelligence without existence, no existence without power, and no power without life. Such is God. Law, according to our vocabulary, is that arrangement of universal and particular influences which, under all circumstances, and at all times, is fixed—something which, in its regular development, produces a result of harmony. A command is that which one person in authority exercises, exacted above one of his subjects. If there is intelligence in the Divine Being, and intelligence guides the universe, it must be done through law. There is no such thing as a constant, permanent everlastingly effectiveness of the spiritual intelligence to control the universe. It must be organized and strict. If intelligence rules the universe, there must be some law of intelligence. If that law guides the universe, it is the intelligence which we call God. Infinite law implies infinite wisdom. Usually speaking of God's law, men think only of God's mechanism. They have delved for years, and have mistaken this mechanism of God for his law, which they have not yet discovered; yet it is simple. It is no astronomy, geology, theology, or any other art. It is all over the world a hurling of power and love. Inspiration is but one of God's means. God's law is law unto himself, and for himself. The commands of Deity are said to have been given us by inspiration; but that inspiration has come to us through various languages, nations, traditions, influences and changes. So the commandments of Moses, and the commandments of Deity, are as different as Moses is from Deity; they came through inspiration, it is true; they were laws of Deity to Moses and his followers. But are they to humanity and you? Has God anything to do with finite calculations, with finite brains? No; they affect not his law any more than does the slightest atom affect the universe. If we obey God's laws, theologians say, we will be happy; if we obey psychological laws, psychologists say, we will be happy; if we obey all law, we will doubtless be happy. But there is a vast difference between theory and practice.

There is no such thing as understanding God's laws—we must make laws for ourselves. The law of Deity is simply the law of supreme intelligence, that operates in and through and with all things, and applies to the various creations of life in proportion as each successive creation is capable of receiving it. For instance, to our mind it is the same intelligence, the same law, the same power, that causes the blade of grass to shoot from beneath the sod as that which exists in man; but the blade of grass cannot receive so much intelligence as man; it has not the capacities for so much power—therefore it receives its own form. Its form is to itself, as man's is to him. Its life is as great, powerful, delightful to itself as is the life of man to him. But the blade of grass is not so great as man. Man is organized so that he can receive all the intelligence, all the power, that all successive creations have received before him. It is customary for theologians to speak of Infinite Deity—of his vengeance, wrath, pleasure, pain, regret, sorrow, and of his cognizance of all of man's affairs—of all his pleasures and displeasures, and of the emotions that fit across his noble brow when a man or a woman or a child don't think exactly to suit him; but when we think of God as an infinite being, we cannot believe that he is pleased or displeased with any little thing that this or that child does. We know of none who obey the commandments of God, as given by the theologians. It cannot be done. An infinite God, watching his children as they play with the bubbles of life, as they quarrel with each other about these bubbles, ready to wreak his eternal vengeance upon them if they in the least displeased him, is not a picture of a God of love. If we accept the theological law, he is a God of vengeance, revenge, hatred and passion, and will wreak them upon us throughout endless time—upon all of us; for there is no one person of us who has not, at some time, broken the commandments, and most of us do it daily. If these are the laws of God, and this the means by which man is to obtain happiness, you may all make up your minds to be unhappy forever, for you have every one broken these laws, incurred the penalties, and are therefore sentenced to eternal punishment. Then God's laws are all broken—they lay in fragments at your feet, for you don't love your neighbor as yourself—you obey no one of them. You frequently steal, you frequently lie, you frequently commit murder, not always bodily; and yet you fancy you will be saved. If God's laws are like himself, infinite and immutable, then they cannot be broken by finite beings. If there is no law that man can't keep, or break, then God is not safe on his eternal throne, and some day will be dethroned. Now, the god of humanity is very different from this. Every man has three distinct natures, which apply to three distinct principles of existence, which may all be traced to three several mechanisms or constructions. One nature is that which consists in a purely physical mechanism or form. This is the animal. As a mechanism, it is beautiful—it is powerful; it is the finest, the highest wrought mechanism known. It has its laws, its commandments, its wants, its requirements, and these must be strictly attended to and followed; if not, the penalty ensues. For instance: everything that is physical requires sustenance, food; it requires protection. Everything in nature desires and requires reproduction; so with man's physical nature. The next nature is superior—intelligence; not superior in quality, but superior in quantity and arrangement. This departed nature man also has in his own laws, and requires to have them attended to and followed; if violated, insanity and other evils follow. The intellectual has been more studied than the physical nature, and still it is less understood. The chief problem is to solve what intelligence is. If we say intelligence is something different than that which appears in the physical

cal world, we are left to wander in the boundless scope of intellect; but if we take it as the intelligence that pervades all nature, then the problem is solved. Thus, man's intelligence is just the same as that which obtains in the pebble, the stone or flower. Still further is the religious nature of man, which is entirely different from his intellectual nature. Religion has no more to do with intelligence than it has to do with physiology. Religion pervades and permeates the whole of a man, or it may exist exclusively, and become a thing itself; it may exist as the rule and principle of a man's life, or it may exist in one corner. Religion is the mystery of man's nature. Religion is that which is so superior, so vast and infinite in its complexity, that man has long since given up the study of it understandingly. Religion and intellect are entirely dissimilar. Religion is different from science. Religion knows no law; science does. Religion knows no boundary; science does. Religion will not be circumscribed, or brought into rules, or continued, or limited, but will be unto itself a law. Intellect is simply another mechanism, as is the body; it has its laws, and they must be obeyed. It uses all things for its own happiness. That is all man lives for; that is all religion for; that is all we minister to your wants for. Why do you bless God? Not because you know anything of him; not because you can conceive of his greatness and power; not because he is endeared to you as are your kindred or friends, but because you think he will do something for you that will render you happy. The soul does that (prays) for itself. The soul fashions for itself laws which are as unchanging to it as God's laws are to him.

You say in your inquiry, if a man violates one law of God, or one commandment of God, does he violate all? Yes, if man can violate one of God's laws, then God will fall from heaven, and there will be no Omnipotent. No, you can't do it. You may try as much as you please, but you can never touch one of God's laws. If a man sins—if he kills his own brother—he offends not God, but that which is in his own bosom. If you have done anything which your soul tells you is wrong, you are punished. If you are guilty, pain and remorse ensue. If conscious, deep, inexpressible despair will follow you until the soul has worked out its own redemption. It is not required that God should stoop from his throne, wherever it may be, to punish you; it is not required there should be a real seething hell, with an actual devil to punish you—the devil of conscience actually within yourself, is the curse you will suffer, and eternally will all too short to wipe it out, were it not that the law of God is a law of mercy, and when a man has suffered for his sins sufficiently, the punishment ceases. The laws which affect and interest you most are, or should be, those which apply to yourselves. Earthly laws are not immutable; they are not unchangeable—which is an advantage. Though you may not offend a personal deity, you are still lengthening the march of humanity; you are still throwing burning coals of fire upon your heart, which must burn out in pain, if you violate the law of your own soul. If you wish to understand the laws of Duty, learn the law of love.

Mrs. Hatch proposes to give a course of lectures this winter on Wednesday of every week, at Clinton Hall, on Eighth street.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS

Prof. J. L. D. will speak at Nashua, Jan. 16th; Dover, N. H., Jan. 17th; Portland, Me., Jan. 18th; Boston, Feb. 1st; Lowell, Mass., Feb. 13th; Bangor, Me., 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 BAXTER, and receive subscriptions either for the paper, or for the New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Emma Howells will lecture at St. Louis, and adjacent cities, during the month of 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 cross her at the cities she visits, should send letters for her residence, 184 Grand street, New York, from whence they will be punctually forwarded.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Northampton, Mass., Jan. 10th; in Norwich, Ct., Jan. 23d; in New York, Jan. 30th, and in Dingham, N. Y., in the month of February. Should the friends in the vicinity of Birmingham desire it, and make early applications, she will spend a few months with them. Address, until Jan. 20th, Northampton, Mass.

Warren Chase will lecture, Jan. 12th and 13th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 15th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 22d and 23d, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, in Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

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.

Miss M. Munson will make engagements to lecture at places in the route from Philadelphia to Chicago, at any time previous to the first of March next. Address her at Philadelphia, care of H. F. Child, M. D.

Anna M. Henderson will lecture in Providence, R. I., the last three Sundays in January, and in Fuxboro' on the evenings of the 10th and 20th. All business letters may be sent to Newton, Conn.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations at Marlborough, Friday, Jan. 14th; New Bedford, Sunday, Jan. 16th. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER.

Miss Rose T. Ames will speak, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 1