



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Nine, by BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

VOL. VI. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,} NO. 6.  
Payable in Advance.

## THE SERMONS

OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. *Triad Pass*—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. *Triad Pass*—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## "BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. FORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### HEART TRIALS.

I did not wait long after the first beams of daylight shone into my room, to awaken Addie with the news of her father's return. She sprang up at once, and clasped her little hands together.

"Ned will be sure to come to-night, as he wrote; and then—and then! Oh, Bertha! we'll have fine times yet! You can't tell how badly I felt yesterday. What if Pa should be sick and die! I cried myself to sleep with the thought. Hush! what is that? A carriage at this hour?"

"Only Jim with the carriage, as you ordered."

"Ah, yes; the fellow thinks I'll ride to the stage house, even if Pa is in the house."

"I will tell him to put up the horses—no, I will ride over and see Mary a few minutes. Your father probably rode round that way last night, which made him so late."

"Oh, do, please; and here is a kiss for her!" Do not hurry, Bertha; we will have a late breakfast, to accommodate yourself and Pa. How I long to see his dear, handsome face! but I'll not waken him."

The air was keen and bracing, and the sun rose without a cloud. Exhilarated by the scene and the exercise, my spirits revived, and I looked upon the fancy of last night as a dream. Mr. Harper had ridden hard and was tired. All would be right yet.

Mary was still in her room, and I ran thither. She was dressed carefully, and with more than her usual taste; but her face was pale, and her eyes heavy. It was evident she had not slept.

"Our fears were useless, dear Mary. He was not sick, after all; but I suppose he has told you the cause of his delay."

"What did you say, Bertha?" her face brightening, and her eyes full of inquiry.

"Is it possible you do not know that Mr. Harper has come? Then I am the first to tell you. He came on horseback, at midnight last evening. He does not know that I am here, or he would probably have sent me a message. He is resting, and needs it, for he looked very weary last night."

As I have seen a green hill, in my own New England, resting under the shadow of a cloud, and then brighten and shine in all its emerald beauty, as that cloud passed away and the sunlight rested upon its brow, so was Mary's face when I had spoken. She ran out with me to the piazza, and we danced and chatted till we had warmed ourselves, and felt the glow of a bright morning and fresher spirits. The young ladies joined us—they were not surprised to hear of Mr. Harper's return at midnight; it was like him to come in haste. No doubt some vote in the House detained him; and he hastened home as soon as that duty was over.

I cannot say that my cheerfulness did not ebb a little when I found myself alone in the carriage. Mr. Harper's face, as it appeared to me by the flickering firelight, expressed more than fatigue. I felt impatient to be at home, that I might assure myself of my mistake.

Breakfast was on the table, and Addie was waiting for me. "Pa sends a 'good morning' to you, Bertha; he is still fatigued, and will breakfast in his room. I have seen him but a moment, and he looked so tired, I begged him to rest longer. I don't like politics, Bertha. I'll tell Ned so at once, that he may never get interested in them."

After breakfast we busied ourselves in the house, arranging the evergreens, which the servants had brought from the woods.

The wedding ceremony was to take place in the little church, which was about two miles from Stanley Hall. Both families, with other invited guests, were to return to Madame Green's to dinner, and in the evening she would give a party. About two hours after we had breakfasted, Mr. Harper rode away, and we saw no more of him until dinner, which was served that day at four. A short time after dinner—during which he was the gentleman, as usual, though very grave and still pale—he sent for Addie to come to his room. While she was there—a long time indeed, it seemed—one of Madame Green's servants came to Stanley Hall, with the following note:

"Come to me, Bertha—come soon, darling. I need your sympathy and love. Yours, MARY."

Now Mr. Harper had ordered a horse for my use, while I remained at his house. I had it brought at once, and rode over, leaving a message for Addie that I wished she would follow.

I again found Mary in her room. This time there were no roses on her cheeks, no dancing brightness in her soft, blue eyes, but she sat, with folded hands and drooping head, like a flower blighted by a sudden frost. It was my turn now to fold her to my bosom, and bid her trust in God.

"But it is so dark, Bertha—so dark all round me! Only this morning it was brightness and peace! Something has changed Mr. Harper; it is almost as if an evil spirit had power over him. I saw him coming—oh, how my heart leaped at the sound of Sunbeam's hoofs as he came up the avenue, not with the usual swift pace, but slowly and sadly, as one rides to the grave! And well he might come so; for around a grave he would go, and I should see his face as he rode, and his arms would be round my neck, and his tears were flowing fast."

"What is it, Mary? What can it mean? There is some terrible mistake here. Pa came home, looking like a spectre, and ordered Jim to get the carriage ready, for he would go back to Washington. I heard the order and rushed to his room. He was stern and cold; but I thought he suffered. 'What does this mean?' I asked, going back to Washington? 'I asked, surely, you forget to-morrow!'

"Forget to-morrow! forget to-morrow," he replied; 'I wish I could blot to-morrow out of existence. But I will be calm, Addie. I was about to seek you, and say to you that our marriage is deferred—rather, I ought to say, the contract is broken forever! There are reasons, sufficient, you would say, could you know them; but I cannot give them to you now. Trust your father, that he has not dishonored his race and name!'

"But Mary, father?"

His brow contracted, and he looked like a thunder-cloud. "I pray God for her happiness," he said.

I stood still an instant, looking at my father's face, so fierce and stern. "Father, some evil spirit has come between you and Mary; but be assured, if you suspect her of wrong, and if you have wounded her pure heart, you will, at some future day, see the error, and mourn over it."

I can't imagine what put the words in my mouth, but they came without effort, and with a bluntness that startled myself. It was as unlike my usual way of addressing him. I was almost sorry that I had spoken; for he was not angry, but a deep gloom settled on his countenance.

mot; he was moody and stern; but the look suddenly changed, and he came toward me. I rose; he threw his arms round me, and I leaned my head upon his breast, and wept.

"Mary, Mary!" said he, "pardon me, if I speak in riddles. I cannot tell you what divides us—I cannot speak it. There is a great gulf between us; but God knows how I have loved you! I love you still, and perhaps I am wrong. I have tried to crush it; but it will not down at my bidding. I could have borne it better if there had been no concealment. You might have trusted me—that trust would have gone for to have weakened this pride that overmasters everything else!"

He stopped, turned away from me, and continued to walk the room. "Once I thought reason had forsaken him; for had he not known my whole history? How often had he laughingly called me his little 'waif,' his 'mermaid,' his 'Udine,' and I said 'Yes, I am like poor little Udine; for I never knew the value of the soul, its rich wealth of love, till you waked it within me!"

I too, had pride, and could not stoop even to repel the insinuation thrown out. I resolved to bear all, to be silent, in silence. Suddenly it occurred to me that he had never seen the miniature of my father. I had worn it constantly—it was near my heart then. Might not some enemy (but here I was puzzled—I knew no enemy) have led Mr. Harper to suppose that I had loved before, or that I had about me the memento of some buried love, or former friend? In a moment I withdrew the locket, and, touching the spring, I turned to Mr. Harper, and said, "This is the miniature of my father; isn't it a fine face?"

Oh, Bertha! Heaven spare me from ever seeing again the face of a friend! The expression which Mr. Harper wore at that moment—it was anger, contempt and scorn, without one particle of pity! His lip curled, his eye flashed—it was another man! He bade me shut it up, take it away. I shrunk from him. "What new phase of his character is this?" I said to myself. Surely, the brain is diseased, or a demon has whispered falsehood in his ear! I sat down, speechless, as if his resolution was taken, he stopped short.

"Miss Lincoln, we are betrothed! James Harper never broke his word! To-morrow was to be our wedding-day, and I shall be ready, if you desire, at the appointed hour. Your concealment and deception I might plead as nullifying our contract; but I scorn even that subterfuge. I will meet you at the church; but, though the law may bind us together, the higher, holier, purer law, which can only make two souls one, has been broken, and, though united, our lives must be apart!"

Bertha, I can't describe to you the strange feeling that took possession of my heart as he uttered these words. I had been long enough in the county of Calceper to test the pulse of the Harpers; but there spring at once in my own soul a night of will and a pride that could defy them all. I rose, with a flushed face and a beating heart, but with words that were measured, not by heart beats, but by the power of a stern purpose.

"Sir, I would not now be your wife if all the Harpers from the days of William the Conqueror till now, should sue for my feet."

With these words, I passed out of the room, nor turned a glance backward. He hastened after me.

"Stop, Mary, stop! one word—let us not part thus!" I heeded him not, but, with a firm step, and head erect, I walked up to my own room. Once here, with the door locked, I sunk down, and fainted. I do not know how long I lay senseless, but, on coming to myself, I was lying on the rug, with my head against the sharp corner of this heavy bureau. I had bruised it, as you see; and since I have recovered from the swoon, I am so bewildered with pain, that I cannot think clearly. But I believe I have given you a correct account of the interview. As I told you, it is all dark, dark—not one ray of sunlight, not one spot of clear, blue sky in all my horizon. I am like one blind, groping in this darkness, with no support, no guide."

I too was strangely bewildered, though better prepared for this trouble than Mary; for I had seen the cloud before the storm—I had heard the muttering of the tempest in the silence of the night. I could sympathize with Mary—she knew that well—but I had no words of comfort. I bethought me, however, of her favorite book, and I opened and read this prayer:

"Guide me, Oh Lord, in all the changes of this world; that, in all things that shall happen, I may have an evenness and tranquillity of spirit; that my soul may be wholly resigned to thy divinely will and pleasure, never murmuring at thy chastisements and corrections."

She bowed her head, but her whole frame shook with emotion. Words would not come at my bidding. I persuaded her to lie down, while I bathed her head. Gradually, after a long while, as I sat by her side, and passed my hand over her head, something like a halt, her eyes closed; her strong feeling had spent itself, and she fell asleep. Her head, however, had altered in a few hours—so was vain and mournful—and the lines around the mouth contracted by suffering! My heart was full of indignation toward Mr. Harper, and I felt reluctant to meet him again.

Mary's sleep was troubled, and of short duration. When she awoke, her mind seemed wandering. She put her hand to her head as if in pain.

"Where am I, Bertha? Oh, I have had such a horrible dream! He came, but oh, so changed! And he wounded me—he sent an arrow into my heart—take it out, Bertha!"

This soon passed away, and the more painful reality returned. But there came, at last, quiet—outward quiet, at least—and she rose, changed her morning dress for her blue cashmere, bathed her face in cold water, and sat down, with some sewing in her hand.

This last occupation was mechanical, the mere force of habit. It was some work that lay on the table, the trimming of a talma, which she had intended to wear on her ride to church. I took some embroidery of my own from my pocket, and we sat there in silence for some minutes. It was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Addie. Mary arose, and looked wildly round for some means of escape; she shrunk from seeing her. But Addie was too quick for her—her arms were round her neck, and her tears were flowing fast.

"What is it, Mary? What can it mean? There is some terrible mistake here. Pa came home, looking like a spectre, and ordered Jim to get the carriage ready, for he would go back to Washington. I heard the order and rushed to his room. He was stern and cold; but I thought he suffered. 'What does this mean?' I asked, going back to Washington? 'I asked, surely, you forget to-morrow!'

"Forget to-morrow! forget to-morrow," he replied; 'I wish I could blot to-morrow out of existence. But I will be calm, Addie. I was about to seek you, and say to you that our marriage is deferred—rather, I ought to say, the contract is broken forever! There are reasons, sufficient, you would say, could you know them; but I cannot give them to you now. Trust your father, that he has not dishonored his race and name!'

"But Mary, father?"

His brow contracted, and he looked like a thunder-cloud. "I pray God for her happiness," he said.

I stood still an instant, looking at my father's face, so fierce and stern. "Father, some evil spirit has come between you and Mary; but be assured, if you suspect her of wrong, and if you have wounded her pure heart, you will, at some future day, see the error, and mourn over it."

I can't imagine what put the words in my mouth, but they came without effort, and with a bluntness that startled myself. It was as unlike my usual way of addressing him. I was almost sorry that I had spoken; for he was not angry, but a deep gloom settled on his countenance.

"Oh, daughter! I have had a dream, a beautiful dream! I fancied she was so like your mother. I might have known there could be but one such angel for my home!"

"Father," I said, as I threw my arms about his neck, "it is now that you are dreaming—a very bad and troubled dream; you will waken, sometime, and we shall know it was all a dream."

"Would to God it might prove so, Addie! but no, 'tis proof as strong as holy writ! But I must not waste time in words. I shall miss the coach. I am sorry, Addie, to have spoiled your holiday. See, at least, that the servants are made merry; and I give you *carte blanche* as to expense!"

In a moment more he was waving an adieu from the carriage, the servants, with open mouths and wondering eyes, gazing at the sight. Poor Mamma stood in the doorway, her capacious self filling the whole space, with her hands on her hips, her broad, fat face elongated as much as possible for it to be, and the tears actually running. She is keen on the scent as a trained hunter, and, though not a word had been said, she had divined trouble. I watched the carriage till it had disappeared, and then I followed Mamma into Pa's room. She took me in her lap, as if I were a baby, and I wept till I was exhausted.

"There, Honey! stop now—'tis de Lord's will! he never makes earth heaven only—'tis a little while. I've seen the darkness—coming along, creeping, creeping, like ugly old snakes, to devour pretty bird's nest; but it's all dark now—thank de good Lord, it can't be darker—and now Mamma 'll be looking for one ray of light!"

One of the servants came in just then with your message, Bertha, and I ordered Sunbeam saddled, and came at once. There, Mary, don't look so pale—don't be so quiet and still—shed some tears—scold away—I'll bear it, even if it is my own dear father, because, as Mamma says, he's under 'some allusion,' and ain't 'sponsible for his now."

A faint smile played around Mary's mouth, but it passed quickly away. There was a sound of horses' feet in the yard, and a voice said, "Whoa, Jenny!"

"It's Ned! it's Ned!" said Addie, as she sprang to the window, but thoughtful enough even in her impulsiveness, her little hand behind the folds of the window curtain. "There he is! Maybe, dear Mary, he'll find out the trouble, and make it all straight. He's going to be a lawyer, you know, and Pa says he has very keen, perceptive powers—that's the expression, I believe—I thought I'd remember it exactly; it means, I suppose, that he can square the circle, and tell the dimensions of a piece of chalk!"

How the little witch flattered as she stood there, peeping at her lover—the color coming and going in her fair face, and her bright eyes dancing with delight. I turned from her to Mary. Here was joy and sorrow—the opening bud, and the drooping flower—the bird, with spread wing longing to mount—the weary one, with drooped head and folded pinion.

There was a bustle in the hall below—the greeting of the sisters, the noisy welcome of the little ones, the barking of Ned's favorite dog, and the clear, calm voice of Madame Green: "Welcome home, my boy."

He answered briefly to them—

"First and foremost, before I go a step further, I must know what is the trouble at Stanley Hall. I met Mr. Harper, looking as if he had spent three days and nights in the tomb of the Capulets. He never smiled, as he bade me 'good morning'; and I thought he was about to send me back to college, as he took my hand; but no. 'Make it pleasant for them, Ned, at home,' he said; 'business will keep me at Washington for the present.' What the deuce is to pay? Has that little Yankee school-ma'am broken her troth, or found a younger lover?"

"Oh, Ned, Ned!" said Addie, "stop."

He did stop for a moment as his mother replied—"I know of no trouble, Ned. Miss Lincoln was with him in the drawing-room awhile this morning, and since then she has been in her own room."

"Miss Addie there, too, ma'am. Peter Jes' put Sunbeam in the stable."

"You good-for-nothing Pete!" said Addie, shaking her little fist in the direction of the door, but, with all her effort, not looking very savage.

The next minute Madame Green was knocking at our door. Poor Mary neither moved nor spoke, and Addie drew back within the folds of the window-curtain. I admitted her, and I knew that her first glance at Mary confirmed the fears that Ned had raised.

"My dear Mary," she said, as she laid her hand upon her head, "see there is trouble. Confide in me as in a mother—trust me; you shall not be betrayed."

The tears filled Mary's eyes, but she pressed the hand of her friend with speaking words. "I am so weak, I cannot think clearly. But I believe I have given you a correct account of the interview. As I told you, it is all dark, dark—not one ray of sunlight, not one spot of clear, blue sky in all my horizon. I am like one blind, groping in this darkness, with no support, no guide."

"Supper is waiting, ladies," said Madame Green, addressing Addie and myself. "Jennie will bring Mary's tea to her room, if she prefers. I will wait your confidence," she continued, gently, to Mary. "In the first hours of trouble it is difficult for us all ways to keep the spirit calm. Our only resource then is in God."

Mary found the friend she needed in Madame Green—calm, prudent, judicious. She knew the Harpers, and half-divined the cause of the trouble; but she said to herself and others, "Let us wait—we gain nothing by battling with a storm when it rages fiercely. We are only beaten back, and, like a weary bird, who has tried to mount the clouds, must after all fold our wings and pant till the tempest is over. We will be wiser, and wait meekly in the valley till the sunshine glids the mountain tops."

Madame Green's energy and decision were called in requisition during the holidays. She planned our amusements, she kept us busy, and as far as possible, kept the gloom from gathering too thickly over the household. In my heart I thanked her; and I left Virginia with but one sad reminiscence.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### CHARLES HERBERT'S WIFE.

"Mary, will you go home with me?" I asked, a few days before leaving Stanley Hall. Madame Green answered—

"She is my daughter now," and threw her arm around her, caressingly. "You will not leave us, Mary—we cannot spare you. Two years from now, Bertha, when my Emma is eighteen, we will take a tour of the Northern States, and Mary will go with us; I hope to visit her old home. Then we shall surely seek you, and renew this pleasant acquaintance."

Two years! where shall I be then? I said to myself—in India, teaching the little Hindoo the religion of the Bible, and the poor, oppressed, ignorant mothers, the way of life the Saviour had once year and complete my course. In the meanwhile, Mr. Gray was to preach the United States, devoting part of his time to special preparation for his missionary work. I was a little surprised to find myself, on my return, an object of interest in the school. The knowledge of my engagement had preceded me, my mother not being at all anxious to conceal it. I was Mr. Gray's affianced bride, and dedicated to the missionary cause—a future heroine or martyr; for the memoirs of Mrs. Judson had been read by the young ladies, and the true heroism of her life and her heroic character fully appreciated. It had all the charm of a romance and the beauty of truth. It was an honor to follow humbly in her footsteps. I became a pet of the teachers, and a sort of consecrated character among the scholars. It was stimulating to spiritual pride, and rather tended to aid me in my determination. My former room-mate, Miss Crooks, was not there. Miss Garland, in mercy to her feelings, had sent her to the far West as a teacher, where her firmness of character, her black bow, and her ancient puffs had won the heart of a widowed home missionary with four children. Oh, those children! I laid awake nights commiserating their fate!

I look back now and smile at the amount of self-righteousness which I managed to accumulate that year. It was the camel's load which never could have gone through the narrow gate called *The Needle*. I dressed in plain, dark colors, with no ornaments. I kept a day of fasting once a week; read no books but my Bible and one or two devotional works. My studies were Algebra, Butler's Analogy, and Evidences of Christianity. The hours for recreation were spent in religious conversation with my companions, and all the evenings not devoted to study were passed in social prayer-meetings. I kept a daily journal of all the phases of my religious feelings, now full of rapture, looking from the mountain top on the land of Canaan, anon in the depths of gloom and despondency—all these were carefully noted, as if they were of importance to myself and the world. I lived on the plainest of food, and ate only a small quantity of that to accustom myself to the self-denial of a missionary. If a scholar was gay and worldly, and inclined to ridicule serious matters, I considered it my duty to converse with her, at all times and places, esteeming the ridicule and reproach which I might thus incur, as borne for Christ's sake. I was becoming fitted for Mr. Gray's purpose, and it certainly was a pity that our intention of going to India was not fulfilled immediately on my leaving school.

Our marriage, which was to have been in the spring, was deferred to October, on account of the severe illness of my youngest brother, Edward. For some weeks he lingered on the threshold of the grave, and during that time my mother's usual frames wholly forsake her. She could not trust herself with the charge of his medicine, nor stand near him when he had intervals of derangement, caused by the excitement of fever. The thought of losing him nearly deprived her of reason. The little boy wanted me by his side constantly, and I seldom left him, day or night. Joe was not with us much; he never loved Addie, though a most lovable, gentle child; and as Joe was too honest to express a sympathy he did not feel, he kept away.

Edie recovered slowly; and as I was suffering from the confinement and labor of a sick room, my father sent me to Boston, where I became more of the world, worldly, and less of a fashionable friend, who gradually lost some of my strict notions, as they called them, to some conformity with their own views. Meanwhile, Mr. Gray had received a call from the people of a church in Vermont. It was a tempting one, and as he lingered in the field, and partook of the hospitality of the liberal, kind-hearted people, India was removed far into the distance—a missionary's life seemed more and more difficult to endure—and, without informing me of his change of purpose, he accepted the call to settle among them. I felt at once that I ought to be free; but how could I confess the motive of my heart in making the engagement? I think my mother had some suspicion of the real state of my heart. She sent for me to come home, and kept me constantly with her, and busy in preparation for the marriage. She was indulgent and kind; but her gifts and her labor were not unappreciated by one whose heart was indifferent to a bridal paraphernalia, and looked forward with little pleasure to her new home. Sometimes, when at home, I would start from my bed at midnight, and walk the room with a determined step, saying, "I will break this hated chain. As soon as day dawns, I will make a frank avowal, in writing, to Mr. Gray. He shall know all! But the day found me shrinking and fearful. Once I took courage, and expressed my feelings frankly to my mother. 'Perhaps,' I said to myself, 'she will pity me, and aid me to free myself.' She listened kindly, and in a voice of unusual mildness, replied:

"Why, my daughter, your feelings are not peculiar. Every woman shrinks from this change in her life, and the more as she approaches it. I think more highly of you for this timidity, and less of her. It argues a healthy spirit which will render your future life more happy. You cannot now retract—it is too late; for it is better not to vow, than to vow and not pay. The curse of God will follow you, and your whole life will be filled with remorseful regret. Do not allow yourself to indulge in the thought; it is but the temptation of an evil spirit, to which you should say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Then she would propose a ride, or a walk, in search of furniture or housekeeping articles, or a call upon a friend. She was shrewd enough to keep Mr. Gray away. He was not to come till the wedding day. Ah! this was a masterpiece of policy. Had he come only one day before, my heart would have betrayed itself. But, as my readers will remember, (and I wish they would now turn back to Chapter First,) I did not see him until dressed for the ceremony. I do not now dwell upon that scene. A bride of six months, and would she forget her wedding day!

Such has been my life; for I have given a faithful transcript of the past. But one thread of silver runs through its otherwise unvarying shadow—my childish attachment for Charles Herbert, but now to be remembered no more.

"Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone, and forever!"

While I have lingered over my journal, Helen has come home. I had more difficulty now in keeping the secret of my little garret retreat. Sometimes I rose early, just as the first light of morning peeped in at the little window; but, fortunately, after a few days, she joined a class of young people in the study of chemistry. It was taught by a gentleman who came, they said, from B—, a large town three miles from Vernon. He is very popular in the village for his skill in performing experiments, and his thorough knowledge of the science which he professes to teach. They call him Dr. Cameron; but I cannot learn that he is a regular physician, though he has prescribed for his pupils one or two cases of illness, and with great success. Helen has never missed a lesson, and all the class seem equally attracted to the new teacher. I have not seen him, but I am half-determined to join the class, and were it not that I wished my time to myself for awhile each day, would do so.

June—the month of roses! How beautifully the garden at Elmwood looks! I do not walk there now, as I did before I learned who owned the place. I was sitting at the window with my sewing to-day, when an old gentleman, with a broad Panama hat, a gold-headed cane, and a loose-sleeve sack, came slowly down the garden path, and, seating himself in the summer-house, or "grapey," began to smoke a cigar. He was a large, portly man, with a bronzed complexion. When he lifted his hat, as he did to catch the breeze—for it was a warm day—I could not help admiring his broad forehead and his noble shaped head, nearly bald. The organs of benevolence could be seen from where I sat as plainly as the little mounds of myrtle in the flower beds. In a few minutes he took out a newspaper, and, throwing himself back in the broad garden chair, which I should think had been made expressly for his use, looked like contentment personified. He had not been there long, when she came running out. Ay, I know her! It is as if the picture had stepped out of the frame! Her golden curls are rippling over her brow and neck, and her step is light as a fawn's. See! she don't mind the newspaper at all, but springs upon the old gentleman's knee and throws one caressingly round his neck. He lets the newspaper drop, and turns toward her, while she kisses his cheek. I can see a whole heart full of love in his face as he looks down upon her. She remains still! But a moment. Now she is up and has gathered a handful of rose-buds and some sprigs of myrtle, which she weaves into a wreath and places upon her head. She is dancing now; but soon a barking is heard, and a little pet dog comes running toward her; in a moment, he has a wreath around his neck, and, by his motions, he seems to be trying to dance, too. The old gentleman looks on as if he enjoyed the sport; the newspaper is at his feet, and also

the half-smoked cigar. Now they have stopped dancing; for the young girl, (I can call her nothing else,) has discovered a bird's-nest in a rose bush, and claps her hands with delight. See! she is counting the eggs—one, two, three! The dog barks, and jumps up at it, at which she shakes her finger at him. What a bewitching little creature she is, and how lovely she looks in that blue lawn morning dress! I wonder what in the world she has discovered now—who is looking this way and smiling, and has directed the old gentleman's attention here, too?

Now, I see! Auntie Paul is hanging out clothes! She is in her usual working costume, a very dark-grey dress, in which two breadths more would not be superfluous ones; the sleeves are very scant, and her hair is drawn very tightly to the back of her head. Dear, Aunt Paul! I wish you were not so much of a non-conformist; but your heart is full of rare gems—like the pearl oyster, your beauty lies hidden beneath rough exterior! How particular she is in hanging out those clothes—every one put on with mathematical accuracy as if they were expected to step down, and march, in rank and file, to the house, when dry. Her nicety and precision attract the old gentleman's eyes; but his companion seems highly amused at something, perhaps Auntie's costume. Well, there is a contrast between them, enough to make my picture more perfect. But, see! who is coming now from the house? Ah, Charles Herbert. I should know that prompt, decided step; slower, however, than formerly—a tropical climate may have caused that. How quick she hears the step and turns round! Now she runs toward him like a child who expects a welcome; and she does not expect in vain. She can stand under his extended arm; she draws the arm around her, and they walk on together. Now they are all three in the grapey. Charles—Mr. Herbert, I mean—is lying up a fallen vine, and pointing out something to the old gentleman, some improvement, I fancy. She has curled herself up with her dog in her arms, on one of the head garden settees. Charles—Mr. Herbert—disappears for a moment, and returns with cushion and shawl, and places one under her head, and the other tenderly over her. Now she is asleep; the flower has folded its petals, and is quiet; now the two gentlemen light a fresh cigar. The paper is picked up, and they sit with their chairs tipped back, and their feet raised, evidently having a nice time of it. And me? Why, I should have stitched two wristbands, and I have only one half done. Now, Bertha Lee, you go into your little sleeping-room, where there is a window, and that looking out upon a dead wall, and stitch away two hours, repeating, meanwhile, the ten commandments, the multiplication table, and then the list of England's sovereigns from William the Norman to Victoria.

I had gone only as far as Richard of hateful memory, when Mr. Gray came in.

Bertha—Lillian tried, and will lie down awhile; but, as I shall not sleep, you may read aloud this treatise on the 'Freedom of the Human Will.'"

I took it readily, as a drowning man a plank, and plunged into the treatise at once, determined to understand the writer's reasoning; but my poor little intellect soon got lost in a fog, like a small fishing-smack off Newfoundland, and, as I carried no light in my bow, I was in danger of being run down by the larger craft. After pushing on awhile in the fog, I actually foundered on two rocks, viz., the terms "subjective" and "objective"; and I reckon I'm not the first one that has struck these reefs. After that, I read mechanically for an hour, till, on looking up, I found Mr. Gray was asleep. How long he had been so, I could not tell; but I returned to my stitching and to my lesson of kings.

I had got as far as George III. when the door-bell rung. I went myself to wait upon my visitors, when, lo! they were the very persons I had just been trying to forget—Charles Herbert and his wife!

"I am glad we have found you at home," said Mr. Herbert, as coolly as if he supposed I, too, would be glad.

"Yes," said the little fairy at his side, "we have been so unfortunate in our calls. We were out the day you called—I was so sorry—I took care to know they were out, before I went; and you were ill when we called here. Only think! we have been here six weeks, and never have met before; and I was thinking so much of living near you! Charles told me that you were his oldest and best friend; and I knew you so well that I needed no introduction. To-day I saw you at the window, and I told Charles that we would come and make sure of you."



Reported for the Banner of Light.

REV. A. D. MAYO, AT THE MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday, Oct. 23, 1859.

The Rev. Theodore Parker's congregation was addressed, on Sunday, the 23d of October, by Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, upon "The Organization of Religion in the United States."

The subject, he said, was of no secondary interest. It is vitally connected with the success of religion in our country. Whether the chief American republic is to be religious or atheistic, depends, to a greater degree than we may acknowledge, on the mode of organizing the religion. Every idea must become an institution, in order to aid in the achievement of the destiny of a people. Liberty unorganized is anarchy; organized, is free society. Love unorganized is lust; organized, is the home. Religion unorganized either becomes superstition, or vanishes into atheism; organized, it is a Church and a Christian civilization. The experience of the ages has decided that the world has always rushed into the worst church as a shelter from unbridled superstition and atheistic despair. The American people believe in nothing that cannot be shaped into an institution. The United States must be given over to no faith, or to a faith which can be embodied in some practical working form.

He should assume that there is a great religious faith in this Republic, to be organized. There never was so much genuine religious faith in this country as to-day. He granted that if by faith we mean faith in existing churches, there is a "suspension," in some cases verging near a bankruptcy. But there never was so perfect and true a faith in any nation, as to-day in this republic. There are two classes of men now affirming that there is a suspension of faith. First, those who look constantly into the slough of our national sensuality and barbarism; secondly, those who look into the region inhabited by the over-educated, over-refined, the spiritual and social Sybarites that lounge in every great city and village, and who see that the clique is larger than ever before. Either of these classes is large enough to hide the American people from the demagogue who affects the company of blackguards, or the theologian who affects the company of the over-refined. Nobody expects faith in this society. The highest and lowest strata of every people have always been in a state of suspended religious animation. But whoever is sufficiently honest and clear-minded to look between these two classes, both smaller here than in any modern nation, and contemplate the real, acting people, who are making America the best thing she is, and who are the hope of the country for what it shall be, must confess that there was never so much true faith displayed before. The speaker knew that the mass of the American people are far below the ideal of the Sermon on the Mount. But never before was there such a mighty interest to know the truth about God and man, such growing impatience with popular and ecclesiastical falsehoods. If the people are sometimes disappointed in the priests, the mediums, the agitators, yet the blind, high impulse, is growing into clear religion.

Some kinds of religion are already organized in the Republic. The two great forms the Christian religion has assumed in the past are on the ground. The Church of the infallible hierarchy, and the Church of the infallible sacrificial creed, are each claiming to organize the entire Christianity of the nation. Let us inquire if either of these is able to truly organize religion.

First, the Church of the infallible hierarchy claims Divine authority to organize our religion, claiming to be the exclusive medium of saving grace. This Church will do all the good it can that is consistent with the support of that hierarchy; all other good it will leave undone. It has two wings, the Roman Catholic, the Continental-Protestant Episcopal, or Anglo-Saxon form. Both stand on the radical basis of being the Divinely-authorized Church. Both divisions are growing stronger each year. In the great State of New York, the chief organizing State in the Union as Massachusetts is the chief State in the realm of ideas, they modify the most liberal churches, and influence the whole social fabric of the State. They represent the principles of European civilization to this country. Whether this form can organize religion in the United States depends upon whether we are drifting toward the aristocratic tendencies of that civilization. The highest and the lowest classes are drifting this way. This Church never offends the slave power, the representative of despotism in America. The late attempt to reinstate Bishop Onderdonk was referred to as an illustration of the spirit of hierarchical Church, the support of a Bishop being held above that of morality and just public opinion. The scorn with which the proposition to act against the African slave-trade was received in the late Episcopal Convention, was cited as an example of the shrewdness with which this Church, aiming at the possession of the slave States, avoids offence to the slave power. It will finally organize the aristocratic elements of America. Very good people do believe in an aristocratic government, and an authoritative Church. This party will become a formidable force in the Republic, but will always be an anti-democratic minority. It will, doubtless, have its uses, as conservative ballast; but it cannot organize a religion that regards the Church as the servant of the soul; and that is the religion which is to prevail more and more as the kingdom of light and love prevails on earth.

Second: the Church of the infallible sacrificial creed proposes to organize religion in the United States, around a theological system. This Church will do all the good it can, consistently with that, and what good is outside of that it will leave undone. Its doctrine and organization are as compact as an armor of links, but still yielding with wondrous elasticity, to the deep inspiration and Titanic struggles of its freest advocates. It tolerates all sorts of theoretical and practical errors in its followers; it repudiates all philanthropy in the heretic. This Church is called the Protestant Evangelical, and is the most powerful in the land. It was the religion planted in the most enterprising part of the country, and has spread wherever our enterprise has gone. It has practical possession of our whole educational system. It is composed of a dozen sects, but they all stand together when their great banner is displayed, and the awful spectacle of God's sacrificing his Son on Cavalry glares forth on its canvass. The "Business-men's Prayer-meeting" was referred to as the most efficient and powerful organ for the consolidation of these Churches into one. The men who manage it know what they are doing. So far, the people appear to follow with commendable facility. It is successful because it represents the average condition of the American people. Its creed is doubtless the best that ever prevailed in any Church so large. Perhaps there is as much truth included in its catechism as the people can comprehend. It is the Church of the actual present of the United States. But the atmosphere is full of indications that it is not the Church of the highest present life, much less of that ideal future which is the creed of democracy. The creed is assailed by the best science and philosophy of the day. Every large thinker is brought up against one of its points. The rising humanity of the country rises up against it. The growing freedom of the country commands it to estimate men by their character, not by the Catechism. Under this pressure it is convulsed to the centre. The New York Independent well represents this struggle. The speaker suspected that this Church will be the ruling religious organization for half a century to come. Professor Park may give it a lease of life for another quarter of a century. But many a progressive church will fall off into heterodoxy. It cannot permit even religious toleration, without suicide. To acknowledge that character is the test of salvation is to sink the "plan" into speedy forgetfulness. It will do neither. Representing the highest faith of the present, that which alone prophesies the true democracy of the future is to be organized by another power.

There is but one faith which can shape the best religious condition of the American people into a true form. That is, the faith of God always and evermore in humanity. There has never been a time when the best souls of the world have not acknowledged this faith. First among its prophets was Jesus Christ. The sum of his whole life and teaching was the eternal union of God and man. He was God in the same sense that you and I and all men can become participants of the Divine essence. He has been the world's pioneer to these good news which in these latter days have at last burst forth with a force that will hereafter be irresistible. But especially has this majestic faith of God now with man grown in our own land. At that magic word, our creed-bound theology has sprung into a new life; and has shaken itself clear of the doctrine of a sacrificial salvation. The new Church of Philanthropy has leapt into life, challenging slavery, sensuality, selfishness, in the name of man's Divinity. Industry has revived, and our people have revived to a consciousness

that true labor is the highway to that God of whom Jesus said, "My Father worketh." Our entire politics have come to concentrate in a question concerning that race which, by its sorrows and wrongs, is the representative of humanity. It is no cause of surprise that the priests are shrinking from this new glare of light, and calling on the rocks and mountains of a new ecclesiasticism to cover them. It is this faith which we are called to organize into some form befitting its august reality. How shall we make this true revival of religion a permanent fact in our national life? This new idea will shape a church and school of that liberal Christianity which is nothing more nor less than the absolute religion, where generations shall be taught in its comprehension and application. This Church will have its foundation in the perpetual inspiration of man by God. It will have no test of worth, short of holy character. It welcomes the forms and ceremonies that spring from the true nature of man, and symbols of manhood and womanhood to the imagination, fired with the eternal beauty. It asks no bond but the sympathy and honor of acceding souls. Men who love God and man can work together without the guardianship of a spiritual police. It demands perpetual activity in man; it will be the scourge of sin, the salvation of the sinner. This is what all good men now sigh and plead for, in all lands. And if America is to go on and become a true republic, the crowning height of civilization, the heaven-kissing hill, whence all holy influences shall pour in crystal tides to refresh our popular and private life, the sooner the wise begin to organize this community to a higher culture, the less danger that it will drift away into a new fanaticism. He would not deny the fanaticism and folly attending this new religious movement. But we can point to greater excesses in the early Christianity. We deliberately prefer, said he, the perils of liberty to the perils of despotism.

How, then, shall be realized this ideal of a true religious culture in the United States? First, there are three thousand church organizations which have nominally out loose from the authority of the hierarchy and the creed, and profess to stand for a reformed Christianity. They are the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Christians, and the Hicksite Friends. There is progress throughout all these sects. They are all gradually falling into the position, practically, of independent religious organizations. There is, indeed, in each, a party who believe in consolidating; but it will finally be defeated. Then there are the independent congregations of whom Rev. Mr. Parker is the foremost man. So far from being a failure, Mr. Mayo regarded the career of these new religious bodies as a great success, for fifty years of controversy. A portion of these churches will become the nucleus of all the future of religious culture. The various "reform movements" of the day were instanced as another branch of the liberal religious movement of the age—the anti-slavery agitation, the woman's rights movement, temperance, &c. &c.

"Spiritualism," said the speaker, "is another, blind, push in the same direction. While fastidious scholars are lampooning its absurdities, and conservative preachers are calling on it to subside, the wisest observers behold in it a new popular outbreak of faith in immortality, a natural reaction against the Pagan Church theories of the future life. It is now so complicated with physical problems, so overlaid and shot through with crude speculations, that nobody can accurately prophesy its real meaning and mission. But it has broken down a wall between earth and heaven, that no priesthood can ever rebuild. Any Church that will lead the people, must henceforth preach a progressive futurity. Spiritualism may subside, in its present forms; but the result will only be gathered up in the Christian Church of God in man." The numerous Conventions for free discussion of questions of reform are another hopeful omen. The great need, now, is concentration, in associations for religious culture and conduct. This is going on. In the independent congregational churches arising all over the land is to be found the great hope of our future culture in religion. They shall vary in their forms of worship, and so they shall represent the infinite variety of religion. Each shall be free to develop its religious life, all shall be one to fight the great battle of man's deliverance from tyranny and sin, and prophesy of his eternal union with God. There shall be no retreat into dead observances, but an advance into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

## A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By S. B. BRITTON.

"He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of mankind."

## CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

As a convincing illustration and proof of Mrs. Mettler's extraordinary psychometrical powers, I will here introduce her portrait of the great Hungarian Apostle of Liberty. A letter written by Kosuth to Judge Edmonds—while the former was in St. Louis—was enclosed in a buff envelope and handed to Mrs. M., without the least intimation respecting the source of the communication. It is proper to remark that, in a note accompanying the original publication of the portrait, Mr. F. L. Burr of the Times, observes that "the letter from which these impressions flowed was penned by Kosuth immediately after the close of one of his most eloquent and self-exhausting speeches to a multitude in St. Louis."

## PSYCHOMETRIC DESCRIPTION OF THE INSPIRED MAGYAR.

"This person must feel exhausted—this is the feeling produced in me. I incline to be sighing. I am oppressed for breath, and feel like fainting from exhaustion. Must I give way to my feelings? [Yes.] Then my hands and arms must be raised: there must be a waving first of one hand and then of the other. This person gesticulates like one speaking to a crowd. Who can it be? I feel much exhausted after these exertions."

This gentleman has a massive brain; at times the head seems almost ready to burst with the ideas which flow through the mind. He possesses great intelligence and rare gifts of oratory. Intuition is the great governing principle with this individual. The spiritual element predominates in the character. There are no bounds to his calculations—there is no one thing too great for him to undertake. His perceptive powers seem to lead him almost, if not altogether, beyond every other mind, enabling him to calculate the end from the beginning.

This person's knowledge is truly astonishing. His mind must be naturally educated, and not governed by books, or the opinions of others. He forms his own conclusions, is extremely firm and fixed in his own opinions, and never seems to waver, or turn from what he conceives to be right.

This person seems to possess unbounded benevolence. He cannot rest contented by being blest himself; but his great aim and desire appear to be the redemption of the world. His fellow beings must all partake of the great bounty and blessings of Liberty.

His powers of concentration are truly remarkable. He has also large cautiousness—but no timidity—with very large combativeness, which he would be likely to exercise in defence of Self, Family and Country.

He is one that would win all hearts to himself; and no one could see him, or become acquainted with him in the least, without feeling an attachment which cannot be severed. I never came into the sphere of such a mind. I feel at times as though I was almost lifted from the Earth—that I must be a spirit. Words flow into my mind in such a manner—with such wonderful rapidity, that the tongue is scarcely able to utter what I feel, and desire to express. I feel at times as though appealing to the sympathies of those around me, and then again such boldness and consciousness of right, that I could face a whole nation—and they would sink into insignificance before the principle for which I contend. I seem to be supported and sustained by a constant influx of spiritual strength, which enables me to speak in such a manner, that not only astonishes myself, but all who hear me.

This must be a great Statesman. All the common affairs of life appear to be nothing, compared with the great end which this individual seems to have in view. He cannot be bound by either sect or party. He seems determined to throw off all shackles from himself and country. Freedom of thought, speech, and action, is his motto. He is untiring in his exertions, and must be self-forgetful. He appears to be spending his life for a cause most dear to his heart—and that must be Liberty. But by his exertions he is fast exhausting his physical strength; and were he not sustained by spiritual

influence, he could not last long. I should never tire in contemplating and sympathizing with this remarkable man. His sphere is most delightful to me!"

In giving psychometrical delineations of the characters of persons living in the body, Mrs. Mettler is seldom or never deceived, but it is said that written communications from Spirits invariably induce this state. Psychometry may, therefore, aid us to determine the origin of such mystical writings as are of questionable authenticity. Of this class I will cite two examples as additional illustrations of Mrs. Mettler's powers. Alvin Adams, Esq., of Boston, having received a mystical message through a Medium, in characters resembling Chinese, enclosed the same and forwarded it to Dr. Mettler, with a note requesting that it might be subjected to the ordeal of psychometric inspection. It was accordingly placed in the hands of Mrs. M., and a significant portion of her impressions will be found in the subjoined extract:

"In placing this letter to my forehead, I feel a burning heat, as though I were approaching the sun. As I draw nearer, the light becomes bright, and almost dazzling. In that light I see ethereal and angelic forms. I see one with a massive head, a keen piercing eye, and a mind that seems to hold all other minds about him in breathless silence. They bow in submission to him, or rather feel their inferiority in his presence. His subject appears to interest the group that encircles him; and what he has to say appears to relate to matters on the earth. Massive ideas enter my brain, accompanied with such an anxiety to make known to the world mysteries of which you have never yet dreamed."

This writing must have emanated from the Spirit World. I see no distinct character individualized; but there are presented to me Spirits who have lived in different countries, and have spoken diverse languages. One of the number appears to have given the communication that I now hold against my forehead. It is in an unknown tongue."

A few days after Rev. Thomas L. Harris had completed his improvisation of the remarkable poem entitled "AN ERIC OF THE STARRY HEAVENS," an incident occurred one evening, that will interest the reader, and with the citation of which I shall leave this part of my subject. Several persons were assembled at the residence of Mr. Partidge, in New York; the Doctor, Mrs. Mettler, Mr. Harris, and the writer being among the number. In the course of a general conversation on Psychometry, Mr. H. went to his room and procured a slip of paper, on which he had previously, (during the delivery of the Epile) been impelled to write the name, DANTE. [The chirography, which was wholly unlike that of the Medium, was executed—as Mr. Harris firmly believes—by Dante himself. A Spirit, dressed in antique costume, appeared standing before him. He felt a strong desire to know something of the immortal visitor, when his hand was suddenly controlled, and the name was written.] Folding the paper into a small compass, and in such a manner as to entirely conceal the name, Mr. Harris, without giving any explanation, placed it in the hands of Mrs. Mettler for her impressions. In a few moments the psychometrist was profoundly entranced. At first she exhibited emotions of sadness and grief. Then rising and walking toward a remote corner of the apartment, her eyes being closed, she appeared to hold converse with invisible beings. She paused, and seemed looking at objects beneath. Her whole frame shook spasmodically, and the muscles of the face were distended and convulsed, as if the images of the "Inferno" were passing visibly before her. At length she spoke with uncommon emphasis, and we caught the following words:

"No! No! I am not mad! I am not mad! Keep me in bondage, if ye will. Are ye fiends? Ye hellish bigots of Earth, curses! [a pause] nay, blessings be upon your heads. [Here Mrs. M. raised her head, and appeared to be looking into the Heavens; the muscles of her countenance gradually relaxed, a sweet smile irradiated her features, and she continued:] Bright Angels hover in the upper air; they smile on me, and their presence gives me peace."

Mrs. M. continued at some length in a strain that led those of the company who were acquainted with Dante's history to think that she was in rapport with his spirit, and that visions of the Poet's earth life, and the seeing of the *Divina Commedia* were passing before her.

## CHAPTER III.

Psycho-physiological Cures—Mary Mosman—Sight and Speech Restored—Mrs. Burt of Chicopee—Straightening the Crooked Limb—Cases from Mrs. Green's Biography of Mrs. Mettler—And Locomotion of bed-ridden Women—Sudden Restoration of Mrs. Wilkie—Typhoid Fever arrested and a sick Prophet made to take up his bed and walk.

The astonishing cures wrought by Mrs. Mettler, after the method which has been variously denominated the "Laying on of Hands," "Magnetic Manifestations," "Psychological Control," &c., indicate that she possesses remarkable healing powers, and is capable of exercising a vital and renovating influence over others which has not been surpassed during a period of fifteen centuries. In this respect, at least, it must be conceded that she is a far more worthy successor of the early Christian Apostles than the modern clergy. It was in the beginning of the year 1850 that this mysterious power was first made manifest through Mrs. M., in the sudden and wonderful restoration of Miss Mary Mosman, at Cabotville, Mass. The details of the case are given by her venerable father, Deacon Silas Mosman, in the following communication, which was widely published immediately after the occurrence:

CABOTVILLE, Jan. 9, 1850.

"Be it known that my daughter, Mary, now twenty-two years old, has, for about three years past, been mostly confined to her bed, and unable to walk alone. About the middle of July last she lost all power of the organs of speech, and a few days after was deprived of her eyesight, becoming entirely blind, with no power to even raise her eyelids. All possible means have been used for her relief. She has been attended by twelve or thirteen different physicians, some of them being of the highest order and skill. She continued in about the same condition, changing only for the worse; and was finally told that she could never be any better."

By this time we had almost despaired of obtaining any relief. But through a kind Providence, we noticed a letter in one of the Springfield papers respecting the claims and powers of Mrs. Mettler, the clairvoyant, in healing and restoring the sick. We immediately applied to her, and after several attempts we were fortunate in getting her to make us a visit. On the evening of the above date she called, made a clairvoyant examination of Mary's case, and prescribed for her. The next day Mrs. M. called again; and by manipulations quoted her a good deal.

On the next Wednesday she called a third time to see her; and in about half an hour, with nothing but her own hands, she succeeded, to the joy of all, in opening her eyes; and restoring her sight and speech! The next day Mrs. Mettler called again; and to our astonishment she triumphantly put the case beyond all question, by making my daughter walk entirely alone, which she had not done for three years.

Such are the facts in this most remarkable cure. Mary continues to see, talk, and walk; and for all we know she must soon be restored to her former good health."

Miss Mosman's singular recovery created no little excitement in the neighborhood of Cabotville, and Mrs. Mettler was soon called to attend Mrs. Cilmena Burt, of Chicopee, Mass. Mrs. B. was afflicted with Spinal Disease and Inflammatory Rheumatism, and several eminent physicians had declared her case hopeless. For more than a year she had been unable to walk, and for seven months had been compelled to sit in a rocking-chair day and night. The muscular system was powerless, and one lower limb was so contracted that it was some four inches shorter than the other. During Mrs. Mettler's first operation, and within the space of twenty minutes, the contracted limb was straightened to its full length; the patient immediately stood erect, and walked about the room without the least extrinsic aid or support. Mrs. Burt continued to improve, and the cure was permanent.

The following brief statements of several important cases are extracted from Mrs. Frances Harriet Green's Biography of Mrs. Mettler, which was published in 1853:

Mrs. Sophia Taylor, of Granby, Mass., had been suffering six years from a complete prostration of the nervous system. She had employed several of the most skillful physicians, but gradually grew worse for four years, during most of which time she had been unable to walk, without taking hold of whatever she could reach for support and then only for a few steps.

After having examined, and prescribed for the patient, Mrs. Mettler

magnetic treatment was renewed. In less than half an hour Mrs. Taylor became strong and was able to walk erect, when she went into another room, took breakfast, sat a long time, and walked round the house. The next day she went up stairs, and came down again, without the least help, which she had not done before throughout her whole sickness. On the third day she went all over the house, then went out, and walked the entire length of the piazza; and a few days after she rode out to visit her sister, whom she had not seen for five years, though only a mile distant.

Mrs. Renaude, of Stamford, Ct., had been sick three years, most of which time she had been confined to her bed, and was unable to walk without assistance. During the previous year she had been kept constantly in bed, and was unable to sit erect. She had the most scientific physicians of the various schools, and took a great deal of medicine, without relief. On Mrs. Mettler's first visit the distress of the patient was greatly mitigated, and she was made to walk alone, with a firm and strong step, from one room to another. The next day, after a renewal of the same treatment, Mrs. Renaude went into the street, and returned without being tired.

Mrs. Rowley, wife of Harmon Rowley, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., had been sick fourteen years, of a general debility. For two years she could not rise from her bed, or walk without assistance. In a very few minutes she was made to rise, and walk across the room without help; and after a few applications of the same power, she could walk, and run briskly.

Mrs. Mary M. Ferry, of Granby Centre, Mass., was sick between three and four years, and during the last year had been mostly confined to the bed, and was wholly unable to walk alone. She continued to grow worse, and the case was considered nearly, if not quite hopeless. When Mrs. Mettler first visited her, which was March 7, 1850, she found the patient in bed, scarcely able to move.

After making a clairvoyant examination, Mrs. Mettler was restored to the natural state, when she magnetized the patient so powerfully, that she soon had her on her feet. Mrs. Ferry walked through several rooms, returned to her chamber, and after sitting awhile, rose, and went out into the dining-room, sat at table, ate dinner, and walked to her room again. The patient continued to walk, and to advance generally in a rapid recovery of her former health.

Mrs. Wilkie, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is another of the living witnesses whose accumulated testimony long since forwarded Mrs. Mettler's detractors—by an express line—to their own place, and left popular skepticism with but the poor support of its unblushing and incorrigible ignorance as a ground of defense. Mrs. W. was a great sufferer for months while under the treatment of a distinguished physician, but was mysteriously restored by Mrs. M. To indicate the nature of her case and the manner of her cure, I will extract portions of a letter from her husband, which originally appeared in the New York Tribune. Speaking of his wife's case, Mr. Wilkie says:

"So extremely weak and tender had her system become, that the slightest jar or unequal movement on the part of the persons supporting her round the room, or raising her from the bed or sofa, was attended with serious consequences, so much so as to throw her back perhaps a fortnight, so as to be unable to support being moved from the bed. Under these circumstances of course she has frequently felt much discouraged, and disposed to entertain but faint hope of ultimate recovery."

I should have mentioned that for six months my wife was unable to articulate above a whisper, and by great exertion only was she able to make herself heard so as to be understood. Shortly after being awake, Mrs. Mettler desired to be left entirely alone with Mrs. W., in order that Mrs. W.'s attention should not be diverted from being solely concentrated on herself (Mrs. M.). In about twenty minutes she called me to come and see my wife, and sure enough, there, in the middle of the floor, she stood erect, expressing, in a loud and natural voice, her fears that she would fall. Mrs. M. told her to walk toward her, which she did with ease, evidently charmed and delighted at her novel situation. She repeated her walk three or four times across the room, entirely by herself; seated herself, by Mrs. M.'s directions, in an arm-chair; put her hands on the arms of the chair, and raised herself out of it, and walked across the room to Mrs. M., all the time talking in a delighted way, in quite a loud voice. She then walked into her room and lay down in bed, without any assistance—for the first time in ten months. Of course, the children and servants, that is, the whole household, looked on it as nothing less than a miracle. Her power of voice and limb were suddenly restored, in the most agreeable way, and as if by magic. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more absurd than for medical men and others to affect to sneer at Mrs. Mettler's art. Facts are stubborn things. Here is the case of my wife, who has been ten months in the hands of the regular medical practitioners, and not unlikely, under the same course of treatment, to continue many months more, suddenly raised from her bed of weakness and suffering, and made to walk and speak!

Yours truly, G. W.

The only remaining example of this class, which my limits will permit me to notice in this connection, shall be that of Andrew Jackson Davis, from whose report I extract the following:

"My case was submitted to her inspection, and her diagnosis of the symptoms was exceedingly accurate. Out of several millions of medicines which exist in the world, her discriminating perceptions selected, for my case, two simple vegetable remedies. Of these a tea was made and administered according to her directions. Through the agency of this simple tea, the applicability of which to my complaint the wisdom of a clairvoyant only could discover, my fever was subdued."

Now I put this down to the credit of clairvoyance; for the Typhoid Fever is the most obstinate of all positive disturbances; and, under the treatment of the most skillful physicians, it is known as a fever which exhausts itself, or the patient—one or the other must die. But, clairvoyance accomplishes in a few hours what the medical science of modern days classes among the impossibilities.

Combined with the tea, in the removal of this fever, was human magnetism, sometimes called psychology. I can never forget the morning when the following miracle was wrought upon me. The physician who had seen me but two days previous, gave it as his opinion that I should be obliged to remain in bed six weeks, and abstain from food twenty days longer. I had already sunk so low in physical strength that I could not turn in bed, nor assist myself with my hands. And my food and medicine, for nearly three weeks, with but few exceptions, had been confined to Congress Water, which I drank freely. Such was my condition when Mrs. Mettler, in accordance with her interior directions while in the clairvoyant state, came to my bedside, and, taking my hand in her own, and gazing a few moments steadily in my eyes, said: "Now you can raise up in your bed." The requisite strength and confidence to do so flowed throughout my system in an instant; and I forthwith raised up with ease. Now she made passes down my spine, and over my entire body, and bade me walk from my bed to a chair, which had been prepared for the purpose, about four yards from the bed I was occupying. This I did with astonishing ease; and I rested in my chair that day nearly four hours. Thus I substantially took up my bed and walked."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

## SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE INDIANS.

New York, Oct. 8, 1859.

Messrs. Editors.—The paper from which I cut the article, which I send you, was sent to me by a gentleman of high official position in the State of Michigan. Perhaps you may think the article worth publishing, as evidence of Spiritualism among the Indians.

As it happens, I know Mr. Johnston, the writer of the article, very well, though my correspondent is not aware of that. When I was in camp, as U. S. Commissioner, with about 6000 Indians, in 1836, I met Mr. Johnston, and used him as an interpreter. I found him to be a person of intelligence and education. His father was an Irish gentleman, who had settled at the Sault St. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior, where he married a squaw, by whom he had several children, to all of whom he gave an education, and fitting them—unlike most of the half-breeds—for life among the white men.

The writer of this article—then quite a young man—has ever since, I understand, maintained a fair position in society.

My correspondent writes:—"Mr. J. is a gentleman of education, intelligence, and unquestioned integrity, and quite familiar with Indian character and history, having been raised among them from his infancy. I had the pleasure of meeting him last month at Mackinaw, and conversing with him. He gave me the same account



As men in their worldly business get insured against fire, so these policy Christians endeavor to get an insurance against punishment by any means they can. Men do not commit the grosser sins, because they think it is not good policy—it does not pay; and so they put their money to usury at least, if to nothing else, in a moral way—in a small, paltry way.

Yet the highest way of life, the noblest style of living, is when a man says, 'I must, and I ought, to do so and so; God has given me something to do; he has endowed me, he has put into me an intelligence, a soul, and I ought to use it, and give it up to the guidance of his will, and do his work in the world.' Oh! it is a great thing, when the 'I must' becomes the 'I ought'; when men do not feel that it is constraining for them to do what is right; when they do not feel that they are forced to do, but that they like to do it. A great German metaphysician once used a remark, which has a great deal of force and meaning in it. He spoke of what he calls "the categorical imperative transfigured by love." In other words, the law of right merely: or, as it may be translated—"God's will, transfigured into something that we like to do." So that when we say, 'I ought to do this; I am called to do this,' we can only say, Oh, God! I am glad that I can use my powers to the best purpose; I am glad to serve thee; thy law is my life.

The true end of good, that is the principle: to feel our responsibility and accept it as a glad responsibility. Hearer how is it with you? I do not want to recur to a man's life: I do not want you to say what you think of this thing or that. But—what do you do: what is the logic of your life? Are you using your pound in the best way? Are you using your faculties in the best manner for yourself and for others? Is your soul full of God's law, and are you working according to God's law? Placed in this universe with a power, are you using it to the best advantage? Is your principle the great principle of accountability? We are all accountable; we are continually rendering up our account to God, of the way in which we use the pound committed to us. As I have said before, I call up no day of general judgment; but, I do call up a recognition of our accountability to God for all our powers—accountability for nations, as well as individuals. Run your wild way as you will; oh! nation—if there is evil in your







## BEECHER ON BARGAIN-MAKING.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the third lecture in the Plymouth course, on Tuesday evening of last week, before an audience that filled the large church to its utmost capacity. His general theme, which was rather concealed than disclosed by the taking title of the *Bargain Makers*, was designed to illustrate the relations of Commerce to general progress, and its influence as a great incentive to international intercourse and agent in the civilization of the world. In his exordium the speaker observed that it is much easier to denounce the evil than to rightly praise the good things in the conduct of men. There may be occasions for *insecticide*, as there is also a place in Nature for thunder and lightning; but violent tempests do not make harvests. The golden sheaves require the warm sunshine and fructifying shower. So in the moral world Love clothes the fields with golden fruits that ripen in the light of a calm experience.

In the judgment of the lecturer, and in a comprehensive sense, we are to regard Bargain Making as no mean occupation. Success requires intelligence and skill. We must learn how to approach men, and likewise ascertain at what points they are inaccessible. Among Bargain Makers there is genuine life and positive action. They have to do with our actual wants and supplies. In this department men are sure to be in earnest; and, in this respect, life among the Bargain Makers is real, however much of mere seeming there may be elsewhere, and in the learned professions. Among the stern realities of life there is much holier show, and many mischievous falsehoods in the world. But these are not all among those who buy and sell. There are medical lies, legal lies, and lies among politicians. The Church is supposed to be the only place where there are no fibs told.

In the business world there are, after all, a million good things for every fraud. In the main, business must be sound, or business cannot continue. If injustice predominated in the business world, and Bargain Makers were all knaves, *business would end*, as the march must stop when the rank and file are all either sick or wounded. If you indoctrinate a class of young men with the pernicious idea that success in business is everywhere associated with dishonesty, you enervate their consciences to that extent; on the contrary, teach them that industry, economy, and integrity, furnish the only enduring basis of lasting prosperity, and you open up alike the way that leads to honor and to fortune.

If we look at Commerce from beneath, among its decaying elements—ruined enterprises and the wrecks of fortune—we may form too low an estimate; but if we ascend some high contemplation and look down on its stupendous machinery and its ceaseless activities, we shall respect it for the greatness of its scope and the utility of its result. Commerce gives us a knowledge of things as they are, while it educates the broad common sense of the people, and wakes up the drones in society. Speculative thinkers—who float about in ethereal regions where there is much room for conjecture—are like balloons that "go up curious and come down empty," neither the world above nor the world below being made the better for their coming or their going.

There are few if any greater powers on earth than Commerce. It has unpacked the world, which else had been a trunk with its contents locked up. Commerce compelled the astronomer to even find his way in heaven that other men may find their way on earth. Commerce has mapped out the bottom of the seas—around the continents and islands—descending the slippery declivities discerned by no eagle's eye, and reached by no human foot save such as went down to bring back no report. Commerce has made whispering galleries of the oceans and continents. If it be sometimes an instrument of evil, it is often and constantly a mighty engine of Progress. The same ship that carries rum to the Pacific Islands, takes along the temperance lecturer and the pledge; and the craft that is freighted with "Sharpe's rifles," may also take the schoolmaster and the minister of the Gospel of peace.

The power of Commerce alone is universal. Monarchs are all limited. Napoleon's word is quenched in the sea. But it is not thus with those who represent the world's commercial interests. The Rothschilds keep the keys to the coffers of the earth, while the word of Baring Brothers is potent the world over. The dollar language of Commerce is everywhere understood. The Bargain Makers of all countries belong to the same community, while Banks are the golden-tongued polyglots of the world. God does not work religious results by religion alone, but by every legitimate human interest and pursuit. If Commerce compels men to work unjustly, it is at least obliged to teach them how to work. It can scarcely impose a tax on human faculties without at the same time augmenting their power by its exacting discipline. Every faculty has its appetite, which must be satisfied. The wants of men increase in proportion as they become more *manly*. The wants of the animal are extremely limited, and those of the untutored child of Nature are few and simple. The *Gothic* eats rice alone; the savage wants no soft carpets or cushioned chairs; but as education brings out the faculties that distinguish Manhood, we discover new wants and the means wherewith the same may be supplied. The artificial man—by the unfolding of his faculties and the satisfaction of his wants—becomes the *developed natural man*. Such a man is a good customer. If he is worth so much that he cannot be bought, he is the man that Commerce respects and the Bargain Makers love, because he can buy so much.

The great honesty in Commerce is an investment that *doesn't pay*. When it is found that *Liberty* will pay better than oppression, every minister will find texts of Scripture for it. There is a great deal of *theology in the till*. We must expect to find along with man his imperfections as well as his virtues. It is never fair to compare men who are only tempted a little with those who are tempted a great deal. Moreover, in estimating the good that is in a man, we must regard the temptations he resisted, as well as those that conquered his resolution.

The commercial world has a beautiful side that may not be exposed to the public inspection. Many a young man, who in childhood drew scanty sustenance from the overtaxed bosom of his mother, has in his youth found an incentive to action in the dream—that there might be something better for him than the inheritance of poverty. And in manhood how many have gradually emerged from the tyranny of want, and by cheerful and noble industry have purchased emancipation for those they loved. While they toiled and struggled, the world may have deemed them selfish in their industry, and greedy in their thrift; but the unseen motive, and the secret springs of action, made their labor truly honorable. In all this there is something that is closely allied to religion. Love imparts a measure of true dignity and some small degree of divine influence to the weakest man. Many of our merchant princes have built up their fortunes on domestic love. The threads of life are spun, and the fabric of life is woven in the heart, while pride only stamps the figures on the surface. Nor do the redeeming aspects of Commerce terminate here; for many a man, who resembled the oak in his strength, when the force of commercial and financial ruin swept over the country, has suffered chiefly from the reflection, that in his fall he must crush other strong trees and tender vines that stood in his shadow, or cling to his presence.

Mr. Beecher proceeded to speak of the relations of Commerce to intellectual development. He would have business men liberally educated. It is not the profession that needs education, but the *man*. Education is not like money in the pocket, which one may

lose or spend, but like sunlight in the air, which he cannot squander. The lower a man is in the scale, the more he requires education. Rich men can get along without much in their heads; but the poor man cannot afford to be poor unless he has the resources of knowledge. The Bargain Maker is not disgraced by dealing in little things, unless he is himself the smallest thing in his shop. Culture and refinement give respectability, and even dignity, to the ordinary transactions of life, and throw a golden glow over the world's dark places.

In considering the relations of Commerce to moral culture, the lecturer said it was an asperser on Commerce to assume any necessary association between it and dishonesty. This heresy originated in falsehood, and has been propagated by certain *fractious* of humanity. They are infinitesimal men who insist that moral integrity and business success are incompatible. We only learn the difference in men when they are tempted. The true man, rooted in virtue, like the living tree, withstands the storm, while those who take feeble hold of the productive soil of the moral world, go down amid the conflicts of their time.

Commerce has its relations to the political interests of the nations. All circumscription of human rights, all moral corruption, all perversions of the popular sentiment, stand in the way of true commercial prosperity. Injustice rots every thread in the loom, while every blow on the anvil is a protest against want, and a plea for an equitable recognition of the necessities of human nature. The merchant who takes sides with injustice commits a species of *suicide*. If angels of truth, instead of lying men, were commissioned to write epigrams, his would be comprehended in one word—*poor*!

In his concluding observations, the lecturer spoke in general terms of the relations of Commerce to Humanity, referring to the peculiar responsibilities of particular nations, growing out of their respective positions in the great confederation of the world. Commerce and Science have brought distant nations into close proximity, and thus virtually reduced the size of the globe. The interests of the different nations are daily becoming more closely identified. All over the earth, Commerce should henceforth mean *justice*, and merchants become *emancipators*.

## Art Works at the New York Fair.

The Annual Fair of the American Institute still continues to attract a large number of our citizens, and many visitors from the country. Added to the diversified illustrations of the Mechanical and the Elegant Arts, the visitors themselves constitute no uninteresting exhibition; and the student of human nature—when he has finished his inspection of huge pumpkins, and the almost infinite variety of dabbles—when he has fairly looked the needles of the unnumbered sewing-machines out of place, and the fair attendants out of countenance—he may prosecute his favorite study in a more general way, with the living, moving, speaking, and *elaborating* examples before him, and perchance behind him.

At a Fair there is of necessity a very general and indiscriminate commingling of human elements, without any regard to precise form and useful ceremony. Moreover, as the Managers on the present occasion have not confined themselves by any very rigid rules of classification—in the arrangement of articles on exhibition—we may imitate them in our mode of treating the subject, only stopping here and there to notice such things particularly as may seem most worthy to engage our special attention.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.—It is now a little more than half a century since the distinguished chemist, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Mr. Woodworth, suggested the use of nitrate of silver in copying pictures on glass. But there were no results obtained, calculated to command general attention, until DAGUERRA made his discovery of the process whereby images from the lens of the camera obscura are reflected upon the chemically-prepared surfaces of metallic plates. This surprising discovery of the French artist—who thus made his pencil of the sunbeams—attracted general attention; and the new field, that opened alike before the true lovers of Art, and the mere fortune-seeker, was soon occupied by a multitude of experimenters, only a few of whom have either achieved a decided success, or established a permanent reputation.

Mr. J. GUNZEY, who has recently opened a new Gallery of Photographic Art at 707 Broadway, was among the earliest, as he has ever been among the most successful, operators in this country. As early as the year 1840 he established himself in this city. At that time the Art was but very imperfectly understood; and now, among all who were with Mr. Gunzey when he commenced his explorations in this new and interesting field of scientific inquiry and artistic achievement, he alone remains. Moreover, since the advent of Mr. G., hundreds have attempted—by some short method—to acquire distinction; but, one after another, they have disappeared, leaving no memorial, and even their names are blotted out from the book of our remembrance.

To accomplish any important results in such a field, at once requires patient study, delicate manipulation, and, withal, a natural capacity for artistic discrimination, which comparatively few possess in a degree that insures a lasting pre-eminence. Since the first important discovery by Daguerre, perhaps no man has done so much as Mr. Gunzey for the development of that beautiful Art through which the forms and faces so dear to the hearts of millions, are now embalmed in light, and the shadows of whose living presence are made tangible to the waking vision, as truly as *love* has enshrined their memory as an undying reality in our souls.

To a strong love and a natural capacity for Art, Mr. Gunzey has added the results of long and patient study, and the most untiring industry. Having devoted nearly twenty years of his life to careful experimental investigations, with the view of perfecting that beautiful Art which describes *forms by the light*, he well deserves the enviable distinction which has crowned his unwearied efforts, and made him so conspicuous in the front rank of American Photographers. According to the Poet, who sings to us in the new "Golden Age," such men as Gunzey are standard-bearers in the armies of universal Progress.

"The man who adds a sentence or an art,  
Or new invention, presides at the feast  
Leads the great host; while those who simply talk  
Of what men did, are laggards in the rear."

Mr. Gunzey's pictures on exhibition at the Fair, certainly constitute the central attraction, in the department of Fine Arts. Some of his specimens of Photographic Portraiture, finished in oil colors—and others in pastel—of fidelity to nature, for force of expression, delicacy and transparency of color, and exquisite elaboration of all the details, are unsurpassed—If, indeed, they are equalled—by any similar pictures which have been submitted to our inspection; and we hazard nothing in saying that they will compare favorably with the finest illustrations of the Art in Europe.

There is one sweet picture that represents a fair form and face—shaded by the influence of dark autumn hair, as twilight shadows hover round the morning star—without leading us to forget the tangible objects of earthly perfection, is yet an eloquent suggestion of paradisaical charms, and a warm, living, and breathing incarnation, of essential Beauty. The utilitarian observer will be sure to have his attention attracted by the specimens of IMPROVED CUTTING PERCHA ROOFING, which Messrs. JONES AND CROLEY, of 810 Broadway, have on exhibition. Tin roofs are liable to be soon destroyed by the process of oxidation, unless they are frequently painted, and shingles soon decay; but the Gutta Percha Roofing is free from all such objections. It is at once proof against the two great elements which, act with such destructive power on the more perishable materials that compose the roofs of many buildings, so that while it is impervious to water, we are also assured that one may build a fire on his house-top without endangering his dwelling. At the same time that it opposes such effective resistance to the elements, its great elasticity secures it against injury from the greatest possible extremes of atmospheric temperature.

The expense of covering a house with this excellent material is only about fifty per cent, on the cost of a good tin roof, and it is confidently asserted by experienced builders that the Improved Gutta Percha will last twice as long. It is also used for cars, steamboat decks, etc., and may be readily applied to an old house without the labor of removing the shingles. It is, therefore, an article of great practical value, susceptible of general application, and is doubtless superior to any article hitherto employed for similar purposes.

JOHN P. GUNZEY, of 184 Chatham Square—manufacturer of Scales, Weights, Measures, Pumps, etc.—has some specimens of his work which perhaps surpasses, in mechanical perfection, anything of a similar kind, now or heretofore on exhibition in this city. Among his Assays, Bankers, Brokers, Jewellers and Druggists scales—varying in price from twenty-five

cents to eight hundred dollars—we find some exquisite specimens of precision and elaborate workmanship, while even the Goddess who presides over the explosion in human affairs, could not desire a more beautiful instrument to symbolize her affairs, than the massive and splendidly polished Barometer that stands near the entrance to the Palace Garden. Mr. Gunzey's Beer, Soda, Water, and Air Pumps, his small machinery and polished metal instruments of various kinds, all illustrate and enforce his claims as one of our most skillful German mechanics.

We shall doubtless have occasion to notice many other articles displayed at the Fair, before the close of the exhibition.

## Antiquities of Spiritualism.

From a letter from Judge Edmonds, we extract the following—

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Having in view your request for some articles for your paper, I have made up my mind to write them on the topic of "The Antiquities of Spiritualism."

I have been collecting books on that subject, and have now the means of tracing its history back at least two hundred and fifty years.

Some of my books were published two hundred years ago, and one of them cost \$50.

I propose to give you an account of the manifestations of the olden time, with extracts from these works; and the peculiar interest will be the identity with the manifestations of to-day.

We will here suggest that persons having in their possession any ancient pamphlets, giving accounts of manifestations in past times, can, by sending them to the Judge, aid him, and give much light to the public, on a very interesting subject. We have had sent to us a pamphlet, published in 1812 by a member of a Christian church, which gives an account of her visitation by a spirit, and a remarkable cure predicted and performed by the spirit.

## Healing by Spirit-Power.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON, PROCESSION, writes that she has experienced, in a most extraordinary manner, the benefit of healing by spirit-power through the mediumship of Mr. Calvin Hall. One of the diseases with which Mr. Johnson was afflicted, was of twenty-five years' standing. The healing was accompanied by incontrovertible tests of spirit-power and intelligence. Mr. Hall has at times practiced healing for many years, for which he takes no pay.

## Miss Munson.

We are informed that Miss Munson, one of our best mediums, will leave for California on the steamer of Nov. 5th. Her visit is professional, and we have no doubt she will be as much of a blessing to many hearts in our western sister State, as she has been in New England, where many friends prize her highly not less for her kind and gentle deportment as a lady, than for her mediomantic powers.

## Mules and Camels.

Superintendent Beale writes from Fort Tejon, California, of the great advantage of camels in the public service in the West. He tested the comparative value of mules and camels as pack animals, and the experiment proved beyond all question the great superiority of the camel, both as regards the rate of speed and amount of burden. He finds no difficulty in rearing camels.

## Spiritual Convention at Pen Yan, N. Y.

The Yates County Chronicle, of Pen Yan, N. Y., comments upon the able and eloquent addresses delivered before the Spiritual Convention recently held in that place. It says, "The Spiritualists have reason to be well satisfied with the success of this Convention."

## Rev. A. D. Mayo's

The Yates County Chronicle, of Pen Yan, N. Y., comments upon the able and eloquent addresses delivered before the Spiritual Convention recently held in that place. It says, "The Spiritualists have reason to be well satisfied with the success of this Convention."

## Discussion on "Evil and Good."

At this discussion, held last Wednesday evening, at 14 Bromfield street, we shall publish next week. The same question will be continued on Wednesday evening, Nov. 2d.

## Prison Papers.

Number two of the articles sent us from Wisconsin State Prison, on "Punishment for Crime," will appear in our next issue. We commend this series to the attention of the philanthropist.

## S. J. Finney, of Ohio.

This gifted speaker is announced to lecture in Ordway Hall next Sabbath, afternoon and evening. Skeptics, as well as believers in our faith, should bear him.

## Mrs. Hatch in Worcester.

Corn L. V. Hatch will speak in Worcester, Wednesday evening, Nov. 2d.

## Notices to Correspondents.

H. T. BARKER, Sr. CLAIR, Mich.—We have received your article on "Life after Death."

H. M. NEW YORK.—Your lines will be found elsewhere. Thanks for your favors and kindly expressions in regard to the BANNER.

G. TUCKER, NEW YORK.—We do not recollect the article you refer to, entitled "The Development of Mediums."

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—Our paper is prolific as usual of versatile matters for the perusal of all sorts of intelligences. On our first page you will find more of "Bortha Lee," an intensely interesting story.

Second Page.—Report of Rev. A. D. Mayo's Music Hall lecture on Sunday, Oct. 23d; a "Record of Modern Miracles," (continued), by S. B. Brittan; "Spiritualism among the Indians," an interesting paper.

Third Page.—Chaplin's sermon.

Sixth Page.—Two columns of spirit messages; "Song of the North," a thrilling poem; Lizzie Doten's lecture at Ordway Hall; Letter from Car Wilburn, etc.

Seventh Page.—"God committing Arson," "Truth," by Dr. Child; "E. V. Wilson's Movements," "The Departing Child," (poetry) by Una; "Desires after Light and Life," "A New Objection to Spirit Interference," "Life in Death," (poetry) by a distinguished musician; List of Lecturers, etc.

Eighth Page.—Beecher's sermon, etc.

933 We owe apology to several of our esteemed correspondents, the publication of whose favors are sometimes delayed. We have such an abundance of matter on hand, that it is utterly impossible for us to be as prompt as we desire with all our friends, in this particular.

Pretty nearly all men are benevolent when it doesn't cost them much.

Pollitence costs nothing.

In the name of God, speak to me only of God, and leave men to judge of me as they like.—*London*.

"What queer people we Americans are!" said Digby to Jo Cose, yesterday. "Nearly everything now goes by machinery. It is even introduced into politics, and party machine-running will ere long supersede the necessity of voting altogether. We shall by-and-by have a machine President, a machine Senate, and a machine House of Representatives."

"I should hope, by that time," replied Jo Cose, "that those bodies would become more regular in their movements."

The crops in the South are coming in magnificently.

THE EFFECTS OF MATRIMONY.—The editor of the Seneca Falls Revue got married recently. A week or two afterwards his paper contained the following:—"We are led to believe the millennium is near at hand!"

The biggest tree in California is said to measure 112 feet in circumference, and 430 feet in length.

Wrong.—The inadaptation of one thing to another.

Right.—The condition of everything.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.—A treaty of peace was signed between France and Austria on Oct. 17th.

It was stated that the treaty between France and Sardinia would be signed in a day or two after the above date, and that a tripartite treaty would be signed subsequently.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that in addition to the five Great Powers, Sardinia, Spain, Sweden, Portugal, Naples and Rome, will be represented in the European Congress.

The Great Eastern remained at Holyhead. Prince Albert visited her Oct. 17th, during the sojourn of the royal family at Bangor, but the Queen did not go.

The report as to the trip of the Great Eastern to America is indefinite; but a meeting of the Directors was to be held

on the 10th, when it was thought final arrangements would be made. It had been asserted that she would sail for Portland on or before the 23th, but it was semi-officially announced that her decision had been come to.

A man chews tobacco and it makes him sick. It is wrong, because chewing tobacco is incompatible with his physical nature; and right, because in compliance with Nature's laws, he may have known beforehand that it would make him sick; but there must have been an adequate cause to make him do it. And it is right for him to continue to use it, until experience shall teach him that the benefits derived from its use are less than the injuries received.

An exchange says:—A young married lady of our acquaintance, whose union has been proving of "little darlings," has suspended on the wall in her bed-room, directly over the head of the bed, a neat little picture, underneath which is the following quotation from Scripture: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Eastport Sentinel is wide awake. It sees what is worth seeing, and tells what it sees.

To PRESERVE CIDER SWEET.—When it has fermented for two or three weeks, add 3-4 lb. sugar, and 1-4 oz. of sulphate of lime to each gallon.

Society, in a fashionable sense, is nothing more or less than a series of cold formalities. Its heart is like a rock.

Doves fall in the gloom of night, but at morning are radiant with the sunbeams. Tears shed in great sorrow, reflect the light of eternal day.

The Rev. Dr. Forbes, of New York, has written a letter of recantation of belief in the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher is 84 years old.

JO COSE informs us that his efforts to ascertain the genuineness of the Mito family, two members of which are alluded to in Scripture as "the Widows' Mito," have been crowned with abundant success. Investigation has convinced him that they are related to the ancient family of *Croise*, of two of whom mention is also made as the Widows' Croise. Any information tending to throw light on these widows will be thankfully received by Jo.

"Call next week, on Thursday, at ten o'clock precisely," said an accomplished debtor, to a collector, "and I will tell you when to call again!"

True wisdom does not look on this world as a paradise or a purgatory; the true soul enjoys what pertains to one and endures what pertains to the other.

Editors are apt to apologize to their readers when anything unusual occurs to their forms; but the following, from the Bangor Spiritual Guardian, beats everything of the kind within our recollection:

For two weeks past a delay of one day has occurred owing to the press of business. As we have been an extra "male" to attend to last week, which not only gave us an additional amount of labor, but will also add to the duties of the census taker. The X-pounder produced really quite a sensation in our circle. Its advent may be hailed as the harbinger of—not a cry (sic)—but an h (sic) in (mid)night eeriness.

## Lecturers.

MISS ROSA T. AMERY will speak in Plymouth on Sunday, Nov. 6th and 13th; in Cambridgeport, Nov. 20th.

MRS. J. W. QUINCY will speak in Groveland on the evenings of Oct. 31st and Nov. 2d; in Marblehead, on Sunday, Nov. 6th; in Springfield, Nov. 13th and 20th.

MRS. FANNIE DURBANK FELTON will lecture in Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of November: in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays of December; in New York, the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of December and two first of January. Address, until Dec. 1st, Willard Barnes, Yalton, Providence, R. I.

MISS ELIZABETH LOW, trance speaker, of Leon, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., lectures at Ellington and Lugo's Corners, (Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.) every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Counties.

MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, of Ohio, will lecture at West Windsor, New York, on Sunday, Nov. 6th.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, p. m., at Washington Hall, Main street. Seats free. The following Trance Speakers are engaged: Nov. 6th and 13th, Mrs. M. S. Townsend; Nov. 19th, Miss R. T. Amery; Dec. 3d and 10th, Miss Lizzie Doten; Dec. 17th, Miss R. T. Amery.

BOSWORTH'S SEWING MACHINE.—We have had one of these machines in use at our house, during the past three months, and can safely recommend it as one of the most valuable comforts of a home. No complaints are heard of the vast quantities of sewing to be done, for the little labor-saving machine takes hold cheerfully and swiftly, and let cloth is turned to shirts, sheets and—other things, in about as short a time as could be desired. The cheapness of the article is a great inducement to the majority of our people, and for general family work, we do not see but it is as good a machine as any in the market.

A CHANCE FOR A TEST.—A person wishes to find a susceptible medium, well adapted to a particular case, and who would prefer not to sit for promiscuous influences generally. He wishes her to sit for communications from the spirit of a particular lady friend, who has heretofore controlled, almost to perfection, a medium of whose services he is now deprived. If any one can get his address from that spirit, it will be an excellent test, and shall receive immediate attention. He will await a note at the Post-office.

MRS. A. W. DELAFOLIE has returned to her rooms, No. 11 Lagrange Place, where she will exercise her medium powers, which, we understand, are excellent for tests and clairvoyance. Her hours are from 9 o'clock, A. M. to 8 P. M.

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, N. Y.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches."—It is five years since that I accidentally entered your store for some sort of a preparation for Hoarseness—the Troches which you gave me entirely answered the purpose which I had in view. Since then in all my lecturing tours I put "Troches" in my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen, and I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of."

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

D. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, and author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrated cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. 10 Central Court, opposite 235 Washington street, Boston, Mass. 1533 Oct. 1.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS AND INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, SORENESS, or any affection of the THROAT, CROUP, the BRONCHIAL COUGH IN CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, OR COUGH LOZENGES.

"A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS," &c.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS," &c.

"I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."

Rev. H. H. CHAPIN, New York.

"Most salutary relief" in Bronchitis.

Rev. S. B. BRITTON, Morristown, Ohio.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from Cold."

Rev. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

"Effective in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."

Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga.

Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent Hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me."

Rev. E. ROWLEY, A. M., President Athens College, Tenn.

Sold by all Druggists, at 25 cents per box.

Also, BROWN'S LAXATIVE TROCHES, or Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Affections, &c. 3m Nov. 5.

ELECTIC MEDICINE.—OCTAVIUS KING, 634 Washington street, has every variety of Medicines, Roots, Herbs and Barks, which he will sell at Wholesale or Retail, at prices as low as can be obtained in Boston. cwt4t Nov. 5.

PHOTOGRAPH OF EMMA HARDINGE.

THE FRIENDS OF EMMA HARDINGE can each be supplied with a beautiful, colored, large PHOTOGRAPH of this gifted speaker, which will be expressed to any part of the Union on receipt of One Dollar and address. Address, at Ionia, Mich. H. W. BOOZER.

Nov. 5. 1p

## ORIENTAL BATHS.

AT NO. 8 FOURTH AVENUE, N. Y.—Elegant Suits of Rooms, open daily from 7 A. M. until 10 P. M. (Sundays excepted.) Ladies' Department under the special charge of Mrs. F. C. PORTABLE Oriental Baths (a very complete article) for sale.

Mrs. E. J. French.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN. Examinations made daily. Absent persons examined by the aid of a lock of hair. Also all Mrs. French's Medicines carefully prepared and for sale at No. 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. T. CULBERTSON, Oct. 22.







genial climate. This, my friends, should encourage us to be fervent and importunate in our prayers—knowing that God will hear and answer the fervent prayers of his people."

It is always pain to see such evidence of this deep-seated bigotry and intolerance manifested toward some of the purest minded men and women of the present age, simply because they walked not with us. We can only pity them, and say, with Jesus, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

How cannot utter a greater falsification than to say that Theodore Parker defies the armies of the living God. All his utterances show obedience and submission to the will of God. And how adverse to the teachings of Christ, is it to say that Mr. Parker is doing injury all over the land. "By their fruits shall ye know them." In the deeds of Mr. Parker we may see what he has done for good or evil. Every track that he has made in life, bears evidence of his goodness. All his deeds have been deeds of love and kindness. It is our most sincere prayer to God that all who glory in Mr. Parker's affections, and take courage to pray more fervently because the ravages of disease are upon him, may speedily be converted to God.—Eus.

#### GOD COMMITTING ARSON.

Messrs. Editors.—In an article written with the above caption, published in the BANNER of Sept. 10th, I commented upon a communication in the Congregationalist, referring to a recent fire which destroyed a certain church in our city. The writer in that paper stated that the fire "was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary," and after expressing himself naturally and feelingly on the severity of the loss, wound up by saying that "he did not forget that it was the work of the Lord."

In commenting upon that article, I made some suggestions in regard to the disposition that should be made of the incendiary, and also intimated "that if intelligent men of the Nineteenth Century charge directly upon God such things as these, need we wonder whether in the days of Moses an enlightened man attributed to Deity acts not less inconsistent and absurd than the one alluded to above."

The Congregationalist, for the week ending Oct. 22d, contains the following comments:—

There lurks under this flippant cavil, a specious sophistry which has perplexed many a sincere Christian believer. It is the old, old, old question: Is what some call God to be held to have pre-appointed the acts of the wicked? The writings of the Hebrew prophets threatening numerous calamities on the guilty Israelites—calamities which should befall them through the iniquitous oppression of their enemies—might have led to the question quoted above a deeper wisdom than he has ever learned.

And reason, touching the matter, agrees with revelation. Suppose the son of a wise and benevolent father to be fascinated with the society of some vicious acquaintance. The father admonishes and warns, in vain, the son refusing to believe the truth as to the character of his associates. At length after his discipline, perceiving, some day, a plot of the treacherous accomplice to cheat and abuse his child, he throws no obstacle in the way of his son, but bids him, since he will, to have his way. Before night-fall the boy finds himself arrested and thrust out by his accomplice, but for ridicule. His eyes at last are opened. He sees, at the same moment, both the knavery of his comrade and the wisdom and goodness of his father. Is there now the least inconsistency in his acknowledging both? If he is compelled to say, "This is the work of a knave," may he not in the same breath declare, "I see here the kind chastening of my father?"

So, universally, a loving, childlike heart will see in every injury suffered at the hands of men, only the ever-varying phases of the Common Father's discipline. The believer, without a transient inconsistency, will, as impelled by a Divinely implanted instinct, struggle against impending calamities, but meekly bows his chastened will when once the calamity has fallen upon him. All this may seem folly to the cavilling critic above quoted: yet not because it is against his perceptions, but above them.

I agree with the Congregationalist that the question, "In what sense can God be said to have pre-appointed the acts of the wicked?" is a perplexing one, not only to "many," but to "all sincere Christian believers." And I will add, that the greater the sincerity the greater will be the perplexity. For the sincere believer—not the hypocritical one—wishes to understand the true character of Deity, and when he is told that God in any sense whatsoever "pre-appoints the acts of the wicked," the idea is so repulsive to the best feelings of his nature, that he is not only perplexed in mind, but reason also spurns with indignation the foul aspersions thus cast upon the character of an all-wise and loving Father.

"The writings of the Hebrew prophets, threatening numberless calamities on the guilty Israelites," does indeed teach me a lesson. Taking Christ, "as a manifestation of the Father," and how world-wide the contrast between him and the conceptions of Deity set forth by the Hebrew prophets! Under the old Jewish dispensation I see the basest of the human passions seeking to rule with despotic sway; but I also see the soul of man struggling up through all this coarse materiality; and finally Christ comes forth, like the sun, to illumine the moral universe with the radiant sunshine of his all-pervading, soul-attractive love. This is the lesson that I learn from the record; and if, as has been intimated, there is a deeper one for me yet to learn, I trust that the good editors of the Congregationalist will point it out, and with all sincerity will I set myself about the task of learning it. Ay, and after I have learned it perhaps the revered editors will kindly point me to the brighter record of Christ. And, although they have been pleased to call me a "scoffer," and "cavilling critic," yet when we do come, in this discussion, to Christ, rather than the old Hebrew prophets, we may be influenced, somewhat, by his loving spirit, and, instead of calling each other hard names, seek to know the truth with an earnestness of soul and sincerity of purpose, which is so indispensable in order to crown any effort with success.

The Congregationalist says that reason, in regard to God's agency in this matter, argues with revelation, and then cites the case of the wise father and vicious son. The father, finding moral suasion of none effect, "LETTERS HIS DISCIPLINE." But will the Congregationalist assert that God ever changes his discipline? If he does, "how can he be unchangeable in all his ways?" Ay, how can he be perfect for perfection is unchangeable, and moral perfection can never change "moral discipline." The case cited above, when applied to Deity, makes an utter shipwreck of the Divine character; but it is very applicable to human character, for human character is imperfect, and therefore requires change—a change for the better.

He is but a sorry Christian who never changes his moral discipline. The true progressive Christian parent not only changes his own discipline, but also the moral discipline under which he teaches his children, for *progression* as well as *improvement*, implies change. The standard must always be beyond the line of action. What was the standard given us by Christ? "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Let me not be misunderstood in regard to this change of moral discipline. By that change, I do not mean a change from one set of truths to another, but simply the pruning out of error, and the engraving of what is commonly termed "new truths."

There is one other light in which this somewhat ingenious illustration of our Orthodox friends should be considered. Let me quote the language of the illustration: "Perceiving, some day, a plot of the treacherous accomplice to cheat and abuse his child, he throws no obstacle in the way, and bids him, since he will, to have his way. Before night-fall the boy finds himself swindled and thrust out by his accomplice, a butt for ridicule. His eyes, at last, are opened. He sees, at the same moment, both the knavery of his comrade, and the wisdom and goodness of his father. Is there, now, the least inconsistency in his acknowledging both? If he is compelled to say, 'this is the work of a knave,' may he not in the same breath declare, 'I see here the kind chastening of my father?'"

Now let us reflect a moment. If there had been no temptation there would have been no sin. If there had been no sin there would have been no chastening, and if there had been no chastening the son would not have seen either the knavery of his comrade or the wisdom and goodness of the father. This is the logical sequence of the entire transaction.

Now let the Congregationalist take home its own illustration, and apply it to its theology. "God is striving with sinners to bring them to repentance." But "His spirit will not always strive," and—in the language of their illustration—"He will bid them, some day, since they will, to have their way." The "knaves," or devil forces in and takes them. He uses them for his base purposes; they soon find that the "wages of sin" is death, or, in other words, that they have been swindled. "At last their eyes are opened." They see, at the same moment, both the knavery of the Devil, and the wisdom and goodness of God. I will not ask which is deserving of the more credit, God or the Devil, nor will I assert, that if this reasoning be true, "the sooner we all go to the Devil the better." My object is truth not ridicule.

There remains one other point to be considered. Again, let us quote their language: "So, universally, a loving, childlike heart will see in every injury suffered at the hands of men, only the ever-varying phases of the Common Father's discipline." But in the very next sentence we find the following: "the believer without a trace of logical inconsistency

will, as impelled by a divinely implanted instinct, struggle against impending calamities." The Congregationalist will probably admit that many of the calamities that afflict the world "are from the hands of wicked men." By a "divinely implanted instinct," we struggle against them, and yet, after all, the "loving, childlike heart, sees in these calamities only the ever-varying discipline of the Common Father."

I am told "there is no trace of logical inconsistency" in all this; that it may seem like folly to me, "because it is not against my perceptions, but above them." Very well. As the perception of logical inconsistencies or inconsistencies are matters pertaining to the intellect, and as the Orthodox religion contains many "mysteries," such as "three in one and one in three," whatever may be the qualifications of my heart, I must remain without the pale of its Church, since its tenets are not "against my perceptions but above them." Sinner as I am, I prefer to remain so, rather than to join any church and stand up and hypocritically say "Amen," to that which my reason repudiates, and which, even in my better moments, finds no answering response in the depths of my own soul.

Lawrence, Mass., Oct. 24th, 1850.

#### TRUTH.

Truth is law. Law is God. Truth is infinite, as God is. God fills all matter, all space, and all life. Truth does the same. It is the law of God which no man can put off. Truth is everywhere; it has no rival, no antagonist. Truth is complete, supreme and triumphant, being everywhere made manifest, first in darkness, then in light, working out sure and inevitable results, though unseen and unrecognized by human perception. Truth is an inherent and unseen property of all things that exist in the universe of God.

The poor man and the rich man have equal claims to truth; the learned and the ignorant are equally its possessors; the wicked and the righteous, the foolish and the wise, each one and every one is equally decked, in spirit, with the unfolding garments of truth. Each fact of creation is a truth. The crude strata of the earth are as pregnant with truth as are the regions of blessed spirits; hell is as replete with truth as heaven is. Everything, animate and inanimate, exists in truth, and is held by stern necessity, obedient to the laws of condition, by truth. Truth is no less partial to erring childhood than it is to the rectitude of mature manhood; it is as useful and as free to the infant baby as it is to the venerable old man. Truth is as constant to the condition of the liar as to the man of veracity; it is impartially given to both. It is given the same in high and low life; it is undiminished and fixed in all places and at all times. It is the law of God; it is sure always, and its power is commensurate with the power of Deity.

We talk of a true life, and of a life that is not true. How can there be any life that is not true? Is not everything that exists in the great world of mind and matter made by God, and ever and immediately under the government of his laws? Is there anything without law, and are there any laws that are not God's laws? And so far as the feeble perception of man is able to reach out, is there anything to be found that God has not made in wisdom, and also governs in wisdom? Has God created anything except in truth? In nature I see God, and in nature I see wisdom and power without limits. I can see truth in all nature; there is not one exception in anything. What we call a lie, is to itself a truth; it is according to the law that produced it, and the law of a lie is a law of nature; it is a necessity of that condition of nature, that condition of darkness from which it has its birth. Then to that condition it is right, for it is an unalterable necessity, in its place. Darkness in the physical world is natural and necessary, and so it is in the mental and spiritual world, existing in truth, the same. So darkness in spirit is natural—its truth in its place; it is truth as much as light is. The soul comes up through the physical world in darkness, and all that belongs to physical existence the soul must pass, and everything that pertains thereto is true to its condition therein. These truths in nature we perceive not when existing in the conditions of darkness. There is a point to be gained in the soul's progress, from which it shall view, in the light of its own development, all the conflicts and darkness it has passed as having been necessary and right, in time and place—true, in the ordering of wise Providence. The conflicts we meet in darkness seem to us evil; but could we see now, as we shall see sometime, with unclouded vision the grand ultimate, the whole chain of cause and effect, the purposes, plans and execution of divine wisdom, all life and its manifestations would be seen pregnant with truth, working out the highest good for all earth's children, without one single exception.

Truth is everywhere—in every thing. What we call false is only so because our darkened perception fail to discover the reality, which is truth, and it is no less truth because our visions that see it false are clouded. All nature is unalterably true; and all life and its manifestations is nature's life, and nature's manifestations. Groans and sighs, the recognition of evil, its resistance and condemnation; the consciousness of self-excellence, and the recognition of error and sin in humanity with the immeasurable consequences of sadness that follow; ten thousand beliefs and anti-beliefs that agitate the religious world; misery and suffering, degradation and poverty, riches, prosperity, virtue, morals, religion, and all the excellencies of the earth—all these are the legitimate offspring of nature, not one existing without a lawful cause, and no cause without its legitimate effect, which effect is sure, stern and inevitable. Nature's law runs through the whole; this law is truth existing in every condition, and in all these varied manifestations.

There is no life, or effect of life, good or bad, high or low, that is not true to the condition from which it has its birth; that is not a part of the plan of God's creation, designed in wisdom and executed in love.

A belief in free moral agency is a natural product of a degree of the soul's growth; it is the inevitable effect of a certain condition of the soul-development; so is infidelity; and so it is of all the various religious creeds, dogmas and opinions. A belief in fatalism and in destiny, is also an effect of the same. Dignity and self-excellence are the effects of a natural cause—the inevitable result of the soul in a certain condition of its onward and upward march of progress. Infidelity and skepticism are, too, the lawful effect of the soul's activity at a certain stage of progress. All the crimes and wrongs of the earth are the manifestations of truth—the inevitable effect of acting law, which law is nature's, and which nature is God.

All these conditions of life that produce these various manifestations are conditions true to themselves, and are exactly in their time and place—are necessary and inevitable. And every soul, in some way, must pass, each to become conscious of the truths that belong to each, to see that all the fancies of each are made so only by the darkness of our vision.

All hall that glorious day, when, with unclouded vision humanity shall see everything that now appears false and deformed, a truth of God symmetrical and beautiful.

A. B. CUTLER.

#### E. V. Wilson's Movements.

E. V. Wilson, Booksport, Me.—I closed my last letter at Norway, with facts that occurred at New Gloucester. From thence I went to Norway. I stopped at Hotel Road, and visited Mrs. Forster, a healing medium of some celebrity, and I believe her to be a true woman. Norway is situated at the foot of a lofty range of hills belonging to the White Mountain family. It is a pretty place, and has a fine level plain stretching out from the foot of the hills, on which stands the village. I found many warm friends and true Spiritualists there, among whom I may mention Mark P. Smith, Esq., and his good family, with others who are honest laborers in our Father's vineyard.

I spoke three times in this place, and, notwithstanding there was no convenient hall in which to speak, they found a small hall, which was filled each night, and that, too, when it rained as hard as it could pour.

Mr. Smith related to us a fact that occurred in the adjoining town. One Captain Wyeth, and others, a few years ago, went from that section to Oregon. Among those that went was a young man named Nathan. One day Nathan's father was at dinner—some six months after Nathan left—when at once he (the father) moved back from the table, dropped his knife and fork, turned very pale, and exclaimed, "Nathan is dead. I know it. He was killed by an Indian—shot. I saw it—shot through the head—I am not deceived—I know he is dead." Some four months after, they received a letter from Capt. W., informing them that their son was shot by an Indian on a certain day. When they came to compare notes, they found the time to correspond with that which the father perceived at his dinner-table, over two thousand miles from the place where he was killed.

Now, Mr. Editor, can you inform me through your columns what was the *modus operandi* that gave this intelligence to the father? Was the father's spirit present at the death of his son, or did his son's spirit bring the fact to the father's instant, and with it the report of the rifle and vision of the Indian? Or was the whole thing the work of other spirits,

and had they all the means at hand to reproduce to two of the father's senses the facts related above?

From Norway I went to Lewiston. Nothing of note presented itself to my view, save the continued rain. Lewiston is a fine, prosperous town, situated on the Androscoggin River. There is a fine waterfall at this place, capable of moving all the machinery that may be built for many years to come. There are several cotton-mills, saw-mills, and other machinery at this place. I lectured here on Sunday, 23th Sept., in the afternoon, to a fine audience; in the evening, to a full house; and a more attentive people I never saw. The cause is not dead nor at a stand-still in this place. Brother Hamilton is of the right stamp, and a true man. I feel sumptuously at his house, and shall long remember the kindness manifested by him and his good lady toward me. Truly we find the friends of truth full of love, and a generous hospitality that speaks louder than words.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. THE DEPARTING CHILD. BY UNA.

On her young cheek and pale brow dwelt  
The beams of her last setting sun—  
Heavy and cold Death's hand was felt  
Upon the little limbed one.

"And must I die?" asked the dear child,  
With anxious eye and working breath;  
"I fear not pain—it is parting is mild—  
But, mother, I'm afraid of death!"

You tell me of a Father's love—  
God of an endless Heaven and Hell—  
Whose children, free, shall reign above—  
Many, in countless anguish dwell!

I've tried to do as you have said,  
I want to love Him, mother, dear;  
But oh, all looks so cold and dread  
I cannot love—I only fear!"

How soft that angelic mother fond,  
Yet spoke not, though she would have given  
Her life, to ratify a bond  
Pledging her child a place in Heaven!

#### Desires after Light and Life.

Are all on a level in the sight of God? Saint and sinner the murderer and the murdered; the betrayer and his victim; the man who is utterly ruined—brought of hope, and heart, and comfort, and he who hath so ruined and deceived him; he who has lived in the love of self, and the lust of self-gratification, and he whose nature has expanded in the sunlight of divine benevolence? How is it possible that a man living in the lust of self-gratification, and narrowing his horizon within the fold limits of his own dungeon, should be equal with him whose soul grows like a beautiful flower, fanned by the free air of heaven. Yes! God looks with an equal eye upon them all. All this free fresh air, all this divine beauty and sunlight of life, was as much intended for the poor, self-imprisoned wretch, voluntarily self enclosed in his own cell, as for him who has come into all the freedom and beauty of the life of Christ, and if it is more possible I should say that the Infinite Father regarded with more love and more compassion, his self-exiled child, so obdurate in his willful blindness. The immense benefit we derive from acting up to the eternal laws of right and truth, is ours and ours alone; we do not thereby confer any obligation on the eternal Father, or sever the bond of brotherhood with the wretchedest or the meanest soul that is now undergoing its probation in time or in eternity.

But the immense benefit to our own souls by a right course of action, by following in the footsteps of Christ, is another question. What! when I can look in eternal splendor, shall I grovel in the dirt? When I can rise to communion in spirit with the good and holy of all past time, and refresh my soul in that sweet communion which I can enjoy through their written words and their unseen influence, shall I wallow with hogs in a pen? No; the soul having once tasted the sweetness of divine life, will naturally tend upward; the attraction of divine love will be so strong that it cannot do otherwise. And it will desire no greater reward than the free indulgence of its own nature in benefits and blessings on all around. To return to the simile of the flower. The vital sunlight will represent the divine life of the soul, and the kindly soil and dews of earth represent the genial material influences in which it can grow and flourish. That soul will never wish to shut itself up in a dark and selfish cell, hung round with melancholy representations of what is transacted in the light of day, instead of enjoying the light itself. Such a soul, in its quiet developments, will be full of an infinite compassion. Such was Fenelon; such was Madame Guyon; such have been many others, not distinguished by enjoying more of the Father's love, but simply by appropriating to themselves larger supplies of his ever-flowing, never-ceasing bounty. For when we, in our mortal language, speak of the Infinite God, we do remember how great is his height above us, how magnificent and overruling is his power, how wide are his eternal laws? And the greatest eminence in goodness that one man is able to attain over another in this short life, must seem small to him who is accustomed to calculate the progress of his creature through time and eternity.

Therefore, comparatively, all are alike in the sight of God; and would we have it otherwise? Would I have that eternal and omnipotent eye turn with favor on me, and with a severe aspect on my poor, diseased, afflicted, sinning neighbor? No; far from us be the thought. The eternal complacency rests over infinite and grand, like the sun above storms. Only in our progress upward and onward, if we prepare our souls by a steady adherence to the right—by the cultivation of right feelings, right principles, resistance to all that would tempt us to deviate from or sin against our own internal, highest conviction of what we owe to ourselves and the neighbor, and, above all, to the divine light and love our Father has permitted to be revealed in Christ—we shall receive so infinite an accession of goods from the life of God, which we shall then become receptive of, as shall be to us an exceeding and eternal rich reward; not to puff us up in our own estimation, but to keep us low, as an old English divine says: "The thoughts that hold the fairest fruit ever hang the low-est." And by means of this belief, that all are equal in the sight of God; rightly interpreted, the very lowest and vilest, so called, may take courage and stretch forth their hands with hope; albeit they may feel like spent swimmers on the rough waves of life; and may say, "for me, too, is this most excellent heritage." If a Fenelon, or a Channing, or a Howard, was a child of God, I am one too, and may hope to enjoy the same serene happiness which they have attained to, as soon as I am prepared to receive it. And one such blessed soul having attained unto regeneration brightens the horizon all around; and the more holy it is the more humble does it become. And what is regeneration but the emerging of the soul from the low and mean dungeons of flesh and self, and self interest, into that glorious liberty in which those are made free whose aims are for the good of all, as well as their own benefit.

What matters it to me if my neighbor acts wrongfully by me—deprives me, or attempts to deprive me, of the just fruits of my labor, or even of my fair fame in the eyes of others? The loss, after all, is his—not mine. I may be deprived of certain things—of land, or money, or reputation—but my individual self is not injured, provided I am not thereby provoked to revenge, or any other evil passion—then, and then only, am I really injured. But provided I can keep myself unmovable, self-balanced, truthful and loving, there is no power on earth that can injure me. So when we speak of that or that person injuring a cause in which we are interested—if the cause itself be so weak as to be susceptible of injury by anything that that person can do, it is not worth much. It is eternal truth that we are contending for, not causes. We have talked about causes long enough, and the whole Christian world for some time back has had too much the air of lawyers pleading in a court with their different causes. It is not causes we are contending for, it is what is eternally right and true, and what will save my soul and my neighbor's. Do you wish to stop any one from speaking, that your cause or mine may prevail? If so, that art not in the right spirit; for if you were in the right spirit you would not care if it was thy belief or mine that was adopted, but that eternal truth and justice should have free course and be glorified.

Mrs. E. D. WILLIAMS.

#### Darkness.

WEST MANCHESTER, Pa.—A correspondent, writing from this place, thinks that even spirits have forgotten this town. He says: "The churches are dead, Spiritualism is unknown, and liquor-shops are all the go. Not a spiritual newspaper is taken in the town."

You need Light there—that's certain. Let the BANNER wake in your midst. By a little exertion you can get up a club of a dozen, and have the paper at less than the full price. See club rates in another column.

#### A New Objection to Spirit-Intercourse.

Dr. E. D. WILSON.—I had occasion, not long since, to form an acquaintance with a young man whose parents were from "Sweet Ireland," and consequently not very well posted in American theology, and especially of the Spiritualistic school, &c. This young gentleman, during one of the frosty evenings of last month, ventured to visit a medium, through whom unmistakable evidence of spirit-presence was frequently given. On this occasion, the spirit-sister of this young man made herself known to her brother in several ways, to his entire satisfaction.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude and praise, as well as with wonder and joy, he proceeded home to relate to his dear mother the fact of his having received evidence of his sister's future life and conscious existence, thinking it would give consolation to her as well as to himself.

The mother of course heard the story of her son with solemn attention and great surprise, believing in the sincerity and truthfulness of her boy. But at the close of the young man's narrative, the old lady drew a deep sigh, and commenced to weep, saying, "It is too bad, too bad."

"What, mother," inquired the anxious youth, "what is too bad?"

"Oh, my dear son, it is too bad that these wicked Spiritualists cannot let my poor daughter rest, nor that she is decently buried, and not be after calling her up these cold and chilly nights, to talk with folks on earth. John, I should think you would know better than to allow it. There must surely be a stop put to this business, for the cold winter nights are near at hand, and she will surely freeze; for if they can get her to come to one circle, they can go to another, and she will be ruined, both soul and body."

This objection is new to me, but about as consistent as many others which we daily hear. I would recommend mediums and circles to be very cautious and not abuse this frosty objection; and I would further recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That Professor Mattison be requested to place this objection in the next edition of his work entitled, "Spiritualism Unveiled."

Black Earth, Dane Co., Wis., Oct. 8th, 1850.

#### Raleigh, N. C.

J. P. NEVILL, RALEIGH, N. C.—Mrs. A. P. Thompson, of South Troy, Vt., arrived here Friday, Oct. 14th, 1850. On Sunday, the 16th, she delivered her first lecture at Bethel, to about one thousand persons, giving universal satisfaction. At the close of the lecture, Rev. L. Dupree, of the Missionary Baptist Church, arose and spoke in the most commendable terms of the lecture, exhorting the large and attentive audience to retain the beautiful truths presented by the speaker. Said he, "It is a truth that cannot be overthrown." He sat down with his heart filled with the love of God. Mr. Dupree is a high-minded farmer, and is acknowledged to be a good Scripturalist. He makes his own bread and butter, and freely expresses his opinion on all subjects. The ladies, too, manifested the greatest respect for the speaker. She is now lecturing in the city to large congregations.

Our State Fair being this week, the people from all parts of the State, will in all probability hear something said about Spiritualism.

It is a fact that Mrs. Thompson has won for herself a reputation as a speaker that will long live in this community.

#### Reformation.

DEAR, BOSTON.—Messrs Editors.—In your last week's paper you say, "There is but one way in which we can reform a fallen man—we must lift him up again." This is a good way; but I can tell you another and a better way than this, which is to reform one's self. It is self-reformation that shall raise the "fallen," and those who think they are not fallen too. Self-reformation is the only reformation that shall take in all the world.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

#### LIFE IN DEATH.

MY FRIEND IS DEAD! his face is run—  
His parting message has been said;  
His lips will never more repeat,  
Those vows of love and friendship sweet.  
His brow so white is marble cold!  
His mortal eyes no more behold!  
His form lies there, inert and lost  
To sense and touch. His spirit tost  
On life's rough sea, no more will be!  
Why should I weep? Is he not free?  
Will he not watch and comfort me,  
Now as before—though dead he be?  
They call me cold, and without heart,  
If to my eyes no tears do start.  
He knows my heart—he there can read,  
The reason for each outward deed;  
And surely I should love him less,  
(Now that he's gone where no distress,  
Nor sorrow ever will be borne.)  
Were I to mourn—or aye to mourn—  
I envy him! and when I hear  
That some kind friend has passed away,  
Even though that friend be doubly dear,  
I feel as though the longer-for day  
For which I often hope and pray,  
Is still denied to me—as though  
I were not worthy to be free!  
And yet, my soul has ever longed  
To pierce the veil—Blessedly!  
To solve the problem for itself,  
And prove its truth or falsity!  
To watch the unfolding of the truth,  
And aid in conquering ignorance—  
To crush the human church—Goth—  
Of cant and bigotry intolerance.  
And this is why I seem so gay  
When some dear friend is called away  
To join that band—so far—yet near,  
If we but hold their memory dear.  
'Tis not because I love them less—  
Tears would but prove my selfishness!  
H. M.  
New York, Oct. 20th, 1850.

The waves of Prosperity rise to the very lips of some persons, and their ripples are continually breaking there in rosy smiles; while others, toll as they may, are always drifting on the shoals of adversity.

The present population of the earth is near thirteen hundred millions.

Can a tall man without money, be short?  
Does the Irishman go to sleep when he goes to "a wake?"  
Patrick will answer for himself.

A cold winter is predicted.

It is the wife that makes a man more comfortably and respectably situated than his neighbor is.

When a man becomes thoroughly acquainted with himself, he has lost all fear of making a more disreputable acquaintance.

Boston has nine hundred streets, courts and places, while New York has two-thirds less.

Mrs. Parlington says—"I have not a desire to live after the breath leaves my body."

Men preach most when most in spiritual darkness.

The other Sunday, in a northern village, when the "plate" was being passed in church, a newly appointed editor said to the "collector"—"Go on, I'm a deadhead—I've got a pass."

The excitement in Cincinnati, recently, on account of the discovery of a parcel of bones, supposed to be those of a child, in the cellar of a dwelling house, was very great, and crowds gathered about the premises; but the rumors of deeds of blood there enacted were soon cur-tailed, as a scientific examination proved that the said bones belonged to a good sized dog!

#### "Freely give and freely receive."

AS THE ABOVE HAS BEEN SO STRONGLY advocated by Spiritualists, as the only basis for medicative compensation, I have resolved to test its practicability. The readers of the BANNER may send me such compensation as they choose, and shall receive in return a corresponding amount of my time and effort in writing such psychometric and intuitive impressions as may be had from their handwriting, relating to their looks, parents, mental and physical condition, mediocrity, conjugal influences, business, or whatever may come up.

Office No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays.

Address H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass.

Aug. 13.

A CARD.

MRS. STOWE TEST AND HEALING MEDIUM; SECOND

boxed from St. Louis, Mo., Smith's Hill, Providence, R. I., can be consulted every day, (Sundays and

Sundays excepted) from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. Will visit

private families by request. Terms given on application.

Mrs. S. is Agent for Dr. BROWN'S PREPARATIVE for the

cure of diseases.

#### LEOTUENS.

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

Mrs. EMMA HANCOCK will lecture in Memphis during November. Address, care of J. E. Chadwick, East Memphis, Tennessee, December, in New Orleans; part of January in Chicago, returning to the East via Cincinnati in March, 1851. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address, or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Natick, Nov. 6th; Newburyport, Nov. 13th; Marlborough, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as above.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture on subjects connected with the Harmonical Philosophy. His address will be Barabara Springs, until the 6th of Nov., and after that date, and until further notice, Northfield, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Lowell, Mass., Nov. 6th and 13th; Portland, Me., Nov. 20th and 27th; will spend the month of December in Maine. Calls for vacant Sundays or week evenings will be attended to, addressed as above.

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Nov. 13th, 20th and 27th; in Providence, Dec. 18th and 25th. Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

F. L. WADSWORTH, will speak in Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 13th, 20th and 27th. He can be addressed at that place and time.



