

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Poetry.

### THE WORLD'S NOT HALF SO BAD.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Don't murmur, man! the world's not half so bad  
As discontented people think it;  
True friendship must be sought for, if 'tis had,  
Nor used, man, like a worthless trinket.  
The world, man, hath a few more ups than downs—  
A down or so in life won't spoil it;  
And so there are a few more smiles than frowns—  
Frowns are but faults in nature's toilet.  
A lone stream ran o'er rocks, through forests drear,  
Nor sang a single note of sorrow—  
I asked "How can you sing so sweetly here?"  
"I roam through fields of flowers to-morrow!"  
Don't murmur, man, but let the stream advise—  
There is a little wisdom in it;  
Content comes last—the race and then the prize—  
The cage before you're apt to stumble.  
Life's lot is hard to those who make it so,  
And some are very apt to grumble;  
The ship sails on, 'tis but the winds may blow—  
Don't fall because you're apt to stumble.  
If comfort may be had within a cot,  
Where's the use of costly palaces?  
The simplest truth is, wheresoever got,  
Grander than the grandest fallacies.  
Memory looks back from life's December,  
Garnishing the bills therein allotted;  
Sooner the chapter of our griefs remember  
Than have on joy in life's long record blotted.  
Don't murmur, man! the world's not half so bad  
As some people's minds may measure it;  
If friendship prove thee false, the inference had  
Is, that you don't know how to treasure it.  
Then let the great world roll howe'er it will;  
Wiser power than thine arranges it,  
Poor man; but toll on, with all thy wisdom still,  
And know, murmuring never changes it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Disappointed Heir; OR, THE FOWLER ENSNARED.

BY MRS. E. A. ALCOORN.

### CHAPTER IV.

A few days subsequent to the events, recorded in the foregoing chapter, Senator Mortimer arrived in Boston on a brief visit to his children, and to him Frank disclosed his private engagement to the lovely Rosalie, asking his sanction to their union, when the Judge's consent could be obtained. He also spoke of Estelle, her early trials, privations, correct deportment, and beauty; mentioning the fact of her residence in the Judge's family, and her subsequent seduction by his own intentional rival, whom he added he was prepared, by documents in his possession, to prove to be her cousin.

"Do I understand you to say, you possess documentary evidence of this betrayed maiden's identity, as the daughter of Mabel Whornellif Warner?" demanded the Senator.

"Yes, sir."

"From whom did you receive those documents?"

"From Rosalie, to whom the grateful girl had related her early history, with so much of her parent's as she knew. On the day of her disappearance, the former learned by accident the name of Miss Whornellif's husband, when the similarity in name and history attracted her attention, and aroused suspicions of existing relationship between the parties. Estelle's continued absence, pained her so deeply that she admitted me to her confidence, and mentioning, among other incidents connected with the maiden, this suspicion of her origin, and its foundation, I advised a search amongst her effects for proof, when these papers were discovered—principally letters between her parents, ere their ill-assorted marriage—which afford all necessary evidence for our purpose!"

"And her childhood was spent, you say?"

"In the southwest."

"I know—but in what portion?"

"I cannot say."

"Humph! I knew a family of that name once!" said the Senator, half musingly, adding, "She cannot be a member of it, however. Such as they, never reared to maturity a being such as you represent her to be! You say Miss Arnold has consented to the elopement proposed by this perfidious scoundrel, in order to enrich him fairly?"

"Yes, sir."

"And it comes off—?"

"Three days hence."

"How is it planned to circumvent him?"

"As follows. Rosalie meets him at the house of a distinguished clergyman, employed to perform the rite, and who has been admitted to our confidence, and, retiring ere the ceremony, is personated by Estelle, closely veiled, to whom he will be united unaware. Or should he discover the deception, I shall be near to unmask him, and make known the falsity of his claim to the wealth he is now squandering."

"And thus bring him to terms. Adroitly planned! I must confess, and well worthy of success. You must admit me as a party to your scheme."

"With pleasure!"

"I must see this Estelle Warner. I have a strange presentiment—but for the present it is unimportant. I must see her! Can you devise no means by which I may do so?"

"By which you may see her—yes! Hereafter she will be much alone. Ridley's approaching nuptials will engross all his attention, so that Rosalie and Ella have designed to call upon her in her cottage home, on the day preceding the elopement, for the purpose

of unfolding her betrayer's villainy, their scheme for its punishment, and to prepare her for her part in the drama. You can accompany them instead of myself, when you may both see and speak with her. "Excellent!"

"Father, I know not why it is, but that poor girl's wrongs interest me as deeply as if they were my sister's!"

"Your sister's, boy?"

"Ay! my sister's, and were they her's they could be no more fully answered for, than they shall be. Estelle's stained honor lies as heavy on my heart, as if it was my own. Nor can I rest until it is purified!"

"Strange! strange indeed, such interest in a stranger!" ejaculated the old statesman half aside, adding after a brief pause, "We will meet at dinner, Frank! I have important business to attend to now. So good morning, boy!"

"Good morning, father! I will be punctual at dinner, as I presume you spend the evening with the Judge!"

"I do; good morning!" and thus they separated, the Senator repairing to his own apartment, and the youth to seek his desk in Judge Arnold's office.

With our reader's kind permission, we will pass over the events of the next two days, introducing them to the apartments of Ernest Ridley on his wedding eve, where, under the hands of his valet, he was undergoing preparation for his nuptials.

While thus engaged, a friend was announced, whom he desired the waiter to admit, saying, as the visitor entered—

"Well, what success, Frank? Have you caged the bird?"

"Yes, with a vengeance! The bird—as you are pleased to term her—had flown, and I believe you knew it!"

"Knew what?" demanded Ridley, starting from the tonsorial chair, in unfeigned amazement.

"Why, that Estelle Warner—your fair mistress—was no longer an inhabitant of Ivy Cottage, ere I went hither!"

"You're joking, Frank!" resumed Ridley, with a faint attempt to laugh.

"Am I? Perhaps!" rejoined his companion, as he assumed a chair, adding, "And 'tis as a proof of the job, I presume, that I am here to demand the repayment of that thousand dollars you received from me this morning, as an equivalent for possession of her person, to which you resigned all claim, in event of my success. Fork over, Master Ernest! You don't owe me in that manner, I assure you."

"You are sure she's gone?"

"Sure! certainly."

"In that case the money shall be returned. Here it is," he added, taking from his note-case a draft for the amount, and tendering it to his friend.

"But where can she be gone to? I have seen her but once since my affair with that cursed Southerner, and that was while conducting her back to the cottage—when you were introduced to her. Can she have gained tidings of my approaching marriage, and committed suicide, or—what is worse—taken measures to prevent me from securing the prize at which I grasp? This absence, at such a time, is portentous!"

"Ah! that it is, and of the latter evil—such as she seldom resort to the former, unrevenged."

"Pshaw! you're one of Job's consoling friends. For Heaven's sake, change the subject! I'd give a cool thousand to know whether she had fled," and the coward turned pale with dread, as the probable events of the next few hours passed in review before him.

"We meet again in New York, or Washington, which?" demanded, Frank Barton, after a brief pause.

"In the latter. How soon may I expect you there?"

"A week hence. May you have a pleasant time till then, and find your fair bride all that your fond fancy has painted her," and resuming his hat, the polished rouse prepared to go, which Ridley observing, said—

"Do me the favor, Frank, while you remain, to search for some clue to Estelle. If you find her, may success crown your efforts to win her favor."

"I will. Au revoir!"

"Bon soir, Francois!" responded Ridley, as the former departed, and lapsing into painful reverie, spoke not again until his toilet was complete.

"Monsieur will look charming to-night," said his French valet-de-chamber, as he gave the former's hair a finishing touch, ere he tendered him his hat.

"Do you think so, Henrie?"

"Oui, Monsieur, you nevez pas look so well."

"High ho! It is a matter of little importance, I fear. This splendid make-up may prove in vain, if Estelle's vengeance has beset my path. What is the hour?"

"Six, Monsieur."

"Ah, so late! Call a carriage instantly, and attend me; I will require your services as footman, to-night!"

"Out, Monsieur!" and the valet, hastened to obey his master's orders, returning in a few moments to report their execution, when the trembling villain departed, intent upon the fulfillment of the full measure of his villainy.

### CHAPTER V.

At the moment of the conference, just recorded between Ridley and his friend, quite a little party were in the act of assembling at the hour of the Rev. Dr. Wells, who had been chosen to perform the marriage ceremony.

First came the Honorable Henry Mortimer, who

handing a lady closely veiled from the carriage which bore them thither, entered the residence of the worthy Dr., and were showed into a side parlor, communicating with the principal drawing-room, in which the ceremony was to take place.

Within a few minutes Judge Arnold was announced, and entered, leading in Ella Mortimer, who, after saluting her parent, instantly took her place by the side of the lady who had preceded her, and whom our readers have doubtless rightly judged ere this, to be Estelle. A few whispered words on the part of each, and they retired from the apartment, at a sign from the Dr.'s lady, who awaited them at the door to lead them to a distant apartment from which the bride was to be led by her lover, to the presence of the clergyman.

Next came Frank Mortimer, accompanied by police officer Webster, who carried in his hand a warrant for the arrest of Ernest Ridley on the charge of seduction, which his errand hither was to execute, should such course prove necessary.

As they entered the parlor where the judge and senator were commenting on the object for which they were assembled, Frank started upon seeing the former, who smilingly enjoyed his confusion for a moment, and then said—

"Did not expect to find me here, Frank, did you?"

"Your presence here is indeed unexpected, sir, yet not the less welcome, I assure you. You are aware of the object of our presence?"

"I am, my dear boy, and approve of it highly. Why did not you admit me to your confidence? I would, I trust, have proved no mean ally."

"A dread of finding you prejudiced in favor of Ernest Ridley, prevented us."

"You did me injustice. But thanks to my worthy friend—your father—I am aware of all. Ha, ha! All your plans and plottings—my never look confused, young man; you have naught to fear. My darling Rosalie has confessed the relation in which she stands to you; and now, the only punishment I will impose on you for plotting to rob me of my child, is your union with her forthwith."

"Oh, thanks! such fate I accept most joyfully!" responded the enraptured youth; and, unable to utter more, could only return the fervent pressure of the judge's hand, who resumed—

"She's good as she is beautiful; but were she ten times so good, you are worthy of her, and this night she shall be yours."

"I am unprepared for this, dear sir, and can only prove my gratitude by my care for her happiness. But I fear our marriage cannot take place to-night. The necessary document—"

"Is here!" interrupted the judge. "I came to witness a bridal to-night, and fearing lest something might deprive me of the pleasure, procured a license for yourself and Rosalie, who comes prepared to join her fate with yours. Do other objections exist to mar my purpose?"

"No—no, indeed! Believe me, sir, I value the tempting prize too highly, to delay the happy hour which will make it mine."

"I believed so, boy. Hark! Ridley has arrived with his friend, and on us his presence imposes silence."

Within a few minutes of Ridley's arrival, Rosalie, closely veiled, alighted from a carriage at the door, where she was received by the worthy doctor and the expectant groom, to whose tender greeting, she replied with well-assumed coy tenderness, at the same time sweeping aside her veil, that he might obtain a glimpse of her face, when he led her in, and to the door of the apartment, where Ella and the wronged Estelle awaited her. There he left her, with the whispered injunction, to be expeditious, the worthy doctor retiring to the drawing-room to await their coming.

Five minutes later, the bride was announced in readiness, and Ridley's friend met her at the door, leading the way into the minister's presence, while Ridley followed with the doctor's lady, who was to perform the part of bridesmaid. Once in the drawing-room, they took their places, and the ceremony commenced, and proceeded as far as the demand, "Estelle Warner, wilt—?" when Ernest Ridley, starting, exclaimed, "Estelle Warner! You mistake, reverend sir! Rosalie Arnold!" whereupon the doctor bowed and proceeded—"Wilt thou have?" The ceremony concluded, Ernest Ridley raised his bride's veil, to salute her, when, starting back in amazement, he exclaimed, "Estelle! By heaven!"

"Yes, young man!" said the worthy minister, "and lest you should hereafter wish to deny the fact of your marriage, behold its witnesses!"

Ernest Ridley turned his gaze in the direction indicated by the clergyman, and beheld, to his infinite dismay, the array of witnesses, whose exit from the side-parlor—the door of which was behind him—had wholly escaped his notice.

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir," said Judge Arnold, advancing towards the crest-fallen pair, adding, "May I expect the honor of an introduction to your lovely bride?"

"To the devil. Is this your work, Judge Arnold?"

"Mine? no, indeed! What should I have to do with it? Did you not come here to marry the lady?"

"Do you acknowledge her as your wife, Ernest Ridley?" demanded Frank Mortimer, advancing at this instant.

"What have you to do with the affair?" demanded Ridley in reply.

"Much! Do you acknowledge Estelle Warner—the lady to whom you have just been united—as your lawful bride?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Ridley, goaded to desperation.

"Will you make provision for her maintenance in a manner suited to her rank and station as your wife?"

"I do not see the object of your interference in matters which concern you not, Mr. Mortimer!"

"Perhaps you may ere I have done with you. Mr. Webster, advance and secure your prisoner!"

"Prisoner! On what charge?" demanded Ridley, retreating a few steps, and standing at bay.

"The abduction of your cousin, Estelle Warner!"

"Estelle Warner my cousin?"

"Yes, the daughter of your Aunt Mabel Whornellif Warner."

"Impossible! I'll not believe it!"

"I possess indubitable proofs thereof, nevertheless, on which, in behalf of this lady, I claim half of all the wealth left by Edward Whornellif of Ningpo, formerly of Boston, late deceased."

"Your pardon, Francis!" said Mr. Mortimer, advancing, having resigned Estelle to the joint care of Rosalie and Ella. "I wish to say a word or two. Young man, if you desire to contest this matter legally, do so. You will find, to your cost, that she is indeed your cousin; and not she alone, but yonder fair being, now assaying to console her, and this noble youth—her champion—are also your cousins, and her brother and sister—"

"Cousins! Brother and sister!" exclaimed Frank and Ella simultaneously.

"Yes! But I will explain hereafter, my children!" then addressing Ernest Ridley, he resumed: "You can take your choice, young man—freedom, with a wife who is far your superior, or infamy and a prison! If you wish to prove it, you will find she has powerful friends, who are ready and willing to espouse her cause. How say you? Which position do you accept?"

"The latter! If 'tis in your power to bestow it, which, pardon me, I doubt."

"'Tis well, young man! Yet, granting you an hour of grace, you can have until to-morrow to decide. Officer! remove your prisoner."

Ernest Ridley, being led from the apartment by officer Webster, and accompanied by his friend, another pair took their places before the clergyman, and were speedily united for life, when the now—with the exception of poor Estelle—happy party adjourned to the mansion of the lady's father, where the worthy senator gave to his expectant children the following explanation of that assertion of their relationship to Estelle, which had filled them with amazement.

"Twenty-one years ago, business of importance called me to New Orleans, where, failing to transact it to my satisfaction, owing to the absence of a party therein, who resided a short distance from Baton Rouge, I set out for the latter place, intending to meet him there. Upon my arrival, I learned he was confined by sickness to his plantation, situated at a distance of some ten miles. 'Twas only morn when I landed at Baton Rouge, and, being informed of his illness within an hour after my arrival, I set out for his plantation on foot, believing I should reach it in time to finish my business, and start for home in one of the boats to pass up that evening. But owing to misdirection, I failed to reach the plantation that night, and was compelled to seek shelter in the hut of a squatter, who welcomed me, extending to me the hospitalities of his home.

It required little observation to assure me that he was wretchedly poor, and worse, a confirmed inebriate, while his wife was evidently a woman of refined manners, and rich mental endowment, whose faded beauty and care-worn brow, bespoke but too plainly the extent of her suffering. Mine host closed the evening with a drinking bout, as he termed it, in which—at the risk of arousing his ire—I refused to join, amusing myself for a time with the innocent prattle of three little ones—his children, and his only wealth—until their mother placed them in their little moss bed for the night.

How I envied him the possession of the cherub trio! I never was blessed with children of my own, and would gladly have given half my wealth to call those lovely children mine. For hours after I retired, I tossed uneasily on a sleepless pillow, my thoughts completely engrossed by them, and turned in dismay from the picture, fancy-painted, of my own childless home.

Mine host was sober in the morning, and observing my attention entirely engrossed by his babes during the humble morning repast, remarked—

"Guess you kinder like children, stranger?"

"I do, indeed!" was my reply; "I adore them!"

"Hain't got none o' your own, I s'pose?"

"No!"

"Never!"

"Never!"

Nothing more was said on the subject at the time, while I continued so engrossed with the babes, that an hour elapsed ere I thought of departing. At length I prepared to go, and had bidden my host and his wife adieu, when the former followed me a short distance from the house, and, halting me to stop, said, as he came up to where I had halted—

"Stranger, you seem to have taken a fancy to my youngsters, and bein' as you ain't got none o' your own, s'pose you buy two o' mine?"

"Would you sell your children?" demanded I, amazed at the proposition.

"Thunder! what kin a feller do? I can't raise 'em no how; they'd starve, sure's a gun," said he, in reply.

"But how can you bring yourself to part with them?" demanded I.

"I'd sooner do it a thunderin' sight 'n see 'em starve, stranger. If you took 'em, I'd know they're

care'd for, an' that ere's more'n I'd be sure on if any one hero had 'em."

Forcibly impressed with the truth of his observation, I paused momentarily ere I demanded—

"And your wife?"

"Don't know nothin' about it yet. But I know my Mabel 'd consent, afore she'd see 'em die of hunger. Fact is, stranger, I must git away from here, to some place where a feller 'll git somethin' to do, and darn me if I kin, without money. If 't warn't for that ere, I'd give you the babies, you seem to set so by 'em."

"Look here, friend," said I, "I'll come back here to-night, and, in the mean time, you can talk the matter over with your wife. Should she consent to part with her children, I will take them joyfully, and adopt them as my own. But I will not buy them. Any sum sufficient to relieve your necessities, and enable you to remove hence, shall be placed at your disposal, but not as an equivalent for your babes!"

"Hang me, stranger, if you ain't the right sort," said he, grasping my hand. "I'll tell my Mabel how you've talked, an' she'll be sure to consent."

"Do so," said I, adding as I turned away. "I'll be back by sundown to learn her decision."

The last rays of the setting sun were tingling with gold the tree tops, and its glory was reflected brilliantly by the thousand fleecy clouds which over-spread the sky, when I again came in sight of the hut and home of the squatter.

As I approached it, a scene met my gaze, which caused me to halt, unwilling to intrude upon or disturb aught so holy and touching as the manifestation of a mother's love.

Seated at the door of the hut was the wife of the squatter; her two youngest, and twin babes seated on her knee, and pressed convulsively to her bosom, while ever and anon a crystal tear-drop fell from her cheek on their Auburn curls, as she raised her oft-bowed head to glance toward the setting sun. I remained a long time gazing on the touching scene; indeed until the deepening twilight rendered it obscure, when I advanced, and the woman, looking up as I drew near, recognized me. With a violent shudder of instinctive dread, she clasped her babes more closely to her bosom, and, hastily rising, retreated a few steps, while a low and stifled sob escaped her lips.

"Nay, fear not, madam!" said I, halting within a few steps; "I see you know all. But I do not come to tear your children from you!"

"I know! I know!" she sobbed, entering the hut, indicating her wish that I should follow. "I know they will be kindly dealt with; but it breaks my heart to part with them!" and she gave way to a violent outburst of grief.

I remained a silent and deeply moved spectator of the touching scene, until her grief had spent itself, when I resumed—

"You have decided, then?"

"Yes! But stern necessity, and the hope of saving my husband from—from a—a—a drunkard's grave, have wrung from me the decision. Oh, you will be kind to them, sir—to my darling Frank and Ella, loving them as your own!" and her voice again faltered her, while her tears flowed afresh.

"I will, so help me heaven!" rejoined I, solemnly, retiring to the open air, unable to remain longer a witness.

While outside, the squatter returned from a hunt, and, soon after, we entered the hut, where he prepared the evening meal, his wife being unequal to the task. He partook but sparingly, while she tasted nothing, and I eat but little, retiring to the couch of moss prepared for me, soon after the meal was over.

All night long the mother sat hugging her darlings to her bosom, while ever and anon, the eldest of the children, who had been sent to bed alone, would plaintively demand—"Mamma! do put Frank an' Ella in bed. I tant doe to sleep if you do n't."

At early dawn I was astir, and ready to depart, when I took from my wallet sufficient money to enable me to reach home, giving the wallet, with its remaining contents to the squatter, unobserved by his wife. Perceiving me awaiting her movements, she nerved herself to the task before her, and, approaching me, gazed long and fondly upon the sleeping babes; then pressing her lips fervently on the brow of each, she placed them in my arms, and, uttering a groan of heart-rending anguish, fell fainting into her husband's arms.

I bore my sleeping treasures, whom even their mother's agonized kiss had failed to awaken, in my arms, to the nearest landing on the Mississippi, where I took the first steamer bound up, reaching home in due time with the cherub pair, whom a lady passenger had kindly assumed the charge of, as far as Cincinnati.

From the hour of their advent in my childless home, during the life of my beloved wife, they were its light and a well-spring of joy to our hearts; and, since her death, I have striven to shield them from evil, cherishing them in my heart's core, as the miser does his love of gold. I swore to love them as my own! Frank! Ella! ye were those babes—the children of those parents, whose only other child was Estelle Warner—your elder sister; and to you I now appeal, to say if I have kept my oath!"

As he ceased, the brother and sister, who, for the last few moments were locked in each other's embrace, separated, when Frank and Ella approached, exclaiming simultaneously—

"You have our more than father!" and were clasped to his heart in fond embrace.

The ebullition of their joy was followed by a brief relation by the Senator, of the manner in which he had been led by the touching history of Estelle's



wrongs, and her name, to investigate her parentage—a history of which, together with a confirmation of the story of her sham marriage to Ernest Ridley, he gleaned from her own lips, when finding his surmise correct, he made known to her the fact of her relationship to his two children, charging her to withhold from Ella the secret, until he made it known.

Having conducted our readers thus far, it remains but to add, that one night's incarceration in Suffolk jail, effected a marked change in Ernest Ridley's sentiments, with regard to his marriage with Estelle. Morning found him willing to acknowledge his wife, with whom he now resides a happy, honored man, having long since repented the follies of his youth, and heartily blessed the day in which he discovered himself to be at once a disappointed heir, and securely caught in the snare he had spread for another.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. ADVENT OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The weary earth lies fainting in the cold,  
Black night of folly, ignorance, and doubt,  
The death-damp gathers on its tortured brow;  
Its bleeding limbs convulse with agony;  
The stars are hid by tempest clouds, athwart  
Whose gloom the lightning hisses and thunders bray.  
No beacon-fire glows o'er the bounding waves,  
Nor dare a soul the mighty bar direct,  
Turning the rusty prow against the storm;  
Most daring, dare but trim the lighter sails,  
To fill the yawning seams, or lookout keep,  
For, though but idle gazers on the flood,  
They learned talked of charts to lay their course.

It plunges headlong through the fog and gloom;  
Dark headlands frown, and reefs and bars are passed,  
Round which the wolfish billows snarl and rave;  
Deep plows into the hidden shoals,  
And jarring grates on sunken rocks, then mounts  
The foamy billows like a thing of life  
Tossing their madness proudly to the winds.

Lo! breaks the light, upon the sounding deep!  
Like stately lightning comes and fills the heavens.  
An angel voice with trumpet-tongue proclaims,  
Jehovah, though unseen, through myriad bands,  
The ether grasps, which you thought idle swang;  
And every sail is trimmed, and tuckles set,  
By angel hands who love their fellow-men.  
No more shall clouds conceal, or tempests rive  
The world of spirits from the world of men;  
On beams of light the spirit-spheres descend,  
To dwell with brothers in the mortal plane,  
And point them onward in the path of light.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### AMY WESTON: A STORY OF TRIAL AND CONQUEST.

BY CORA WILBURN.

A dark cloud rested ever on the face of home; her mother wept far oftener than she smiled, and from her earliest recollection Amy had learned to fear her father—to dread her brother James. Ever kind and gentle, Mrs. Weston sought to instill the highest and purest sentiments into the heart of this child, and she was well repaid for all her tenderness and care. When Robert and Lillian fell ill of the prevailing fever, Amy, then only ten years of age, watched beside them every night; and when the last struggle was over, she it was, who, with sweet words of the holiest consolation, sought to cheer the bereaved heart of the mourning mother. She it was, who, when the father returned at midnight, reeling and intoxicated, stayed his course toward her mother's chamber, saying so softly and persuasively:

"Please, father, don't awaken poor, tired mother; stay and talk with me."

And sometimes, won by her entreaties, he would desist from troubling his wife, and entertain the child with his maudlin conversation. She never interrupted him with show of anger or disrespect; but she often stayed his uplifted arm, when in his drunken fury he seemed about to strike the trembling form of her mother. She feared her father—feared him for his consciousness and profanity. For her brother James, she entertained the same feelings; he had often struck the little girl, and was swiftly following the downward path pursued by his unhappy father.

Poor Amy! the only light of joy that illumined her path, fell from her mother's eyes; from the maternal lips she heard of love and purity and goodness—of faith and hope—of God and Heaven. And, as a floweret growing in uncongenial soil—in a darkened spot—she lifted up her pure, young heart, to catch the sunbeams of affection—the warmth of hope. As a consoling angel to that forsaken wife and bereaved mother, was this rare child; as a guiding lamp to her feet, were the lessons of goodness instilled by that dear mother to her forming soul. So Amy grew to womanhood, uncontaminated by the evil around her, pure in heart and strong in soul; ever upholding the principles of right, thought and action; willing to suffer for the truth—to battle for the oppressed.

The name of Amy Weston never was trumpeted to the world by the voices of applause and fame; but who shall say that humble, yet heroic life, remained unrecorded, with all its trials, its temptations overcome, its holy conquests gained? Surely there is a book of life, in which such noble deeds are written; beautiful heart-histories, that are read by pitying and rewarding angels.

Upon her white shoulders, Amy bore a cruel mark; it was inflicted by the drunkard's hand in a moment of ungoverned fury. She had thrown herself betwixt her parents—the blow intended for the feeble mother, she received without a cry of pain; her arms were bruised by the iron-like finger-marks of her brother; his horrid curses rang in her ears, arousing in her heart, too often the human retort of indignation and sorrow.

One evening, James reeled home in a state of hopeless intoxication; he grasped Amy by the arm, and said as roughly as usual—

"Say, girl, have you got any money?"

She looked at him fixedly for a moment, and said in a voice she vainly endeavored to steady—

"I have no money, James."

"You lie!" he thundered; "what do you do with all the money you get for the 'brodies and gim-cracks you make? Give me some money, I tell you, or——" This page may not be darkened by the vile words that followed.

"The money I make serves to support our poor mother—to keep us from abject poverty—since you, and father, too, have so far forgotten your duty. I have no money for drunkenness!"

Carried away by her feelings, by her just indignation, Amy would have continued in a strain of rebuke; but her pale mother rose from her seat, and looking appealingly into her eyes, softly touched her shoulder, without uttering a word. It was enough;

the rising tempest was stilled; Amy kissed her mother's hand, and sat down weeping.

"Old lady, I want some chink; come, you've got some change in your pocket, I know."

"Not for the uses you would put it to, my son," sorrowfully replied the mother, and her voice was full of love. "Oh, James! you might be the honor and stay of the house; dear James, cannot a mother's tears prevail with you? Stay at home with us, we will do all to make you feel happy; abandon your evil associates; think of your youth and prospects—the future, the hereafter—and turn from this evil life in time, my son!"

In his deepest degradation, James heard and clearly understood the meaning of the words addressed to him; but the effect was only momentary. The strong mists of the fell demon that led him step by step to ruin, again obscured his mind, and he laughed to naught a mother's tears and prayers.

"No use preaching!" he declared, "if you want help me along, I guess I'll help myself," and he turned toward the door.

"Oh, don't go, James; do stay with us, only for to night!" plead his mother, whose heart was weighed down with an undefined foreboding.

"Stay with us, James, for mother's sake—stay at home to-night!" entreated Amy, noting her mother's more than usually anxious look.

"Off with you!" he cried, thrusting her rudely aside.

Her cheeks flushed again, and her lips quivered; but the strange, solemn tones of her mother's voice arrested the words upon her lips. Amy shuddered, she knew not why, and her heart beat wildly as she listened—

"Go, then, my son, if you cannot and will not resist the spells of evil. But whatever betide you this night, take with you your mother's blessing. It may avail in the sight of God, though your companions scoff it. James! I have a dread weight upon my heart! One of us will soon be called away. If it be you, my son, tell the accusing angels that though all the world despised you, your mother loved you still, and gave you her fondest blessing! If I go first, I will intercede with God for you, my poor, deluded boy! James, give me a kiss; we may not meet on earth again. Amy, say a loving good night to your unhappy brother!"

The young girl complied, and tenderly and sadly kissed the drunkard's brow. She led him, in a dreamy, half-bewildered state to his mother, who clasped him fondly in her arms, showered kisses on his face, and blessed him solemnly. Without uttering a word, he passed out of the room, and out of the house.

Mother and daughter sat long silent. Midnight came and passed, and they had not sought their bed. Mrs. Weston said, "I cannot sleep to-night;" and Amy had responded, "Then I will watch beside you, dear mother," and they sat together until dawn, praying with their hearts, and communing with their souls.

The father returned not home that night; but at the first streaks of rosy brightness that announced the birth of day, there was heard a hurrying sound of many feet upon the street; it neared their dwelling; the crowd paused before the door—there was a moment's breathless silence.

Mary Weston rose from her chair; she reverently folded her hands, bowed low her blanched face, and said, with quivering lips—

"Lord! give me strength, whatever this trial may be!"

Trembling in every limb, yet arousing every faculty of strength and endurance, Amy went to the door. There was a hurried explanation given, and a loud cry of terror burst from her lips, for the men that addressed her bore a lifeless burden—the body of her brother James!

They bore him into the house, and laid him upon the sofa. The face was cold and bloodless; the hair was tangled and wet. Life was long since extinct; he had been found in the river by a returning fisherman, who vainly tried to restore him; he must have lost his footing, and fallen from the wharf. Some of those present had been with him until a late hour in the night. The mother interrogated them successively, and all told the same tale.

"He has not been murdered, neither has he committed suicide!" said the poor mother in a breaking voice. "Young men! look on this corpse; once he was beautiful—the pride of my heart—behold him changed, bloated, disfigured—dead—all, all by the power of drink!"

More than one face blanched in accusing consciousness—more than one heart throbbed then, with pity and remorse. One young man, on whose delicate features the sign of dissipation was already stamped, impulsively took the mourner's hand, and said, while tears rolled down his boyish cheeks—

"Madam, from this day, I forswear drink forever! Receive my pledge here, upon the body of your son, who was my friend!" and he threw himself beside the weeping Amy, and cried in anguish over the departed.

The bold, reckless crew were moved, despite of their hardening lives—their usual mockery of all pure and sacred feeling. Many wiped their eyes in presence of that mourning mother's holy grief—that young sister's prayers for the erring brother's soul. One, at least, among their number, went forth that morn a changed and better man. When the husband and father returned to his home, he found the insignias of death upon the door, and dread and trembling came upon him. He rushed into his wife's chamber, and when he found her sitting there with Amy, the pure love not totally extinguished even in his degraded soul, proclaimed itself in his hasty utterance—

"Thank God! Mary, you are alive—Amy is well; but who—who is dead?"

"Our poor, sinful boy has been called away, before he stained his soul with murder or suicide!" replied the suffering wife, as her tears burst forth afresh.

"James dead!" cried the wretched man, staggering back, with eyes wildly distended, and ashen face. "Oh, God! I killed him! I led him out to drink—I am his murderer!" and his loud, frantic cries resounded through the house. Mrs. Weston vainly sought to console him, Amy, with tears and loving caresses, to soften the agony of bereavement and remorse.

Whether that remorse would have remained proof against outside temptation, and powerful habit, is a secret known alone to him, whose ministering spirits ever strive to win the erring soul from darkness. But Matthew Weston was prostrated with disease; the strong frame yielded to the sudden shock that deprived him of strength and resistance; for weeks he lay a victim to fever and wild delirium. When his reason returned, a shattered wreck alone re-

mained; but the soul within that ruined tenement was strong in its resolves for good; in its vows of reformation.

He said he saw the forms of Robert and Lillian by his bed-side; they wore garments of azure and white, with rose-garlands on their heads; that they smiled upon him sweetly, and spoke of heaven—not in words, but with what seemed a musical accompaniment of song. His wife and Amy laughed not at these visions, nor deemed them the creation of a disordered mind; they believed in their hearts that spirits could return.

"I shall not go to Heaven," often said the poor invalid; "heaven is no place for such as I. But I don't believe that I shall go to hell, either; at least forever. God will have mercy, I know; I feel it. But my poor James! oh, if I could see him as I see my other children! Oh, James! my poor, poor boy! I led him into the wickedness; if he suffers now, I am accountable for that suffering. Oh, James, James!" And he wept afresh at every mention of his name, and wrung his hands in agony.

For three years Matthew Weston lived, crippled in body, but strengthened in heart and effort. He walked out upon crutches; but he never went far from home, and was invariably attended by his loving and dutiful daughter. Many sneers and ill-timed allusions the young girl listened to;—they caused her much grief, and more indignation. If it were not for her father's presence, she would have retorted severely; but she glanced at his pale face; saw that in his abstraction he had not heard the insulting words, and she bade her rebellious heart be still.

She learned in youth that most valuable of life's lessons—self-control. A rich man sought her hand in marriage. Amy, toiling at her needle, giving instruction in music and drawing besides, would have gladly rested from her cares and labors. Her heart, too, was enlisted in favor of Melbourne Lee; he was handsome, talented, and generous. One day he spoke to her of his hopes and plans; of the luxurious mansion that was a desert to him without her love; of the paradise that life would be to him, if she consented to become his wife. Amy blushed with grateful joy; for a moment a radiant vision uprose before her, of a charmed pathway of rest, and peace, and love. But the present returned, with its duties and holy responsibilities.

"I cannot leave my mother," she replied; "she is too feeble, and needs my help at every hour."

"She can live with us, dearest Amy; she shall have every comfort life can procure; a luxurious chamber, a maid to wait upon her."

"And my poor, crippled father?" demanded the young girl.

A cloud overspread the fine face of Melbourne Lee.

"He has disgraced himself and you too deeply; his conduct is notorious; all unite in praising your good mother's self-devotion and patience, but that drunkard—"

"Hold, sir! You are speaking of my father!" sternly interrupted Amy, with a pale face and quivering lips. "That drunkard, sir, despised and forsaken by all the world, is still my father, loved and cherished. In the sight of God he has become a better man, no matter what the world may say. My duty and pleasure is to attend upon him—to do all a daughter can do, to brighten his life. Crippled, crushed, and forsaken as he is, I will never leave him; no! not to enter a palace as its queen. Mr. Lee, you have my answer!"

In vain he attempted expostulation and entreaty; she was firm as adamant, and he left the house forever.

Amy's heart bled silently; not even to her mother did she reveal the offer made by Melbourne Lee; the insult offered to her father. But she had deemed the young man of so lofty and generous a spirit—"to make idols, and to find them clay,"—that fate of the loving was also Amy's fate; but in the steady pursuance of her duty, she regained the former calm, and the fresh conquest added strength to her advancing soul. Three years Matthew Weston lived in physical pain and mental elevation; then his spirit departed. With his last breath he blessed the devoted wife and daughter, and once more entreated their forgiveness of the past. During his illness he had been often peevish and petulant, but never violent; never again having recourse to profanity; never exhibiting a desire for the potations that had been his ruin. Amy was amply rewarded for her constancy; for her adherence to the right. With the modest competence they possessed, now that no enemy stole it from them unawares; now that the watchings at the sufferer's couch were over, mother and daughter lived, humbly contented. And from her many trials Mrs. Weston came forth strengthened; the meek, holy, resigned spirit, inspiring with energy the feeble body. She knew that earth would be a void without her, to her loving child; and she strove for cheerfulness and strength for that good daughter's sake. This noble object gave her success; for, although always pale and delicate, she regained a portion of her former strength and vivacity. Perhaps her reception of the philosophy of Spiritualism had much to do with this; for its truths and evidences, duly accepted, give hopefulness to the mind, and endow the frame with renewed health and vigor.

Melbourne Lee married a handsome and fascinating lady of fashion, whose selfish views of life harmonized most admirably with his own. Time healed the heart-wound in Amy's breast. She is now the wife of one of nature's noblemen; one who rose to wealth and honor by his own exertions; one who deems filial love the noblest trait in woman; the fulfillment of duty the sweetest and highest aim of life. Her mother lives with her; and when mention is made of her father, who often visits their spirit circles, he is called respectfully: "The spirit of our honored father." James, too, communicates; and the loved ones on earth know, that although suffering deep and poignant is the inevitable result of wrong, yet, in the Father's love, there is no lake of unquenchable fire—no realm of perpetual torture; no stationary heaven of inactive life. Better, nobler teachings fill their souls; their motto and watchword is: "Love and forgiveness." And they feel that every trial of the past had its purposes of purification and wisdom: "Through darkness to the light;" through trial to joy and peace; through earthly sorrows unto the heavenly gateways. Sing, angels sing! the redemption song—the holy song of victory.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1863.

Sir William Temple says: "The greatest pleasure of life is love, the greatest treasure is contentment, the greatest possession is health, the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine is a true friend."

#### Written for the Banner of Light. LINES On an incident during the first French Revolution.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

In an engraving representing the attack of the people upon the Legislative Chambers, Palace of the Tuilleries, in 1793, one of the principal figures is that of a woman holding a pike in her hand, and encouraging the men to the assault; upon her shoulder rests the face of her babe, who is sleeping on, unmoved by the battle's rage, and smiling sweetly, as if in dreams!

Oh, babe! that slumber'st on thy mother's arm,  
While war's red battle-bolts around thee blaze!  
While tyrant minions peal the wild alarm—  
And glory's watch-fire sheds its lurid rays!

What thoughts are passing through thine infant soul,  
As fierce the waves of passion round thee roll?  
Dream'st thou of where celestial roses bloom?  
And is that smile that lights thy beautiful face  
A ray of glory, shewn from seraph's plume  
As swift he wheels him in the upward race?

Or smil'st thou soul, fresh from its home in heaven,  
To see the blessings God on earth hath given?

Awake! awake! thou sleep'st in glorious days,  
That history shall paint in words of fire!  
The poet celebrates in measured lays,  
And Freedom's children in their hearts aspire!

Awake! the Bourbons see his lilted crown  
Crumble to dust beneath the people's frown!  
Awake! proud manhood bares his dauntless breast,  
And, fearless, passeth through death's portal grim!

Firm in his soul, as martyrs in the past,  
Sont through the curling flames that parting hymn!  
Awake! the colors stream above thy head—  
The drum rolls out the war-note o'er the dead!

In vain we call—earth's passions have no bound  
Thy spirit to its prison-house of clay!  
Joyous it leaps beyond its narrow round,  
And speeds with angel comrades swift away!

Thou smil'st in scorn, to learn earth's paths once trod,  
Can turn the heart's true compass from its God!

Thus on our Father's arm, may we through life  
Rest firm and sure, when darkening tempests rise,  
And, 'mid the stir and crash of worldly strife,  
Hold fast our course, as mount we through the skies;

Earth hath no power to chain our tireless wings,  
Till gained the portal of the King of Kings!  
BOSTON, Jan. 9th, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### WASHING DAY.

BY BEL BRIGHTON.

I am a boarder, and an unfortunate one at that, (I wonder if single females are not generally unfortunate—take them as a class?) Being an authoress by profession, and, consequently, a person of rather limited means, I am obliged to live (or rather worry out an existence) in what my landlady had the audacity to advertise in the Evening Transcript as "a first class boarding-house." First class, indeed! The house contains, to my knowledge, as many different classes of individuals, as it boasts stories—which are six in number, including the basement. But it was not my intention to descant upon the peculiarities of my fellow-associates, who, either from choice or necessity, prefer staying in a boarding-house, to living in a hotel, but rather to relate to my readers a few of the sore grievances and trials to which I, Bel Brighton, as a lone woman, am more or less subjected to upon that meanest of all days, a washing day. Bah! the very name of it is both discouraging and sickening to a person of ordinary sensibility and nerve. My father used to say that Monday was the D's own day, and that God never had anything to do with the making of it.

I must confess that if Monday was originally a decent day, it has long since lost its significance, and is now only suggestive to modern ears, of soap-suds and general confusion. Washing day! I don't like to write it. If I had my way, it should be stricken out of the calendar of every-day life, or else removed to a more respectful distance from Sunday, whose very quiet and holiness it seems to desecrate by its close proximity.

My room—a remarkably good sized and by no means uncheerful apartment—is situated directly over the kitchen, which word is only another name for cellar, now-a-days.

About one o'clock Sunday night, washing day commences at our house. My usual hour for retiring being ten o'clock, I have but just fallen into a profound slumber, when, all of sudden, I am awakened by the splitting of wood, and rattling of coal in the subterranean regions. Determined not to lose an atom of that precious boon—sleep, which God has so kindly bestowed upon even the lowest of his creatures, I turn my face quietly to the wall, and fall into what seems to me only a gentle doze.

Am aroused by the sound of heavy footsteps upon the staircase, succeeded by a loud knock upon my chamber door. Doubtful as to whom the intruder may be, I cover my head in the bed-clothes, and maintain a studied silence. Outsider growing momentarily impatient at the delay, applies knuckles more vigorously than ever to the hard door.

Too lazy and sleepy to jump out of bed and answer the summons, I next try what effect snoring will produce upon the delicate organization of him or her who stands shivering in the passageway outside my door. All doubts as to the sex of said individual are soon dispelled by the shrill and wiry voice of my landlady, who, having worn out her patience, and the skin off her knuckles, by repeated knocking, now demands immediate entrance, in an imperative tone, which is not to be unheeded and disobeyed by even an authoress.

Springing out of bed, I moved slowly towards the door, and, after various turning and twisting of the key, at last contrive to give the intruder entrance. But my assumed yawning, and sleepy air, could not deceive Mrs. Bounce, who rolled by me (for gliding was quite out of the question with such a corpulent personage as my landlady,) and, in her great indignation, came near singeing my eyelashes off with the candle, which she held in her hand.

My slight scream, upon feeling the hot blaze upon my cheek, did not appear to move the excited Mrs. B. so sympathetically in the least. In vain I looked for one of those pitying tears, which angels are sometimes said to drop upon their golden lyres. Great mistake of mine! Mrs. Bounce was too heavy in her composition to navigate the earth, (to say nothing of mounting to the clouds;) then how could I expect her to weep like an angel? Query.

No, the truth of the matter is, that my landlady was provoked, confoundedly provoked, if you please to have it so, and in order to revenge herself upon me for keeping her waiting in the cold outside my door so long, she bolted straight to my closet, and, with the most perfect impudence imaginable, began pulling over my soiled linen at a great rate. Such a course of proceeding upon the part of a stranger, roused my woman's blood a little, and I did not hesitate to rebuke her for the great liberty which she had taken "in this" unceremoniously pillooting the

shelves of my closet. As was natural, such a remark did not suit my lady, and forthwith commenced a war of words, which lasted for the space of about five minutes, and ended by Mrs. Bounce making a hasty exit from the room; with my bundle of dirty clothes under her arm, and a face as red as a piece of beef. A feeling of infinite relief sprang into my heart as I closed the door upon that woman's retreating footsteps, who, as she slowly descended the stairs, muttered something about "the nuisance of keeping boarders," and "the high-strung notions of stuck up authoresses."

I did not make another attempt to woo the goddess of sleep that morning, for, to use a common expression, I was too much "riled up" to think of closing my eyes after the little scene which had just transpired, so I dressed myself, and kindled my own fire, (a thing which I had not engaged to do when bargaining for board with my landlady, but which I concluded to do for the sake of promoting peace with a sister creature, whose blood seemed heated to the boiling point.)

An hour later, and Mrs. Bounce and I again met at the breakfast-table. Unfortunately, (am I not a victim to misfortunes, dear reader?) my seat was directly opposite to that of my landlady's. She did not speak to me during the entire meal, but then you know the old saying, "Actions speak louder than words." If any one of my lady readers could have seen the dagger-like glances which my amiable hostess darted across the table towards me, I am sure they would have verified the truth of the above saying, for at least once in their lives. I did not relish my breakfast much that morning, I assure you, nor did the other boarders seem to either. Nearly every face at the table, looked as if it was tied up in a hard knot, and as for the quiet and Moses-like husband of Mrs. B., who sat, like a whipped spaniel, at her left hand, he was in every sense of the word, what Warren of the Museum would call "a blighted being!" How I pitied that poor henpecked man, as I saw him moving about the house, more like a ghost than a human being from day to day, ordered here and there by his merciless taskmaster, the woman whom twenty years before, he had perhaps, proudly stood at the altar with, and solemnly sworn "to love, cherish and protect." Poor man, he too, like myself was also a victim to misfortunes!

I accidentally learned from one of the older boarders, that Mr. Bounce had been once an enterprising man, doing an extensive business in the wholesale grocery line. Eight years previous to the time of which I write, Samuel Bounce had failed, in the worst sense of the word—a circumstance which had induced his smart, but coarsely-bred wife, to try her luck at keeping boarders. A violent and protracted fever was the by no means unnatural consequence of Mr. Bounce's severe failure in business. After a lingering sickness of months, the heart-broken and discouraged man recovered, or rather regained his feet again—for he never knew what it was to enjoy perfect health from that time forth. Crushed in spirit and weak in body, Samuel Bounce became subject to the tyranny and despotism of his tergitant of a wife. What man I ask, would not prefer any other slavery, to life with a woman whose breast is devoid of all the gentle feelings which belong by nature to her sex, and whose only ambition is to render those physically or intellectually weaker than herself obedient to her slightest whim and caprice, and subservient at all times and upon all occasions, to her superior will? The greater portion of "the lords of creation," I ween.

Our cold and badly cooked breakfast at length fairly over, the several gentleman boarders proceeded to their respective places of business, with blue noses, (for the dining room being an L room was a wretchedly cold one in winter, especially if a fire was not kept in it over night,) and still bluer spirits, while I, glad to escape the odious presence of mine hostess, sought refuge in the comfortable depths of my own apartment.

Having thrust a large stick of wood into the spacious air-tight stove, and carefully locked the door, I seated myself before my writing desk, determined upon commencing my day's labor. I had hardly seized my pen, however, before the same rusty-rub, thumpety thump, which I had heard at intervals more or less since early daylight, commenced again with renewed vigor in the kitchen below.

The scene of my story was to be laid in sunny Italy; but the strong odor of soap suds, and the general racket beneath me, quite dampened my enthusiasm, and destroyed my powers of imagination.

I leaned back in my chair, and listened to the discordant sounds which filled my ears upon all sides. Tommy and Johnny were kicking football in the room over my head, while the cook and William Henry were having a terrible fracas in the kitchen below, because the latter would persist in wetting his hands in her tub, and then spattering the soap suds in her face and eyes.

The result of this latter experiment ended in the cook's getting angry, and striking William Henry over the nose with the poker. This movement caused the crimson tide to flow pretty freely, at sight of which, the little offender began to cry at the top of his voice, which brought his anything but gentle-tempered mother to the rescue, who, hurrying to the spot, first staunched the blood which was flowing profusely from his turned-up nose, and then embraced the opportunity of giving him a good, hard whipping, which she had been "owing the young rascal" (I quote the mother's words,) "for several weeks past."

Didn't he yell then, and kick, and bite, and scratch, while faster and heavier fell the blows, upon face, neck and shoulders! Just at that moment a crash was heard. Tommy had mistaken his brother Johnny's head for the football they had been kicking about, and down he came, rolling headlong into the kitchen, landing—as luck would have it—upon a mat at the feet of his mother. It was now Mrs. Bounce's turn to scream, which she did most lustily. I can assure you Johnny's injuries were William Henry's gains, in this instance, for, taking advantage of his mamma's terror and affright, the young rogue scampered off to school as fast as his legs would carry him.

Meantime, Mary was calling loudly for her mother to come up stairs and comb her hair for school, while Julia complained that Mary had torn her frock while playing tag the night before. Now I loved the little girls, who were naturally good children at heart, and so I carefully unlocked my door, and coaxed them to enter, which they did without hesitation, as their eyes caught sight of the large pink and white pop-poments which I held in my hand.

Ten minutes after, they emerged from my room with clean faces, smooth hair, and white eyes, and were soon on their way to school, with hearts far



lighter than their pockets, which I had filled with nuts and apples, to eat at luncheon hour.

Monday, with its clamor, and confusion, was at length over, and Tuesday, bright and smiling as a young maid, dawned upon my weary sight. With the advent of ironing day, things began to assume a more cheerful aspect. The landlady grew pleasant, and even the boarders' faces, which had looked so ruffled the day previous, were now smooth and unwrinkled. And as for me, I never worked more earnestly, or to better advantage in my life, than I did on that identical Tuesday, following that awful washing day. By Wednesday morning my story was finished, and carried off to the "Banner of Light" office, where it was pronounced by the editor to be one of the most alarming productions that ever emanated from the weekly (weekly) brain of his unfortunate contributor, Bel Brighton.

P. S. A word to the wise is sufficient. If any of my readers have the double misfortune to be single, and board out, I would advise them, as a friend and sister-sufferer, to make themselves "scarce" upon that worst of all days—a Washing Day!

## THE MEETING OF SIGURD AND GERDA.

BY LIZIE DOTEN.

"And beautiful now stood they there, man and woman: no longer pale; eye to eye, hand to hand, as equals—as partners in the light of Heaven."—[See Miss Bremer's "BROTHERS AND SISTERS."]

"O, early love! O, early love!  
Why does thy memory haunt me yet?  
Pence! I invoke thee from above,  
I cannot, though I would, forget.  
How have I strove, with prayers and tears,  
To quench this wasting passion-flame!  
But after long, long, weary years,  
It burns within my heart the same."

She wept—poor sorrowing Gerda wept,  
Amid the pine wood wandering lone,  
While cold the night-winds past her cheek,  
And bright the stars above her shone.  
Poor suffering child! her song was hushed,  
The blithesome song of other days.  
Yet O! when such true hearts are crushed,  
They breathe their holiest, sweetest lays.

A step was heard; her heart beat high;  
Amid the shadows of the wood  
She glanced with quick and anxious eye—  
Lo! Sigurd by her stood;  
And as the moon's pale, quivering rays,  
Stole through that lonely place,  
He fixed his calm, impassioned gaze,  
Upon her tearful face.

"Gerda," he said, "I come to speak  
A long, a last farewell;  
Some distant land and home I seek,  
Far, far from thee to dwell.  
O, since I lost thee, gentle one,  
My trust and my best,  
I have rushed madly, blindly on,  
Nor dared to think of rest."

"The night that spreads her starless wing,  
Beyond the northern sea,  
Does not a deeper darkness bring,  
Than that which rests on me?  
Yet, no! I will not ask thy tears  
For my deep tale of woe;  
Forgetfulness will come with years,  
Gerda—my love—I go!"

"Stay! Sigurd, stay! O, why depart?  
See, at my feet I bow;  
O, cherished idol of my heart,  
Reject—reject me, now!  
But not upon the cold, damp ground,  
Her bended knees she pressed;  
Uplifted, and firmly clasped around,  
She wept upon his breast."

"Reject thee? No! When earth rejects  
The sunshine's summer glow,  
When Heaven one suppliant's prayer rejects,  
Then will I bid thee go.  
And by the watching stars above,  
And by all things Divine,  
I swear to cherish and to love  
This heart that beats to mine."

O holy sense of wrongs forgot,  
And injuries forgiven!  
The human heart that feels thee not  
Knows not the peace of Heaven.  
Ay! like the blessed ones above,  
So might Earth's children live,  
Would they but learn aright to love,  
And freely to forgive.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## HASHISH.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Hashish, or hasheesh, is a resinous substance, so-called in abundance by the hemp plant, of Southern latitudes in the East. It possesses powerful narcotic and peculiar stimulating properties. For these properties it is habitually indulged in by all classes in Turkey, Persia and India.

At the present time, when the consciousness of spiritual existence is fast becoming a demonstrated truth, there is, perhaps, no substance in the whole catalogue of narcotics, the effect of which becomes more interesting than hashish; and this chapter on hashish has been prepared for the readers of the Banner, for the reason that hashish of all known substances, is perhaps the most powerful acting upon the human organism, to open the spiritual perception, and carry it beyond the ordinary boundaries of this life, into the world of spirits, the world of intense horrors or intense delights, to behold light, beauty and immensity yet unmeasured by the most active and powerful conceptions of man.

Hashish, administered in doses from one-half grain to ten grains, generally produces its peculiar effects in from two to four hours. It is a peculiar property of the effect of hashish, that there is not the slightest premonition or creeping on of its influence, but, like lightning, when it does come, it comes in all its power. The "Hasheesh Eater," when influenced by his first dose, said—"Hal what means this sudden thrill? a shock, as of some unimaginable vital force, shoots, without warning, through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers' ends, piercing my brain; starting me till I almost spring from my chair."

It varies much in different persons, in the time it takes to produce effect. Some require much larger doses than others. The "Hasheesh Eater" at one time swallowed thirty grains. This dose produced intense sensibility, and visions of indescribable horror and brightness, and unutterable thirst. But to take so large doses, it might excite insanity; and in very large doses, like other narcotics, it is a fatal poison. Hashish is used in homeopathy, under the name of *Cannabis Indica*, for the cure of insanity, which, when taken in health, in large doses, it is liable to produce.

A minute, under the influence of hashish, seems more than an eternity. It makes one feel as large as the universe—infinite in size. It opens a new life in new worlds; the soul is thrilled with ecstasies of delight, and, on some occasions, with darkness and horror.

One of the more marked and certain effects of

hashish is to produce a distinct perception of a second self. A person under its influence is perfectly conscious of two distinct existences, which we may not improperly call the physical and the spiritual.

It produces the most brilliant and delightful visions, makes one feel as if they walked in air, or soared in space with still a consciousness of walking the earth; it makes everything appear immensely increased in volume; the faculties of the mind are excited to an unlimited degree. It is the general effect of hashish to throw the mind into that condition which enables it to behold everything presenting images of indescribable beauty.

Hashish, unlike other narcotics, leaves no unpleasant reaction upon the nerves; yet, like other narcotics, when its use is indulged in, it produces an increased desire for more and more, and if its use is continued, it becomes one of the most ruinous and dangerous agents of debauchery. It is an agent of intoxication, exciting the sensibilities to the highest degree. Hashish in some, fails to produce the "fantasia" at all, even in large doses, while one-half grain will produce it in others.

We make a few quotations, which will enable the reader to get some idea of its influence:—

Mr. Berthault says that the most efficient effect of hashish is a great exaggeration of the perceptions of the senses or the emotions of the mind, whatever these may be at the time. Sorrow, according to his experience, is not dissipated by hashish, as its ecstatic power exists, but intensified. The slightest feeling of personal irritation or resentment becomes a deadly revenge; the gentlest affection is transformed into the most passionate love; ordinary fear is changed into overwhelming terror; courage to headlong rashness, and so forth. Of all means illustrating the powers of hashish, there is nothing, he says, like music. He professes to have repeatedly witnessed persons carried through the most opposite conditions of mind, in a space of time incredibly short, by variations of music played to them during their hallucination. He further remarks that persons in this condition can be guided in their visions by a looker-on; a condition reminding us strongly of that strange state of mind produced by the manipulations of the "electro-biologist."

The Living Age says, M. Berthault, in his *Thesis for the Doctor's Degree*, gives the best summary of the physical and psychological effects of hashish which we have met with. One day he had swallowed a large dose, and while under the effect of it, the band of a regiment of dragoons suddenly began to play beneath his windows. Never, he tells us, had he known what music was till then. His perceptive powers were so much intensified that he became able to distinguish the part taken by each instrument in the band as well as the leader of an orchestra could have done. He experienced, in a remarkable degree, that extraordinary materialization of ideas, which seems to be one of the most constant effects of the drug when taken in large quantities. The elements of the harmonies heard by him assumed the form of ribbons of a thousand changing colors, intertwining, waving, and knotting themselves in a manner apparently the most capricious; "unwisting all the chains that tie the hidden souls of harmony," says Milton; and what occurs to the poet as the best figure under which to represent his idea, with the hashish-eater assumes reality. The experience of Theodore Gautier, the artist, when under the effects of hashish, was curiously the converse of that of M. Berthault. Colors to him represented themselves as sounds, which produced very sensible vibrations and undulations of the air. M. Berthault's hallucination of the ribbon after a while changed; but only to become more material and tangible; and there were as many different kinds of flowers as notes; and these formed wreaths and garlands, in which the harmony of the colors represented that of the sounds. The flowers soon gave way to precious stones of various kinds, which rose in fountains, fell again in cascades, and streamed away in all directions. The next phase of the vision, will at once suggest Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, which, our readers will remember, was written under a similar inspiration. The band began to play a waltz: with the change of measures the vision entirely changed; M. Berthault found himself in a multitude of saloons gorgeously decorated and illuminated. All these apartments merged into one, surmounted by an enormous dome, which was built of colored crystals, and supported by a thousand columns. This dome dissolved, and beyond its vanishing walls appeared another far more glorious. This gave way to a third, more splendid still; and this again to a congeries of domes, one upon another, and each more gorgeous than its predecessors. At the same time there appeared the vision of an innumerable assemblage executing a frantic waltz; and rolling itself like a serpent from hall to hall."

M. Moreau says, that, "in a more advanced stage of the intoxication of hashish, we become the sport of impressions of every kind. The course of our ideas may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, so to speak, by every wind. By a word or a gesture, our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects with a rapidity and lucidity truly marvellous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride corresponding to the exaltation of its faculties. Those who make use of hashish in the East, when they wish to give themselves up to the *fantasia*, withdraw themselves carefully from everything that could give a melancholy direction to their delirium. They take all the means which the dissolute manners in the East place at their disposal; . . . and they find themselves almost transported to the Paradise of the Prophet."

The least feeling of prejudice is manifested to the most intense hatred, which inclines its victim to gratify the propensities of revenge; even murderous desires are strongly incited. For this reason, a person about to take hashish, should be in a peaceful, quiet state of mind, harboring no hostilities or revenge. And during its effects, should be under the immediate guardianship of some friend.

The "Hasheesh Eater" says:—  
"No analogy exists which will represent the thrill produced by hashish perfectly, hardly even approximately. The nearest resemblance to the feeling is that contained in our idea of the instantaneous separation of the soul and body."

"The material world is beneath, and seems floating in a dream of rosy tranquillity." "The blood in every vein runs flooded with the very wine of delight."

"Bliss! Bliss! unimagined bliss!  
Ecstasy heightens through interminable degrees  
To ever behold increasing radiance lighting up along  
The immense journey."

"Reflected rays of the golden sunset seemed to be peopled with myriads of shining ones from the realms of Faery, who plunged into the translucent lake of ether as into a sea."

"I looked at the stars and felt kindred with them; I spoke to them and they answered me. I dwelt in the inner communion of heaven—a communion where every language is understood."

"And now a sublimer mystery began to envelop me." I stood in a remote chamber at the top of a colossal building, and the whole fabric beneath me was steadily growing into air. Higher than the topmost pinnacle of Babel's Babylonian temple—higher than Ararat—on, on forever into the lonely dome of God's ceaseless universe we towered ceaselessly. The years flew on; I heard the musical rush of their wings in the abyss outside of me, and from cycle to cycle, from life to life I careered, a mote in eternity and space. Suddenly emerging from the orbit of my transmigrations, I was again at the foot of the doctor's bed, and thrilled with wonder to find, that we were both unchanged by the measureless lapse of time."

"Hasheesh always brings with it an awakening of perception, which magnifies the smallest sensation, till it occupies immense boundaries. The hasheesh-eater, who drinks during his highest state of exaltation, almost invariably supposes that he is swallowing interminable floods, and imagines his throat an abyss, which is becoming gorged by the sea. Repeatedly, as in an agony of thirst, I have clutched some small vessel of water, and tipped it at my lips; I have felt such a realization of an overwhelming torrent, that, with my throat still charred, I have put the water away, lest I should be drowned by the flow."

With the relighting of the lamp, my terrors ceased. The room was still immense, yet the floor of its structure, in the alchemy of that heavenly light, had been transmuted into silver and gold. Beams of light, chased by some unearthly graver, supported the roof above me, and a mellow glory transfused me, shed from sunny panels that covered the walls. Out of this hall of grammaries I suddenly passed through a crystal gate, and found myself again in the world outside. Through a valley carpeted with roses, I marched proudly at the head of a grand army, and the most triumphant music pealed from all my legions. In the symphony joined many an unutterable instrument, bugles and ophicleides, harps and cymbals, whose wondrous peals seemed to say, 'We are self-conscious; we exult like human souls.' There were roses everywhere—roses under foot, roses festooning the lattices at our sides, roses showering a prodigal flush of beauty from the arches of an arbor overhead. Down the valley I gained glimpses of dreamy lawns basking in a Claude Lorraine sunlight. Over them multitudes of rosy children came leaping to throw garlands on my victorious road, and singing poems to me with the voices of cherubs. Nations that my sword had saved ran bounding through the flowery walls of my avenue to cry, 'Our hero—our savior,' and prostrate themselves at my feet. I grew colossal in a delirium of pride. I felt myself the centre of all the world's immortal glory. As, once before, the ecstasy of music had borne me from the body, so now I floated out of it in the intensity of my triumph. As the last cord was dissolved, I saw all the attendant splendors of my march fade away, and became once more conscious of my room restored to its natural state.

Not a single hallucination remained. Surrounding objects resumed their wonted look, yet a wonderful surprise broke in upon me. In the course of my delirium, the soul, I plainly discovered, had indeed departed from the body. I was that soul, utterly divorced from the corporeal nature, disjoined, clarified, purified. From the air in which I hovered, I looked down upon my former receptacle. Animal life, with all its processes, still continued to go on; the chest heaved with the regular rise and fall of breathing, the temples throbbed, and the cheek flushed. I scrutinized the body with wonderment; it seemed no more to concern me than that of another being. I do not remember, in the course of the whole experience I have had of hashish, a more singular emotion than I felt at that moment. The spirit discerned itself as possessed of all the human capacities, intellect, susceptibility, and will—saw itself complete in every respect, yet like a grand motor, it had abandoned the machine which it once energized, and, in perfect independence, stood apart. In the prerogative of my spiritual nature I was restrained by no objects of a denser class. To myself I was visible and tangible, yet I knew that no material eyes could see me. Through the walls of the room I was able to pass and re-pass, and through the ceiling, to behold the stars unobscured.

This was neither hallucination nor dream. The sight of my reason was preternaturally intense, and I remembered that this was one of the states which frequently occur to men immediately before their death has become apparent to lookers-on, and also in the more remarkable conditions of trance. That such a state is possible, is indisputably proved by many cases on record, in which it has fallen under the observation of students most eminent in physiological science.

A voice of command called on me to return into the body, saying in the midst of my exultation over what I thought was my final disenfranchisement from the corporeal, 'The time is not yet.' I returned, and again felt the animal nature joined to me by its mysterious threads of conduction. Once more soul and body were one."

The same writer at another time when awaking from sleep, under the influence of a very large dose of hashish, describes the unpleasant effects of this drug which sometimes occur in darkness.

"Yet it was an awaking which, for torture, had no parallel in all the stupendous domain of the sleeping incubus. Beside my bed in the centre of the room stood a bier, from whose corners dropped the folds of a heavy pall; outstretched upon it lay in state a most fearful corpse, whose livid face was distorted with the pangs of assassination. The traces of a great agony were frozen into fixedness in the tense position of every muscle, and the nails of the dead man's fingers pierced his palms with the desperate clinch of one who has yielded not without agonizing resistance. Two tapers at his head, two at his feet, with their tall and unsmoked wicks, made the ghastliness of the bier more luminously unearthly; and a smothered laugh of derision from some invisible wraith ever and anon mocked the corpse, as if triumphant demons were exulting over their prey. I pressed my hands upon my eyeballs till they ached, in intensity of desire to shut out the spectacle; I buried my head in the pillow, that I might not hear that awful laugh of diabolic sarcasm."

But—oh horror unmeasurable! I beheld the walls of the room slowly gliding together, the ceiling coming down, the floor ascending, as of old the lonely captive saw them, whose cell was doomed to be his coffin. Nearer and nearer am I borne toward the corpse. I shrank back from the edge of the bed; I cowered in most abject fear. I tried to cry out, but speech was paralyzed. The walls came closer and closer together. Presently my hand lay on the dead man's forehead. I made my arm as straight and rigid as a bar of iron; but of what avail was human strength against the contractions of that cruel masonry? Slowly my elbow bent with the ponderous pressure; nearer grew the ceiling—I fell into the fearful embrace of death. I was past, I was stifled in the breathless niche, which was all of space still left to me. The stony eyes stared up into my own, and again the maddening peal of fiendish laughter rang close beside my ear. Now I was touched on all sides by the walls of the terrible press; there came a heavy crush, and I felt all sense blotted out in darkness."

A desire is strongly excited, by indulging in the first *fantasia* of hashish for a second indulgence. The "Hasheesh Eater," after the first dose which produced most brilliant and ecstatic visions, and also moments of most terrific dread, each one of which seemed like cycles of years—like eternities—had an irresistible desire to again experience its effects. He says:—

"Wherein I was wrong I was invited, as by a mother's voice, and the blandishments which lulled me were full of such spiritual sweetness as we hear only

twice in a lifetime—once at its opening, once at its close; the first time in the oratorio hymn that lulls innocence to slumber—the last is that music of attendant angels through which the soul begins to float upward in its enthusiasm toward the restoration of primal purity and peace. I yielded to no sensual gratification. The motives for the hasheesh-indulgence were of the most exalted ideal nature, for this nature are all its ecstasies and its revelations—yes, and a thousand fold more terrible, for this very reason, its unutterable pang. I yielded, moreover, without realising to what. Within a circle of one hundred miles' radius there was not a living soul who knew or could warn me of my danger. Finally, I yielded without knowing that I yielded!"

It is a noticeable fact, that all narcotics used by humanity to kill pain and dispel care, decrease the power of sensuous existence, and increase the perception of the spiritual. In some yet unexplained manner we know that tobacco, rum, opium, hashish and other substances of like nature, produce an effect upon the spirit of man that opens the perceptions to the spirit world.

These narcotic substances are constantly used by the human race, some universally, and all, by many millions. The general use of narcotics is a strange yet potent argument that some yet undiscovered good must come out of it. The nature of humanity causes this; and nature man does not make.

No man had a broader mantle of charity, and a deeper love and sympathy for the degraded and outcast than had De Quincy, the English Opium Eater. The drunkard has a more noble heart—has more forgiveness than the virtuous man of rigid justice. The man who indulges in the use of the "vile weed" tobacco, is quicker to forgive offence, and more willing to give to the poor, than the man who loudly condemns its use, and thanks God that he never used it. The debauchee, made so by the use of any narcotic substance or stimulant, has unlimited forgiveness. This charity we are told is the most beautiful of all Christian virtues.

*Mania apota*, or delirium tremens, one hundred years ago was not known on earth; this is caused by the excessive, constant use of ardent spirits. This disease, says Swedenborg, is but the opening of the vision of man to a perception of the hells. Thus the use of ardent spirits breaks the veil, the materialism of man, so that his spirit can see spirit-life in its lower degrees, which could not be in past ages, for man had not grown to that condition; not until humanity in its progressive development has arrived at that condition is it capable of being thus influenced. This it may be with the consequent effects of all narcotics. Humanity is now more susceptible to the effects of substances that open its vision to higher degrees of spirit-life, and the opium and hashish devotee, from the effect of these agents, does but behold real beauties, that positively exist in spirit-life, which the spirit has a legitimate right to behold.

This water, we are taught by Mrs. F. O. Hysler, will produce a wonderful effect, causing the spirit to look through the veil that hangs between it and material life, and behold celestial realities. Who can say that the medium powers are not developed with a wonderful rapidity by the inordinate use of rum, tobacco, opium, hashish, betel, cocoa and other kindred substances? What we have been in the habit of condemning, as injurious and baneful to man, may be, in the ultimate, for man's highest good; and so we may be made sometimes to see our blindness, withdraw our condemnation, and acknowledge that the ways of God to man, though seemingly wrong, are all for good. God's means are in themselves right and necessary to work out his purposes.

It is claimed of hashish that it produces the effects of trance, and symptoms of that most undefinable condition of life called catalepsy—that it produces the most remarkable phenomena, both physical and spiritual, of any known substance.

## Life Eternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of Boston.

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.]

PART EIGHTEENTH.—CONCLUSION.

I bring not faded garlands, but the bright and blooming buds that I find growing in the soul of man. I only come to bring to the surface of the dead external, the undying principle that lies quivering against the bars of oppression. I come to bring up the smothering, smouldering ashes of despair, and to make the gilded monument of hope rise out of the spirit of man—out of the elements of seeming decay. I would teach man to rear for himself eternal mansions in his Father's house. Then waken, oh most refulgent beams! start with swift and rapid course, thou gray and sluggish light of morning, and bring man up out of night into the eternal beams of day! A most potent draught—thou canst quench this thirsting, longing spirit, and satisfy it through the realms of eternity! Flow unto me, thou liquid stream of angel love, and lead me, lured by a thousand charms, into that finer and more glorious existence—that higher life—where angel's tears are pearls, dropped on the brow of humanity; and where their smiles make up a rainbow of delight, arching from soul to soul.

Let the reverberating cry go forth, that Eternity has bound us in her arms—that the stream of Life flows on, and we drink to die no more!

Oh, ye jewels and diamonds of earth, shine forth more brilliantly! duplicate thy rays, oh starry host of the firmament! Bounding oceans of thought, leave higher and higher! Great central Light of the Universe, send forth thy beams brighter and larger; for the universe is expanding—the planets are slowly changing their orbits, passing into higher revolutions, while little atoms beneath are forming a nucleus of existence, to be, in time, great worlds, for the sun to shine upon, then to be inhabited by a race of beings who must be refined from portions of our spiritual natures, even as seraphs in the courts above are refining us.

The little, unseen atoms are moving down, down beneath this globe. They are being called together by that eternal life principle, co-existent everywhere. Out of them, great seas, high mountains and low valleys will be made, which are but types of the spirit of man within. Man is made up of mighty mountain thoughts—of rolling oceans of sorrow and doubt—calm, green valleys of peace and happiness. And we are but pilgrims over our own spirit globe, sometimes on the mighty cliff, looking forth with godlike power on the majesty of the scenery of the spirit world; at others, like voyagers on the ocean, our spirits are tossed by the waves—sickened with the motion of life—worn out with the angry tempest, that threatens to dash our bark in pieces. Anon, we reach the green valley of the soul, safely landed from the great ocean of doubt and despair; and

how fertile, then, the spirit seems—how fragrant the buds of happiness and love! 'Tis then we can pluck the flowerets of the spirit, and through their fragrance, worship the hand who made it. 'Tis then we learn its bright tints—that life is not all rocky cliff, cataclysm, and angry ocean—but partakes of calm sunshine, of peace, and valleys of pleasant repose. Yet we cannot always remain in the valley, for we are voyagers of life—and we must place a flower on our bosom, and go forth again to be dashed by the wild waves, that shall bound us upward to meet the stars, whose brilliancy we shall catch and sink again; but with more of heaven's eternal light upon the brow.

It is the tumult, and the heavy sorrows of earth, that prepare us to kiss the angels in the clouds of love. Theb, voyagers of thine own spirit, come not into the ether sphere ere thou hast learned the compass and width of your own souls. Try thy billows with a strong, firm bark—journey up thy mountain, and look calmly into the valley beneath. Learn to find rest even in the avalanche of the spirit which goes dashing down, throwing destruction below. If the spirit has mighty heights, it must also have depths, of emotion. Remember, the higher the pinnacle of truth to which thou dost ascend, the keener will be thy sense of wrong and oppression. Let the warm life-pulse eternally exist, and perpetrate all thy exertions. Clasp thy hand into a palm of angel faith, and never loosen the grasp while eternity endures. If the stream of hope flows sluggishly through thy life-veins, quicken and refine it by the soul of credulity, which trusts in all things through God. If it were never dark, we had no need of faith.

On my soul's deep tablet, I have written the memory of all things on earth which I ever did. But I was not born to this outer consciousness, till long after I inhabited the spheres. I only lived in the external light of seeing and being seen—I clothed the body only—gave it food to nourish it. I traveled through metaphysical regions, and thus I stayed—I did not live—and so I passed onward. But I found the finer body needed its food and raiment. I spoke within myself, and said, "It is but a type of the material body." But I did not know—I could not realize—that the spirit needed food and clothing of thought. I saw that all those bright forms that had passed on around me were of finer architecture than earth had ever given. I saw every kindred, tribe, and nation mingling. I saw most beautiful fruits and flowers, and birds of varied plumage were floating in the air. But the spirit within me was not quickened, and I could not gaze on them with that ethereal gaze of beauty that I now do with this eternal thinking principle of life.

I knew that motion governed the universe: that the planetary systems and worlds were kept in motion by their own inherent laws and attractions. I studied, I thought, wisely. I had knowledge, but not wisdom—for the knowledge of things is merely the recognition of their existence. The wisdom principle is to comprehend the laws by which those exist, and to understand the particles of matter and mind, and the forces that govern them. Knowledge taught me that the ethereal world around the earth was invisible, and not to be penetrated with the eyes of mortals. It gave me a cold and rigid calculation of the orbits of the worlds, the time of their revolutions, their distances from the solar systems. It gave me the measurement of one constellation to another. But in no higher astronomical research did I go. I had not wisdom or life. I had only the cold, calculating principles of rigid philosophy. I had not the living principle of love, which I now find to be the essence of all things.

I found society in the spheres pleasantly adapted to certain parts of my nature. And so years passed on, with no marked changes, until the great tumult—the great river of life—came floating past, bearing, in a fairy gondola, the goddess of Love and Wisdom. 'Twas then said that heaven and earth was to be united—that earth which to me had almost faded away in memory, like some green spot of sunny childhood home. I was told that spirits of men and angels nightly and daily walked around that sphere, and tried to calm the atmosphere by their emanations of love and beauty. I found, by investigation, 'twas only those spirits that went from earth with their hearts full of love and affection for their kindred. The man of strong intellect and philosophy was seldom bound thitherward.

A teacher high, beautiful, sublime, and holy, came in our midst one golden morning. He stood, with his eyelids drooped in prayer, with a tear-drop trembling on them like a morning dew drop on the flower. He wept and prayed. He prayed that the children of earth might be born to the principle of love. The rustling of his garments were like music. The tones of his spirit like the lute at eventide. The harmony of his spirit was like the harp touched by a master hand, pealing forth sounds of sweetest melody. As he played, the damp dew gathered on his brow. The longing of his spirit was pictured there in shining pearls. His prayer was, "Our Father who art in heaven, who didst call me unto the cross, and bid me be nailed thereon—who didst lead me to persecution and agony of death, hear now the bursting of my soul to Thee, and O, let the children of thy earth have light, more light, more love. Send them, our Father, angels. Let them tell them that the second coming of Christ approacheth—that his pathway is prefaced by those golden-winged messengers." A radiant divine shone around his brow. I saw his soul serene and calm, and he arose above us and passed out of sight. Then, from beneath a cloud, a holy band of angels broke forth in songs seraphic; and the burden of their song was this: "Give Light to earth—give Love to its children." Speedily and rapidly they flew—those angels of the household band that had passed onward. They were love's own messengers—for they could hear, as the man of philosophy could not, the tidings of heaven. They were commissioned by Him who bore the cross, to tell of his second coming. Then did love have birth in your souls. All the boasted knowledge that man had gained had to stand aside for the mighty rush of angels. They came not with a flashing tide of intellect—'twas not their mission. They came with love's messages, alone, as Christ bade them come. The spirits that could not bear messages of love, were not at first allowed to visit earth, lest they should throw shadows over the sunshine of your spirits. But when every household hears its own angel voice—when their buried joys have risen, and from their graves have echoed sweet responses to their calls, when your loves have all been kindled and warmed—then teachings of wisdom and knowledge will come. Without this birth of the love and life principle all wisdom is vain. It is this that animates the beauty of mind. It is the



Rev. Mr. Spurgeon will visit this country in the spring, and, it is said, will spend Anniversary week in Boston.



## New York Correspondence.

Quiet-Conference-Mrs. Hatch's Lecture-Personal-Indian Aid Association-Ruggles, and a test through him.

Messrs. Editors—The atmosphere of the emporium is again becoming calm. Friend Coles has subsided into comparative quietude, patiently, I apprehend, to bide his time for the solution of his doubts. Randolph has returned from your city, and, under the auspices of Henry Ward Beecher and other notables, has decided on temperance as the theme and field of his future efforts as a lecturer. Von Vleck is setting types, and Paine and Bly—I wot not what has become of them, unless Bly is still amusing your people down east. Certain it is their voices are no longer heard among us; our disquietude has vanished, and the peace of the city is undisturbed, save by the Authentic History of Cornelius Winne's Bones, which occupied five columns of the Dispatch two weeks ago, received a wide circulation, and still furnishes abundant food for wonder and gossip to the good people of Gotham. The Dispatch heralded and illustrated its advent by a pictured mammoth poster, and the Picoyune of this week devotes itself to a suitable further immortalizing of the memorable marvel.

The last Conference, owing to the storm of the evening, and to the first appearance of Mrs. Hatch, since her separation from her husband, at the Cooper Institute, but a few rods away, was very thinly attended. The question was the important one of trances, which received a pretty full elucidation at the hands of Drs. Hallock and Orton. In the main features of the phenomenon the speakers agreed. Both found its beginnings in reverie or deep thought, when a person retires within himself, and conjoined as to his interiors with the great empire of mind, including the spirit world, invents, creates, and gives birth to new thoughts, on this lower plane, of poetry or philosophy, music or prophecy. From this point trance was traced to its fuller manifestations, in the unconscious speaker, whose organs are employed by a spirit, in the form or out; in the conscious speaker who reports the language of another standing on the spirit plane, or by a rapport of the two minds, is intensified and sustained in an extraordinary compass and use of his own faculties; and in the speaker or thinker—and this Dr. Orton pronounced the normal, highest and most desirable condition of trance—who, by virtue of many development and moral elevation, comes in conscious rapport with the heavens, hears and feels the language of its laws and truths, and, sustained and strengthened by the relations in which he stands, is enabled to give fitting utterance to great thoughts for the benefit of mankind.

Trance by this definition, it will be seen, includes all inspiration; and, according to Dr. Orton, it is a normal condition of the unfallen man, a condition to which the race is again approaching; and may be artificially induced, for good or evil, by the power of the mesmerist, the action of certain drugs, by disease, or any cause, which shall, for the time being, loosen the hold of the physical part on the spiritual, so as to set the spiritual part free to act on the spiritual plane.

Mrs. Hatch's debut at the Cooper Institute may be considered as a sort of public ovation. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the night, that large hall—the largest in the city—was about two-thirds filled. The numbers present were estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand, and Mrs. H., though perhaps slightly embarrassed from the peculiarity of the circumstances under which she, after so long a recess, appeared before a New York audience, acquitted herself with her accustomed grace and power. The question was the Unity of God and his Law, selected at the time by a committee; but dry and metaphysical as is the subject, she managed to endow it with a sufficient interest to charm and satisfy her audience.

Mrs. Hatch continues her lectures on Wednesday evenings at Clinton Hall. Mr. Ambler closes his engagement at Dodworth's to-morrow. Dr. Dods speaks to-morrow to the friends in Brooklyn. Mr. Tiffany is still at Troy, though slipping down here mostly once a week to look after the interests of his magazine, which, by the way, is by no means as extensively patronized as its many excellent qualities would justify.

The Indian Aid Association has received an accession of strength, in Ex-Mayor Hall of Brooklyn, Ex-Governor Clark, Dr. Valentine Mott, John Jay, and others, who have recently become awake to the importance of the aims and objects of this society, have connected themselves with it, and most of them entered its board of direction.

I have recently—on Thursday evening last—had the pleasure of spending an evening with the famous Mr. Ruggles—the favored medium of the late Dr. Hare. The invitation purported to come from Dr. Hare himself, and, as a special messenger followed me several miles for the purpose of delivering it, I did not feel at liberty to decline. Previous to this I had no acquaintance with Mr. Ruggles.

On entering the room of the medium, I was met by Mr. R., apparently in a trance state, who welcomed me in the name of Dr. Hare. Soon after, Mr. R. placed a sealed letter in my hand, directed on the outside in some foreign language, said to be Armenian, and requested me to hold it to my forehead. This I did, seating myself a few feet from the very small table or stand, occupying a central part of the room, at which the medium, it appeared, performed his writing! He then commenced to write with a pencil, on sheets of note paper, bringing each sheet to me as he completed it, and laying it on my knees, with the writing down. When the writing was complete, I was directed to examine it, which I did with the following result:

The letter which I had held to my forehead, as I was informed, was written by an Armenian Turk, now in New York, addressed to his deceased father, and left with Mr. Ruggles for an answer; the Turk, however, being wholly skeptical as to the possibility of a reply, as well as on the general question of Spiritualism. First, then, on examining my papers, I found I had about a page and a half of closely and handsomely written character, purporting to be Armenian, in alternate lines of red and black. A third page contained two lines in the same character. The fourth page consists of four lines of Latin, six of French, and three of Phonography; the alternate words, as the general order, being of the different colors, red and black. The fifth page contains a single line of beautifully written Hebrew, the characters being alternately of red and black. The sixth page is a translation in red and black, of the preceding foreign writings, with the exception of the letter in Armenian, of which no translation was given. The

seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth pages, contained a letter in English, addressed by the father to the son, as would appear, as a sort of addenda to the Armenian letter. This also has the same interlarding of red and black; and when I had looked through these sheets, the one black-lead Faber's pencil with which these different colors purported to have been written, was politely presented to me as a keepsake on the part of the spirit.

I then regretted that I had not sat where I could have seen the different colored marks, as they came from the pencil, if such was truly the fact; but not having the thought of different colors in my mind at the time, my position did not admit of it.

As it was announced to me that these documents were placed in my hands for use, I annex a copy of the translations and the English letter. The Armenian communication is quite beyond my reach, and I have no other resource but an anticipated interview with the Turkish gentleman to whom it is addressed, when I hope to ascertain if its hidden character bears any relation to the sealed letter which I was required to hold for the space of about half an hour, in contact with my brain.

English of Latin: "Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall." "Thanks be unto God for this unspeakable gift."

English of French: "Love those who persecute you." "You will yet enjoy real pleasure in communion." "I am your father."

English of Phonography: "Investigate well this lovely subject of spiritual intercourse." "I am your father."

English of Hebrew: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor, for he is, like thyself, the image of God."

"My dear son, I wish to have you know that my knowledge has increased since I took my departure from your earth. I have studied, and been with you when you have been studying. You will yet go back to your native country, with your mind filled with precious gems of thought and truth. You shall be a beacon light to light up your country. Your influence is such as to make you the guiding star of your own dear native land. Steer thy gallant vessel well, and thou shalt win an immortal crown, which shall deck thy brow upon thy entrance into spirit-life. I have been absent from your mortal gaze more than fifteen years. But I have not been gone; I have hovered around you with a father's guardian care, and a mother's soothing influence. I would that your mind could but conceive of my unutterable joy and happiness. One and all of our relational band are happier than your imagination can begin to picture in your vivid brain. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, shall be one harmonious and happy band. My son, I have much more to say to you, and I would have said all in my own native tongue, were it not for the strong and mighty influence which I am obliged to bring to bear upon the brain of the medium. I will be with you, and I will be willing to answer any questions which your mind seems fit to propound. I am your affectionate father. We are all very happy—exceedingly so."

The signature is in Armenian. York.  
New York, Jan. 15, 1859.

## Philadelphia Correspondence.

## MRS. HYZER'S LECTURES, &amp;c.

DEAR BANNER—Our hitherto mild winter has suddenly taken upon itself an almost Siberian aspect, changing from mildness to severity with a suddenness that causes us to look around in wonder, and smile in freezing mockery at the weather-prophets, who foretold "A remarkably warm season!" The sunshine has no power to thaw; the icy-hearted wind penetrates to the very marrow; and we, spoilt children of a moderate climate, speed along with cheeks as red as peonies, and noses, alas! of the same deep hue.

Notwithstanding the cold, Samson Street Hall was filled with the unflinching advocates of our cause, with honest inquirers, and the usual number of those who go for curiosity—to hear "what the Spiritual lecturers talk about!" The "talk" astonishes some of them, who go home thinking, finding Spiritualism a different thing from what they expected.

After the choir had sung, Mrs. Hyzer arose and commenced her discourse. She said that the tendency of the human heart was ever upward—that in every breast the life-throb pulsated that was in unison with goodness, purity and trust. When we are not sufficiently calm, and gentle, and forgiving, it is because we have not absorbed enough of that divine life that exalts and purifies. In unison with goodness, we shall be unable to curse those who wrong us, even as the beautiful Nazarene forgave those who nailed him to the cross. She spoke feelingly, of the inconsistency of Christians in condemning the Jews, who from their stand-point, with their peculiar views, acted in accordance with what they deemed their duty. All acted out their conceptions of right, but it was the mission of Spiritualism to exalt the soul, that it could feel no attraction, save for the pure, the true and good.

Deep in the soul is heard oft-times a dreamy, musical whisper that in time becomes an embodied thought, that uttered, startles the world. It becomes, then, a tangible fact, and men look on it as a familiar thing. So the conception of the artist lived long before its portrayal on canvas, and men called him fool and dreamer, when he spoke of his visionary glories; but once his thought embodied in form and color, all bowed in homage to the visible genius, and applauded the successful effort. She said much more that was true and beautiful, and concluded with a sweet, spiritual song.

In the evening the Hall was crowded, and the beautiful, familiar hymn, "Joyfully! Joyfully!" which always uplifts my heart to that home of love and peace hereafter, was sung by the choir. Then Mrs. Hyzer addressed us with all the fervor of her spiritually developed nature, with all the poetry and beauty of language she so fully possesses. Not as a teacher, she said, but as one striving for that higher life, she came to aid us; to illustrate by her experiences, which were not apart from the common experiences of humanity, the pathway we had trodden, and the life that was before us. She spoke of the want of harmony between teacher and scholar—beginning in childhood, when the little infant brain was racked with the difficulties of mathematics; how old rules had been established, but all signification of the system forgotten, so that affection moved not in the child's soul, either for the science or the teacher. How by familiar objects, known and loved by children, the science had been simplified in our day, and the child had been brought to love the study that was so hard and uncongenial; and to love the teacher who was the medium betwixt that science and his soul.

She spoke of the harmonial philosophy; clearly demonstrating to the skeptic who viewed it as a heathenish and monstrous thing, that it was a faith, replete with beauty and holiness; casting its broad mantle of charity over all God's children; vindicating sacred and living principles; pitying, not condemning, perverted notions, that were no part of a holy principle. She spoke of man's adherence to form; of reference to the book, as we had been ordered in childhood for our lessons; and if aught was found that was not in the book, it was rejected without investigation of its beauty, truth and merit. And in the Bible the letter was adhered to, while the living principle was passed by. "Some," she said, "swallowed the book, leaves, cover and all, though it produced a mental dyspepsy, followed by nightmare dreams of a burning ball of fire and brimstone." She bowed in reverence to the inspirations of the past, as records true and honest of the mediæval minds of that age, but was ready to accept the influence of thought, beauty and feeling, coming from the angel world.

"We believe in hell," she said emphatically, "in a hell as bitter and burning as the literal one of theology; and from this hell, we are told, no penance and no prayer can save, nor atonement rescue. Through the fires of self-sacrifice we must pass, until all that is gross and material is burned away; until pure inspiration, noble effort, prayerful action, leads the soul from misery to goodness and light. Therefore, we thank God for hell! Thank him that a means has been provided whereby the days of earth may be washed from off the spirit, by suffering the fires of purification."

She appealed to men and women to become original thinkers, rather than mere copyists of others' thoughts, reverers of great names, worshippers of authority.

She said the Heavenly Father had not implanted in the human soul the yearning for immortality, to prove incapable of fulfilling that desire; that ever, across the ocean of transition, was wafted the mother's invocation, calling on the child her soul felt near, though the eye of flesh beheld him not. So the most felt proofs of our immortality and spirit intercourse, were intangible to the materialist's eye and sense; but real, vivid and consoling to the awakened soul. She improvised a poem, accompanying her singing, by the sweet solemnity of the melody on which she plays. The gentle chant stirred many hearts to as deep devotion as the loudest organ peal; many souls fervently responded to her closing words, "Thy will be done." It is a pity that such mediums cannot stay longer with us; they awaken so much attention, and prove so clearly that Free Love, with its perversions, and the wild, fanatical vagaries of unsettled minds, form no part of the harmonial philosophy.

The sky is laden with snow-clouds; it is piercing cold. May charity and pity walk abroad, practical relievers of the necessities of suffering humanity. Then shall we know that the angel teachings are accepted by the heart as well as the intellect—that our gifted mediums do not appeal to us in vain—our angel friends speak to us unheeded.

Yours for truth, C. W.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 11, 1859.

## LETTERS RECEIVED.

S. B. F. CONCORD, N. H.—"We were favored with the presence of Miss S. J. Lord, of Portland, through whose medium powers a great variety of musical instruments were played upon, much to the admiration and astonishment of large audiences. These performances have been considered very convincing proofs of spirit power, as the manner in which the instruments were played upon precluded the possibility of deception. We do not hesitate to recommend this medium to those who wish to show the skeptic unanswerable evidence of spirit-power. We have also had lectures from J. H. Currier of Lawrence, T. C. Constantino of Manchester, and last, but not least, Mrs. J. B. Smith of Manchester, who delivered a course of six lectures on subjects selected by the spirits; the last of which was on the origin of man, which was remarkable for clear, concise, and logical argument. Her manner and style is thought to be like Mrs. Hatch's. We expect soon to occupy a new hall, which we have engaged the coming year for spiritual meetings. Our numbers are rapidly increasing."

L. W. MORE, WAUKESHA, WIS.—"Orthodoxy is making a new effort, by uniting the different churches together, in order to annihilate Spiritualism in this vicinity. But they might as well undertake to stop Niagara's thundering roar, as to stop its onward march. In this place and elsewhere we are receiving too much spiritual light to succumb or crouch any longer to old theological creeds and Orthodox dictation. Humanity begins to claim her rights in exercising her reasoning faculties."

Mrs. Amanda M. Britt commenced a course of lectures night before last. Several ministers were present taking notes. She is the most powerful speaker I ever heard. One of the ministers that heard her, said that he could not account for this wonderful phenomenon; it beat all that he ever saw in his life. (He is the best educated minister we have in this village out of twenty.) He said that there was not a minister in the United States that could speak extemporaneously with her. She is making a terrible shaking among the dry bones of Orthodoxy in this village. It is truly a feast to listen to such addresses as emanate from the spirits through the organism of such as Mrs. Britt and others."

J. P. BOODY, ALTON, N. H.—"I was sitting writing at my table a few nights ago, 'solitary and alone,' as I suppose. It was near midnight, and my eyelids had more than once admonished me to retire, but, being desirous to close the matter I had in hand, I continued to scribble on. I put a new pen into my pen-holder, took a slip of paper to try it, when some unseen power seized my hand and caused me to write, 'You require rest.' I pushed the bit of paper aside, and resumed my regular writing, when some invisible power moved the lamp to the opposite side of the table; I reached and replaced it again, but, as I attempted to dip my pen into the inkstand, the cover, which was attached by a hinge, shot down. I opened it again, and, as I attempted to dip my pen a second time, it again closed down. Finding it next to impossible to proceed, I gave up and retired to rest."

"ILLUSTRATE MAN," CHICAGO.—"Your communication makes some good points in support of Spiritualism from Scriptural evidence. Sectarian papers have ever been filled with Scriptural revivals, which have been of little profit to the world. Matter more directly concerning the philosophy of Spiritualism forces us to make only this notice of your article."

ELIZA SELMON, SPARTA, WIS.—"speaks of the satisfaction given the people by trance lectures in that place by Miss DeForest. She has our thanks for her efforts in spreading the circulation of the Banner of Light in dark places."

R. W. WILLSON, SOUTH LYMAN, ME.—"We will send you our paper. Your efforts to send the Banner into every family will be remembered."

WILLIAM C. GOWAN, KENNEBEC, N. H.—"Should the money be found, as prophesied by the spirit, it will be a test worthy of publication."

LYMAN C. CURTIS, UTAH, N. Y.—"We thank you for the lecture of Mrs. Ransom. It is full of pathos and beauty. Will publish soon."

A widow and widower were married in Hartford, last month. Their united ages amount to one hundred and thirty years, and, both together, are the parents of twenty-seven children.

## The Busy World.

The "Banner of Light" does not reach us half of the time. There are a good many things in this paper which we like to get hold of, and we wish the publishers would see if there is not a screw loose in their mailing arrangements.—Provincetown Banner.

There is "a screw loose" in Uncle Sam's mailing arrangements, brother, as we use extra care in mailing our papers; yet we have frequent complaints from our patrons in this respect. If our friend on the Cape finds "a good many things" in this paper which he likes, he should certainly give us due credit when he copies them.

Morphy, the American chessman, has finally met Anderssen, the hitherto chess champion of Europe, and defeated him. The score stood—Morphy, 7; Anderssen, 2; drawn 2. It is now "Morphy against the world."

For a very interesting spirit-communication, see letter under our New York Correspondence head.

From China, there are rumors of short crops of tea. At all the ports, the supply is short. The export this year, to the present time, shows a decrease of 9,000,000 lbs. on that of last year to the same period, and on 18,000,000 lbs. on that of 1856-57.

Toronto, C. W., Jan. 15.—It is said that dispatches have been received from England by the Canadian government, containing a command that Her Majesty's award of Ottawa for the seat of government be carried out.

Beware of hotel thieves. There are plenty in Boston at this time.

Corn, at Sidney, Fremont county, Iowa, is selling at twenty cents per bushel.

A statue to Dr. Kane is to be erected in New York city.

New Spiritualist newspapers are coming to us almost every day. This week we have received the first number of the "Crescent Age," published at Rockford, Ill., the "Spirit Guardian," printed at Bangor, Maine, and "The New Man," at Chicago, Ill.

## A TRUE HINT.

God and the doctor we alike adore,  
Just on the brink of danger—not before;  
The danger past, both are alike requited—  
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted!

THE HOME GEM.—This is a new paper, devoted to the interests of the young, founded on a new and original plan. It is entirely free from Orthodoxy, and the editors, Mrs. Anna Denton Cridge, is quite felicitous in supplying the demand for such a publication. It is printed at Cleveland, Ohio, monthly, at ten cents a year.

A creditor in Buffalo, having an execution against a poor man, compelled the officer to seize the only article of attachable property owned by the debtor, namely, a small monument at one of the marble yards, which was about ready to be placed over the grave of his little child.

The Commercial Bulletin, a new paper, devoted to the interests of the business community, has made its appearance, and fully equals the expectations of the friends of the editor, Curtis Guild, Esq., a gentleman long and favorably known among the journalists of Boston. The mechanical execution of this newspaper is superior to any newspaper of the class we have ever seen. It is published in this city, weekly, at \$3 a year.

## BOOK NOTICES.

TWELVE LETTERS FROM THE SPIRIT OF DR. E. WENSTER. Written through the hand of B. A. Crandon, Plymouth, Mass. 1859.

This is a neat pamphlet of thirty-two pages, filled up with valuable instruction and common-sense matter, well calculated to meet the wants of those who love true religion and Spiritualism. Mr. Crandon, the medium through whom this was written, is a healing medium of uncommon powers, through whom most extraordinary evidence has been given of the direct action of invisible agencies. His life has been fraught with incidents tending to break his love of earth and earthly things, and thus prepare him sooner and better to be an instrument in the hands of spirits for the noble work of advancing spiritual truth, and relieving human suffering.

THE RATIONALE OF SPIRITUALISM, by Rev. T. W. Higginson. Just published.

This work consists of two extemporaneous lectures, recently delivered by Mr. Higginson, at Dodworth's Academy, New York, and is, perhaps, the ablest, clearest, and most logical exposition of the probabilities, the facts, and the theory of Spiritualism, that has yet appeared.

These lectures were phonographically reported by the subscriber, who, in accordance with a general wish on the part of those who listened to them, has been induced to publish them in the form of a pamphlet, feeling assured that not only all Spiritualists, but the public generally, will be glad to possess a work containing the views of the distinguished author, on the important subject of which they treat. Price, 20 cents. Address, T. J. ELLINWOOD, 5 Tryon Row, (Room, No. 7,) New York.

5 Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

## MRS. HAYDEN AT MUNSON'S.

The subscriber is happy to announce that he has engaged the services of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, of Boston, the celebrated clairvoyant and test medium. Her "séances" will commence on Wednesday, the 10th inst., at the rooms for spiritual investigation, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, and will continue until further notice. Mrs. Hayden is widely and favorably known for her medium powers. It was through the instrumentality of this lady, while in England, that Robert Owen, and other distinguished men, became convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse. Mrs. H. is also clairvoyant for the examination of disease, in the exercise of which gift she has been eminently successful. Hours, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., every day (Sundays excepted).

S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, New York.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHITE PIGEON ERA.—The Banner is sent regularly from this office.  
S. B. R., EAST CAMBRIDGE.—All right.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOSTON.—N. FRANK WHITE will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening next.

BOSTON.—Services will be held at the Melodeon next Sunday, at the usual hours. It is expected Miss Amesley will speak.

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winthrop street. D. F. GORDMAN, regular speaker. Seats free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells' Hall, speaking by mediums and others.

NEWBURYPORT.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Hall, State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers engaged.

## Reports.

(Reported by A. B. CHILD.)

REV. JOHN L. RUSSELL, OF SALEM, BEFORE THEODORE PARKER'S SOCIETY, AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Forenoon, Jan. 16, 1859.

[Mr. Parker's health is thought to be gradually improving; he has no recurrence of bleeding from the lungs, which is the cause of his present illness. He still keeps his room, and is advised, as yet, not to see his friends. It is his intention to sail with his family for a warmer climate, on the 27th of this month. It is the intention of the Society to continue their meetings for the present, on Sundays, at Music Hall, and to obtain speakers as far as is in their power, of that highly religious, intellectual and reformatory cast of mind for which Mr. Parker is so eminent and so much beloved by all who know him.]

Mr. Russell made a touching and excellent prayer, in which he alluded to Mr. Parker, as follows:—"We miss the form of him who has been accustomed to speak to us instructive and eternal truths. His absence fills us with sorrow; yet, our Father, we know thy ways are best for us at all times, and in this affliction may we not doubt. Be with him in his weakness; hold him in the hollow of thy hand, shelter him beneath thy almighty wings; and, if it be thy will, grant him health and length of days for future usefulness; grant that his presence may again gladden our hearts. We thank thee for every bad of immortal beauty that he has sown on earth to spring up and bloom and send forth fragrance, by which many shall be drawn to the bosom of God."

DISCOURSE.

TEXT.—Exodus, 3d chapter, 14th verse. "I am that I am."

These simple words express one of the profoundest thoughts in all human experience. God, who ever whispers to the soul, is everlasting and ever present. Moses and Jesus, the prophets and apostles, and all truthful and good men, have reiterated the thought that there is an Infinite One, in whom we live and move and have our being—whose presence our reason and conceptions fail to reach—his spirit gives our being, and continues it. How complex, and yet how simple, are our relations to God—to the ever present I AM. In all the various forms of life, we sustain our relations to God. I accept the fact of life continued, of immortal existence, with the utmost delight. Human goodness carries us higher; it works in us to do the good will and pleasure of our Father. Great and good men stand out in history; they seemed to penetrate the heavens, yet they have not reached above the capacity of man—of other men; from the same common base all men rise. The greatest of men are only our brothers—of one origin—of one family. Reverence of what we esteem above ourselves, is of education, not of nature. The little child does not reverence his parents, but loves them. The same Divine presence animates you and me, that did Moses, Jesus, the prophets and apostles. Our reverence for one man, above another, is a fallacy kept and supported by the church. The dogmas of theology are not of God—for what is good and simple, alone is divine. Good and benevolent acts are all divine; everything beautiful and lovely is divine. How fade away the creeds of theology, when we look at the practical love of Jesus—at the love of God for his children. The whole duty of man is told in the simple words of Christ. Christ, in his teachings, has impressed me that he is only like you and me, what we are to be, as we are, and have been; and, exulting as we will, still Jesus of Nazareth is our brother; and he is, too, the central star to enlighten us in our orbits.

We judge of others by the external—but of ourselves by what is within. What do I know of your interior, or you of mine? What can we know of Moses, Jesus, or other great men, interiorly? Distance has lost enchantment to us of great men of the past. I know that of myself which you never can know; and you possess that knowledge, each one of yourselves, which others can never know.

To learn that God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, needs no revivals in religion, no catechisms, creeds and dogmas; it is felt within.

This fear of God—how strange it is! Last spring, one beautiful morning, I saw a little, young bird come forth from its nest, on the bough of the tree, for the first time. It fell, and, as it fell, its wings were instantly and instinctively spread, whereby its fall was broken, and it flew away. The little bird had not been taught to fly. What a wise provision of goodness and love is shown here of God, there was a lesson that taught me faith in the same hand that upholds all his creatures.

The work of Divine love has never been finished, and never will be, so long as there is a sorrowing heart to be bound up, and a lost soul to be saved.

On the roadside to our Jerusalem are lying many wounded and bleeding ones, whose wounds are for us to bind up. When we shall have faith in God, we shall not fear him. Love casteth out all fear. Let us realize that we are the children of God, which will afford us peace and serenity of soul not to be found in any theological belief. In the great plan of the universe, religious opinions and differences that trouble men for a time, amount to but little. Men do not comprehend the wisdom of God in all things—the necessity of means for ends, and the relative position of all things. Virtue and vice are only relative terms; we may call evil accidental. There is a God, and his love is expressive of his designs. I will seek to know him. Let us seek him as our perpetual friend and guide; then life is full of beauty, for in it we see the love of God. This is true, natural religion, and it is not to be compared with that of churches, and the invention of men. Let us see God's goodness, and feel his love, rather than any theological teachings of sectarianism.

## BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Jan. 10, 1859.

Subject—"Government."

Mr. Burke—Some think that we have progressed to that degree of perfection, in the present time, that we can afford to dispense with human government altogether. This I do not agree to. And I believe the government we live under is the best of all governments. The governments of other countries do not compare with our own. Ours excels them all. Mr. B. continued his remarks at some length on the political economy of human government.

Mr. Trask—The whole subject of government is before us for each one to express such views as he pleases about what is the proper government for man. There is church government, family government, and political government. I do not believe in either of the three, as they exist, as being the best for the government of man; and neither do I believe in monarchical government. True government is the authority of a Parent being exercised in a wise forethought to advance the wisdom, industry and happiness of the people. In the present time many do not believe that a political government is necessary at all. I do not agree with this belief. I believe a wise political government is a help instead of a hindrance. And many think we must submit to all the governments heaped over us. I will accept and swallow for adoption no government, without self-approval. Should we have church government at all? and if so, how should it bind us? I am prepared to accept no church government. In political government I know no better way for the present, but for it to enforce the enactments of the people. By it the midnight assassin is repelled, which is for the safety of the people. If our homes are invaded, these laws repel the invader, and deal justice. If the government must have prisons and gallows to preserve social order and justice. But I look for better conditions in the progressive life of humanity, which shall carry man to higher and better forms of government than the present.

Mr. Newton—I believe in government; and believe that the best form of government in the present light of the world exists, that can exist. Lower forms of government exist, which are adapted to lower conditions of life; and knowledge of a better condition enables us to see evil in lower conditions of government. It is for us to gain knowledge of a better system of government, and by this knowledge we conform to its laws. Ignorance makes the evils of government. It is the business of man to discover the great and everlasting principles of divine government, that exists throughout the universe; to learn the laws of this government, and keep them. If we do this, we need no other government, there will be no need of human law to keep us from crime. What right or good have I, then, to control another man? No right. Then if I have no right to control another, no man has a right to control me. And as individuals have no right to control one another, then we have no right, as a nation, to control men. The need of human government is for those who are ignorant of this government. In a true state of society, human law is useless, and will not exist. A man who heeds the divine motions within, will never harm another, but will benefit others all in his power. It may be said we must recognize

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. CONANT, Trance 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 a medium of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

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

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is 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.

### 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. 14.—Samuel Atkinson, William Hodgdon, Caleb Reed, Percy Davis, Mary Snyder.

Dec. 20.—Charles Whistler, Frank Gorman, Ann Mitchell.

Dec. 27.—John Harris, William Poor, Mary Foster, John W. S. Moore.

Dec. 22.—John King, Anonymous, William Chase, David Hill, James Finnegan.

Dec. 23.—Elizabeth Hopkinson.

Dec. 27.—Wm. Allison, Robert Aiken to Richard.

Dec. 28.—Kitty Barclay, Edward Wilson, Joseph Jewell.

Dec. 29.—James Brooks, Charles Adams, Abigail Benson, Charles Wilkins, Francis White.

Dec. 30.—Mary Ann Marten, Solomon Winslow, George Golyer, Edward Butler.

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

Jan. 3.—Charlotte Tucker, Beth W. Winslow, Lorenzo Dow, Lizzie Homer.

Jan. 6.—Geo. Loveland, Peter Elkins Sanborn, Tim. Brickett.

Jan. 6.—Elizabeth Dow, Anonymous, Joseph Hutchins, Richard Sims.

Jan. 7.—Alexander Noble, Edward Henderson, William Crozier.

Jan. 8.—Henri Dejean, John Hazwell, Patrick Murphy, Edward Payson.

### Rebecca Nourse.

But whilst you not I have no one left on earth to speak to? It's a long time since the last of my kindred was gathered into the spirit world. Strange and peculiar, yet holy conditions favor my coming here to-day. I have tried many, many times to return and control some medium, what I might speak, not to my people, for they are not here, but that I might speak to a certain class of individuals who are now abiding on earth, that I might make myself happy by coming; for know you, that revenge the darkest of all status, has been covered in my spirit since I left earth.

They who dwell in higher conditions of life, tell me I am wrong—that I should come back and speak through a material form, and thus throw off a portion of my error. Oh, I was cut off too soon! I was sent from my condition in life suddenly to the unknown, where spirits dwell.

Yes, I have been dead to the world, but thoroughly alive to myself, since 1694. During all that time I have been away from my body. I have been wandering too and fro in earth-life. I could not get away from earth; I have tried many, many times to free myself from earth, but no—I seemed doomed to pass an eternity on this planet, the earth. For nearly thirty years I was almost constantly with one individual who was on earth, and I was constantly seeking to revenge myself upon him. Oh, he spoke harsh and cruel words of me, and without cause. He said I was a child of the devil; and not two hours before I died, he told me that the flames of hell were even then stretching out forked tongues of fire for my especial benefit—they were impatient to embrace me; and with such words as these he bade me farewell, hoping I would be speedily released from my mortal body, when I was to be sent to the fires of hell—in fires prepared for the devil and his children—while he should sit at the right hand of the Father, and enjoy his smiles throughout eternity. Now I lived a good moral life. I injured no one; I thought I was a Christian. I was a member of the church; I kept the sacred ordinances of the church, and did all I could to make others happy. But some strange influence was constantly hovering near me, and I was often influenced to do things I did not want to do, and strange freaks were out up in my presence.

Now the man who spoke to me so harshly, has told me he has passed as much pain in my company as if he were passing through an army who were pouring streams of fire upon him. He often told me that whole handful of hair were pulled out in my presence, and that I did it. That I applied to my father, the devil, and that he took especial delight in seeing these tortures. Oh, I even now feel as though my happiness could never be complete, until I am revenged for that I lost so long ago—my life. My life was as dear to me, as was his to him. But the multitude were all in his favor; they all cried out, crucify them, for they are not fit to dwell among men.

And so I was a medium, and so the freed spirits of the spirit land did see fit to control me for various demonstrations of their power; and for these various manifestations my life was taken; my spirit was sent like an unfledged bird, far beyond its natural existence. I should have lived in earth nearly forty years longer than I did; but the darkness of the times crucified me and others—and for that I have been made to suffer these long years, because the darkness of the people roused all the evil in my nature, and I have all the time been crying out for revenge.

I would not come back to earth to live; yet when I see the mediums of to-day, and contrast their condition with my own and others of my time, I feel they are the children of God, while we were the subjects of darkness; for surely darkness reigned in the land. Our very thoughts were sometimes divined, and we were punished for thinking.

I very well remember one time starting to go from my own house to the house of a neighbor, when I was greeted with such a shower of snowballs from a body of rude boys, that I feared they would take my life, and my ears were greeted with, 'Let's drive the devil out of her!'

For a long time I did not dare to go out of my house, and I prayed to God for aid, and then again I'd curse him because the aid did not come. And even now, after I have been so long free from my body, I still wonder where God is, and if the time will ever come when he will suffer me to be revenged. Then I am told that I should forgive; but I cannot feel that I can forgive. I would if I could; maybe I will drink the sweet waters of forgiveness, by coming to earth. I have lived among you, and moved among you, and tried to act, but never could until to-day. I have learned all the new customs of earth, also. Oh, that men and women would seek to know ere they condemn! Oh, that they would have sympathy equal to their justice! Then spirits like mine would not linger amid the dark shades of earth-life, but they would pass on to a happier state! But the ministers—oh, what are they? Shall I say they are children of the Devil? No, for I believe there is no such person as a Devil. If there is, surely he must fully manifest through the clergymen—surely he lives there—he acts through them; and surely if there is any such place as they told me about, they will go there! Oh, I know as much about your ministers of to-day, as I did of those who condemned me to death. They cling to darkness rather than light, for they are evil themselves. I sometimes mourn that there is no personal devil, for I wish to see them punished as they deserve to be. But they tell me there is a principle that guides all this, and that they will have to suffer for all their sins. But it is very strange I should have to suffer because they nurtured the evil in me. They watered it for four years of my last days, and when it was strong they cut me off, and I have never been able to rid myself of it. But to whom shall I look for retribution? who shall

be judged for my murder? Shall the people—the nation? Yes, I think so.

Who are you, and why do you write for me? Yes, if you lived in my time, you would have suffered as I did. But you need to be thankful that you did not, for not one of you would like to pass so many long years in an unhappy state. Oh, I tried to pray for my enemies the last hour I had on earth; but my prayer was so mixed up with curses, it was no prayer at all. I tried to pray, but I found myself cursing, and so I went out of the world!

The name my earthly parents gave me—did you ever read of one Rebecca, in the Bible? Well, I was of the same name. The last name was Nourse. I lived—I go there frequently now—you call the place what it was not then, now; you call it Danvers—then it was Salem.

The minister has been dead these many years. He lived thirty years after I died, to get ready for heaven; but I doubt if he has found such a place. You might know of me, for so dark a stain as that don't get washed out in a century. Oh I can't help hating—oh, if I could forget the past! I don't think I was the only soul that went undraped into the spirit world; one poor child was showered to death only a few days before I was hung—a poor child! I was executed all alone, that day. I was tried alone. Oh, there were many others that were murdered about that time, but not with me. [This was in answer to a question as to whether there were not four others tried with her and executed.]

Oh, I wish to God I did not know of Mr. Burroughs—don't speak of any one like him; it makes me a devil. I wish I could get rid of it—I wish I could.

Why, do you think, I laid these three in a neighbor's cellar, and didn't dare to come up, for fear I would be dragged away and murdered; and the friends were so beset, because they supposed I was in the house, their lives were in danger all the time. She's happy, she's happy—would to God I was! Her name was Pops. She holds no malice—she would pray—she would hold hard words for a moment, but then she would pray. She was killed by it—not executed, but it killed her.

Oh, yes, he [the minister] has been to me and asked forgiveness a great many times; but I can't forgive him, for he doesn't feel like it. I wish I could. I've tried to pray, good many times, but it's a curse and a prayer—all the time I tried to help it then, but I could not.

I had on a brown camel gown the day I left earth.

I've been learning to come this many a day, but never could find things right for me till now. Do you suppose if I should ever grow happier, I should be obliged to be in the company of clergymen. Oh, if I could but get rid of this hatred! It amounts to death to me now. I could even now rejoice over the sufferings of every one you have on earth. I know it is wrong—I have been told so many times, and they tell me to go back to earth and there cast off these evils and come up higher. Do you suppose I shall be happier after I go?

You'd think strange if your mediums were hung, wouldn't you? Well, nobody thought strange because I was. They thought it was right. Oh, if I could forget to hate; but I can't.

### John Page.

I'm in a similar situation to the last spirit that just came to you, but not so unhappy. I mean the devil, or the evil powers of the universe, shall not have control over me, and I'm going to make merry over them.

I've communicated before, but it's some time before. I happened to be one of the aids of the last individual. She left her mortal body near where I laid mine. She left by a rope—I by a shot. She was an honest woman—I was more of a rogue. I was in the list for yesterday; but, somehow or other, I was told I could not come, and I was in for a chance to-day. It seems to me that a good many of us are obliged to come back to earth to become happy. Us poor scamps that get hurried out, have to come back. Let's all right, I suppose. I'd like to understand it a little better.

Now I'm going to try to produce certain manifestations in the house of a certain person, who says: "I don't believe spirits can come, but if you can come, go there, and do it." I'll give you the name privately, but you must not use it. He and I had something to do together on earth. He thinks himself far above me; but I want him to understand that I am as good as he is, and have more power than he has—and before he is six months older, he will not say spirits do not come. And about the bed moving in his room, he says "No one on earth but me and my wife knows of it." But as I happened to be the individual who moved it, I happen to know of it, and I shall try to do it again. He is one of those persons who have to be rapped on the head with a sledgehammer, and I have got the article to do it.

I have a firmer grasp of material than the woman who last came to you. She has been wandering about the earth, and all circle in a house occupied by a man by name of Brown. I went out to New York the other day, but could not do much there, so left my card, and left myself.

Catch me letting my whole soul to the devil—no, no. I'm willing to let him have one corner, but the rest belongs to me, and I'm going to be jolly. No matter where I am, or what I was on earth; I'm myself, and I'm bound to be happy. Good bye. Dec. 10.

### William Townsend.

As man passes along the pathway of time, he is constantly being presented by nature with some new wonder, some duty that belongs alone to him, that, if left undone, will bring sin and shame; if well done, will as sure bring its reward.

When I was called upon to change worlds, I did not anticipate a scene like this; a coming again to earth; a reuniting to a mortal form; a speaking through that form; but I, like all the race, find my duty day by day. For ten years I have walked steadily in the pathway of progress, but have never found a gem that spoke to me of duty in coming to earth, until I find one at the present time. But ere I can well perform this known duty, I must break down the high walls of opposition. I must find a key to unlock the portals of the mortal church, for I must enter there. Kindred souls to whom I come to day, dwell beneath the church. Shall I call it sacred? Shall I say that the roof of the church of the most High God overshadows them? No; but I will say that my friends are so strongly wedded to the church, that I feel, I know, I shall not gain access in first coming.

Yet it is well; the same power who makes known my duty unto me, will aid me in the performance of that duty, if I ask aid. So I will ask, so I shall receive, so in time my friends shall be brought from that dark state they now live in, and shall hail the new morning that has dawned to bless the weary children of humanity.

I am well aware that in coming to commune with my friends, it will be necessary for me to give some facts whereby they will be able to recognize me.

I was born in Hartford, Connecticut; my name, William Townsend; I lived with my parents in that town, until I was fourteen years of age. In 1817 my father removed from Hartford to Boston; from that time up to the hour of my death, Boston was my home. I was married in Boston; I died in Boston. I have a son living in Boston; I would speak to that son, but I will know that I must work with caution, and slow will be my progress in this new-found duty. I would tell him of a higher light than that he finds in the church; I would wed him to a new church, whose name is Love, and which receives light alone from one who is Love—the Lord our God. Kind ones were not slow in divesting me of the garments of my faith, when I left earth. My progress in this respect has been rapid, and I am told I am now possessed of sufficient knowledge to return and impart to my son, my daughter—for I have such—and acquaintances, who will be blessed by spiritual good.

I have a great desire to commune in private with my children, but I know it cannot be at present. I

am told my son will rebel at first, and cry aloud against me, yet in time he will bid me come and be welcome, and rejoice in the light I bring. Oh, the church, the church! It proves a stumbling block in the way of souls who wish for light. They fear to wander beyond its walls, and the shepherd can give no light; he points the way beyond its walls, but walks not beyond himself. But the star of progress shall penetrate all this darkness—and they who now fear a hell, shall rejoice, because of the knowledge of heaven. No hell shall torment them to-day and night, but this star shall illumine all the darkness of the theological world, and they shall know fear no more.

Souls that have passed from the confines of your earth, shall return and create new souls, that shall not be content to dwell in the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death; but their souls shall have wings, and they shall mount far, far beyond the valley of darkness.

Oh, tell my son he lives at a happy time, and the sooner he embraces this light, the longer he will have to enjoy the light. Surely, those who rise in the morning, shall rejoice because of this rising. No soul that seeks for light, shall seek in vain. No soul that stretches out its hand from the pale of the church, shall return empty. Tell my son I have many fruits I will place upon his table, when soul shall commune with soul, but not here. Dec. 10.

### Simeon Parker.

What do folks say when they come here? My name was Simeon Parker; my age was eighteen years. Gorry, I don't know the months. I lived in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Eighteen too early to die—Gosh, don't folks die before that? The disease was something in the bowels. I wasn't sick long. The year? Yes, it was the year before they said the world was coming to an end—in 1812. Old Miller said so. I traveled all the way to Burlington to hear him. I worked on a farm. Own a farm? God bless you, no; I wish I had. I never went to school more'n a year in my life. Used to go to spelling-school the year before I died, one or two evenings out of a week.

I want to tell folks know I can come—that's the most I want; you're to fix it up, for I can't talk good.

I have a brother Daniel in Boston. That's what brings me here. I didn't come to talk with you, though you're good to write for me. I want to say a good many things to him. What do you call this thing I speak through? Well, then, I want him to go to a medium like this. You fix it up for me. One medium is as good as another, ain't they? Can't I talk through all? Well, then, tell him to go to one I can talk through. I thought one hoe was as good as another to hoe with.

How happened I to be so lucky as to be here? I used to hear of a fairy that used to wish for anything, and got it. They told me to wish hard, and I'd get here. It was my turn to come here before; but they told me I did not wish hard enough, and so I waited till now.

I came down to Boston once, and went to a place where somebody was preaching about this mesmerism, as you call it, and some of them went to sleep, and some did not. It was fun, anyway.

Just read what you wrote for me. I don't want to send a letter before I read it. I want to say to Dan, and you write it, that I wasn't so big a fool as folks thought I was. I could n't get along quite so fast as some of them—could n't learn so fast as some of them; but I wasn't a fool.

What a rig 'em in now! I should think people would laugh at me. Look here, I want you to write a letter for me real good, and send it. I don't think I can get along right. I'm afraid he'll be ashamed of me; he always was. He used to be a clerk, but now he keeps for himself. He sells fussed up things that women wear. Dry goods! I don't suppose they are wet. They're pins and calicoes, and mittens—all these things; oh, thousands of things I don't know the names of. That's what he used to sell, and I suppose he does now. I was only here once—three days. He boarded me with an old woman where there was lots of folks. I asked him to go up the road with me once, and he said, "Call them streets, Sim." You ask him if he don't remember it. I can keep thinking of things I'd like to say, but I can't fix 'em up; if you'd just fix 'em up your way I'd like it better.

What you going to do with this? print it in a paper? Then he'll be mad! He would n't, if you'd fix it up good; but he never did like my talk. I don't like the way this letter reads. It's me, of course it is. If it was you, you'd fix it up better. I could get in a load of hay, or build a potato bin; but I couldn't write letters, and never could. Don't care; I'll be a philosopher yet, you see if I don't.

Another thing has come into my head. "Dan used to say, 'Sim, you're quite a philosopher; should n't wonder if you was a second Franklin.'" I'll be one yet—yes, I will.

Queer place to stick a candle, up there! [The gas light.] Well, a light, then; I'll get that right, anyway. We used to put them on the table, in a candlestick. What's your name?—come, I told you mine. Well, you're going to put my name to that? can't you fix it over a little? I ain't just satisfied with it. I'll catch it now, I'm out of sight; but you'll catch it. Don't you care?

Well, how do I go? Wish myself away? I don't wish myself away. Well, good by. When you going to send this letter? Oh, my God, a month! I was thinking I might die before that; but I can't. Can I get up and walk? Dance! I can't dance with these things on. Give me a shirt and trousers, and I'll dance. I don't wonder you laugh. I've rigged up scarecrows and laughed at them, and I don't wonder you laugh at me. Tell Dan to go to a man-medium if he can, for I might like to get up, and I don't like to walk with these rigs on.

Bad thing I don't know how to go, cause I know you want me to. Must want to, though, else you won't let me come again. Good night. Dec. 10.

### Lemuel Ryeburge.

And so you receive all who may control your medium to speak; and you make no distinction between the high and the low? Do you expect that all who come this way to speak, will furnish you with facts to prove that they are who they purport to be?

But my story is not a pleasant one. Suppose I give you a brief account of myself, will that do? My name was Lemuel Ryeburge. I was born in Gottenburg, Germany. I left my home, in company with my father, in the year 1811. I was then near twelve years of age, only. When we had been two years in America, my father died and left me an orphan in a strange land. But time, and the customs of your people, very soon obliterated the past; and my early home, I remembered indistinctly. I remained in New York perhaps two years after my father left me. I then took passage for home as cabin-boy on board the ship Sea Lion, bound for Liverpool, England; but we encountered a severe storm when we were a few days out, and were obliged to put back; and I, child as I was, was very sick—so sick, that when the vessel was again ready for sea, I was not ready—therefore I did not go.

I employed myself in various branches of my father's business, when I became old enough. I studied very hard to make myself well acquainted with all the customs of your country, and having lost all my kindred, I had no disposition to return again to my fatherland; and my recollection of my early home was so faint, I had but little to attract me there. Well, in 1829 I committed a forgery. What induced me to thus lower myself in my own estimation, I am not here to tell; and he who was injured at that time by me, may consider his lot as cast among the happy ones of earth, when he thinks of me and my condition. Two months after that crime, I died on Blackwell's Island, of disease, I suppose, induced partly by remorse, partly by exposure, and partly by total abstinence from all I had been in the habit of having and using as my own. And now I am here this day for no other purpose than to confess my crime, and to make whatever atonement it may be in my power to make to him I sinned against

and so cruelly wronged, for his lives as you live, and I cannot rest until I have communed with him, for I have much for his ear, that other ears must not listen to.

I have been told to come here. I have been educated for this hour, and now I trust I may date all my future happiness from this hour; for, by coming here to-day, that, ere death claims the old man for his own, I may speak with him, and I may be at peace with myself and all the world. Dec. 11.

### Susan Lewis.

I can't write; I don't know what to say; I don't want to speak to you. My name was Susan Lewis. I come to speak to my mother. I want to tell her it's me that goes to her nights, and makes noises. You are all white here. I was colored. I was thirteen years old. I died of fever.

I want to speak to her; you are all white here. Is this Fall River? I don't know what I come so far away for. I used to live in that place. The folks here says you'll write for me and send to my mother; she can read well. Wont you tell her I come here, and that father's here? He tells me to speak—not fear—but you're all white here. I don't like to speak this way; there's white folks (spirits) all around me now, but I don't mind them; they help me, but I'm afraid I'm going to die. Will I go now—I can't say what I want to here; I want to talk to my mother; I want to say lots, but I can't here. I want her to sit down to the little table, and I will talk to her there; she's what some of you white folks are. My father makes me stay, but may I go? He wants me to say that he comes, too, and will make a noise, and he can't speak here. His name is George; he's been dead a long time. Will I go, sir—will I go? Dec. 11.

### Charles Tolman.

If I'm not mistaken, you and I are strangers. Well, you know the old saying, "The best of friends were strangers once." I've not come here to answer any questions, except one. I was at a place in Boston last night, and I communicated; but I ain't going to tell you what it is, for it's private. But somehow or other they did n't believe it was me. So I asked them what I should do to make them believe it was Charley Tolman—that's my name, you know—you did n't before.

Well, they said we are all strangers to the Banner of Light people, and if you'll go there, and give us proof, we will think it is you.

I wrote and communicated by—I don't know what you call it—moving things. Well, I said to them, promise me you will do what I have requested in five days. They said they would do it, if I would come here and prove myself. I'm Charley Tolman, and died not far from where you are writing, a short time ago.

I was rather a fast boy, and did not know much of these things. I heard of them, but I had too much to do to look into them. But I had to spare time to die. The great difficulty is now, to prove to people that it is me that's talking. They say at once, "Oh, I don't know you," when you are talking to one you knew well on earth. It's how old are you—where was you born—what hour—what minute—and they don't give a fellow a chance to look round to collect his memory.

Well, remember me to the persons who were to do for me, if I came. How long before you will publish this? A month! Well, if you let them know by publishing my name that I have been here, they can come and see it, I suppose, if they want to.

So you had a little nigger gal here; well, I thought she'd never get away; I kept pushing her up to speak, else she never would. I guess she is a clever little nigger.

Well, when will you publish my name?—because, if I go there and tell them I have been here, and that you are going to put my name in such a paper, I want to be sure of it. Oh, be careful to remember all the little items when you come here, for you will need them; if you don't have a good memory, they'll say you lie. Well, I'll travel. Dec. 11.

### Charles, to William Roundy.

My DEAR FRIEND ROUNDY—Do not suppose your friends in spirit life are asleep, that they do not hear you when you call, or that they do not heed the call. No, all hear, but few are able to respond in the way and manner you wish. These many difficulties will in time be overcome, so wait with patience, and you shall not do so in vain.

You mother is with me, and says, "Tell William that I should commune oftener, but I am not able to." Oh, yes, she would do all you ask, but the work is at present too hard for such as she.

I would give you more at this time, but I am not used to controlling the hand of the medium; and I make bad work of it; but never mind—better next time.

Your friend CHARLES, to WILLIAM ROUNDY. Dec. 11.

### Stephen Mason.

I've come for the purpose of waking the dead; for really it seems to me that my folks are more dead than I am. I've been trying for the last five years to get within speaking or hearing distance of my family—friends—but one might as well try to unlock the door of yonder tomb, where my body lies, with a straw, as to gain access to one's friends, without using all the power he is master of.

Now I don't like to come here to commune; I've been told many times I'd better come, that it was the best move I could make; but I wish to commune with my friends in private, if possible; but if I must go to the gate of the city, and knock that down, in order to get at the door of my own house, why, I must do so, I suppose.

My friends are Episcopalians in faith, and I'm not coming here to object to, or to overthrow any of their theological opinions—no; but I'm coming, as I said before, to wake the dead, and when I have done so, to occupy a corner in their souls.

They used to love me, used to hear me, did not use to doubt me, and why is it that they doubt me now, when I have better means of cultivating all the better portion of myself.

I have all my faculties; I lived quite a number of years; was content to go, and can do without my body; but the attraction to my friends is so strong, I cannot do without establishing communion with them. I assure you, my dear friends, it is very annoying for me to come here and be obliged to speak to, and gaze upon, the faces of strangers, and know I cannot speak to my own, because they cannot accept this new light.

My feelings are anything but pleasant, for they show me I have a hard work before me, and that perseverance is the only medium through which I can meet my friends. If I had known as much before I left earth as I now know, I would not do as I did. I never would have given my friends a key to look the door on me; but experience is the only master men will obey, therefore they must have these mishaps.

Many a poor spirit has unconsciously given his friends a bar, to bar him out. If my friends belonged to the lower class of society, I might come and be welcome; but, as it is, I must bring all the gems I find in heaven, and lay them at their feet, to bribe them to open the doors of their house to receive me.

Gem after gem must be brought and received, ere they can receive one they loved. Oh, how strange it is, and yet it is not strange. Minds that have been accustomed to old things, will not grasp at new need. The old, they have grasped so long, I suppose it will take some time ere they get rid of.

I have been told if I would come here, what I might give shall be placed in the hands of my friends. I appreciate all the kindness proffered me; but what I should say at home, I cannot say here. I feel I am an alien here—that I ought to be talking to those who would know me and understand me.

There is a dear one in particular with whom I wish to commune. I have been told this message should be given into his hands. I do not want him to grasp at anything that looks false to him; I do not want him to grasp at anything he cannot receive

with propriety, but I want him to look at this candidly, and give it a fair examination; look with a careful eye; take the telescope of his own good reason, and view everything that is brought into the range of his vision. And I doubt not he will soon receive diamonds enough, not only to repay him for all his trouble, but to light him through this world, certainly.

I well know it is your custom to receive a great variety of facts from those who come to you from spirit-life; but I do not conceive it to be my duty to do so here in this public way. I well know I must prove myself to my friends, but I prefer to do it in a private way.

You'll understand me to say I will fully identify myself to those who call for me in private, should they give me a suitable chance to do so. But I do not now care to enter into all the little minutiae of my earth-life; it would not aid me at all, for my friends would say it is not like me to spread my affairs before the public. But I want them to understand that I only come here because I have been unable to do any better.

Now, sir, you may put the name of Stephen Mason to what you have heard, and I'll bid you a pleasant good day. Dec. 11.

### David Hamilton.

Will you say as much for me as for another? You want to know where I lived and where I died. I lived in Princeton, Iowa. Don't know nothing about this. I was forty-four years old. What did I do? What do you mean? Why, yes, I was a farmer. I want to send some word there from David Hamilton, Stranger, if you write for me, I want you to write well. I've been dead two months. I had a fever. Well, you'll say I want the place sold, that's what I come round here for to-day. What



twenty-one. I died in 1850, in Montpelier. I was born there, and died there. They said I died of consumption. But that's a lie. You want to know what they said. Well, you must have two opinions. They said I died of consumption of the lungs, and that's a lie; but I had scrofula, affection of the stomach, and consumption of the liver. For the last two years I can't say as I employed myself in any one thing in particular; but before that I was employed by a man by the name of Williges; he was what you might call an architect; he got up a work, and little small circulars he used to send around to solicit patronage. I took a few things to sell, and went round for him. My father was a dealer in West India goods, and I suppose I should have followed the same business if my health would have permitted it; but I did what I could find to do.

I have a brother, two sisters, and a mother, and I have come to say something to them. My mother is a church-going woman; she believes pretty much what the gentleman did who came before I did, and I think she'll get about as much disappointed as he did.

She grieved dreadfully about my dying without Christ, as she called it; but I thought I could die as well myself as with him. I never did believe much about Christ. It was so uncertain—somebody saw him, and got somebody to write about him, and it has come through so many hands, we know nothing about him. I feel so now—haven't altered a bit, and so I don't trouble my head about Christ.

I want the old lady to know something about these manifestations. I saw something about them, but not much—just enough to set me thinking; and I said, if I die soon, I shall know whether it is true. I was always strange; my mother always said she didn't see, for the life of her, where I got such strange and healthful notions; but I don't see but I'm just as well off, and better, than those of her faith.

You see I sail on my own raft—have got my own paddles, and he relies all upon Christ, and thinks he's nobody himself. I don't believe in being saved by Christ.

When I was a little shaver, I used to go to church with my mother, and used to stop to communion, and I said to myself, well, Christ didn't have a body as mine; his was baker's bread and wine, according to her idea. Well, she used to tell me that it was symbolic, but I couldn't swallow it, and the older I grew the smaller the swallow got. Well, poor old lady, she felt bad about me, but I don't feel bad about myself.

Now I'll go back again. When I got to spirit-world I began to look around, and see where I was, and if I could come back, and I said, mother, in course of nature, is the next to come to me, and she believes in the church and all this tomfoolery, and if I can come back, and get these notions out of her head, I'll do it.

When I used to talk with mother on earth, she used to say, the boy talks and talks, and I can't get round his argument any way; but I believe he's got an evil spirit. Well, I told mother that if there was a chance for me to come back, I should talk just as I did then, and she'd know me I was sure. "Yes," said she, "that I shall," and now I come. Oh, she's a good woman, if she was not I wouldn't come here to pick the scales off her eyes.

Well, I suppose now I have opened the door, I must tell the old lady what to do. In the first place, then, I must tell her there are a great many mediums—some of them are good, and some good for nothing. Let her run her own chance, and if she goes to a good one, I'll come and talk to her. Don't know what I shall say, for sufficient unto the day is the knowledge thereof. Oh, that is good doctrine anywhere—in the Bible or out of it. I can't tell her whether there is a God or a Christ, but I'll tell her all I can. Maybe there is a God—I ain't going to say there is or isn't.

Well, now, chum, I'll take passage, and go somewhere else. I'm pretty happy; but if I thought there was a place where people grind their teeth, and stir the fire all day, I might not be so happy. Tell mother it's a laugh and a whistle with me now, as it used to be; she'll know what that means, and I guess she'll know it's me that is talking here.

Dec. 13.

## Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM BRO. CHASE.

DEAR BANNER—With the bright sun shining on the deep snow-drifts which lie in heaps around the fine dwellings of a proud old town of the Bay State, and the happy faces of a summer home in one of the boroughs of this, not the least of boroughs, in the State, I sit down to write on the deep window sill, of the year that died one rainy night last week, while I was sheltered in this same home, being prevented from lecturing at that time by the rain, and called back from Providence. Of the little seven days old year I have not much to say, except that its Sabbath gave me two very large and very intelligent audiences in a church of Providence; (so you see Providence has taken an interest in Spiritualism at last, and now of course it will prosper;) and then a terrible snow-storm put a stop to my passage to Westbury, but let me return here. Of the last year I have much to say, but my story must be short, for your appropriately named and highly appreciated Banner has too many good stories to crowd its pages to find room for a long one from me. During the past year I have delivered two hundred and forty-eight lectures, being twelve less than five per week. These were scattered over portions of eleven of the United States, closing with two of my smallest audiences in Boston. I have as ever cast my bread upon the waters, and taken what the friends chose to give me for pay, and have been more liberally paid and patronized than in any previous year, and yet my receipts have not for the year exceeded my traveling and personal expenses more than \$300, and with this, and the aid of my family, I have sustained a son in college, a daughter in an academy, and a wife and boy at my home. I have been greeted by thousands of friends, and spoken to audiences ranging from three thousand to fifty persons,—have spoken in churches, halls, school-houses, and temples not made with hands—have met hundreds of good mediums, and occasionally with a rogue, a knave, or a fool—the latter soon expose themselves, and the two former are past exposing themselves by the aid of Spiritualists, who "trot them out" soon as they know them. Every explanation, excuse and opposition to our philosophy, except prejudice, has been met and removed. Prejudice runs rampant yet, urged on by pulpits and press, and is still driving its tilts into the wind-mills, to be broken by their uninterrupted motion.

In many respects the past year has been a remarkable one; the first, three or four months the press was supplied with fuel by the union revival, into which nearly all the sects were driven together like sheep, and cattle, and goats, and swine, by the common enemy of sectarianism—Spiritualism, (I suppose they will not be offended at the comparison, since they call Jesus the lamb.) Some of the fruits of the great excitement are before the public in the increased number of suicides. Goudy and other tragedies, runaway matches, broken-up families, and an extra supply of inmates at the asylums, and another effect in the repaired and newly erected churches, often in places where the old ones were not half filled, or well situated, an increased number of members (often cyphers) in the churches, and a sliding scale

to let the out as soon as the old ones find they cost more than they are worth. How much real benefit it has been to the country, no one ever yet informed us; and how much it has been to the churches and individuals, it is not possible every one will ever be able to inform us, until the value of nothing is ascertained and fixed.

The Kansas fires burned down to embers for want of fuel, and neither the comet nor filibuster Walker could get up a war more disastrous than the "war of the gauges;" only the windy and windy war between the sects and spiritual philosophy has kept up the fires, and found plenty of fuel. Some of rather explosive quality, near the close of the year, fell into the fire, but it is nearly burned up, and the cause goes bravely on, as the year dies. The BANNER floats in "Light," the "Age" is eminently "spiritual," the "Telegraph" works even, though it is uncertain about the long cable messages and bone-carrying spirits.

The Pleasure Boat sails from Portland, guided by Capt. Hacker. The Clarion, from Auburn, sounds Clark, if not clear. The Boston Investigator reasons and talks, and talks and reasons, and always floors its theological enemies more effectually than Hia-watha did Mondamin; or the angel did Jacob. The Agitator of the Cleveland Hannah stirs the stagnant waters, and the Vanguard is *vanguard* yet. Excelsior, shouts a voice from Waukegan, Ill., and up comes a fine-looking sheet on the spiritual tide. Several other kindred sheets are still out in the weather, (not the least of which is a *Principle*), some beating, some drifting, some sounding before the wind, and yet the unsatisfied people call for more, and the books and speakers are on the increase, and so is Spiritualism, in geometrical ratio, flowing evenly and equally through religious revival or quiet, opposition or exposure.

WARREN CHASE.

FOXBORO, Jan. 9, 1859.

## WINSTED, CONN.

DEAR BANNER—With a view to keep you posted as regards the progress of Spiritualism in this part of the great field, I have concluded to address you.

We have recently had Mrs. C. M. Tuttle to lecture to us, under circumstances which have made a marked impression on the public mind. Previous to her coming, the subject of Spiritualism had been debated in the Lyceum for five consecutive Monday evenings, not, however, with as much ability as might be desired, but with enough to awaken a deep and profound interest in the subject. The newspapers were teeming with the recitations of Randolph, Dr. B. F. Hatch, together with the exposure of others who had been engaged in deceiving, furnished a most favorable occasion for the display of the opposition. They seemed to have partaken of the spirit of the times, and without regard to truth, every medium must undergo the process of being exposed. Mrs. T., who had previously been here, was deemed a fit subject to display their rhetorical powers upon. They signally failed, however; the parties making the charges, publicly announcing that they knew of no collusion or deception on the part of Mr. or Mrs. Tuttle. This was not until after the public prints had sent the slander broadcast upon the wings of the winds. She gave us three lectures—two of them on Sunday last, in a spacious hall, well filled with an intelligent and highly appreciative audience. They were given with marked ability and eloquence, which told well, clearly proving friend Randolph mistaken when he pronounces trance-speaking mere "twaddle."

The afternoon discourse was upon the text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" It was a logical, argumentative discourse, partaking more of the masculine, than of the feminine and intuitive character of women.

The subject was well fitted for the occasion, inasmuch as there is a deep seated skepticism regarding the reality of a future state of existence in the minds of many. It was pathetic and soul-stirring, as was attested by many a tear that was seen to moisten the eyes in all parts of the hall. At the conclusion of the discourse an opportunity was given for any questions or remarks; but none seemed to avail themselves of the occasion, seeming to imply that they were completely satisfied; they seemed spell-bound, in which it would be sacrilegious to break a discordant note. In the evening the subject, "Worship," was considered, in which was set forth the necessity of a rational Deity to bring out the true heart-felt adoration of the human soul; that the God of Moses, who taught, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was inconsistent with the teachings of Christ; that it was impossible to worship through fear; and that the Being must be entirely lovely, to be worthy of homage.

Mrs. Tuttle has made many friends here, and has gained the respect of even the opposers of Spiritualism. There are some, however, who are trying to make themselves believe that Spiritualism is dying out, and that they shall hear no more of it. They of course are doomed to disappointment. The cause was never stronger than to-day; many who have heretofore been indifferent, are now determined to investigate.

Yours respectfully,

H. C. WHITING.

WINSTED, CONN., Jan. 9, 1859.

## SPIRIT HEALING.

New York, Dec. 10, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Will you be so kind as to insert in your widely circulating paper the following facts, for the benefit of suffering humanity? On the 26th of October, I applied to Dr. John Scott, No. 16 Bond street, New York, for consultation, with regard to my disease, which was believed by myself and many others to be dyspepsia, in a very malignant form. It baffled me in every effort I made, and I was fast sinking under it. Dr. S. informed me that it was cancerous tumor in the stomach, but he said he could cure me if I would stay with him long enough to give him a chance. He also told me he had cured two other persons of the same complaint, and if he cured me, the tumor would pass from me both ways, and, sure enough, on the 7th November, while under treatment, a large quantity of fungus matter was thrown from the stomach, with this piece, the appearance of flesh, with a gristle running through the centre, some three inches long, and many others not so long. Likewise, on the next day, a stool discharges of a similar kind, entirely different from anything I ever saw before. I have now been under his treatment six weeks, and feel much better. I am improving every day, and expect to go home in one week more, with every prospect of being a well man again.

Very truly yours,

NICHOLAS PICKINPAUGH.

From Nebraska, Crawford Co., Ind.

Prayer is the key that unlocks Heaven's treasures.

## CRITICAL ESSAY.

"Let us not do injustice to our friends, to gratify our enemies." "May we not shield the hopeful and thirsty—the bruised and faint-hearted?"

The "Banner of Light" is a journal which professes to sustain the doctrine of Spiritualism. This doctrine, as I understand it, is essentially the same as the Spiritualism taught by Christ Jesus. The doctrines taught by Jesus are misinterpreted by depraved and ignorant men; and wicked men have used the Christian religion as a cloak to hide ungodly propensities and practices. Spiritualism relying upon the same evidence which sustains Christianity, is liable to similar abuse. It has already suffered from the practices of bad men, and, as its popularity increases, it becomes more exposed to such abuse. Like the acknowledged religion of Christ, *whilst weak and persecuted, it is pure*.

Spiritualists may now be numbered by tens and hundreds of thousands, yet in communities where an opportunity to become acquainted with their doctrine exists, and where a correct knowledge of its facts and inferences might be obtained, if sought, thousands are deterred from the inquiry by the prejudices which exist, and are successfully kept alive against both the probability and the morality of such a doctrine, by the misrepresentations of its enemies.

Many of the objections to Spiritualism, as urged by its opponents, may safely pass unheeded. Where wicked, false, or artful representations are urged against the doctrine and the character of its followers, sustained by pretended or exaggerated facts, it may sometimes be expedient to combat them in the spirit of kindness and charity; yet, can any just apprehension of candor or magnanimity require that we should be made the instrument of propagating such errors amongst the simple-hearted and pure, whose attention is but now awakened to the subject of Spiritualism, and who already find it difficult to reconcile it to their belief, although ready and most anxious to embrace a doctrine so fraught with blessing to the pure in heart—a faith which takes away all fear of death, and which disposes us, whilst here, to love, charity, and all good works?

No one may dispute the maxim that truth should be left free to combat error; but should we therefore recklessly propagate error? Should we plunge the arrow deep into the trembling heart of an innocent victim, trusting that some good Samaritan may come to the rescue?

These remarks were induced by the perusal of two articles in the "Banner," No. 12. One headed "Obsession," etc., and the other "Spiritualism, what is it?" Both written, perhaps, by individuals who conceived themselves to be in the path of their duty, yet both most fatally discouraging to a fresh inquirer into this doctrine of mercy, whilst calculated to weaken the confidence, and disgust the feelings of more confirmed disciples.

To say nothing of the wisdom or discretion of becoming in any degree an organ for the propagation of adverse influences, might not benevolence suggest that we should guard and protect the growing faith of the pure, the earnest, and the heart-stricken soul in its timid approaches to light and to happiness? Do we perform the part of a faithful pilot, to take this pure and confiding spirit, and plunge it at once into the deep sea of suspicion, doubt, and fear? The wise, the firm, the judicious, are prepared to meet error and misrepresentation, and to conquer them. Yes! even to gain strength and resolution in the encounter, where the weak might perish.

It is quite true that a warning may be found in the Banner, to this effect: that a certain page is open to free discussion. But whilst struggling with perhaps a faint heart towards the crown of a hill, should a rock, projected from the summit, overwhelm us, what justification of the act, or what consolation to the victim were a loud voice, while the blow was impending, to cry out, "under?"

After all this scolding, which is the result, not of anger, but of kindness, sincere respect and consideration, forgive me the incidental suggestion that the Christian Journal which should open its columns to a disciple of Hume, Paine, or Volney, could scarcely expect to be sustained by any one of its readers. At the same time justice, no less than inclination, prompts me to say, that the editorial department of the "Banner of Light," by its kind, charitable, and hopeful tendencies, and its acknowledged ability, has won the esteem and respect of all who are so fortunate as to be found amongst its numerous readers.

GREENVILLE, BOND CO., ILL.

## A NOVEL IDEA.

Messrs. Editors—C. C. Williams, of Norwich, a well-known advocate of liberal principles, has been enlightening the good people of this sea-port place on the absorbing topic of Spiritualism. He is a clear and impressive speaker and expounder of its principles. He advocates having children begotten understandingly, and catapetted and cradled before they are born, by both parents. Thinks the nine months' education, and caressing and cradling, before birth, accomplishes quite as much as will nine years after. This is commencing the foundation on which, if completed right, you can raise a mental superstructure and moral tower, with embellishments, that will meet responsive spiritual throbs in spheres above this. Thinks it avails but little to tell the people in glowing imagery of the beautiful flowers and fragrance of fruits in high heaven, unless we can tell them how to plant the germ, and raise that which will culminate in such beauty, as a reward for their labors in and with our bodies and minds. Thinks it wrong for people to apply the lash, the strap, or the fist, to children, for the correction of their perversions, inherited from their parents. Thinks that parents ought to apply the severe corrective restraints upon themselves, instead of their children. Thinks people who desire to be thought good and honest, should stick as sharp a point in their aspirations to ward truth and honesty, and Almighty God, as they do toward lying and defrauding, and the almighty dollar, and the world would soon appreciate them.

Mr. W. has recently returned from Iowa, where he and his wife have been lecturing; says Spiritualism is flourishing there; that they would come eight or ten miles to listen to a lecture on the subject. Mrs. W. is a trance medium; she has worn the reform dress for three years; she is passing the winter at Dr. Wall's, 15 Light street, New York. Mr. W. speaks in his normal state.

Rev. S. S. Griswold, a seven-day Baptist, in whose desk Mr. W. spoke last Saturday, is a Spiritualist. Mr. Wolfe, a prominent one, also, gives the free use of his fine hall to all lecturers. He is doing much to advance the cause in this place.

Yours fraternally,

R. C. ROSSMAN.

MYRTLE BAY, DEC. 25, 1858.

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Messrs. Editors—It is long since I have seen any communication from Providence in the columns of your paper, and, after waiting for a while, to assume the goose-quill, must even accept the post myself. We have continued still to claim the motto, universal of true Spiritualism, "Onward and upward," and to assert that claim by our works, to let theory and practice go hand in hand, and thus striving, to hold our place among the sister cities of our wide-spread land.

We have had many able speakers in our desk; for instance, Mrs. French, of New York, A. B. Whiting, E. J. Wheeler, and many others, and lastly, Warren Chase, our brother of good report from the far West. His plain, common-sense statements and arguments have brought a large number together, and convinced many skeptics that there was more in the Science than they could see at one glance; and with more such men as him to labor in the field, "the leopard should soon lie down with the kid, the calf and the lion and the fatted together, and a little child should lead them." May the reign of peace hasten!

Our future also looks bright to us. Mrs. Henderson comes to us with the returning Sabbath, to remain during the remainder of the month. February will introduce us, to our well-loved brother, H. B. Storer, and the windy violence of March must, of necessity, yield before the well-known sweetness of spirit that encircles our old friend, (not in years, but in friendship,) Miss Sprague. Mr. Chase has also consented to return to us upon the 18th instant, and, after that, we must bid him a God-speed upon his journey toward the land of his adoption and the loved ones of his heart, hoping that the favoring breezes of another summer shall bear him to our presence again. Rev. John Pierpont will be with us soon, to speak for four or five evenings.

I have thus given you a statement of our situation in regard to lecturers, as far as I am advised of the movements of the Committee. With such teachers, well may "Hope's star be in the ascendant," and if we will only work with them, and for ourselves, success shall be ours, to prepare us with fresh courage to encounter fresh fights. With us, Spiritualism has not been free from its "Blys and Von Vlecks;" but if they will only do as well as Randolph did, at the Melodeon, it will be very well; and, as it is, they make a good sieve with which to separate the chaff from the wheat. The veritable Bly has been here, and given three lectures, the first of which, I understand, drew fifteen or twenty anxious souls; and, finding this of no avail, he sent his posters over the city to proclaim \$100 reward to any medium who would perform more marvels than he did—the said reward to go to the "Spiritualist church" (!) of the city. His challenge was not accepted, however, as it seems a well-received opinion that "Egyptian priests never told their juggles," and it was not exactly known to what precise point he had carried his art; but I have heard it voted by unbelievers in Spiritual science, to be a lump.

Upon Thanksgiving day, a public dinner was given to the poor, by the true hearts of the city, a project which was started by the spirits, through Mrs. French, of New York, who was with us heart and hand. We have also a charitable society of ladies and gentlemen, who meet weekly, and each contribute their mite toward the alleviation of the distresses that surround us.

We have lost our hall in the conflagration of Howard Block, but we are well provided for in Swartz's Hall. As a body, we have to lament with you, in consequence of the loss of a medium dear to many hearts, a welcome speaker, and an affectionate friend. But her sphere is only more extended, as her condition is more elevated, and with the spiritual eye we may yet see her pursuing her mission of love.

Thine, LITA H. BARNEY.

PROVIDENCE, JANUARY 10, 1859.

## SPIRITUALISM IN ST. LOUIS.

Messrs. Editors—Miss Emma Hardinge has been giving the people of St. Louis some heavenly truths for the past two Sabbaths. There needs be a moral earthquake to arouse our people from their lethargy to think for themselves. There has not been that thought given to the human soul, its relations, and laws of progress and development, that should have been. The West is far behind the East in this respect. The great majority of our people have been so drilled upon the history and government of that torrid country in eternity, that many souls are already seared as with a hot iron, and remain perfectly content with their supposed fate.

I predict that Miss H. will stir up ideas in the minds of good Christians, that have been handed down as heir-looms in families—ideas unconsidered and unexamined, dating back further than the days of De Soto. The dust on the lids of the Bible has worried many Christians, lest the devil should leave an imprint of his cloven foot thereon, and their souls be lost in consequence thereof; and their minds are so bedecked with the cobwebs of sectarianism and superstition, that but feeble rays of truth and dim perceptions of the Creator ever penetrate to their souls.

These lectures will profit another and a very large class indeed of leading brilliant minds, who lead in everything desirable but in their religious views, where they are veritable old fogies. These lectures will open their eyes to new truths, and they will be leading minds in spiritual, as they now are in temporal affairs. Still another stamp of mind will be benefited, strengthened, and encouraged in their heavenward progress; original, investigating minds who have not been followers of any one man, but who from their peculiar physical and spiritual organizations have not been disciples, but have received great truths direct from the great source of light. All will be improved by the lectures supported by the Spiritualists of this city, and as the fertile soil of the West yields abundant returns to the husbandman, so will this seed of free thought produce a corresponding harvest. I can thank God for all the good the clergy have done the world, but it is painful to say that but few of them have ever launched out upon the ocean of free thought, but have confined their labors to bespattering each other with muddy ideas from filthy pools. Your city has some noble exceptions to this rule, and you can be thankful for them.

Miss Hardinge is going to command more respect for woman, and if she is blessed with the continuance of her present sphere of action, the soundest of the opinion of the learned apostle, that it is a shame for woman to speak in church, will be even more doubted than at present. Depend upon it, a great work will be performed in St. Louis the present winter; and, if agreeable to yourselves and readers, I will inform you from time to time of progress made.

Your humble servant, C.

## A TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

Messrs. Editors—I noticed in one of your late papers a call for spirit tests. I send you what was related to me by a Mr. R., an intelligent farmer residing near this place. He stated that a few years since he had an Irishman at work on his farm, by the name of John Macan. This man, from some cause, had lost one thumb and one eye. After he had served the farmer a number of months, he was paid off, and took his leave. A few months subsequent, Mr. R. and his wife were sitting quietly one evening at their own fireside, when an influence took possession of Mrs. R., who is a medium, and lifted her right hand above her head, at the same time closing one eye, and doubling one thumb into the hand. Mr. R. remarked, that if that Macan had got into the spirit-world, he should think that he had got along, for the influence seemed to indicate his presence. The medium soon manifested a disposition to write, and wrote: "My name is Macan, and I have worked on Mr. R.'s farm. I have been at work for a Mr. W. in another part of the town. I died very suddenly; and what I want is, for him to settle a little bill of sixty-eight cents, that I owed the son of Mr. W. for vegetables, for I have felt bad about it." A short time subsequent to this date Mr. W. was at the house of Mr. R. The latter thinking it a good opportunity to test the truth of the communication that had been given, made the inquiry, if he had a man at work for him that season by the name of John Macan. This being answered in the affirmative, he then wanted to know if he went away indebted to him. He considered for a moment, and then replied that he believed not. Mr. W. then wished to know why he asked those questions. He was soon informed that a spirit had been to his house, giving his name as John Macan, stating that he had been to work for Mr. W., and wanted him to settle a little bill of sixty-eight cents that he owed his son for vegetables.

Mr. W. was very sceptical in regard to spiritual manifestations; but his surprise can better be imagined than described when he learned from his son that such was the fact. He had, unbeknown to him, trusted this Macan to this amount of vegetables. Mr. R. subsequently learned that this Macan passed into the spirit-world, as he stated.

In connection with what I have here stated, I will simply add one more fact, that I consider worthy of publicity, and that is in relation to a young man in this city, who has been out of health for a number of years. About two years since happened to be where a spiritual circle was held. He there made the inquiry, through the medium, in relation to the cause of his illness, and was informed that it was a tape-worm that was troubling him. He did not place the least confidence in this statement. Quite recently he has found that such was the fact, and, by taking suitable medicine, has been relieved of more than thirty yards of tape-worm, that he now has in a glass jar that I have seen, and others can, who will take the trouble.

J. F. MERRIAM.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

## MANKATO, MIN.

Messrs. Editors—A notice of several lectures delivered by our gifted medium, Miss L. E. A. Force, of Wisconsin, have been published in the columns of the "Red Wing Republican." Miss F. is the first public advocate of our faith who has visited us for a year or more; and, with her advent, Spiritualism seems to have taken a new impetus, and already I hear of several circles being formed in this and neighboring towns, for the further investigation of this subject; and, if rightly conducted, will no-doubt result in good.

At present, we are sadly in want of lecturers, and should there be any contemplating a visit to this State, let him—or her—not forget to take a trip up the Minnesota River, as far as Mankato, and he will be richly rewarded by coming in contact with our beautiful scenery, which, as yet, remains as nature made it, and when gazed upon by an appreciating mind, begets a pure spiritualization.

We quote the following from the paper referred to: "Many fine and glorious principles were evolved in the course of the lecture; and, at its close, an invitation was given for the audience to propound any questions which they wished answered, and that they should select a committee from their own midst to present a subject to the medium, when in the trance state, in the evening, upon which she should lecture."

The evening came; a large and attentive audience were convened, and skepticism was no small element in their minds. The medium knew naught of the subject committee, and the committee knew naught of what the subject would be until within a few moments of the time it was announced. When Miss Force had passed into the "trance state," "Eternal Punishment" was given as the subject selected. At once, to our surprise, the lecture was commenced in a brilliant and forcible manner.

Throughout its entire course, it was replete with beautiful illustrations; sound, logical reasoning, blending grace of diction with power of thought; abounding in imagery that led imagination captive, and reason followed seeking conviction.

Yours, C. P. HATHAWAY.

## HARRISBURG, PENN.

Messrs. Editors—Thinking a few lines would not be out of place in your excellent paper, I will give you a short history of the cause in this place. For several years past we have held circles, and have had some wonderful manifestations, but of late the church discipline has been so rigidly enforced, that the most of the people dare not investigate the subject. The ministers having pronounced it to be of the Devil, it did not increase much; yet some of the free minds still keep up the circles, but not with that lively interest as formerly. It had been told us that better days were coming, and help should come; so last week a medium, by the name of A. P. Pierce, who has traveled by spirit direction for five years past, came here without being sent for, or yet known by us, but by directions of his spirit guides, to labor with us a short time. On Sunday he gave us two fine lectures in the Court House, in a trance state; also, a history of his being brought out as a medium, and his twenty-one days' entrapment at Belfast, Maine, in 1836. It was rather strong food for us, but it has started a new interest in our place, in spite of the old bigotry which has so long enslaved it. We consider him a God-send to us, at this time, and in his daily walks we consider him a man of the right kind to go into the great vineyard of Spiritual reform. We say, God speed him on in his mission of truth and love. He remains a few days longer, to develop mediums, and form circles, then he leaves us, to go further West. We shall regret his departure from us, yet his work will remain.

For Truth and Progress, J. H. F.

December 14, 1858.



CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

human government for the regulation of trade and commerce. Is it not true that these laws which we find in divine government? The needs of political government, and all governments, will be met in the higher. But while we are out of harmony with them, there will be inhumanity, crime, and need of human law for government.

Mr. Baker—God created the world, with all things in it, one above another; the higher rules and governs the lower. Men are diverse, some have greater and some less power; the greater power rules the lesser. Men are not honest and just; this makes human government necessary and right; but, were it otherwise, this government would, perhaps, be unnecessary. As the world stands, it is perfect nonsense to think of living without human government. Our government is the best in the world. I do not believe in the necessity of any church government. Man should be the keeper of his own conscience, which he cannot be, if he subscribes to any church dogma. No man in religion needs another man to think for him.

Mr. Tooley—Government, as it exists, I have rebelled against for many years. There is a divine government for us, and it is our business to seek it and understand it. Before men can be thinkers they must be observers. A fact must be discovered before it can be made useful. I would give up declaiming and scolding, and confine myself to observation. It has taken the progressive world up to the present time to know what the law is for—the function of the brain is thought. Thus we are led to the study of the physical man—to learn and know the functions of every organ wherein lies the foundation of all human government. Since I have learned something of the philosophy of the body, I have thought better of human nature. By the aid of this knowledge I have, in going through a prison of criminals, been able, by a close observation of physical developments of these criminals, almost to a certainty, to tell the crime for which each criminal had been imprisoned. There is need of a great change in prison discipline; certain faculties need exercise in prisoners which have hitherto slumbered. Hatred and revenge, by present government, is now kept active in prisoners, while the better faculties are left inactive. Mr. Tooley related some practical results in proof of his position.

Mr. Cushing made some remarks in relation to the economy and functions of our present political government.

Mr. Pike—It is evident that some government is necessary for man. The best government that can be invented is that which conforms the nearest to divine government. I therefore object to the government of the United States, because it widely differs from the divine government. I deny that punishment for crime is a characteristic of divine government at all. Divine government does not punish a violation of nature's laws as our government punishes a violation of its laws. If a man violates the laws of the land, he is shut up in prison—is put in bondage for a term of years. Such is not the case with the laws of nature. When a law of nature is violated, there is the immediate consequence only—not a revengeful bondage inflicted for a term of years. If an individual violates a law of the land, revenge is not only made manifest, but it is continued for years, to receive in return only cultivated revenge from those on whom it is inflicted. The object of laws that govern should be to heal the disease of violation, as nature does, by bringing the criminal back to the condition from which he has departed. Our government does not do this.

Mr. Colman—I agree with the last speaker, that human governments should contain the characteristics of the divine—provided there is a necessity for their formation. If this necessity exists, it arises from the fact that individuals refuse to govern themselves, and not that they are incapable of so doing. The sublimest spectacle the world has ever witnessed would be a man who practically exemplified the principles that pertain to self or individual government. If God had any design with reference to man, it was that he should govern himself, and reap the consequences of his own acts.

Dr. Child—All government is directly the government of God to man, adapted through agencies, to every condition. Revengeful government is adapted to a lower condition than the government of love. Every government is a means of necessity, adapted to the condition in which it exists. In a lower degree of development we do not see and acknowledge the divine hand that rules and governs all, with simple means to fulfill his wise purposes for the best good of all. But, as the darkness of earthly affections break away, we shall see the hand of God in all governments. There is no government save the government of that Divine Power. It is manifested in every child of earth.

A. B. C.

N. FRANK WHITE AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon, January 16th.

Mr. White's first public appearance in Boston seemed to be an entire success. The Melodeon was comfortably filled, and the matter and manner of the lecturer struck the audience favorably.

The choir sang from the "Psalms of Life"—

"Why love I the evening dew  
In the violet's bell of blue?  
Why love I the vesper star,  
Trembling in its shrine afar?  
Why love I the summer night  
Softly weeping drops of light?  
Is it not that faith hath bound  
Beauties of all form and sound  
To the dreams that have been given  
Of the holy things of heaven?  
Are they not bright links that bind  
Ours into the eternal mind?"

After that the lecturer announced his subject as "The wants of the present age." He said:—In every age, the human soul has had its aspirations for higher knowledge of its own divinity—for a clearer spring of truth than the past afforded, and in spite of the shadowy conservatism of the past, each age has had its aspirations granted. The food of the past cannot be the food of to-day, any more than the food which nourishes the infant can answer to the necessities of the full-grown man. The soul craves for food; and if the food is denied it, it withers within its shell, starving for lack of that divinity which it craves. If the past had always yielded to the power of conservatism, it would have been a dark blot on the page of nature—a horrid scar on the face of time. But it has recognized the legitimate action of progressive laws. One age of the past was devoted to brute force and sanguinary war; when men found refuge in the fields of battle; but at length red Mars sunk in the sea of blood, and lives now only in remembrance. Then came an age of effeminate luxury, when Bacchus was the world's divinity; then riot ruled in the courts of kings, and virtue, blushing, fled. But since that time, what a change has come over us. The continued aspirations of man have led him higher and higher, till now he stands upon the ground that but a short time ago he would have deemed it blasphemy to look upon. There has been a steady progress up to these heights, which, from the valleys below, seemed perfection's summit. Yet there are heights above us yet, and whippers come to us bidding us to mount higher.

Though Art seems almost to have mocked nature with her perfections, she has only taken the first step in beauty. But this will not fill the wants of humanity; neither will Science, which chases the erratic comet along its lurid trail; which hails the stars as sister sentinels to the sun; which lets people find no longer a revengeful God in the working phenomena of nature; which wanders in the gem-paved grottoes beneath the sea, and classifies the scaly monsters of the deep—unless the progressive laws of being are recognized, and the human soul allowed to wander in those untrodden paths which wind along before it in the vale of life. When it wanders on in this path, the increasing radiance of the overhanging light makes bigotry and selfishness hide their shamed heads, and slink away—foul reptiles which cannot bear the light.

Then the tamed lightnings become obedient to man, and carry his messages from pole to pole. We find beauty in the starry hosts fixed in the immensity beyond us, and we can, almost pluck the flowers of heaven, whose radiance is waited to us from the lands of the eternal. Through the misty fogs of ignorance the sun has broken, and earth bends its ear to catch the celestial harmonies. The age of fear has passed. The nightmare dreams of torment and eternal torture no more disturb man's sweetest dreams. Superstition and mystery have lost their gigantic size, and dwindled into the merest pigmies, impotent to satisfy the credulities of the merest child.

This is the work of Progress. Grim-visaged war no longer stalks over the land; his gory locks no longer intoxicate the heart of humanity; lurid Mars no longer has an inch to hold dominion over. Pleasure has laid aside her robe of vice, or only puts it on in her secret chambers, and no longer boasts of vice, but blushes at it. Art, having graven all forms of beauty in the earth-existence, hovers on the confines of the spirit-land, seeking to enter and portray the mysteries of the inner life. The leading-strings of theology are all too weak to hold mankind longer. Art and science have ever warred against it, and have always been the conquerors. The world

finds more music in the voice of living nature than in the rattling of those dry, fleshless bones of dead creeds. The present age demands food, and angel hands are supplying the demand.

The spirit is no longer an ideal creation. It is more substantial than the body itself; for it lives eternally after the body decays. Mouldy creeds are no necessity of the soul. It must throw them all aside, and follow its own aspirations. Strive to know of God. Deem it not impious to grasp the mysteries of God, for God has no mysteries. It is only the egotism of men which says: "What we do not comprehend is incomprehensible."

Sunday Evening.

In the evening, the choir sang the chant beginning:

"From the recesses of a lowly spirit,  
Our humble prayer ascends; O Father, hear it,  
Upborne on the wings of love and meekness;  
Forgive its weakness!"

The lecturer's theme was the "Destiny of Man." He said: In every created intelligence, at the moment of its first individual consciousness, is an increased desire to scan its destiny. The soul is ever cheered with the smile of hope, or chilled by the frown of despair. No science is too deep for man to acquire the knowledge of. This desire of man to know his destiny is not identical with this age, but has been with all ages; and by a careful study of the history of the past, it will be seen that in this desire was not in vain.

In humanity's early days the animal of his nature so predominated that he was not aware of any other quality of his being. But a new light dawned upon his soul, and prepared his spirit for a higher growth. Then he recognized immortality, and it became his boast. He no longer pored with superstitious awe over the enchantments of the story world, to know his destiny, but out of the developments of the past he traced his path through the future.

Theology has made him creeds, and set upon them the sacred seal of authority for all coming time, and hurled blasphemous maledictions on all who refused to bow down and worship them. Those creeds, when young, were good; but man outgrew them, and demanded garments better suited to his manhood. He was taught to believe in eternal torments, but he soon saw that God could have made nothing in vain; and a life which ended in eternal torture would be worse than vain.

Theology has sadly erred in its calculations on the human soul. It assumes that man was originally pure and holy; was placed in a garden, where was everything to gratify his sense and his animal appetite. But he was deprived of spiritual knowledge, though he had the demand for it struggling in his soul. He saw the tree of knowledge, but was not allowed to taste it, lest he should become like the gods, knowing good and evil. The tempter was allowed to exercise his skill upon the unsophisticated one. He plucked the fruit, and learning good and evil, God was compelled to thrust him forth from the garden of Eden. Such, theology tells us, was the original sin which our first parents committed, and we are to suffer for in their behalf. This was the first break in the harmony of God's creation; and, to mend the misfortune, finally the atonement theory was given us. Man was taught to discard his own individual responsibility, and lean upon a proxy salvation. But the attempt to reason for himself, pluck fruit from the tree of knowledge—the agony of unending fire was his punishment. So, for ages, he was content to drag along his burdened soul, clogged with fear and superstition, and steeped in ignorance, fearful of losing his eternally endless rest and inaction by the exercise of his higher, nobler spiritual power of intellect, and dreading an eternal bed in the pit of endless fires.

Were it my destiny to spend an eternity in either of these fabled spheres, I would rather choose the burning hell, and carry mainly independence with me, than, by sacrificing my right to endless progress, creep into a golden heaven, and lie there surfeited with sensual ease and inactive lives. Theology's fabled Satan is only the type of aspiring manhood, seeking to penetrate the hidden mysteries of divinity, and grasping at the very throne of Deity. Like him, I would rebel, if my innate desire for knowledge and immortality were not gratified.

But these are only the narrow conceptions of selfish man, unworthy the great, good Father of humanity. The demand for knowledge in our souls is the draft we are to present at the treasury of knowledge, and payment will never be refused. The standard is higher and higher with every generation. The wisdom of the past is unworthy the notice of to-day. You may prize the lost arts and sciences; but to one you can discount from the mummied ruins of Egypt, a thousand are the children of the present time. For one of the lost books we know of, millions of volumes are scattered over the world by the printing press in every living language. In every village the clicking type is heard, and the music of the clanking press keeps harmony with it. Old Neptune has allowed his breast to be invaded by the hands of science, and across it is laid the cord which pronounces "peace on earth, and good will to man." The iron horse shouts its neigh beneath the mountain, and laughs at its quaint echo. Monopoly unclashes her selfish fingers, and no longer nauts struggling poverty; Aviclar's withered heart pulsates with new life, and she will learn to shower blessings on the needy, and all negative evil shall be positive good.

Eternal progress is the destiny of man, and he cannot avoid it. Conservatism, while it holds back and protests against progress, is urged along in spite of itself. Even the church, which stands like an impediment in the stream of time, is moved by the rushing tide, and its own landmark, even, will soon be forgotten. The soul cannot rest with limits to its aspiration; only in freedom unbounded, can it work out its mission here and hereafter. God will give it that freedom, and only man's own selfishness can destroy it.

CORA L. V. HATCH AT COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

Wednesday, January 12, 1859.

Mrs. Hatch opened at Clinton Hall last Wednesday night, where she proposes to continue her lectures during the winter, on Wednesday of every week. The hall was crowded, and quite a large number were obliged to stand during the lecture.

The audience was called upon to choose a committee of three, who should select a subject for the evening's discourse. After some little difficulty a committee was nominated, consisting of Mr. Cameron, Henry L. Stevens, and Dr. Andrew Dunn. These gentlemen retired to the ante-room, and in a short time appeared and handed the three following subjects for the audience to take their choice from by vote: 1st. What is the philosophy of physical manifestations? 2d. What is the Devil, or what is the nature of evil, as affecting human nature or human actions? 3d. If departed spirits have the power to guide and protect their friends on earth, why do not a mother protect her offspring from the cruelty of a step-mother?

These were offered, and a good deal of voting was had on the first and second, and after many calls for order and much argument on the part of the audience, the second subject was chosen.

PRAYER.

Our Father, thou who art our God—the Infinite Ruler of space, the guide and director of all things—thy children approach thee to-night, and pour out to thee the best offerings of their spirits—all the immortal aspirations of their souls. Thy children love, praise and bless thee. We do not approach thee to ask any special favor this evening—we simply ask thy presence to fill us—we ask that our souls may appreciate the blessings bestowed upon us; that, as the brightness of the morning sun drives away the mists of evening, so may thy light beam over us. May thy children realize that not only near the sanctified altar art thou—not only where men lay aside their every-day garments art thou—not where we are as special one, art thou only; but wherever a child of creation is—wherever is darkness and sin. Father, thou dwellest in the soul, and as our souls fly on towards eternity, thou art in all places, and at all times; and thy majesty is awakening thought and aspiration. Bless thy children, and may they realize thy mercy, and that thou art Ruler and King. May we realize that out of darkness cometh light, as out of night cometh day; and we ask that the power of thy wisdom may be known and felt, and that wherever thy children may be—whether in the halls of the wealthy, or in the hovel—their souls, or the palace—they may feel and realize thy inspiring presence, and make thee the theme of their adoration forever and forever.

DISCOURSE.

There seems to have been some difficulty in settling the question for this evening; neither of them, however, have the preference with us—we would like to please all. The first question is entirely and positively directed to a distinct science. Physical manifestations are not extensive, and we think that the Devil will be better understood, because more prevalent among you; therefore, the Devil is our theme, and if we have any embassy here to-night, we hope to do him justice. We have frequently treated the subject of evil; but

the Devil, as a person, has never been presented; therefore we will discuss him as a person. There are two phases in which the Devil is presented; one is historical—one is revelatory. From time immemorial, there has been the conception of two distinct powers in the universe—one of light, the other of darkness.

The idea was vague, alike of good and evil. In the first stages, evil was thought to rule. The heathen formerly worshipped the stars, rain, fire, water; and when the tempests raged, and when the earthquake opened its rumbling jaws, then the gods of their idea were angry, and these gods were angry nearly all the time; therefore worship was considered requisite. Awe was the first element of religion—the offering of fear—a fear of the water and fire elements; therefore the idea was conceived to appease them. Hence they were deified. There was a fire god—a water god. In order to appease these gods, various forms of worship were instituted, and the deities were classified—one good, the other evil. The good god was in the sunlight and the flower; the evil god spoke in the thunder, and reigned in all the nightdews which afflicted man. From heathen nations spring holler forms of worship, which gave rise to the personality of these elements. Science stepped in, and showed that the agitation of these elements was the result of natural laws. Revelation seems to have solved the wondrous mystery; but how it solved it, let the believers and skeptics of this nineteenth century decide, for they are equal parts who believe in God and doubt a Devil—who believe in a Devil, and doubt a God. A part of the Bible speaks of a war in Heaven, and that an angel fell, and was named Lucifer; but what was the first cause, and what idea or circumstance made God "conceive a hell, none here can divine. If it was with God—it is one of his infinite principles; if it were without his will, God is not the Ruler of the Universe. We cannot find any necessity in the plan of creation for making a Devil. We cannot find any time which God could best allot to such a purpose. If God made the Devil, he knew man would fall, and had hell and the Devil prepared for his originally good children. If the Infinite idea of Justice is so terrible, for an act which has in some degree planned that he must call upon the transgressor to atone for his act by an eternity of misery, there can be no religion in such justice fitted to a moral wrong. We must refer to the misapplication of physical laws to find the origin of evil. If the ignorant man violates a law, the penalty is just as severe as though he were aware of what would be the result of such violation. Natural laws never deviate. The fire is called an evil when it consumes a building and destroys human life; but a good, when it warms one in a cold day. Cold, food, and all physical laws, are adaptable in their place, and man needs only experience to properly apply them. God made the world in beauty—therefore, in the physical world, you seek in vain for evil. In nature, you cannot find a law which does not act in harmony with the universe. The science of astronomy and geology, etc., are the means by which you contemplate all natural beauties. Now we see, that, in the moral, there is just as much strictness as in the physical; there the laws are just as unalterable. It is stated by theologians, to account for good and evil, that man is a free agent. Now we see that man's moral is as perfectly governed as his physical, which fact God is constantly revealing. We cannot think God spoke his first word in Genesis—his last in Revelations. We cannot think all who are unacquainted with the beauties, the grandeur, and the truths of the Bible, are lost forever. If God is not the Father of the whole world—to the universe—he is no God at all. But what has this to do with evil, says one? It has! We are simply trying to prove that evil and the Devil may be, after all, the perversion of the good which is in man; for, if God, or the Devil, is to saddle all you do in this world, man is not a free moral agent.

If the Devil is liable for all the evil you commit, and God for all the good you accomplish, surely you are not free agents. God has given the soul a power of discernment, which aids and leads it aright; but what if they don't know what good or evil is—what then? They must read the Bible and find that Christ was sent! And what is this? God created day, night, beasts, birds, etc., and pronounced them good; then he created man, and from his ribs a woman, and pronounced them good; then came a serpent—the most subtle of all—not a word is said about the creation of a tempter, but theology says the serpent was the Devil; it crept into Eden, and our first parents fell. God found out his mistake; he pronounced all good, and by a serpent his work was overthrown; and after the fall in Eden, the world was degraded, and God repented and swept away in a flood all but Noah, whom He set apart as the future progenitor of the race. Noah was warned—built an ark—took two of each living thing. God sent a rain, and birds, beasts, fish, and the trees of the forests, which lifted up their heads to heaven, and with their unliving verdure, sung to their Maker's praise—these were all swept away and destroyed, which God had pronounced good. But this did not secure the desired end; the Devil got out without damage. Noah survived, and evidently retained a little of the old spirit; and his wife a little of Eve's disposition, for, as fast as the world multiplied, so fast evil grew. God then thought of another plan, which had not interested him before. He gave his only begotten son to save a wicked world, and a lone maiden was the chosen source of divine demonstration; and theology claims a partiality in nations, giving him especially to the Jews. Jesus was born beneath the star of Bethlehem; the child grew, and gave evidence of light; years fled, and we find him talking with the wise doctors; again for years he is lost to the world; again he is seen awhile; then, betrayed, he suffers on the cross. Christians now attribute everything to his death, and to the cross they look for salvation. God eased his own wrath by shedding his son's blood, or, in other words, came down himself, and suffered and died for a sinful world. Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine years have passed away; sin, misery, crime, wretchedness and despair, all exist upon the earth. The Devil, if ever in existence, is still in existence now—sin never more than now. Evil stalks everywhere; crime is the common talk of the school-boy. The war, begun in heaven, still goes on. Wherever a human exists, still they are battling for supremacy; and in every breast good and evil are still struggling; and this will never cease, as long as the world is ruled by an avenging God and a personal Devil.

If evil exists contrary to God, he is not infinite; if the Devil is commanded by Deity to remain in his own place, and damn as many as he pleases, satisfied to receive himself all that the Devil can't damn, then mankind may despair, for there is no hope for them. Well, what are we to do with evil? It exists! We have refuted the idea of any evil in the physical world, except in application. Now, what are moral evils? Murder is evil, the moralist says; and the Bible says so, too. Yet men ride to the battle-field, the gallows and the penitentiary, Bible in hand, to see men murdered. It is generally conceded that God looks to the motive. No man commits a murder, unless he is insane, without a motive—therefore theologians say that God looks to the motive. Some men murder for home and country, politicians for office, and so on; and God sits in judgment to see whether it be in the first, second or third degree. You only injure your own souls by committing murder—you do no injury to God. You destroy the power of your own integrity. You infringe upon your own idea of right, and in proportion to the intent is the punishment. Murder may not be traced to any personal Devil, but to ignorance, the only Devil there is in man. Yes, says one, but no man in a Christian country can be ignorant of the law. No, but if in a frenzy, a man takes the life of his brother, he is whirled away to jail, and hanged until he is dead; men say, "served him right." This is the very principle of murder—murder founded on revenge—a school-house to future rapine; old and young look upon it as a lesson of retaliation, and sooner or later, as circumstances influence, they become, themselves, judges of what is wrong, or insulting, and a bullet through the head, or a knife in the heart of a brother man, shows how well they follow the instructions of the law.

Theft is a crime, and I doubt if there be a man among you who has not, in some way, committed theft. Not by stealing, as men speak of stealing, but getting into your possession that which none know how you came by, but for the possession of which you are universally respected. If Adam and Eve, poor innocent persons, were led astray by the Devil—when we see the intelligent men of the nineteenth century cheat, lie, steal and commit murder, we don't look for a Devil to tempt them. Yes, there is evil—but not in the form of a Devil, who, theologically considered will, in a few years, gather to his realms of darkness the largest portion of mankind—not in the form of evil spirits; there is no eleven foot, but what is concealed beneath your own garments—no devilish eye but that which glitters beneath your own brow. How are we to get away from evil? says one; and off the world goes into vagaries and fanatisms, seeking every means but those which are precluded in common sense. Teach your children how to live, teach them to avoid dissipation, and all vices which waste the physical and degrade the moral, and evil will be less common among you. All the saviors, all the atonements on Mount Calvary, and even the power of God, will not free you from evil. And, we affirm, if you would teach your children, as you know how to teach them, the line would not be far distant when the idea of a Devil

and evil would be as far from the human family, relatively, as they are near it to-day. Drive the Devil from your midst; cease to father him; drive him into oblivion, and live as Nature asks you to live, and you will not be acquainted with evil.

Now the influence of evil, and the Devil hereafter. Moral discrepancies will surely affect the soul hereafter; yet, these effects will be only results. If a man were to commit a sin every moment of his life, he would have to atone by so many moments as the sin influenced his life, which, judged by time, might seem eternity; but, judged by eternity, would seem an hour. When charity rules—when men preach more of the mercy of God, not his vengeance—when well-informed societies think more of the development of the affections toward God than the sternness of his laws—when theologians impress men with the tender mercy of God, rather than the wiles of Satan—then shall be the sun of joy which shall lift humanity to salvation.

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

Sunday, January 9th, 1859.

Mr. Beecher read a portion of the 52d and 53d chapters of Isaiah—choosing for his text, HENNEBA, 2d chap. 10th verse:

For ye became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.

The New Testament is extraordinary, above all else, in the respect it inspires for suffering. It assumes that suffering is a necessary experience. It does not tell us how to avoid suffering; it teaches us how to take it—how to wear it. It takes the simple fact of the experience of suffering, and tells us what to do with it, and does not say suffering is a part of the moral structure. Rolling down the successive generations of human life, suffering has always held a place in the experiences of salvation—for four thousand years the world has experienced this principle. The Testament holds it up as a doctrine, what we are to do with this universal experience. It does not say by pursuing evil you shall suffer; but it says, by whatever means it comes upon you, be of good cheer.

Men are taught that they shall suffer, and that they should convert it into a moral good—use it as fuel for happiness—for by Christ's testimony, if suffering be used as fuel, there shall be a brighter light to warm the heart than in any other way. Christ knew when he came into this condition that he was to suffer, and it states it as an historical fact, that he knew nothing but suffering. Coming into the human condition, he came under human conditions—and everything which comes into this life, comes into suffering—and it became him, who was "bringing many sons unto glory," to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering." And so in the chapter from which we take our text, we have the same demonstration. The word of God declares that suffering is admirable and adorable. There is one view of God which I take to be scriptural—that suffering as to God's state is intolerable—a shrieking from all evidence of suffering in him. This shows how much we rely upon pride—the idea of one so great as he subject to suffering. Now I could not have a God who could not suffer. Some men look upon God, his divinity, so lifted above mankind, that it would be impossible for him to experience suffering—it would detract from his dignity and grandeur. On the other hand, God is thought to be a being of undisturbed peace, with feelings lying quiescent in their depths; lifted far above death, temptation and all reach of passion, he broods over all the universe which is beneath him, quiet as the cloud which floats in summer skies—and they worship him because of his peacefulness. This is sweet, and I once liked the idea of such a peaceful God; but it does not last long. Now this is not the Bible view of divine nature. One thing is certain, that being endlessly undisturbed is not Bible. The Old Testament represents God as being afflicted at times, being susceptible of suffering—and there can be no question but that the Old Testament fully inculcates this idea. In the New Testament you find the suffering possibility of divine nature; it is declared it was necessary Christ should suffer, to make him the captain of salvation by suffering. It was declared and predicted that he should suffer, by Isaiah. This is the theory of all who celebrate Christ. The Bible, then, represents God as susceptible of suffering—therefore it is incompatible. Is the idea that God suffers incompatible with his dignity and grace? This, however, should not be taken literally; that which indicates bodily suffering is incompatible. Therefore when we read in Homer of the sufferings of the gods—how Neptune rolled in pain, because Jupiter hit him—all this is inconsistent; again, all suffering on account of passion, and those things which minister to our physical—all such are inconsistent with divinity. It is the pride of man which makes affliction, and I cannot conceive that God thus suffers.

So far from its being the opinion of the world that suffering is not compatible with moral grandeur, all agree that it is the sign and degree of lordliness.

When the noble face betrays suffering, the whole world regards such person with exalted sentiment. What is the opinion of the world of one who, willingly, gives hours, days and months consecutively, till they lengthen into years full of weariness, suffering, and even without hope, for the sake of a helpless child—like a mother? Is a mother one who looks upon the dressing hour, the feeding hour, and then consigns her healthy child to the nurse? What knows she of a mother's duty, or a mother's care? When we think of a mother, we contemplate a sweet, serene face, which suffering cannot scar; one who bears suffering so meekly, night and day, that she cannot lower the level of life a grain; whose heart, as the red-hot coals slip up the green fuel, lips up suffering and anguish in brightness. Does the world then feel that to suffer, one must be low? Who is there on earth who has not admired, adored the patriot? There are men who have been patriots, although to-day we might not think it; but there have been men who, for the love of country, have suffered everything that man can suffer. It is not the crowned king who suffers for his country. Kessuth is the crowned monarch of our time. Hungry suffered, and it was joy for him to suffer with her; and now in exile he lives for her alone. What do we think of the man who takes the profitable side? It is a very prevalent idea of a great man, that he won't suffer. Now and then the oppressed quality flames out and rides down oppression. Knight errantry was a great move—not its fanaticism—but the defence of the weak and needy was laudable.

A just man is but a root, and has never a blossom, until he suffers for some one else; and God loves a root that lays itself before men, and, for sympathy, is willing to give up itself. This has wrought worship out of all nature. One who suffers for another, without deliberation or solicitation, and voluntarily converts it into benefits to others, is by me held amongst the highest things.

Suffering is a component element of God's grandeur. Now if a being that suffers, it is the opinion of the world that such a Christian is degraded. What does the world think of a man, who takes himself out of all evil contacts—shuts himself up to self-culture—another name for selfishness—when not used for the world at large—deprives the world of his talents? It justly detests him who, like a moth in kings' palaces, feeds on gorgeous robes. What would be thought of a man who, with plenty in a time of famine, should lay back in quiet, fattening his house, keeping disease as far away as famine is from him, devouring his store, while men reeled and died at his door-step? This would be indeed akin to evil, now, when applied to God—the evil of not suffering under circumstances when suffering is required—and the evil would be as much greater as he is above the lowest.

Christ's humility and his condition upon this sphere is fully shown—Phil. II., 5 and 8 inclusive. Your life is not to be in your own sphere, but where your fellow-men are. Take the separate things of Christ's life, and apply them. It certainly was not a pleasure for him to consort with the low and ignorant—to go abroad healing the suffering. Was it a weakness or a strength, to suffer that mysterious anguish which is indicated, but not stated, in the word? Look at this: does it not elevate the thought of God? I know much to be attributed to, considered and excused, on account of education; but for me, I could not worship a being without a pierced heart. And I revere a being that can suffer; one who suffers, not in the sense you suffer, for want; a being the most endlessly active—not quiescent—a being patient under the load of the universe. This is divine Christianity—one that serves, instead of being served. He is the chief, who is the servant of all. One who is rounded out in fashion, and rebores with all sorts of elegance, is not the one. And oh, how different it makes our idea of divinity. I love to think there is nothing which God commands me to do, but what he is doing himself on a grander scale. Thus I am like him—Heb. II., 18: "For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." This is the great bond of union between Christ and this suffering world. Suffering for sin is very apt to harden us; our sufferings should correct, but we grow impatient and irritable.

I think when men transgress, they are always invariably led to repentance or skepticism. Here is a man very good, and very rich—he has all he wishes in his garden and his orchard. Another man, in want, concludes to help himself

to some of the rich man's plenty, because he won't miss it; he steals to the man's garden, and finds it all enclosed by a hedge. Says he, "this is goodness." He plunges his head into the hedge, and the thorns seize and lacerate him; he cries for help; none comes; and his goes on, swearing at the misplaced goodness of the man. "Is this goodness, to have such a hedge he to injure people?" Finally, he gets through and falls into the big ditch on the other side; here he keeps on finding fault for the cruelty of the man who owns the place—just as though he were not in fault for his transgression. The hedge and ditch were there for just such as him.

Now I see men who began way back at ten, and fifteen years of age, indulging all the passions and appetites of the physical, at the expense of their souls; every nerve rebels; the stomach quarrels with the whole system. At last a child dies; and just as though the child did not inherit the vile leprosy of the father! They lay plans with their reckless consciences, and they fall; success flies from their staggering reach, and they turn too and go to cursing Providence. Now such suffering is apt to harden a man; suffering is curative when it is applied early—when men are not very wicked—but taken later, it makes men crusty. Suffering of every kind, selfishly borne, is worth nothing. There is a suffering of a higher kind, which is sympathy with the lowest—suffering which descends; as in the case of Divine Providence. If we accept suffering with pride—that we ought to have good from God, instead of that which we experience—suffering borne in that way ruins us—destroys us. One of the worst things is to suffer and not be made mellow—to suffer and grow proud—to suffer, and have it work on our lower, instead of our higher nature. A man that has lost heart, well wishes, sweetness, and happiness, is nothing to him who has lost manliness. I knew a maid who had put all her life into a single hope, and it pleased God to reach his hand from the clouds, and dash the hope; he whom she was to marry, wedded Death. Again God smote the rock, and she said, "my life is a shadow; I have nothing to do but to give joy to others." Her life is now one sheet of joy; this was joy wrought out of suffering. When at night, music sweeps along the air, your yearning ears are pained to lose a single note, and when it ceases, we fall to sleep in sadness; but, ah, what music ceases, when the child says, no more in the morning, Father! No organ tones equals, in its music, the child's footsteps on the stairs.

I knew a woman who, when she found her home bereft of her own children, rose up and said, "I have no children of my own; henceforth my life is devoted to the wants of those who are without parents. Here is suffering turned into blessings. There is one affliction which carries you down to the gates of hell, and there is another which may take you up to God—when suffering makes you the almoner to others' peace. Christ lifted himself in suffering, and became the light of the world; and in your sphere, and your place, you may partake of Christ's nature. Therefore, if you are troubled, and can't toll for yourselves, work for others. In private, you may shed as many tears as you please; but, when before folks, sing, to make them joyful, if you are not so yourself. Living for others is the only way to live for yourself. Pour out your nature as freely as God poured out the cup of life, and you shall find your sufferings benefits.

Do as old Sampson did; he killed the lion and got honey on it off; and, when your sufferings come like lions, slay them, and reap sweetness from their carcasses.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS

Miss Emma Harding will lecture at Columbus, Ohio, on Sunday, Jan. 23d; at Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 30th, for the benefit of the poor. During the month of February, at Boston, Lynn, Lowell, and Groveland. (In this month Miss Harding is fully engaged.) In New Orleans, Louisiana, in April, at New York. For the week day evenings of March, she will receive applications to lecture. In May, at Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Mass.; Nashua, N. H.; and other places week day evenings where her services may be needed. In June, at Portland, Me., and Oswego, N. Y. Next fall and winter Miss Harding designs to labor exclusively in the West, and South as far as New Orleans, and requests applications for these districts to be addressed, during the spring and summer, at her residence, 104 Grand street, New York.

Prof. J. L. D. Oils will speak at Dover, N. H., 23d; Waltham, Mass., 30th; Abington, Mass., Feb. 6th; Leominster, Mass., Feb. 13th; Natick, Mass., Feb. 20th; Dover, N. H., Feb. 27th. He will answer calls to speak at other places during the week. His addresses are mainly in the trance state, and upon the subjects of Education, in April, at New York. He will also give lectures on the subjects of the Bible, and the subjects of this paper, or for the New England University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Norwich, Ct., Sunday, Jan. 23d; in Lamartine Hall, New York, Sunday, Jan. 30th; and in Birmingham, N. Y., the four Sundays of February. Address, until Jan. 28th, Willard Barnes Felton, Norwich, Ct., from Jan. 28th to Feb. 4th, No. 12 Lamartine Hall, 20th St., New York.

John H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak as follows: Sunday, Jan. 23d, at Quincy; Feb. 6th, at Warwick; Feb. 10th, at North Orange; Feb. 11th, at North Dana; Feb. 12th, at Orange; Feb. 13th, at Erving; Feb. 14th and 15th, at Northfield; Feb. 16th, at Montague.

Warren Chase will lecture, Jan. 23d and 30th, 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 Broadway 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 on 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 Foxboro' on the evening of Saturday, 28th and 29th. All business letters may be sent to Newtown, Conn.

Mrs. M. H. Tuttle, trance speaking medium, will lecture at Putnam, Ct., in Quinchaux Hall, on Sundays 23d and 30th inst., morning and afternoon, at the usual hour of religious service.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak at Waltham, Jan. 23d; Quincy, Jan. 30th; Cambridgeport, Feb. 6th; Waltham, Feb. 13th; Cambridgeport, Feb. 20th; Clinton, Feb. 27th; Taunton, March 6th and 13th.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy will speak in Stoughton on Sunday, Jan. 24th; Marlborough, Sunday, Jan. 30th; Lowell, on Sunday, Feb. 6th; Cambridgeport, Sunday, July 14th.

A. B. Whiting will attend calls to lecture in the West and Southwest, during the coming three months. He may be addressed at his home, Brooklyn, N. Y., till Feb. 1st.

H. F. Miller will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mr. Miller, trance-speaker, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Miss Sarah A. Magoun will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass.

E. L. Lyon intends to spend some time in the State of Maine, and those Spiritual Societies, desiring his services, will please address him at Portland.

H. B. Storer will lecture on the four Sundays of February, Providence, R. I.

John C. Wright will lecture in Newburyport, Sunday, Jan. 23d.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, public trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at No. 10 Green street, Boston.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sundays. Address, Medford, Mass.

Mrs. Alvin P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects, Address, West Brookfield, Vt.

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass.

Miss E. E. Gibson, impressionable speaking medium, may be addressed at Augusta, Me.

Rev. John Pierpont will lecture in Wells' Hall, Lowell, Sunday, Jan. 23d.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Died in Portland, Tuesday, Jan. 11th, Miss Sarah E. Morse, aged 22 years, only daughter of Mrs. Sarah M. Morse.

Thus has a dearly beloved daughter and sister been called to mingle with the pure ones above. One too only seemed to bind her here—it was that a widowed mother would be left without a daughter to comfort her. She had long been a beautiful spirit companion; and five months ago, when her mortal frame fell strengthened, she saw and pointed out her spirits waiting to convey her home, and bidding her afflicted mother and brother an affectionate adieu, she exultingly passed away. Her life she adorned with purity and truth. Her departure has left a deep impress on the minds of her friends, that spirits do indeed visit mortals on earth.

O. C. York.

Mr. Samuel C. Taylor, formerly of Woodstock, Vt., left the world at Charleston, Ill., at the age of 44 years, on Dec. 23d. He was walking on the railroad track when a train came near him. He stepped aside, probably thinking he was out of the way, but the tender struck him, and instantly he lost the spirit. He leaves a wife and two children in the land of strangers, while two more are awaiting the return of their bereaved ones at Woodstock, Vt. They have the glorious light of spiritual truth to sustain them, in these hours of trial, and may their radiance grow brighter and brighter, until the tears shall be wiped from all faces, by the gentle, loving hand of Truth.

M. S. Townsend.

Died in Cambridgeport, on Thursday, Jan. 6th, Lizzie A. Hastings, wife of Andrew J. Hastings, aged 23 years.

Also, on Saturday, the 8th, Charles, son of A. J. and Lizzie A. Hastings, aged 4 months.

James P. Ward, of Plymouth, Wayne Co., Michigan, died on the 30th day of Dec. 1858, in the 28th year of his age, in the triumphs of a living faith in the Harmonical Philosophy, leaving a dear companion, and a large circle of relatives and friends, to mourn the early exit of one whose virtues and worth were known and appreciated by all who knew him.