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The Sabbath Morning Discourses
Of EDWARD H. CHAPIN and HENRY WARD
BEECHER, are reported for us by the best Phonographer
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#### EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, April 10th, 1859.

TEXT:—Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the daigets of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke, xv: 10.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY BURR AND LORD.

This assurance, coming from the lips of Jesus himself, exhibits Christianity, both in its spirit and in its grandeur. As you will remember, these words were spoken in reply to cortain self-righteous formalists who shrunk with horror from any association with publicans and sinners, and who marvoled that one who professed to be a divine teacher should sit down and eat with them. To these Scribes and Pharisees our Saviour made known the truth, that the great purpose for which he came was to seek and to save the lost. He showed them that throughout the universe there were no oblicate of which he came was to see and to save the fall of the thom that throughout the universe there were no objects of more solicitude than these fallen and gulity ones, and that their repeatance and restoration was the cause of great and

more solicitude than these fallen and guilty ones, and that their repentance and restoration was the cause of great and heavenly loy.

Now I do not understand Christ to say—no one can understand him to say—that God takes more absolute delight in a sinner than in a saint. Nor does Jesus at all encourage obstange concell that the wandering predigal is more an the ject of divine favor than one who keeps within the bounds of reverend love and service. It seems to me that there is one view which may settle any confusion of thought in this matter, and that is the question merely whether it is better to sin than not to sin. It is a fact that there is no man who stands absolutely in that class of pure and perfect beings upon this earth, who might be supposed, to be aggrieved by any demonstration of love toward the returning sinner. These Scribes and Pharisees were accordingly taken up upon their own assumption; even supposing them to be as righteous as they claimed to be, was the course of the Saviour's argument, still there was this love and care for the repentant sinner. But in realty they were worse sinners than the prodigal. So, practically, there can be no confusion in regard to the matter. And the question reality is, whether it is better to sin than not to sin, which hardly needs an answer. And I repeat, therefore, Ohrist does not encourage the conceit that God loves less those who keep near him in reverend faith and service, because he receives and cares for the wandering or returning prodigal. But the fact which Jesus teaches here is that gladness and surprise, that joy and grafified affection with which love wel-comes at last its allenated but unsurrendered oldects. In one word, my friends, our Saviour, in the passage before us, shows the identity of the great sentiment of love in heaven

surprise, that joy and gratified affection with which love welsomes at last its alienated but unsurrendered objects. In one word, my friends, our Salviour, in the passage before us, shows the identity of the great sentiment of love, and in the heart of man. He appeals to those affections which are most profoundly interweven in our being. He exhibits the spirit and power of the Gospel as not above or foreign to the elements of our own consciousness, but intimately allied to it. He based this appeal upon that which can be demonstrated from the most familiar and common experience. Take any family circle—and, alas, how many there are—take any family circle—and, alas, how many there are—take any family circle—and, alas, how many there are—take any family circle—and, alas, how many there are the own of astray, has gone, the rest know not whither; tossed upon some wave of desperate fortune, or fottored in the consequences of his own transgressions; thrown somewhere, in this wide world, finding conditions of existence somehow, the omniscient alone knows how. How many such there are, not in some far off country, upon some desolate island or some rugged shore, but right here in the midst of this great city, wrecked among its temptations, drawn down in its whirlpool of sin and shame; yes, how many such are there even in the midst of its luxuries and splendor, groveling in the meanest conditions of someality, feeding upon husks, yand consorting with swine, How many a stray sheep is defined the meanest conditions of someality, feeding upon husks, yand consorting with swine, How many a stray sheep is defined to the multitude knows or care about those lost ones; how little they know or care for themselves, not having yet come to themselves. Decked it may be in some outward drapery or harlot tinselry, living in abonimation, drunk with folly, fascinated with ruin; yet there are those who know and care for them in some far-off home, nestling who know and care for them in some far-off home, nestling among the hills around which t than wise werea, moning secutions on a names sensored the content of the content

But let me say further, under this head, that by the light of this control love and compassion we should interpret the different parts as well as the grand whole of the Gospel. Now you may take texts out of the Bible, and you can prove any doctrine that has ever borne the Christian name, or has passed muster under the name of Christianity. By a single text you may prove transubstantiation, you may prove trinity, or the unity, or total depravity. Taking simply the textual thing alone, you may prove anything by a single text. But that is not the way to interpret the Gospel or the Bible. Deeper than the interpret the Gospel or the Bible. Deeper than the interpret atlons you get out of your dictionaries, Hebrow or Greek, is the split with which you are to come to interpret the New Testament, if you would know its radical meaning, its real essence. And yet what are our sects built and founded upon? Upon isolated texts like forts. They take one text and crowd it through But let me say further, under this head, that by the light of this central love and compassion we should interpret the different parts as well as the grand whole of the Gospel. Now you may take texts out of the Bible, and you can prove any doctrine that has ever borne the Christian name, or has passed muster under the name of Christianity. By a single text you may prove transubstantiation, you may prove trinity, or the unity, or total depravity. Taking simply the textual thing alone, you may prove elernal damnation, or universal punishment; you may prove elernal damnation, or universal punishment; you may prove anything by a single text. But that is not the way to interpret the Gospel or the Bible. Deeper than the interpretations you get out of your dictionaries, Heorow or Greek, is the spirit with which you are to come to interpret the New Testament, if you would know its radical meaning, its real essence. And yet what are our sects built and founded upon? Upon is-

to its extreme meaning, without paying any regard to its ultimate meaning in connection with the body and substance of the Gospel. The Roman Catholic takes the text, "Take, cat, this is my body," and builds up the stupendous dogma of transubstantiation. The Baptist takes the literal meaning of the word "baptise" and builds up his close-hedged communion, denying all Christianity that does not come through that pavileular mode of baptism. Another maneces the phrase "eternal punishment," and without regard to the great fact that the word "eternal" is to be interpreted by the subject with which it is connected—if it is "the eternal hills," they cannot be as enduring as "the eterna Got," if it is "the eternal priesthood of Anron," it cannot mean as much as "the eternal kingdom of Christ"—he takes that text, alone, by itself, and crowde it to its extreme literal meaning, and upon eternal kingdom of Christ"—he takes that text, alone, by itself, and crowde is to its extreme literal meaning, and upon
that builds up the dark, crushing and terrible dogma of eternal damnation. For that stans a imply upon the strict interpretation of words; the human heart rejects it, the human
reason donies it; but the sharptextualist thrusts forward the
phrase "eternal punishment," and upon that builds up his
dogma. The Universalist takes the word "all" and "saved,"
clinging to them, perjaps, with just as much bigotry as the
Presbyterian or the Catholic does to his words, and upon them
founds his belief of the ultimate restoration and redemption
of the whole human family.

founds his belief of the ultimate restoration and redemption of the whole human family.

I repeat, this is not the way in which we are to interpret the New Testament, We are to come to the New Testament in its deep essence and purpose. All the sayings of Jesus Christ are to be interpreted in harmony with that spirit; we, must take the deep essence and substance of the Gospel. We are to receive what grows out of that—what most accords with its general sentiment. And I say what most accords with the general sentiment of the Gospel, with the deep spirit and substance of the Gospel, is this simple dectrine, that God cares for the sinner, for the vilest and most ahandoned sinner who is upon earth. In a mother's heart there is a love that cannot be altered and exhausted, and that will of sincer who is upon earth. In a mother's heart there is a flove that cannot be altered and exhausted and that will a claim that abandoned sinner when he comes back. So in the limite bosom, and in the bosoms of all heavenly belongs, there exists the same love; the spirit that sent Jesus Christ, and above everything clee. Precisely where man's hath falls and man's hope falters, is to that the Gospel becomes clear and above everything clee. Precisely where man's hath falls and man's hope falters, is to that the Gospel becomes clear and athove everything clee. Precisely where man's hath falls and man's hope falters, is to that the Gospel becomes clear and storys. It is not the announcement of the doctrine of a good that will forgive the sinner, that will watch upon its objects, wat upon them, and welcome them at last—that is the suball lime originality, that is the practical power of the Gospel. And this sympathy is a sympathy that prevails among the purest and best beings of the universe; that is the point. It is not in proportion as a man is a sinner that he sympathizes with the sinner. But in proportion as a being is pure and unsullied is there a sympathy for the sinner which is deep and lasting. Not for the sin; there is the mistake, there is the great distinction. There is no sympathy in God for the inportion to the grandeur and the largeness of a nature, in proportion to the grandeur and the largeness of a nature, in that proportion is there this deep and overflowing sympathy.

In that proportion is there this deep and overflowing sympathy.

There is a great meaning in the words of the Apostle Paul, when he speaks of the family of earth and heaven. Now, my friends, just think what conceptions of heaven have existed, and do still exist. With most persons, heaven is at best merely a material condition—a mere transfer, a mere copy, a mere photograph of this world, touched up in gold, and thrust the other side of the grave. It is simply crystal battlements and golden streets, all the material enjoyments of this world on a higher scale, only more prolonged and lotty in degree; or, if not so, it is merely a negative state. The conception of heaven, in the minds of some, of most persons, is the conception of a condition where no sin can enter, where no uncleanness provails. When this statementies chanusted, their idea of heaven is exhausted. It seems to be a very monotonous place, not nearly so pleasant as the one which was mentioned as the idea of the old lady who though to fleavon as a place where she would always sit in a corner with a clean, white apron on, and sing psalms.

Christianity is primal democracy, lifted far above anything that either pro or con bears that name in our day as a party distinction. It is the great dectrine of man higher than his conditions, nobler than his good. "A man's a man for a' that." Why? Because he is a living soul; because within him there are deathless powers; because he is allied to God by a nature that no other being on this carth bears, and faculties that no other creature on this footstool possesses. That is the great anneuncement—the key note of Christianity—the source of its consolation, and pomfort.

And this is the source of its great achievement in modern civilization, subtile theories ask what Christianity has done for the progress of man. They point to science as working

civilization, subtile theoriets ask what Christianity has done for the progress of man. They point to science as working out human progress in its discoveries of truth, its uses of fact, and its adoption of them to certain purposes of utility. They say man advances just in proportion as he gains knowledge—just according to the sum of human intelligence—and that Christianity, as a moral force, has nothing to do with that advancement. On the contrary, I believe that in this one cleincht alone Christianity has done more for advancement than all that science, has discovered and achieved—in the simple statement of the spiritual nature and immortal destin, of every man—in bldding you behold in black and white, rich and poor, high and low, a deathless, and priceless soul. Christianity has sown the seeds of all progress, laid the foundation of all truth in government, and of all right-cousicess in society. It has been the master-key to all the grand efforts that man has made to be delivered from bondage, from oppression, from-social wrong. It is the soul of grand efforts that man has made to be delivered from bendage, from oppression, from, social wrong. It is the soul of liberty; it is the horn-blower that leads the holsts of humanity forward from effort to effort, to higher and higher social attainments. If you would got at the core of all great efforts; If you would feel the power that thunders through the printing presses; if you would sound the deepest strain of the Puritan's hynn; if you would know what it was that inspired the patriots of the American revolution; what it is that glorifies the Declaration of Independence, that gives it a name to live, disgraced foully as it is in our action; it is simply the doctrine of the open of the work of every man in the pos-

a name to live, disgraced foully as it is in our action; it is simply the doctrine of the worth of every man in the possession of a spiritual and deathless nature. This is what Christianity has contributed to civilization and progress; it is the spring of all the noble efforts of all time.

In the next place it reveals the relations of man to the whôle spiritual universe—his relationship to all spiritual beings. What agrandeur there is, in the science of astronomy, that reveals the relations of our world to others—of wast systems to the illimitable scheme of things. What a spectacle is presented when a man first takes up the telescope, and sees himld what myriad of orbs this little dim planet is wheeling: and not only that but when he recognizes the order ing; and not only, that, but when he recognizes the order that controls all these worlds, and how all things are linked together by one harmonious chain of quivering sympathy, back with awe and, with tent when he asks, "What am I in the mildst of all this immensity? What am I, considered as a material being, compared with the universe, but a speck of planet-dust that lies on the verge of the furthermost firmament? I am nothing. I am here to-day, I am gone to-morrow." The mere revelation of science alone, therefore, I repeat is enough to crush us. If we take only the material view of things, man is but a little breathing mechanism of to-day, and to-morrow he is swept away like a speck from a revolving wheel.

But wint does Christianity do? It does not reverse this exactly, but it moves uplie a higher view of things; it turns the spiritual side of facts upon us. In the sphere of man's spiritual nature all Christianity is turned up to the light, and presented to view, and man seeseithal, little oreature as he is in the material sense, viewed as a spirit he is linked to systems, and hierarchies of being, of which these orbs, and planets, and systems, are merely vehicles and symbols; that he

tems, and hierarchics of being, of which these orbs, and planets, and systems, are merely vehicles and symbols; that he is connected with all blessed intelligences, with all intellectual and all moral beings all through the universe; and that as these outward symbols of things have their significance only in the interpretation of spiritual purposes, as they standmerely as vehicles and symbols of spiritual facts, so do these spiritual facts. Man, degraded over as he may be, and weak as he is, is inalienably linked with all things.

Thus you see in this fact Christianity is a necessary complement a science. It is necessary that we should take Christianity.

Thus you see in this fact Christianity is a necessary complement, a science. It is necessary that we should take Christianity to interpret men, and to interpret life. If we take the scientific view alone, without Christianity, it would be appailing. Talk as you please of the glory of science, and the splender of its revelations; the moment you begin to consult the fact of your own personal destiny, and ask what is your own individual significance in the universe, if you have nothing but the mere revelation of science, it would crush you. Therefore I say that, as a complement to the revelations of science.

but the mere revealation of science, it would crush you. Thorefore I say that, as a complement to the revelations of science, you need the spiritual revelation of Christianity.

Some people talk of believing only what they can see—what they can handle—what can be made evident to some of their sonses. They say, "I will believe in a thing only when I can see it, or when I can touch it." They are like Thomas, who would not believe in our Saviour's resurrection until he had thrust his hands into the wounds in his side. Some men who believe in Spiritualism are of this class; they will not believe in Spiritualism are of this class; they will not believe in the without material and physical demonstration. Spirituality is found in the intuitions of the soul—in the secret whispering that the martyr hears when he is ready to change earth for heaven—in the chambers of the saint's mind, when all without is dark. In the intuitive conviction and consciousness is the true basis of all spirituality—not in the material demonstration; and this desire to see things materially by the senges, is the real source of all the skepticism that questions the claim of Christianity. Men all admit that Christianity is a glorious system, and that Christ was a blessed teacher. They compliment him and lift him up on the whole a little above Seneca and Flate. They acknowledge the beautiful manifestation of moral excellence in him; they admire the sormon on the mount; but they do not know about these spiritual and supersensual things; they must believe in this with thee our toils of play; only in that which they can see and handle.

mire the sermon on the mount; but they do not know about these spiritual and supersensual things; they must believe only in that which they can see and handle.

What kind of a world is it, if we believe only to that extent? How much can you see and handle, oh skeptic? What is it you see, oh sharp philosopher? Do you see matter? Not at all; you only see certain properties and phenomena of matter interpreted to you, not through your senses, but through your consciousness. And even in regard to matter itself, what is it? It is not light, it is not heat, it is not color, it is not extension; these are mere properties. No man ever saw matter. What do you see? Light? No, you do not; you only see certain phenomena of light. The skeptic will believe only in what he can see, and yet believes in matter that he cannot see, but phenomena of light. The skeptle will believe only in what he can see, and yet believes in matter that he cannot see, but which is interpreted only by his spiritual consciousness. Will you believe only that which comes within the limits of your knowledge? How co you know you have the faculties to apprehend all knowledge? Do we believe the universe has only this phase of truth, which it turns to our faculties? There may be five hundred or five thousand expressions of truth, and we see only five of them. Give to man a sixth sense, and the consequences that accompanies it, and he will see more than he did before. Give him a hundred portals of communication, and he will see a hundred things that he does not see now.

Will you limit all truth to what you know? That is the Will you limit all truth to what you know? That is the great question that Christiantly presses upon us. It blids us look within at our own souls—its wants, needs, demands and claims—its hunger and thirst for righteousness, its yearning for God. Even in our wildest and strangest wanderings it bids us look within, and it answers and supplies the spiritual demands, just as science answers the sensuous. I am just as sure of spiritual things through the faculties of my soul, as interpreted by Christianity, as ever Newton or Humboldt were aware of material things through the faculties of the brain and sure of spiritual things through the faculties of the brain and senses, interpreted by Christianity, as ever Newton or Humboldt were sure of material things through the faculties of the brain and senses, interpreted by science. Skepticism stands on no basis at all, only as it stands on that of the senses, and they themselves are verified in their last result by consciousness alone. Christianity, therefore, I repeat, is the complement of scientific truth, in the spiritual facts it reveals to us, and in nothing more grand than in man's relation to spiritual beings—in the fact that the universe is filled up with blessed intelligences. I do not want to see them, or hear them, to be convinced of this fact; I know by surer sight than the eye, by more certain hearing than the ear, that they exist; I know it by my eternal consciousness of a God and of a heaven. And Christianity interprets that fact. It shows man, poor, wretched, vile as he may be, linked with these innumerable relations.

And what else does it show? It shows identity of nature in all spiritual things on earth and in heaven. Oh, if you could tear all the Bible in strips, but leave this one saying of Christ, what mighty truth and consolation there would be in it! "There is joy in heaven expable of joy, just like our selves—beings in sympathy with us. Joy in heaven! Oh, forlorn and wayward brother, you are despised of men, and seconced, and perhaps you ought to be; you have sinned vilely and grossly; but do you knew what you are? There is joy in deaven; and grossly; but do you knew what you are? There is joy in heaven on the truth there is a mother's joy in heaven. What a revelation of an identity of nature—of a celestial sympathy!

Moreover, there is not only sympathy, but there is solicited thore. God is anxious for your return. He will not the atmosphere, plants use the carbon, and returnity loads to your personality or your reteam. He will not the atmosphere, plants use the carbon, and returnity loads upon your choice and respectability, and he pours of material things through the faculties of the brain and

round you infinite means to bring you back to him. It is for you then, oh, man—it is for you, it seems, in the last result, to understand and appreciate this spiritual nature of yours. That is the great thing. Men do not know their own souls—they do not know the value of them. They need to be brought to appreciate thems. How much there is to impress you with your soul's importance—to arouse and inspire you to holy. If if and action! Spiritual solicitude for you! For, as I said before, the larger the nature, the larger the love. Little, mean natures are uncharitable natures. Find a man that is doubtful as to the virtue of his fellow-men, and you may know that he is an abominable man himself. The man that always has a hopeless, sarenstic sneer for his fellow-man, who is in perpetual fear that he will be cheated by them—look out for that man. But the man that hopes or trusts, though none sees the evil more keenly than he; the man who sees something brighter than the sin; who sees the light shining around all, hope around all—that man has a nobler nature, a larger and mote persistent love. There is a divine solicitude—thank God—for us. God seeks for us as a shepherd seeks for the lost sheep in the wilderness, or as a woman seeks for the lost plece of silver; and with that sympathy are conjoined all that worship around the throne.

Do you want to know where you will find the clearest and most practical expression of that solicitude—the very persistence of the divine love in behalf of the sinner. Preach that, believe that, trust in that, listen to the appeal of that, be moved by dreams of that. Bo transfigured in your own heart by the same loving and self-sacrificing spirit.

There is a downward joy and an upward joy in the world. The worst trait in wekedness, the worst manifestation of a bad spirit, is joy in the fall of another—joy when sin provalls—joy when a brother trips and sumbles into ruin. Do you remember that terrible but magnificent passage in one of the chapters of Isalah, where the prophet addresses the

you into vice. "It is no use now; you are down." Such a joy as that, my friends, is hellish and abominable; it is one of the darkest problems in the universe; it is the grandest embediment of the devil that I know of. There is only one thing that is as bad, and that is the spirit of the eldest son in the parable, who believes he is going to heaven because he has worked for it all his life, and nobody-else has any right to go there who has if worked as hard as he has. Or that of the Scribes and Pharisees who cannot bear the idea that God in some way will have merey upon all—that he would bring all (not in their sins, but out of them—remember that,) into his kingdom at last—that in some way he will break, the rocky heart—that he will watch from the eternal heaven wait and put forth influences until they all come at last into his kingdom. The Scribes and Pharisees cannot like that; they have lived on earth for the purpose of being happy in haven. Such a spirit is next akin to that which says to the fallen, "You have become like one of us." That is a downward joy. There is an upward joy that blessed spirits feel when another spirit becomes blessed. It is the joy of those who have fought the good fight and achieved the victory, when others come drenched, as it may be, with the blood of their wounds, but saved and delivered. It is a to the selection of their wounds, but saved and delivered. souls when others have become redeemed. It is the joy of those who have fought the good fight and achieved the victory, when others come drenched, as it may be, with the blood of their wounds, but saved and delivered. It is a joy that flows from earth to heaven. As there is light in the morning that goes shimmering up the clear upper sky, so there is a light that goes shimmering up to the white robes of the blessed, making their crowns brighter, when the faces of the penitont are upturned in prayer. As when the breath of the summer air begins to stir the leaves of the forest, they all shiver and lift themselves with rejoicing, so when the soul of the penitent begins to move, when the guilty heart turns from sin to Christ, there goes forth a breath, an impulse, higher and higher, deeper and deeper, stronger and stronger, until it becomes a sweet hallolulah sweeping all round the courts of heaven. That is the upward joy.

Now, oh, man, how do you stand? All heaven sympathizing for you—God solicitous for you, and you holding on to your sin! Are you not ashamed of it? Is it not strange that you will indulge in any sin? For it is not for the outcast merely—the gross prodigal—that he is solicitous, but for all sinners. You have a bosom sin—a bad practice—a vice—or vice—or

merely—the gross prodigal—that he is solicitous, but for all sinners. You have a bosom sin—a bad practice—a vice—or you feel that your heart is full of sin. Are you not ashamed of it? With God Almighty watching for you, with angels solicitous for yourselves when you fall, rejoicing when you rise, can you continue in sin, and turn your face from God? Or will you not be moved, impelled and inspired by this very sympathy to renounce your sin and rise to newer life? There are great joys in this barth, but the deepest joy is that of turning from the ovil to the good, and when that deepest and truest joy springs up in your heart, remember there is joy in heaven.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE PARTING SISTERS. BY HENRIETTA.

"The fearful word to part,
Is nover breathed above;
Heaven hath no broken heart—
Call me hot hence, my love,"—L. H. S.

To share with thee our toils or play; My home gleams bright from the land above : I've heard its murmuring tones of love-Mine eye hath caught the silvery sheen Of a river that flows through pastures green. They tell me the bark in which I sail O'er life's swift tide is weak and frail; I know it sweet sister, and I must away, To moor this bark from the billowy spray.

Call me not, sister; oh, call me not back! To travel with thee life's beaten track; My spirit is pluming her drooping wing, To soar aloft where the angels sing. I've heard the sound of the minstrel's lay Calling me sister-oh, far away ! Then there comes to my pillow one dear face. Lit with the smiles of heavenly grace; I feel, my mother, 't is none but thine Blending so oft its visions with mine.

Tis true thou 'It look on my vacant chair, And miss the form that once rested there; Thou wilt miss me, too, in the approach of eve. With the airy dreams we were went to weave: Thou wilt call me, love, in the hour of prayer, To come, and its tranquil pleasures share-Then turn to thy desolate couch with a tear. At the absence long of the lost and dear.

I will come, oh sister, back again-Back when the twilight shadows wand: I'll come when thy cheek is paled with care, Or the fever's flush is mantling there, And breathe in thine car a whispered tale Of joys that await "behind the veil:" When our Father's hand its folds shall part, To welcome thee back to my waiting heart. Oh, happy we'll be in that home of the blest.

When thou'st gained the bright shore where the weary may

Our souls linked together in friendship's pure bond To firmer attachments shall only respond As sisters, twin sisters, together we'll roam, Mid gardens of beauty, our own spirit-home-That beautiful home! the home far above. That's lit with the smiles of a Father of Love.

Without animals to use the oxygen, and return the carbon to the atmosphere, plants could not live. Without plants to use the carbon, and return the oxygen to the atmosphere,

Translated from the German of Maris Reichenbach for the Banner, by Cora Wilburn.

HEART-PURIFICATIONS BY FIRE

[Continued from our last.]

"I esteem it as such, and on just such an occasion shall be glad to reciprocate," replied the count: "but if it be possible, be kind enough to shorten your lamentations. Here is Rhine wine, Selzer-water. and sugar; mix yourself a cooling draught, and then, without any hesitation, let me hear the result f your diplomatic mission."

"Listen, then!" replied the other, after he had refreshed himself with a glass of the cooling mixture; your father in law in spe, Robin Hunter, is unfortunately not so heavy as you weighed him. His banker says he gave me all the details concerning his property, and even called in a Londoner from his counting-room, who knows all the circumstances of his countryman. What I heard from both can be told in a few words: Robin Hunter belonged to the princes of the mercantile world; he was, as the merchant says, a solid house. But one misfortune after another befell him, in especial that of his son Ralph's extravagance and dissipation; his carelessness in business, of which he was a partner, caused it to waver. The old man did not hesitate; a .moment to extricate himself with honor from his situation; ho fulfilled all his obligations, gave up his business, discarded and disinherited his son, who went to:Africa. After he had in this manner settled his affairs, he had in his possession about forty thousand pounds sterling in money, and could, in consequence, no longer hold the title of a wealthy man in England, and which could not allow him to keep a large establishment in London, such as he had been accustomed to. With us here, who modestly recken by thalers and guilders, this sum appeared of consequence, and it was easy for him, as a merchant, to obtain five per cent.; so he could hope, with two thousand pounds yearly income, to uphold a splendid establishment in Germany. For this he came among us six months ago, and settled in Hamburgh as a retired merchant. laboring only at his favorite plan, to obtain fresh glories through his daughter, as it is out of his own power to restore the vanished glory of the firm. Ho seeks for his Helena a partnership with some prince or count of an ancient, noble house, and as he looks more to the name than the wealthy standing, you annot fail of succeeding in securing the hand of the

There appears to be a certain fatality attending that family; and if I were not a free-thinker, I should believe in an avenging Nemesis. The young Londoner in the counting room told me that Robin Hunter had a younger brother, who, against his father's and brother's will, married the daughter of a humble grocer. Robin, in especial, deemed the honor of his house contaminated by this alliance, broke off all intercourse with his brother, and per sunded the proud father to leave the son who had sought for happiness in so lowly a sphere, to his fate -to discard and disinherit him. This was done accordingly, and the poor man had left England with his wife; more than twenty years ago. In this way Robin became the possessor of his father's enormous wealth, and for the hongy of the family he married a poor but noble maiden, of Scottish descent, and he had reared his children in all the splendor of riches, accustomed them to all the comforts and conveniences that plebeian pride could invent. His son Ralph, frivolous by nature, sought for distinction in the upper classes of society, by all possible means of extravagance and dissipation, in which he surpassed our wealthiest lords, so that his father was compelled to discard him. This is what I have heard concerning your English father-in-law."

"Only two thousand pounds yearly income!" cried the count, with a tone of bitter dtsappointment; "I thought the old one weighed three times as much. What a fool I have been !" he continued, " to allow myself to be taken in the net by the pretty face of; the proud tradesman's daughter! An evil spirit: must have possessed me, that I declared myself soplainly this morning, as to render retreat almost impossible. All her dowry will scarcely suffice to pay my debts: and what then remains? Everything is mortgaged; I am scarcely master of my own domain. The state of my shattered finances is well known,.. and I cannot seek an alliance with any noble house in Germany; I have received the mitten from too. many. I resolved to go to some business city, and find some merchant's daughter, with a ton of gold, willing to exchange her wealth for my coat of arms. I'met with Robin Hunter and his daughter on board of the steamer, on a pleasure trip to Helgoland, and, from what I saw and heard, I thought the fellow was worth a million, at least; and so I hurried to obtain the saving treasure. Cursed hurry ! the sacrifice is too great for such a meagre return : take the case, too, if the old man gives up all his property to me, I shall have to support him for life, and if I pay the most pressing debts, I shall have about a thousand . pounds a year; with such a pittance I cannot keep an establishment. What shall I do, friend Lichten. fels? advise me!"

Friend Lichtenfels replied with a serious face "You have been too hasty; but yet I think you should not throw the occasion away. You can save yourself from pressing embarrassments; you can. obtain fresh credit, and enjoy the thousand pounds. outside of your baronial castle, all by yourself; for I would not advise you to keep one establishment.

with your tradesman's daughter, that would involve you in trouble with the nobility. Leave her with her father in gentle banishment, in one of your country seats, and she will be telerated and forgetten, while you can live in the capitols, and amuse yourself with your wife's money; and of course you will find the best reception in all high and noble families, if you come alone, and do not compel our aristocracy to call the merchant's proud little daughter 'my lady Countess."

"Indeed, you ought to be prime minister, if there was any justice in the land!" cried Reichenstein; " your advice is grand, I will follow it, and you shall enjoy its golden fruits with me. That is all settled now. Now to something else. I have already told you that I love a young girl; but the father is a moderately wealthy man, an old-fashioned, strong principled, stern and pious man. I cannot obtain free admittance to his house; only on plea of business can I go there. The little Marie is a real Madonna in beauty, but I cannot approach her with the usual flatteries. What shall I do? Advise me, prime minister."

"Have you given your name?" inquired his friend. He had not, but had appeared as a wealthy Hannoverian gentleman.

"That lessens the difficulty," said the adviser. We will carry her off, and it will not even be necessary to take her out of the city. I will arrange it all for a little money."

"Excellent! Let us settle upon the plan of operation at once, and then to its execution !" cried Reichenstein, triumphantly; and he rose from his seat. took his friend, the noble Herr von Lichtenfels by the arm, and, with him, left the pavilion.

Utterly unconscious of the danger that threatened the two beings so dear to their hearts, Herborn and Mainert sat on the other side, hearing only the confused murmur of voices, unconscious of the contrast between their own aspiring, noble souls, and those of the puppets of fashion, discussing in heartless. glee their vile plans for the destruction of innocence and virtue.

They remained after midnight on that silent, sheltered spot, and each sought to cheer the other by pleasant converse, for neither cared to seek their dwellings, where the power and gloom of solitude awaited the heavy hearts of the sufferers.

The bell of the near St. Peter's church announced. with hollow clang, the first hour of the morning of the fifth of May, that was to be marked eventful in the year 1842. From amid dark clouds appeared suddenly the waning moon, and cast a strange, red. dazzling light upon the softly murmuring waves of the Alster, and upon the white, stately edifices of the Jungfernstieg; the entire surroundings appeared flooded with orimson light.

The friends were deeply moved by the beautiful scene; they stood long silent, as if in devotion. leaning against the parapet of the gallery; at length Mainert exclaimed.

"What a strange and glorious spectacle! As far as eye can reach the Alster is a sea of flame, advancing as silently and weirdly as if it would overflow 'the city."

Scarcely had he said the words, when from every church of the city, almost simultaneously, rang out the alarm bells, and from the nearest streets the alarm of "Fire!" resounded. Their eyes turned from the river towards the city. There, with amaze-:ment and terror, they beheld in the south, in the Elbe neighborhood, a lurid glare upon the heavens. They hastened from the pavilion towards the place of danger, obeying their highest impulses, willing to risk their lives in the exercise of human duty.

The city of Hamburgh was on fire!

# CHAPTER III.

For many years the frequently-occurring fires in and around Hamburgh had been extinguished with so much promptitude as to cause but slight damage, and the citizens reposed their entire confidence in the fire regulations of the city. Relying, therefore. on the experiences of the past, they were not alarmed by the crimson glare that overspread the heavens, arising from the Elbe region of the Allstadt; but as the flames spread on with maddened haste, enveloping entire rows of houses, aided by the dry woodwork upon them, the combustible matters these dwellings contained; as the sharp wind fanned the blaze, and the slight resistance of water failed; as perhaps, too, the lack of energetic action on the part of the firemen was noticed, the blind confidence hitherto reposed in them, in all human power gave way, and the gloomy spirit of foreboding-of dread -knocked warningly at every door.

The morning sun rose on the scene of destruction. and by its light the extent of the night's injury was known. It exceeded all calculation-it terrified the beholders!

From all the neighboring towns came help in numbers, and yet the courage of the city's inhabitants drooped and fell; for, despite of the united efforts-the utmost strain of will and muscle-the fire continued, passing on in gigantic, all devastating fury. Like a black, thick pall, a huge cloud of smoke enveloped half the city; here and there the red flames quivering through, like torches at a death-sacrifice. As if a volcano had suddenly opened its fiery mouth, there poured a shower of glowing ashes far and wide upon the doomed portion of the city: like writhing serpents, flying firebrands passed through the air, tossed aloft by the aiding winds, whirled over streets and canals; and where 'they fell upon the distant roofs, they made a burning nest, and kindled in a few moments the forked flames that enveloped in destruction the property of man. The noonday sun fell on pale, anxious faces, from which all the light of hope had departed; for still the devastation spread, hastoning on, an unconquerable foe, rendering human effort powerless.

That afternoon, the flames seized on St. Nicholas's Church-that ancient temple of the Most High, that had withstood the storms of time for nearly seven hundred years; the fall of its high, flaming steeple gave anew the signal of destruction; the fiery flood rolled onward, spreading ruin on every side. From more than twenty streets rushed the fugitives, laden with whatever they had saved, rushing on blindly with the speed of terror. Vehicles of all kinds barred the way, filled with goods of all descriptions, and running against each other confusedly; while all around the gables were overthrown, the walls of buildings fell; shooting engines, accompanied by powder-wagons, rolled through the streets, with the intention of blowing up those houses not yet attacked by fire-confusion, bustle, the thunder of the cannons, the cries for help, terror and despair, on all sides, wherever eye or ear could turn!

Night advanced, and still the lurid glare over-

burdened with the load of vice and crime, mingled as if awakened from a painful dream. their fiendish shouts with the wailings of the great | He saw a band of miserable-looking, drunken untouched property of the unfortunate.

Robin Hunter lived was attacked on both sides by mistakable impress of vice and crime. the flames. The house which he had bought soon gant mansion; surrounded by the cold, glittering a more cheerful tone than was usual with him :splendors his wealth had obtained, all of which proaching peril; but they were deprived of that reward you well!" highest blessing, that is often awarded to lighten the burden of adversity-a true friend's presence. The servants of the house, who were not bound to cally :them by love, had left them in their stately homehad removed themselves and their humble effects as his own burning house, and was compelled to seek a selves, when we turn out your pockets." shelter in a friend's dwelling. The merchant and his daughter found themselves forsaken by all. Inmerous agents, and had spent the whole day in listessness; missing the opportunity for safe retreat when it was nighest, and now, that no hope re mained of his exemption from the universal misfor-

He saw his house, its luxurious appointments, of the future, with its privations and humiliations, conscious with grief and fear, was not capable of speaking one consoling word; she was herself inloss of property, but another, and a deeper sorrowgnawed at her heart. As usual, the Count Reichen. had spoken of the conflagration, and of the heartmany; he spoke of them with smiles and jestswith his customary frivolous manner. When Helena their dwelling, he had replied to her indifferently, regretted that the great misfortune had interrupted Shall I now have my inheritance? so suddenly the various public amusements and to flee from the tedious scene, and, in company with a few friends, to pass the afternoon and evening at peated his lesson.

His manner awoke Helena from her proud dreams, and compelled her to reflect upon the future opening the tenacity of despair fell from his nervless grasp. before her. The result of her meditations was not Ralph took it from the floor; opened it and viewed a consoling one; she felt wounded, and a dread of its contents; his glassy eyes, gleamed brightly, his that future, she had invoked, stole to her heart. features expressed a wild, almost fiendish joy; with Although, like her father, she had sought the glitter hollow accents he spoke to himself: of wealth and station, as the only means of securing chosen for his titled name could never offer her a heart lay hidden many treasures of feeling, noble, true, exalted; but these treasures, like a gold-vein deeply imbedded in hard rock and concealed from the day, had not revealed themselves in the rosy light of life-had not sought expansion, or blest a human heart with their abundance. The hard, cold on cultivating the understanding and the pride of cried wildly as he took Hunter's hand. wealth, had even from childhood restrained the natural, pure, and tender feelings of her heart, but had not annihilated them. Sometimes they glimmered through the ice crust of conventionalism, yet dared not come forth in their fullest glory. All that me, as a child, day by day to look into your glittershe had ever read or dreamed of love, was based on ing show-box, that I might in time become acexalted feeling that she deemed eternal and necessary to the happiness of marriage; and this she de manded of the man of her choice, deeming his feelings elevated, true and noble, a fit accompaniment thought, for the first time, in the count; for he had that day, for the first time, undisguisedly revealed tune, he had been more careless than usual, and she had taken a glance into his soul. He had thus destroyed the sweetest of her illusions, for she deemed sonal beauty, her gifts of intellect; and a drear foreboding whispered that he sought her hand in the light of a mere business speculation-an exchange of a noble name for gold.

She felt deeply wounded by his want of sympathy. yet she hoped he would return that evening, to offer consolation, hope and aid. The evening passed; it was near midnight; the last hope of his return vanished, and with it the last ray of faith in his love. He had forsaken her in necessity and danger; what dare she expect in the future from him?

The wild sea of flame still neared their dwelling, and she entreated her father to leave the house with her and seek some shelter in the suburbs. But she out upon the waste of misery and bitter necessity, received no decided answer; he'did not seem willing and yet I am no prodigal, no lost son-I am a neglected to leave his property, until the most pressing peril one! See, I hold your mammon in my hand; I can compelled him. She persisted in entreating him at take a part, or all of it as mine, and say: the father all hazards to seek safety in speedy flight; and in lowes bread to his son, and if he has fed him on the her hurry and confusion of mind, still conscious of food of wealth, he has no right to take from him for-

waters and the distant sky; still, as if in scorn of most precious valuables, and the costly sliver. Blo human endeavor, the unchained element exulted in left her father, and hastened to an upper story, its freedom, and rushed victoriously to its destroying where these things were kept, and quickly choosing work. The confusion augmented with every hour; from among them, she placed all in a large basket, the authorities, hemmed in by cares and fears, could resolved to carry the heavy weight herself. While scarcely uphold the necessary order; and every citi- she was thus occupied, Robin Hunter sat alone in a zen beheld himself compelled to act in his own do spacious and elegant room on the first floor; his face was gloomy, his features contracted as if with In that time of dread and danger, shone forth soul-pangs of memory or remorse; with both hands most brilliantly the divinest attributes of humanity; he held a large pocket-book, which contained his examples of daring herolem, of unsurpassed noble-most important papers, and the half of his fortune ness of character—of self sacrifice; but the low and in bank-notes; his fingers were pressed convulsively sordid passions also revealed themselves. From the upon his treasures, and his thoughts roamed amid bosom of the wild, eventful night, came forth the the past, until the danger of the present seemed outcasts of humanity, who, taking advantage of the banished from his mind. He heard not the wild sorrow and panic, plundered and reveiled, adding to confusion, the mingled shouts and cries that sudthe universal terror. The deep collars, the famed dealy arose from the street, and a few moments later Beggars' Retreat" of Hamburgh, and other dark- sounded from his own threshold. Only when the ened dens of vice, gave forth their inmates, who, door of his room was burst open, did he look around,

wretchedness! Amid the devastating flood they wretches, shouting, swearing, laughing, enter his danced exultingly, and found rich booty in the yet room; they were all poorly clad; some of them in rags; and they carried axes, hammers, ropes, and It was nearly midnight when the street in which various tools; they bore upon their faces the un-

"We are deliverers!" they shouted all together, after his arrival in Hamburgh, was furnished in the and in frenzied haste they took hold of the costly most costly manner in the English style; every furniture. Their address, rough as it was, awakened where in it the power of wealth, the taste for luxury, a faint glimmer of hope in Hunter's breast, for he was apparent. As the threatened danger drew near, thought they might be the emissaries of the Insuradvancing with giant footsteps, the merchant found ance Company, sent to aid him, and dispose of his himself alone with his daughter in the vast and cle effects in a place of safety. He called to them with "God be thanked! You came at the right time!

seemed valueless, in view of the imminent and ap Take hold, good people, help help quickly! I will

He had not ceased speaking, when a tall, ragged fellow approached him with a laugh, and said, ironi-

"I advise you not to budge more than a lanternpost, you high-nosed aristocrat! We are deliverers. far as possible from the region of the fire. The few not for you, but for ourselves. The devil has kindled acquaintances of Robin Hunter, appeared not to rethis fire for his best beloved children; so we move member his existence in the time of necessity; and ourselves and take whatever pleases us. You need his only business friend in the city, his banker, from not tell us to help ourselves; we have learned that whom he hoped to receive advice and aid, had left in the best schools, and we shall find our pay for our-

With a threatening gesture he was forbidden to leave the room; and then the robber turned to two capable of action, outside of business matters, Mr. of his evil-looking companions, who were busied in Hunter had been accustomed to the services of nu- taking down a handsome mirror with a heavy gilded frame.

"Don't spend your time with that breakable stuff!" he cried; and with his ponderous hammer he shivered to pieces the costly Venetian plate, and tune, he sank into a state of utter despondency and then continued demolishing a mahogany bureaa, and searching for its contents. The rest tore down the heavy silk curtains, broke open a glass case, derretrievably lost to him; and this thought, and that stroyed, with furious shouts, the precious vases it contained, and with their instruments pierced holes weighed heavily upon his soul. Helena, almost un-through the rare oil-paintings that adorned the walls-

Robin Hunter was unable to utter a word. He was overwhelmed by the dread spectacle of such consolable; for not only dread of their approaching barbarous destruction that so suddenly was enacted before his eyes. He observed not the young man who approached him, who had been long regarding stein had paid his morning visit on that day; he him. He was dressed as a sailor, and looked cleanlier than the rest; he put his hand on the merrending scenes occurring in the neighborhood; but chant's shoulder, and with faltering voice that dehe evinced no sympathy with the sufferings of the noted intoxication, said to him in the mother languago:---

"Do we behold one another again? "Do n't I mentioned her fears that the flames would reach bring a merry company with me? for there are few among them whose ancestors have not swing from and had laughingly mocked her apprehensions. He the gallows! Am I more worthy of your name?

With a look of amazement and horror, Hunter cheerful assemblies; and said that he had resolved looked into the bloated, changed face, striving to enforce his doubts; but the well-known features were there, recognizable amid all change; the familiar a choice circle in the country. With this he left her voice could not be disguised, even by the heavy presence, repeating the assurances of his love and tongue. With the loud, heart-wrung cry of "Ralph!" devotion, with the same fluency that the parrot re- throwing his hands before his face, the father sank into the nearest chair.

The heavy pocket-book to which he had clung with

"Thanks to the Satanic fire! Here lies all the earthly happiness, she felt that the man she had mammon in my hand at once! My beautiful inheritance—enough for my whole life!" A deep manly heart; that he never could represent the sigh escaped him; with bitterness he continued:ideal she had hoped to meet in him. In her own "What enjoyment could I procure with this that I have not drained to the dregs? Have I not cradled myself upon the splendid heights of social life; am I not now grovelling in the mire of life, exulting in animal enjoyment? and here as there, all is satiety, disgust; nowhere peace-nowhere cheerful content. ment? And to whom do I owe this miserable exrules of a fashionable education, which, only intent istence? To you, man with the metallic heart!" he

" Fou, who educated me systematically for a spendtbrift; you, who cast the spoilt fruit from you, because your own work affrighted you the work of your own heartless calculation! Why did you allow quainted with the power and influence of gold? There I admitted to my soul, the pictures of vanity, pomp and indolence, haughtiness and love of pleasure, that smothered all the better feelings of my to his worldly position. She missed this state of heart! Did you not sow and cherish all the faults, humors and vices that in after years, like demons, stormed against God and reason, until the maddened himself. Disaprointed in his estimate of her for- broad that you had raised and strengthened, grew to monsters and turned their poisoned stings upon yourself, and with frenzied hunger devoured your gold? Then you trembled for what you had done; you dehis love a disinterested affection for herself, her per- manded gentleness, repentance, reformation! But your fetters were all too weak-for the full-grown will; the lack of consciousness gave no place for the uprising of repentance; reformation was impossible, for you had culpably neglected the soil of my heartwith glistening stones the soft ground was filled and overgrown with weeds that left no room for noble thoughts to flourish. The sculptor breaks the misshapen form, and makes a new and better one; you were not master enough to give the sinfully lavished clay a new form, so you cast the bungled figure from you, that it might not wound your eye, uncaring whether it would be a terror to itself or others! You have disinherited me, cast me from you, thrown me

gusting to me, for I cannot purchase with it one Joy of life. I despise life-it has no charms for me excoot in danger-no alm except in death. I have fought in Algiors against the wild Bedouin hordes; I have dedicated myself to the sea as a common saffer! for twolve hours; I have ventured in the midst of the risk of his life." the rushing flood of flame-but all in vain! From conflict, storm and fire I emerge untouched-I cannot self, as night advanced, into the arms of these vaga. bonds, and sought for relief from pain and memory thy precious name shall not be mentioned in suspiof those who discarded me I have long since cast from me. Fear not, either, that I shall find pleasure reconciliation. in the vices of my companions; for never, sunken and degraded as I am, shall I become a beggar, a the merchant; but when he heard his name, and thief! Therefore I return you your mammon; I will saw his features by the clear light of the astral-lamp not rob you of your idol, although you have deprived that illumined the apartment, a sudden pain seemed me of my god. From this day we part forever, and may chance never bring us together again! I shall never demand anything from you, not even your blessing, but I beseech you take to my sister my heart's last greeting!"

He gave him the pocket-book, and turned away; the fumes of intoxication had left his brain, and the violent tone of indignation in which he had first spoken, had given place to the accents of deep and wounded feeling.

A mighty struggle raged in Robin Hunter's soul; with the power of that voice seemed mingled the acson, now the companion of the low and vile, he became conscious for the first time of his culpability active and ready. towards him; and yet his heart was full of vain, proud plans—the cold pride yet dwelt in his bosom daughter to the Count von Reichenstein, forbade the idea of acknowledging the outcast son, but in secret, he would gladly have brought a sacrifice, to elevate man, who replied to him with a noble consciousness: once more the unhappy Ralph, and restore him to answer, the same tall fellow who appeared to be the that which I find within myself." leader of the band, and who had listened anxiously to the conversation, approached the merchant and cried laughingly:

"Do you think I do not understand your English? old marmot hugs so closely to him, Moses and all the an hour, overcame totally his failing strength. prophets stick in there! He has not yet offered his there! Hollo, boys! there will be shares enough his swoon; it was in vain. for each of us to go a long way through the world. that long to see your shining gold !"

With his hammer threateningly uplifted, he came for the pocket book, which the frightened, deadly pale old man sought vainly to hide in his bosom.

Before he could touch his booty he was met by a thundering "Hold!" and a strong blow sent him tiger, had sprung upon him; he seized from the from violence, as he swung the weapon and cried:

him, him will I cut down like a wild beast !" .

a laugh, he oried:-

"See, the fine little brother! he will not share mer is no honey-cake! Seize him! I help you! upon him, boys, upon him!"

There was a terrible conflict; Ralph stood before in a chair; he swung the cudgel above his head, evading many a blow, defended himself valiantly against the robber crew that pressed upon him; length two of the most cowardly of the vagabonds succeeded in throwing a noose around him, and thus throwing him to the floor. Disarmed and helpless, he sank down with a groan, and the shouting band was at their mercy.

They would have killed him in their fury; but their uplifted arms were stayed, for suddenly heavy footsteps were heard approaching; bayonets glistened, arms clashed, the word of command resounded, and a detatchment of the Citizen's Guard surrounded the surprized miscreants. The men were under the direction of a sergeant, and hearing the tumult from without, had hastened to the deliverance of the op-

"There, we have the whole band !" said the sergeant—a man of stern but noble countenance—and by the military; the soldiers were concealed from turning to them, he continued—" See, you wretches! his view by a passing engine. the mercy of God permitted your escape this morning, from the vestry of St. Nichola's Church, which you broke in to plunder; but in the present, justice few paces on, then his knees trembled beneath him. has overtaken you. Bind them!" he commanded and black clouds seemed to float before and obscure his men; "and let us place them where they can his sight. He paused in utter exhaustion, and leaned do no more harm."

In a few moments they were disarmed, and bound with the same ropes, part of which they had used that they were out of immediate reach of the flames, upon their intended victim. The sergeant deemed it for although they followed over the roofs, the nearest necessary, for the moment, to have some intimation of what had occurred; he took his memorandumbook, and requested the name of the party saved restore Helena to consciousness. from the hands of the thieves, as well as some account of the outrages they had committed.

spread the stricken city, and was reflected on the the value of gold, she determined on saving her ever the golden nourishment. But your gold is dis- and then in silence he looked upon the ground.

But his father, who, since the appearance of the muard, had collected his scattered senses, now added with some hegitation !-

"I am deeply grateful to the stranger; he came to my assistance at the moment of most imminent I have not forsaken the burning portions of the city danger; and protected my person and property at

"Go, then, with God, brave young man !" said the sergeant; and before the arms of the father, in ohefind the peaceful goal so much desired! I threw my. dience to awakened feeling, could enfold the son, he had vanished from the room. A bitter pang of shame passed through Hunter's breast; he had do. in the work of destruction. But be not troubled, man! nied his unfortunate son, had cast him away the second time; and in an hour when he owed him the clous company; my name is Ralph—the family name deepest gratitude; and yet he was too weak and irresolute to call him back, and offer him peace and

The sergeant had not until then closely observed to convulse his frame, and the hand that held the memorandum trembled visibly. A cloud of gloom and sorrow overspread his face, but it was only for a moment; then he was himself again, and, with his usual urbanity of manner, with a gentle voice he said :-

"You have waited too long with the safe disposal of your effects, but I will take every means to find trustworthy persons to save what is possible of your household goods. You must leave your house, for you do not appear strong enough to meet the danger that every moment is advancing. I offer you the cusing tones of conscience-for every word contained shelter of my home, which I hope will be spared by a fearful truth. As he looked upon his neglected the fire this night. Do you accept? Then come with me quickly, for my business calls me to be

The old merchant, since the departure of his son, had been tortured by a thousand gloomy thoughts, he could not give admittance so quickly to the warm and had not half understood the friendly offer and repentant feelings of humanity. The betrothal of his the meaning of the good sergeant; so that, in place of thanks, he stammered promises of reward and pecuniary return, but was interrupted by the good

"Not another word, sir! I do not need a reward; society. Time was pressing; no resolve was formed and when I fulfill the duties that God and humanity in his soul, and before he had had found the gentle demand of me, I demand no other compensation than

He gave the signal for departure; six men escorted the prisoners; he himself kindly supported the old man, who, exhausted by the terrible scenes of the past hour, was scarcely able to drag along his failing served five years under Admiral Stopford, in the limbs. They all left the house; but when Mr. Hun-English marines. By Satan's grandmother! that is ter reached the last step of his mansion, and gained the funniest story that ever tickled my ears since I the street, a loud cry of anguish burst from his lips, ride Nickel List's hobby-horse! The tar-jacket there, and with the one word, "Helena!" he sank fainting Ralph, has found his father. Who would have thought to the pavement. He had forgotten his daughter the fellow had such an aristocratic gold-papa? Come amid the stormy scenes, the pressing danger, and here and see, boys! that heavy pocket book that the the sudden recollection that he had not seen her for

The commander and his men heard not the cry of finger-tips to welcome his son. Hurrah! here is an the unhappy father, for at that moment all their inheritance for us all, for are we not Ralph's broth- attention was directed to the prisoners. The serers? Have we not sworn eternal brotherhood in the geant, who had left him for a moment, sprang market-place, by the ton of port-wine that we tapped | towards him, and endeavored to awaken him from

"Away, away!" he cried; "away with him from Out with the inheritance, you hard-hearted father! the reach of the fire; he needs a physician's help!" we are all your loving sons, morry gallows' birds, He ordered two of his guards to assist him in the conveyance of the wretched man, upon whose deathlike face and rigid form he looked in pity; as quickly still nearer to Hunter, stretching out the other hand as they could they took up their burden and marched

They had scarcely passed on some fifty paces. when the lawyer Herborn rushed from a neighboring street, and stood for a moment before the merchant's staggering back. It was Ralph, who, like a loosened house. The clear light streaming from the apartment on the first floor led him to suppose that the hand of the robber next to him the cudgel he held, owner had not yet left; that perhaps his help might and thus armed he approached to defend his father be needed. The thoughts of the keen insult that had been offered him were driven back by the holy "Let no one venture to attack this old man, if he feelings of human love and pity in view of the values his life! I have not opposed your brutal de- advancing danger. He passed the threshold; hurstructiveness, because it was too late to save, and riedly entered the house; the well-lighted room was the house is already doomed to the flames; but who- empty; disorder and confusion reigned in place of ever touches but a hair of this man's head, or the usual luxurious order and neatness. Filled with stretches his hand for the property he carries with inexplicable dread, he hastened up the wide stairs; in the entry leading to the second story he found The gigantic leader of the robber band, had, in Helena, rendered insensible through fear, lying by the meantime, recovered from the blow, and fearing the heavy basket that contained her jewels. The red flames were already passing over the roof, and the windows were splintered by the glow, the glass with us! But his skull is not of iron, and my ham- failing around in showers. Every moment was pre-Herborn lost not a moment in snatching the in-

sensible girl to his bosom, in throwing the handle of his father, who lay almost bereft of consciousness the basket over his arm, and in flying from the burning house. He scarcely seemed to feel the weight of his burden, but sped on through the flaming streets. Fiery showers fell around, upon their fury increased; the ringleader had aimed a him; chimneys and gables fell before, behind himheavy blow with the ponderous hammer; others his foot trod securely over the glowing ruins. In a sought to reach him with the heavy-gilded bars torn few moments, following the direction he had taken. from the curtains; but none succeeded. He main- he had almost reached a spot of comparative safety, tained his position gallantly, following their attempts in the streets yet untouched by the fire. But there, with flaming eyes, and always intent on protecting at the end of the rolling, flery flood, was the greatest his father, even at the cost of his life. But at conflict with its power. There, was the densest crowd, the wildest confusion, the loudest outeries. Fire-engines, wagons, hand cars, vehicles of all descriptions mingled together; the fire companies and their voluntary helpers; the military; fugitives, surrounded him with jibes and menaces; his life laden with their household goods and wares, all were mixed together; commanding, calling, weeping, shouting and supplicating. Herborn saw the utter impossibility of passing

through the crowd and tumult; a burning portion of a roof had fallen upon his right knee, and he felt his strength forsaking him. Seeking some way to escape, he looked around, and observed to the left a small street in which but few of the houses appeared as yet touched by the flames. As far as he could see, the street was empty and forsaken; and he saw not that it was closed off, and its entrance guarded

Without a second thought, and unseen by the sentinels, he fled into the empty street. He walked a for support against an iron gallery that enclosed a cellar stairway, leading from the street. He saw houses were yet untouched; and he thought to allow himself a few moments' rest, in the endeavor to

The door of the cellar dwelling was wide open: in a large room beneath, a hanging lamp burned cheer. "My name is Ralph. I am a sailor on board the fully. As he descended the steps, the sentinels at American ship Washington," replied the young man; the entrance of the street, which was now again unobstructed, observed him, and seemed to urge him

words reached not his ear.

found a room that bore the appearance of the hasty er, shall my hand unbar the mystle gateway; for the flight of its immates. It was emptied of its furni- poet, shall the divinity of the real be made visible; ture; only the lamp remained suspended from the for the loving, shall the heaven of beauty unfold; for ceiling; and an old, heavy sofa, that was probably the pure in heart, the presence of the Everlasting too cumbersome to be taken away. It was, however, God be found. With love, and truth and purity, with comfortable, and served as a resting place for Helena, whom Herborn gently placed upon it; and when he put down the heavy basket, a deep and grateful sigh life, the harbinger of heavenly tidings-the spirit burst from his heart; for he believed himself and link betwixt God and man. his levely companion to be safe from the danger.

But at that very moment, the ground beneath him trembled; a sound as of rolling thunder shook the spiritual gifts, gemmed stores of truth, and fragrant air; then confused and terrific noises, as if of falling walls and rafters-thens udden stillness succeeded. The lamp in the cellar was extinguished, and Her. diviner music, may interpret aright my songs-my born lay insensible upon the ground. The adjoining choicest flowers upspring in lowly places. I do my house had been blown into the air by powder, and Father's bidding with a joyous heart, and am to all the falling fragments had filled up the subterraneous abode, forbidding all egress to the unfortunate Herborn and the young girl he would have died to save. They were buried in darkness beneath the earth! CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

# The Mords of Spring.

I come, answering gladly thy varied invocations, life of flowers, the vivid green, the singing "joy of waves." I come with love lays thrilling to the for-est's heart; with plenteous gifts and rich abundance of itself. waves." I come with love lays thrilling to the fordowered. Over my hopeful mantle fall the hallow. ing sunbeams, and my wrial lyre gives forth responamid its golden strings. I bring to earth the dreamgroups of the beautiful; my hand unbars the starry portals of the inner life, and reveals to the heart's have gone forth-my budding sceptro waved in ben ediction. From the rolling sea, and murmuring fount, the swelling anthem of the universal joy of welcome -in all nature's tuneful voices, has the acknowledgment of my power gone forth; over all of life and beauty, song and love, has my spirit shed its wealth of light and harmony.

I come to thee, oh asking earth! bringing far richer gifts than ever commissioned spirit brought asist them in their researches, rather than a full before. A richer lustre has been added to my ever renovated robe; a holier signet is on my brow a diviner mission wings my feet-a purpose broad and high and holy swells my heart; for, earth! I come to thee with angel tidings. Arise, long creed-bound beauteous mother! the call of freedom echoes from the mountain tops!

I bring the vivid sunshine that lights up the blooming face of earth with smiles, and the love light of diviner realms is there; the dews upon my fragrant robe are diamond truths, that will not vanish 'neath the sunlight's power. The gemmed and starry lustre of my flowery crown fears not the assault of storm or blight; it is formed of jewels gathered amid worldly conflict-the victory and the harmony of souls shines there resplendent and forever.

I bring, with the rose's breath and the violet's wafted sweetness, no more the saddening recollections of the loved and lost. But with the illuminating light of heaven I cast o'er souls awakening to the joy of life, the response of the hearts still beating true and love-warm in the spirit lands-rejoioing there amid unfading glories for the coming and the songs of Spring. My sunlight falls not upon the responsive earth alone—it seeks and finds the inner founts, and calls the tiny blossoms from the arid soil The human heart is warmed by me, the spirit messenger! see the token flowers I bring unto the darkened, solitary homes of earth! No cypress wreath is mine; I bring the amaranthine blossoms of eternity -I bring the living, heart-warm messages of the loved and found. Oh! I am richly freighted! pure and loving immortals thus have decked my trailing robe-little cherub fingers have arranged these flowers—spirits of wisdom have thus crowned my

I come, beloved and long suffering earth! I come to thee with freedom, light and joy. Beneath the dome of heaven thy children shall know and feel the fervency and depth of prayer. The God-smile shall rest on their longing hearts, a blessing worthy of the soul's acceptance; the open pages of the beautiful man to God. Already, see, the towering steeples stand a mockery amid the land; the cold and formal worship is deserted—the creed-bound souls are struggling; daily, hourly the alters of superstition crumble. It has been Winter long; joy, joy to earth, the Spring-time of the soul has come!

a faint reflection even of the Universal Father's a shadow lingering, cast o'er my light and buoyancy by a dread Deity's hand? Do not a thousand voices proclaim my undivided empire? Is not my music charming, and my influence all powerful for good? Bring I not the cherished hopes of youth, enshrined with holiness, and entwined with hearts wealth, to the seeking soul? Bring I not the household angels to the accustomed spot, and with my earliest songs mingle not the familiar melodies of yore? My promises of love and reunion, bear they not the sacred seal of truth? I have never mislead my votaries through winding labyrinths to a sea of doubt. With poesy and music, light and beauty, dwells religion; the pure, the uncontaminated; from musty creeds and idol volumes, the children of earth have gathered fear, distrust and unbelief. On my rainbow tinted wings I bear the soul to heaven.

I come, no more to depart from among you! Ye may "welcome the Summer on soft winds borne," the waning glory of the Autumn, the bracing joy of ble feature of my investigations that every con-Winter time-but I shall dwell among you hence caivable objection I could raise was, first or last, met forth, a willing guest to every home and heart that and answered. Let me take the rappings as a bids me welcome—a messenger betwixt advancing specimen: earth and nearing heaven. And I will dwell as ons not by days and months; the heart-beats of the affections; the soul-tracks of progress, are all I know came with a hurried, cheerful sound on the floor of time. My fairest roses, ripe and blushing, fra-

to retrace his way; for they called in tones of clarm matron's gates; the illies of my choicest store bloom and command: "This way! Back-back!" But overlastingly for the pure hearts that gather them; he heard only the sounds of the warning voices-the the violet-blooms of memory exhale their choicest Parfume for the loving, truthful soul. I go not Without heeding them, therefore, he descended, and hence, for my mission is to earth; here for the seekchildhood and with maidenhood, with youth and age, I dwell henceforth, the brightener and the inspirer of

I come, gladly responding to the myriad voices that call me from the summoning earth. I bring rich blossoms of immortality-and my gifts are free to all mankind! The humblest heart, attuned to love's a messenger of peace.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM. INTRODUCTORY.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sin-I am permitted to address a series of articles to the readers of the Tribune on the subject of

Spiritualism, and I embrace the opportunity.
In doing so, I do not mean to address myself to believers, though they are a pretty formidable band, being numbered now by millions in this country alone; nor to the five or six millions of professing Christians in our nation, for I am bound to accord to them the privilege I claim for myself, of enjoying d summoning earth! I come with the awakening address myself to the fifteen or twenty millions of our people who belong to no church, who scarcely

To them I will proffer a faith which can relieve their painful doubts as to the future; will dispel the sive music to the asking winds that flit petitioning anxiety which, in spite of every effort, will at times intrude upon every mind; will open to their comprehension a view of the future beyond measure attractive to an immortal nature; and, while it may conflict with many of the doctrines taught as the vision the angels clustering there. Abroad, o'er field religion of the day, will enjoin upon all who receive and mountain, wood and vale, my flowery mandates it an unvarying life of public worth and private

To do that, I shall aim at two things. One will be to demonstrate the fact that they who once lived in the musical interchange of leafy greeting; from on earth and have died, can, and do, communicate with those yet living; and the other, what it is that they can and do reveal to us through such communion.

To fill this task full, would require vastly more room than will be accorded to me in these papers, and I shall therefore be compelled to be very-very brief in my statements-contenting myself, of necesdisclosure of all that is known on the topic.

Of course, I shall have to repeat many things I have said at other times, and may not be new to some of my readers. Tedious as that may be to them and to me, I can not well help it, for my object is not to pander to a craving for the novel or the marvelous, but to bring together in one view the vast mass of evidence on the subject now lying in scattered fragments all around us. I am to bear my own testimony as well as that of others, and therefore I ought, first of all, to show that I am competent to do so. Am I trustworthy? This paper will be dated on the day I attain the age of sixty years, nearly forty of which have been spent not obscurely, but professionally, politically and judicially before the public, where all could judge of my character for veracity. Am I easily deluded? Let my private and public career answer. Am I credulous, parti-cularly on this subject? Let this statement answer for me :-

It was in January, 1851, that I first began my investigations, and it was not until April, 1853, that I became a firm and unquestioning believer in the reality of spiritual intercourse. During twentythree months of these twenty seven, I witnessed several hundred manifestations in various forms. I kept very minute and careful records of many of them. My practice was, whenever I attended a cir-cle, to keep in pencil a memorandum of all that took place, so far as I could, and as soon as I returned realm of consciousness, and loosens there the frozen home, to write out a full account of what I had witfounts, and calls the tiny blossoms from the arid soil nessed. I did all this with as much minuteness and particularity as I had ever kept any record of a trial before me in Court. In this way, during that period, I preserved the record of nearly two hundred interviews, running through some 1600 pages of manuscript. I had these interviews with many different mediums, and under an infinite variety of circumstances. No two interviews were alike. There was always something new or something different from what had previously occurred; and it very seldom happened that only the same persons were present. The manifestations were of every known form, physical or mental-sometimes only one, and sometimes both combined. I resorted to every expedient I could devise to detect imposture and to guard against delusion. I felt in myself, and saw in others, how exciting was the idea that we were actually com-muning with the dead; and I labored, as I thought successfully, to prevent any undue bias of my judgment. I was at times critical and captious to an unreasonable extreme, and when my belief was chalperused by every eye, their willing study; and the lenged, as it was over and over again, I refused to fulfillment of the law of love, the angel offering of yield except to evidence that would leave no possible room for cavil.

I was severely exacting in my demands, and this would frequently occur: I would go to a circle with some doubt on my mind as to the manifestations of the previous circle, and something would happen aimed directly at that doubt, and completely overthrowing it, as it then seemed, so that I had no longer any reason to doubt. But I would go home Look, children, on my smiling face ! lingers there and write out carefully my minutes of the evening, cogitate over them then for several days compare wrath? In my gloriously renovated youth, in all them with my previous records, and finally find some the magic of my spiritual and visible beauty is there loophole—some possibility that it might have been something else than spiritual influence, and I would go to the next circle with a new doubt and a new set of queries. I was in the habit, on such occasions, when alone by myself, and in preparation for the next circle, of putting on paper every possible question that I could imagine to test the matter. I saw that the circumstances of the interview often prevented my framing on the spur of the moment questions sufficiently searching, and therefore I took my leisure. when alone in my library, with nothing to interrupt the current of thought, to perform that task, and I used often to attend the circle with a series of questions thus deliberately framed, which I carefully concealed from every human being, so that I knew beyond peradventure that no mortal could know what questions I meant to ask, and no mortal could be prepared beforehand to answer them.

I look back, sometimes now with a smile, at the ingenuity I wasted in devising ways and means to avoid the possibility of deception. Still, there was the danger of self deception or mental delusion on my part, and I tried to be equally astute on that point, not merely when at the circle, but alone, in the calm of my hours of study. It was a remarka-

When I first heard them, it was in the presence of three females, whose characters were enough of gladly with the aged as with the young—in the heart themselves to assure me against any attempt at immatured by sorrow or by years—for my spirit reck-position. As I entered the room where they were seated together at one side of a table, the rappings near where they sat. I took my seat at the opposite side of the table, and listened, with the idea in my of time. My fairest roses, ripe and blushing, fra. side of the table, and listened, with the idea in my grant and beautiful, shall blossom by the venerable mind, "One of them is doing it—perhaps with her | New York, March 13, 1859.

feet or hands, her too or knee joints." Directly the sounds came on the table, and not on the floor, where their hands could not reach. "It was ventriloguism. I said to mysolf. I put my hands on the table di rectly over the sounds, and distinctly felt the vibration, as if a hammer had struck it. "It was machin-dry," I imagined, and then the sounds moved about the table in different parts, they and the vibration following my hands wherever I put them. At other times, though not on this first occasion, I have turned the table upside down, and examined it so carefully as to know there was no machinery.

Thus I went on, at this time and at other times, testing the rappings in various ways by these questions. And in answer they would sometimes come on the back of my chair, when there was no one behind me; sometimes on my person, when there was no one near enough to touch me; sometimes in a railroad-car, when in rapid motion; sometimes high up on a wall beyond the reach of any one; some-times on a door standing open, when I could see on both sides of it, and no one was near enough to touch it; sometimes four or five feet distant from any person; sometimes following the person when walking to and fro; sometimes when the medium was immersed in water; sometimes when they were placed on a feather pillow; sometimes when isolated from the floor on glass; and sometimes I found, beyoud doubt, that they were the sheer fabrication of the medium.

Still, it might be ventriloquism; and so we tested it by jars of quicksilver, so placed that the least vibration of the material on which the sound was made would be apparent. And, finally, after weeks of such trial, as if to dispel all idea in my mind as to its being done by others or by machinery, the rappings came to me alone when I was in bed, when no mortal but myself was in the room. I first heard them then on the floor, as I lay reading. I said, "It's a mouse." They instantly changed their location from one part of the room to another, with a rapidity that no mouse could equal. "Still, it might be more than one mouse?" And then they came upon my person, distinct, clear, unequivocal. I explained it to myself by calling it a twitching of the nerves, which at times I had experienced, and so I tried to see if it was so. It was on my thigh that they came. I sat up in bed, threw off all clothing from the limb, leaving it entirely bare. I held my ighted lamp in one hand, near my leg, and sat and ooked at it. I tried various experiments. I laid my left hand flat on the spot—the raps would be then on my hand, and cease on the leg. I laid my hand edgewise on the limb, and the force, whatever it was, yould pass across my hand and reach the leg, mak ing itself as perceptible on each finger as on the leg. held my hand two or three inches from my thigh, and found they instantly stopped and resumed their

work as soon as I withdrew my hand.

But I said to myself, this is some local affection, which the magnetism of my hand can reach. Immediately they ran riot all over my limbs, touching me with a distinctness and rapidity that was marvelous running up and down both limbs from. the thighs to the end of the toes, and two or three times with force enough to hurt some, as if a child had struck me with blunted nail.

Thus they proceeded, for some half hour or more

as I thus watched, until I gave up that there was any but one hypothesis on which they could be explained, for they were intelligent, and by their changing met my mental objections, for I uttered no word aloud. I put down my lamp and lay down to sleep. They immediately left my limbs and went to other parts of my body, and I fell asleep with them gently tapping my left side.

Still there was another question: may not this be some unknown power belonging to a peculiar mortal organization, and subject to its control? The answer to that was-though not the only answer-that it would often come when the medium did not want it and as often refuse to come when it was most earn estly wanted. And it was the same with the desires of the circle. It would come when it pleased, and as it pleased, whatever it was, and not as we wished.

were spread over several months, merely for the pur-

months in Central America. I took with me four of the circles, and I was able to examine the sub-

I discovered a grand scheme displayed in the work-an intelligent design, persisted in amid all shines at noonday, and nothing short of the blind-ness of insanity could make me doubtful as to the Next, I beheld spirit scenes, which I was told were ight that was shining around me.

tried, temporally and mentally. I have been ex-cluded from the associations which once made life pleasant to me. I have felt, in the society which I once hoped to adorn, that I was an object marked for avoidance, if not for abhorance. Courted once and honored among men, I have been doomed to see My daughter, who had long resisted the belief, one the nearest and dearest to me turn from me with with infirm health, compelled to begin the world me, and I communed with her for half an hour. We again, and oh! amid what discouragements! With reasoned together as in life, discussed various sugthe subject so dear to me—tainted with man's folly gestions, and concerted a plan. and fraud; destined to see fools run mad with it,

It is not my fault that I have not. It is no merit in me that I have persisted. Belief was not, as it ever is with man, matter of volition. But the evidence was so conclusive that it compelled conviction. and I could not help it. Mountains may fall and

There is in my profession a saying, that he who tries his own cause has a fool for a client. Perhaps shall realize that, in the tribunal in which I now appear; but how difficult it is for one to stop when talking of one's self! I had no idea I should carry my egotism so far. I know how ungrateful the strain must be to my readers. But what can I do? what credence to yield. Having performed that task, I leave that topic-I forget the inconsiderable advocate, and dwell henceforth more on the mighty theme, and in my next number I will begin the work of describing the various kinds of manifestations, from which, I claim, that the same mind cannot escape the conviction that it is a voice from beyond the grave that is now speaking to man. It is

"Hark I from the tombs a deleful sound." But listen! it is a voice from beyond, bringing glad J. W. EDHONDA.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.

HUMBER TWO.

MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Ellitor of the N. Y. Tribune ; Sin: I shall devote this and the next paper to Mediumship and the Circles—the chief instrument-alities of spiritual intercourse. And I remark— First—That the manifestation of the spirit-power

seems to be generally connected with the living human form. I say generally, because there seem to be some cases where the phenomena do not require or are not connected solely with the person. Haunted houses are of that kind. So are cases of inanimate objects moving in the absence of any person. And the brute creation are sometimes affected. The devils' entering the herd of swine, and Balaam's ass seeing the angel before his rider did, are instances of this. So I am informed of a case, where a fierce watch-dog saw a spirit at the same moment his master did, and fled affrighted. And in the "Secress f Prevost," it is said-" A black terrier that was in the house was always aware of the presence of the spirit, and crept howling to his master; neither would he lie alone at night."

These, however, are exceptions to the rule that the iving human form is necessary to the intercourse. Second-The existence of the mediumistic power s the result of physical rather than of mental or moral organization.

What that peculiarity of organism is, I confess I do not know. I at one time thought the power was connected with a nervous, excitable temperament; but I have seen it just as strong in a stupid, stolid person. It does not depend upon age, nor upon sex, nor upon color; not upon climate or locality, nor upon condition; for rich and poor, high and low, educated and ignorant, married and single, male and female, young and old, white and black, are alike developed as mediums.

And my marvel is that men of science, instead of acting like second children, do not look into it like men of sense, and find out what it is that is thus strangely affecting all classes. Surely, it may as well be discovered as many other things connected with man, which were once as profound mysteries as this is. Its existence in our midst cannot be ignored any longer, nor will thinking people be much longer satisfied with general denunciations, of its delusive or demonical nature. And science owes it to mankind to meet the question, not with self-complacent

The Athelst's laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended—

but with careful, judicious investigation. In France, it meets with such sensible treatment. But among the savans of America, with the exception of Prof. Hare and Prof. Mapes, it is received as the appearance of a comet was in the days of my childhood among frightened boys, with anything but philosophic calmness.

Third-Mediumship is capable of being improved by culture.

I have known physical mediumship to begin with faint and almost inaudible rappings, and end with loud, clear and distinct sounds; to begin with a slight motion of a table, and, after awhile, find itself amid a riotous movement of inanimate objects. I have known the mental kind to begin with writing mere "not-hooks and hangers," and unmeaning characters, and ere long to write with ease and distinctness; to begin with seeing a faint, shadowy form, and end with so distinct a vision of the spirit as to be able to identify the person; to begin with a confused perception of something to be communicated, and progress to the point of receiving thought clearly and distinctly from this unseen intelligence.

It seems to be like other of our attributes-like our power to read, write or oypher—to paint or make music—belonging to us as part of our nature, and capable of being made available by culture.

I found it so in my own case. The first signs of mediumship in me came when I was alone in my library, and in the form of an impression on my mind. I have gone into this detail here, of events which lit might be called imagination, for it was very like were spread over several months, merely for the pure the process of building castles in the air, and yet it pose of showing the precautions which I took, and was different. It was presenting to my conscious-how I investigated. And I will add that, with all the other manifestations of which I shall hereafter by the totality of the incidents. The process was speak—and there are very many others beside the novel to me, and I watched it with a good deal of rappings—I dealt in the same way for a period of interest. I discovered that I had nothing to do with bout two years, before I yielded my belief as to their it, but to be a passive recipient of a train of thought, spiritual origin.

At the end of these two years, I left the country on account of my health, and spent about three intelligence.

My next step was to behold a scene presented to wolumes of my manuscripts, and, having little else my vision like a moving panorama, and not merely to do during that time, I carefully reviewed the subject. I compared the proceedings of one meeting with those of anothen; I hunted for discrepancies and contradictions; I was away from the excitement was dealing with me, presented the picture more or the contradictions of less rapidly, as it discovered I had taken in its deject, and I did examine it as carefully and as crititalls; and after going through with it once thus de-cally as I over tried or decided a case in court in my liberately, it presented it to me a second time, but more rapidly, evidently for the purpose of so impressing it on my memory that I could narrate it.

My next step was to see an individual spirit, that discouragements and difficulties-returning ever to of an old friend, who had been dead six or eight its purpose, however diverted by obstructions at the years. I was in my room at work, not thinking of noment, and I became a believer in the spiritual him, and suddenly I saw him sitting by my side, theory. I ought not to say I yielded my belief. Be- near enough for me to touch him. I perceived that lief came in spite of me, as it does that the sun I could exchange thoughts with him, for, in answer

the actual, living realities of the spirit-world, scenes Since then I have been a firm and unwavering belin which individuals and numbers were moving, liever in the idea that the spirits of the dead do and acting, thinking, as we do in this life, and conveying can hold communion with us. I have been sorely to me a vivid idea of life in the next stage of exist-

> During all these steps of progress, I could converse with the spirits whom I saw, as easily as I could talk with any living mortal, and I held discussions and

day requested to witness a manifestation, and I pity, if not disgust. Tolerated rather than well sought an interview with her mother, in order to comed among my fellows; at an advanced age, and bring it about advantageously. The spirit came to

It will hardly do to say this was imagination in and rogues perverting it to nefarious purposes; me; for the plan thus concerted was, after a lapse meeting in its daily walks, (owing to the sad imper- of a few weeks, carried out without my intervention. fection of the instrumentalities used,) much that M female, a stranger to both mother and daughter, was calculated to discourage and dishearten; and beholding how the world, for whom this glorious through her, when entranced and unconscious, was truth comes, turns from it and reviles it; I have finished to my daughter a parting injunction of her never, for one moment, faltered from that hour in mother, which death had interrupted two years before.

Nor will it do to say this was a mere reflex of the minds of the living, for my daughter alone knew of the injunction which had been given, and knew not the conclusion until she thus heard it.

Thus has my mediumship progressed from a shacrush me, but they cannot make me believe there is dowy impression of an allegory, to seeing spirits, no earth under my feet, and no stars over my conversing with them, and receiving thoughts from them with ease and distinctness. Why may not this be equally true of every one?

Fourth—Mediumship has an infinite variety of phase—the same that is witnessed in human character and human action, and absolutely precluding the idea of collusion.

Fifth-It comes at its pleasure, and not ours. By observing the proper conditions, we may aid its com-I have ascended the witness's stand, and am getting ing. So we may surround ourselves by circum-ready to bear my testimony before my fellow-men. stances which will retard or prevent its coming; but I desire that my jury may know in what mood of we cannot make it come at our pleasure. There is mind I bear witness, that they may the better judge no greater anomaly connected with the subject than the extent and manner of our control over it, and no part of it where improvement by culture can be greater. This control seems to belong to man as part of his nature, and can be so acquired by him as

entirely to forestall any power to do harm. Sixth—Wherever it appears, in whatever part of the world, it has the same general characteristics. Thus, among the slaves at the South, I learn that it comes in the same form as among the free at the North. I have been told by a missionary in San Domingo, that such was its appearance among the ignorant negroes there. A French gentleman, who had been in Algeria, described to me the same thing

among the Arabs. Two Spaniards, who had never of the phenomenon, found it obscurely in Cadiz with the same features. An English gentleman came to my house out of curiosity, and, hearing it described, exclaimed that it was the same thing which had occurred at his father's country mansion years ago, but they did not know what it was.

This accordance in feature everywhere, is a pretty formidable argument against the theory of collusion

and delusion.

Seventh—Though I have said that it depends nainly on physical organization, I must not be unlerstood as implying that mental or moral causes do not affect it. I know of no kind of mediumship that is entirely exempt from the effect of the human mind, and I know many cases where, the power being abused, it has been interrupted. The most requent cause of interruption, is the perversion of t to selfish purposes. One medium, I knew, who became grasping, avaricious, in spite of warnings. His power was suspended until he reformed. A young girl, taken from the streets as a rag-picker, with great powers was used by an old woman to make money out of. Not only was the child taken from her, but the power taken from the child. When it is necessary for my daughter to rest from her labors, the power is temporarily suspended. But it is not always that it will be stopped at our

pleasure. When the desire to stop is purely selfish, they will often pay no attention to it. I know a case, where a female, afraid that her business might be hurt, refused to be used. She was followed by the manifestations until she yielded, and then all was well. My daughter and niece long resisted the belief, and for a whole year my house was haunted with noises and other performances until they yielded, and then it stopped. If they omitted their evening devotions on going to bed, they would be disturbed until they said their prayers, and then all would be quiet.

I could enumerate many kindred instances, but my space compels me to be content with saying, as the result of my experience, that where the power is yielded to and used with good sense and from pure motives, it seldom hurts, but is generally productive of good; but when perverted to selfish purposes, it will, first or last, be interrupted, or bring punishment in its train, and sometimes both.

Eighth-Mediumship frequently changes in the same person in its form of manifestation, and this is not at the option of the instrument. I know one who, at first, was a medium for rapping, table tippings and the like; then she wrote mechanically thoughts not her own; then she spoke in many tongues; then she sang and played words and music unknown to her; then she personated the departed; then saw spirits; then spoke by impression; then was clairvoyant, seeing earthly distant objects; then she prophecied; and then communed freely with the dead, and conveyed their messages of affection and instruction to their surviving friends.

Ninth-I have observed that though ill health will not always prevent, yet a sound state of health s most favorable to the manifestation, and the health will never be injured when the power, is discreetly used. Over indulgence in it, as in other

things, will be injurious.

And, finally, (for want of space compels me to stop) I have observed that, in every form which mediumship has assumed, there has been ever manifest one great object in view—steadily aimed at throughout that was to open a communication between mortals and the invisible world; and to that end intelligence displaying ever itself, and forcing upon the rational mind this most important inquiry, Whence comes this intelligence?

J. W. EDMONDS. intelligence?

New York, April 2, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO "GENIE."

BY MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER. God bless thee, little darling! In thy home amid the hills, Where nestled down and sheltered From the winter's dreary chills, Thy little heart like that within The bosom of the dove, Sends forth to call its mother back Its cooling notes of love.

Thy little message came to me-The precious, tiny thing! Like a bright downy-plume plucked from A woodland warbler's wing; And as I pressed it to my lips, My heart's warm tear-drops flowed In gratitude to God, that he Such blessing had bestowed.

I hovered o'er thy cradle In an agony of woe; While fever-fire burned on thy cheek And frenzy in thine eye, And all who stood around us said My charished one must die. And oh! I well remember, too,

I remembered, little darling,

That whisper, low and still, That sent through soul and heart and brain, Of prophocy that thou wouldst live, My darling child, to be E'en in my earthly path of life A "guiding star" to me.

My heart beat wildly in its joy That thou could st be restored In health and beauty to my arms, .... My precious! my adored! My precious I my adored I
And that from pain and anguish thou
Wouldet be again set free: But deemed not how in future life
Thou'dst be a "guide" to me.

But how that blessed prophecy. Since 1891 and the Dark That through my inmost thrilled, Hath been in thought and word and deed, In potency fulfilled! a harrigati For every hour I'm toiling and a disposition for the In my life for all to be,

What I would have the angel and the total And the mortal be to thee. If I falter in the struggle and the second second second For the spirit's higher birth, I ask if thus I'd have thee yield To any power of earth;

March 18 to Berther by Lynn, a

1 1 1 1 1 1

And thus 'mid all temptations which Beset my mortal way,
By what I'd have my child become I'm "guided" day by day. So twinkle on in beauty, thou Dear little "Northern Star!"

It with a colorabile I'll catch each tiny, golden ray, Thou sendest from afar, And though my bark be tempest-tost Upon life's stormy sea, I can securely guido its helm, If thou dost shine on me.

1000年 1000年 And in its pure and hallowed light Will linger by my side,
The pearly-mantled ministrants, Who said thou'dst be my "guide." And when the bright spring song-birds come To warble round thy nest. The mother will return and clasp Her darling to her breast.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1859.

A poor son of the Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunks, who told him he employed no Irishmen—"For the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge." "Ah, your honor," said Pat, brightening up, "an' is that all? Then you'd give me the place; : for sure I can get a certificate that I never died in the employ of any masther I iver served."

Right is a dull weapon unless skill wield it. on a directal content esti-

# Banner of Night.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1850.

Published at No. 3 1-2 Brattle Street,

THOS. GALES FORSTER, J. ROLLIN M. BQUIRE. LUTHER COLBY. WILLIAM BERRY.

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#### THE MISTAKES OF REFORMERS.

A man who sets up to reform another, is naturally expected to see more clearly than that other person the need and best method of reform. In other words, we look to find a reformer one who knows more and better than those whom he proposes to reform. But is this always the case? Is it the fact even in a bare majority of instances? Are the men who set about the work of regenerating others, in the true sense, fitted to perform that work by being regenerated themselves? They may, to be sure, be intently resolved to be pure and perfect in a certain direction. or even in all directions; but that does not mean the same thing as having one's finer spiritual perceptions awakened to behold truth and beauty where another cannot behold truth and beauty. And it is just at this latter point, we conceive, where our professed reformers of the present time come short, and cripple their power as true reformers in proportion.

Now, provided a man does possess this purity of purpose and this clearness of spiritual perception in a degree far above that of his fellows, the next question is, how he shall best make it perform its office in the world. He manifestly has a gift-how shall he use it? The common way is well enough understood, and it is quite as well known how far short it comes of success. One fault with this method is, that those who practice upon it are more anxious to make proselytes than to make good and true men. The partizan passion is appealed to, and becomes excited in consequence. Speakers and writers ask their listeners and readers to subscribe to their tenets, whether they manage at the same time to seize hold of the saving principles or not. There is more creed preached than truth. There is more said about the form than the essence. Reformers are very desirous, we grant, to make converts, but it must be converts to nothing but their individual views. And this is one mistake, and a radical one.

Nothing can possibly hinder the progress of reformatory principles more than a misapprehension, and therefore a misstatement, of what they really are. For example, one man will declare they are all comprised in a certain rule, according to which it is essential that all the rest should walk with rigid scrupulousness; another insists that he has them every one compacted in his particular creed, which he thereupon proceeds to enunciate, pointby point; a third tells you it is taking a position of open and angry hostility to every human institution known, merely because none of them happen to be perfect, and probably will not be perfect until all earthly institutions cease to be human; a fourth gives out that to reform is to do something still different; and all are agreed, however divided their opinions on the subject may seem, that there is somewhat mechanical in the performance, evincing it by laying down their rules and formularies, and insisting that obedience to these is one of the primary conditions of success.

Hence it is apparent that this class of reformers are superficial reformers; they only scratch the surface; they stickle for the rights and privileges of "our side," as if there was any side about it; they want to build up a strong party, so that they may reap some personal benefit from it, such as money or fame; they are eager to possess themselves of external power, as if that were a higher form of power than that which is purely spiritual; they labor to overthrow abuse with authority, and insist on meeting force with force. All this has no relation to the reformation of a man's real nature, and the sooner such a barren misconception is corrected, the better will it be both for those whose efforts are so sadly misdirected and for those upon whom they are so needlessly put forth.

The fault lies, therefore, in the utter misconception of what real reformation for the individual is, and of how it is to be conducted. No one individual can reform any other individual; he must do it for himself. He must first see what is wanted, where he is wrong, how he has gone off the true track, and the bost way to get back again-before he will take any steps of himself to get back; no other man can get back for him-that he must do for himself. To reform one's self, therefore, is to see what is still better than what we now see; it is to catch a spiritual suggestion relative to our life, and at once act upon it; it is to abandon without compunction the wrong course, and adopt-instantly the right thought in respect of it; it is, in fine, simply turning away from present error and mistake to what our own souls tell us is altogother better.

There is no mechanism about reforming; there is no rule about it; it is all an internal, silent, and thoroughly spiritual act, or it is nothing. Therefore the platforms and sounding resolutions of the mass meetings are little worth; therefore the external cooperation of any number of individuals who do not yet perceive truly of these matters for themselves, will effect nothing radical and permanent; therefore the old notions about the how and the wherewithal must be abandoned, and the work revert to the individual slone. After all our make weights and stopgaps have been tried in this business, we are forced to fall back upon the individual himself, and, instructing him only to see what he does not now see, leave the rest to his own soul. Further intermeddling with him is fatal to the work; it only cultivates, first his sympathy, and then his prejudices for your plans and your thoughts, and instead of becoming reformed in any true and lasting sense, he has simply devel. Oped into the character of a partizan.

We meddle too much in these matters. We do not

have the making of our own spirits originally, and it is preposterous to think we can recast them now. The Almighty does not need our aid: all he wants is, the hints they silently offer us on every hand. That is all. But instead of that, we are fussy marplots; we seek to set up a power of our own, opposed to these fixed principles of the spiritual being, and substitute the fitful power of a party for the speechless but everlasting power of God. Humility is, there fore, the last feature to be discovered among meddle some reformers. They believe they know about all there is worth knowing. They live off their self conceit, as a camel in the desert lives off his humps-They can tell you anything you please about everything you will. Out of the mass of crudities that are piled up about them, they can fill you up at any moment a measure of verbal jargon, and pointless proverbs, and wisdom and water, that will utterly confound you with the thought of mortal men's ever living to know so much. They are no ways backward, either, with their epithets and their personal criticism: so soon has their conceit of reform developed into the habit of backbiting and abuse.

These are in no sense the elements or the evidences of reformation within the soul. After all that has been said and done, we have got to fall back on the Scripture maxim-"Physician, heal thyself!" And the greater the difficulty in doing this, the surer the proof that no real reform had ever been started. It is a final and fatal test. Men cannot hope to reform others, except primarily through themselves. God has given us certain faculties with which to work upon our own souls: the work upon the souls of other men is altogether their own affair. We may have a keen sympathy, and an undying love for them, but we must not believe we can do their work. Between each individual soul and the great source of all spiritual life, alone stands the account. We mistake if we interfere.

### ARE WE A LIBERAL PEOPLE?

The American people boast of the great liberality in religious and political matters, which obtains in our country. These boasts tell the world that we are each of us free to express our thoughts, so long as we do not outrage the established laws of morality. We Northern people imagine that the plant of Liberality grows luxuriantly among us, and not unfrequently say very uncharitable things of our Southern brethren, because they deem it right to curtail freedom of speech in their midst. But are we more the children of liberty than they? Is there not an ele- a boy in tearing up some letters, the pieces of which ment of slavery running through our entire social he threw into a hole in the sidewalk in front of his institutions, which seeks to enslave one man to the cellar window, which is covered with iron grates, opinions of another? Do we not all desire to compel over which foot passengers pass. The manner of our brothers to believe as we do, act as we would they should? It appears to us this feeling is more the gentleman gathered the fragments, and putting prevalent than many think.

Occasionally this spirit shows itself palpably to us. Not many weeks ago, a periodical dealer in a neighboring city refused to sell the Banner of Light, and other kindred papers, because they did not advocate the doctrines of his church. We had ne heart for censure—only pity for him; and as we were satisfied that his folly would be rebuked, we kept silence. Other dealers have done the same thing, to our knowledge: but we feel too strong, and have too much faith in the success of our enterprise, to fear any such intolerance, and so we have calmly looked truth of our statement. at these tyrants with more of pity than of anger.

It is said that some news dealers have refused to sell the Tribune, now that Judge Edmonds's articles are published in it! So again the spirit of intolerance breaks forth.

But it is no less pleasing to find that there are men who are prepared to breast these storms of bigotry; and that if intolerance is found in large quantities and in many persons, there is a determined spirit of liberty in a few hearts-and in strong hearts, too-which is capable of beating back the intolerance of the foolish. And we have reason to be thankful that the general sentiment of the people is tending to liberality, which enables those who are willing to labor, to enforce free speech and free discussion in the press, to overcome the intolerance which is not dead in this enlightened age. The greatest battle the world ever saw is to be fought. and already the notes of preparation are being sounded. We need not fear the result, for Truth is mighty and will prevail.

# A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A great many events occur in a hundred years. Within that time. America has leaped forth into the astonishing power it is. One hundred years agosays an exchange—there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois Territories. Then what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country around the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1769 that the "Hunter of Kentucky," the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France-the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in the history of the two worlds, in which these two great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred vears ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which, within a score of years thereafter, established the greatest republic in the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America, steam-engines had not been imagined, and railways and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century which has passed and emphatically wrong," in matters of theology, have been allotted more important events in their any better than equally well educated men who write bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has clapsed since the creation. A hundred years hence, what will be the developments? It is past finding out, except in one thinga thought which astonished Xerxes when he stood apon Mount Athos-all, with but few exceptions, now living, will be dead.

NEXT SABBATH. speak at the Melodeon next Sunday.

THE COARDE AND THE FINE.

Emerson had some very searching remarks to make in his discourse on "Criticism," the other that we shall observe for ourselves how these funds evening, about the need of mixing the coarse and mental principles of our being operate, and accept the fine, the street and the drawing-room, in making up the character. For example, in the case of the orator, he is the one to wield the greatest power who can use nobly the common words and sayings; and not he whose speech is frittered away and sandpapered off by scholastic refinements. This power had Chatham, Fox, and Mirabeau; they understood the language of common men, and knew how to use it with all its terrible effect. Shakspeare was the master of it, too, as his comedies abundantly prove. He could keep that exact tone-he could hit that happy medium which was above grossness and below refinement, and which never fails to "tell" upon the masses.

No nature, in fact, is well adjusted, unless it has a strong flavor of this coarse reality. We must have good bottom, or the race is in vain. There are certain proporties given us to help us hold out. But for this element of roughness, we could not hope to be placed in sympathy with rough human nature, and hence our efforts would be in vain. The eduction of the present day takes the heart out of one too much; we must needs change it, and put more in. We need more hearty robustness; more of the everyday traits, and less of the nice Sunday ones. No man can hope to accomplish anything of importance, if he talks clear over their heads; the crowd possess quick perceptions, and scholars need not think they do not know full as much as themselves. The hint is worth remembering in our system of education.

#### J. V. MANSFIELD.

We have been the recipient of a few complaints from different parties, of a seeming neglect on the part of Mr. J. V. Mansfield to answer letters sent to him, or to give reasons for the supposed inattention. Mr. M. has in every case assured us these letters have been answered, and the answer sent by due course of mail. He has also answered the complaints, and allowed the parties making them to write a second time, charging them nothing for his labor in answering their letters. Thus it will be seen that he is not laboring under any charge of illiberality in the matter. But these complaints are particularly annoying just at this time, when so much is being done to bring mediums and Spiritualism into disrepute.

The cause of these difficulties has at last been made known. A gentleman doing business on Washington street, one morning last week detected the boy excited his suspicion, and after he had left, them together as well as he could, made out the address of one envelope to be J. V. Mansfield, Boston.

Finding Mr. M.'s address, he laid the matter before him, when it turned out that Mr. M.'s office boy acknowledged that he had destroyed these letters and others, after rifling them of their contents. The object was to obtain money which is sometimes returned in them; those which contained money, and those which did not, shared the same fate. We communicated personally with the gentleman who detected the boy, so that we have his word for the

#### Written for the Banner of Light. UNDERNEATH.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Underneath the forest leaves, Oft the fairest buds unfold: Underneath the earth's rude crust Gleam the silver and the gold. Underneath the ocean wave There are pearls and sparkling gems; Underneath the flinty rock Jewels fit for diadems. On the hillside, on the heath, Much of beauty's underneath-Underneath.

Underneath the uncouth form Sweetest charms of love unfold; Underneath the poorest garb Reats a heart more bright than gold : Underneath the darkest cloud Walks an angel by our side; Underneath our greatest grief Joys perennial abide. God doth much to us bequeath Of his goodness, underneath-Underneath.

Underneath. Oh, how much beauty What pure tides of innate love Underneath life's boisterous surface Mirror angel forms above. Underneath, then, let us look When no goodness is in view: Underneath, God's hand doth hold Every spirit firm and true. Pause ! though lips may anger breathe. Love and Peace dwell underneath-

Underneath. West Roxbury, Mass.

# A PRAGMATIC OPINION.

The New York Independent, in a notice of the Christian Examiner, says-after speaking of the ontents of the last number-

"The variety of these subjects is characteristic of the Chris-"The variety of these subjects is characteristic of the Christian Examiner, which knows nothing too old, nothing to new, nothing too high, nothing too remote, and nothing too near, to be treated in its pages, provided it comes anywhere within the range of either scholarly research or popular inquiry. There is less of a certain dashing audacity, a refined but rather reckless and self-confident swing, in the spirit and the movement of these articles, than we have occasionally noticed heretofore on the same liberal pages.

The Christian Examiner is by far the ablest and most effective organ of Unitarian destrine and sentiment existing in the country. It is learned without pedantry; as various in range and versatile in treatment as it is able in particular departments; always bright, vivacious, pleasing, and nearly always ments; always bright, vivacious, pleasing, and nearly always on theological questions, as distinctly, exactly and emphati-cally wrong, as much talent, great industry and a large expo-rience combined can make it."

Now that was unquestionably intended to be very generous, when it is merely very bigoted. If the writers for one journal are so learned and cultivated. and such thorough and undeniable Christians withal, how happens it that they are not fully as competent to stumble a right theology as the conductors of another journal? It seems to us that the Independent assumes all it honestly can to itself. How does the Independent know what is "distinctly, exactly for other religious journals? That is the question.

# REPORT OF E. S. WHEELER.

We are under the necessity of apologizing to our readers for the lack of a report of E. S. Wheeler's lecture on Sabbath evening week. Our reporter, engaged to furnish the evening report, was suddenly called from the city, and forgot to give us notice of the fact. As we relied upon him exclusively for the Miss Susan M. Johnson, of North Ahington, will report, we are without it, which we very much re-

### NEW PHASE IN SPIRITUALISM.

The joint lecture which came off between Mr. M. V. Bly and Mrs. Ada L. Coan in the Melodeon, Friday evening, April 18th, was certainly something "new under the sun." and here follows our estimate of the parties and of their perormances on Friday evening.

Mrs. Cont. (formetly Miss Hoyl), commenced her career as a medium for the physical manifestations some seven or eight to Winter street. years since, in Chelsen, or this vicinity. She has traveled with her husband and Mr. John F. Coles, somewhat extenthan we have ever known,) she has given what have been denominated tests, before large public and discriminative audiences. She does not seem to have had much refinement from education, and has nothing in her manner which appears to partake of art or dissimulation. Open, frank and andld, she seems perfectly willing to let the spirits stand or fall on their own merits.

She is, we believe, the first, and, perhaps, the only medium who has ever entered the public arona for testing the truth of spiritual manifestations, in the form of the mysterious sounds, and the clairvoyant reading of names on folded leces of paper.

On commencing, she stated that as Mr. Bly had given her a respectful challenge, she had willingly availed herself of hat opportunity to allow the "spirits," or whatever else it might be, to compete with Mr. Bly: she herself, did not know how the "raps" were made; she did not assume what t was that made them, nor what it was that moved her hand n writing the names; but she was anxious to have the subect tested, that, if possible, all might find out what it is. A committee of three was appointed, who sat at the table

with her, and prepared the ballots in such a manner that it was supposed impossible for any mortal to read them; and yet she did read two or three of them. And then came Mr. Blv. who dubs himself as a "detective

medium," and who undertakes to show that all other mediums (consciously, or otherwise) make all the so-called spiritual manifestations, and falsify and dissemble, as he does himself.

It is, certainly, unfortunate for science that it should not have found a more intellectual, refined and manly advocate than will ever be made out of M. V. Bly. He is coarse, harshdisrespectful, impudent, and uncandid, beyond any lecturer that it has ever fallen to our lot to hear. Did he ever have a "committee" whom he did not insult? And, on Friday evening, he made an illusion to the Sickle's trial, in connec tion with Mrs. Coan's handkerchief, which she had lost, which was indelicate in the extreme, and such as never could have come from a gentleman, canecially in a public assembly. The moral will be greater, if Mrs. Coan permits herself to appear many times on the same platform with such ill-manners as Bly displayed towards her on that occasion. Indeed, he expressed his doubts of her honesty a number of times.

Well, now as to the comparative merits of their perform ances:-

1. It did seem to me, that the committee were more rigid with Mrs. Coan than with Mr. Bly.

2. Mr. Bly excelled Mrs. Coan in the loudness of his raps and in the number of ballots which he read.

3. In truthfulness, in candor, and in good manners. Bly fell immeasurably below Mrs. Coan. Bly practices more or less collusion and dissimulation in all his performances; and often falsifies in respect to his explanations as to his methods of operating.

On the contrary, Mrs. Coan leaves her manifestions on their own merits, declaring, as she has done, from first to last, that she does not know how they are done; they may be by spirits, or they may be by some unknown power inherent in her own system. And the fact that Mrs. Coan did not succeed so well as Bly on this occasion, goes far towards proving her sincerity; for, had those tests been under the control of her own will, the same as Bly's, her larger experience would have enabled her to excel him.

Mrs. Coan herself spoke treely in the expression of her estimation of mediums as a class, affirming that, as far as she could judge, nine-tenths of the so-called communications from spirits were trash, and unworthy of any reliance whatever. Some of the most popular of the "trance speaking mediums," she said, read books and propared their own minds for speaking in public. She said she herself had never yielded up her own judgment in becoming a medium.

There is one more trait in Bly's character which sticks or so prominently, that this notice would be incomplete, if I should overlook it. I allude to his disgusting pomposity, everlastingly thrust into our faces, in boasting of his exploits. It is evident enough that the truly candid of all parties, as a general thing, never go to hear him the second time. His story draws more or less of the rabble, and who "do n't care a dime" whether the alleged facts of Spiritualism be true or false. Let him be truly estimated; justice is due-even to the devil.

# SPIRITUAL ADVICE.

MESSRS. EDITORS-I am a Spiritualist, and am satisfied. after five years of investigation of the subject of modern Spiritualism, that most of those that pretend to be mediums are impostors: and of those that are mediums at least nineteen. twentieths of them are mediums that only fallen or depraved spirits can communicate through—for there must be a more affinity between the spirit and medium.

If I can know the moral character of the mediums, I then know what kind of spirits communicate through them; for what followship both light with darkness Ol al?" &c. I have heard many trance mediums speak in this city and have not heard one speak when there was Christ enough in their subject for salt : and if they were entranced, I think it was by the same kind of spirit that entranced the serpent that begulled mother Eve.

I am satisfied there is much chaff in our modern Spiritua ism, and that many pretended mediums have abused the credulity of well-meaning persons, and taken their money from them to lavish on their lusts. I have a long time bec satisfied that until there can be a separation of the precious from the vile, not much real good can arise from the mixed

Spiritualism of this our day. I write this to those, like myself, that are after truth, not error-light, not darkness. And my advice to all such is, that they visit no medium, or hear no trance speaker, unless the medium has lived a blameless life, and has a pious heart. Boston, March 28, 1859.

This is plain talk, and it is too true in many points, though we know there are some good women and men in Boston who are mediums. We believe also that we have heard trance mediums speak when the spirit of Christ was manifested in their words of love. While we think our friend has made a sweeping assertion, we also believe he has told much truth-In fact, a totally different state of feeling exists now, than existed some months since, when Joel Tiffany rondered himself so unpopular by his criticisms of mediums. It is conceded that he wrote truth, and not slander.

One by one the class of mediums, who have not had that strong love of truth and virtue in which mediums should strive to excel, are finding their "occupation gone," and hey are leaving our ranks and turning "exposers."

While they should have the sympathy of all true hearts, none will regret that, having been weighed in the balance nd found wanting, they are leaving us.

There is one thing, however, in which Spiritualists are a fault. Mediums are tender, susceptible plants. The very law which opens the heavens through them to mankind, also ubjects them to the influence of the hells; and if by reason of a diseased moral organism, inherited, or acquired by association with the world, they are prone to evil, it should be our pleasure, as it is our duty, to shield them from the influence of these hells. We should strive to place them under such nfluences in the material world, as will encourage them to lead prayerful, pure and Christ-like lives, so that they may call to them the dwellers in the heavens of spirit-life.

Not every one is born with such a love for truth and purity s to be impervious to evil influences; not every one has will-nower enough to resist the temptations which bese hem, both from earth and spirit-life. If they have this power of will, there are few who know its strength-too often it is dormant.

It is a serious question we ought each of us to ask himself and herself: to what extent am I responsible for the down fall of mediums? Has my conduct been such as to call forth oly aspirations in their souls, or have I drawn to them the emons of spirit-life? Spirit communion presents many shoals and many beautiful

arbors to the navigator, and it requires a skillful pilot to stee his bark clear of the former, and anchor it where it may enjoy the latter.

### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS. Miss Rosa T. Amedey will lecture at East Abington Thursday, April 21st.

H. A. Tucker will speak in Taunton on Sunday, April 24th.

George Atkins will speak in East Taunton, 24th; Plymouth fay lat; Putnam, Ct., May 8th and 15th. Loring Moody will answer calls to lecture anywhere, or dundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. Bee Seventh Page.

### LECTURE BY RALPH W. EMERSON. Wednesday Evening, April 18th, 1859.

Limited notice was given of the change of Mr. Emerson's field of labor from Freeman Place Chapel to Lower Music Hall, and the lecturer himself, as well as others, "marched up the hill" to Beacon street, and then "marched down again

He announced his subject this evening as "Criticism." which he divided into three parts: Virst-wit; second-the lively, and, unlike any other medium, for, to a greater extent law of expression; third—the judgment passed on old forms by now ideas. Modern literature has got to be a part of history. Hume wrote down the characters of the reigning families, and called it a history of England-just as if a man should write biographies of the successive mayors of this city, and call it a history of Bostoni But what an advance is now made, when everything of consequence is written, and the king left out. Most history has got to be rewritten. The histories tell us that the Romans conquered Greece; but looking at the Grecian arts of painting, sculpture, and music, which have lived through all time, I find, said the lecturer, that the Grecians have conquered Rome. Historians have whitewashed Philip of Macedon, Cromwell, and others, into benefactors of their race; Henry the Eighth into quite a good family-man; and they almost venture to count Borgia a martyr. On the other hand, they have blackwashed Socrates, and every schoolbey mourns that Demosthenes was tempted by a bribe.

Doctor Johnson waited in the antechamber of Lord Chesterfield; but who waits in the antechamber now? Is it Johnson, or Chesterfield? There were great men who could grasp at great results, and trace side issues. These men were found in the conflicts of Christianity and Paganism; of Catholicism and Protestantism.

Fourier's books are an exquisite satire on marriage and

society; but the substitute he offers is immensely worse, One generation is so far removed from another, that the visiom of one becomes the folly of the other. The theology of Calvin stood well every test but the telescope; but when Galileo's glass detected other worlds than this, then was staggered the idea that this world was the theatre of God's divine engeance, or that he had exhausted his mercy upon it, and earth took its modest place in the universe, where it belonged, and men dwindled away into their proper insignificance. At length a book was published to disprove the plurality of worlds; then Princetown school rejoiced, and Calvinism was immortal again. But it was vain. It died hard; and some low don't know but there is a mistake somewhere, and that Calvinism is true in its premises, after all. Then came the mesmerisers and spiritists, who claimed we were sceptics still, and gave satisfaction and comfort to old theology.

Yew authors have written things to benefit literature. Shakspeare, Montaigne, Plato, were deep and penetrating, and national prides. China has lived thousands of years on Confucius; India on Vishnu; Christianity on Jesus; and, if the British islands were further off from continental Europe, they might have made Shakspeare last centuries to come, His plays were not printed till after the Pilgrims sailed for America; if they had been printed before, they might have stayed there, and America never been settled. The charm of Shakspeare is a blending of the high and low, the common and the noble—the style which stands the less chance of becoming obsolete of any. Goethe prided himself that he could write German, and wrote so intensely German, that no transator can reduce him into English.

We often hear of the self-made polyglots, who can talk twenty to fifty tongues. The speaker said he should be glad to know of the man who could speak one correctly; for, if he was asked to name those who were masters of the English language, he would be at a loss to name five.

Thousands travel over Europe every year, dumb. If a man cannot speak and hear the language where he travels, he can get as good idea of Europe in stereoscopic views. Common terms have more power than elegant and refined

ones. Mr. Emerson narrated a very animated conversation between a bank president and a select circles of friends, in regard to some public policy. At last the banker made what he considered a conclusive argument upon the subject. Its effect was, however, entirely destroyed by a Methodist deacon present, who responded, "Fiddlesticks," and the laugh was oud against him.

Such words as "bosh," "gas," "gammon," convey more meaning than an hour's argument. The lecturer envied the boys their double negative, admired at times the titiliation of a rattiling oath, loved the vocabulary of the farmer's boy, and knew of some men who could swear with genius and grace. When a student of Harvard, one day a denizen of North street strayed over to the college grounds, and got into conversation with some of the students; and his expletives were so fragrant and entertaining that many of them took notes, and forgot their recitation in mathematics.

He spoke of the familiarity of literary men with the devil. and the different relation he held now from former times. Burns even went so far as to take him into his confidence and express a hope for his conversion. But whatever be the conception, in philosophy he is absolute negation. When you say, "The devil a monk is he," you mean he is no monk at all; and when you say, "The devil you did," you mean to sav. "You did not."

Goethe, after writing his "Valpurgis" saved the odds and ends of wicked sayings in a bag, into which he, by a sort o mania, put all the blasphemy and wickedness he could find. and called it his "Valpurgis bag," and he often expressed a fear of, tumbling into it himself, lost he should be sufficated in the brimstone and burnt up.

He said it would be a good policy to establish a school where college graduates, members of Congress, newspaper editors and authors might go to learn the English language. He detested the use of those Americanisms—such as "balance" for remainder; the use of "some" as an adverb; "considerable" for much; "slim" for bad; and the misuse of the words "graphic"-which means written-for brief: and "peruso"-which means study-for read. The phrases "standpoint," "the good and the true," "the cause," he regarded as about used up.

The speaker deemed the art of writing and transmitting thought man's noblest art, and oulogised Byron, Herrick, and Carlyle. He thought Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great the master-work of the present century. He said there were two handles to most things, and illustrated his point by numerous humorous anecdotes, showing the different things men will do under reversed circumstances.

#### THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTICES. BOSTON THEATRE.-The superb spectacle of "Faust and

Margueritte," now performing at the Boston Theatre, is worthy of more extended patronage than has thus far been bestowed upon it. As a play, it is thoroughly Germanic in character; the principal roles being placed in the hands of the premier artists of the excellent stock-company of this house. My E. L. Davenport's "make up" for the part of Mephistopheles, is excellent; reminding one very fercibly of a certain evil-disposed person, who figures rather conspicuoutly in an old German picture, entitled, "Satan Playing with Man for his Soul," where the two parties are seen deeply engaged in a game, where a human life is at stake. Mrs. Davenport both dresses and acts the Margueritte of the piece in her usual chaste and natural way. Mr. Edwin Adams's Faust, is a faultless bit of acting, which cannot but serve to add new laurels to a name that is destined, without doubt, to rank high in the histrionic firmament. Fine scenery, rich dresses, well-working machinery, and last, but not least, good music, unite in making "Faust and Margueritte" a grand and romantic exhibition of the ancient school.

Boston Museum.—The new American play of "Senor Valiente," by George H. Miles, Esq., was produced at the Museum for the first time on Monday evening. Of course it was well done, with such persons as Warren, Smith, Barrett, Mrs. Ounningham, etc., in the cast. Will it live? is the question.

Howard Atheneum,-Mrs. Macready has been giving a series of dramatic recitations at this theatre during the past week. She is a lady of much taste and energy of character, and is determined to show the American people that she is not dependent upon her illustrious namesake for a reputation in the Shaksperean field. Success to her, say we.

ORDWAY HALL.-Carroll, the Champion Jig and Fancy Dancer of the world, continues to be a great favorite with the audiences that nightly frequent this place of resort.

NEW OFERA House.-The many friends in Boston of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge, will be glad to learn that they have recently opened a new and magnificent Opera House in School street, which will accommodate all those gentlemen, with their ladies, who often found it so difficult to obtain desirable seats at their former cramped establishment. We advise the readers of the Banner, who love fun and fine singing to imitate Paul Pry's example, and "drop in " at this miniature academy some of these rainy nights.

A company of children and youth left Boston for the West this week, under the auspices of the Children's Mission to the Children of the Destitute.

# The Busy World.

The thrilling tale, entitled "Hubbna, on Heart-Punist-CATION BY Pink,"-translated from the German by Cora Wilburn-commenced in our last number, will be concluded in our next. It was our intention to have finished it this week, but press of other matter prevented.

We have an interesting letter from Chicago in type, which we shall print in our next.

The Editors of the Guernsey Jossersonian say:-"If all the fools were white caps, we should look like a flock of geese." A friend of ours was traveling, while afflicted with a very bad cough. He annoyed his fellow-travelers greatly, till one

remarked, in a tone of displeasure, "Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours." "True, sir," replied our friend, "but you will excuse me, it's the best I 've got."

A Philosopher resembles a cucumber-when most cut up is perfectly cool.

LETTERS FROM THEODORE PARKER .- Letters from Theo dore Parker and Mrs. Parker have been recently received in scarcely able to preserve its own stability and equilibrium, this city. Mr. Parker writes that his health is materially improved. He bathes in the sea and rides on horseback. He is as prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upwards. The facts remarks that he had heard that "the outside of a horse is | we will not deny, but we shall dispute the theological intergood for the inside of a man," and his experience had proved pretation of them. If man is deprayed, he is so because of s it true. He sleeps well, and his strength has increased very encouragingly.

We are under obligations to many, very many, of our co temporaries throughout the United States for their very flattering notices of the BANNER. These expressions of their good will are peculiarly gratifying to us at this time, and it shall be our endeavor in the future to make our journal still more worthy the approbation and support of the public.

The population of the United States increases one million a year, or two thousand every day.

Willie S. Emery, of Orange, sends us the answer to the problem in our last paper. The number of geese A had was seven, and B had five.

"If a man die shall he live again," And once a year have the daises answered it, and April's "little infant" gives its fragrant testimony and every day; has the morning testified tiveness. These, if any, are the guilty ones; these are the it, and yet the world is mourning still: "if a man die shall he live again ?"

us by the Judge-of the series of ten, to be published in the N. Y. Tribune. The others will appear as soon as received. We call the reader's special attention to these essays.

A New Orleans despatch says that Captain Ford's company of Texan rangers, numbering forty-seven, had been surrounded by eight hundred Indians in the north of the State and a desperate battle ensued, in which Ford and four of his of gold and silver. Next enters amativeness, as a libertine men cdt their way through the Indians. Great excitement prevails on the frontier, and large companies will proceed in search of the Indians.

"THE HEBRERIAN."-One of the most pleasing evidences of the progress of occidental literature, is this magazine. published at San Francisco, and edited by Mrs. F. H. Day. It was formerly a semi-monthly 16mo; but was attended with sufficient success to warrant an extension into a neat monthly of more than fifty pages, and illustrated somewhat after the style of Godey's. The number for March, which has just reached us, contains, among other embellishments, a portrait of George C. Yount, one of the old settlers of California. The mechanical part of the work is, we venture to say, unsurpassed by any like publication on the Atlantic side of the country.

The modified Cass-Yrissari treaty has been communicate to our Government by the Nicaragua Minister.

The Sickles trial is progressing slowly at Washington

The Star of the West, from California, brought over \$1,400,-000 in specie.

The Boston Post Office is to be moved back to its old quarters in State street. The indemnity required by the Postmaster General was deposited in the Sub-Treasury on Monday week.

The Persia for Liverpool took out nearly 100 passengers and upwards of a million and a quarter in specie

The annual Convention of delegates from the various Typographical Unions in the United States is to assemble in this city on the first Monday in May. Among the festivities will be a grand banquet at the Revere House.

Onincy Hall has been leased to the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association at \$4,500 per annum.

The libel suit of Edwin Forrest versus N. P. Willis, resulted in a verdict of \$500 damages against Mr. Willis.

THE AQUARIAL GARDENS, at 21 Bromfield street, just opened, is attracting crowds of people. The gardens comprise some fifty aquaria, in which living things of the water, animal and vegetable, reveal themselves, and admit of a thorough study of their habits and peculiarities. Messrs. Cutting & Butler, the gentlemanly proprietors, are very attentive to visitors.

The funeral of Rev. William Flint, D. D., of Greenfield Mass., the Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, was attended by the officers of the Grand Lodge on Thursday week. His death was somewhat sudden, a billous fever having terminated rapidly.

which each head of a family of the tribe is entitled to eighty scres of the Winnebago Reservation in Minnesota. The remainder of the tract is to be held for their benefit, and applied to their judustrial and moral improvement.

# JAMESTOWN INSTITUTE.

Dr. Wellington, principal of Jamestown Institute, Jamestown, N. Y., can be consulted or addressed at Delevan House, Albany, at noon Friday, April 22d; Massasoit House, Springfield, same day, at 9 P. M.; Boston, Age office, Saturday to Monday, April 25th; New York, at Munson's, 5 Great Jones street, Tuesday, April 26th; Philadelphia, No. 304 Chestnut street, Wednesday, April 27th; New York, at Munson's, Friday, April 29th; and will take charge of nunils to start from New York Friday evening, to return by Eric Railroad.

# NEW PUBLICATION.

Cooren's Novels.

Messrs, W. A. Townsend & Co., of New York, through their agents in this city, Messrs. A. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington street, announce the publication of a splendid edition of Cooper's Novels. Each novel will be published in a vol ume averaging 500 pages, and a volume issued every month They will be printed in new and elegant type, form crown octavo, and will be illustrated by Darley. The binding will be in keeping with the mechanical excellence of the typography and illustrations. They will be publised exclusively by subscription, at \$1.50 per volume. The engravings of this series, the publishers say, will cost \$20,000 !

# DR. HATCH'S POSITION.

The world is governed by emotion, not law; and the man who litigates with a wife, is sure to lose, though he win therefore, I shall pay no further attention to any suit which Mrs. Hatch may justitute, and would gladly aid her in obtaining a full divorce, were it in my power. Here we part, at least until she sees her injustice and wrong. I have loved her as man seldom loves woman; and if, in the future, she shall ever need a friend which she may not find elsewhere she can rely upon my forbearance.

B. F. HATOH, M. D. Very truly,

THE "DETECTIVE MEDIUM."

On Saturday evening Mr. Bly gave another and his last performance in Boston, where he promised to have Mrs. Coan present. From the Saturday Evening Gazette we copy the following account :-

Another of those nolsy, irregular, rowdyish demonstrations took place at the Melodeon this evening. There were about three hundred present, and for the most part were friends of Bly, who seemed determined to give him a hearing to the exclusion of everybody else. All who attempted to ask questions that might tell against him were incontinently put down, and even one of the judges, who in his honesty presumed to doubt, was insulted by many invidious remarks. The manifestations of Mr. Bly were professedly to explain the humbug of the mediums; but his explanations were so absurd, that any one to adopt them would be more worthy of a straight jacket than the craziest spiritist that ever went unshaven and hairy for the sake of the new dispensation. Some of his experiments, however, with the ballots were very neatly done, as was the trick explaining the writing in the locked drawer, but they were merely small tricks that did not explain the moving of thousand-pound planos. Mrs. Coan did not appear, but sent a note stating that she was indisposed, requesting Mr. Bly to inform the audience for her that, in her opinion, he could do as much without the aid of spirits as she could with them. One of the judges then suggested that as both had confessed themselves humbugs, the committee had nothing else to do, and after a few closing remarks and a few experiments. The meeting adjourned, without, a report Another of those noisy, irregular, rowdyish demonstrations had nothing else to do, and after a few closing remarks and a few experiments, the meeting adjourned, without a repor

# Bunner of Light.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23,:1850 Publication Office. No. 5 Great Jones Street.

Amanda M. Spence at Clinton Hall.

On Tuesday evening, April 12th, Mrs. A. M. Spence spoke

in substance as follows:-We have seen, in our last lecture, that man, physically, is not deprayed; but that his body is good, that it is constructed upon the same principles that lie at the foundation of all things. We will now investigate his mind, and see whether it is a thing of accident-deprayed, because of the eating of an apple by one man; or whether it is good, because it is an aggregation of principles that are good.

Theology points to our poor-houses, our penetentiaries, our hospitals, or lunatic asylums, to the bribery and corruption in public life, and to the sensuality, fraud and deception, in private life-to society, recling to and fro like a drunken man, as evidence of human depravity, and that the human hear principle, or principles, inside of him, not from anything out side of him, and to judge him rightcously, he must be judged by internal principles, and not by external facts. All humanity will ultimately come up to that condition where they will be pure, and just, and merciful, not for God's sake, not for Christ's sake, but because the powers within them compel them to be thus. The man of principle can be trusted anywhere, but the man who does things for God's sake, can only be trusted so long as he thinks God's eye is upon him.

Let us analyze the mind, and see whether it is depraved or whether it is good. In this analysis we will not consider those faculties which are admitted to be good, such as benevolence, hope, conscientiousness, &c.; but we will investigate the merits of those only to which all the wrongs and iniquities of man are attributable. They are, alimentiveness, acquisitiveness, combativeness, destructiveness, and amaones which send men to the gallows, the prison, the hospital, the lunatic asylum, and these we will now array before the JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUALISM.—We print on our third page the first and second articles—from revised copies sent over to theology to be punished—if they are found innocent humanity shall be acquitted.

Here they come, an innumerable train, to trial. The ine briate, the dyspeptic, the gouty, and the rheumatic, represent alimentiveness. Acquisitiveness comes as a thief, clad in his striped garb, with ball and chain to his feet leading in his brother, the miser, with barren mind, clinging to his bage with his numerous concubines, and the polygamist with his many wives. Combativeness and destructiveness come as the highway robber and the pirate, dripping with blood, and grasping the glistening steel and the revolver. They are, indeed, a desperate looking set, and their case seems hope ess. They surely must be depraved. Let us see.

Man's body exists upon the reproductive principle of constant death and perpetually renowed life; it is continually dying and wasting away, and it is as continually being re stored and repaired. Hence we must eat and drink in order to supply the system with the materials with which to be restored and repaired. Therefore nature has stationed allmentiveness as a perpetual sentinel over the stomach, to let us know when it needs to be filled with food. Without allmentiveness we would be just to that extent idiotic: we would not know when to eat or drink, consequently, either life would become extinct, or else some one else must assume the care of our bodies, and feed us at regular intervals. Alinentiveness is eternally alimentiveness; it performs its own office but never assumes the duties of any other power of the mind, because principles are unchangeable. Its mission s very simple; it can only say, "I want food, I want drink;" no more, no less. It can do nothing. Then, with this faculty alone, man would starve while mouning, "I am hungry, I am thirsty." But he has other faculties. Acquisitiveness hears the lamentation and the call, and says, "I will go out and gather, acquire, and appropriate food for my brother alimen iveness." But acquisitiveness is acquisitiveness onlynothing more; and, therefore, when difficulties rise up in his way, he calls upon his brother combativeness, and combativeness comes to his aid, and, if need be, destructiveness stands ready to crown their combined efforts with success. Yet, with all this, the race would still be exterminated were it not for amativeness. There is no depravity in all this beautiful system for the preservation and reproduction of the race; on the contrary, the deficiency of any one of these powers is partial idiocy and helplessness. This band of brothers. therefore, must all work together. Inasmuch, then, as selfprotection and self-preservation of the individual and of the race demand all these faculties, they are not to be regarded as evil, or depraved, but in the highest degree good.

These organs of animal life are located in the base brain Man did not come forth, at once, a fully developed, moral, and intellectual being; this would have been contrary to overything else in nature; but his first manifestation was upon the physical plane-within the limited sphere of his animal propensities. Hence he could not have fallen, for here was nothing in his nature lower than his animal facul A treaty has just been concluded with a delegation of the ties into which he could have fallen. The earth produced Winnebago Indians now in Washington, by the terms of its animals before its man, and, correspondingly, man was a creature of passion and animal propensities, before he became being of moral and intellectual powers.

In the progress of ages, however, this very animal nature stimulated his intellectual powers, and fanned the feeble germs of his mind into life; and although, at first, they ruled the intellectual and the moral nature with a selfish tyranny, yet look at the result. The five criminals, whom we have arrayed before the bar of justice, at an early age, harnessed up the intellectual powers to do their bidding and to contribute to their gratifications. They called upon the mind for clothing, for houses, for machinery, for arts, for sciences, for literature, for the steam engine, the loom, the printing press, and for all things pertaining to the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries and the refinements of civilized lifeand behold they have already come at their bidding. So great has been the advancement of the intellect, under the lash of the physical wants, that we are almost unwilling to acknowledge our relationship to the past, just as the perfect steam engine of to-day locks back upon the rude structure which first bore the name, and would fain say, "You are no

Not only has the intellect been developed by this demand made upon it by the animal necessities, but the moral nature, in its turn, stimulated by the intellect, has come forth to claim its rights and wield its powers in controlling the destiny of humanity.

Man was first a creature of passion and of force, and his gods were like him; but force is being gradually transmuted into affection; and now, instead of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," it is "love ye one another." Our barbarous forms of punishment are fast disappearing from our statute books; the benevolence of the age is claiming, as a right, the freedom of woman as well as man, the freedom of the African as well as the Argle-American, and while the polygamy of the past was right to the past, if Solomon were now to appear in the city of New York with his troupe of women on their way to Utah, it is doubtful whether they would be accommodated with lodging over night-certainly they would not be in Trinity Church.

. Therefore, without an unfolding of the intellectual powers there never would have been an unfolding of man's moral nature; and without man's physical wants and animal necessities, his intellectual powers would have been dormant to

this day.
What sentence, then, shall we pronounce upon our five criminals. Their witnesses are railroads, and telegraphs, and newspapers, and libraries, and temples, and geology, and astronomy, and all the sciences and printing-presses, and reaping machines, and manufactures with their ten thousand looms and spindles, and all the arts, and commerce, omnipresent and almost omnipotent, riding upon the broad bosom of the eccan, and bearing the blessing of civilization to the ends of the earth. We will, then, not only pronounce them "not guilty." but we will crown them with a wreath of immortal glory. Ah! what do I behold? Away in the distance, two mighty and illustrious spirits, that have ever stood in the front ranks of all progressive nations, and decided their destiny-their names are Combativeness and Destructiveness. See them, drenched in human gore, their red hands dripping with human blood, wading through the carnage of a sevenyears' warfare, rushing from out the smoke of the conflictwaving the star-spangled banner, and shouting above the cannon's roar, "Victory! victory! America, thou art free

# Mrs. Payton Spence

Will lecture at Clinton Hall, New York, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, April 19th and 22d. Subject on Tuesday—
"The Divine Life." Bubject on Friday—"The Present Condition of Society and the Relations of the Sexes."

An Old Spiritualist-No. 7.

In addition to the manifestations given in our former articles, Phonix has related numerous incidents which have immediate with us, is not immediately necessary. That wisoccurred with the various public mediants in New York and dom which rears a mountain here, and makes a lowland there, cleawhere. Among others he relates the bilowing as having looks to the great construction of nature with purpose and occurred with Mr. J. B. Conklin, going to show that the paychological theory will not answer the whole range of spiritual need not go beyond the parted lips and breathing forms of phenomena: A word lock-a peculiar kind of padlock-hay. nature's creation. And may not we find out man? Man, ing five wheels, each having on its periphery twenty or more etters; these wheels, arranged on an horizontal shaft, with a and thou shalt find thyself. Surely thou art lord of all things. hasp passing from end to end of the lock, in an arch-like form, and capable of being changed in the arrangement of the when it was, life began; and until thyself, oh man, all things wheels, at the option of the operator, so as to spell words embracing a permutation and combination susceptible of a mil- were prophetic of thee, and which at last ended in thy mighty ion or more changes, and supposed to be beyond the art of the lock-picker. Such locks are now used by all our banks, and the secret word to which they are set only being known to the eashier, or some other responsible individual. The manufacturer had left such a lock with Mr. Conklin, requesting the spirits to give the word which would open it. When Phonix called. Conklin handed him the lock open, saying to him that the spirits had given the word, and that he had opened it, inviting Phoenix to close the lock, selecting a new word, to be kept secret for the purpose of ascertaining if the spirits could open it again. Phænix took the lock into another room, removed all the wheels, and replaced them in they not have love and affection? do they not cluster together new order upon the shaft, so that the word should read 'Sophy," the lost wheel having no y upon it, he was compelled to make it read "Sophi." After closing the lock, and splder, and build like the ant and beaver, and govern like the wirling the wheels in various directions, he enclosed it in a sheet of paper, and scaled it with his own scal, handing it so enclosed to Mr. Conklin. They walked down stairs together, at thought. All nature speaks of immortality. We can know at twenty minutes to one o'clock, Conklin having the package little of another life without a communication therefrom. n his hand. Phonix left him, and went home. At five There the curtain falls. If ever thought can be individualo'clock Mr. J. M. P- called on him and said, "I was in at | ized in form, then is the culminating point of matter, and matter loses nothing. Spirit, from whence emanated all mat-Conklin's an hour since; a large number of persons were present; it was spelled out; send for the lock. Mr. Conklin then requested me to go to Mr. Tooliey's office on the opposite side of the street, and get a package which was left there by the cause immortal, then, of necessity, the effect will be imthe package, on which was written, 'Left with me by Mr. Conklin, at nineteen minutes of one o'clock.' On placing this spelled out 'Sophi, now open the lock.' I cut the paper around this seal with my knife," said Mr. P., "turned the wheels until the 8-o-p-h-i came opposite each other, and the leck opened."

Phonix says that when he closed the lock, that Conklin nor any one else could have seen him, and certainly could will turn his filmy eyes to a kind word with ever-enduring not have seen the lock, and that he never had spoken in any fidelity. Even the bitter tone and muttered curse will melt way of the transaction between the time of leaving Conklin, away, and the loving glance of a kind eye will find its way and the time when Mr. P. called upon him with the piece of into the heart made of the hardest iron of life. Knowledge paper containing the seal.

the Henry Clay-a steamboat burned on the Hudson-and that Mr. Downing was drowned, after having swam twice to the shore, sustaining females, while endeavoring to save a third. It was then spelled out, "You shall hear from me from your nedium, on your return home."

from the city—a medium in his own family wrote a long and characteristic communication, signing it A. J. Downing.

On the 10th of June, previous to the above, Phænix went to the western part of New York, and did not return until late in July, when he learned that one of his woodmen, a man shom he had engaged a few days before he left for the west had died of cholera on the 5th of July. The name of this man he had forgotten. Sitting one day with Conklin, the name George was spelt out. He could recollect no such name as belonging to a departed friend; then the name Johnson was spelled; this also could not be remembered, and after repeat ed trials to get the name more exactly, and continued failures. Phoenix was about leaving, when another person came in. Then the name George Jackson was spelled out. The new comer asked if it were for him. The reply was, "No." Phænix asked, "Is it for me?" "Yes." After various questions and replies, the following was given: "I worked for you and my spirit left the form July 5th." Phonix referred to his memorandum-book, then in his pocket, and found that the name of the man whom he had employed was George Jackson. He asked, "What was the cause of your death?" to which was replied: "I came to New York July 3d, over-ate and over-drank on the 4th, was carried home at night, and died on the 5th. It was supposed to be the cholera, but it was not. I died from the effects of my dissipation." Phoenix asked: "Where can I find your wife, to pay her the balance of wages due you?" The reply was: "Your foreman gave my wife \$50 to pay my funeral expenses, and to enable her to return home to her friends, which overpays me." When Phonix cturned to his farm he found all the assertions to be true.

Hundreds of such instances, or those equally curious, have courred during his investigations, many of which could not have been within the knowledge of the medium or of himself at the time of their communication, but which were found to ever strengthened this intolerance; theologians have labored be true, when traced out afterwards. The next article of as hard to establish the unity of the devil, as they have the his series will describe two or more sittings with Hume

# Emma Hardinge at Dodworth's Academy,

Miss Hardinge occupied the platform at Dodworth's again on Sunday, the 10th inst. We have now every opportunity offered for judging of the ability of the two well known speakers-Cora Hatch and Emma Hardinge. They both deal largely if not always ably, in philosophy; they both pronounce undeliable truths, which are not always traceable to any other source for their origin. They both delve into metaphysics, both are logicians, and both touch our deepest feelings, awake our wonder and admiration, and paint living pictures with the newer of their language. The lecturess read a nor tion of 40th Isaiah : "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith

Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty? He is high as heaven. What canst thou know? Deeper than hell. What canst thou do? There are two modes by which alone the human mind can be informed on any subject. First, it is in the internal evidence of the thing examined, the other Revelation, in which, if we fail, we should adhere strictly to the former. We propose this system to seach out God; to search out for religion; to search for truth, in searching for some destiny, and for the results of that scheme of which man is the creation. We have searched Revelation and found it wanting. Whence came Revelation? From the early experiences of man, in the gospel of nature e originally traced out the divine existence, and has since incorporated it into religion. If revelation fail man, what will he do? Will he retrace his stops, not dropping any of his eligion? The wisdom of the ages will not lead him back but forward, and place him again as a child of nature, stored up with all the accumulated wealth of a lifetime. And thus on stand to-day, the soul's origin surrounding us. Still we are searching God. Returning again, then, let us turn to the old gospel of nature, and turn to the religion which the ancients gave to the world. It is an axiomatic truth, that where there are evidences of thought, there is intelligence. You trace this in man. He cannot place his hand to anything, but he leaves behind him the evidence of thought. If he be not the actor, he is then the subject of some cause, or all he is he has acquired from the great original thinker. We cannot suppose a thought without imagining a source for that thought. We shall deal with actions, and look at God acting through nature. Can we find out God by searching? If we pre uppose an end to our works to find God, we want a model.

We look about and see pain and suffering, and ask if there oe not a God who takes cognisance of these things. 'If so, be natisfied. Let us then, by searching, find out our God, and find out what he is, and his purposes. The ancients looked so God-like. to all sublimity, and found God-pointed to the rushing toronts, and to the great green face of nature, beloweled with her floral gems. Did they think that where there was a flower here was also a thorn in some human heart? Let us examine some of those small cylls, some of those details which all bear. There are some phenomena in nature which all pass by. We observe that the microscope has as much use as the telescope We are apt to overlook the smaller mercles of God. Man does not breathe without him. Man prays on everything about him, and from the great labratory of nature there arises that which, if not inhaled or exhaled, would produce death There is that which man exhales, which, if it returned to him, would return with death. He exhales what becomes carbonic acid gas; this, instead of returning, rises above him, or is taken up by the flowers about him, which derive their existence from it. So with the flower in its decay; it throws off a poisonous vapor, which, if inhaled by man by it- the audience. He then proceeded to say, that there were two nipulates it for man's use. What a wonderful scheme is this sponding to laughter and tears. which consumes and works up all particles unseen by then

you arrive at this goodness? Everywhere in nature, as in human life, God is-everywhere for a purpose. What is not

love. Indeed in searching thee, oh God, we find thee, and we thou art immortal, and all things show it. Bearch in nature, There was a time when morning was not known; there was a time when carbonic acid gas was not taken up; but

brain. Then if such unending cycles were needed to evolve thee, was it not for some great purpose? Was it for immortality? Aye. Matter is immortal; science tells us that, Yet, behind matter there is something which thinks. Does this live? We ask not for revelation; we stand alone on Mother Nature, and ask what she can do for us. We know that diamonds were once charcoal, clear carbon; that gold and all minerals have passed through changes peculiar to themselves. Let us look back; was there ever a time when nature did not point to immortality? Have not all animals manifested what you manifest as intelligence to-day? Do in communities? do they not govern, spin, and build? These things were long before man. Does he not spin like the llon? You may change your books, you may change your machines, but you cannot change the great direction of

ter, caust thou lose in the great change of time? We claim, if the effect is not greater than the cause, and him in the morning. I went," said Mr. P., "and received mortal. Love thyself, but beware of too great self-love. If thou dost not love thyself, some of thy strength is wastedsome of thy qualities gone. From too much self-love spring package in front of Conklin-on the table, it was immediately all the crimes. If thy actions cause geniality in all thy friendships, regard them as so much nearer perfection.

There is no power pre-eminent in nature but kindness; there is no power that moves our feelings like kindness. Look in nature: the horse responds to kindness with brightening eye and cars erect. Even the dog, with worn-out body, is not power. Gain kindness; let your end be love and mercy, On another occasion, while sitting with Mr. Conklin, A. J. and you have the attracting and positive power of life. What D. was spelled; he could recollect no friend with these ini- wilt thou more? Dost thou fear the world will seeff at thee tials, and therefore commenced testing, with a view of ascer- for walking out of the temple made by hands? Dost thou taining who it was, and asked, "What was the cause of your fear to go back to the stones and running brooks and look for Conklin immediately wrote, "retaw erif." After inspiration? Is man to-day more stored with love? Alasi awhile, Phœnix perceived that these words, spelled backward, he has forgotten the first principles. He tells you each Sabgave fire-water, and remembered that his friend, A. J. Down- bath day to love thy neighbor as thyself—yet does not pracing, Esq., the celebrated writer on horticulture, was on board tice it. Let him go back and live this truth, and he defines religion. Go back to nature, and you will find she is an inexhaustible book of truth. Bring your thoughts into a systom if you will, yet here is God. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," saith your God. This hath he ever said from the beginning of the world. He said it in the beginning of In the evening, on Phonix's return home-several miles nature; he said it in the empurpled cast; he says it in the crimson clouds of evening. The great pyrotechnic where the great waves of ocean roll in their phosphorescence, and where he has displayed the innumerable fireworks of nature.

### Philosophical Society.

Professor Mapes's remarks before this Society, upon "The Progression of Primates in Nature, Isomeric Compounds," etc., will be published in our next issue, having been phone graphically reported for this paper.

# Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lectures by Thomas Gales Forster,

DEAR BANNER-From the happy realms of the Hereafter our spirit friends and guardians send their loving messages through their chosen human agencies, giving unto earth's longing and seeking hearts the counsels and the truths most needed. Such truth and angel-counsel was awarded us on the Sabbath morn, through the mediumship of that worthy exponent of our glorious philosophy, our brother and teacher Thomas G. Forster. He repeated the words of Paul: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Then he proceeded to speak of the intolerence and condemnations of society, all growing out of the miscalled religious teachings of the past and present that taught the innate depravity of human nature; crushing the heart's best sympathies, and by presenting an engry God to the soul's worship, offering the best apology for the resentment of man towards his fellows. The doctrine of the impersonation of evil, of a personal devil, has Trinity of God.

The medium quoted chapter and verse from the Bible, in which so many believe the doctrine of a fallen angel is taught and clearly proved that nowhere in the original rendering, was mention made of a failen angel, who had warred against heaven and had been precipitated from thence. In the allegory of the Garden of Eden and the temptation of Eve, no mention is made of this personified devil; we are told it was the serpent that tempted the woman; and, as in our day, the daughters of Eve view the form of the serpent with repulsion and dread : it is said that he has changed his form and taken that of an angel of light. Where the word Satan appears, it is meant for a human adversary. In the book of Job, Satan, in answer to the question of God, replies that he comes "from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it;" and Job lived in a land infested by freebooters, whose business it was to go to and fro, and walk up and down the earth for plunder. When afflicted, he attributed all his sufferings to God. Nowhere is there mention made of the devil by Job, who reproving his wife, who bade him curse God and die, says to her, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" thus clearly attributing all to God's power. If heaven, wherever it be, is as theology affirms, a place of holiness and purity, a realm where angels dwell, whence could the temptation of pride. the promptings of ambition have arisen, if all was good and holy there? And if from some hidden nook the winged temptation sped its way, how could it find a welcome and a resting-place within the bosom of an angel, whom God had created faultless? If temptation and sin can find admittance to the celestial world, to angel hearts, what security have we for the continuance of our immortal happiness, if thus at any moment it can be invaded by the approach of wrong? If an angel fell from heaven, may not we hereafter fall even from the heights of blessedness? And this Satan hurled from on high, theology informs us, is steadfly increasing the vastness of his domain, adding to the numerical strength by which he surrounds himself; may he not once again assail the skies, and must we not tremble for the threne of God himself, when Satan has such power?

The lecturer said it was during the Babylonian captivity that the Jews admitted to their belief the dectrine of the personified devil, which was the belief of the nation they dwelt among; who accepted Ormuz the good God, and Arlmanes the spirit of evil; and from that time the doctrine of the davil nursued its onward and deleterious course. Now, human beings look with suspicion on each other, fearing the devil incarnate in every breast; trusting not the honest, truthful, generous impulses of the soul, that are so beautiful

The priesthood have taught that man is innately depraved all around us human nature gives beautiful evidences to the contrary; despite of church-creeds and dogmas the inherent good stands brightly forth; the humanitarian efforts go abroad; the sympathies of the world shine lovingly amid the darkness of superstition and intelerance. While creedshackles have bound the race, the repugnant doctrine of the devil has steeped souls in fear and blavery; outside of the churches, prompted only by the unerring God within the soul, reform has glorified the earth-science and progress have nursued their course.

All the discoveries that now bless us with their uses, were once cast aside by the hand of superstition; all the evils growing out of ignorance and perversion, attributed to this Satan, once an angel in Heaven. At a humorous remark made by the medium, there was a mirthful outbreak among self, would destroy life; but another labratory in the air ma- great powers in the world, wind and water power, corre-

He spoke of the fugitive slave case, that last week occurred oh man. What thought is here? Can you do this? Can in our city; how public indignation had been aroused for the

sacred right of liberty; how noble was the conduct of those self-sacrificing women, who day and night attended the trial, frembling, hoping, and fearing for the result. How beautiful an evidence of human sympathy was the long-continued shout of joy that hatled the law's decision, that give to that poor colored man his freedom! Independent of creed or herein, the innate feeling, the brotherly sympathy was warded him from thousands of gladdened hearts.

When in the metropolis the rumor spread of the missing steamship Atlantic, the great public heart sorrowed with the mourning and expectant ones. When a cry arose that a vessel was in sight, the sympathizing crowd, moved by one mas tor impulse, rushed toward the wharves, with hope and expectation on their faces; and when they saw the Union-Jack floating from the mast, the multitude turned away despairingly, in tears and sorrow; and yet perhaps not one among five hundred there had a relative or friend on board that ship. It was the spontaneous offering of sympathy, the manifestation of that love-principle inherited by all humanity. And when another ship came in sight, and brought the welcome tidings of the Atlantic's safety, the welkin rang with shouts of gladness, and the many shared the Joy of those immediately concerned; perhaps few, if any, among them were members of Christ Church, or Trinity. But the blighting influences of superstition, the self-constituted umpires of society, have exercised the condemnatory spirit that persecutes, in place of the love that conciliates. Tha erring claim our sympathy; in the spirit of meckness, and brotherly good-will it should be awarded; not with the presumptuous feeling that proclaims itself our brother's judge. As Spiritualists, wo hould turn from calumny and detraction, banishing their baleful influences from our homes and hearts, ever striving by our example to lead others into the paths of right, but Judgng not nor denouncing, lest we also be tempted."

Truly, as the medium said in the course of the lecture :

"This world is full of beauty, As other worlds above;
And if men but did their duty,
"I would be as full of love."

. If any one who heard that discourse, was over guilty of the sin of calumny, the fear of his or her own Godlike impulses, surely they received a lesson, and derived much consulation,

The evening's discourse was on "The necessity of a more ational religion." A glowing exposition it was of our national sins of intemperance, physical and mental slavery. Nover have I listened to a more beautiful, heart-stirring appeal for the cause of temperance and liberty; never before had I heard temptation and wrong so forcibly portrayed, and the divine beauty of forgiveness rendered so angel-like. The stately column of our national pride and power, in its architectural grandeur, seemed to stand amid a desert plain, around it surging the vices that were popular, with which religion meddled not in the reformation of souls. Some years since the church was adverse to the temperance cause; it took no heed of the dread vice that with giant footsteps was devas-tating the land, bringing ruin and desolation to the hearthstone; stalking triumphantly through the legislative halls, finding a welcome in the senate chamber, in the assemblies of the gay, at the festal board and by the fireside. It was his vice that had darkened the land, and for its removal the church had done naught; the reform arose outside of the thurch, at the instigation of human love and pity. The medium's appeal to the young men of Philadelphia to

beware of the mantling draught that, ruby-red and inviting, lured them to a forgetfulness of the highest aims of life, thrilled to many souls in that audience, if tear-filled oyes give evidence of emotion. By all that was pure and sacred, high and holy, loving and desirable, by overy human affection and divine aspiration, all were called upon to shun that "red stream of perdition " that had led so many noble souls, by imperceptible degrees, to the depths of moral ruin. As a wall from the far-off haunts of slavery, as an entreating angel voice in behalf of our sable brethren, were the words that portrayed the slave's condition, that counseled the best means for his redemption. It was, to free the master from the fetters of creed and dogma, that held him bound to the belief that his Bible sanctioned slavery; and this was the work that Spiritualism would undertake. When once the Southern master knew himself, his duties and obligations, he would do the right; once free himself, he could not hold another in bondage; and Spiritualism, with its heralded freedom, its beautiful teachings, would emancipate the slave new groaning in the Bouth, as well as lift the shackles of mental slavery at the North; and all this by the persuasive, all-conquering force of love-never by violence. The government and the church had been guilty of the sins of omission in regard to these great moral evils; the acceptance of a more rational religion, that to theory they would add practice of the injunctions of the Nazarene, was the only safe and available remedy. We passed by the poor drunkard-the despicable wretch, as he is called-who is made so by the despicable aws, and it is thought right to turn from him in disgust. What, say they, would you tell us there is any part of God in a drunkard? Assuredly there is; somewhere in the depths of his soul lies the human sympathy, perhaps never awakened; it will respond if you appeal to it through love. You cannot degrade yourself by lending him a helping hand; but you can lead him higher. Better than all denunciation and anathematizing, is the silent power of your own good example, striving ever to aid and sustain the erring. Let us, as Spiritualists, therefore, not turn from those who, less happily organized, less favorably situated than ourselves, have yielded to temptation; for we have no right to constitute ourselves the judges. Let us pity, but not condemn; sympathize with, but never denounce; so shall we carry into effect the teachings of the angels and fulfill the mandates of our being here. These beautiful lectures deserve a widely extended circula-

tion. It is a source of regret to many, that we cannot have them reported in full in the Banner, or published in pamph-

Our April so far is cold, with the continued blessing of rain nost layishly bestowed. There seems to be a leaning in the public mind towards a more respectful mention of Spiritualsth. The cry of humbug is not quite so loud; many leave our meetings convinced that there is some sense, and a vast mount of charity, in the spiritual teachings.

CORA WILBURN. Yours for truth, Philadelphia, April 11, 1859.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Bosron.—Susan M. Johnson will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, next Sunday, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Admission ten cents.

Admission ton cents.

Meetings for trance speaking are held every Sabbath, at usual church hours, in Democratic Hall, (room No. 3.) Merantile Building, Summer street. A circle is held at the same place every Thursday evening, for which the best mediums are engaged. Admittance 10 cents.

A Check for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday norning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 conts.

MERTINGS IN CRELSEA, on Sundays, morning and eveningat GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, reg-ular speaker. Scats free.

PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular ncetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock. Lowert.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meets ngs on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Woll's Hall,

ings on Sundays, iorenoon ..... Speaking, by mediums and others. NEWBURKERS, by medium's and collers.

NEWBURKERS.—The Spiritualists of Nowburyport have a fine Hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on reformatory subjects, said lecturer to have for his or her services the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each meeting. Any letters addressed to R. Sherman, No. 5 Charles

neeting. Any letters addressed to R. Shitreet, will receive immediate attention. LAWNENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Law-

OBITUARY.

Died, in Laconia, N. H., April 4th, Sarah E., daughter of S. G. and Phebe P. Miner, aged nine years. The last few weeks of the departed one were weeks of pain and suffering, and towards the close of her mortal existence she seemed perfectly conscious that she was about to depart from us. She asked her parents to carry her into the dining-room, that she might once more look upon the things that were so dear to her. Taking a calm and affectionate leave of her parents and brothers, and desiring them to meet her in her spirithome, she calmiy and sweetly passed into the arms of the bright ones waiting to receive her.

The Rev. J. Pierpont being here to lecture, conducted the funeral services at the Universalist Church. The "Angels' Welcome" being sung by the choir, Mr. Pierpont made some very impressive remarks, followed by prayer, leading the souls of those present upward into the very presence of the Pather.

Patter.

Then Miss E. S. Swasoy, trance-medium, was influenced, and the intelligence through her, speaking, as he said, from knowledge, not "looking through a glass darkly," led the mind beyond the portals of the temb to the glorious spirithome, showing the transplanting of the bud to a more contail clime, where it will unfold and expand in all its beauty and glory, watered by the river of life, flowing from the ever full fountain of God's averlasting love.

Ye sorrowing ones, who are mourning the absence of dear ones, let your sorrow be turned into joy, and your mourning into rejoicing.

A. L.

TO LET.-THE LOWER FRONT ROOM AT 45 CARVER street—suitable for a physician or medium. The Room will be furnished, if desired. Apply between the hours of 1 and 3.

April 23.

# The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Hannen, we claim was given by the spirit whese name it hears, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, Trance Medium. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their carth life to that beyond, and do away with the errone ous dea that they are more than FISTE beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is avia as well as wood in it, and not

should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.
We ask the render to receive no dectrine 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.
Rach can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at HALF-PAST TWO; they are closed 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 those who read one from a spirit, they recognize, write us whether true or false?

March 21-Samuel Phillips, Frank Stevens, "Engineer."

March 21—Samuel Phillips, Frank Stevens, "Engineer,"
Rev. Dr. Emmons, Kirk Boott.
March 22—Phillips Barton Key, Daniel Clark, Timothy A.
Wilkins; Mary Phillips.
March 23—Sam Quinn, Betsey Cook, Perley M. Kibbo,
Thomas Bisby, Abaguil Field.
March 24—John Rilee (Portland), James Finlayter, Willio
Vinton, Levi Woodbury, Willie Lewis, Anonymous.
March 28—James Adams (Lowell), Bridget Quinn, John
Philbrick (Rye, N. H.), William Prescott, Joshua Heath.
March 28—George Weston (actor), Dr. Parls B. Brown,
Aunt Ruth, Jerusha Beck (Newcastle Me.), Harvey Turner,
March 29—John King, Charles Willington Christian (England), William Wilson (sailer), Charley Young, To Visclo.
March 30—Nathaniel Norton (New Bedford) Solomon Townsond (Providence), Robert Foster, Freddy (to Aunt Wells.)
March 31—Peter Goode (Boston), Lorenzo Dow, Clara Augusta Stevens (Cincinnatt), Bill Poole (New York).
April 1—Larkin Moore, Charles Todd (Bostou), Patrick
McGlinnis (Dublin), Lightfoot.
April 2—William Chaplin (seuman), William Hamilton (Boston), John Wesley (to George Steckbridge), Mary Elizabeth
Hamilton (La.), Parick Murphy (Dover).
April 4—Ebon Clark (Fuftoubere', N. H.), William Harrison (Thomaston, Me.), Charles H. Barton (Vallingford, England), Don Juan Luvadio (Castile), Margaret Stevens (N. Y.),
William Campbell (Block Island), Mary Jano Lefavor (N. Y.),
Oharles H. Jackman (to brother Ben)
April 5—Thomas Harrian (Boston), William Downing, (to
Chas. Brown), Charles Spence (to J. S.), Thomas Shapleigh
(Albany), Samuel Noyes (Boston).

Chas. Brown), Charles Spence (to J. S.), Thomas Shapleigh (Albany), Samuel Noyes (Boston).

April 6—Charles French (dumb), Peter Smith (Hartford, Ct.), Mary Hall (Banger), John Eldridge (Boston), Alex. Phillips (to his brother), Johnny Peck (Syracuse, N. Y.), Calvin Cutter, M. D.

April 8—Gardner Bennett, Boston; Samuel Garland; Jeromiah Williams, Boston; John Rogers Clinton, New York; Ellon Maria Chetwood, Albany.

April 9—Joseph Greendell, N. Bedford; Henry Adams, to his brother; Joshua Houston.

April 12—Henry Wendall, Groton, N. H.; Robert Stone; Doa, John Gould, Hanover, N. H.; Emma Clark, Pertland; Bonjamin Hackhurst, Philadelphia; Edward Haskins, New Orleans. Chas. Brown), Charles Spence (to J. S.), Thomas Shapleigh

Orions.

April 18—George Henry Henderson, Johnstown, Vt.; Rov.
Brederick T. Gray, Boston; Mrs. C. Hemans, to Helen Vandoult, Richmond, Va.; Philip Stanley.

#### Judson Hutchinson.

Judson Hutchinson.

My field of labor is a large one, and I scarce know where to begin. I was born of kind parents, who did everything in their power to make me happy in childhood, and useful in manhood. But I was one of that kind of people who are not able to bear the crosses of life. Every shadow that was flung across my pathway, scemed very dark to me, and I used to often wonder how people could get along and appear so calm, who seemed to have so much trouble constantly. When trouble came across me, if it was ever so light, I must have some one to confide in, and on whom to cast a portion of the darkness, or I was totally lost to myself, and everything I should have been awake to.

I am here to-day under peculiar circumstances, or, rather, I am induced to speak by a force of peculiar circumstances. There sooms to be a natural demand upon me that will be satisfied in no other way than by coming to earth and giving such an explanation as I may be permitted to give.

Now every man, woman and child on earth has his or her sorrow—for a shadow and sunbeam attend every birth, and linger by the side of every human being, all through the natural and spiritual life. Some have a faculty of throwing of these shadows, and some have not. I was one of that class who could not get along with trouble as well as others. There seems to be a continual strife going on respecting my life and manner of death, etc. Some say I was never sane—that I was insane from my birth. That I shall beg leave to correct, for surely it is not true.

leave to correct, for surely it is not true.

Some of my friends and acquaintances say I made too close application to business and the affairs of life. Here, again,

my friends are wrong: it is not so. On the contrary, I strove

my friends are wrong; it is not so. On the contrary, I strove very hard, especially at times, to give ear to the spirit, for there seemed to be a natural instinct telling me mine could not bear so much as the general run of mankind.

And again, some of my acquaintances—some personal and some public—have deemed it well to say that I became insano upon the subject of Spiritualism. Here, again, I begleave to Inform my friends they are initaken—I was not a Spiritualist. I nover saw enough of practical Spiritualism to cause me to place firm reliance upon the great variety of manifestations that are going on in the mental and moral world. I did believe it was possible for spirits to return and commune with their friends, and I believed it was very probable in some cases they did do so; but I did not believe that the vast crowd of spirits who inhabit the spirit-world have all power to return and commune at their pleasure: have all power to return and commune at their pleasure; notther did I believe that truth was obtained at the thousands of circles held all over the land. Therefore, if I did not believe in these things, and had no desire to believe, I could not have been insane upon that point for my friends will see that my mental power was not excited sufficiently to could not have been insane upon that point, for my friends will see that my mental power was not excited sufficiently to produce insanity. My own dear and over beloved immediate family know best how I was situated, and what I believed; therefore, it js but just that I should return and inform the multitude and the rabble, that Spiritualism was not the medium that caused my death. I have learned since I have been one of the many who inhabit the new sphere of life, that I was of an organism that could be easily influenced by outside or foreign influences. For instance—if I was in public, and a portion of the assembly were not in proper harmony, or not perfectly well pleased with me, or those who word in company with me, I would feel that influence; and, at times it would almost unnerve me, and make me unfit for service. My friends attributed this to weakness of the nervous system; although I was aware of the fact, yet I never paid enough attention to it to inform myself of the release, until recently.

paid enough attention to it to inform myself of the real cause, until recently.

Now, as I own the susceptibility to foreign influences in human life—in the mundane sphere—I was no doubt quite as susceptible to influences from the spirit-world; but as I was not aware of that fact when I was on earth, certainly the power of the influence could not have produced insanity, because I was not compared to it. I used semantime to wonder cause I was not cognizant of it. I used sometimes to wonder how my brother could be so calm under certain circum stances, while I was a perfect tempest, which nothing could calm save a kind word from those I leved the best.

stances, while I was a perfect tempest, which nothing could calm save a kind word from those I loved the best.

From the time I was fifteen years of age, I was in the habit of experiencing periodical fits of mediancholy. They were like the wind; I could not tell whence they came, nor when or whither they would go; but during these periodical attacks. I felt a strong desire to commit sucide—so strong I have been obliged to throw myself upon the care of my friends for salvation.

I recollect of passing some very severe struggles with what seemed to me to be a morbid desire to end my natural existence. These fits of melancholy, I used to suppose, induced this morbid desire; and God knows, if he knows anything at sail, that I tried very hard to overcome them; but, I bellove, from the time I was thrown upon the great ocean of life as an active wave, I began to grow weaker and weaker upon this point; and stronger, day by day, grow the morbid desire to end my natural life. Now Spiritualism had nothing to do with it, as I can see. Then others of my acquaintances have been so hard as to not only suppose, but to even say that I became insane on account of donostic difficulties. Oh, monstrous thought It has no truth in its composition, and therefore I'm going to throw it by as too uscless altogether therefore I'm going to throw it by as too useless altogether

for me to take up.

I was naturally too weak to buffet the storms of mortal If and thus this morbid desire had a very fair chance of growing upon me; for every ill-wind would be sure to want to my nostrile some unpleasant odor that would leave a to my nostrils some unpleasant odor that would leave a melancholy. If I did not succeed as well in everything I undertook as I anticipated, in spite of all my force to the contrary, I would find myself enveloped in a thick mist of gloom. And when my days on earth were nearly numbered, I found myself not only harboring this well messenger, but fostering him, nourishing him, from the very well-spring of my own life. 'Twas under such conditions as these that I committed suicide, being too weak myself to withstand this all-powerful influence of evil. The evil can come under no specific head, as I can see. If my friends and acquantances soo fit to reckon me among the suicidal Spiritualists, they can do so. But they who loved me well will hear and believe me; yes, they will know that I have told the truth; and as the seed is sown in very good ground, my friends will in due time become satisfied in regard to my life and my death.

ere is no stream in life, however stagnant, but has its

There is no stream in life, however stagnant, but has its source from the great fountain—God. No ideas go to make up the mental world, however mysterious, but what all shall understand in time; no soul is thrust upon the great sea of humanity without a purpose—It has a mission to fulfill—one star in life to save, if no more.

So, then, I have not lived in vain; and, although my own hands proved the instruments of death, yet my own spirit, nided by the Superior, shall be the medium through which I shall receive salvation and everlasting happiness.

My dear friends—my best beloved I tell them that although I am no longer with them in body, I am often here in spirit, and I want them to love me just the same; think of mojust as I was; and when they carefully scan the pages of my life, wonder will cease, and they will see that I worked out my mission, and passed on to work out salvation is spirit. Iffe. Mine was a rough path—many a thermwas concealed one my mission, and passed on to work out salvation in spirit-life. Mine was a rough path—may a thermous concealed beneath the flower; a skillful hand might have gathered the roses and left the thorns; but as my own was weak, I frequent-ly got wounded, and I passed on like a breath of summer ove-ning; for it was but a breath that wand to me.

And now, thanks to higher influences that I mover felt in carth, a new path is opened to me, devoid of this melancholy and those I have on earth, by the will of the great intellection line on the guides us out, I shall bless from time to time—in what way I cannot say. No more to-day.

March 17.

Sarah Higgins.

Fading from earth, and opening to the spirit-world! What a crowd of remembrances gather around the spirit as it passes from sphere to sphere. When the things of carth grow dim, and those of the spirit-land begin to brighten, what a vast throng of thoughts come filling up every crevice in the spirit—all the past is inference lear, and the future—oh, the spirit—all the past is inference lear. The whole life seems placed before th

there unless I had strong ties of affection binding me to earth. The cords of sympathy may stretch, but never break.

I passed away in Boston, on the twenty-first day of May. I was forty-four years of age, I had little ones to care for; the youngest was but seven years of age; and, when she said, "Oh, mother, stay with me," surely it was hard to go. And when my five children stood around my bed, with agony pictured upon their faces, oh was it not hard to burst the bonds of mortality I Would not the spirit strive to stay a moment longer to catch the last fond look, to hear the last farewell? Oh, yes I when I saw no bridge over which I could return. But, thanks to the kind Father, he not only gives us a passport to the outer passage, but has given us power to re-

well for those who are dependent upon her for all the com-

forts of life.

Peace to my little ones—a blessing such as none but a mother can give. And while they walk through wild temptation's paths, may they feel a mother is near to guide, if they will be leased; and as a voice of intuition comes to them, when surrounded with temptation, may they heed it, that they may live in the laud their mother now lives in, and no remorse come to them in spiritiffe.

Our Father, who art with us to-day, and who will be with us through all time, I will not ask thee to bless those as mine, but I will offer thankegiving and praise to thee for the power thou hast bestowed upon me, thy subject, to return to earth to give consolation to the buds that are growing in the cold garden of mortality. Oh, Holy Source of Love, I will not ask that thou wilt send an angel all laden with love to whisper of my coming to my sister, for in thine own time and in thine own way, as thou hast permitted me to return, thou wilt guide her in the path of duty, and the children shall no more call for thee to take them to another land of existence, Oh, Father, as thy power is all-enduring, thou wilt answer a mother's call, for the echo is even now heard in the far-off sphere of love and wisdom. So the mother thanks thee—so sphere of love and wisdom. So the mother thanks thee—so the mother praises thee, that the children may follow her, and

### Timothy A. Conway.

Timothy A. Conway.

How cold and wholly selfish the inhabitants of your earth are! Whoever has once stopped aside from the active scenes of mortal life, can visit its battle-ground at their leisure. Most of us find the scenery too cold, too dead—almost wholly devoid of that beat of principles, charity. I care not how good or bow charitable man or woman may appear to be, there is no such thing as reat charity on your carth. My words are not founded on belief, but on knowledge. I know there is no real charity in mankind. Kour friend may be ever so kind—may bear long with your faults, if he have an object in view, a certain something he hopes to gain, if not in this world, in the next. How ofton we hear it said: "I would not have done so and so, if I had not conceived it to be my duty." So the duty prompts to the act, instead of true charity. "I forgive you," says the Christian, "as I hope to be forgiven." There you see is an object to be gained; if is it worth anything, it is worth striving for. The Christian plainly says: "If I did not expect to receive a recompense for forgiving you, I would not forgive." The theological teacher, or the man of God, will tell you he conceives it to be his duty to forgive the erring one. Now if duty did not stand at his right hand, prompting him to act, do you think he would act? Do you think he would strotch forth the hand to lift up the fallen one? I tell you no. Charity has no dwelling-place among mankind. The souls of men and women are just as devoid of it, as is this plece of furniture before me.

Why is it there is no charity on earth? "It is because men and women love themselves too well: it is because men and women love themselves too well: it is because men obey that great haw that tells them to do unto others as they would be done by. There is no fallfull subject to that law to be found on earth—not one.

When I was on earth, I thought I was charitable. I often found myself saying. "I will do this or that because it seems

become ignited. Instead of drawing great waters from the great fountain-head, no one seeks to do so, but each one strives to draw corresponding ovil from their own natures to make great the tiny spark, that he or she who may have sinned may not only become scorched by the atmosphere of revenge, but still worse, they cast upon them a coldness more defidly, more subtle in its nature, that crushes the spirit and causes it almost to die in embryo; and it lingers on until death comes to free it from its bonds, and launch it into that land where it breathes the air of pure affection and charity.

In early life I found myself surrounded by forms that were In early life I found myself surrounded by forms that were uncongenial to me. There was no peace for my spirit. I was never at rest; the waters of my own life were continually surging over me, and I said, "Why is it that I am thus thrown upon the cold seas of life, without one to guide in the lower state of things? Why is it that I find no sympathy? When I err, none pity me, but all crowd around to censure me." Something seemed to whisper to me, it was because of a lack of charity.

me." Something seemed to whisper to me, it was because of a lack of charity.

As I grow older, and became crowned with manhood, I tried very hard to walk in the path to heaven. But I found there were many avenues leading off, here and there; and as I met with no sympathy from my friends, I saw that it mathematically in the path of the path to be a second to be a s I met with no sympathy from my friends, I saw that it mattered little what path I took, and so I wont my own road. No one understood me, and I thought it best I should withdraw from the society of my pretended friends. I wandered on, scarce knowing or caring which way I went, or how my journey would ultimate, until I approached a period in life which even now looks gloomy to me. A mist comes over my mental vision as I pender upon it. Being weary of all I saw on earth, I was more than willing to exchange worlds, with a view to enter upon a new state of life. I entered my room one night, about nine in the evening. I took in hand the instrument used to shave the face. By this medium I andertook to cast myself off this mortal stage, but my hand became unsteady and weak, and I was unable to finish what I had begun.

became unsteady and weak, and I was unable to finish what I had begun.
And thus I remained on earth longer than I wished to; and when I went forth again, in the busy crowd of life, as I walked the crowded thoroughfure, one would point to me, and another and another, as one who had tried to commit suicide, and falled. Oh, it would have been far better had all who had known me, pointed within, and tried, if possible, to discover some fault within—something whereby there might be mirrored their own lives. I lived without sympathy—my life was a strange one, and even to-day the friends I have still on earth will oftlimes say to themselves or others, that might have lived and been respected in the world, if I had not been a fool.

So then, I have founded a beiter, and that has generated a

I might have fived and been respected in the world, if I had not been a fool.

So, then, I have founded a beilef, and that has generated a knowledge that there is no charity in the world. Men and women must cease to exist in a mortal state, ere they know what charity is. And the friend who some times drops a passing thought on the state I oned called my mortal life, let the thought be as of one who moved among them for a time, and passed on to a more congenial cline. They may ask, "Is it possible he can return and speak through one of theme it louds to to-day?" Tell them, yes; and it is not only possible, but probable, that I shall most some one of them face to face, before they leave earth. Shadows of the future tell me this.

nanths.

Name? Yes. Timothy A. Conway. I was born in New
York city; I died at Savannah; was a lawyer by profession.

Acquaintances of mine reside at Savannah. Offer them my
kind wishes, if you please. Good day.

March 18.

# Jack, (A Slave.)

Jack, (A. Slave.)

How dy'e, Massa? What's de best way to ge to hebben? Massa, no joking—what de best way nigga ge to hebben? Nigga hab no Massa here. Ole Massa down in Louislana; nigga no wait for Massa to die. Massa used to say, "Mind your Massa, do de best you can, and you'll ge to hebben." Now get no Massa; and when I was done gene clean dead, I had no Massa to mind; nigga don't know what to do. Sent by niggas here. Massa Pendicton buy me last time; gib \$020 for me. [Answer to question:] Nigga can't spell; oh, Massa, I can't. I took sumfing—what you call him, Massa? Head all swell up, Massa, and I die of it.

I took care of hosses for ole Massa, and drive carriage. Ole Massa say I best nigga cher had. 'Spect ole Massa would wender if nigga tell him he come back! Massa lib mest twenty miles from Otleans—take me half day to drive ole Massa. Ole Massa. Ole Dick get centray for sumfing and no go so fass. I take ole Massa's name when I go lib wild Massa. Ole Massa had nigga in de house what take care ob Massa's tings; I could sumtime, but now ise done gone dead. Prepared Massa Most of the langes had to gone gone.

ob Massa's tings; I could sumtime, but now ise done gone dead. P'raps ole Massa Pendieton can tell nigga how to get

#### Emily Jane Carver.

The cords of sympathy may stretch, but never break.

I mass drawn in Boston, on the twenty-first day of May. I was forty-four years of nge. I had little enes to care for; the youngest was but seven years of age; and, when she said. "Oh, mother, stay with me," surely it was hard to go. And when my five children stood around fly bed, with agony pictured upon their faces, oh was it not hard to burst his bonds of mortality! Would not the spirits strive to stay a moment longer to catch the last fond look, to hear the last fare well? Oh, yeal when I saw no bridge over which I could return. But, thanks to the kind Father, he not only gives us passport to the outer passage, but has given us power to return, to gently life our loved ones to a better land, where so, row cannot come—where mother and children shall be united—where there are no more farewells—no more clars.

My name was Sarah Illigdins; my children are here in Boston, the children and I shall be happy.

Oh, let me beseech her to drop an occasional dew-drop from spirit-life into the hearts of my children; oh, let them know that their mother can return and speak; oh, let her, by all the love she once bore to me, teach thom of heaven—not as the last the fifty of the deer none lot, the none considerable and the harsh words of life. Oh, let me to be especially careful of the flower, for if she bloom in earth-life, she will be a support to her; but if she heeds the light of the dear ones left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear ones left to her charge, also will, ere she leaves for the dear ones left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear ones left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear one left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear one left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear ones left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear one left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear ones left to her charge, she will, ere she leaves for the dear ones left to her charge, s

William Glover. I suppose you don't know you; I'm William Glover. I suppose you don't know me, for I was a boy, and you was a man. I know you just as soon as I got here; but I didn't know you was here. Now, seeing as I know you, tell me what to do. What year is it, sir? Then I can tell you straight off when I died. Then it's more than four years. Do you know where Salutation street is? I died there; but mother don't live there now; she lives in Elect street, I'm pretty sure. I had a fever. She don't know I can come, and I want to tell her I can, and that I can see her sometimes; but I can't speak to her, and I want to know if she can't fix it sometime so I can, I used to sweep out offices most of the time; I was n't very old, so I couldn't do much; I was fourteen; I should have been that in a week or two. I suppose mother will say I was n't fourteen. I worked for Mr. Clark in State street; I swept out the office; then I worked for Charles Smith, the tailor; I was "trotter" for him sometimes. I never worked for you, but I used to come to see a boy who did.

I have been trying to get round ever since I came here. Oh, there's lots of sights round here; and where you don't have to work unless you're a mind to. Oh, golly, I'd never be 'trotter' nor office-boy for anybody here; I used to have to do it when I was alive.

Mr. Clark used to say, "You'll be a smart man sometime." I used to think I'd never be if I swept out his office long.

Wont you tell mother I am getting along nicely, and how I came to you, and can come to her, if she wont be frightened? What will you de? Write a letter, sir? Oh, put it in a paper; but I can't pay, sir. I know what papers charge to put advertisements in. I went once to put in on, for my mother lost something, and they charged so much she said she could n't pay it. I can't pay you, sir; this is a good place here. It sa good place here. I was sorry when I was sick. Mr.

letter,

It's a good place here. I was serry when I was sick. Mr.
Clark told my mether I could a't live—that's the decter—not
the man I worked for, sir, and then I was much afraid; but
I got ever it seen after I got here. I know more than I used

Well, sir, I'll go now. I don't know how to go, sir. Will it be like dying, sir? Well, good by, sir. March 18.

# David Pearson.

the duty prompts to the act, instead of true charity. "I forgive you," says the Christian, "as I hope to be forgiven."
There you see is an object to be gained: If is it worth anything, it is worth striving for. The Christian plainly says; "If I did not expect to receive a recomponse for forgiving you, I would not forgive." The theological teacher, or the man of God, will tell you he conceives it to be his duty to forgive the erring one. Now if duty did not stand at his right hand, prompting him to act, do you think he would act? Do you think he would stretch forth the hand to lift up the fallen one? I tell you no. Charity has no dwelling place among mankind. The souls of men and women are mand women love themselves too well; It is because men and women love themselves too well; It is because men and women love themselves too well; It is because men found myself saying, "I will do this or that because it scems to be my duty." But I never found myself saying, "I will do this or that because it scems to be my duty." But I never found myself saying, "I will do this or that because I love my neighbor as myself." The vast platform of Christianity holds much upon its surface that is not only evil, but abominable. When evil springs up in the milds of the Christian church, all members of that become ignified. Instead of drawing great waters from the great fountain-head, no one seeks to do so, but each one strives to draw corresponding evil from their own natures to the content of the conten wanted to be. Captain's name was Walker—he's good-good for nothing. My name was David Pearson; I was forty-three. I was quite an old sait; that's what makes me so dry now. Got so thoroughly saited on the ocean, that I'm three. I was quite an old sait; flat's what makes meso dry now. Got so thoroughly saited on the occan, that I'm dry now; and you wont give me a drink. I was born myself in Belfast, Mo. I lived in Konnebunk; my wife's folks lived in Bucksport; her name was Wilson; her father's dead, so am I. I have n't seen him; he wont up on a long boat, and I on a raft; we haven't met yet. He could scud prefty well before the wind; I could n't; so he's gone ahead. I'll see him in some of these foreign parts, I suppose. I'm going to crules round the world after I go away from here. Find of going to hell? No; never was afraid of that—never thought there was any worse hell than when a fellow wants a glass of grog and can't get any—that's one of the hells a fellow had better keep clear of.
Hallo! here's old Captain Anderson; wonder what he wants round here? I sailed with him more than twenty yearsage. He belonged in Newburyport; what's he here fur? to talk? 'Cause, he's skipper, you'll give him a drink, I suppose? I knew him; he 's a jolly old follow; he's been dead most eighteen years, I guess. I heard of nis being doad after I made voyages with him, and that's twenty years ago, I guess. My shipmates used to treat me sometimes, to tell them a yarn; I could make up the best yarn you over heard of.

heard of.

I was buried at sea; was n't indebted to anybody for a grave; had plenty of sea room for a while; got snapped up pretty quick, though. Wonder if the fellow with two rows of teeth, that swallowed me, got drunk after it? I should have thought he might have been. Oh, he's a good-looking fellow, especially if you look him in the face. Oh, a shark will follow the ship till she gets ashore, if there is anybody on board to be launched overboard. They kept me three days, because they thought the shark wouldn't follow after me then. I had two children, and they died. Seen them? no; don't suppose they'd come after me, do you? I don't want to go where they are, till I get right smart.

I had to row pretty well to got here? and not a drink! I rowed once all night, and never had a thing to drink. Yes, it was long, 'specially when a fellow was dry. Now if you'll give me a glass of brandy, I'll go away and stay. I'll go aloft, or stay below, just as you please.

Look hore; where do you suppose God is? I have never seen him, and don't expect to. Oh, confound it, I'd risk all my future happiness for a drink of brandy new. If they had given me a glass before I died, I would n't want one now. The old mau said I might die, but I should n't have two so I died; and I knew all the time that if I had a glass I'd have come up all right. He lied to me; said he had n't got a drop on beard, when I bet he had ten gallons of it in his locker. leard of.

I was buried at sea; was n't indebted to anybody for a

locker.

Seeing as you are so mighty temperate and close, I'll just leave this port for some other; can't get a cargo here, no way—trade's dull. All day to you, old fellow. When I am round again, perhaps you'll be flush.

March 10.

# Polly Westcott.

Polly Westcott.

It appears to me you are all strangers here. Now I've been dead most five years, and I never knew I could come back till three days ago. I've got children and grandchildren and grandchildren, and I want to speak to them.

I was ninety-seven years old in March, and I died about a month after my birthday. I hadn't been very well for a good while, and I suppose I had paralysis—they said I had.

Now, if you'll tell the children that I can come, and can speak, I'll be very glad. My name was Polly Westcott. Sometimes the children used to call me grandmother, but my right name was Polly Westcott; I lived in Manchester, N. II., and died there. It seems to me now I can go there after I leave here and see; I never could see anything since I died, till I got here, and I see everything well soon as I come here. I was enymost blind; I lost the sight of one eye entirely, and the other most. I went to bed one hight, and could see about as enymything. The children called a doctor; but he said he could n't do anything for me, I was so old. I prayed the Lord to let me have my sight, and I believe he answered my prayer, for I saw my children the last half hour before I died.

I lived with my daughter, whose name was Willams; we lived on Elm street. I was n't able to go to meeting for a long time. My daughter was a Universalist, and she thought it would make me nervous, and I didn't care about It. My daughter was a good child; but she was led astray. I never approved of her going to that meeting. Yea, I think she is led astray now. I was born in Eastport, Maine, and once lived in Boston, and moved to Manchester, so the girls could work in the mills.

There was Rebocca, and Mary—I named her Polly, but she

vork in the mills.

There was Rebeccs, and Mary—I named her Polly, but she

hever would go by that name. Then there was Henry. Charles and Dayld—they are at home with their mother in Manchester. I've got another daughter; she's been married twice; her name is Polly; she lives in Philadelphia now, and I hover saw her last hushand. Her other man's name was Kane. I've seen some of her children. You tell them I came, won't you?

#### "Xorxos."

A friend belonging to the Becond Baptist Church, not over twenty miles from this city, wishes to know if spirits have the power to move material objects without the contact of mortals. It maswer, we would say we do have the power to carry material articles from one place to another, without bringing them in contact with mortals or mediums.

Our brother was told about two months provious to his putting forth the question, that he should receive a package at a certain time, and it should be brought without the use of hands, and he should be convinced it came to him in that manner. While shone, his dear friend dropped the package upon the table before him. He was conscious of being along, and he was aware that no one had entered that room for days previous but himself; and now he calls on us to know if the thing can be done. That was done, not simply to awaken his curiosity, but to place a light at his feet, that he may not stumble in the future; that he may know that those who commune with him have the power to perform certain things mortals call miracles. Yet there is no such thing as a miracle—all is done by natural law.

Now I could not draw magnetism from one individual to carry packages to another. Spirits have the power to surround any article with animal magnetism, and carry it from one place to gather. But nature will be her law, days that

any article with animal magnetism, and carry it from one place to another. But nature will, by her law, draw that package back again to the individual from whom the magnetpackage back again to the individual from whom the magnetism was taken. If he sees fit to try the experiment again, let him take that package and lock it in a certain drawor, which has a peculiar lock upon it. We will take that package from the drawer, while it is locked. Let him wait fitteen minutes; then let him unlock the drawer, and satisfy himself it is not there; then let him lock the drawer again, and wait another fitteen minutes, and we will replace that package in the drawer. If our friend believes us, after this trial, we are satisfied; if he does not, we shall go our way, as we shall then be satisfied we can do no good by performing miracles, as he terms them, for him. Our friend and brother is lingering in doubt; he does not really believe that those in the spiritworld can return at all and commune. The church, with its fetters are upon him; he leans upon the arm of an Almighty found only in the church; he falls to know that the Almighty is everywhere, and dwells in the lowest hell, as well as in the church.

The spirit stated that he should unlock the drawer to take

The spirit stated that he should unlock the drawer to take

the package out.

While our brother seeks in silence, may he not forget to pray to the Great Author of Light constantly, and may he pray that God, in his own time, and own way, will send that light. May he cease to pray that God will send it brough the church. God dwelleth in the sinner as well as in the saint; and the high priest is no more the temple of the living God, than is the soul of the sinner.

God, than is the soul of the sinner. He holds in his right hand the Bible; but he holds at present no key to unlock this book—no light to read its pages. Prayer, true prayer, shall bring the light, and the key to unlock its pages, and it shall give him new strength, and in time he shall go forth withhet fear.

You, scribe, may knew more of this in time; at present the rest is a secret, as is also my name. Please add the name of "Xerxes" to this, that my friend may recognize me.

March 19.

March 19.

# Correspondence.

### "The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

J. Alley 5TH, LYNN, MASS .- "An article appeared in the BANNER of April 2d from the able pen of Dr. Child-that noble champion of free speech, free thought, and a free religion-entitled 'Commerce in Spiritualism.' It is easy to see at a glanco that the Doctor—judging from the last paragraph of his article—is far in advance of the present age, and of most Spiritualists. What a mighty revolution must take place in the affairs of this world before mankind will have progressed to that point when these mighty and living principles, presented by him, can be put into operation and generally adopted! We must bide God's time, 'who looth all things well.' The Doctor says :--

Would it not be more in keeping with spirit laws for all mediums of all kinds, after rendering medium services, and when asked, 'How much is to pay?' to answer, 'Freely I receive, and freely I give,' than to say, 'My price is one dellar, five dellars, ten dellurs, etc., otc., and continues—'Is there any danger of nakedness or starvation in such a course in this world of heart development and beautiful provided and this world of heart-development and bountiful provision?

I will try to answer this last question. But before doing so, let me say, in connection with the former question, where the Doctor asks, 'Would it not be more in keeping with spirit laws, for all mediums,' etc. If it were not for this word all mediums, we might construe this question in a general sense, and answer it in the affirmative; but so we cannot construe it. All means all, and thus it reads. We be lieve there are honest exceptions to this rule, where it is both right and proper that the medium should have a set price. Would the answer-in these days of the world's history-Freely I receive, and freely I give,' fill an empty larder? or find a family the common necessaries of life? when the whole dependence of the family is on the medium, and when his or her time is so much taxed that he or she can follow so other occupation?
Surely, 'time is money,' and the 'laborer is worthy of his

hire.' I do not write to vindicate those mediums who have set price, and that price an enormously large one, and who will not budge an inch from that price; having, too, perhaps, another occupation at which they could get a good living and also attend to their mediumship: but I write to vindicate those mediums who are poor, with families to maintain, whose time is all taken up, from morning till night, without any equivalent given for services rendered. Surely, these laborers are worthy of their hiro.

less or starvation in such a course in this world of heart. development and bountiful provision?' The Doctor stands upon a lofty eminence, and as he gazes down upon humanity oneath him, his oves all aglow, lit up with the fires of his prain, his big heart swelling with joy in anticipation of the happiness in store for humanity; lost in revery, he writes as bove-not to the present age, but to ages yet to come. I mayor the question, 'yes, Doctor, there is danger of naked ness and starvation in such a course,' even in this 'bountiful vorid of provision;' and there are Spiritualists, too, for other those who profess, but do not possess the true princi oles of Spiritualism.) in this city, who not only see and know nedlums who are in want, without helping them, but even ake the liberty to cheat them out of their time and money These are stubborn facts, but nevertheless true; and the only way for such mediums (needful ones) to protect themselves is to have a stated price, until Spiritualists, at least have progressed to that point where they shall deem it their luty to see that they do not want for the common necessaries of 11fo, so that they can 'freely receive, and as freely give. God hasten the day so beautifully shadowed forth in the communication of A. B. C.; but until that day, the 'laborer s worthy of his hire." "

We understand, in the position taken by Dr. C., that the lme and efforts necessary for the supply of physical wants, should not be devoted to the exercise of medium powers, but to physical exercise, in some avocation in the common pursuits of life, in which commerce legitimately belongs; that spirit freed from matter rises above the material world, and hat exchange for a price belongs not to it.

# Let the Light Shine.

THOMAS WAS, BRISTOL, IND .- "I bolleve if all spiritual lecturer were to present to their hearers the valuable and excellent influence which a Spiritualist newspaper like the BANNER OF LIGHT would have—if constantly read—they would be the means of sending light into many dark byways where there is now no light, and thereby effecting great good. With a little effort in this direction the masses would learn what Spiritualism is, and there would also be a greater demand for lecturers, and larger audiences to listen to them, March 27th we were favored with two lectures in this place, given through the organism of Mrs. Stowe. Her speaking is of high order, and is so excellent, that I would advise every one who dares to reason, and is within ten miles of her lecture, to embrace the opportunity of hearing her No mortal, without the aid of spirits, can pour forth such a living stream of celestial elequence as comes through her

# H. P. Fairfield.

lips. It is Mrs. Stowe's intention to go on a lecture tour

through the States of Michigan and Ohio this spring and

L. B., EAST TEMPLETON .- Mr. H. P. Fairfield has been with us again, and has administered most successfully to our ever-growing desire to hear more, learn more, and to under stand and experience more of the realities of life, both for the present and future. His logic is unanswerable, and his ele quence is a belitting garb for truths of such sublime import as he uttors. Never, perhaps, was Spiritualism among us more healthy than at the present time. We need have no anxiety for truth, for it will most assuredly leaven the whole lump of error which enshrouds the minds of men."

# Strong Minds in Spiritualism.

"A LOOKER ON," GROVECARD, MASS,-"In the ranks of Spiritualism here are to be found those of the strongest minds and greatest intelligence. Many of them have been through the school of total depravity, election and damnation, vica-

rious atonement, etc. etc., and have concluded that no good or happiness can come out of such teachings. In the light of Spiritualism we find new sources of happiness, new and truer manifestations of love, that make life lovely, and religion that makes us free to aboy the laws of God as they are manifested to us every moment. This makes life pleasant, death

happy, and heaven a reality. Mrs. Mary J. Woodman departed this life on the 20th of March, in full faith, and in a clear perception of the beautiful religion of Spiritualism. Her last sickness was long and painful; but she bore it with resignation, and hailed the messenger Death as a charlot sent to bear her to the besom of angels. How beautiful is Spiritualism in the hour of

#### M. H. Tuttle and Mrs. C. M. Tuttle. PUTNAM, CT .- "The spiritual cause at Putnam is progress-

ng finely, and also in other places about here. Additions to to those who receive and believe, are made daily. We mes the noted Elder Grant, the Adventist, here, and Mrs C. M. Tuttle had a discussion with him publicly upon the evidence of man's immortality. A very large audience heard it, and mostly judged him to be the weak one. He pretended that he came to discuss with Mrs. Tuttle only, and refused at first to meet a spirit, and protended to have cast out the spiritbut it was too plain pretension to deceive any but his own blind followers, when he could not resist the spirit. He then agreed to debate with a demon, and thus he proceeded to dispose of the Scripture evidences advanced by the spirits, such as to deny and ridicule the case of Samuel; and Moses and Elias on the Mount, he turned into a dream or vision only; that of John being the very Elias, as our Saviour said, he denied; and also denied that it was Christ that went in the spirit and preached to the spirits in prison, as it plainly reads that he did. He also turned the language of Christ upon the cross, to the penitent thief, and claimed him to say that 'this day I tell you that you shall come to me in Paradise, and the like. He denied all Scripture evidences. At the close, we read to him, and applied it, the second verse of the fourth chapter of 2d Corinthians, of Paul saying to such priests that had renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but, by the manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. and we called upon him to consider this saying of Paul. A good work was done."

It is by the special, request of Mr. Tuttle that we publish this letter in full.

Spiritualism goes Everywhere.
"Pattence," Clinton.—" Spiritualism has dawned upon this town as well as other towns, and other places. The first lecture we have had here was given by Mrs. Nicholson, a trance speaker, of Worcester. She was listened to by a good audience, with marked attention; and large audiences have since listened to Prof. Otis and Mrs. Townsend. These lectures have excited inquiry and investigation to see and know what there is in the subject. During the winter we have had the constant labors of Miss Almira E. Pease, of Wilbraham, who will soon take the field as a public lecturer. Blie speaks in an unconscious trance, and her speaking is of a high order. She reproves gently, persuades in love, and is modest and unestentatious (if it be possible) to a fault. The association in this place ha unanimously expressed a high appreciation of her instructions, and gratitude for her selfdenying efforts in the cause of Spiritualism. Rev. Mr. Bowers, editor of the Clinton Courant, has noticed the subject of Spiritualism with a fairness and candor quite unusual for a sectarian minister. He is a man of large benevolence, and

#### has done great good, both in private and public," New Bible Views.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"I maintain, though entirely unacquainted with Hebrew myself, that I have received communications giving the meaning of Hebrow words and names used in the Bible; and on subsequently comparing them with the meaning as given by Hebrew linguists, find them correct. And I take the position based on these, and other spiritual communications, that the Bible is not a history of persons, and was not intended as such, but an oracle, or species of allegory, in which principles are persoulfied in order to elucidation; that the persons mentioned were not therefore literally persons; and that hence, much, supposed to be contradiction, immorality and inconsistency, admits of an entirely different explanation, harmonizing with universal truth."

Questions for the Clergy. A. D., Berkshire, Mass.—" Permit mo, through the medium of your paper, to ask a few questions addressed to the clergy. The minds of men are becoming much awakened upon this important subject of Spiritualism; and as you occupy the position of public teachers, is it not incumbent upon you to take the fead in the investigation, and make a fair presentation of whatever evidence you may find, that your fellow-mon may obtain the truth, for truth's sake? Will you, as men, faithfully search and examine the basis of these phenomenathis new development of our day? If error be the basis, then very important is it that those honestly believing it true. should be set right. How can this be done better than by a full and fair examination and exposition? Many truth-loving minds are anxiously waiting your movements. Will you not, for humanity's sake, take a journey to Damascus in this matter; and if at midday there should shine around about you a light from heaven, such as never before greeted your vision. would it not amply ropay you for the trial? On the other hand, if upon careful examination you find, and become qualified to explain it to be a delusion, then, indeed, will you pave rendered your fellow-men great service. There seems to be much to be gained, and nothing to lose, in the undertaking. If your kindred, friends and neighbors are deluded and only need your light; why, with your labor and gold seek the far away isles of the sea, while your brethren are in bonds before you? Some of your number, I know, after careful investigation, have, like Paul of old, admitted, and now preach the new faith: others admit that evil spirits only communiate with earth's inhabitants. How important that the mind become free from prejudices that chain us to earth, and men become willing to know more than they now know. When that time shall have come, it will be the usbering in of the day when men can look forward and upward for counsel to ruide them in their onward pathway. Will you investigate

# Very Curious and Remarkable Test.

N. B. DIXON, CLEVELAND, OHIO .- One year age last February, a number of friends and skeptics met at the residence of Mr. Samuel K. Cutler, for the purpose of holding a circle. After having sat for a short time, one of the ladies present became influenced to speak German, she being totally unacquainted with that language. The spirit purporting to speak through her, claimed to be the mother of a German lady present, named Mary Brant, who recognized things spoken, known only to her and her mother; and Miss Brant, being a clairvoyant, saw her mother, and hold long converse with her. Miss Brant left Germany two years previous to this-her mother then being alive and well. Having seen and conversed with her mother at the circle, she supposed she must have died since she last heard from her. The occurrence passed off, and no more was thought of it, till-about a week previous te the writing of this-a German acquaintance of Miss B. arrived from Germany, who knew nothing of Spiritualism; and in reply to Miss Brant's inquiry about her mother, stated that in February, 1858—being the time of this circle—her mether, to all appearance, died, and was about to be carried to the last abode of all human materialism—the grave—whon she showed slight signs of life. She was kept in this state for two weeks, occasionally showing signs of animation. When she came out of this state, she stated that she had seen her daughter in America, in a large room, surrounded by a number of folks, and had talked with her. The German related several things also that Miss B. had said to her mother while in the circle.

The above facts can be attested to by a number of persons of the highest respectability."

Owego is not Oswego.
WILLARD BARNES FELTON, STRACUSE, N. Y.—We did not discover the mistake we made in your last communication, published April 2, till too late for correction. "Oswego" hould read "Owego." The interesting masonic test you kindly sent us, we would inform our readers is vouched for by H. C. Champlin, of Owego, N. Y., instead of Oswego. Our prespondent writes: "Mrs. Felton lectured two Sabbaths in Oswego, to audiences numbering from seven hundred to one thousand. The BANNER or LIGHT is very popular in Oswego, there being but two weekly papers that have a larger circulation there. The friends of Spiritualism are many

#### there, and are wide awake." Ink is better than Lead.

EMELINE A. WELCH.—Your letter is written in pencil, on smooth, blue-tinted paper, the penicl-mark and paper are near the same color, and the writing is so much defaced as to render it unintelligible. We hope our correspondents will write with ink instead of pencil.

#### THE AVENUES OF HAPPINESS. The pursuit of man is happiness." "No man may but

Both passages are true; yet some may say, that most mon

are in the pursuit of unhappiness, and that God's laws may be and are but off. My experience thus far has taught me that man pursues happiness at all times, in all places and in all conditiones and all laws are God's laws; laws that may not be put off;

they are inevitable, unchangable, fixed and certain. This complex web of life is made up of all the avenues of happiness in which men naturally run, governed by the law of God; law which Christ came not to destroy, and has said that not one jot or tittle of it shall pass away till all be ful-

Many and varied are the avenues of the soul of man in which he runs out, to find happiness. In each he goes, as law directs, as the peculiar organization is developed out of the germ of eternal life planted in each, tends. The unerring law of God governs, and the nature of the spirit-germ points the way. God sowed the seed of human life and governs it by his laws. "God rules the destinies of men." No man rules or governs; yet he thinks he does. All the avenues of life in which the human soul wanders in pursuit of happiness tend to one grand ultimate, "faith in God." All the little streams of life, on which we sail, flow into the great

river of God and the ocean of eternity is the destination of all. Each man follows his inclinations, though he may think he thwarts them; these are his pursuits of happiness; these are the avenues in which he goes to find the precious boon. Each and every effort, of every one, tends in the direction of natural inclination, the object of which is happiness. We drink when thirsty, est when hungry, get warm when too cold and cold when too warm; these are natural demands. and the inclination and effort to obey them is natural too-And so it is in all the actions of life. We may drink too much: if we do, it is but the gratification of an inclination: we may eat too much, and if we do, there is a cause, and there is no cause outside of nature, outside of law, and no nature or law outside of God. We may get too warm, or too cold; if we do, there still we find exists in the current of nature the over-running course of cause and effect; while the life and action of the human heart ever pulsates for han

Every man is launched upon the stream of life; his bark is shaped by his soul's capacities; he meets obstructions, adverse waves and winds, but, cling however hard he will to the banks of earth, all these tend but to turn him into the deeper current, and he sails more happily and screnely on, and on to the infinite ocean of ondless life.

Alice Jones, that farmer's girl, brought up in a log house nuts on her calico dress, and pins on her bonnet with red ribbons, and goes to meeting on Bunday. . William Jones, her brother, goes a fishing. Alice and William both are led in the avenue of happiness as their inclination invites. Law

Cotton Mather preached eternal damnation of the human family, save a few. Murray preached universal salvation of the human family. Both these men were in the pursuit of happiness, governed each by the law of the poculiar organization and development of their spirits, each obeying their inclinations, each running in some avenue of the soul after happiness.

Webster, the murderer, sought happiness in one avenue; Webster, the statesman, in another, and Webster, the dictionary-maker, in another; each obeyed the bent of inclination obeyed the law of their nature; each was in pursuit of happiness.

Patrick pursues happiness in the avenue of his pipe, and Mrs. Patrick in storming the children and Patrick too.

Mary, the amiable young woman, walks gently in an avenue of happiness in obeying and loving her parents, and Sukey, the Tomboy, in disobeying and hating them. Flotlida is inclined to be happy in wearing high heels and dressing better than the other girls, whose fathers are not so rich as her father, while the lowly Emma is inclined to be happy in appearances without attractions, without show, in humility, in loving everybody and keeping God's commandments as she thinks. Each walks in an avenue of immediate hap piness; neither without obedience to law. Lucy, the courtezan, is led in an avenue of happiness where her inclinations immediately direct, with the deeper longings of her soul, held for a time in check, and her sister Frances, the faithful wife and mother, in another avenue of happiness, where her inclinations lead.

"The man of popularity is inclined in the way of popularity; he seeks happiness in that avenue; while the man covered all over with scandal and scorn, hated and rejected by all has no less love of happiness, and is no less faithful to his in clinations, is no less an object of the law that governs himthe law of God that may not be put off.

Willie goes to school and learns his lesson; Joe plays tru ant and goes a-gunning; Daniel goes to college, and Harry goes to horse races and turkey shoots. What makes these boys different? Inclination, And inclination ever seeks happiness; the nature of the soul-germ makes them what they are, which, in its growth, is subject ever to law.

### A man of conscience is faithful to his inclinations. - his life is passed

# In justifying and condemning sin."

A man without a conscience is no less faithful to his inclinations; he justifies or condemns no sin. It is pleasant to proplaim his infidality, it is plant int to the other man to tell him his destiny is eternal misery; because he do n't believe as he does. Each of these men obeys the laws of God in nature: the nature of the soul makes the cause, and law the effect.

Henry Ward Beecher follows in the wake of his natural in clinations; he pursues happiness spontaneously. Peter Ma honey does the same thing in a different direction. Theodore Parker says the church is a fiction, and the church says Theo dore Parker is a demon, and both are in the pursuit of happiness in their vituperations.

Spiritualism is a humbug say its opposers; Spiritualism is beautiful, say its believers. Nothing is said without a cause, and that cause is in the bosom of the speaker, in nature One says that a certain belief is debasing and injurious, and writes "Ignominy" on it in letters of brimstone. Another says that that same belief is elevating and purifying, and cherishes it in the heart with the fondest affections. Inclination to different avenues of happiness in each is the immediate cause of this difference of opinion.

One man loves to get drunk; another hates, detests, ab

hors, condemns drunkenness; there is a cause for this love in one, and this hate in the other; it is natural inclina tion seeking happiness in the avenue where nature directs.

One man robs a bank, another builds a meeting-house; on prays, another curses; one grinds the poor, another visits them in the name of Christ, and every one, with no excen tion, seeks happiness, obedient to natural inclination. But the consequences of evil you speak not of, says one.

The skillful mariner steers best: but all voyagers on the sea of life are liable to be driven upon quicksands and rocks by the capricious elements, by storms and winds, in darkness and clouds, which no human hand can keep back. The law that governs cannot be put off. The action of the soul is its reaching for happiness, which draws it ever upward. It is only the covering of the soul, the material body and its loves that is torn, wounded and injured by shipwrecks and adversity, dislodging its material coverings, and preparing it soone for freedom, for its garments of enduring beauty.

But what are the consequences of human actions, for good or for evil? In answer, I ask what are the consequences of the forces of nature? what is the effect of the workings of nature's laws? In the natural inclinations of the human soul in the pursuit of happiness, it heeds not, it knows not consequences. The inclinations of men and women are snon taneous, over and forever; a secret spring lies behind that moves the tongue, the hands, the feet, and the thoughts, to action. We think our actions are self-made, are the fruit of individual effort, but analysis of the operations of life will prove the contrary. If a man resists evil, or what is appar ently evil to him, he may think it is himself that does it, but tree.

The Professor's practice is to top-dress the ground about for this there is a natural inclination, a fresh, immediate, un-

... We do not make our thoughts: they grow in us Like grain in wood; the growth is of the skies; The skies are of nature; nature is of God."

Has nature consequences? Only the just effect of law Is there responsibility? None above God's laws in nature; nothing in nature is lost, and nothing can be added to it by man.

# Though burled in the centre of all sin.

No soul is nearer, or further off from God, for God is overywhere. The law of gravitation makes muddy waters run down hill; it makes pure waters do the same; the law of cohesion is the same in both, the laws of nature cannot be put off: destiny holds every drop of water. A drop of turbid water makes as pure vapor as the glistening dew-drop makes.

God's laws are fixed; they permente every avenue of space and every particle of matter

The soul of man, like the drop of water, may be turbid with earthy matter; man knows no law whereby a drop of water may be annihilated, or injured; its elements exist forover, and tend ever to a higher condition. Mix water with the most fifthy matter of earth, do with it what you will, and the water is unchanged, uninjured; its nature tends upward, is expansive, it rises unseen in greater magnitude, withincreased power, and is no less pure because it has been

It is the same with the soul: it exists in matter: its tendency is ever upward to a higher and purer existence; over increasing in purity and in power as it rises above matter. The soul is no less a subject of the laws of God than is the rain-drop, or the dew-drop. God is influite in his attributes, and when we can see God's power and wisdom in every manifestation of motion and life, ever tending unward to a better and higher existence, like little children we shall fall into the arms of trust, and in confidence have faith in God. When the soul has grown to that condition of beauty, where it sees God in all nature, the ruling hand of God in all life, then the soul sails serencly on the great river of God. which is the great source of happiness unto which all life is tending, all life is flowing. A. B. C.

> Written for the Banner of Light. LINES,

In Reply to a Post who expressed a Wish to Die.

BY ACCILE.

A poet die! Not till von glorious sun Quenches his splendor in oblivion's wave: Not till each radiant planet leaves her throne And veils her beauties in Chaota's grave.

poet die! Yes, when the electric fire Shall cease to burn-when all that's grand and good, and beautiful, and noble; shall expire, And sink in dark annihilation's flood.

A poet die! Go read great Nature's page! Think'st thou can He who penned it cease to be? Then read thine intellect—behold each line Sparkling with rays of immortality. Survey imagination's glorious scenes...

Those pictures grand of heaven-sketched light and shade; Can those bright visions of Elyslan choirs, In depths of nothingness be doomed to fade?

A poot die! Not till a universe And all its grandly moving systems fall; Not till eternal beauty breathes her last And endless life lies 'neath a funeral pall.

poet wish to die! Avaunt the thought! Does earth oppress thee? use thy telescope-Survey thine heritage, and plume thy wings For loftier spheres-world of the poet's hope.

Let's lift the veil. See'st not you glorious realms, So oft portrayed before the poet's eye? 'Tis but the substance of his spirit's dreams While in the prison of mortality,

There, each pure joy he missed while here below Will great his raptured soul; friendship and love Denied on earth he'll find, and genial mate

Will clasp his hand; in union sweet they'll rove Through groves melodious with the songs of love. Muses Dell, Virginia, January, 1850.

#### PROFESSOR MAPES'S FARM. [Concluded from our last.]

[Concluded from our last.]

For some years past the Professor, in company with L. S. Gibbs, has employed his inventive gentus in improving upon the rotary digging machine of the latter, and after an expenditure of several thousand dollars, has got a tool that is said to be capable of disintegrating soil to a depth of eighteen inches, and to a surface width of about two feet. The forking of the ground is performed by successive pairs of finger-like teeth, which are forced into the earth in turn as the revolution of the machine throws the whole weight upon them. As the team travels forward, the teeth, which enter the ground in front of the centre of weight, are forced out of it behind, the exit being hastened by a trip so fixed, that as the weight of the machine comes upon it, its shoulder locking in with a shoulder on the correspondent pair of teeth pins upon the teeth, and forces them to come out of the ground, tearing the clods above and about them. The great objection to this machine is its enormous cost—\$125 being the price charged by the builders. Arrangements are about being made to reduce the price to about \$50, at which figure the machine will perhaps be gradually adopted by our improving farmers. We forbear entering into detailed descriptions of these various tools, and many more which are worthy of adoption, as they may be seen at any of our first-class implement warehouses, and cuts would be necessary to make them familiar to our readers.

The universal use of the above-montioned labor-saving

readiors.

The universal use of the above-mentioned labor-saving tools, enables Professor Mapes to give thorough attention to the great variety of crops cultivated on the plane, and to do all the work with the small force on uncrated in the subjoined table of farm expenses: and we would recommend a careful study of the figures to such of our farmers and large market. gardeners, as are bewailing the necessity to employ many more men, and take much less profits than this "fancy

farmor" seems to have done.

Before we preced to a consideration of the crops, it may be well to mention that another expensive experiment tried on this place was the cultivation of mushrooms. Over nine hundred feet of "caves" were made, eight feet in width and seven in height inside. The roof was of boards, supported on stout rafters, and covered outside with sixteen inches of soil, which had been dug from the trench. The beds of stable manure properly prepared, were made, the spawn carefully set, and before long a fine crop of young mushrooms made its appearance. made its appearance. But the experimenter soon found his made its appearance. But the experimenter soon found his roof caving in, and after numerous ineffectual attempts to remedy the ovil, it was found that it would be necessary to make the cave with brick or stone arches, at an outlay that would swallow up all profits, and so the nushroom speculation was abandoned.

The sales of seeds to dealers, and at retail, form the most considerable them on the list as will be seen. The language

The sales of seeds to dealers, and at rotal, form the most considerable item on the list, as will be seen. It is impossible to give the area employed in raising this amount, for single strips are sown here and there on every part of the farm, the varieties that would be likely to hybridize with each other being kept as far apart as possible. We were informed that one dealer in this city has engaged to take the produce of an area of carrot-seed alone, so that ever two acres will be devoted to this next year, and an increase in all the leading seeds will be made. If the venture proves profitable, the result will be, as we previously intimated, to gradually divert more and more land from market garden vegetables to seed production.

vegetables to seed production.
The sales of plants from the hot-beds and cold frames, and

registables to seed production.

The sales of plants from the hol-beds and cold frames, and of the small fruits, are a large source of revenue.

The locality about the Professor's farm does not seem favorable to the growth of the vine. In the vineyard, at the southerly side of the house, there are fine thrifty-looking vines of the Isakella, Catawba, Norton's Sceding, and other standard varieties. The vines have been well pruned and fully manured, the ground is drained, and the situation is favorable, but still this is not a leading feature of the farm. Some time since, one thousand vines from the Rhine district wore imported, and carefully set out, but they all falled, and were receted up and thrown away. If, however, the vine does not flourish, it is more than we can say respecting some varieties of dwarf pears, for the Napoleons, Duchetss d'Angoulemes and Winter Nellises ou this farm can eacreely be surpassed in either healthy and rapid growth, or prolific crops. From thirty Duchets d'Angoulemes and Winter Nellises ou this farm can eacreely be surpassed in either healthy and rapid growth, or prolific crops. From thirty Duchets d'Angoulemes and Winter Nellises ou this farm can eacrely be one of the properties of the New York of the properties of the New York of the properties of the provided and find trees, and fifty trees. This summer, six hundred and twelve or four hundred dollars were realized, from about a hundred and fifty trees. This summer, six hundred and twelve trees, set out in 1830, will bear from three to six pears each, and as more wood will be suffered to grow this year, the crop from these trees will next season be considerably larger.

The rows are made twenty-one feet apart, the trees standing ten feet apart in the row. Provious to setting out, the holes are dug four feet wide and four deep, so as to give abundant room for the spread of the roots. In the bottom of the hole the surface-soil is first put, and with it either whole of the professor's phosphato of lime. When the hole has been fille

ashies is thrown in and well mixed with the soil, and then a light sprinkling of soil having been put over the earth in which the ashes were mixed, the tree is carefully set out. The roots are spread out in their natural direction, and fine earth is thrown in among them, which is compacted upon them by the hand of the operator, and never, under any circumstances, stamped down by the foot. In seiting the tree, care must be taken to get the pear wood, where it joins the quince stock, buried some three inches below the surface, that roots may put out from it, and thus give stability to the tree.

for this there is a natural inclination, a fresh, immediate, unseen cause, that is spontaneous; it is the God-power acting, both in the man that resists ovil, and in the man that resists much of salt hay is spread about the trees, both in the Sumuch of salt hay is spread about the trees, but he trees, but he trees is a salt hay in the salt hay is spread about the trees, but he trees is a salt hay in the salt hay in t

when covered with snow, attacking and destroying the bark of the trees.

Apples, peaches, and plums, are not cultivated—the former giving too little profit; the peach not doing well; and the latter being caten up by the black-knot, or the fruit destroyed by the curcuilo. Many expedients have been resorted to to destroy this latter pest, but all in turn have failed.

Of raspberries, the kinds most raised are the Fastolf, Franconia, and Brinckle's Orange. The latter is a fine-flavored, melting variety, but rather adapted to family use—list flesh being too tender to bear transportation to murket.

The Lawton blackberry has been comowhat largely cultivated, and gives good satisfaction; but it has not proved sufficiently hardy to withstand the two previous winters, the canes having been killed to the ground. This berry is set out in rows four feet apart, and at distances of four feet in the row. In the latter part of July the canes are cut back a little, so as to throw the strength of the plant into the formation of new wood, and to mature a good crop of fruit. It is

top-dressed with phosphato after hoeing, and early in Spring with unwashed ashes.
Of currents, the Red Dutch, Cherry, and Black Naples

Of currants, the Red Dutch, Cherry, and Black Maples are the kinds most prized. The entire crop of red currants was last Summer made into wine, and the black into Jelly, for both of which products a good price is obtained. The recipe for making the wine is as follows: To each quart of julce add three and a half pounds of best loaf sugar; and after this entirely dissolved, add for each quart of julce enough water to make a gallon. Place the barrel in the collar and let it stand until the working is over; then hung it up and let it rest until the sediment is well settled, when the wine may be bottled.

may be bottled.

One hundred varieties of gooseberries have been imported.

may be bettled.

One hundred varioties of gooseberries have been imported from Sectiand, and are in cultivation on this place. The ground beneath their branches is well mulched with refuse hay, and the branches are thinned out, so as to leave none hay, and the branches are thinned out, so as to leave none nearer together than five inches on the same stom. By this plan good crops of berries are obtained, and the mildew is in a great measure avoided.

It has been a long and wearisome task to get the place up to its present fortile condition, and by men with low determination than the Professor it would have, been long since abandoned. For all the unfruitful years, for the large expenditure of labor and money, he is now apparently reaping his reward. The fruits, large and small, are healthy and thriving, and the prospective annual revenue from this source is of course large. The land having been brought into a high titlit, the expenses of working it are much less than in the earlier years of the operations. Other improvements are projected for this year. The old market-house and the two old barns are to be torn down, and better ones creted on a more suitable spot. More than an acre of choice dwarf peartrees are to be set out; the hot-beds and cold frames, which now form an unsightly adjunct to the house, are to be renioved, and other important changes will be made.

The following except from the farm-hook of Mr. Patrick T. Quinn, the manager of the farm, and which has been duly certified to by him as correct, will show the actual sales and expenses of the first year.

BALES FROM APRIL 1, 1858, TO APRIL 1, 1859, INCLUSIVE. Asparagus, Beets, 500 bush. (some sold by the bunch,) Greens, (Spinach, Sprouts, &c.,) Cabbage, early and late Caulinower, Kohl Rabi, Carrots, 900 bushels, at 48c. ry, a. shelled, 550 bushels, at 85c., 00 00 51 00 120 00 Corn, sweet, Egg plants, Lettuce, Melons, Paranipa, 250 bushels, at Ss., Peppers, Squashes, Rhubarb, nisity, (Oyster plant) Tomatoes, Turnips, 1,200 bushels, at 85c., Potatoes, (mostly sold for seed.) 700 bush., at \$1, Seeds, (all kinds.) Hot-bed and cold frames, 45 00 420 00 700 00 Rhubarb plants, Grape vines, Raspberry, Blackberry, Currants and Strawberry plants, rapes, Strawberries, Raspberries and Total, . . \$11,627 88 Eight workmen, eight months, at \$20, \$1,280 00 Pive workmen, four months, at \$20, 400 00 10,235 lbs. Super-phosphate of Lime, at EXPENSES.

\$11,627 88 8,152 60 Net profits, . Not profits, \$8,476 28
It is proper that we should state that, inasmuch as professional engagements detain Professor Mapos in this city the greater part of the week, the fine condition of the farm, and its large pecuniary results, are, in a great measure, due to the oversoor, Mr. Quinn, a young man who has been educated for many years past by the Professor himself, and who is not only well acquainted with all his chemical theories, but possesses the necessary energy, intelligence, and practical ability to put them to good use.

\$3,152 60

a cents, Rent for 58 1-4 acres, at \$8, Rent for 52 acres, salt grass, at \$1 25,

Taxes, .
Wear and tear of tools,
Use of team, at \$3 per day,

Total receipts. .

# The Unblic Press.

# THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

DEAR BANNER-I would not deem it of sufficient consequence to reply to J. C., for subjects of far higher import demand my attention and the little time I have to devote to the pen, only that he, or she, has contorted my views and misrepresented my plans to such a degree as to make them in some instances appear quite the reverse of my opinions and scutiments. Having lost or mislaid the Banner of December 18th, I cannot refer to my precise words; but of this I am confident, that it is not, and never was my belief, that "every man and woman bears a true standard in the world from the part they act." Neither do I, substance, that every man's conscience, unless enlightened and purified, could not be relied upon as a correct standard of right.

J. O. would know that, "if mediums are obsessed

and become unfit for the marriage relation, what that influence is that characterizes so much 'inharmony in other ranks or stations in society?" Does J. C. profess to be a Spiritualist and ask information upon this point? I would say that it is precisely the same sort of influence that actuates some medi ums-a demoniac influence. J. C. seems to think that no two in wedded or social life, whose spheres, affinities or conditions are dissimilar, can live harmoniously. I, for one, do not believe this theory: First, because it has no foundation in moral law. making man to appear of no more importance than a machine, or the mere plaything of circumstance. The idea is degrading. Secondly, it admits of no moral training or cultivation of the mind, either as it respects duty or affection; whereas, we know that the organism of the human brain is such that the propensities can be either increased or diminished by the power of the will. Thirdly, it renders man but a poor cypher in existence, and robs him of that which alone distinguishes him from the brute, awarding neither merit to virtue, nor blame to vice hereby, paralyzing every mental effort awakened in the bosom, to practice good and avoid evil, or to battle with the selfishness of the heart. I ask, which is the most worthy of imitation, the man or the woman who cheerfully sacrifices self-gratification upon the

altar of self-indulgence and self love? Suppose, (which we admit to be frequently the case.) a man and wife, after being united in wedlook for some time, discover that, instead of congeniality of natures, dissimilar affinities and conditions, which would be the loveliest noblest and truly happiest course for them to pursue in reference to themselves, their relatives, society and the world at large—to crush and subdue the autagonistic propensities, which stir up discord, until they are subence, or to indulge and cherish unsanctified passions, which degrade them to the level of beasts, till. them, and thus draw down the just consure of an outraged community? Which, I ask, in the name of all that is sacred, is the most noble and beautiful example to hold up to an imitating world? And even though the husband should prove incorrigible, (I say the husband, for what true woman's heart ould remain thus?) what sight beneath the sun so interesting as that of woman—timid, confiding, dependent woman-struggling under a burden of domestic troubles, bearing up bravely and patiently, hoping on and ever, sacrificing health, nay, life itself, could she but yet reclaim the unworthy being around whom the tendrils of her bleeding heart still loftiest spheres; a sight at which angels might weep

No. J. C., Spiritualism is not the only theory invested with discord and other evils; but truth is truth, and, when called for, it must came. I positively and unhesitatingly assert that in thirty years close observation of the various scots of which I have been cognizant, in my own country and of those of other countries of which I have had information, I have not discovered so much domestic discord, nor the separation of so many husbands and wives, as has been presented by those professing Spiritualism, in the much shorter space of ten years. Neither have I seen in other sects, runnway wives and husbands, occupying the pulpit or platform as public teachers of moral purity and heavenward progression. Call it free love, if you please, or what not, they class themselves with Spiritualists. This speaks volumes. J. C. asks, "What matters it if evil spirits do teach love, purity and truth, under the grab of Heaven's livery?" I presume, to a mind like J. C.'s, it makes but slight difference, if a man or woman possesses a large share of what is by some called "the gift of the gab," whether he or she be a devil or a saint; but as it respects the aggregate of the world's weal, I consider the difference to be very important. The words of a good man are like precious seed; they are watered and nourished by his own holy example; they germinate, grow and bear the fruits of a pure and useful life. But the words spoken by a bad man, or an impostor, although closely resembling in many respects good seed, are not genuine, because not obtained from the granary of Heaven. They are not of God, but of the devil, or evil. Jesus said, "A good man out of the treasury of his heart bringeth forth good things; but, on the contrary, an evil man, out of the ovil treasury of his heart, bringeth forth evil things; and, like rank weeds, they speedily spring up, take deep root, thrive, blossom and bear not the fruits of the spirit of God, for that would be contrary to all law and experience; but the fruits of pride, hypocrisy, self conceit, vain-glory, deceit, and every evil tolerated in the church and out of it. "Like preach er like people." Although no overt acts, cognizant by the laws of the land, may have discovered themselves to the public eye, still the spirit, gifted with eyes to read the inmost thoughts of the spirit of man, could with a single glance penetrate through the deceiving outward form with all its glided attractions, far down to the profound depths of the black, deformed heart they concealed, and read there the true character of the man. Nay, even the commonest eye, could at times discover not only peccadilloes, but faults, quite incompatible with the station of the

"Well," says one, not skilled in physicgnomy, physiology, nor phrenology, "if such a man as Mr.
— could be a hypocrite, there is no reality whatever in religion. I'll not trouble my head about it any more." "I am completely amazed," says an-"that any man can be thus capable of deception; for my part I have lost all confidence in teachers of every sect, and can scarcely believe there is any God," "Oh," says the volatile Mrs. —, laughing, "I'm not much surprised; I've seen actions that I thought didn't besit him, and heard speeches too. Women have sharp eyes and ears. Mrs. - hinted something long ago, and told me how he often fixed his eyes upon her, and how they would sparkle, which she often wondered at, knowing, as he did that she was a married woman; but, in spite of all this, I did like to hear him lecture, he was so elequent and fascinating, and his gestures in the pulpit so engaging, that I verily believe had he long ago been guilty of any overt, immoral act, I would have feigned not to believe a word of it, so that by it I might have shielded him from public censure and kept him in his station."

These are some of the results caught up by the ears and laid away in the memory of youths and children, to be practiced upon at a future day. But the evil stops not then; it grows and gathers strength, rolls onward and spreads till at length in a greater or lesser degree it sways the world of mind. t ends not there. Alas! earth is not its boundary; it passes through the mysterious portal of eternity, and happy will it be for humanity, if, possibly, its deep struck stain may there be effaced.

The quotation of the words of Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them," I believe to be applicable to both teachers and their converts. The answer to J. C.'s remarks upon this is included in the above. Reason rightly cultivated is the chief principle we require whereby to decide whether or not the teach ings we hear flow from a pure source.

Individuals who fill the office of teachers are not hidden under a bushel. They are lifted up, and the eyes of the world are fastened upon them, nor does it require great discornment to ascertain whether or not they walk and talk as did Jesus, or whether or not they observe in their lives the rules of morality by him laid down, which rules correspond exactly with in the world from the part they note and the state are have I ever believed that "every man's acts are divinity long before their inscription upon tables of his highest conceptions of right." Neither do I divinity long before their inscription upon tables of his highest conceptions of right. But so far stone, and which at the present day may be discernated by the influence of from it, that, as near as I can remember, I stated in ed though shamefully contorted by the influence of false teaching.

J. C. says that he has not heard any teaching which would overthrow the standard of morality set up by Jesus. One would think by this that he lives on some other planet, or that he is utterly ignorant of the New Testament teachings, when it is sounded from the platform, and blazoned in the papers that there is no evil in existence, no moral accountability that men and women are gods and goddesses—that there is no other God. I would advise J. C. to study the New Testament, that he may perceive the difference between such teachings and the teachings of Jesus. The writer quotes Mrs. H. as authority, and as evidence that Spiritualists acknowledge Jesus as being as pure a man as ever lived. Well, this i about as much as might be looked for, considering the source. Eulogy to Jesus coming from the lips of an individual who can lightly trample upon the mar ringo vows, and prove recreant to the warm professions of wedded love, is like a cloud of soot, that would settle upon the pure, glittering surface of the snow.

Yes; H. T. says that she is a Spiritualist, not an

Atheistical one, however, and were there ten thou sand more evils attached to Spiritualism than yet appears, H. T. would still be a Spiritualist, for she truly believes that the God of nature fashioned her to be a Spiritualist. While the church retained its spirituality she was a Spiritualist under its banner. Those were the years she witnessed such glorious reformations in heart and life, of which I fear Spiritaltar of love and duty, or they who crush the hearts ualism, with all its present attainments, comes short; of others—perhaps their best friends—upon the but when the church lost its spirituality, and became bundle of dry bones, (I have no taste for such things,) I and my Spiritualism left it, and here I am, a New Testament Spiritualist as ever, safe out of the old crumbling edifice. I will now tell J. C. the "class" of phenomena which first unscaled my eyes to the beauties of immortality, but depend upon it as something more reliable than bags of bones, white doves, the upsetting of furniture, nor anything of the shape. Such whimsical antics must forever have failed to convince II. T. of man's immortality; ected by the glorious, God given faculty, will, and but it was a perusal of the wide open volume of unithis couple thus become a model of conjugal excel- versal nature, whose glowing hieroglyphs speak a versal nature, whose glowing hieroglyphs speak a language which need not be misunderstood by man. H. T. looked up to the heavens, and contemplated ike cats and dogs, they snarl and bite and scratch, the exact order and harmony of those countless systill in a fit of extra passion they flout and pout, to tems revolving so smoothly and sweetly around their the scandal of themselves and all associated with central suns, and sparkling with silvery beauty in central suns, and sparkling with silvery beauty in the far off denths of celestial blue. She looked down upon the earth, and sent a glance beneath the waters of the carth, and another to its geological and mineral depths, and read in every line that met her eye the love and wisdom of her creation. The half-hid violet. and the majestic oak, the animalculæ, whose world is a forest leaf, or a drop of water, up to the huge mammoth, refused by earth a longer sustenance. All and each spoke in their own peculiar style of the benevolence and adaptic skill of the Maker of all things. She sounded the mysterious and profound depths of human nature, and in the intricate and diverse organization of every human face and form, cling firmly and foully as ever? Oh, this were a behold how complete the work. Adaptation was sight sufficient to attract admiring angels from the finished by the plastic hand of nature's great Architect; she turned her eyes within, and as the newly awakened infant desires and seeks its mother's

breast, so naturally did the deathless principle within her bosom long for the beauty and blessedness of an oternal existence.

Tell me, ye twinkling stars, ye winds and clouds, yo ocean worlds of finned people, ye forest worlds of warbling nations, ye glorious landscapes, ye flutter. ing inscots and ye grazing herds; tell me, ye deepburied rocks of time immemorial, yo mines of ore and glittering gems, tell me whence this aspiration for nobler and more enduring pleasures than ye all afford? An answering whisper, soft and sweet as the low breathing of a summer zophyr said, "Reflect upon the beautiful adaptation of all things; shall a human spirit, a portion of the divine essence, breathe a solitary wish inspired by divinity, which shall not be satisfied? As certain as was thy wish, so certain is thy immortality;" and every fibre of her being echoed with the delightful melody of the sound, "so certain is thy immortality." II. T. would know if other minds had felt this inspiration; she resorted to ancient literature, and read there, as well as in the four gospels, an abundant confirmation of the innate impression that man is immortal. But new proofs are still being added. Frequent lectures from spirits of the highest order, it is the privilege of H. T. to hear-doctrines and ideas so far in advance of the developments of the age, that the spirits forbid their present publication. What, in Virginia? Yes, even in the sequestered wildwoods of Virginia, good and lofty spirits love such sylvan scenes. J. C. now knows the class of phenomena that convinced H. T. of the truth of Syiritualism.

As to the extertioning propensities of too many mediums, the fact is too notorious to need any reply. Mediums should be less earthy, and more spiritual, and their physical wants will be few. Superfluities illy become them. Muses' Dell, Va.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive ubscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent

free,

Dr. John Mayhow will lecture at Napierville, III., April 20th, 21st, and 22d, and at Waukesha, Wis., April 24th. Thence he will proceed to St. Paul, Minnesota, and wishes the friends from Sweet Home to meet him on the morning of April 27th, at Dr. Post's office. From the first of June to July 14th he will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Cross and Milwaukie route, including Sheybogan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit. All friends desiring a visit for one, two, three, or more lectures, will write him early in May, and direct their letters to Doctor Mayhew, Sweet Home, Wyoming Post-Office, Chicago Co., Minnesota.

Miss Emma Hardingo apprises her friends thatsahe has

Post-Office, Chicago Co., Minnesota.

Miss Emma Hardingo apprises her friends thatsshe has changed her residence to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all future communications should be addressed to her. Miss H. will lecture in New York, Waterbury and Willimantie in April; Providence, Worcester, and vicinity, in May; Lowell Portland and Oswego, in June. She proposes to spend sext fall and winter in the West and South, and requests applications from those sections of the country to be made to her with as little delay as possible. She has already promised October next in St. Louis, and November in Memphis, Tean.

Miss Munson, clarvayant physician, has since the conclusion.

October noxt in Bt. Louis, and November in Memphis, Tenn. Miss Munson, clairvoyant physician, has, since the conclusion of her engagement to speak in Philadelphia and Baltimore during the last month, resumed the practice of her pression, in which she has hitherto been so successful. She has taken the rooms formerly occupied by her at No. 716 Sansom street, where she may be found during ordinary business hours. She may be addressed, care of Dr. H. T. Child, 510 Arch street.

Warren Chase lectures in Milan, Ohio, April 19th and 20th; Cloveland, April 24th; Cingrin Falls, April 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, and May 1st; Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Battle Orock, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, Mich., May 26th and 27th; Kalmazoo, Mich. May 29th; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th; Grand Havon, June 9th and 10th; Chicago, 111., June 19th and 20th. June 19th and 20th.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks at Waltham, Mass., April 24th, and May 1st; Lowell, May 8th, 15th, and 22d. Those desiring his services during the week in the vicinity of the above named places, can address him at the office of the Spiritual Age.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook (formerly Mrs. Henderson) will ecture in Oswego, N. Y., every Sunday in April; and in St. Louis during the mouth of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, turing her stay in that place, will address her, Hox 423 Bridgeport, Ct.

Elijah Woodworth will discourse on the "Spiritual philoso-phy, history unfolded, as written in symbolic marratives, ex-pressed through the personification of words and names in the Hebrow and Christian oracles." He may be addressed at Cleveland, Ohio, till May 1st, at Olydo, till May 10th, and at Leslie, Mich., till further notice.

Miss Lizzlo Doten will speak in Portland, Mo., April 24th; Quincy, Muy 1st; Springfield, May 8th and 15th; Cambridge-port, May 22d; East Taunton, May 29th.

J. C. Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Mr. Hall is one of the first apostles of Spirit-ialism. E. V. Wilson, Fountain House, will answer calls to lecture Sundays or week-day ovenings, upon the practical uses of Spiritualism, and its truths, relating many wonderful inci-dents which have taken place, with name and place for

A. B. Whiting is engaged to lecture in Albion, Mich., every

Sunday for this month. All letters for him should be dressed to that place till May 1st. C. T. Irish will answer calls to lecture in trance-state where the friends of truth may desire. Address Weir-village.

Taunton, Mass. Mrs. H. M. Miller will visit all places between Ashtabula and Cleveland, where lectures can be held. If the friends in vicinity of Cleveland desire her services they can address her it that post office.

E. S. Wheeler, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass.

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Quincy and No-conset, Mass., April 24th; Cambridgeport, Mass., May 1st. Mrs. M. S. Townsend will speak in Cambridgeport, April

Mrs. Charlotto F. Works, will speak in Plymouth, April 24th; George Atkins, May 1st; and J. C. Ciuer and daughter,

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture in Putnam, Conn.; April 24th; Milford, N. H., May 15th. Evenings intervening she will speak in the vicinity of the above places, if desired. Address, Lowell, Mass. George Atkins will speak in Orleans, Mass., April 24th. He will receive calls to lecture. Direct to No. 7 Ellet street,

Mrs. S. Maria Bliss will lecture on all the various subjects hat have been presented before, together with physiology and phrenology, entranced by spirits. Address her at Spring-

Alvin Pease will receive calls to lecture in the vicinity of this city on week-day evenings. Address No. 73 Salom street. G. M. Jackson will speak the two last Sundays in April, at Fitchburg, Muss., and may be addressed there by friends in hat part of the State desiring his services.

Mrs. C. M. Tuttle will speak in Hartford, Ct., the last two Sabbaths in April. Those who desire her to lecture week evenings in that vicinity, will address M. H. Tuttle at that

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Baltimore, Md., the five Sundays of May. Friends in the vicinity of Balti-more, wishing to engage her services for week evenings, dur-ing her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton, box 944, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Marbichead, April 17th; Foxboro', April 24th. She will answer calls for loctures, and attend funerals. Address No. 32 Allen street, Boston. Mrs. A. W. Sprague will speak at Worcester, Mass., the two last Sundays in April; in Fortland, Me., the four first Sundays in May. Through the month of June her address will be Plymouth, Vt., and in July and August she will speak in Oswego, N. Y.

Prof. J. E. Churchill, can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin troi. J. E. Churchill, can be addressed at No. 202 Frankli street, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Re ligion, Politics, and Socialism.

Rev. John Pienront will answer calls to lecture on Spirit-ialism. Address at Medford, Mass.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 346, P. O., St. Louis, Mo. Prof. Payton and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invita-tions to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

William E. Rico, Tranco Speaker. Address at 7 Davis Dr. E. L. Lyon may be addressed at Lowell until further

H. A. Tucker, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass. Miss Emma Houston, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to locture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Foun-

tain House, Boston. H. L. Bowker will give free lectures and public tests of his nowers, by having expenses paid. Address Natick, Mass.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sun-ays. Address, North Abington, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to Jamestown, New York.

Dr. C. C. York will answer calls to lecture in the trance state. Address Boston, Mass. Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects.

Miss E. B. Gibson, impressional speaking medium, may be addressed at Bath, Mo. A C. Robinson, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture

on Sundays and weekday evenings. Address 42 Elm street. Charlestown Mrs. A. T. Pease, South Wilbraham, Mass, will answer calls

# HENRY WARD BEECHER

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, DROOKLYN, N. Y. Sunday, April 10th, 1850.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY T. J. ELLINWOOD.

TEXT:—"Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God, my rock, Why host thou forgotten me? Why so I mourning because of the oppersion of the enemy? As with a sword in my bones mine enemies repreach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God? Why art thou east down, O my soul? and why art thou disquiered within me? Hose thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health-of my countenance, and my God."—Psalms, xili: 8-11.

my countenance, and my God."—Pralms, xill: 8-11.

That indeed were a new and strange feeling which could not find in the Psalms some reflection of itself. Almost every gradation of every emotion, almost every inflection of every feeling, has its appropriate utterance; and David's Psalms are the flower garden of the Bible, in which one may find some plant, some flower, for every want in the whole round of life. The strength of the expressions which I have read, come in part from the fact that this Psalm is so constructed that it represents the two sides—the suduess and lonesomeness of mon in their conscious want, and then, ever against these, the majesty of that on which the heart reposes its confidence. As on the water where the waves make the boat undulate, the strains come and dio away, and come again, and again die away, so there is a kind of undulation in the strains of this Psalm—which includes both the 42d and 43d Psalma; for they are one. I will read it; and first, you will

strains of this Paalm—which includes both the 42d and 43d Pasins; for they are one. I will read it; and first, you will see the plaint—the sad descant:—

"As the hart panieth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my ment day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God? When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me, for I had gone with the multitude; I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept helyday."

That is the plaint. Now comes the response, rising up ma-That is the plaint. Now comes the response, rising up majostically, as it were, and stopping this minor strain:—

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou
disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praiso
him for the help of his countenance."

And that stops his complaint for a moment; but see, now
because forth game.

And that stops his complaint for a moment; but see, now he breaks forth again:—
"O, my God! my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar. Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spoute; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why has thou forgotten me? Why so I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? As with a sword in my bones mine enemies repreach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?"
Then comes again the lifting up of this noble strain:—
"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquicted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."
But that last, but for a moment. It seems as though it

But that last, but for a moment. It seems as though it were a little embankment thrown across a gathering stream. First t begins to run over, and the next moment you hear it

Pirsbit begins to run over, and the next moment you hear it going on again:—
"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man. For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy. O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; lot them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacies. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding loy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God."

exceeding joy: yea, upon the narp will I praise thee, O God, my God."

Now comes for the last time, and this time victoriously, that noble strain of confidence:—

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquicted within me? Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

Three times is this strain repeated, as if it were for Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—a blessed trinity of hope and promise. I need not say to you that this subject introduces the subject of trust in God, over against this despendency which men are liable to feel in view either of their own spiritual condition, or of their social wants, or of their relations to the general flow of providence in this world.

I propose to speak, this morning, first on the need which there is in every man of trust in God; secondly, I propose to show on what foundations that trust stands; and thirdly, I propose to exhibit some of the effects which the exercise of Christian trust will produce upon our feelings and upon our

Christian trust with produce upon our feelings and upon our

propose to exhibit some of the effects which the exercise of Christian trust will produce upon our feelings and upon our life. And,

First, the need of trusting in God—a universal need. The springs of hope, of counage, of solf-reliance, as it is called, are very different in different men. Some men feel better able to stand alone than others; and this independence of external help seems with some to go almost through life; though I suppose no man ever lives to the end without being made to feel how lonesome a thing man is without his God. There are some plants that grow better than others can when deprived of light; but there is no plant on the globe that can grow altogether without light. There are some men that seem able to go along in what they call their way, better than other men, without the immediate shining of God upon them, and the consciousness of his presence; but there is no man, I think, that can altogether get along without the outshining of God upon him.

This experience of trusting in God not only comes more naturally to some than to others—is more reserved in some than in others; but in all, I remark, this trusting in God—in his care, in his love, is an experience which is subject to all the conditions of growth. However little a man may have of it, it may be cultivated in him; however much a man has of it in the beginning, it never stands all at once developed in him, without any of the stages of growing; so that in both alike—those that have it and those that have it not easily—a trust in God is something that comes through all the periods of development and growing. And while have it not easily—a trust in God is something that comes through all the periods of development, from our unriponess, take is any view of God which shall be adequate to produce trust and hope, God provides for us in two ways. He makes, in the first place, the young mind hopeful by instinct, rather than upon reflection. This one of those provisions which belong to the youthful mind, seems to pass away, in a mensure, as Childhood is always hopeful—always unsolicitous of the future. It is trustful. It does not know how to do otherwise than expect cheerfully. But in the providence of God there is produced in the parent a kind of divinity; for in the early life of the child the parent stands for God to the child; and the child puts in the parent that trust which in more advanced life it is obliged to place in God, if anywhere. So that in the early periods of our existence there is this double provision of natural hopefulness, and trust in those who stand to us in the place of God. But as we grow out of pupilage, and bogin to walk for ourselves, we soon lind that from the very beginning of our independence to the end of it, there is a need of trusting in God, if we would be peaceful, cheerful, strong; if we would have what every man wants—confidence, hope.

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a need of treating in doc, it we would be pleased. The atong; if we would have what every man wants—confidence, hope.

I think that there is no human being that can stand up with anything like an unvarying equanimity, and hopefulness, and courage, unless in some way he is in communication with the Divine Spirit, and feels that he does trust in God. Men are trusting on something always. Men are anchored on some sort of bottom everywhere. It makes a great deal of difference, though, where a man anchors—on what he trusts. But all are alike in this; they need to rest on something. There is not a man living that was built to stand up of himself. There is not a man pyramidically built—not one. We are all of Us made to trust in something or other outside of ourselves. We find a multitude of things which men can lean upon for a little while; but we find in this mortal life nothing on which we can bear our whole weight, and nothing that will endure, surely, to the end.

We trust natural laws; but our ignorance of natural laws very soon breaks up anything like a comforting trust. Some things we know, and some things we know sometimes; but our knowledge is variant. I do not know of a single thing in this world that is more utterly cheerless than that kind of confidence. Attempts are being made in our day to make it appear that men are wise, and happy as soon as they obey natural laws—that God has given laws sufficient for the guidance, conservation and happiness of his creatures, and left them to mould their lives in accordance with those laws. This theory is the most cheerless and frigid of all things; because it mocks and betrays human ignorance and weakness. It would be no comfort to me to tell me, that so long as I would keep such a light-house in view while I steered my vessel, I would be safe, if I were already so spent with watching that I could not keep awake at the wheel. What comfort would it be to me to tell me, "So long as you keep that light in view, you are safe," when the storms are raging in the darkness,

We trust in enterprise and skill; and they are very good; but after all they are not all-sufficient for a man. A man who trusts in nothing but these, is subject to those reverses which belong to chance and fortune. It is not so long since people were going about hurry-skurry, some up and some down, and all rolled into a promiscuous heap, by the mero shaking of a man's hand, in which circumstance we see how precarious is a reliance based upon mere enterprise or skill. I have not forgotten the time when the wisest men could not see an inch before their face; and when men who had been as brave as lions in prosperity, were as gentle as lambs. I have seen men who, when prosperous, charged at human affairs, as if they were dragoons, but who, when in adversity, turned tail, and were glad to retreat and run out of their misfortunes. In an hour of confusion and retreating, men see on what feeble foundations they stand in respect to what is called "fortune." All these trusts are very good when a man does not want them. When everything is prosperous is the time when men trust enterprise and skill. But what has a man who trusts in these things merely, to rely upon when things are bottom-side up? In-good pleasant weather the Sound steamers carry anchors all painted white on their

dency to win our confidence and trust in him. Let us look at some of these views which tend to produce universal trust in God.

First; if there be one truth revealed more effectually and variously, one which is thrown down with more absolute carelessness than another, in the Bible, it is the truth that God is a Kather—the Kather of the whole human family. It is true in this—that we receive our being from him, answering that fact of childhood and parental relation; and it also answers this—that being the Father of every human being, God has for them the same parental feelings that men have for their children. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are but dust." He is not unreasonable in his expectations; he is not over-exacting in his demands. He knows how poor we are, and pities us as a fither pities the helplessness, the ignorance, the infelicities of his children. I think there is no feeling less involved in metaphysics and mystelesm than that which exists between father and child. And if there is this truth taught in the Bible—that God is a Father, vast as he is pure and just, and that it is his essential nature to feel toward every living thing the same as an earthly father feels toward his children; the same attachment and yearning that an earthly father feels toward his children; the same attachment and there is this truth taught in the Bible Livilli certainly lay the foundation for strong confidence in him. Let us look at this.

Men try to throw away this truth, by saying, thinking or

because there is no feeling loss involved in metaphysics and mystelesm than that which exists between father and child. And if there is this truth taught in the fibble—that God is a father, vast as he is pure and just, and that it is his essential nature to feel toward every living thing the same as an earthly father feels toward his children; the sume attachment and yearning that an earthly father feels toward his children; the sume attachment and yearning that an earthly father feels toward his children. Let us look at this,

Men try to throw away this truth, by saying, thinking or feeling, that God must not be supposed to be just like an earthly parent. He must not certainly; but you must not keep the husk and throw away the kernel. There are points in which men are unlike God. In all those things in which they are indifferent, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are indifferent, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are indifferent, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are indifferent, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are indifferent in the flesh, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are indifferent in the flesh, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are indifferent in the flesh, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are imprisoned in the flesh, God is not like them; in all those things in which they are imprisoned in the flesh, God is not like them; in all those of the control of the cartily parent. Wherever man is flute, God is not like them; in all those of the control of the cartily parent. Wherever man is little, God is much; wherever man is awad, God is strong; wherever man is fluted by an attach of must of the cartily parent is faults that make it has not one of the earthly parents. He memory of childhood a strain of muste overmore in all those qualities, and in the cartily parent is faults that make it has not one of the earthly parents. In our of the earthly parent

mere failthful, that when you think of him in these higher ranges, you seem to understach him by patterning his understand the ranges, you seem to understach him by patterning his understand the ranges, you seem to understach him by patterning his understand the ranges, you seem to understach him by patterning him upon the ranges, you seem to understach him by patterning him upon the ranges, you seem to understach him by patterning him upon the ranges, you seem to understach him by the seem to the ranges, you seem to the control of the ranges mere the pattern of the transparent of the ranges of the research of the ranges and the patterns of the ranges and patterns of the ranges and patterns of the patterns of the range of the patterns of the patterns of the range of the patterns of the patterns of the range of the patterns of the patt

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Land with an oratic without of the three-and tend is plate. Some with a control of the three and the plate of the control of the three and th

though as bees know where, the overlets housy is—in field movers; to Death knows where, in the household, and the sweets apirits, and goes and takes where men can least afford to lose.

I have said that every man needs a trust. I have said that there is nothing in our circumstances, nothing in our friendability of the state of the said that there is nothing in our circumstances, nothing in our friendability of the said that there is nothing in our friendability of the said that there is nothing in our friendability of the said that there is not in the said that the said that there is not into the said that the said to conceive him rightly. And this leads no to say, secondly, that it notice to trust load, there must be in their one cannot him rightly. And this leads no to say, secondly, that it notice to trust load, there must be in their one of the said to conceive him rightly. And this leads no to say, secondly, that it notice to trust load, there must be in their one of the said to conceive him rightly, and this leads no to say, secondly, that it notice to trust load, there must be in their one of the said to conceive him rightly. And this leads no to say, secondly, that it notice to trust load, there must be in their not an adaptation to that spirit on the other side.

Now take a polished porthyry wall; although the wood bine can creep up on almost any kind of surface, yet there is well to be a surface, yet there is well to the surface, yet there is well to be a surface, yet there is well to be a surface, yet there is well to be a surface, yet there is well and the surface, yet there is well and the surface and th

But is there no proparation for trusting? Yos—trust. What is the preparation for lying down? It is to lie down. What is the preparation for resting up? It is to got up. There is no preparation for resting God, but to trust God. All you have to do is to lay your head upon his bosom—torely upon his providence.

I remark, once more, that there is nothing so sad in this world as the spectacle which some persons present, in carrying their anxietica, and fears, and burdens, and love-toils, when there is such a provision made for them to be relieved from these things. It is as if, when Joseph sent wagons and mules down to Egypt to bring his father away, the old patriarch had undertaken to walk the whole distance, without making any use of these convoyances. If he had, he would have done as some Christians linist upon doing in this world, I see thousands of Christians who think they trust in God; and who do in some things, but not in those things where they need faith and trust in God; but it is just where they need faith and trust in God; but it is just where they need faith and trust in God; but it is made to the consummation of all things; in respect to the c

but when the harness of life rubs them sore, they do not know how to trust in him.

I think that if a Christian has trouble in his family, it is his privilege to go to God with it, and say, "I give it over to you; I will never take it back again. Here I put it with your promises over it; I cover it out of my sight; I leave it with you." How many can do that? Are your commercial affairs harrassing you, and destroying your peace? Then throw your care upon God. What is the use of extracting bitter from them, since God has said, "Cast thy care upon me?" Suppose it is your rent, which is due next week. It is true that trusting will not pay it; neither will fretting about it pay it. "But," you say, "how shall I trust in God respecting it?" You can say this: "Paid or not paid, I am in the hands of a God who loves me; and what is the use of my being troubled about it. I will do all in my power to obtain the means to pay it, but I am not going to let it destroy my comfort." "But," you say again, "suppose the last learis baked and eaten, and the crumbs are caten, am I then to trust in God?" What better can you do? If you do not know where the next leaf is to come from, what will you do? Going to be anxious, are you? What good will that do? Is anxious a baker, that he will bring you bread? God says, "Take no thought what ye shall cat," and it seems to me he needs not to say this more than once to a Christian. Do the things you can, and do them cheerfully. Sing while you work. It is as cheap to trust as to fret. The man who trusts in God, lives in the lower story of his head. The man who trusts in God, lives in the lower story of his head. The man who trust in God, lives in the lower story of his head. The man who trust in God, lives in the lower story of his head. The man who trust in God, lives in the lower story of his head. The man who trust in God, lives in the promise, while the man who does not trust in God, lives down in a dank and dungoon cellar. God has given us this promise, which covers the whole range of man's

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lictions of Religion," and spoke in substance as follows:--

selve that will enable him to trust in Gold. When you proceeds and a view to the mind of mah, to any, "I that is numbers the hairs of my head; if there is a being who say," Not one suprary whall fall to the ground without my notice, and 'Yo are of more value than many suprarews; if there is an interest of the more wasted latter, but the more wasted latter, but the more wasted latte, though for the things of itself; if there is a God who tells me, 'I will never leave you nor foreake you, or that I can boilty say,' will mof far white mere pleasure in doing these things—a pleasure that never wears on the contract of t



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