BANNER OF LIGHT.

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Original Poetry.

A VISION OF THE YEARS.

Beside a chariot, drawn by Life and Death,
With broken sceptre, and with faded crown,
The old Year stands, his footprints on the snow;
His breath-like mist arising in the air;
His wrinkled brow traced here and there with lines
Of saddest grief—and yet a ray of joy
Would now and then light up his care-worn brow,
As though he were remembering some great good,
The accomplishment of which, like a bright star,
Drew men to look with kindness on his time.
He held the smiling young Year in his arms,
And looked with kindly pity on the child.
"He may not know, till his experience tells,
What a sad way his path through life will be!
To-day worlds join their hands in sympathy,
Heart answers heart with rich and tender love;
While the exulting of united realms
Fills the great space with universal peace!
To-morrow; one there is for aye the same—
The ruler, God, who smiles on all alike;
The red sun rushes gaily up the dawn,
'Neath which the great world sparkles like a gem,
Or frighted dewdrops trembling in the morn—
The Earth has lost its peace; kings frown on kings;
Democracies defiantly defy;
And peace, and art, and home, are all forgot
In the loud blast of War.
The angel, Life,
Grows sick at heart to see what she breathed on
So ruthlessly cut down; above the field,
Where, for their honor and their tarnished fame—
Gilded things 'midst governmental trinkets,
Nations are thundering to the shock of fight—
Death, like a raven, flaps his sombre wings,
And sings whene'er a life is lost.
Again,
To-day the warm sun, like a mighty isle,
All covered o'er with countless, richest gems,
Through distance sparkling, like a single jewel
Dropped from the matchless splendor of God's crown,
Floats in the mellow seas of air; like truth
On sin, it shines on poverty's cold grief,
And melts it into silent resignation.
From long grief, 'neath the shadows of the night,
The flower looks on the splendor of the dawn,
Lifts up its head, and trembling in the breeze,
It bows and speaks unutterable joy
In the soft richness of its liquid eyes.
The lark awakes and warbles in the corn,
Or, mounting up to greet the sun's bright smile,
He plumes his wings, and, fluttering 'gainst the clouds,
He imitates the songs he hears in Heaven.
All Nature smiles, and all men's hearts grow warm,
As from the doing of continual good,
Beneath the gentle rays.
To-morrow comes;
The azure sea is tempest-tossed with storm,
The heavens are dark, as if the Infinite
Had set the seal of His great anger there;
Or Night had lingered at the gates of Dawn,
And thrown her starless mantle, as she passed,
Upon the snowy shoulders of the day.
The lightnings flash along the hollow gulf,
As quickly as a spark sinks in the sea,
And parted clouds reveal the lurid sun,
To rush together once again, with loud,
Defiant sound—the music of the storm!
And this is Life! successor to my cares—
For every smile to-day, the next may frown.
I give thee up my chariot of power,
And Life and Death will still attend thee on—
And thou may'st ride o'er thrones, strike kings with fear,
And do thy little part to wear away
Each monumental evidence
Of nations' pomp, and nations' show of glory!"
So spoke the weary Old Year to the Young;
Near by, with scythe in hand, old Time looked on—
His eyes were full with smiles, his breast with sighs.
He sighed because the Old Year's race was run,
Smiled at the promise of another's dawn.
The three thus met, were like the morn, the day,
And sunset, all together in the skies.
Time puts a crown upon the Young Year's brow,
A sceptre in his hand. "Take these, the wheel;
Whose ceaseless revolutions take thee hence,
Will bring thee and these back to me again;
And when the thread of thy short life is snapt—
The sands run out which beat life's fleeting song—
The weight of all thy days will fall on me,
And things, which marked the progress of thy reign,
Be classed among 'the occurrences of Time.'"
So spoke Time; the Old Year faint and fainter grew.

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A thing of life, the pale moon rode afar
In the deep blue of Heaven—her silver beam
Stretched downward far beyond the distant hills—
Each star grew brighter, till the great white earth
Shone and glistened like a drop of sunlit dew!
'Tis eve; with morn another year begins!
Within the vale, formed by the snow-clad hills,
Where in mid June the brooks went gurgling down
Through banks all lined with daffodills, which now
Are silent in the icy chains of Winter,
Glitters the town, each casement like a star,
Its roofs, with silver flooded from the moon.
A song, dance, and many merry makings
Blend with a requiem for the going year,
A welcome to the new.
I saw old Time,
And both the Years again; the New Year sat
Within the chariot, attached to which
Life and Death were grown impatient at delay.
The Old Year died upon the breast of Time,
Who held within his hand a closed book,
Wherein the history of the dead was writ.
Old Time was wrapt in thoughts of grief and joy—
Two winged angels, Comfort and Despair,
Flew towards the chariot—one grasped the reins,
The other took the glass and turned its sands;
The chariot rolled away, with all its train—
The New Year, Life, Death, Comfort, and Despair.

S.

☞ The following verse contains every letter in the alphabet, except the letter "E." It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the "E," which is a letter more employed than any other. By inserting the word vex, instead of tax, in the second line, the verse would contain all the letters of the alphabet:—

"A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for, 'tis most plain,
That what I did was right."

Digby give it as his opinion that, if war is a crime, there are many *Crimeans* left.

The Bridegroom from the Sky.

Translated from the German of Theodor Drobisch, for the Banner of Light.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"The poet has no luck," once said an author; but if by luck he meant the mere possession of the clinking gold, then was young Erwin richly endowed by Providence. Left an orphan, in early childhood, he was heir to a considerable fortune, left with himself to the guardianship of his father's friend, the rich old merchant Brockens, who, long after his charge attained to the age which allowed him the personal disposal of his property, still exercised a certain degree of authority towards him, and still retained the property in his possession.

As the young man advanced to active manhood, he sought, by degrees, to free himself from the bondage to which his guardian subjected him, for the old man insisted that his advice and permission should be requested in everything young Erwin undertook. Looking up to the old merchant with a certain reverence and respect, as one who had been his father's friend, and his appointed counsellor, he sought for his own freedom with a tact and delicacy that only a feeling heart is capable of.

Herr Brockens was a merchant, in the strictest sense of the word. The Exchange was his church—business his prayer-book and Bible—the desk his altar. He would have been delighted if his charge had dedicated himself to commerce; but Erwin's spirit found no home in the world of figures. Since his earliest youth, he aspired for all things beautiful and noble; and, when he wandered among the free glories of nature, when his eye drank in God's manifold creations, his heart swelled with grateful joy; he could have fallen upon his knees, and cried—

"I thank thee, Father! that I am not as those who seek their joys amid the busy turmoils of life; who feel not that true peace dwells in the solitude of contemplation; in the purity of nature's investigations, as in the intensity of listening to the million revelations of thought that solve the seeker's questionings."

With these holy aspirations, that strengthened with his growth, Erwin guarded sacredly this childish faith within his soul. A worshiper of the fine arts, he acknowledged deep and inly the words of Plato in Phadrus: "The most beautiful manifestation of the nature of man is that indestructible aspiration of the soul to form and to create, that is never totally overcome by the discords and strife of life."

But the merchant grumbled, and wished that the young man would employ himself in things more practical; in this view, he was no doubt seconded by many who thought him in the right. He despised music and poetry, and endeavored, with powerful arguments, to prove their utter uselessness to his charge. But the young Erwin defended bravely his own cause, and proved to his antagonist that the poet was also a physician, that his mission was to broken and aching hearts; that he was a messenger of peace, whose benedictions and prophecies were prayed for by the people; that he preached through the letter, of the glory of God to all nations; that the poet was both judge and law-giver, who immortalized the fame of kings, and the splendor of noble actions by his consecrated pen.

A mocking smile played around the merchant's lips, but he made no reply; for he would not offend his "young friend," as he called Erwin, fearing that his well-laid plans might be frustrated, for it was his heart's desire that his favorite niece should become the wife of Erwin, although there was a sad disparity of age, a total want of congeniality between them. He was commencing to weave the net around the young and handsome man, when he was informed of a secret of which he had no presentiment; a secret which opens the pathway of our story, and unrolls the first scenes of our drama.

Erwin loved, with all the glowing depth and fervor of a first love, a young and beautiful girl; poor in worldly riches, but endowed with the wealth of virtue, with those imperishable treasures that heaven showers upon human hearts. It was Marie, a blooming girl of nineteen, who bound Erwin's soul in the strong fetters of affection; every sun and star was to him a reflection of his beloved one; before her he destroyed all the idols of his imagination—his ideals—to worship in the presence of the real and the true.

Marie was poor—an orphan; but what cares love for birth or station? In the lowest hut it finds its blessedness, and as the falling shower-drops unite in the stream, so human hearts approximate, when breathed upon by the mighty power that comes from where the hosts of angels kneel. You ask, perhaps, whence this love? Yet where lives the being that has sounded its unfathomable depths? Two souls pass one another, and, like the guarded secret of the telegraph above our heads, there passes over the breast a silence that is all powerful in announcing its voice to the listening heart.

So was the enchainment of those two pure souls, unknown, unheeded by the world; for love is a flower that upsprings in secret, and buds and blossoms beneath the will of heaven. There is no power of earth can bid it bloom and live; deep in the inmost soul reigns the power of human will; without, there rules a higher hand.

Marie would have sang aloud to the world of her happy love; but is not true affection ever silent—finds it not, in the keeping of its secret, the happiness of its being and continuance? Therefore, with timid steps, Erwin hastened to the cottage; but when he entered the neat and pretty room, and saw the angel face of his beloved, blushing amid the flowers at her window, he forgot, then, that envy and malice yet dwelt on earth. And wherefore should not their young hearts beat high with hope and joy? Is there aught more beautiful on earth than love and friendship, in the fresh, holy days of youth? There is no higher blessedness for earth; for then even our dreams are realized. Beautiful as Anadyomene, uprises the world, and songs of rejoicing penetrate to the Holy of Holies, where time and man exist in the Godlike peace of nature.

The Herr Brockens found out the secret of their hearts; he heard of it all too soon. His first thought was destruction to the tie that barred the way to his favorite project. Knowing well the tender heart of the young man, who so often had yielded obedience to his advice, he assailed him at first with kind words, giving himself the place of a fatherly counsellor, whose duty it was to warn and lead him from the path he was wandering in, in youthful ignorance and haste.

For the first time, Erwin felt that the sacred territory of his feelings was invaded, and resistance arose within his breast.

"I shall renounce my love?" he replied to the cold, stern monitor, who had never felt love himself. "Demand all of me except this. Even as the sun passes round the earth, in accordance with the eternal laws of nature, as the leaf of the rose trembles in the wind, so must I love the truly pure and happy soul, in which I behold the present and the future. Do not call it a fleeting intoxication of the senses; I have tried this love, and no earthly power can make me change its object."

Herr Brockens looked fully into his face, and said—

"I promised your father, on his death-bed, with word and hand, that I would care for you in the future. I have done so until this hour, and have always found you docile to my advice. Has the parting road appeared? Will you offer scorn and disobedience to the last desires of your departed father?"

"Where is the scorn and the disobedience?" retorted Erwin, indignantly. "You should speak mildly, now, for perhaps my father's spirit hovers around us, and is cognizant of every word you utter. Do you think it a sin that I love a maiden who is poor? Oh, then you may accuse my kind, good father of the same error, for choosing my mother from amid the surroundings of poverty and privation. I know that your actions, your undertakings, are all inspired by the mercantile spirit of speculation; but, thanks be unto heaven! the desire is not implanted in *my* soul. I will behold life and the world through other mediums, and the good that I possess I will share with a heart that comprehends my every thought, and is devoted to me in every hour of its existence."

With these words, the enthusiastic young man left the presence of the scheming merchant, who now beheld the network of his snares destroyed; he saw the prize departing that he deemed he held securely.

"Headstrong and impetuous boy!" he quietly and angrily murmured; "you dare to oppose me; I who have studied the world and mankind so long! You hope to attain your object; you hope in vain! He shall not have the girl—not on any conditions; who knows how she has ensnared and befooled him? Every silly girl might come and lure away the sons of wealthy parents. And at such a time, too, when the mob would dare all to bind the wealthy and the powerful. In other days, the patrician sons of our city would have felt ashamed to enter into alliances with those of lower birth. What a world of folly and confusion! Be it as it may, we must get him from the sewing girl; there are plenty of ways and means left."

While the old merchant paced angrily up and down the floor, there was a great commotion outside on the stairs and in the ante-chamber. The ringing of bells sounded through the house, and a servant-man entered and announced the arrival of Fraulein Gabriella, the merchant's niece, who, summoned by her uncle, had come from the distance. He hastened to meet her, and folded her silently in his arms.

Oh, nature! how unequally distributed are thy gifts. What a contrast between the aristocratic Gabriella and the lovely Marie; one, the approaching Autumn, with faded bloom—Autumn, with its gloomy aspect; the other, a blossoming Spring, with the melodies of forest rivulets—with the buds and flower, and the sunniest azure skies.

Gabriella, whose bosom was the grave of many a hope, where, buried, lay many of life's warmest, bravest wishes—Gabriella, the pale, haggard maiden—was, in the old man's mercenary plan, the chosen wife of the enthusiastic Erwin, before whose feet life and the world lay smiling—who felt himself a monarch in the possession of a true and unperverted love.

In the spacious mansion, all the costly apartments were thrown open, and all their luxury displayed to charm the eyes of the wealthy visitor, while Erwin lingered in the humble cottage of Marie—true love needs so little from the world outside to enhance its wealth and blessedness; but this little even was soon denied the happy, dreaming pair; for old Brockens plotted night and day how to destroy that happiness—to separate the lovers. Marie was an orphan; she honestly and industriously earned a livelihood; he could not denounce her to the authorities; therefore, he thought of other means—of removing her from the city by stratagem.

Herr Brockens had in his employ a young adventurer, to whom he dropped certain and available hints of the existence of the "miserably poor young girl," who had ensnared his ward, and of the pain the young man's infatuation had caused him. The unprincipled foreigner avowed his conviction of the wrong, and entered fully into the plans of his confiding superior; there was envy and hatred in his breast, when he thought of the pure affection of the beautiful girl, that was all consecrated to Erwin, whom he envied, feared and hated.

Now appeared the opportunity that could win him the approval of his employer, if he succeeded in fulfilling his wishes. While young Erwin wound still closer around himself the loving bonds, other hands were busied in the work of destruction. One day Erwin demanded of his guardian a sum of money; this request caused the old man to ponder; there was a change, perhaps even a speedy marriage in contemplation. It was time to act; again Roderick, the foreigner, was consulted, and urgently requested to find the means of relief. It was deemed unavailing to remonstrate again with the headstrong Erwin, for he had seen through his guardian's plan, and was on his guard. Roderick acted the spy with consummate tact, and he brought his employer the news, that Erwin was taking earnest measures for the possession of his Marie, who, in a few days, was to depart for her distant birthplace, probably to procure the necessary papers from the authorities, that there might be no obstacle to the solemnization of their nuptials. The first question was, "Will Erwin accompany her?" It was soon answered. Marie would go alone; she felt an irresistible longing to behold once more her own village, and the graves of her loved parents in the green churchyard. She longed once again to weep on the remembered sites of old; she would say farewell to her childhood's home, and then return to take upon herself the vows that would bind her to the man of her choice before the world, as she was bound to him before the angels, in heart and soul.

The day approached that was to separate the lovers for a few weeks, and both hearts beat with foreboding sorrow. A long kiss sealed the betrothal of their hearts and their farewell.

"God be with thee, my Erwin!" cried Marie, as she leaned against his breast; "farewell, to meet again! There, in my childhood's home scenes, I will think of thee every hour; there, with the recollections of the past, will I weave thoughts and dreams of the future!"

Erwin accompanied her to the stage-coach; there the last word was spoken—the last lingering glance exchanged.

Thoughtful, and with slow steps, he returned. The sun shone brightly, and softly lured young and old abroad. Upon his way he encountered Herr Brockens; his niece walked gravely and silently beside him; she now beheld, for the first time, the young man of whom her uncle had told her so much. The old merchant saw the conflict in her breast. He deemed himself arbiter of her future destiny.

"He defiantly turns away his face!" he murmured. "A cold salutation—a bewildered manner! Oh, I know too well where his thoughts linger. Perhaps it may yet be time to destroy the web. I see my plans, my wishes wrecked, but—he has not yet attained his aim; she is not yet his own; one favorable moment can give us the means whereby to break these fetters, that only folly could bind upon him."

So thought the stony heart that had never felt the holy influences of love; Erwin dwelt in spirit with his Marie, beside her, 'mid the scenes she had so often described to him.

A week passed on. One morning Roderick came to Herr Brockens, and brought him tidings of a letter which Erwin had received the day before; which letter stated that his Marie had been attacked by the prevailing fever, and that she was very ill. He had heard this through a third person, for Erwin was overwhelmed by the news, and, until morning, had kept a light in his room. "I shall obtain more information this afternoon," he said.

"The typhoid! it is deadly!" murmured the guardian, when Roderick had left the room. "How fortunate if heaven were to separate what it can never sanction!"

The spy fulfilled his promise, and gathered fresh tidings that afternoon. Erwin had resolved to follow his beloved—to depart at once for the distant town, her birthplace; but the unexpected news had so prostrated him, that he was overcome by cold shiverings, followed by the glow of fever. At present he was confined to his bed.

This matter became an object of absorbing interest to Roderick; he gave to it his undivided attention; not alone the thought of being serviceable to his employer urged him on, but the marring of another's happiness was food to his perverted soul. He could not view in peace the untroubled quietude of others. In secret he brooded over his plans; and when he heard that Erwin's illness augmented, he prevailed on Herr Brockens to pay a visit to his sick room, that he might assure himself of the truth of his reports, and that he might give himself the appearance of taking a friend's interest in his behalf. This accomplished, they could both work with more decision and security; for, having won his confidence, the field was open for the furtherance of their plot.

The merchant followed this counsel, and visited the sick man, who felt truly grateful for this proof of interest. His guardian's timely visit gave him the assurance that the stern, worldly man forgave the retorts of the hasty spoken youth. He saw the friend of his father, the worthy counsellor, at his bedside, who had come to console and to forgive.

Oh, faith of humanity! into what erring paths dost thou lead us. Every animal knows its foe—man alone does not. What Erwin deemed truth and fidelity, was deception and falsehood; the mask of friendship veiled the grinning features of treachery and guile! In the same hour Brockens informed his accomplice of the state of things.

"Now," cried Roderick, "is the time for action. You have been the guardian, are now the fatherly friend of Erwin; this is all the world has any knowledge of. We must manage to get into our hands the letters he receives from the girl. You know the letter-carrier; give him a hint, or a command, to deliver no letters into the sick man's hand, as, in accordance with the physician's directions, he must be spared all excitement. Allow no letters to reach him, that, from their contents, would tend to retard his recovery. You understand, Herr Brockens?"

He understood, for the carrier received his orders and deemed them a wise precaution, entered upon for the sake of the young man's speedy restoration to health.

The very next day a letter, addressed to Erwin, in Marie's hand-writing, was laid upon the merchant's desk. Herr Brockens was in the act of opening it, when the thought suddenly occurred to him, that he held another's property in his hand; that he was prying into a secret to which he had no right; that he was loading his conscience with a fearful weight of responsibility. For a few moments he was irresolute, his hand trembled, and he would have laid aside the letter, when Roderick appeared in his usual stealthy way.

"I feel," said he, "there is news of importance in that letter; let us not delay to possess ourselves of its contents. It is in the hand-writing of a person we need not and cannot respect. Give me the letter, sir; I will open the seal very carefully."

Still the merchant wavered; he held the letter back; but the thought that it would not do to remain half-way, returned, and chased away his better, more honorable thoughts, and he gave the letter to the being who, Mephistocles-like, stood beside him, smiling for fiendish joy at the first-won victory over conscience and right.

Shameless desecration! The letter written in the heart's glow of truth, marked with holy tears, was torn open by rude and cruel hands. Marie's heart outpourings—simple, earnest, and beautiful—destined only for the eyes of her beloved, were read by cold and avaricious eyes. Every line bore the impress of a love-warm heart—every word was a glowing spark from the sacred altar-fires of purest love. The high and sacred mysteries of affection drag them not before the uncomprehending world! Yet shouldst thou meet them 'mid the turmoil, bow thy head in reverence, for to thy glance the godlike is revealed; the divine that beautifies life, that sinks into the human heart as the amen to a pious prayer! The letter told of Marie's recovering health, of her hopes of a speedy return; a cheerful, hopeful spirit pervaded every line. To the anxious, sorely-troubled heart of the expectant lover, it would have been a timely balm; but cruel hands deprived him of the consolation that was his right; left him to languish in doubt and fear.

Erwin could not account for the delay of Marie's letters; if she was unable to write, surely some friend could pen a letter for her. But, to his plotting persecutors, this was not enough. Erwin's servant, a young man indebted to him for many a favor, was bribed by the relentless Roderick, and the letters that were to gladden the heart of his absent bride, were delivered into the guardian's hands. After the lapse of fourteen days, Roderick deemed the plot sufficiently ripened to dare the decisive blow. "Now as victor to the battle-ground!" he said to himself with ironical smile, as he took a sheet of paper, and, in the name of a distant relative of Marie's, addressed himself to Erwin. We will not now speak of its contents; we shall all too soon be informed how insidiously the foe worked out his evil plottings. That all might have the appearance of truth, he sent the letter to an acquaintance in the town, where Marie was lingering, and requested him to post it from thence, as he desired to have a joke with a friend.

Erwin, who had in the meantime recovered his health and strength, determined to surprise his betrothed, and prepared for his departure. He resolved to obtain certainty as regarded the cause of her long silence, for a gloomy foreboding haunted him, and busy imagination troubled him with strange dreams.

"Let it be what it may, I must have certainty!" he cried. "I must away to her, who is my life, without whom there is no happiness on earth for me! Marie, dost thou feel my approach? Thou must, for our souls are united, and my thoughts are thine."

The clock struck the hour of his departure, when the letter came that had been posted in the distant village, as directed. The writing was not Marie's; Erwin's hand trembled with eagerness to break the seal—but, merciful heavens! what is that? the seal is black! The envelope is quickly thrust aside—one glance upon the fatal missive—a loud cry of blended anguish and terror, and he sank into a chair, nearly lifeless, bereft of sense and thought! Marie, his idolized Marie, was *dead!* gone to rest from the hard struggle with sickness and agony—gone from suffering that she vainly contended against until the last hours of life; so said the letter.

Erwin raised himself from the chair, and cried aloud: "*Dead, dead!*—my Marie dead? No, no; I cannot believe it!" and again his eye rested upon the paper; there it stood written, legible and painfully distinct, even to the minutest particulars; yes, even to the mention of his latest letters, which, at her desire, had been buried with her. Until then Erwin had not shed a tear; it seemed all like a dream; but when he read a second time, the waters.

of his soul were stirred, and the holy fount of tears unsealed.

"Was this thy will—thy decree—oh eternally just God!" he cried. "Why, oh holy triune One, didst thou call her away from earth, on which she made me dream of Heaven? Spirit of my ever blest Marie! hover around me in this hour, that consolation may descend upon my bowed head and cruelly bereaved heart! What a trial for the spring-time of my life! first link in a chain of untold suffering; opened wide the portals for days of sorrow—of nameless woe!"

So passed the hours of that day; the quiet evening came with its cooling shadows; a haggard face, with tear-blinded eyes, gazed out upon the night, and in despair, up to the burning stars. Strange enigma! that the glance of the sorrowing and the bereaved turns ever upwards, to the grouping and scattered stars; that humanity ever looks for consolation from the realms above.

Woe to the earthly power that inflicts suffering on innocent hearts! for the unseen avenger will surely follow, and retribution fulfill the law written by the finger of a just and merciful God.

Let us now turn from the sorrow-tried Erwin—let us leave him awhile with his weight of agony and remembrance. We will now return to the house where the dark plot was conceived and executed; to find that the enemy as yet deemed his work but half accomplished. Marie was also to be deceived; she, who was awaiting in anxious expectation for news of her loved one. The cruel deception was soon decided upon, with a few strokes of the pen—a heart's fondest happiness was crushed. Innocent, unfearing child! thou didst dream of heaven, without a thought of the fires of suffering and purification; unaware that the harmonies of love and peace could be assailed by the discords of hatred and revenge.

In the midst of her rosy dreams of happiness—of her angel-thoughts—each of which bore the impress of one dear name; while her glances rested on the coming days, the door was opened, and she rose hastily to meet the letter-carrier, her face flushed with a sweet, welcoming joy. Was it a letter from ——? No; that is not his well known hand—it is a stranger's writing. She hastily, tremblingly, broke the seal, and began to read.

What is it that causes her eye to glance so wildly along the written lines? The paper flutters in her hand—her lips quiver—deathly paleness overspreads her features. She has read to the end; the palms of her soft, white hands, are pressed to her aching eyes, and she sinks to the floor, crushed, heart-broken, yet not bereft of sense! Oh, woful tidings! every word was a dagger to the loving heart. Let us look upon the fatal missive—passing date and respectful address, let us read its contents: "I ask the tribute of a tear of pity for my beloved friend—your intended husband! When this reaches you, he will have left his fatherland far behind him; he has passed the frontiers of Germany. Erwin, inspired by the love of liberty and fatherland, has for some time striven with word and deed, against the oppressions of despotism. He has corresponded with secret political societies, whose actions became known to the authorities. He was implicated and betrayed—naught but speedy flight could save him, for life-long imprisonment awaited him. In my chamber he wrote a few lines, at night—an adieu to you, his beloved bride. He kissed your letters with tear-filled eyes, and entreated me to send you his farewell letter. Unfortunate occurrence! I have it no longer in my possession; the next morning the police officers made search among my papers, and seized upon the letter destined only for your eye. I send with this two of your letters, which Erwin, in the hurry of departure, left upon my table. He is gone to America; the steamboat "Hekla" has taken him as passenger from one of the North sea-ports; he is now upon the wide ocean, safe from his pursuers. God grant him a safe voyage, and give you consolation in your great sorrow. As a friend, I permit myself to counsel you; avoid this city; the authorities would arrest you as an accomplice—as the bride of the political offender, you would involve yourself in much trouble."

The signature was illegible; but why should she doubt the truth of the writer? Before her lay her last letters to Erwin—they had been opened and read.

She sat long and silently, immovable as a statue, the fatal letter in her hand. Separated from the man she loved—Erwin a fugitive, a wanderer on the stormy ocean; renouncing home, and all their joint and beautiful dreams of domestic happiness; speeding away to a new, distant world! It seemed a bewildering dream. And she, the orphan girl, again thrust out into the world, that had ever been so chary of its joys to her. Tears followed him she deemed a wander also; and tears consecrated her heart and soul unto him, for reunion in the home of souls. When the calm, silent night descended upon earth, Marie would sit alone, and think, and speak aloud of him. And, ere sleep closed her weary eyes, she prayed nightly for him, that God might guard him in a foreign land. In prayer she found relief and consolation, and in her guileless breast dwelt faith; Erwin could not forsake her—he had vowed eternal love and truth.

A ray of happiness glanced athwart the night of disappointment—it was hope. "Lands and seas rise between us," she said; "they cannot separate our hearts; he will think of me in the far distance—of me, the lowly maiden in his native land. He will call me, and I shall follow, though it were thousands of leagues; I fear neither danger nor death, for life is not life without him!"

Poor victims of avarice and hate! Marie thought of her faithful lover, as of one beyond the sea; Erwin deemed his beloved a denizen of that better land we hope for.

The separation was effected by treachery and deception; and malignant triumph shouted victory! By degrees, the wily Roderick confessed to his employer the means he had used to accomplish this end; the merchant was at first surprised; he felt, despite of his stony heart, a feeling akin to remorse; but he soon overcame the momentary weakness of conscience, and his Shylock-soul approved the plan that had broken two loving hearts, and caused countless tears to flow. His grasping avarice now sought for the retention of Erwin's wealth, and he named the young mourner's love and mighty sorrow—madness.

He would have him wed the Fraulein Gabriella; that he had dared to give his affections to a lonely and portionless girl, filled the old man's heart with hatred and bitter scorn toward the absent, innocent Marie. As, in his soul all nobler feelings lay dormant, he knew not that affection was an involuntary gift; that it alighted only on responsive souls; he thought not of the retribution inevitably following evil deeds. Alas! the past is a monument of every action; the seeds of evil often flourish and ripen beneath God's sun, in whose benignant rays bloom delicious fruit, and is brought to life the ungainly crocodile. The fruits of that evil deed ripened fearfully. Erwin was no more the impetuous, enthusiastic being, as the world had known him. Since the day that he received the fatal tidings, a dreary change had passed over his form and spirit; autumn, with its gloominess, dwelt in his soul, and every tone of joy was hushed for him. The fire of his eye was extinguished, paleness covered his once blooming, smiling, countenance; his friends regarded him with pity, and sighed as they looked. He mourned not outwardly, but deep, deep, within his heart, where all beautiful memories lay buried, and faithful love stood sentinel beside their graves.

Endowed with youth and manly beauty, wealth and talent, Erwin was broken in spirit, bowed to the earth. He would spend days in the retirement of his chamber, and when he walked abroad he bent his steps towards the fields or the forest's solitude. If not found there, there was one more favorite spot he visited—the churchyard.

One day, he met at the gate leading to the quiet city of graves, the old merchant, Brockens, who was accompanied by his niece. At sight of Erwin he started, for conscience whispered, "This is thy work!" To his niece's questions, why the young man appeared so changed and sorrowful, he stammered an incoherent reply, and sought to change the conversation. The lady was abstracted, and heeded not his words—strange thoughts seemed to have taken possession of her mind.

The sudden change in the young Erwin was the subject of conversation with many families in the city; here and there the cause was sought for, and the story of his love made known. Here and there, too, it was rumored that the merchant Brockns was in fault, for he had desired an alliance with his niece, and had endeavored, by every means to dissolve the engagement of his ward to a portionless girl; they said he had succeeded, and that Marie had died of grief. Those who knew the merchant's disposition sincerely pitied the young man, so richly endowed with heart and genius. But it is not the heart only that can suffer—the spirit, too, may fail. From day to day Erwin's melancholy augmented; a pallor, as of death, dwelt on his spiritual face; his form was bent—he carried a heavy burden—he bore a sorrowing heart!

Marie ventured not to return to the city. She cared not to behold again the place hallowed by associations, that now would wring her heart with all the bitterness of a lasting farewell. She left her native town, and retired to the small village of Ruhback, which was two miles from the capital, whither she had been called by a minister's widow, who was a distant relation—a woman far advanced in years—to whose quiet household the orphan girl was made welcome; and where she assisted, with untiring effort and praiseworthy endeavor, in all that she could do. The rural calm and peacefulness of her lonely retreat exercised a beneficial influence upon her heart and spirits. She yet cherished the hope of hearing from her loved one across the sea; but even this hope was doomed to disppointment; the cup of suffering was not yet drained.

The pastor of the village received several newspapers from the city; Marie often requested the loan of them, for the news from America interested her deeply. There she deemed the heart yet throbbing for love of her—the heart still true to its love of home.

One day she sat down to read, with an eagerness and excitement not unusual with her. Her attention was soon riveted upon a certain paragraph; her eye dilated; and, as a thunderbolt that wakens the sleepers of a hamlet, so this notice struck her soul: "The steamer Hekla, on her voyage to America, was destroyed by fire, within two days of her notified arrival. The captain and four sailors were saved; of the one hundred and twenty passengers, nearly all emigrants, not one has been heard of; they found their death in the flames, or in the wide wastes of ocean. The accident is chiefly attributed to carelessness."

Great, overwhelming events, overcome the soul with a crushing power, that is often silent in its excess of anguish; confusing thought; stemming the current of salutory tears. Marie raised her beautiful blue eyes to Heaven; the paper fell from her hands; she folded those little hands in unconscious prayer. "He was in God's keeping," she whispered; "it was the will of God. Erwin! Erwin! wait beside the portal of eternity; soon, soon, I shall follow thee, for I cannot survive thee long!"

Innocent sufferer! with a pitying tear we part from thee again—soon to meet once more.

"To meet again!" the magic words bound Erwin's longing soul; he uttered them to the face and turmoil of the day; his lips pronounced them in the silence of night. A friendly physician had prevailed upon the unhappy young man to seek companionship—to dissipate his grief—with the view of restoring him to peace and strength. But he vainly sought forgetfulness; his thoughts were all of the loved and lost; and these thoughts grew darker, sterner, and more bewildered, when he heard that Brockens was the cause of his misfortune, as busy rumor said. When he heard that the merchant had expressed his conviction, that a man bereft of sense was incapable of discharging the duties of his position; that he deemed himself still the guardian of Erwin's wealth, and would secure its possession—when he heard this, and more, his indignation knew no bounds. Perhaps the reputed wealthy man needed the wealth he coveted, for the political storms of the time had greatly tended to injure trade and speculation. Perhaps, with a large sum of money at his disposal, he would retrieve past losses and insure future success.

Filled with many such and contending thoughts, he sat before his desk. It was the last day of the month—a day that brought with it bills and reckonings, and called for all his activity. Suddenly Roderick appeared before his employer, and stammered a few words, pointing to the door, where Erwin stood waiting. He replied not to his guardian's question of what had brought him there, but he steadily regarded him with a piercing, threatening glance. His black, curly hair, hung wildly around his temples; his manner was fierce, unsettled; the old man shrunk back in undefined apprehension, as he heard the words of his untimely visitor: "You ask what I desire? I come for my only treasure—I demand it at your hands; give it to me—you have stolen it from me!"

"Stolen?—what have I stolen? Your money, at any hour"—

"Speak not to me of gold," vehemently cried the excited Erwin. "Keep the miserable mammon in bags and boxes for your use. *My* treasure—all my wealth—the heart of my Marie—you have taken from me. Oh, it is true what people tell me! it is a bitter truth. You have deceived me!"

"Deceived you?" cried Brockens, casting an uneasy glance upon Roderick, who was pacing up and down to conceal his terror.

"How can you heap insult upon insult in this manner? Who can help what Heaven disposes of?"

"*Heaven?*" retorted Erwin. "It is false! Heaven did not so will it; men are the executors of wrong. Be it dream or truth, I demand an explanation; my Marie"—

"Is *dead!*" loudly interrupted the sharp voice of Roderick; he still dared persevere in the crooked path he had chosen. "She is dead—I saw her carried to the grave myself."

"*You* saw her taken to the grave!" cried Erwin, and he appeared to feel the blow of his bereavement afresh. "*You* saw her, and I—I was not there; not there as chief mourner! hundreds die in sleep so sweetly—die only once. I die every time I awake to life!"

The merchant rose from his seat. He quailed beneath the searching glances of the wretched youth; he endeavored to reach the door, but Erwin intercepted him, and cried in thunder tones—

"Stay! you go not from this place until you have given me satisfaction. You have stolen her from me; I demand her from you again. Upon thy grey head I invoke all the misery thou hast caused, thou envious demon! thou—*thou* only didst throw thyself between our happy hearts. Treachery and separation—conflict and despair—but here, through this arm, revenge and retribution!"

With these words he seized a knife that was lying upon the table, and rushed towards Brockens. A loud cry for help sounded through the house; several of the servants hastened to their master's assistance. With the aid of Roderick, they held the excited Erwin fast. After a desperate struggle they succeeded in disarming him; he seemed endowed with superhuman strength, and defended himself with the energy of desperation.

Trembling in every limb, the merchant fled to his chamber. All the inmates of the house gathered together in the counting-room. On the street, groups of excited questioners assembled, eager to know what had occurred, and what was passing in the house.

With quivering lips, livid countenance, and disordered glance, Erwin sank into a chair. His heart throbbed violently; the melancholy that had pursued him for months had arrived at a crisis. The physician who had been sent for, ordered a carriage, that the sick man might be taken—for the present, at least—to the hospital. He was taken away almost senseless—exhausted by the burst of passion that had marked the boundary line of a wavering intellect.

In the counting-house, business was suspended for several hours; alarm and disquiet possessed all the household; it was particularly discernible in Roderick's manner. His conscience threateningly aroused, confronted him as accuser and judge; that hour brought about a total rupture with his employer, who accused him in bitterest terms. The world-experienced and wily villain knew how to parry and reply.

Gabriella, who until that day had cherished vain and impossible hopes of the future, now was compelled to resign every vestige of what she had clung to so tenaciously. She determined to depart, and no entreaties of her uncle could retain her. The old man accompanied her to the carriage, and gave her his hurried blessing and farewell; then he returned, gloomy and bitterly perturbed, to his counting-room. He was in the act of opening a letter, when a police officer entered and summoned the Herr Brockens before the court, at nine o'clock next morning.

Summoned before the authorities! He closed his eyes, and grasped his forehead with both hands. Roderick, who was the only witness of the occurrence, listened attentively. The pen dropped from his fingers; both hearts beat wildly, for both felt the weight of guilt—they deemed themselves betrayed.

The stern old man now felt that he had ventured honor and trust—that he was in the hands of a being, capable of betraying his most intimate friend; aye, even his brother, for the sake of gain or personal security. It was too late. He took his confidant aside, and said in a low voice—

"You have heard that I am summoned before the court. What, I ask you, do you think?"

"The worst!" replied Roderick. "If proofs can be found of our actions, you are dishonored; and, for me, the penitentiary will be opened."

"How? You mean to implicate *me* in this matter?"

"Am I to suffer punishment for doing your will—for carrying out your plans, Herr Brockens?"

"What! *my* will? Roderick, you maintain a language—"

"That I shall maintain before the judges, if there is any preparation made to deprive me of liberty. You are the accomplice and instigator; you acknowledge it now by every change of your countenance, and you will betray yourself before the authorities. But there is a way—"

"A way? speak quickly—"

"It is in flight. You must send me from your house. When I am far away—past all the mountains—they cannot injure you. All you have to do is to deny all."

"Flight—speedy departure! You are in the right! I—I will prove myself grateful."

"Nothing, now, of gratitude. I voluntarily resign my place and salary. I bring to your honor—your safety—a sacrifice, that I cannot weigh so lightly."

"What—Herr Roderick—what want you?"

"I must have a thousand thalers."

"Thousand! You are out of your senses!"

"Do not delay; this is as yet a cheap price."

"I cannot give so much—upon my honor! you impose on me a sum of money—"

"That I can probably do without, if necessary. But ere I leave the city, the authorities and the inhabitants can be informed of what, as yet, is a secret between us."

A violent struggle raged in the bosom of the man, who now beheld himself in the power of his subordinate. The proud, haughty merchant essayed kind words, and the cunning swindler expressed himself satisfied with eight hundred thalers, which were paid to him under promise that he would leave the city early the next day. Before daylight Roderick had left the house.

As the clock struck nine, Herr Brockens went to the court-house with throbbing heart—with accusing consciousness that sought the disguise of seeming calmness and unconcern.

In the course of half an hour, Herr Brockens passed down the staircase; he unbuttoned his coat and breathed freely. He felt as if a mountain's weight had been lifted from his breast.

The authorities had informed him that Erwin's condition of mind and health demanded the judicial keeping of his property, until such time as his complete restoration should entitle him to the possession of his inheritance. Herr Brockens was notified to deliver all the ready money, documents, and so forth, within fourteen days, into the appointed trustee's hands. This was all the business he had been summoned for.

He was not at all prepared to deliver so much money in so short a time, much less to offer a clear account; yet it was to be done at the stated time. One storm had passed that threatened him with dishonor before the eyes of the world. Yet one thing caused him to clench his fists and murmur a curse, that he had bowed in fear and humility before his servitor, and allowed him to extort so large a sum of money. This was the greatest wound to his avarice and shrewdness, as it was the just punishment for his evil plans.

He did not care to return to his darkened counting-room; the air was so mild, the sky so blue; even he, the sordid, mercenary man, felt the desire of an hour's communion with nature; he would refresh himself at her shrine, and bask beneath her sunrays, and enjoy the free, wild aspect of the fields. But he was doomed henceforth to taste no pleasure unalloyed. He had just passsed the city gates, and had entered the outskirts of the wood, when he saw a traveling carriage come from the city. He cast a glance towards the vehicle; it encountered a pale, haggard face, with wild and burning eyes, that rested upon his, and rooted him to the spot whereon he stood. By the side of a physician, sat still and speechless, the much-wronged Erwin.

The postilion blew a merry air upon his horn, but every tone sounded to the guilty pedestrian like a voice from the grave. The dust whirled high, driven by the fresh and fragrant wind. In a few moments the carriage had disappeared. Whither did it tend its way?

The path led to the capital, a few miles further—toward the asylum for the insane.

o o o o o o o o

Universally loved and respected as a deep thinker, a fatherly friend of the unfortunate, as a man of genial disposition, tender heart and elevated spirit, strangers and patients united in praise of Dr. W——, the director of the Lunatic Asylum in ——. Four months had elapsed since Erwin became an inmate; and the great physician—the good man—spared no pains to banish from the young man's soul the gloomy sadness, the brooding melancholy that possessed him. Often, the full light of intellect returned, and his conversation gave no sign whatever of a clouded mind. But, when night approached, the pale prisoner became silent; he retired to his chamber, and remained at his window in comtemplation of the starlit heavens. As one awaking from a dream, he often cried—

"There, where Venus sparkles, the star of love—there, with the lyre and the swan—there she dwells, the pure, exalted one!"

He would sit thus half the night, and it needed all the persuasions of the kind physician to induce him to seek his bed. He was willful and obstinate; although, in the day-time, he would roam harmlessly in the garden, or sit with the family circle.

The good doctor did not relinquish all hope of Erwin's restoration to health of mind and body; but at times his strange peculiarities filled him with foreboding. He was surrounded with cheerfulness and friendly attentions; and, since his admittance to the Asylum, was regarded as a member of the doctor's family.

There was a cheerful company assembled there one day; among their number, a stranger, who, for three days had been the topic of conversation in the capital—a man who aroused their admiration and wonder, which was still more to be excited on the following day. He was the famous leader in the realms of air, the celebrated æronaut, G——, who had prepared for another voyage to the land of clouds, for the next day. All the newspapers and journals spoke enthusiastically of the daring spectacle about to be exhibited. It was natural that all should turn eagerly to the narrations of the venturous cloud-sailor. The circle drew closely around him, but the physician missed his young friend Erwin, whom he had vainly entreated to join the company.

"It is beautiful!" enthusiastically said the adventurous G——, "to sip the heavenly dews from their fountain sources; to behold the vast panorama of the earth beneath; to look from dizzy heights upon the city's streets, and the abodes of men. The most magnificent buildings dwindle to insignificance, and we behold only the surface of things. All waters gleam like mirrors, and the lakes and ponds afar and near, adorn the grey earth like specks of silver. The view from above is elevating—sublime!"

"From what height can you behold things in this aspect?" inquired one of the guests.

"At the height of fifteen hundred feet. But at a distance of three thousand five hundred feet, the panorama extends, and is doubly beautiful. Beyond all description, beautiful is the appearance of an oak forest; the old trees spread forth their branches, like mosses upon a moor. The eye is still cognizant of the objects so far beneath, but the meadows appear lightly touched with coloring; the cultivated ground is of a light green—the forests, gray. But *my* greatest pleasure is to see a flock of sheep; they appear to me like a number of ants' eggs, strewn over a sheet of green paper."

All listened eagerly, with breathless attention, to these strange accounts.

A lady ventured to inquire: "But how is it in the clouds—in the higher regions of air?"

"Yes," replied the narrator; "in the clouds, we wanderers in the realms of air, feel inly the presence of the Deity, the unceasing action of an eternal power! To my experience it appears, that we reach that point when the barometer indicates four thousand feet of height. A sharp eye may still perceive the objects on the earth, but they appear veiled in mist; that mist grows denser, the scene closes slowly, and the objects disappear. You behold only the balloon, yourself, and thick fogs beneath. But the eye is charmed with a wondrous spectacle; the gas is permitted to escape during the ascension; and, beneath the column of gas, the clouds shine wonderfully beautiful, and the balloon appears a dimly illuminated lantern of colored glass. The higher we ascend, the silence deepens; a solemn stillness reigns in our bosoms. I could exhaust all language, and yet fail to convey the idea of the mighty feelings there experienced! The hands fold themselves unconsciously; we feel the need of prayer, yet it is not a feeling of desolation, of fear, of solitude; no, it is the impression we receive on entering a silent, lofty cathedral—a dome devoid of worshipers—where, in the magic twilight, the faces of saints and martyrs look upon us. What a prayerful, holy silence reigns! The giant forms of clouds float by; often, as consecrated choral strains they pass, and silence is again within the wide, boundless realm. Such must have been the idea of the ancients of the entrance to a nether world. In yonder nameless solitudes, that cause us to bend in holy awe, the vows of mankind should be exchanged. I believe there would be no more broken oaths and forgotten promises; the memory would be too sacred and too lasting."

The listeners were spell-bound by the aeronaut. No one ventured to interrupt him by remark or question, when he spoke of the effects of the higher regions of the atmosphere.

"As we ascend still higher," he continued, "the cold is more felt—it is as if you were journeying in an open carriage, in the midst of a December fog. The motion of the car is accelerated—its flight is felt. In my first voyages to those heights, I experienced giddiness, oppression of the breast, a sound as of waters in my ears. I felt the rushing of blood towards the head. I shall probably be in those realms of mist-land by this time to-morrow. Heaven grant that my fellow-voyagers be spared the ills I have been subjected to."

"How? What? Fellow-voyagers?" was repeated around the circle.

"Yes; a young merchant and an Englishman have offered to accompany me."

The master of the house took the filled goblet in his hand and cried:

"A health to the cloud travelers! A happy voyage to the stars!"

"*To the stars!*" cried suddenly a voice from without, and the half-opened door of the hall was closed with a force that reverberated through the many chambers. All the guests looked towards the door, and the untasted wine-glasses were replaced upon the table. The ladies looked timidly around; for the voice they had heard inspired them with a feeling of superstitious awe.

It was Erwin, who, listening beside the half opened door, had uttered the words that so startled all.

"Do not allow yourselves to be disturbed, ladies and gentlemen," said the physician. "One of my unfortunate patients has been listening to the conversation; but you need not fear him in the least. He mourns for the loss of his betrothed, whom death tore from him. Like the beautiful maniac in Paris, who deemed her love an inhabitant of the sun, and wept when the orb of day departed—who gently died when the sun was eclipsed—so this young man looks to the stars, where he believes his Marie dwells. Some time ago, he desired to go abroad at night, into the woods, to look upon the lakes and streams, when the stars were reflected in them, that he might be nearer to his loved one. I dared not trust him to go there alone, for I feared he would plunge into the waters, in the belief that he would reach the stars—which, indeed, is not impossible."

Many of those present, particularly the ladies, felt a deep sympathy for the unfortunate Erwin. The aeronaut took a few sips of wine, and said: "To thy welfare, unhappy youth, who art unknown to me. Health to thy spirit—or a heavenward flight for thee, and a speedy meeting with thy lost one!"

The company now separated, and all wished the air-voyager a happy journey and return.

"We have a south-west wind," he said, "and, if it changes not, I will pass by to-morrow, and salute you with my flag."

"Yes, yes," cried all; "we will assemble on the roof, and witness your ascension. A safe voyage—and good-night!"

o o o o o o

The balloon ascension was a rare and novel spectacle to the inhabitants of the Capital. Three hours before the specified time, thousands were assembled to view the preparations. Carriages and horsemen filled the streets. All the windows in the neighborhood were thronged with spectators, and two bands of regimental music played their liveliest airs. The filling of the balloon had been commenced that morning, until the requisite quantity of gas had been taken in. Within the gigantic ball there was a motion and a bubbling, as if the mass contained some living monster. The master had been employed for hours in examining the various appurtenances, lines and tacklings. He fastened every rope himself, and made sure that every knot was secure. When all was arranged, he placed the anchor in the boat, or car, as it is sometimes called, and placed beside it a line five hundred feet long. As he had prepared for three persons, there was not much need of ballast—but what they had consisted of moist sand put up in bags.

The number of spectators continued to increase. The time for the ascension was nigh, and Professor G—— looked around for his passengers. The merchant was there, but he seemed gloomy and restless, and watched the proceedings from a convenient distance, pacing up and down the while. When G—— inquired for the other passenger, he replied that he had not seen him that day.

The coil of ropes was now carefully unwound, so that when needed they would offer no hindrance. The balloon expanded more and more, and already several weights were put aside. While the director and master of the whole once more thoroughly examined the aerial vessel, and again inquired for the Englishman, there came a messenger from my lord, stating that he declined the pleasure of the undertaking for this time, and would not accompany Professor G—— this voyage.

This message was very unwelcome, and caused much commotion among those grouped around, who were lending their aid. The weight of a hundred and forty pounds must be replaced, and for that purpose twelve bags must be filled with sand.

They were on the point of fulfilling these orders, when, elbowing his way through the mass of spectators, a pale, handsome young man appeared before the aeronaut, and cried:

"Sir, I intreat, I implore you, take me with you into the clouds! Cost what it may, I will pay any sum, if it were thousands!"

Professor G—— measured the stranger with a piercing look, and replied:

"Do you think yourself endowed with sufficient courage to undertake what many would call a dangerous venture? Reflect well, young gentleman, for—"

"Reflect? I need not consider a moment. I entreat you, sir! I am fully prepared. Give me no buts—no scruples, but allow me a place by your side. I will—I must have it! You will find in me no cowardice. I go with you, be it for a prosperous or a fatal journey."

Visibly rejoiced by the courage and determination of the young man, the aeronaut gave him his hand, and said:

"Well, then, so be it; hold yourself in readiness, young friend. Have you no cloak with you?"

"It is not necessary. I will go with you as I am, free and joyous into the realms of air!"

"Well, then, you come as second passenger. We have not another moment to lose. You are welcome, young, unknown friend!"

With these words he placed a compass, a barometer and thermometer into the gondola, with two maps of the country. The remaining few sand-bags were put for safe keeping beneath the seat.

"Come, gentlemen, come! It is time for our departure."

The passengers took their places, the last comer with a degree of haste that evinced an extraordinary interest.

When the power and weight of the balloon had been tried, and the right balance found, the master gave the signal of farewell, and cried:

"To a happy voyage!"

Accompanied by the stirring sounds of the martial band, by the cheers of thousands of voices, the balloon ascended from earth, and floated on the air. The aeronaut waved his hat, and the young man, with loud enthusiasm, waved a flag. The cheers continued, trumpet-toned, sounding inspiringly amid the din of voices, and all raised their arms aloft, with fluttering handkerchiefs, scarfs and banners.

The victor of the day stood calmly above, and looked upon the surging throng; then, with joyful mein, he turned to his youthful passenger, who, fearless and erect, gazed around and above, as if he were used to such aerial transit. Not a sign of apprehension was visible. A noble enthusiasm seemed to animate his pale and noble face.

Not so with the other passenger, who scarcely ventured to raise his eyes, but who still held tightly to the rope-works of the skiff. The balloon had attained to a height from which it appeared to the eager eyes below as a floating wafer. Soon a stream of air from the south-west gave it a firm impetus, and it attained a height of three thousand feet.

Shall we not throw out some sand?" said suddenly the quiet and fearless young voyager, who now bent himself down in the gondola. "Out with a load of sand—we must rise higher."

"Have patience, my friend. We are ascending, though you do not perceive it. Let us now— Sir, what are you doing? What was that? You throw a load of sand overboard, which I empty pound by pound!"

"We must ascend!"

"Done; and still we are ascending," said G——, and he glanced at the barometer; we have ascended rapidly within the last few minutes. A good captain thinks in time of landing; therefore please keep still, so as to keep the balance evenly."

He threw the anchor out upon the cable, and cast the line out. The other passenger still remained passive and silent, and from time to time he cast a stolen glance upon his companion, who now again sat erect.

"What!" cried the latter. "You are about to cast anchor! Higher—higher! I tell you they can yet see me. I can yet behold all distinctly."

"Who can see you, young man, at this height, and concealed in the gondola, as you are? You are pleased to jest; but I am glad of it, as well as of our prosperous journey."

"To what height have we attained now?"

"Three thousand eight hundred feet."

"Up—up! they still can see me!"

He took one of the bags of sand, but the aeronaut took it from him, and began emptying it himself. When he had done this, and had again examined the barometer, and noted the current of wind, in exchanging a few words with his second companion, his attention was suddenly directed to the young man, who had risen from his seat again, and was gazing with a certain degree of restlessness and anxiety upon a point in the depth below.

"There, there!" he cried; "did I not say so? No, I do not deceive myself. Up, up! still higher! Throw the ballast overboard!"

With these words he seized the light cloak of the aeronaut, that was lying beside him, and threw it over the boat—a plaything for the winds.

"Sir, are you out of your senses? What are you about?"

"Higher—higher! They still see me."

"Who can see you?"

"There! my tormentors—who made me a prisoner—deprived me of liberty! I am free, now—unbound—in the air! Higher! still higher! Their glances are flames—burning fires; their hands are vultures' talons! Higher—they still can see me—there, where I was taken by force—there, to the *asylum for the insane!*"

A cry of terror escaped even the lips of the strong and fearless man, who had looked undaunted upon the face of danger often, in his perilous career. A madman in the frail balloon!

His heart throbbed audibly—a cold perspiration bathed his brow. It was as if the great lifeless mass itself had felt the touch of dread. The balloon rose with giant power, and within foamed and bubbled, as the hissing of a serpent brood. Surrounded by dense fogs, and solitary wastes of air; beneath them unfathomed depths—and madness—madness by their side! The heart of manhood felt nameless dread—foreboding terror; never had their hearts beat so; they felt the words: "I hung there, begirt with the consciousness of a great dread, afar from all human aid!" Trembling, with palsied limbs, both glanced toward the pale young man, whose night-black hair floated on the wind, who deemed himself the master there; for with the words: "Higher! up, up to the stars!" he threw overboard, not only the sand-bags, but also his hat and purse, that the skiff might be lightened; they had now attained to the dizzy height of six thousand feet! The captain took heart, and said:

"Friend, let us now descend; night is advancing, we must think of landing."

"What of night? No, it is morning that is breaking; the great, beautiful morning, that will bring my beloved to meet me! Up, up to the stars! there she lives—the pure, exalted one! There, with the lyre and the swan; there, where Venus sparkles in silver lustre, there will I land!"

He looked upward with ecstatic joy, and cried: "Marie, I come! roll thunders! you are the organ; light the nuptual torches, ye lightnings of heaven! Erwin, the bridegroom, comes upon the wings of the wind!"

The æronaut essayed to avail himself of this enthusiasm, to open the ventilator and allow the balloon to descend, unnoticed by his unhappy passenger; for his companion was bleeding at the nose, in consequence of the rarity of the atmosphere. Suddenly, however, the madman seized his arm and cried:

"What treachery and deception among my nuptual guests? Oh, I know what you intend to do; but, by yon stars above us, you shall not! Up! that my vessel may be lighter, one of you must go overboard; one of you must descend to the sinful earth, that hates and persecutes me!"

In the desperation of terror, the æronaut put his hand into his bosom and drew forth a pistol, which he held toward the madman. "Stand back!" he shouted, "or I send this through your brain!"

But he had not concluded the words, ere Erwin had struck the weapon from his hand, and retorted with determined voice:

"Madman that thou art! would'st thou commit murder in the antechamber of heaven! here, at the very portals of the stars? Stand back, thou, with thy playthings—they can only pierce through hearts below!"

In that moment of indescribable agony, of deadly peril to three lives, the explorer of the clouds, holding on to the frail support of the lines, called out in an agony of supplication:

"Have mercy! stand away! I have a wife and five children—my grave will also be theirs!"

"Well, then, the other one must descend," was the reply.

"I!" groaned the crouching figure, whose voice was heard for the first time since the embarkation; "Oh, have pity! mercy, mercy!"

"Ha! whose voice is that?" cried Erwin. "That voice? I have heard it before; it struck upon my ear when it said, Marie is dead! Wretched villain! miserable liar—thy name is Roderick!"

It was! With outstretched arms, and eyes that glowed with awakened hatred, the mad youth approached his foe. "Roderick, the murderer of my happiness, in my power! Thou shalt not enter into heaven—the realms of the blessed; thou shalt return to earth! Down, down to earth!" Like some infuriate animal springing upon his prey, he seized on Roderick by the breast, and struggled with him until the gondola swung fearfully to one side, and faltered on its course through air.

In that fearful moment of peril, though the blood in his veins seemed congealing to ice, the watchful æronaut opened the ventilator, and the balloon sank rapidly with its living freight—sank unheeded by the combatants for life or death.

Vanished was the cold and mist of that untrodden region; the bright rays of the setting sun fell over the recovered aspect of the smiling earth; the peace of nature breathed from her visible objects, and peace fell upon the spirits of the three inmates of that rolling skiff. The balloon found itself about a thousand feet from the earth. The Keeper of all had guarded the souls therein in the hour of imminent danger.

Silent and calm, as if naught had occurred, sat Erwin; the sudden swiftness of their descent worked like a soothing charm upon his bewildered mind. He gazed upon his companions as if all the foregone had been a dream, that, like the cloud visions of the upper heights, had passed before his soul.

They found themselves hovering above a spacious, flowery meadow, that skirted a pretty village, many miles from the city of their embarkation. They saw the inhabitants returning from their labor, who curiously regarded the novel spectacle, as they assembled together to witness the descent of the balloon, which rapidly continued to near the earth. When the end of the mooring-line touched ground, the æronaut called out, in a firm, clear voice—

"Hold fast, hold fast!"

The home-returning reapers hesitated to obey the order; they looked upon the strange sight as upon something wonderful and supernatural. Suddenly, however, a movement was made among the crowd, for the pastor of the village, who had been attracted to the spot by the report of the descending balloon, commanded them to assist. The anchor struck in a thorny hedge; the willing peasantry—men and children—pulled the lines; and, light as a soap-bubble, the balloon sank to the ground; it touched earth without a jar. The place of their timely arrival was the village of Ruhback.

"Land! land!" cried the thankful professor, as his foot touched the verdant soil. The people waved their hats and caps, and cheered him loudly, as if they greeted an old friend, returning among them. The good pastor gave his hand in friendly welcome to the explorers of the clouds, and congratulated them upon their prosperous voyage.

"If I may have the pleasure," he added, with characteristic goodness, "let me entreat you to regard my house as your own, sirs; it will be a gratification to me to receive you as my guests."

Professor G—— cast an uneasy glance upon Erwin, and accepted the friendly invitation; he then employed himself in the arrangement of the balloon.

"Please come with me, gentlemen," said the pastor to the two passengers, as he offered Erwin his arm.

Roderick hesitated a moment; then he followed behind them—unconsciously, mechanically followed them. They walked silently through green fields, and an alley of trees, to the garden of the parsonage; several women were assembled in a small pavilion, from whence they had viewed the descent of the balloon.

"Hasten, Marie! be quick! I bring some guests with me," cried the pastor to a young girl, who was descending the rustic staircase that led to the vine-covered arbor.

At the name of Marie, Erwin raised his head; his glance fell on the maiden; bereft of speech, he stood for a moment powerless; then he cried, in a voice that trembled with strong emotion and overwhelming joy—

"*Marie!*—no, I am not deceived; she *lives!* my bride, my Marie lives!"

Trembling with surprise and joy, Marie fell on his breast; he pressed her to his heart, and sobbed aloud for gratitude of his recovered treasure. The joy of this meeting, the solution of a dark enigma, touched every heart—brought tears to the eyes of all present. The few who had gathered around in wonder, stepped aside for sympathy, and left the lovers to their happiness.

One only could not bear the scene—that one was Roderick. He rushed from the place, as if pursued by the avenging furies; the aeronaut on his way, meeting him thus, thought the unfortunate madman raved afresh. He entered the garden hastily, for he deemed his strong arm was needed; to his astonishment, he beheld Erwin in the arms of his Marie, whom he had wept for as one departed, whom he he sought beyond the stars.

What a sudden revelation, astounding and overwhelming! and yet what a ray of sunlight to the troubled soul, the clouded intellect of Erwin. His reason was restored—for he had found what cruel hands had deprived him of; he was himself again, from the moment that his footstep entered upon the sanctuary where his faithful one had wept so many tears, had breathed so many prayers for him. And now they were compensated for all their sufferings, for all the trials they had undergone. When bereft of the consolations of earth, they had turned their hopes to heaven, and heaven had not forsaken them; from the heights of the sky the dear one had been restored, whom she deemed sleeping in the depths of ocean. It seemed yet all a dream to her, and as the last gleams of the rosy light of evening fell over the landscape, as the bell of the near rural church rang out upon the quiet air a holy melody invoked by angel fingers, Marie wept grateful tears upon the bosom of the restored one. The good pastor murmured a prayer, in which the æronaut joined most fervently. The latter took the young girl by the hand, and said—

"This has been the most prosperous cloud-journey I ever performed; the richest, the best rewarded, for it gave happiness to two lovings hearts."

Yes, two loving, happy hearts! who, the next day, delighted the benevolent physician of the Asylum for the Insane, by their reverent happiness. Great had been the good man's grief and terror, on hearing of the flight of Erwin, who had escaped while his keeper's attention was directed to the ascension of the balloon.

The account of the occurrences, during the aerial trip, spread throughout the capital. The police paid especial attention to the name of Roderick, and it was found that he was guilty of having obtained money by forged checks—that he was associated with lawless villains, with whom he shared his proceeds. He was taken in custody, and acknowledged, before the authorities, that he entered the balloon in the hope that some accident would deprive him of a life of which he was weary, so that he might be spared the shame of the suicide. He found the punishment of his misdeeds by solitary confinement in a prison.

As regards the old man, Brockens, it was a fortunate circumstance for Erwin that the authorities had taken the charge of his property, and, in time, had demanded an account of it from his former guardian. The splendor of the ancient firm was gone forever; with the judicial inquiry into the merchant's dishonest dealings, fled every vestige of confidence and esteem.

Erwin retired to a lovely country residence, in a picturesque and distant part of the land. Marie soon became his own; the good and venerable pastor of Buhback joined their hands before the marriage altar. The peace of heaven dwells with them; may they ever retain it, to the coming and real voyage to the skies.

PHILADELPHIA, December, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE ALL-SEEING.

BY FLORIA.

A world in wild unrest,
In moving shadows drest,
Lies 'neath the holy, searching glance of its Creator, God.
He, all its sorrows knows,
Its deep and hidden woes,
The hideous forms of evil that so long its paths have trod.

Into the darkest nook
Behold THE HOLY look—
Where evil hides so stealthily away from gaze of men.
He, and His angels near,
Each hellish thought can hear,
As darkly through the soul it stalks, away from mortal ken.

Down through the hollow smile
That hides the heart of guile,
The Great Heart-Searcher looks from Heaven, and sees the darkness there;
He looks from worlds above—
In His all-pitying love
He seeks to draw the hardened soul from depths of wild despair.

Behold, how weak is Right!
Behold, how strong is Might!
He sees what wrongs men smile upon, calling the evil good.
He sees each falling tear,
Each burdened sigh doth hear,
He sees the weary life-paths, dim and thorny, tracked with blood.

THE HOLY in high Heaven
His Only Son has given,
That we might turn from sin and woe, and nearer draw to Him;
Why do our spirits bow
In earthliness so low?
Why is our trust in Heaven so slight, our faith in God so dim?

God sees each faithful child,
With spirit pure and mild,
Who seeks to do His will in love, whose treasures are above.
He careth for His own,
And through 'a way unknown,'
So TENDERLY He leads them up unto the World of Love!

EAST MEDWAY, Dec. 16, 1858.

HOW TO SPEAK—HOW TO WRITE.

In a fine and finished article in a recent number of the Christian Examiner, on "Sacrifice," occurs a passsge respecting the above topic, which we cannot resist the temptation to give to our readers.

Says the writer—"What is the high use of speech? To celebrate the facts of the universe—the divine facts within, about, above us. All great literature is simple statement, metrical or other, and the virtue of the statement is to be inevitable. So much is *seen*, and must therefore be *said*; seen *so*, therefore said so. He is a silly man, who tries to sing what does not sing itself, within him. Mr. Carlyle's question, 'To speak, or to sing?' seems easily answered in general. Speak your soul's prose, and sing its chant. Neither matter nor manner may the writer choose; let him submit himself to the Divine Fact. If that is melodious to him, what right has he to mutilate its expression? If it speak as prose command, then he will respond with duty or with precept. Let his *writing* be *worship*, and he will need neither to meddle nor make. He will see, also, that it is the fact alone which is great, not his own words about it; that he cannot varnish or embellish it. He can follow it at a distance, trying to give it its own hues, to suggest its native splendor. God's rhetoric, which is the hues of things, and the gleeful play and glancing of affinities, he may pursue with his fleetest foot, and may fix it in his speech as he can; but to think of decking the sunset with his private ribbons, let him not dare or dream. He writes well who writes on his knees, whose soul bows while it records. And one could wish that, instead of the frivolous rhetorics with which youth are corrupted, are taught to think of manufacturing a style, they might rather be persuaded to follow the style of facts themselves; to report what *is*, because they perceive its divineness, and to report it *as* it is, not otherwise."

A physician of New Orleans has tried the experiment of transfusion on a patient who was dying for want of blood nourishment, with complete success.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY MISS LIZZIE HIGGINS.

Oh! if I were only a Spirit of Song,
I'd float forever above you;
If I were a Spirit, it would n't be wrong—
It could n't be wrong to love you.

I'd hide in the light of a moonbeam bright;
I'd sing sweet lullabies o'er you;
I'd bring rare visions of pure delight
From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a Spirit of Song,
I'd float forever above you;
For a musical Spirit could never do wrong,
And it would n't be wrong to love you.

(The music and words of the preceding can be obtained of Higgins Bros., Chicago.)—VANGUARD.

MISS HARDINGE AT THE WEST.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Since I have been wandering in the unaccustomed paths of this vast "far West," I have been requested by several very grateful contributors to your paper to express for them the feelings of satisfaction which it has been the means of bringing to their hearts, and that not in the usual incognito mode of praising a paper, which is so strongly suggestive of an editor shaking hands with himself, and cordially thanking that self for the happiness he has conferred upon an imaginary correspondent—but with a signature out spoken enough to assure all who read, that the BANNER has waved its pennon of light over some hearth firesides, made so bright by the illumination, that they wish the world to know they are grateful.

There are many minds ready enough to sit at the feet of the genius of Spiritualism, and learn the truths of immortality, did they not fear to encounter satanic, instead of angelic ministry; and, to such minds, a journal, unconservative enough to bear the world's stamp, and yet deal in the coin of the spheres, is exactly the one thing needful to awaken interest without alarming prejudice. From what I have learned of the tendency of your paper in this direction, gentlemen, I feel assured an incalculable amount of good has been done, and that, too, where other wedges into the mountain of antagonism never would have entered. For my own part, my motto has been from my very first advance before the world as an avowed Spiritualist—*no compromise*—nor have I found the philosophy of Spiritualism too narrow to fill up every avenue of my time and energies—nor yet too wide to prevent its being grasped by the most ordinary mind. As I am quite contented that each one shall go to heaven in their own way—provided they only get there—I rejoice in any agency by which the desirable aim of inculcating truth may be accomplished. There is another point, too, which the BANNER, no less than the other Spiritual journals, are accomplishing. Test mediums and speakers are not very numerous in the great West. The visits of the Eastern luminaries are few and far between, and even of their very names, to say nothing of their movements and probable visitations, nothing would be known by the poor Westerns, except for the notices of lectures, and other records with which the columns of the papers supply them. This fact should be borne in mind, and suggest to many of us that, whilst *we* may weary of familiar facts, or become (as I often am, myself,) sick of seeing our names perpetually figuring in the newspapers, as if the world's machinery depended upon information touching our whereabouts, that these very facts are the only channels through which a younger region of spiritual unfolding than the East, can arrive at the necessary details of the Spiritualistic movement. Not that there is any absence of material in this region of country—I find everywhere fine Spiritual organizations, and minds as capable of leading in the van of the army, as any among its more recognized exponents; but time and opportunity have not yet been afforded to systematize effort to the extent that prevails in the East. I would earnestly counsel, therefore, test and speaking mediums to wing their way to the broad prairies a little oftener than they do—for although it may be infinitely more agreeable to deal with audiences and circles already familiar with the philosophy, and simply waiting for the intellectual unfoldings of this radiant flower, it surely stimulates the earnest mind to a nobler effort to offer its perfume to those who are literally starving for the aroma of this amaranth of the skies. With the blessing of God, and the counsel of the good guides whose wisdom is more potent to direct than my own, I hope to spend the whole of next winter in the South and East, and trust, by following in the footsteps of the brilliant pioneers, A. J. Davis and his sweet Mary—Brittan and many others, whose broad and benevolent efforts are even yet insufficient to cover a tenth part of this vast field, to do more good than I can accomplish by exchanging greetings with my most dear, but sufficiently informed friends in the East. Truly, to a foreigner like myself it is a glorious sight to whirl over the once trackless wastes, but now thronging highways of this noble land—to find one's self dashing from the midst of the wide prairie into a full grown city—the child of yesterday, but with the giant form of full manhood. Here are the first rude huts put up to shelter the hardy pioneer in his invasion upon the primeval solitudes yet untrodden by the foot of man; and there are the tall steeples of city churches, which have sprung up in the single night of the woodman's first slumber, and flash upon the eye like a day dream of civilization almost impossible to be realized. Leaping one moment over the fantastic crags, wild ravines and mighty precipices of the tremendous Alleghany Mountains, we plunge into the vortex of marts and wharves, and the stereotyped habitudes of a thousand years' civilization in busy Wheeling.

Floating across the mighty queen river, we mount our demon-steed, and, bounding off in flying flame and the phantom mists of our magic chariots, we scud past the vestiges of creation, scarcely yet disintombed from their first long night slumber, to find ourselves in Columbus, with its beautiful state-house, its wizard Walcutt—whose blinded eyes and paralyzed arm can make better pictures of unsubstantial ghosts than one half the artists can execute from living flesh and blood—and its few warm and generous hearts, whose patient hands have linked together to sustain Spiritualism, until, in very dearth of adequate interest in the cold and timid Nicodemuses of the city, and only now and then cheered by the erratic blaze of a few eastern luminaries, the cause must have died out (for a time at least,) but for the indomitable efforts of one brave and self-sacrificing spirit *in the form*—too well known to the embodied and disembodied who have profited by his labors, to require the parade of his name in this place.

I know that every true spirit works with him; but I also would like to see a few more capable bodies with fluent tongues and human capacity for manifesting the said spirits, working there also—and, as a last inducement to visit Columbus—oh ye mediums! who, in your often unthankful and ill-appreciated efforts, have to encounter a prejudiced as well as an ignorant press—know that if generous and candid criticisms can testify to enlightened minds, not yet assured that they know *everything*, and quite certain that whatever is estimable may be recognized by a free press, though Satan himself offer it—then the press of Columbus may be ranked in this category, and will welcome your talent, or your gift, be it only worthy of acceptance, as gracefully as truth ever does, when it fears not to encounter opposition.

I cannot now afford time, nor do I presume, gentlemen, that you would be willing to find space, to enlarge further upon adventures which can have little or no-sort of interest for your readers. Enough to add that, at Springfield, Dayton and Cincinnati, in Ohio, I everywhere found hearts, welcomes and fires as warm as my own heart, tired limbs and frozen fingers could desire. Everywhere the same amount of generous, untiring, individual effort; and while I am, with earthly eyes, saddened to behold these brave few, struggling against scorn and persecution, and often single handed, to sustain the corner stone of the yet unfashioned temple designed by the few, but undreamed-of by the many, I am satisfied with the assurance that the legions who work with them are stronger than those who are against them. I know, too, that in the darkness of earth they cannot see the seed growing which their hands are now scattering; but there is an all-seeing Eye, to whom darkness is as light, and when He calls his laborers home, they shall see the blossoms, pluck the fruit, and gather in the harvest of every grain they have sown in the loneliness and sorrow of earth.

To the high tone and progressive spirit of the Spiritual journals of the day, much of the work of instructing and sustaining these brave pioneers is due. May they all flourish as they deserve, and the meed of gratitude—which many a grateful heart would bestow if they could—reach them in their too-often cheerless editorial sanctums. With a hearty God-speed to all such efforts, I am, gentlemen,

Very faithfully yours, EMMA HARDINGE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 20th, 1858.

THE N. Y. HERALD AND DR. HATCH.

The Herald of the 19th (Sunday) under the head of "Decline and Exposure of the Spiritual Humbug," indulges in a tirade, which, did it not occupy the prominent position it does, would be unworthy of the slightest notice from any source. The writer is remarkably free in his use of phrases which have long since been worn thread-bare by the handling made of them at the hands of those whose entire ignorance of the subject should have engendered sufficient wisdom to have kept them silent. The writer says—"The savans were bothered; grave College Professors investigated the phenomenon, and with owl-like sagacity, came to the conclusion that they knew nothing about it. Judges and Senators gave in their adhesions to the new doctrines, and consulted the spirits on knotty points in law or politics." Though savans are not always infallibly wise—Professors, Judges and Senators liable to be mistaken—yet it is asking too much of the public that it should snub these, and be so poorly repaid as it would be, with the Herald's erudition and B. F. Hatch's spleen. The writer informs us that Spiritualism has had its day, and gives place to Mr. Hatch's request for space in his columns, which we copy:

But Spiritualism has had its day. Not even a strong admixture of sensulism could keep it up. Some of its more distinguished advocates have quietly abandoned the faith. Others, like the strong-minded Mrs. Gove Nichols, and the youngest of the Foxes—Miss Margaretta—have made open recantation and sought for pardon from the Roman Catholic Church. Judge Edmonds, it is said, wavers in his belief. The Tribune philosophers, like all other rats, were early in deserting the sinking ship, and there is every indication that the spirits will rap without customers before many moons have waned.

Under these circumstances the public mind is quite ready for a thorough *expose* of the whole humbug, such as we are promised in the following note:—

To the Editor of the Herald.

STRATFORD HOLLOW, COOS COUNTY, NEW HAMPSHIRE, Dec. 13, 1858.

Nine years of the most intimate acquaintance with the facts, philosophy and theology of Spiritualism has most fully convinced me of its demoralizing and ruinous tendency; and as I have hitherto, while deluded by its fallacies, been its unflinching advocate, I now intend to expose the damning practices of its believers, its delusive theories and its prostitutions, and libertinism. In these articles I shall also give the experience and observation of many other prominent Spiritualists. Its phenomena I am obliged to maintain, but its moral, social and religious bearings most deeply deplore. No one in this nation is more acquainted with it in all its bearings than myself, as I have occupied one of the most prominent positions, in connection with my wife, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, in the promulgation of its doctrines. Do you desire these articles? Please write me by return of mail at the date of this note. My articles will bear date at New York.

B. F. HATCH, M. D.

It is consoling to be informed—and from such a reliable source, too—that "Spiritualism has had its day." It has had its day indeed, but its day has not gone by. Does the Herald acknowledge itself the champion against all systems which have been so unfortunate, or fortunate, (it is a question which) as to have had recanting devotees?—If so, why is the gauntlet thrown so, especially in the face of Spiritualism? Personal recantation can have no more weight against a principle, than can the expression of the malice with which disappointment and the discovery of his true position, have filled Dr. Hatch's brain, have upon those who know the antecedents of the man. It is well known among all Spiritualists that Dr. Hatch was tolerated only on his wife's account; and now, that she has had the courage to withdraw herself from his association, he, of course, plays the viper. It is, however, well to say that, if the Dr. commences open warfare against the character of a woman, whose rectitude of life none knows so well as himself, it is not likely that in the present hour his past has been entirely forgotten. He is well known from New York to Cape Cod. It is sincerely hoped by one of his non-admirers—whose long and intimate acquaintance, however, with him, enables him to testify to his truthfulness as a man—that the Dr. will not let any time elapse before his exposures are made public.

☞ Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances—these are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the duties and trials of the world; the guiding of our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the starlight of duty and the compass of divine truth; the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ our great Leader, in the conflict of life.—CAMP.

Banner of Light.

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THE NEW LEAF.

We have just turned it. There is now a clean, white page before us. No marks, no scrawls, no blots, no entries or records at all. The page is yet to be written over with our own hands, each one being at liberty to set down just what he will.

And the coming to a New Year is a very strangely impressive circumstance, at the least. Here we all stand, at the head of a column of twelve new and fresh months, each little one pregnant and compact as yet with the experiences that throw out not the slightest hint of their nature toward us; it looks to us, as our own eyes glance thoughtfully down the column, like a smooth series of white stepping stones, no one of which would prove treacherous to our footing. Or some love to regard it as another short ladder, with twelve golden rounds, taking them up to a scaffolding still nearer heaven than that they stand on now.

What shall we do with this New Year? is the question. What use are we going to put it to? Shall we stop, as we reach the end of the next twelvemonth, and confess with shame that we have gone backwards, or rejoice in our hearts to find that our faces are fixed the other way? Not all of us will be able to call this whole year ours; that is a privilege which none of us ever can claim in advance. Some will fall by the way-side, weary. Some will go down under obstacles, wrecks. Some will sink out of sight beneath gigantic temptations, lost. Some will be softly exhaled to the upper spirit-land, like the sweet fragrance and dew of flowers. We shall not all be here next year, at this time. Between us and our friends Death will have fixed that barrier through which mortal eyes are not permitted to look.

Yet this ought not to make us heavy-hearted. Death is as much after nature as life. It is only an opening of the door, and passing through. We need not entertain fears about it. Sadness and sorrow ill become us, when our thoughts turn themselves to this great, but natural change in the procession of life. If we grieve at all, it should be because we are setting too low a value upon our *lives*, and not because we find it impossible to put death's coming away. That is no healthy heart, which allows itself to be unhappy, because it cannot change the laws of its own being. And he is a man who has not yet settled himself on any true philosophy of life, if he insists on being miserable because he cannot have his own changeful way.

Christmas is an occasion peculiar to itself, decorated with its own evergreen associations. It is full to overrunning with mirth, and gifts, and jollity. It is the high carnival season for children, who troop without license through all houses, laden with the spoils of friendship and love. Christmas is indeed hallowed and beautiful, and a gift of itself to all truly religious souls. But the New Year is another experience altogether. Every one rises on that morning—number one in the long list of the mornings of the year—with a heart crowded with inexpressible feelings. Here the Past and the Future meet, on this little arch of a bridge. Here troop all olden memories—the sorrowful and the joyous, the tender and the unwelcome—confronting the blank Future with their steady gaze, and demanding to know if it can produce out of its womb anything like these. For a single day, the soul seems to itself to be looking thoughtfully over this little bridge into the running stream of time below. It knows well what has passed; it strains eagerly to know what may be to come.

This is no time for homilies, either. The thoughts suggested are rather of the most searching and practical character. We can none of us stay to bandy phrases, to profess hollow beliefs, to indulge in the expression of Spiritual likes and preferences, or to weigh and balance plans for the best organization of societies and sects. The time is full of other suggestions. We need to enter alone into our own individual lives, just as we go into our own closets, and make up a most careful and conscientious estimate of our real worth and merits. We need at this particular period to pause a brief moment and ascertain who and what we are; to look closer into our temperament, our faculties, our tendencies, and our whole lives; to try and find out if Life truly *means* anything, and then what that something is; to inquire of our own souls if this way of working and sleeping, this style of friendship and hatred, this busy bustle over trade and profession, this alternation of hoarding and losing, is really a stake worthy of the high energies of the spiritual nature.

Alas, alas! *well* may we pause to ask ourselves what this life of ours is; for, indeed, what do we make of it, as it is allowed to slip away from us now! We grant that two much anxious thought about it would be quite as bad as none at all, for then there would be no room left for the nature to work its way out naturally; but what we ask now is, that there shall be more anxious thought, and more careful reflection, than there is. That is all. If we were all the time in a state of prudery and doubt about the propriety or impropriety of our actions, rather than about keeping the great central wheel right that sets our actions going, we should none of us have naturalness, in us to furnish them with salt enough even to give them the flavor of virtue.

But if we would live, we must needs put a purpose into life. That existence is hardly more than unobstructed vegetation, which only grows as time grows, day following day, and night following night, the sun's rising and setting, and the seasons traveling their varied rounds. If a man would know what a gift he has in the possession of his own soul, let him proceed to *use* that soul, and not fuss and fume about the wants and woes of his flesh and bones, from one year's end to another. In the spirit is the only true and living life we can know; the life of the body we cannot comprehend, for it is not; the body is inert and dead, except only as the immortal spirit, of whose existence and growth we scarcely take note, informs and vitalizes it. We know that it has been the custom to leave such thoughts for the ministers to work over to us from their Sunday pulpits; but we have great reason to thank God that the custom has begun to see the last of itself. These thoughts are, in fact, all the realities there are in life; and though we treat them lightly now, the time must come to every one of us when we shall admit that we ceased to live when we ceased to entertain them.

This is that peculiarly proper time, therefore, when we ought, every one of us, to give them the rein in our souls. Let them have free course now. Let the spirit from above flow into us at this reason, and wash us clean of all stagnant and impure waters. Pray God we may every one become just now really inspired men and women, receiving the breathings of the Divinity upon our sluggish natures with silent gratitude and prayerfulness. This is the short period which should give to the entire year its own peculiar tone and influence. Let us seek it, that that tone be a sweet one, and that influence be what, of all others, we shall afterwards most devoutly have desired.

RECENT EXPOSURES.

The past week has been quite a gala week in Spiritual matters, as our readers are doubtless aware. And we presume they will expect us to write somewhat concerning these events.

To commence the amusements of this holiday period, we had the grand expose of Mansfield by Collagan, written for the Boston Courier. In our last issue, we published Mr. Mansfield's reply, and have but few words to write upon that subject. We have never had presented to us any clear case of deception on the part of Mr. M., and we are inclined to believe that in the exercise of his peculiar powers, his course will bear scrutiny. We do not mean to be understood, that in all cases positive proof of spirit agency has been furnished to parties employing him. We hold that this is impossible—that all spirits are not capable of so controlling a medium as to furnish required proof. We have seen replies to letters sent him, which did not furnish such proof—which were nothing more than could have been written by Mr. M. independently of spirit-power. But we do not think they were written by him, from his own mind; but that the spirits addressed, lacking knowledge of the phenomena, were unable to give the required proof. We have seen and have published many replies written by him, which furnished good proof that, even if he had read the letters answered, clairvoyantly, there was nothing in them upon which he could have predicated the replies sent. We know of one case where a spirit gave his sister a promise through another medium, that he would answer a letter which she should send to Mansfield. The letter was written, and no names were contained in it—neither that of the spirit addressed, nor of the sister addressing him. In fact, there was nothing in the letter, nor upon it, to inform Mansfield where to send any reply which might be written to it. This letter was left at No. 3 Winter street, at Mansfield's office, and not a word was said at the time, except that the lady promised to call again and see if an answer was obtained. It is perfectly safe to say that Mansfield did not know the lady, and it is absolutely sure that she did not know him, never having seen him prior to this visit.

Yet to this letter, an answer was obtained—each question was answered pertinently, the name of the brother was subscribed to it, and he also directed it to his sister, giving her name, and residence, street and number of the house, where Mansfield sent it, and received his pay—the lady having forgotten her purse, when she left her house to carry her letter to Mansfield's office. We do not see that more conclusive proof of spirit agency than this could be required.

It would be presumption for us to say that Mansfield has never opened a letter or deciphered its contents, for we cannot be presumed to know of the matter; still we do not believe he is necessitated to do this, or that he has done it, for we lack proof that such is the case.

Let all persons addressing him for proof of spirit-communion, do it in such a way, that he will not be able to answer from his own mind. It is but just to themselves that they do so; and we think there is little difficulty in so framing letters, that it is impossible for a medium to give correct answers of himself. Thus no deception can be practiced; and we hold that those who seek for truth in this matter, should guard in every possible way all avenues, so that the medium cannot deceive, if he would. We see no necessity for trusting to the honesty of the medium, and we do not believe Mansfield will object to any and all precautions being taken, which can be conceived of. We think Mansfield has not suffered any from this fire.

Next in the order of performances came Mr. Bly, of whom we have nothing to say, except that any person having attended his lectures, and not having become perfectly satisfied that he is a greater impostor than any medium has ever been proved to be, has very slight perception of the true and false.

He opened the ball with an exposure of Mansfield. Having visited Mr. M. soon after the great injustice done to him in the Courier, he found him in no state to sit for manifestations, and was distinctly told by Mansfield, who reluctantly consented to sit for him, that he would not depend upon the truth of any manifestation made through him at that time, in consequence of the wholly unfit state of mind he was in.

According to Bly's story, he addressed a letter to George W. Fox, which name he gave as his father's, (he was not known to Mansfield then,) and the response obtained purported to come from the said G. W. Fox, to William Fox, his son.

Herein Bly was like the man who went to a medium and addressed the spirit of his dead horse, and got a "horse communication." It is a well-understood principle by those who have studied the phenomena, that those who go to the spirit world for falsehood, will generally obtain it—that the man who is deceptive, and who wishes for lies, instead of truth, is generally attended by like spirits, who administer to his necessity—and Bly's visit to Mansfield was no exception to this principle.

This may not be entirely satisfactory to the skeptic; but we believe it is truth, and advise those who wish to obtain proof of spirit-communion, to go for it in all honesty of heart, with an earnest desire for it.

Bly's next performance was the "rap." This he made no secret of—declaring he made them with the muscle of his ankle—and he said he "*believed*" Mrs. Coan made hers in the same manner—we must say we cannot believe this statement. When asked to make these raps upon the table or the ceiling, he declined to do so. This Mrs. Coan does; so that he failed to do what she can and has done, and, of course, failed to expose her.

Next came an attempt to make the audience believe that he could perform Mrs. Coan's ballot phenomena. Mrs. Coan allows persons to write their ballots upon paper to suit themselves—then to roll them into the shape of a ball—in which condition they are placed upon the table. She then selects the ballots, and if the spirit addressed affirms his presence, he writes his name by use of her hand, which name is found to correspond to that upon the ballot. There was a marked difference in Bly's mode of procedure. He furnished *thin* paper, on which the names were written. The ballots were only folded once—not rolled into balls—and he read through the paper the name on the ballot, and wrote it. Here, again, he said he believed this was the way Mrs. Coan performed her business. And here again we must say we do not believe he was sincere in his statement.

Then he pretended to expose the celebrated feats done by the Davenport boys. Those who have seen their performances, whether skeptics or believers, could but pity the unblushing impudence of Mr. Bly, and the credulity of those opponents of Spiritualism who swallowed the bait he threw out to suit their prejudices. In the first place his box was not constructed so that the rope could be passed outside, and tied outside the box. The Davenport boys are frequently untied in two minutes—Bly took from seven to seventeen, and thirty minutes to free himself; and then the rope was cut, which is not the case in the Davenport exhibition. When accused of having cut the rope, Bly replied that no matter about that, he had freed himself, which was all he agreed to do.

No instruments were played, as with the boys—in fact it was the most ridiculous attempt at counterfeiting we ever heard of, and was so pronounced by men who were anxious to discover the means employed by the boys, fearing that it was but a trick, and not spirit power, which enabled them to perform their astonishing feats.

There is another marked difference between Bly's performance and those of the medium he attempted to expose. In Bly's case every favor was shown him—the audience, composed largely of opponents of Spiritualism, were willing he should cheat them, and determined that he should have every possible chance to deceive them; whereas, in Mrs. Coan's case, and that of the boys, every possible obstacle is thrown in their way. The boys have been tied so tightly that the rope has drawn blood, or left marks visible for hours where it had compressed the limbs.

If the Davenport Boys and Mrs. Coan could come to Boston about this time, the public would have an opportunity to see how flimsy were Mr. Bly's exposures.

And now, what of all this excitement—has Spiritualism suffered? Not in the least, but rather has, it gained in the contest. A hundred lectures for Spiritualism could not have made the people talk of it so much as has Bly's three lectures. And people have said, is this all that can be said against it? If so, there must be more truth in it than we thought for. Such opposition is healthy. It exercises the minds of people on the subject, who would otherwise never care to think of it. Agitation, come from what source it may, is better for the development and growth of truth, than a dead calm on the ocean of thought. The people who cannot be roused to think by the appeals of truth to their souls, may be by the attacks of impudent error upon it. We say, let the excitement come, no matter from what source. If it cuts down some trees which have borne both good and evil fruit, we can spare them. The sifting process we seem to be undergoing may, indeed, lessen the bulk in our granary, but the wheat will still be there, and the chaff had better be cast aside. If Spiritualism cannot outlive all the assaults made upon it, let it die. We have no fears of these attacks, but feel sure they will only purify the gold from the dross which has, up to this time, been mingled freely with it.

WARREN CHASE IN BOSTON.

A smaller audience greated Bro. Chase at his lecture on Wednesday evening than his wide-spread reputation and his unquestioned talents would have warranted. But on the same evening the Ladies' Harmonial Band held their bi-weekly assembly, and the redoubtable Bly made one of his exposures of Spiritualism at the Melodeon, and very naturally betwixt the two, Bro. Chase dropped his good seed in a small—but appreciative—audience.

His lecture was mainly devoted to the revelations of science. He said that nothing was a revelation, which did not come to man's knowledge—not his belief, hope, or desire. Mathematics reveals that six times six are thirty-six. It is a demonstation, and appeals to each man's reason in the same way. Science has always been in the way of religion, and, point by point—astronomy, geology, anatomy—religion has surrendered to science; has surrendered everything but spiritual matters, and science is beginning to grasp them. There is no revelation to man but what science has made; and what science tells us, we know. The phenomena of nature are the alphabet with which God educates the human mind. There never was a revelation direct from God in words. To be revealed, there must be a phenomenal force.

Testimony never conveys knowledge. This is the fundamental fact of all law. Whatever the verdict may be, it is an opinion—nothing more. What Paul saw, though it was knowledge to him, is only testimony to us.

The revelations on the side of theology are none at all. The revelations of science never err. Where there is doubt, there is no revelation. Yet the Bible has scattered thinking men into thousands of sects, who do not agree, and never can. Surely, then, that cannot be revelation.

The religious rulers have taught that it was all the guide we needed in religion, science, or anything else, and he who put a telescope to his eye, or sought to gather knowledge outside of the Bible's lids, was a blasphemer.

The navigators of the Mediterranean heard of the fabled monsters who abode in its depths, and who rose up to destroy helpless wanderers; Columbus was told of the unexplored lands of fire on the Western Continent; but when knowledge followed exploration, fear of these things was banished. We find in the geological stratas of the Western Continent, proof of the development theory of the formation of the earth. The Bible bade folks believe that, about six thousand years ago, God made the earth in six days, and left it about as it is to-day; but the fossil remains exhumed every day or two, show that animal life existed on earth long before that.

When we see the blunders religion has made in geology, astronomy, and physiology, can we believe its ideas are any nearer perfect, in relation to the unexplored spirit-life? We know spirits have passed from earth; and, this point granted, we know that unless they take up the road as fast as they travel, they can come back again.

The advantage of Spiritualism is, that it makes a science of life beyond the grave. We know comparatively little about it yet. We have only seen a few fruits brought back to us by those who have sailed along the coast of the unfathomable sea of eternal life. It is as new to our friends in the other life as it is to us. It is governed by circumstances over which they and we have no sure control. To be sure, quacks have thrived on it, as on everything else where the demand has exceeded the supply—and many have concluded there was nothing true, because they had been deceived once.

The lecturer stated the various links of the chain of analytical reasoning which brought him from skepticism to a belief in immortality, and said that the world demanded, and would have, a religious philosophy and a philosophical religion; and when Spiritualism is purged of all its rogues, knaves and fools, it will supply that demand—for it can never become sectarian, more than science itself.

On Thursday evening, the lecturer's theme was "The history and influence of religious institutions, in the past and present." He spoke of the primative beauty of the teachings of the philosophic Nazarine, and then of their mixture into the governments of States, and the baleful results. Greece, the pride of the world while worshiping her multitude of gods and goddesses, bade farewell to all her pristine greatness when Christianity was leagued with her nationality. Spain, the most religious state of the world, is, morally and intellectually, the most depraved in Europe. France only saved herself by her infidel revolutions. In fact, every nation which has adopted Christianity as a nationality, has felt its blight. On the other hand, in liberal Germany and England we have a higher style of intellect; and the United States, where every religion can live, but none can rule, is the model for the world. Christianity has shaped itself ever to the prejudices of the popular mind, and ever follows up in the rear of progress. In independence of thought alone are nations or individuals safe.

REPORT OF THE ALBION INVESTIGATION.

The public were electrified one day last week by the announcement that the Courier report of the great Harvard Investigation was to be issued at that establishment.

Many identified the Courier too closely with Harvard's professors, and supposed it was the Committee's report they were to have, and thought that, after so long a time, they were to show why Spiritualism—in their opinion—is so destructive to the purity of woman and the honesty of man.

But, after all, it was nothing more than "a dodge" of the Courier to raise its circulation, and the report was only that of their reporter—a mere rehash of the old matter, which only amounts to this, that the professors did not see anything. Clever trick, that!

H. P. FAIRFIELD.

We have received a line from this gentleman, who was announced to speak next Sabbath, stating that he will not be able to speak in Boston in January, and requesting us to give notice of the fact, and of his post-office address, which is at Greenwich Village, Mass. He adds that he hopes soon to re-enter the field of labor. It is expected that Miss Amedey will occupy the desk next Sabbath in his place.

MEDIUMS WANTED.

A letter from a subscriber in South Hardwick, Vt., tells us that there is a great demand for mediums in that part of the country—the multitudinous exposures of Spiritualism having set a great many to thinking on and investigating the subject, who never cared to before.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Dr. Gardner desires us to say that Mr. N. Frank White is requested to speak in Boston, on the third and fourth Sundays of January, and that he has addressed him both at Seymour, Conn., and Troy, N. Y.

GEORGE A. REDMAN,

The writing and rapping medium, has arrived in Boston and taken rooms at 45 Carver street. Hours of sitting, from 9 to 12 o'clock, M., 2 to 5 P. M., and 7 to 9 1-2 in the evening.

ADVERTISERS—We shall endeavor to make some arrangement to suit our advertisers before our next issue. We have been compelled to leave their favors out once more, and shall be obliged to condense them in order to publish them at all.

☞ We call the attention of our readers to the thrilling story in this number—"The Bridegroom of the Sky." In our next we shall commence the publication of a story written for us, by Mrs E. A. Alcorn, entitled, "The Disappointed Heir; or, the Fowler Ensnared." It will be completed in two numbers.

NIXON & Co.'s CIRCUS TROUPE, at the Howard Athenæum, continue to retain their popularity with a Boston public. The pantomime of "Cinderella" is produced in grand style by a miniature company, whose earnest efforts to please are not unheeded or disregarded by the large audiences which nightly throng this well-conducted theatre.

L. S. Lawrence & Co.'s Bank Note List deserves at our hands a passing notice. It is issued semi monthly at No. 25, State Street, by W. F. Davis, at $1,50 a year by mail. It contains a great amount of information useful to all in commercial business, and indispensable to those whose business it is to handle money.

The next, and last, Assembly of the Ladies Harmonial Band will be held on Thursday evening, January 13th. These sociables have not been so well patronised as their good object would warrant, though they have lacked nothing necessary to a good time.

BOSTON REFORM CONFERENCE.

Monday Evening, Dec. 27.

Subject—"The Trance."

Mr. White—I have spent six years in Spiritualism, and three a medium, and, from my experience, I have come to the conclusion that there is no reliance to be placed on what spirits produce. I defy any man here to demonstrate that spirits have anything to do with the manifestations called spiritual. I attribute the trance, and the so-called operations of spirits, to nervous excitability, psychology, and mesmerism. If spirits do what it is claimed they do, why can they not be summoned at will, and why cannot they be seen? I contend that trance does not come from the influence of departed spirits. I would advise every medium to maintain their own individuality, and stand for their own rights. I defy any one to bring forward any evidence to prove that the spirit of Emanuel Swedenborg, Thomas Paine, or any great man, ever controlled a medium. [Mr. White was called upon to give some reasons for the very positive asseverations he had expressed, and offered as a reason why he did not, that he had a severe cold and sore throat.]

Mr. Spooner thought it was a question, whether the trance was not considerably influenced by the audience around a trance speaker. He quoted from Miss Emma Hardinge—"Except in the spirit circle, where the battery is complete around the medium, and where forces are derived from different sources, no medium has ever yet been known to transcend her normal capacity, beyond that amount of inspiration which enables her to bring her own intelligence into a more exalted condition." He thought that mental exaltation and excitement might be produced in certain organizations by the minds of those present, and thus account for trance-speaking without the power of spirits.

Mr. Buntin—Our friend who first spoke has failed to demonstrate his position, viz., to tell what a trance is, or what produces it. No man, political, scientific, or religious, has ever come into Faneuil Hall, or before a public audience anywhere, as a public speaker, and claimed to disclose anything of which he was ignorant. Trance speakers have done this, and do do it. I know that trance speakers have revealed secrets which no mortal but myself knew, and, too, which was not on my mind when revealed. Many things have been told through mediums entranced, of which the medium has been entirely ignorant, both before and after the trance; this I assert from positive knowledge. Instances of astronomical discoveries, that have been recently made by scientific men, were foretold through entranced mediums, only to be laughed at at the time by the would-be wise. Where does the youthful, uneducated medium get the knowledge of these undiscovered facts? They claim to be given by spirits who possess the knowledge. Is it fair for us to deny what they claim to be before we can show *any* reason to the contrary? A young medium in a trance, who, without a trance, cannot play a note, sits down to the pianoforte and performs a difficult piece of music like an old player. Thousands can, and have, borne witness to phenomena like these. There has been intelligence beyond the intelligence of the medium in these performances. Whose is it, and where does it come from? Does it come from some other person in the same room? No person knows how to play; or, if the whole company knew how to play, how is it explained by human philosophy? It cannot be. It claims to be the power of a spirit acting through a medium entranced. Is it fair, I repeat, *without* a reason, to deny what this power claims to be of itself? Fair play, philosophy and common sense answer, no.

Mr. Elson thought it was possible for spirits to speak through entranced mediums, but thought it was often the case that the manifestations of the medium entranced were largely influenced by the will of a person or persons present. Cited some cases to show that by the will of another, the entranced or mesmerized persons were made to state many ridiculous things, to tell lies, however absurd, as they were willed to do by others. This has been done by the will acting in silence. Again, I have witnessed cases of mesmerized or entranced mediums, where the manifestations have been in direct opposition to the thoughts, will, and convictions of all present, even the medium, which is evidence to me of a power foreign to that of mortals.

Mr. Wetherbee—It is difficult to demonstrate to the sensuous perception what trance is. We have as much evidence that trance is what it purports to be, through trance mediums, as we have that God ever spoke to humanity through inspired men. There is a whisper within my own soul that tells me the soul is immortal; and, if immortal, it lives after death, with all the powers it possesses in the body; it wills, it loves, it acts; its capacities for influencing human organism does not cease at death. And that same voice that whispers in the soul, speaks aloud through the organism of a trance medium. Trance illuminates and excites the organism in which the faculties of man reside in proportion to their capacity. Should Daniel Webster speak through the organism of a mortal whose capacity was inferior to his own, in proportion to the inferiority of the capacity, would the manifestation be inferior to Daniel Webster? Trance shows often what the *capacity* of the medium is—not what the acquisition of the knowledge of the medium is. Trance speakers, in many cases, transcend the ministers of the day in knowledge, argument, and eloquence. Two weeks' preparation of the most intelligent divine would not equal trance lectures recently given in this city.

Mr. Trask—You cannot prove that there is a God, or that you have a soul that lives after death, no more than you can prove that mediums are entranced by spirits. Spiritualism is a beautiful thing—I would that I could believe it—that the soul is immortal, exists through all time, and never grows old. Of this I have no external evidence; the greatest evidence is, a deep longing within. To me it is among the possibilities, that my soul, after death, may come and influence mortals. It may be so—I hope it is—it is a beautiful theory; but it has not been demonstrated to me. I look upon Spiritualism, even with all the ignominy that is heaped upon it, as yet to be the means of opening the way for a better life for humanity than the present. It strikes a blow at the popular religion of the day, which religion damns humanity here and hereafter. In the place of damnation, Spiritualism brings blessings for the present and the future.

Mr. Pike—The first speaker had been very unfortunate in his six years' experience in Spiritualism, and three years as a medium; for this loss of six years of his valuable efforts he merited the pity and sympathy of every human heart. The evidence

that we have of spirits producing trance, is not positive, but it is probable—and where positive evidence cannot be adduced, probable evidence is taken. Our courts of justice all do this. We are intelligent beings—our intelligence does not cease at the end of seven years, but every particle of the material body is changed, is gone away from it forever; the old body has left the intelligence, and a new body has taken its place; so our intelligence to-day, though it may be the same as seven years ago, controls another body, not the same it did. The intelligence exists, though the body dies. In spirit-life the intelligence does not depend upon the physical organism. We have *no* evidence that intelligence ceases to be, at death, but we have probable evidence that the intelligence of man still lives, unchanged by death, with its powers not diminished. Thus, if man lives after death; the same conscious being as before death, why has he not the power still to control the human organism?

Mr. Wheaton—*I am not a Spiritualist. I do not wish to be accused of being a Spiritualist.* Yet I am glad that Spiritualists exist, for they are routing the errors of the church. It seems, to me the first demand Spiritualism makes is a certain belief in immortality; this must be a happy belief. I do not believe in immortality, and consequently I am not a Spiritualist. Mr. Wheaton continued his remarks at some length on the subject of memory.

Mr. Johnson—Four years since I visited a trance medium, who, in a trance, described very minutely a spirit-friend of mine. This friend was not on my mind at the time, and this description I was not expecting which I received. But myself and spirit-friend were strangers to the medium. Three months subsequent to this, I went to Mrs. Leeds, who was also a stranger to me. In a trance she described the same spirit-friend as minutely and precisely as did the other medium. About one year ago I visited Mr. Mansfield, and, through his hand, precisely the same description of the same spirit-friend was again given. These three mediums, strangers to me, describing precisely the same spirit, is, to me, some evidence of an intelligence outside of the medium's mind, or my own. Some gentlemen have said they are not Spiritualists. What are they? Is there any life where spirit is not? Does vitality exist independent of spirit? If we have life we have spirit, and if we believe in the fundamental principles of life, we are Spiritualists, whether we know it or not. You cannot crowd a bushel into a peck, no more than you can make a brute understand the laws of intelligence. We receive according to our capacity. A. B. C.

Abstract Reports.

[Reported by A. B. Child.]

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Forenoon, Jan. 2, 1859.

On the first Sunday of the year, a brilliant congregation of three thousand intelligent faces greeted Mr. Parker as he came before them, and as many hearts, full of love for the good man, bid him a hearty but silent welcome. This large congregation sat still one hour, giving profound audience to a sermon full of philosophy, philanthropy, love, common sense and true religion.

It will be gratifying to thousands who feel a deep solicitude for Mr. Parker, to hear that his health is much improved.

PRAYER.

O thou who art everywhere, who dost know and see what every heart can feel, we flee unto thee, and for a moment would hold thee in our consciousness. We would remember, before thee, our joys and our sorrows—our good deeds, and our transgressions; and for our sins, may our shame turn us to thee—and, for our joys, the reward of goodness, may we be led by noble aspirations, that shall bear us to higher excellencies. We thank thee, our Father, for all thy loving kindnesses and tender mercies, shown to us from the beginning of our lives to the present day—for lengthening out our lives from day to day and year to year, and for leading us to a knowledge of that life to come. We thank thee for this fair sunlight that gladdens and cheers the face of man—for the stars which all night long keep shining watchfulness over the earth. We thank thee for thy providence and watchful care over us when we wake, and when we sleep. In casting our eyes back on the twelve months of the past year, we thank thee for all the blessing we have received—for the work our hands have found to do—for the reward of labor, the rich harvest, which is the fruit of thy hand; for the education we have received—for the ties of mortal love whereby our eyes behold bright light and love in new eyes—for all the joys that spring from the various affections of life—and, for various new-born blessings, we thank thee. We thank thee for the manifold life on earth that multiplies and increases to bless the world. We remember with sorrow the dear ones that have been changed and have gone to a better world; and, though we have not been strong enough to be joyous in the affliction which death brings, we thank thee that we can see some light of the future into which we are marching, and from the world to which our dear departed ones have gone before us. Our Father, and Mother, too, we thank thee that we are conscious of immortality—that forever we shall pass from glory to glory in progression that shall never end. We remember our sins and wrong deeds with sorrow—we remember with shame the wicked thoughts that have come into our minds, and have been allowed to tarry there; but for thy goodness, still offered us, may we seek the better, and journey on from strength to strength, with hands uplifted, and still sustained by thee. May we do our duty from day to day, and fill up all time with thy services. May thy great truths live in all hearts, and do thy perfect work, so all men shall be glorious in thy light; and when our work shall be done on earth, we shall forever shine in the light of thy love, and pass from glory to glory in thy kingdom forever.

DISCOURSE.

Text.—Luke, 14th chapter, 10th verse: "Friend, come up higher."

To-day I ask your attention to the subject of religion—what it may do for a man. There are three things in religion, which, divide it into three parts, viz.: first, feeling; second, intellect; third, action. These three things are essential parts of all religions. Let us see what a difference there is in what is called religion.

The idea of religion may be, that man is totally depraved, and capable of all things wicked. It may be that God is a snake, a crocodile, a white elephant, etc., who created the world to punish its inhabitants forever, for his own good will and pleasure. The idea of religion may teach the killing of an only son as a sacrifice to Jehovah; the crucifixion of Jesus by the Jews, and the murdering of the Jews by Christians, or Buddhist committing murder by throwing themselves under the car-wheels of the temple. All these ideas have prevailed, and have been called religions.

On the other hand, the idea may be that man is created upright, is not depraved, and has a noble destination, and has powers given in proportion to his destiny; that God is a perfect creator, a perfect providence—is perfect in power, love and wisdom—has made everything for the highest conceivable good, with motives, purposes and means for every end, hence his confidence in God. The action may be the normal use of every limb of the body, and every faculty of the mind—obedience to the natural laws—producing works of industry, science and philanthropy—all growing together, to bloom in the flower of piety.

All these ideas of religion have prevailed. There are no two things between which there is a greater odds than between these two kinds of religion. They are as different as love and hate—as disease and health. I call one false—the other true. I never think of one without ghastly sorrow; of a religion which teaches that man is a worm, and God a great, ugly boot, lifted up to tread him down. Against such forms of religion noble men and women must lift up their voices. What man prefers sickness to health? With all the missionary efforts in Siam, there are not three dozen Christians made of the natives; they are more moral and religious than Christians.

In early life we find developing strong appetites, and conscience comes up to regulate them. This is well; but we see how easily they run to excess. Here every man must fight a battle. We see here and there the animal appetite conquers, and the man never walks upright again—he looks on the young and healthy boy, and curses his own existence. If the young were early trained and thoroughly taught to listen to the voice of conscience, and obey the laws of nature, what a help it would be, and what a motive they would have to live a clean and moral life—for such a life leads to a paradise of joy. Nature calls all to one gate; that gate is duty—and to it is one guide, and that guide is conscience.

We see how strong are the appetites of men. We see the drunkard and the debauchee; and inform them that God has created them for higher purposes, and they will listen; but curse them, and they are deaf. There is not a passion in the body but is needed by the soul.

What a fortunate young man is Augustus—he has so much money, and will inherit so much; he is born, too, of one of the first families. Ah, a fortunate young man is he who starts in life with true religious feelings, with an active consciousness of right and wrong, a just estimate of God, confidence in his infinite perfections, and true to keep every law.

The great battle of life is not over when we have put down passions; the intellect has demands; reflection and thought have wants. The excess of the love of approbation, of ambition, of power, of money and covetousness, makes too often the destruction of the man. A man may be a millionaire in dollars, and a bankrupt in morals. A few years ago a religious society built a meeting-house more costly than they could keep; the steeple turned the congregation out of doors. So the love of money, ambition, and other vices, have grown so large in men, that they have turned the true man out of the body. So fearfully clothed are men with evils which they cherish, that they are ever seeking to hide themselves from the sight of the Lord God. A young woman broke her constitution by pulling a bell rope. A certain king was so in love with hounds, and kept so many to gratify his love, that they one day ate him up. Men's sins are like dogs well kept, and allowed to increase till they eat them up. Painters have lead colic; tailors and shoemakers are pale and sickly; printers are subject to consumption. Most, if not all men, have moral diseases. I know a man who makes in his business eight or ten thousand dollars a month; yet I dare not ask him for charity while he does this; he cannot stoop to his lower pockets to take out a dollar. The worst man I know in Massachusetts is not in State's Prison, but is well spoken of in all the newspapers. If you want to heap up money and be very popular with popular men, with cold, hard, cruel men, give up true religion, and be an Atheist, but make loud and constant *profession of religion*—that is the card. But if you wish to be a *man* or a *woman*, I would advise you to heed that "still, small voice," that whispers within: "Friend, come up higher." I would advise you to seek that religion which teaches the infinite perfections of God.

If we are tempted, there is an internal guide that God has given to hold us up. We have all, while plucking the forbidden fruit, been stung, and some are paralized with the sting. Let us come up higher and renounce the unchanging laws of God; remembering that he has means to fulfill his purposes; that there is no spiritual death—the time of restoration is time without bounds. The providences of God are infinite, and they embrace the wicked, as well as the best of men; yet the means of restoration may be painful. The universe is the revelation of God, and it tells of a different story from that of the church.

There can be men in the churches, who are mean and selfish, who hope for salvation from the wrath of a dreadful God. What joy does this religion add to prosperity; to the bounties given to us in all nature? Churches have not true religion. The miser is professedly a Christian; but who has the richest welfare, the miser, or he who cheers the fireside by a virtuous life? I would rather have Warren street Chapel in my heart, shining out from my face, than all the money of the Rothschilds in my hands. Material is outside, and spiritual within, and blessed is the man who has both.

We have sorrows. How handsome was the urn of love that held our jewels! Now the urn is broken, and what shall sustain us in our sorrow? That Power that has us forever in his care. In the soul of true religion the mother beholds her child in heaven, and the widow beholds her dearest transferred to a world of higher beauty. True religion at all times of life is the chief treasure.

The child holds the spirit in the bud, youth in the sweet flower, manhood in the full foliage and fruit, and old age the rich harvest; the ripe apples fall to the earth, and the seed is prophetic of another spring.

Yesterday we took each other by the hand—children took each other by the hand, and lisped out a happy new year. Old men did wish a heart-felt wish, "a happy new year." This with the old and young is true religion. What great things, we ask, can we do this year? Let us do this: *wish in every act* a happy new year to all, and in doing this we shall lead nobler lives; and a voice whispers, come up higher; and let you and me be not disobedient to the heavenly whisper.

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

Sunday, December 26.

Mr. Beecher read the 2d chap. of Luke, and said: This is the Sabbath following Christmas—separated from it by one setting sun—and I propose to dwell upon the advent and childhood of Christ. I attempt in no way to exalt any of his characteristics—it is in no way necessary—they do not admit of exaltation. He was of creation, and we are informed by John that he was the light of the world. He was in the world, before he dwelt as a spirit in common with it. He created it, and may be said to have governed it. He walked in it, governed as all life is governed, before he was God of it. Then he submitted to its laws. The teachings of Scripture are not in accordance with the philosophy of psychology, and I do not feel ashamed if, in my position as a teacher, I chance to stumble! And I would be sorry if a child could not make me stumble, asking me regarding Christ's coming; and I could say "don't know" from morning till evening, and not be ashamed. Christ came—the divine soul was clothed in human form. In this way only are we allowed to claim a duality. He was man and God in this way. The spirit was God—the body was man. The theory of two souls, which is still entertained by some, has no authority for it in the Book. This making a trinity of God the Father, God the Son and Spirit, and then making the Son a trinity, is a theological interpolation. It is looked upon with consideration, because the church evolved the idea. In determining a truth, the church is no better than any other large body, and is just as liable to be misled. If I were to search for the greatest blunders of the world, I would look to the church *ex cathedra*. The simplicity of the New Testament is this: that God was manifested in the flesh; that is, it pleased God to wear a human body. Christ wore a human body, that he might be subjected to human laws. Man needed God, because there was so little God in him. The immensity of God in Christ was held back. When a child, I thought the crowning point of God's glory, when he came into this world, was the sacrifices he had made. He would not hear the angels sing. He had left a crown and sceptre, and became poor, and came to this world. How mean a conception as that of a child, which held it wonderful that God could forego such things! When an adult, I saw differently. The laying aside of divine conditions was merely a suppression of divine power. God was pleased to enter the human form as far as it could effect the great end. The miracle which gave Mary a babe, might have given Christ a matured body; but what a world of experience he would have lost! To have a mother, is almost half of life itself. To have a mother in adult life, I cannot conceive. To have had a mother for three years, who sang in Heaven before I became a man, is among the sweetest memories of my life. It is asked, What did God do with his mighty mind and unfathomed love, while Christ was a child? I don't know! I don't care; and, if it troubles you, you must do the best you can to get over it. A man thinking, is like a caged bird. He says I am a bird, and will fly. So fly he does, and hits wires. Again and again he flies, and again hits the wires. The man's pride says, fly—experience says, hit the wires. You hand me a full blown rose, and request me to get it into the smallest compass I can. I commence and roll its leaves, until they are tight as Chinese tea, and finally produce it no larger than a nut. You say it is not as small as such a thing can be, and show me a bud yet unblown being the same in a smaller compass. Now, if you take the blossoming mind of God, and all you can conceive of his grandeur and love, how can it be that it can be made to slumber in the child? I can't say how, no more than I can get the rose back into the bud. Christ was absolutely dependent upon his mother.

Men think of this with great repulsion, that he should stand in need of anything. It is no evidence of divine greatness to go up to the top, but to go from the top to the bottom—Christ, the King, laying as a child in his mother's lap. In respect to the things which are in my reason, nothing can make me yield them over; but in those things which transcend my reason, I prefer imagination. Christ submitted to the law of growth; in waiting for the body to grow, he waited for the development of the whole estate; he learned to walk poorly at first, then better, then well; he learned to speak poorly at first, then better, then well. Though remarkable from the very first, our Saviour grew just as others grow—expanding in wisdom—the grace of God upon him. He entered life not to show himself a God, as regarded supernatural elements. He came to show the disposition of God's heart—the nature of divinity. He was subject to, and controlled by, his parents. This is beautifully shown in the account given of his stay in Jerusalem. It was the annual custom of his parents to visit Jerusalem. They had no cars or chariots in those days, and were necessitated to make their journey on foot; and their trains often consisted of many families, friends or relatives, amounting, sometimes, to five hundred souls. It was not strange that he was left behind on their return, neither is it remarkable that he was not missed—his parents probably supposing him to be in the company of some relative. But at evening, the time when the mother thinks of her child, and the child of its mother, he was missed. They returned, and sought him in the city; after three days they found him in the Temple, conversing with the Doctors. He seems to have been indulging in a legitimate curiosity. He was neither teaching nor disputing; he was curious. He was asking and answering questions—astonishing his listeners by his ready replies. He was learning. And his parents were amazed, and his mother said unto him: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing!" And he replied: "Wist he not that I must be about my Father's business?" They did not comprehend this saying. It is evident that this was a flash of that which was to be his after estate; but he went away, and was subject to them. He was an obedient child; this part of his life is most becoming for parents and children to heed.

The Testament, with regard to his childhood, gives us no further information. We are shown that he was born, and dwelt a babe with Mary. No doubt she saw, as every mother does, wonderful things about her babe; for where a mother's eye interprets, there is not a moment but what is wonderful. Thus far, the history of Christ is, that he was a babe; he went through the same pilgrimage that all children go through. When I stand before him, there is not one of my actions in life which he will not comprehend—not because he is all supreme in knowledge, but because he has lived from childhood to manhood. The writings, legends and traditions of the old monks are all well, if you label them poetry, but the simple whole is the Bible. If we turn to art, there is no end to the illustrations of the child Jesus. What greater subject could genius have? I do not object to the Catholic Madonna and child—I have got them in my house—but, compared with the Bible, they are lost. We know Christ as a babe; we know no more of him, excepting that he grew, was seventeen, eighteen, twenty, twenty-five and twenty-eight, and we find him again at thirty.

I wish to consider some of the difficulties realized by some honest minds. It is said, regarding the Christian doctrine of incarnation, that it is founded on a world-wide superstition; all nations have had them. We are told of the Chinese incarnation, the Roman, Hindoo, and the Egyptian, the father of them all. To me this is one of the greatest proofs in its favor; there has always been a lurking consciousness with them all, of a divine descension. It is no more wonderful that Christ was a child, than that Milton, Shakspeare or Bacon were once so compressed.

We have the simplicity of the Bible statement regarding the incarnation, and when we seek to go beyond, we but throw our plummets into a dark sea. Again, it is thought unworthy of God that he should have been hidden for years in the child. This comes from pride; but to me there is no fact more beautiful than these first hours of God's childhood. It is again considered unworthy of God to come under natural laws. I see the act of God, in this respect, faintly reflected in human life. I see the woman, beautiful and proud, surrounded by all that is enticing, sought after and praised, her light feet gaily tripping to every sound of music on the festive board; but she is stayed by love; love shuts from her soul all their surroundings; love leads her to the altar, and to the quiet home-circle; she is a mother, and in the smile of her child nothing but itself is remembered. This is a faint type of what God did for love; he took the whole world in his arms like a crying babe, and reared it into manhood. Then do not think it was unworthy of God to come under natural laws for the sake of love. Men object to the smallness of this sphere, as the place of God's action, and think God would have chosen some of the larger realms. Who knows that this is not the centre of God's creation, both in extent and importance? Take Buckley's new history of the world, consisting of eight hundred pages; will you send to measure the dimensions of the room in which it was written, and, finding it only ten by twelve, say the work is not great? Or, if it were written on one of the boundless prairies of the West, would you call it great? What contemptible fools men can make of themselves, without being aware of it! When a moral work is to be done, physical conditions are nothing.

A poor artist—and artists are generally poor—takes a canvass to his garret, and a picture to copy, amid dust and sweat. Nobody knows of it. Then it goes to the dirty printer; he takes an impression, and it goes to the seller; then one is seen in the princess' house—another in the public gallery. When it is published, then the garret is all well enough. Then this work of God, which was to scatter pearls of light all over the world, when it is published, it is no matter where it was done, whether in heaven, earth or hell. It is again taken for granted the Christ's atonement is not for this world alone, but for all worlds. How do you know there are others? If there be, however—and I do not know why not—if there be other realms, the inhabitants may be as different from us, as is the rose from the hyacinth, the apple from the peach. Then the work of God, in disposing of himself in those worlds, is just as supposable that he did in this.

They may have had some manifestation of God, not by the dying of Christ, but by some other manifestation better suited to their condition. God's infinity needs infinite worlds to operate in. And when we sing in heaven, we shall find that we are not chaunting the whole harmony, only a part, for we shall hear floating towards us in rich strains the history of another and another world saved in some other way from our own, but saved by God. Earth was big enough in which to cradle and swing the child of his love, until he grew to a full grown man!

And now let us wish you a merry Christmas. Go home and make yourself joyful; but in all remember Christ. When you hear the iron tongue from the tower telling the hours, while day goes out and comes in, let each stroke of the bell be the mile-stones which tell you how you are going home; let Christ be to you the name which shall tell you how you are to near it, with purity of heart, and nobleness of soul.

MISS R. T. AMEDEY AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon.

The Melodeon was well filled by the friends of this gifted medium, last Sunday.

The choir sang from the Psalms of Life, and the medium prefaced her remarks with a finely-worded prayer. She took her text from the twenty-second chapter of Revelations: And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.

She said the world was anhungered and athirst for spiritual nourishment. There has always been a vacuum existing, and mankind have cried to father God and mother Nature for that seed which will grow there, and fill up the aching void.

A new year has dawned, and the tidings it brings to the soul are peace and good will among men. It will shed that light in the souls of mortals which the past has failed to do; and they who bow and kiss the rod, in passing from the old to the new year, can in humility come out onto the plane of spiritual growth; and there is no night there—for the smile of the Lord God is light enough to scatter all the clouds of darkness and despair. As truly as God is infinite, we can look up to him as children, and cry, "Not my will, but thine be done."

The world in the past has assuredly dwelt in darkness. It has pretended to believe its Bible, but *only* pretended. Though each church-spire seemed crowned with the star of hope, you have worshiped Mammon more than God. Are you seeking for light? God is permitting thousands of spirits to come back and give it to you. If you decline to receive it, the responsibility and the loss are your own. But, as you labor in the night, the dark miasma of undeveloped spirituality will roll away, and the heavenly wisdom, charity, and power, of the Most High, will be manifested to your souls. You can read his love in the drifting sea-weed, the gushing waterfall, as faithfully as in the tender workings of the human soul. Though you selfishly rejoice in the god-like strength of manhood, you are only a puny, insignificant atom on the sea-shore of eternity. Too often you have forfeited your birthright for a dish of pottage. Too often you have been a prisoner in the cell your own selfishness has built around you. You must, to win back the jewel you have lost, DO GOOD. Let not slander or malice taint your spirit. Make kindness the language the erring and wayward ones may read on your face. Go into the highways and byways of life; take by the hand the fallen and the falling, and tell them you are a brother, or a sister, and human as they. "With the pure, all things are pure."

During this year which has passed, have you mourned over the casket a loved one's soul once occupied—which it broke from, and left to go to ruin and decay? Then, did you put your trust in God, and say, "Thy will, not mine, be done?" Did you realize that dust must return to dust, but the soul to God who gave it? When you are tried and tempted, have you shaken off the viper, believing that God had light enough for you all, and that he would commission his angels to guide, guard and watch over you?

When the lecturess had concluded, she gave her audience leave to question her, and the following was the result:

What are we to understand by the text: "The living man knows he shall die, but the dead man knows not anything?"

If man has ever yielded to his spiritual emotions, every pulsation of his heart has told him that he must die to the natural, and be born to the spiritual; but the soul, deep in the wallowing of human error, knows nothing of immortality.

Job says, "Who knoweth the mind of man, and what shall be after him." Explain it.

There is none infinite save God. Through the laws of cause and effect we may know a few things about human nature; but the great mysteries of the human soul man knows not and never can. The laws which govern man show that he is fearfully and wonderfully made. "Know thyself." It is your duty to know all God has left open for you to learn.

Was Adam the first man?

We cannot conceive that he was. When his son was branded as a murderer, he was marked, that men might not slay him. Again, he went into a foreign country to get him a wife.

"The devil shall be bound a thousand years." Explain this passage.

In God's sight a thousand years are as one day—and one day as a thousand years. That spirits have been bound by the bonds of error is true, but when the chains are melted away they are free.

Is not there one Devil—chief, or prince among them?

The idea of such a being is a contradiction of God's omnipotence and omniscience. We cannot believe that God allowed an angel to fall from Heaven, and become his almost equipotent antagonist.

What are the uses of sin?

Sin on earth is undeveloped good. God has done nothing wrong. When man errs, it is because he fails to understand himself and his God.

Where did Spiritualism originate?

In the bosom of the Infinite. It is the communion of electric bodies of earth with those which inhabit the sphere of souls.

Was Sampson stronger, physically, than other men?

Certainly he was. He was a medium through whom the spirits loved to perform feats of strength. His strength was so miraculous that it was said to lay in his hair.

The afternoon services concluded with the familiar doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

in which the audience joined with the choir.

Sunday Evening.

Messrs. Armington, Farrar and Messer were chosen a Committee to bring before the medium a subject for improvisation. The choir sang a song from the Psalms of Life, and then the medium uttered a prayer.

She said, the glittering mantle of the day hath been put off, and given place to the dark drapery of night. The star-sentinels have come forth over earth, and taken their places on the ramparts of heaven. The clouds have rolled together, and earth hath chanted her evening vesper. The soul of man hath entered into communion with kindred souls, for the vexings of the busy life of day are unfurled from his bosom. The flower of thought has been culled, and love holds it in her hand. Aspiration goes forth for all that is good, true and beautiful. Celestial spirits have floated down to us on the sea of thought. The new year has brought with it an unwritten page, and the old year with its blots and scars has been taken from us to be a folio in the book of life, where we shall meet it again.

The bible of soul—one portion, has been recently opened to the view of mankind. But the crown of thorns has been worn by all who read it. For eighteen hundred years the world of souls has been fed on husks, and have died of hunger. You need the manna now. Step onto the plane of progressive life. Look forward, for your soul's needs—backward only to read the experiences of the past. Look up to God with the faith of a trusting child. You need never hope to be equal with him. It is slowly, step by step, that you are led up to the standard of a perfect soul—to the spiritual beauty of Christ Jesus.

It is man's highest study to know himself. In the schools your children are forbidden to know themselves. Is the human form so fearfully and wonderfully made, that the child must not seek to known its mysteries? Can it be that God has lost sight of his purpose? Has he made a machine for man's spirit to work in, and yet not given that spirit the power to govern that machine? This lack of knowledge is the result of man's own finite ignorance—no more.

To be truly great—to become receptive to the breathing in of Deity, you must recognize your own insignificance—the equality of every other of God's children with you; banish all inharmony. But you are each a little god in your own conceit, and your selfishness is the temple in which you worship. You must, ere you can learn the rudiments of spiritual progress, become as little children. It is a road over which you can never carry inharmony, bigotry. Cease your reverence for great names. When you behold your utter worthlessness, you begin to grow, and from the ever-tossing ocean of God's love you

CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.

The Messenger.

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

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

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

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

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

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

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at HALF-PAST TWO, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Dec. 2—Eliza Cook, Samuel Hodges, Nathaniel Weeks, James Barrett.
Dec. 3—Charles Morse, John Mills.
Dec. 4.—Wm. Bailey, Tristram Burgess, Wm. E. Channing, Patrick Donahue, Richard D. Winn.
Dec. 6.—Samuel Garland, Geo. Kittredge, Wildcat, Richard Tombs, Wm. Adams.
Dec. 7.—George Hardy, James Capen, Charles Spinney, Charles Suatevant.
Dec. 10—Rebecca Nourse, John Page, William Townsend, Simeon Parker.
Dec. 11—Lemuel Ryeburge, Susan Lewis, Charles Tolman, Charles to William Roundy, Stephen Mason.
Dec. 13—David Hamilton, Jas. Witherell, Wm. H. Temple.
Dec. 14—Samuel Atkinson, William Hodgdon, Caleb Reed, Betsey Davis, Mary Snyder.
Dec. 20—Charles Washburn, Frank Gormon, Ann Mitchell.
Dec. 21—David Harris, William Poor, Mary Foster, John Washburn.
Dec. 22—John Ring, Anonymous, William Chase, David Hill, James Finnegan.
Dec. 23—Elizabeth Hopkinson.
Dec. 27—Wm. Alliston, Tom Aiken to Richard.
Dec. 28—Polly Barclay, Edward Wilson, Joseph Jewell.
Dec 29—James Brooks, Charles Adams, Abigail Simson, Charles Wilkins, Francis White.
Dec. 30—Mary Ann Marden, Solomon Winslow, George Collyer, Edward Butler.

Rev. John Moore.

You will recollect, my friend—for so I will address you—that I was present with you a short time since. My name was John Moore.

A few days ago I happened to be present, when one of my parishoners silently asked the following question; or desired, if Spiritualism was true, that some one she had known in earth-life would return through some stranger medium, and answer the questions then in her mind.

The question was this: "What is the meaning of this text of Scripture:—'No man hath seen God at any time;'" and again she asked, "Does this apply to man as a spirit, as well as to man as a mortal?"

Now, I do not come to earth to answer this question, because I consider myself more competent to answer it than any other, but because I wis acquainted with the sister, and because I wish to enlighten that soul ere it passes the gateway of eternal life. Perhaps the latter is the greater inducement.

But, should I attempt to answer that passage as I was accustomed to on earth, my friends would say I had not changed; and, again, should I answer it in accordance with my feelings and knowledge, since I have left the mortal form, they will say I *have* changed.

I desire to give truth as I see it. What I may see clearly, another brother or sister may not be able to see clearly. Yet, all who stand upon the same plane of knowledge as I stand upon, will see as I see; they who are above me will see more clearly. They who are beneath me will not see so clearly.

The subject demands more time than I have at my command; I can only touch lightly upon it, with the hope that I may be able to come again and finish the work.

The Bible used to tell me God was a spirit, and thus far it gave me truth. We will next ask what is a spirit? As I understand it, it is not a form, but an intelligent principle, that, in its first stage of existence, dwells in a mortal form. In the second, it is confined in the soul. In the third state of existence it is without form, but is a principle pure and holy, and is called God. Thus "no man hath seen God at any time;" and I understand man, as a term, may be applicable to the spirit of man. After the spirit has left the mortal form, you call the body a corpse—that which the spirit once lived in. It is not *the man*—he has gone on to another form of life. The ancient spoke of man in mortal and the immortal. None have ever seen God at any time—not even the angels in heaven—for God cannot be seen more than the air you breathe. Every atom in the universe tells you there is a God, yet no one hath seen him. You may see the form, but the germ you may never see, as I understand it. You may see God in the tree, the flower, the animal, but more perfectly in man, because there you see intelligence as well as instinct. Oh, the passage is true—"No man hath seen God at any time."

I do not know that I have answered my questioner so that she will understand me, or in a manner acceptable to her, but I have done so according to my present perceptions of truth.

And now, ere I go, I would ask that dear sister to seek on, and whenever she finds a block in the way, that her own hands cannot remove, she is at liberty to apply to me—for in serving her I serve myself and all mankind, and, best of all, my God; and I shall more quickly pass on, for having done my duty, to where—if I do not hear the audible words, "welcome, good and faithful servant"—I shall have the inward consciousness of having done my duty. Nov. 26.

Joseph Grace.

My son, you ask to know of the truth of these things. Will you know in my way, or shall I descend to yours, to inform you of the fact? You say if I will come, you will in in nowise doubt.

I died in New York City, in the year 1812. My disease was fever, called lung.

I left you a child, to the care of a kind mother, who cared well for you, until called from you by death—after which time you cared for yourself. You are now living in Harlem, N. Y., and you say you desire to see light. If so, hear me and believe, and call for me in private, and I shall not fail to be with you. Your father, JOSEPH GRACE.

Nov. 26.

Alfred Mason.

Waiting for me? New business, this—I don't understand it. What do you expect of me? Do you want my history entire?

Thirty-two years and some months might take some time to go over, so I'll give you a few facts, and then I'll go; for I don't see any one here that I ever saw before. But I have been told since I came here, that I have to send to my friends, not meet them here.

To begin with, I was born in Boston. I lived in Boston until I was ten years old; then my mother died, and my father went to England, and I passed the most of ten years in New York City. After that time, I commenced business for myself as a hardware dealer, and continued so for a time—say three years—then failed in that, and opened a thread and needle store—failed in that, and then I opened a periodical depot, and failed in that. Indeed, I seemed to fail in everything I undertook. I married, and lost my wife after a few months. After that event took place, I had a letter, informing me that my father had turned up in Manchester, England, and desired me to come to him as soon as possible, as he was nigh unto death. As one might suppose, I had lost all recollection of my father, and am quite sure I lost all affection for him. Many things of a private nature had transpired during his absence, that had caused me to think hard of him. No matter what they were, as they are past now. I did not go to England, for I thought I had chased after an *ignis fatuus* long enough, and I was going to have my own way about one thing, sure.

I went to Baltimore, and there engaged in business with a man by name of Barnes. He stayed at home, and I traveled. We did well for some time; but he died, and I found things in a mixed up state, and got this off my hands, and started for the West. There I married again—there I was taken sick, and was recommended to make a change, as the only remedy the doctor could prescribe, so I went to Springfield, Ky.; but I found the change did not benefit me much. In three weeks after I arrived there, I went somewhere else, and so ended my journey on earth, which event took place in 1853.

Now, sir, can you give me any advice? I have given you a brief sketch of my mortal life. I have no brother, no sister, no father nor mother, on earth; but I have a wife on earth that I should like to speak to, and friends also. My name was Alfred Mason.

As nigh as I can learn, my wife supposes I have left quite a sum of money—that I carried quite a sum with me when I went away. That is not so. I carried enough with me to defray my expenses, including everything, but very little more—not enough for me to come here to talk about. She is very much troubled to know what is to become of her, and how she is to get along. Of this I could speak to her; but I do not care to do it here, for domestic matters are not for the public to gaze upon. If she will meet me at some medium's, I will endeavor to make these things plain to her.

Will there be any opportunity for me to return and commune, if I should wish to? How long a time will elapse before you publish what I have given you? A month! Well, they tell me a patient waiter is no loser. I imagine, if I had been a little more patient in my earth-life, I might have inhabited a form like yours to-day. However, I'm not one of those who sit down and mourn over the past, for it cannot be recalled. If there is happiness for me, I shall have it—if not, I am no worse off than my fellow-men. Nov. 26.

Charles Hutchins.

So I've got round here again. You know I came to you some time ago, about my sister that was over to the Blind Asylum. My sister is a medium now—a good rapping medium—and if I could only make her understand what these raps mean, I should get along well.

I want just to tell my sister—of course she can't read it, but somebody will read it, and she is quick to understand it—that when I rap at night, if she will ask me questions, I will rap three times for yes, and once for no, and I won't rap at all when I don't know; or, if I ain't certain about it, and don't want to answer it, I'll keep silence—that's the best way. I have fought hard for three years to get to my sister, and I expect to have to fight hard for the next three years. Nov. 26.

Patrick Welch.

Faith, I feels very bad about not knowing what to say after I've got here. My name is Patrick Welch. I lived in Battery street, Boston. I've been trying to come here this much of four months or more. I've been dead seven years the twenty-fourth of December, the night before Christmas, and my folks don't know I'm dead, at all. My folks don't live there now, but in Washington Square, where the folks live before them I leave a wife and four boys, too. I was drowned—gad, I've got a bad story to tell about myself, and I'll tell it as quick as I can, for I don't like to be talking about it. The night before Christmas I went down to Mike Welch's, in Lancaster street, Boston, and I think I take too much. And I got folks waiting for me at home, and I never come.

I started to go with a body I met at Mike's, to East Boston, and I think I walked off the wharf. Faith, he was drunk—drunker nor I—and I was leading him home. Faith, he's around here, and I'm gone. I know where my body is now, all there be of it. It may be found, if you are a mind to go and look for it—but no matter about it; it is as good where it is.

I used to live in Dover—ten years agone I live in Dover; I know Patrick Murphy and his mother, and it was he that brought me here. His mother is where he is now. My father and his mother come from one place—Kearney, Glanmire Co., Ireland. Patrick tells you so before.

Gad, I want to tell me wife that I'm dead, and have come here. She can't read; the boys do, I think—they are quite large now. Faith, I want her to know I am drowned—I was drunk—there's the whole of it out. I don't know about praying out; I think I'll get out. I've seen no praist—I'd as soon think of finding a praist in hell as here. Strange notions everybody has here—when I ask Patrick what I'll do, he says, "oh, go along, and you'll find out when you gets there; if you want to get out, help your self out—you're as good a praist as any, Patrick."

I think you might be a confessor—I tell you my bad doings—only you ask me no questions, and have too many ears about you here. (Alluding to the persons present.)

Will you say that I want to speak to Bridget Welch—she's alive. And will you say—I was going to speak about the boys, but no matter, I'll let that go. If I'd stayed on earth until Palm Sunday, I'd been thirty-seven years old; but I left night before Christmas.

Well, I'll say good day to you, sir. Will I come again? Nov. 29.

George Dixon.

I feel acquainted with you, although I do not recollect of having seen you before. I suppose every spirit who comes to you has a purpose in view. However unmeaning and insignificant to those who do not understand, I suppose no one comes in vain to those they are permitted to come to.

I was no Spiritualist before I died, yet I saw a good deal of the manifestations—heard a good deal of them; but I placed no confidence in what I saw, or what I heard—no matter why.

I died in Boston, about two years ago, of bilious fever; I was sick only two days—really sick. I had been subject to bilious turns for some time, and I supposed I should pass away in some such attack. I have a wife here, who will understand my coming—who expects me to come; but I don't come to talk with her in particular, to-day. I have some enemies that I want to commune with. Some who did me a great deal of harm, and will never have the chance of doing any more. I have attempted to commune a great many times before, and I have at other places, but not here.

About two years before I died, I was in serious trouble, and I want to here state that it was not brought on by any act of my own, whatever might have been charged upon me. I was just as honest as the smallest child on earth. I was in company with those who were evil disposed, and they sinned, and I was punished because of their sin.

My wife will soon come to the spirit-world—she knows it—has been told so; and I want her to know I was not quite so bad as I might have been; I want her to know I tried to live an honest life; and I want my enemies to know I can hear and see as well as I ever could, and unless they are very careful, I may be disposed to make disclosures that may annoy them, if nothing more.

I am not very happy to-day. Perhaps I had better have waited until I could come in a better spirit; but when one has anything on his soul, he had better throw it off as quickly as possible. I want my enemies to tell the truth about me; if it is ever so bad, I shall own up to it, and not feel bad about what they say.

I was a carpenter by trade—worked at it for a number of years. I have been thinking whether it is best for me to give the names of the people I should like to talk with. They know you, and read your paper; they know me, and they know me well enough to know if I say I'll come, I will do it. I have not lost the force I had on earth; on the contrary, I have got a little added.

You may say George Dixon gave what you have above. I'll go, for I don't feel myself very comfortable here. Nov. 29.

Nancy Judson Cleaveland.

I died at Sulphur Springs, three years ago, of scrofula. Have a mother in Philadelphia, whose name you will find in connection with my own. She may not understand these things, but I must and shall come to her. My mother is seventy-one years old. I was born in the above named city. Nancy Judson Cleaveland, to Nancy Cleaveland. Nov. 29.

Light.

My mother! when the wingless and viewless bearers and engrafters of thought shall meet you by the impress of the Superior, think not you cannot understand their coming, for they are not the winged ones of olden times, who come but to go again, all wrapped in mystery and darkness; but are like the sun, to whom you look for a kindly harvest, which harvest is in the future. Even so, then, thou shalt be taught to look upon those who draw nigh unto you, for we come not with golden wings, but clad in garments of Light. Nov. 29.

Charley Clark.

Tell my father that I will fix things all right for him, so he need not feel bad. CHARLEY CLARK.

Nov. 29.

Robert Wells.

My dear wife—You often ask why I do not come to this medium to send you a message. My dear, there is no need of it; you can receive me at home, and I feel that I am ever welcome. If it were otherwise, I might seek out a stranger-medium to reach you by. But, as it is, my dear Fanny, I am not obliged so to do; but, nevertheless, at some day I will do what you desire. ROBERT, to FANNY WELLS.

Nov. 29.

John Gage.

My name was John Gage. I lived in Meredith, N. H., and have been dead eight years. I was seventy-four years old. I used to be troubled to speak, so I had rather write. Say I am very well off.

Nov. 30.

Joseph Wiggin.

How very quiet you all are—how very quiet! I believe you write what you receive from those who come. I have children I should like to commune with. I have been dead, it is now nine years, and over. I died at Dover, N. H. I was called Joseph Wiggin when I lived in mortal.

I would like to know what you require of those who come here.

I was a farmer, was born in Deerfield, died at Dover. I have three children—two sons and a daughter; my wife left earth before I did, of consumption. I died of paralysis. My only object in coming is to open a communication with my children, if I can. What is possible with one, is with another. I have heard of others coming, and as I came to-day I received some instructions with regard to controlling your medium, but not as to what I should give—therefore I asked you what I should give.

I do not think I shall care to speak what I have to say here. I have been told I could come here and open the door—then I could go away and come again when I pleased; is it so? I'll go. Nov. 30.

Samuel Dow.

You're bound to write everything a body gives you and then publish it? Do you know James Dow? He lives in Newington, N. H. If you can't spell that, you aint smart; I'll spell that for you, but I can't spell every word I say.

In the first place, he's the meanest man on this earth; second place, he's the biggest ——— on this earth.

The reader will find several blanks in this; the words they supply the place of, we do not choose to publish.

He has got a wife standing here alongside of you, and she do n't find fault with what I say—then why should you? He's a farmer. You see I was alive about ten years ago, the way you are—had a body of my own. He never exactly ——— me, but he did somebody I loved as well as myself, and I always thought that the first one I came back to, would be old Jim Dow. I want to tell him he is going to die soon, and is going to reap what he has sown. He has been sowing tares all his life, and now he's going to reap sorrow, and I'm glad of it.

He's got money enough, but he ——— it all; yes, he did. I went to his house once, in summer time, and I was sick. I called for a drink of milk, but the old cuss would n't give it to me. I might sit down on the door step and have a glass of water. I wouldn't stand in old Jim Dow's shoes for a world; he's sick now, but I would n't be the one to hold a candle to his feet. I want him to know he wont have any apples here, and it 'll be a long day before he gets in as good a place as I have; he wont have all he wants here.

His wife died about the time I did; it's a wonder to me she lived with him as long as she did. I asked her if she did n't want to come and talk before I did, but she did n't, and thinks I, you did n't like the old cuss very well. You can smooth this over if you are a mind to, but I'd rather have him know exactly what I think of him, and what all of us here think of him. My name was Dow, too—thank God, I wasn't much relation to him. My first name was Samuel.

Ask the old fellow if he had n't better give away some of the things he has had about there the last twenty years. Ask him if he 'll afford himself as much as a pine coffin; ask him, too, if he 'll afford to pay a sexton to dig his grave—ask him if he does not intend to dig it himself, before he gets too sick. He'll know what that means; you don't, but I do.

'T aint much consequence who I am; you've got my name, and he knows who I am. 'T aint no use for me to tell you my life—'t aint very startling, nuther.

Folks might as well know when there is a snake among them. If you should only give the first letter of his name, everybody will know who it is; it 'll do him good, and wont have anything to pay for it—if he did he would n't get it. Oh, I haint got any ill will about him; I did n't think much about him when on earth, but I do n't want to injure him.

The time has come when folks can talk, if they are dead, and such folks as old Jim Dow it's no matter how much they suffer. He's been coaxing up all the evil in him ever since he was born, and somebody ought to help him to get rid of it.

Ask him, too, if he has found that shovel—hope it did n't keep him awake nights; he 'll know, though.

I've got folks, but I do n't care to talk to them. I think I'll make about as good a switch as anybody, round old Jim's legs. He knows about the pine coffin and the grave—you may bet all you are worth on that. He's got a good memory—misers generally have. Nov. 30.

This came from a plain spoken, but good humored Yankee, judging from the manner of the spirit.

Sally Reed.

I can't go on—I can't. I'm disappointed. Before I came I thought I should meet my friends here, but I have been told that was a mistake—that I must come here and send them a line.

Can I speak with a good many at a time, or only with one? It's very hard for me to say what I would say. I don't see any one but strangers here. If I were going to write a letter I could do better, but to speak before strangers, I do not think I can, well.

I suppose I had ought to tell something about myself. I was born in Salem. I moved to Boston about twenty years ago. My name was Sally Reed; my husband's was William. I lived in Boston, in all, I think, about twenty-five years—most thirty years. I have a son in Boston, and one in New York, and one they tell me is in California, but I don't know, because I can't see. I was sixty-nine years of age. When we first came to Boston I kept a small shop on Washington street, and there I sold cakes and candy, and a variety of things. My husband was a mason by trade; my husband died—well, it might be nine years before I did, but I am not perfectly sure about that. I should like to speak with my children. They don't know that I can come, and I did not know it until a short time ago, and I expected I should meet some one I knew here; but I found, upon coming, I was mistaken.

I died on Washington street, in Boston; my body was not buried in Boston—it was buried in Dorchester. Now, what else had I better give? I don't know much about it, and if you want more you must tell me. My oldest son's name is William—the others, George and Joseph. Joseph is in Boston; he had no particular business when I died; he was my youngest, but he was n't too young to be in business before I died.

Do you know anything about any religious belief? Well, I have been very much disappointed since I have come here in the spirit-world. I have been made unhappy ever since I come here. I tried to live a Christian life, and I thought I was happy when I died, but when I got here, I was astonished at everything. And I find others are just as much troubled as I was. I pray at some time I may know more about my God; I cannot comprehend him at all now. They all tell me to live on, and learn on, and I suppose you will tell me the same. Nov. 30.

John Stewart.

MY DEAR SISTER—The many calls I have received shall all be attended to in due time. Do not for one moment suppose I have forgotten you, or that I am turning my attention another way. You cannot see me as I stand at your side, and sometimes long to speak, that your spirit may be refreshed, yet you sometimes fancy you can feel my presence. Fancy did I say? Yes, but I will now change the word, and call it a reality.

My dear sister, the spirit-life is full of forget-me-nots, and I have many in my possession. Every thought as coming from the mortal of our dear friends, are all such to us, as you will learn after you shall cast off the mortal.

My dear sister, I have told you of much you have realized. I now tell you, that, in time, I shall speak to you as I have in times past. You often say, "Oh, what would life be, without the blessed assurance that we return after death to those we may leave in mortal." Why do you not invite me to meet you at home, my sister; yes, at home. Call around you your own family, and I doubt not I can in time commune through some one. Oh, I would like to speak to you as I have; but this is no time or place for wishes. But let us hope more—let us expect to meet again, as we have, ere you come to me.

Have no fear about the return—that will be in accordance with the Divine forces. I will try to speak to you by letter soon again.

Nov. 30. JOHN STEWART.

Helen, the Eastern Belle, to Julia.

MY SWEET SISTER—Your fair face and sunny locks are almost constantly before me in my spirit-home. You are now twenty-four years of age; yes, twenty-four years of your life in the great primary school of earth is over. Those years have been passed in pleasant dreams, when compared with my own sad history. You were a child when I left you, and therefore cannot be expected to remember aught of myself but through the speech of others.

Then our father bowed his head before the severe blow of disappointment, induced by my own rashness. Oh, those years of long ago! How my spirit would fain retrace them, and blot them out from the shore of time. But that cannot be. I must live on, still on, hoping at last to find repose in forgetfulness of all that passed when I dwelt on earth. They told me of a God of justice when I was on earth, but I find no God, save the element of life, as found in all things, seen and unseen. Thus, my sister, you see I must depend upon myself for that which all souls seek—Redemption.

When I first left my own body, I was filled with horror, knowing, as I did, that my own foolishness had brought me an unwelcome guest into the land of spirits.

I soon began to perceive that spirits could return and hold communion with friends on earth. Yet the years have numbered almost twenty since I first received that blessed intelligence so welcome to all in spirit-life.

I come to you to-day, my sister, for a double purpose—first, to relieve my own spirit, and lastly, to tell you you are a medium, through whom I can commune when you shall be in good condition.

Time—oh, what is time to the spirit who is slowly seeking out the path that leadeth to the source of all light. It is a weary space of shadows, with only here and there a bright streak of sunshine, and that is borrowed from brighter souls. But I will no longer weary you with a reflection of my own unhappy state. No, no; but receive me at home and elsewhere, and I shall then feel the soft hand of sisterly affection aiding me in my progress up the steps of time.

I am not dead, but live to reflect and repent; and they tell me in time to rejoice in the fruits of my own labor in the paradise of God's love. Oh, pray for me by welcoming me back to earth, and I shall be more than happy.

Helen, the Eastern belle, to Julia, the sister.

Dec. 1.

Wm. Henry Herbert, of New York.

So I might as well ask what is life, and answer myself. Surely the first part of life is trying enough—the plant, as it springs up out of the ground in its early state of life, is in danger of being trod upon by some ruthless foot, or plucked up and cast aside, as good for nothing. So it is with us in our first state of life. We are knocked hither and thither by the rude arms of adversity, and few we find to pity us—to sympathize with us. But some tell us they have the blessed assurance they shall be happy in time—that souls and forms shall in time outlive the subjection to evil. Oh, that will be a happy time! but it is so far in the future, that desponding spirits like my own do not care to take that far off future, and live by that promise. How true it is that mortals, and even immortals, are often controlled by conditions. They, for a time, lose their own individuality, that becomes for a time swallowed up by surrounding conditions. And these conditions are at times dark—have the stamp of evil about them, and when they come in contact with a soul, the public brands that soul with the sin that belongs only to the conditions of that man or woman's life.

But a short time has passed since I walked in mortal form, but the hours seem long to me; they have lengthened into years; but, as dreary as it is, I would not come back again to earth, unless I could come to obliterate some of the stains that may be attributed to my own foolishness. Man hath need to live one mortal life, to know how to live; and all men have need to pass through sorrow, that they may know how to sympathize with their brethren. The favored high priest, who coolly wraps himself up in purple and fine linen, looks with an eye of scorn to the soul that hath stumbled in the pathway. His words are bitter, and he goes forth and washes his hands, that evil come not upon him also.

They say the path is narrow that leadeth to happiness, and as all men are striving to enter that path, it would not seem strange that some of that vast throng should stumble by the way. They who stand up and walk steadily on, should cast a thought, surely, of sympathy and pity, upon the fallen ones of earth. They who are strong of themselves, should give of their strength to those who are weak. But alas, the multitude are all individuals, and are seeking their own happiness—and many of them at the expense of their fallen brothers.

The returned wanderers from spirit-life have all some thoughts to bring back to earth. Those thoughts are planted like seeds in the spiritual nature of those they have on earth, and however long the season may be, the harvest will surely come, and they who have watered the seed well, with sympathy, shall receive a plentiful harvest; but they who have cast a shadow instead of a sunbeam upon it, their regrets shall be many, when time shall be no more with them in mortal life.

Some spirits find themselves unwelcome guests in the spirit-land, and in their desire to find at length repose from sorrow, they wander back to earth; they stretch forth their hand, hoping that some one may grasp it with a friendly grasp, and then aid them on through the toilsome journey before them. But alas! too many of earth's people are hedged around about by materialism, so dense, that the hand of the spirit can scarcely penetrate it. Oh, yes, mortal ears are material ears, and they sometimes receive no sound; they are of lead, and when the spirit would fain sound an alarm there, they hear not, they heed not, they care not. But the time will soon come when those ears shall be quickened, when those souls shall be furrowed by anxiety, and the hour given them to-day they shall live over again, and they shall shed many bitter tears, because of the past.

Tell those who have called me back to earth, that I live; tell them that my spirit is heavy; tell them I ask aid of mortals in throwing off the weight that is upon me in spirit-life. Tell them the oblivion I sought I have not found, and the spirit that was nigh unto death by reason of sorrow and care when it inhabited mortality, finds no death in the land it hastened unto; but it lives—lives to fulfill the mission assigned it by the great source of all life. Repent, says all nature; I will, says the soul, who truly seeks to be happy.

Say that when time shall be auspicious with me, when friends shall be plenty, when sunlight, which shall come from kindred souls, shall stream upon my pathway, then, and not till then, will I reveal that I am called upon to reveal, by coming here to-day.

Truly, I am William Henry Herbert, of New York.

Dec. 1.

Eulalia.

Each spirit that is freed from the confines of mortality, has each his own view of life.

To me life is a flower, and the fragrance thereof is heavenly. All may drink in that fragrance; all souls may repose on the leaves of those beautiful flowers. Yet, as we wander on the pathway, we find too many souls that are casting darkness upon the bright pathway of life. It is because they are living for themselves—their hands have been folded, and no pleasure hath come unto them because of their idleness.

Life may be compared to the sun also, that giveth health, and warmth, and beauty, to all things here on earth. All souls—all forms of life that exist upon this planet—turn their faces to the glorious sun, that stately monarch that marches through the heavens, casting blessings upon the multitude; and yet there are souls that can view nothing but shadows on the face of the sun. Why is it so? It is because they have failed to live down the evil, and rise above all that is gross in material life.

I, too, have passed through shadows; I, too, have seen spots upon the fair flowers of life; I, too, have inhaled unpleasant odors, where nought but perfume existed. But I, too, was at fault—my own condition fashioned things around me. But I have passed beyond materialism. I am standing upon a plane where I can view life in all its aspects. To me it is now a beautiful flower, but half blown, yet yielding such heavenly odors, that my soul finds true joy in the atmosphere of life.

I feel I have not lived in vain—that my footsteps in life were not in vain. I feel, too, that the shadows I have passed beyond, have left no harm in my way. Every cloud has brought forth some new joy. Every dark night has been the mother of the morning of joy. To me it is thus, and, as I am now permitted by the Father of the universes, to travel back to the spot I once called home, I find I again learn something—gain something by dropping a thought in the garden of the souls I love—for I have dear ones on earth, who welcome me, not only to their fire-sides, but to the altar of the affections—and affection burns brightly there.

Oh, affection is one of earth's brightest buds, and, as it blooms beyond in spheres of immortality, who can fail to inhale its breath. The soul who knoweth not affection, knoweth not its wants; but they who bask in the light of that glorious star, know others well, and themselves also.

Say to those I have in mortal, that I come to cast a sunbeam on their pathway—to open a door I shall in time pass through with blessings for them—with light that shall illume their path with joy. Tell them that life is glorious—that life is heavenly; and that as all have a part in life, so all shall have a part in Heaven. EULALIA.

Dec. 1.

Dr. George B. Rich, Bangor.

Men and women rarely ever know how to guage their spiritual natures. When they have more knowledge than they know what to do with, it seems to me they ought to be satisfied; but the men of past ages were ever seeking for something new, and I find it is so with those of to-day. Now this is but a result of a natural cause, and that cause is Progress. But when mankind have advanced up to a certain degree of development, they shall learn to be satisfied with the knowledge that the present gives them. Thus I suppose we must be content to return as best we can, from the spirit land, and answer such questions as may be given us to answer, as best we can also.

I was no Spiritualist when I left earth, therefore I did not carry a great amount of light with me; and as I have not been in the spirit world a long time, my friends must not expect I shall be able to reflect a great deal upon them. I might give a brief history of what I have passed through since I left them; but, should they see it, they would only cry out, 'humbug,' therefore I will give them something more tangible, that they will not have to call in somebody to assist them in the work. I have spoken to some of my friends through very good media, at a place I called my home. But they are disposed to think the demonstration is only the action of one mind upon another, and they pass away, saying, "Well I have only got what was in my mind." Well, I am not going to contradict them. I am not going to say I did not draw from them, nor will I say that I did not know what was in their minds.

But I am going to say that the medium and I are two individuals, and what I know, the medium could not know, and that this knowledge should be charged to me as the controlling spirit.

But just to satisfy a little crude curiosity, I have wandered here to-day, and have controlled for the first time the form I now speak through. My friends must not say that their minds can be daguerreotyped at a distance of seventy-five or more miles, upon the mind of a medium here, and then given through the lips. This one reason will prevent the cultivating or harboring such a thought. Well, I said I had wandered here to satisfy curiosity, and so I have; for my friends have said, if I would wander to some far-off medium, and that medium should be a stranger to myself and to them, and should talk like myself, they may believe.

I am able to say I am a stranger to all here, and that I am able to see the question that was proposed to me seven days ago in Bangor; and not a sound went outside of that room, and not a thought was there given that could possibly wander to the brain of the medium I control, and having wandered and found lodgment there, find access to the lips through which I now speak.

These things belong to the impossibilities of nature. And, as my friends have said, if the spirit we call upon now should go to some strange medium, and should refer to this conversation, we will believe in the new faith, after having bound themselves, they should keep the saying sacred and holy.

Now I have every reason to believe that a portion

of my friends are really desirous of becoming acquainted with this new philosophy, and making themselves better by means of it. To such I would say, seek on, and every time you ask for light, it shall come from some source—by some means. If it comes by only one word, surely that should be enough. If I come here to-day and say I understand the call upon me, surely that should be set down as a bright star in their life.

I do not come here to give a history of my family or myself. I come here to lay the corner-stone of a new temple, wherein shall abide righteousness and truth; and, as I have only a small space of time allotted to me, I cannot be expected to do all the work my friends have laid out for me, but I shall do a part here, and shall continue to work on until the fabric is finished, and their souls are made happy by the light coming to them.

You may say you have received what you are now writing, from Dr. George B. Rich, of Bangor, Me.

Dec. 1.

The Public Press.

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

REVIEW OF "W. S. A." ON MIRACLES.

What good has Spiritualism done, is a frequent question. It is not my purpose now to answer it; but if there is one thing in it more apparent than another, it is this fact—a questioning of authority—not believing a thing sacred, because our fathers did. Theodore Parker, who does not believe in the spiritual origin of these phenomena, says we must give the Spiritualists the credit of doing a great good, in boldly questioning all authority, and believing the truth of to-day is as sacred as the truth handed down to us from the past.

Your correspondent, "W. S. A.," speaking of miracles, though a Spiritualist, takes an erroneous view of them, in my judgment; and I think a great majority of our sect, if I may call it one, will disagree with him, and, for the credit of that body, I glory in the fact, if such be the fact. Allow me, Mr. Editor, to comment, through your columns, upon his two articles under that head. I will not be very methodical in this review of the subject, but simply state a few ideas, which strike me as being nearer the truth than the theory advanced by him:—I shall question his prominent statements, viz., the testimony of the alleged miracles—the fact of Christianity standing or falling on that testimony, and his finding proof in nature of his theory, and what else the subject may suggest. I think, however, his conclusions are the natural deduction from his view of Deity and natural laws, which I have before commented upon. I think he has not outgrown hereditary prejudices, and is afraid we are going to drive God and religion out of the world. Fear not—that will never be. Spiritual philosophy, I think, will tend to spread a better religion than is, or has been, prevalent—less gas, and more practice, to use a familiar word.

He says the miracles of the New Testament are proved by historical evidence that cannot be overthrown. Pretty strong language that; and repeating the same idea, to use his own words, "all the facts in relation to Christian miracles, so far as they are transmitted to us by historical records, are abundant, and rest upon such testimony as cannot be overthrown." (Is not that setting it a little high?) He adds—unless the ground is taken, as was by Hume—that no amount of testimony is sufficient to establish the truth of the alleged miracles. I am surprised he should speak so strongly in reference to historical testimony. So far as to its being abundant and certain, the fact is entirely in the other direction—not a proof that should satisfy any but a Spiritualist. In the first place, the natural laws of God never change in their unfailing exactness. Man makes his calculations with certainty; no suspension of them has ever been detected, and the inference is, they never have suspended; and when miracles are supposed to take place, it is when people are ignorant of those laws. New discoveries discredit the testimony; and Hume was right, as a reasonable man, to be sceptical on testimony of facts which violated all experience and all reason. He might have asked for the testimony, which is so abundant, but that has never been produced. An eye-witness to a miracle would have his doubts the next day, whether there was not some illusion or mistake, so strong is man's faith in the constant operation of nature's laws. A traveler, returning from a voyage, stating the fact of seeing an island of some miles in extent, and inhabited, would state nothing unusual, and be believed—even if he said the island sunk before his eyes, and nothing was seen but a waste of waters, with reliable testimony, the fact would be believed, because it is not against reason, under certain circumstances; but, if the traveler said it rose bodily out of the water, and took a journey heavenward, no amount of testimony would be evidence of the fact to a man of intelligence. So, if we are told a Lazarus is called forth, after being dead four days, no amount of testimony is evidence to convince one of the fact—we must say illusion, or delusion; and, besides, there is no evidence outside of the Bible itself, for these miracles; and, further than that, it is not only a matter of some doubt who wrote the four Gospels—but it is by no means a certainty, or reliable historical fact, that all the four evangelists ever lived, or that they wrote the histories of Jesus, attributed to them; and there is one thing very certain, that there is no mention of the facts, so momentous to the evangelical world, as these same miracles are, by any reliable cotemporary writer. Many things of less consequence are recorded, but not these. Josephus speaks of Jesus, but that does not gainsay this assertion; and even this reference to Jesus is supposed, on good grounds, to be an interpolation afterwards; certainly the facts were not believed by the Jews—who were a miracle-believing race—and are not to this day. So much for our friend's historical testimony. I am a believer of the main story of Jesus and his miracles, but I did not—I could not—till I was illuminated with modern Spiritualism, and I don't see how a reasonable man can; and the reason why I am a believer now is, because I have seen similar done now-a-days, and equally miraculous; but understand them to be done—not like your correspondent—but by the operation of natural laws, not counter to them, and explained satisfactorily so, and so always stated by the spirits themselves whenever referred to. I look upon them as natural, and not miraculous, and so believe them.

He says, the fact of Christianity being of Divine origin, rests on the same evidence as the miracles themselves, and if not sufficient for the latter, is not for the former. I think our friend is wrong again. Christianity, as taught by Jesus, is eternal truth, and was not original with him; the ideas were somewhat developed long before his day, and after that, and before his advent by many of the ancient philosophers. He was the best, perhaps the only, living embodiment of those teachings, if "W. S. A." means, by this assertion, that the miraculous conception, the divine paternity, as his having no natural father and some other similar things of no practical moment, but which have occupied the minds of theologians for eighteen hundred years with no satisfactory solution; then, indeed, he is right, and, like the miracles, as such are without evidence, historical or reasonable—to go a trifle further to illustrate this point—the precepts, known as Christianity, were dimly hinted at far back in the history of the race—later, with more effect in different parts of our earth, and, as stated before, found a living embodiment in Jesus. They would not have been lost to the world, if Herod had killed the young child of Nazareth. It was in the race—was coming to a head—would come to the surface sooner or later. There is always the man for the times. Napoleon was the child of the revolution; but, for the conditions growing out of that event, he would have been a "mute, inglorious Napoleon." If Newton had not lived, the law of gravitation would have been discovered in that generation, so impressed was the scientific world with the want of that something, which nothing but that discovery could have supplied. There would have been a reformation, if Luther had never lived to throw an inkstand at the Devil's head; so would man have had a code of Christian ethics, if there had been no Jesus. It is no mystery to the Spiritualist how these great lights, through all past ages, have appeared, and, by their rays, illuminating the track of history, as the higher influences the lower. The spirit-world impresses its thoughts upon the world we live in, and it becomes public sentiment. The mind is psychologized with the idea, or desire, and children are born with proclivities in conformity; and conditions being right, now and then a hero is the result, and he is the Joshua to blow down the walls of Jericho, pointing us and leading us onward.

He says, again, in proof that miracles, properly so-called, have taken place without going to the Bible for proof. We have only to look at the formation of our globe, and the productions it contained in its early history, etc. There must have been a period when plants and animals were produced for the first time; and, therefore, could not have been produced by successive propagation, as now. It appears to me your correspondent looks, as I said in my last, "through a crack at the subject, and not through a window"—at a segment of a circle, and not at the circle. Perhaps none of us do, for we are finite; but we have expanded some, and should see more than was possible eighteen hundred years ago. He refers to geology and chemistry to establish his views. I think the light those sciences have thrown on the unfolding of nature complete and overwhelming in sustaining the constant operation of her laws—that there is nothing phenomenal or miraculous.

I will not impose upon your generosity of space allowed to the public, to go into an explanation of a theory, to get over the miracle of making a first man, or first plant. It has been said by one who has written plausibly in your correspondent's view of this subject, that the operations of nature, are represented by a circle, and illustrated by a tree—as, first the seed, then the twig, then the tree, then the fruit, then the seed again—and Deity must strike in somewhere in this circle; and wherever it is, it is the phenomenon of creation, and just as mysterious, whether we begin with the tree or the seed in the revolution of that circle.

As it must commence somewhere, the Mosaic conception of the race commencing with Adam, is as reasonable as any. That would be your correspondent's view, but science has thrown such light on the primative state of things, that the Scriptures have had to bend, and bend, and bend, and finally break. The world was awful old, six thousand years ago. Agassiz says it must have taken 120,000 years to form the Florida reef. Your correspondent would say that God could have made it in an instant, and probably did. I think if certain additions form in certain periods, and the additions and the periods can be counted, it becomes a mathematical certainty. God could have no motive to ante date. God is omnipotent only in one direction—the right, not the wrong. Agassiz (I quote him because he is considered good authority,) says of the race, that it must have had five distinct origins, at least, and may have had many more. It is now a scientific certainty that it could not have come from one source, any more than it could have come from an ape.

Scripture is bending, and will break, on this, as in every fact when in conflict with science, and the believers in revealed religion are beginning to criticise the Bible literally, and say now its spiritual teachings are all that is reliable; modern Spiritualism agrees with that fact, and those understanding that philosophy will consider the Bible as a treatise on ancient Spiritualism, the modern being but a continuation—no authority in scientific matters. Where, then, is the proof of miracles?

Now I apprehend Deity, the great primal cause of all things, has taken the method of unfolding nature by what is called natural laws, or second causes—that is his mode. And far back in the past—too far, perhaps, for human conception—there was a time when the mineral features were alone visible on this globe, and in progress of ages, coarse, rough vegetation covered the few and scanty patches of soil. Then the lowest forms of animal life, expanding and improving, forming more complicated combinations, refining by the process, producing higher orders of animal and vegetable life—we see some rude types in vegetable life of future animated nature, and prophecies in early specimens of the different tribes of animals, of their present ultimates. Geology pictures to us, in hieroglyphics not to be mistaken, the changes that have been going on for ages, and from that time, when the world's temperature was much warmer than it is now, with a heavy, damp atmosphere, in which no specimen of present animal or vegetable life could flourish, up to the present time, there has been a constant progress or growth to higher forms of life. True, God could have done this at once, "as he knows the elements constituting a loaf of bread, and need not go through the slow process of growing the corn." It seems that he did not, as we read his doings in Nature's book, which is evidence when obtained. No matter what Bibles or men may say to the contrary, I do not see anything but the operation of natural laws to bring this about—nothing phenomenal or miraculous. Chemists know there are substances, and even deadly to animal life; when combined with other substances, the combination developes animal life. The poet says—

> "See dying vegetables life sustain;
> See life, dissolving, vegetate again."

Decomposition developes new forms of life. A decayed cheese becomes prolific—a corpse is food for worms. It is the law of nature. None can conceive of God as being engaged in performing a *miracle* over decomposing cheeses or decaying animal substances. These are all the effect of second causes, or nature's laws.

Now this world may be compared to a cheese on a large and comprehensive scale. At a certain period it was fruitful in organic life—the earlier stages, poor specimens, compared with those of more recent date; and, in the lower formations, we see types of future improvement, which became, in due time, the higher developed animals containing more primates in their combination. And when the world was ripe for it, all the primates, or nearly so, composing the universe—combining by the same law which produced the lower—resulted in man. There is no reason to suppose this was about 6000 years ago, or 60,000; the probabilities favor long periods. Neither is it reasonable to suppose that the primal human ultimation was comparable to man as he is now, or in our earliest knowledge of him—nor an ultimation from any other animal; but a distinct ultimation of a higher life than existed before.

As we know, then, certain combinations of nature produce chemically animal life, we may suppose all kinds of life so produced, man included, but by conditions granted beyond our conception; for, as has been stated before, nature is as perfect in the minute as the gigantic. There is no difference, except in degree, between a maggot and a man, as far as vital principle is concerned. If the principle of life can be evolved in one by the process of natural law, or chemical law, without the direct agency of Deity, it can be in all. But that is the question, your correspondent will say, whereon hangs the miracle, outside of the Bible evidence which he speaks of, and that God was specially at work performing a miracle in producing animal life.

We deny the miracle, and say emphatically there is no more miracle in two or more substances producing animal life, than there is in two other sub stances, acid and alkali, producing fermentation, which our friend, in his gunpowder illustration, admits to be the result of natural law, without any direct agency of God; but that all the changes of matter, from the lowest mineral to the highest development of animal life, man, shows no miracle but the steady, unremitting, constant operation of the laws of nature; and were it not for the proof of the contiguity of spirit life to the natural, and which the understanding of to-day enables us to see in the past, the whole subject of Christianity and miracles would be, in time, looked upon as wholly fabulous, because some of the subject is known to be so to man's reason, which sooner or later proves to be the executive power in man's mental economy. But a new light is illuminating the past, making plain much that was mysterious—Spiritualism; it is bringing life and immortality to light.

The peculiar feature of the reasoning faculties to-day, is never to attribute to supernatural power what by any possibility can be accounted for naturally, and this argument has been used by skeptics against our phenomena. Let us avail ourselves of this rule, and apply it to miracles, for no other solution will stand the test of reason; and I rejoice that the Spiritualists, as a whole, favor the idea, strike where it will, of no suspension of nature's laws.

W. S. A., will see by these remarks, *first*, that the historical testimony of the miracles, to say the least, is questionable; *second*, that Christianity, or the system of Christian ethics, rests on the evidence of the truth or falsity of miracles, is not true; and *third*, that going outside of the Bible into nature for proof of miracles, just proves the other thing, viz., the immutability of God's laws.

MILTON.

THE HARMONIAL COLONY MOVEMENT.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Being a constant reader of your excellent paper, I have been impressed to send you a few thoughts concerning our Harmonial Colony movement, thinking many of your numerous readers would be pleased to learn how far the cause has progressed, and what is being done to forward this noble enterprise. I have sent out nearly three hundred copies of the Constitutional Compact, giving the plan of operation entered into by the Association, formed at Worcester, September 15 and 16, 1858. We do not expect to do much this winter, more than to get names upon the Constitutional Compact; but in the spring we hope to move forward and make a practical demonstration, by purchasing lands, and becoming pioneers to this noble cause. Two locations have been named in the old Bay State, as suitable places to commence Harmonial neighborhoods; also, one in New Hampshire, one in Illinois, one in Missouri, one in California, and one in Texas; and many other places have been suggested as suitable to locate Harmonial Colonies. In almost all directions I find good and true friends, doing all they can to forward this movement.

My ground-plan, engrafted into our Constitutional Compact, is being stereotyped, and will soon be printed, making a good sized picture of a Harmonial town, of 16,000 acres—presenting, for the first time, the beautiful village centre, of 192 village lots, varying in size from one to three acres each, with sixteen streets running from the outside of the village lot to the public common, in the centre, where there is to be a large public building, for the benefit of the town; also, sixteen other streets, running half way, making homestead lots large enough to accommodate the artizan and the mechanic. There will be six circles in this centre, or streets, bearing in the four centre corners four beautiful parks, of twenty-five acres each, making one hundred acres in the four parks, and forty acres in the public common. Around this village centre will be the business streets of the town, where will be all the shops, stores, warehouses, and buildings for all manufacturing purposes, with a post-office and bank for the accommodation of all. Outside of the business streets will commence the small farms, of ten, forty, eighty, and some one hundred and sixty acres, and some large farms of three hundred and twenty, and some six hundred and forty acres, giving every member his lands at the average cost by the township.

Our friends can see, by this beautiful ground-plan, something different from anything ever presented to the world. Its aims are to beautify and adorn the waste places of the earth, and make them to bloom and blossom as the rose, each family living on his or her own lands, and enjoying the comforts of home. And I would call upon all the friends of true Spiritualism, and all true reformers in our land, to examine this Harmonial Township Association plan, and if each and every one would buy a copy of this beautiful plan, there would soon be in the treasury money enough to help purchase a large domain.

All friends of the movement can be furnished with a single copy at one dollar apiece, or by the wholesale, on a liberal commission. All orders directed to the care of D. C. Gates, Worcester, Mass., will be promptly attended to. It will be expected of each person to forward the money according to the above direction; and all information in relation to the movement, generally, will also be promptly attended to by the undersigned.

Very respectfully yours, D. C. GATES.

WORCESTER, MASS., Dec. 29, 1858.

CONTRADICTORY SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

A case has recently come under my notice, which I think will interest many of your readers, as it not only throws some light upon the question of contradictory communications, but furnishes a rather remarkable instance of successful treatment of disease, and rapid development of the patient as a medium.

A young lady from a neighboring town, whose health had been declining for some months, until she was, in the opinion of her physician, too weak to take medicine, was advised to apply for aid to Miss Munson, No. 13 La Grange Place. She did so, and at the first examination had all her symptoms correctly stated, and was encouraged to hope for relief. Instead of no medicine, she had prescribed five different kinds, of which some were very active, together with electro and animal magnetism. She soon showed signs of amendment, and, after three or four weeks' treatment, felt able to resume her duties.

At the second examination of her case, it was said that she had large capacity for spiritual development, and that we should be surprised at her rapid growth in that direction. No attempt was made, however, to verify the prediction at once, as the great object was to benefit her physically. In doing this magnetically, it was found that she was rendered partially unconscious, though at first not able to speak, see, or hear. Subsequently she was just able to feel the touch of her spirit-friends—then to see and converse with them. She could see none but children for the few first times, and they would not let her come near enough to touch them. She, however, recognized two; one of whom was a little boy, formerly under her care, and who was dressed by her for his funeral. She also saw two who are exactly represented by the two youngest in the crayon picture of the "Orphans," which many of your readers have seen in Mr. Mansfield's room, No. 3 Winter street. She also recognizes one whom we call "Music," whose portrait, by Miss Sawyer, may be seen in the window of Mr. Ditson's store on Washington street. She says the portrait is perfectly correct, with the exception of the curls on the shoulder, which are too long and heavy for the original. Other mediums have also recognized the same pictures as portraits, as well as the one called "Inspiration," which many have seen, by the same artist.

We therefore feel satisfied, not only that she is correct in her perception, but that Miss Sawyer, though not a medium, in the common use of the term, must be impressed by spirit influence, and gives us pictures, which are doubly valuable on that account.

On Sunday last, while our medium was entranced, we requested that she should go to New Bedford and find Miss Munson. She had no difficulty in so doing, and said she could see her—that she was speaking to a large number of people, and that there was a gentleman behind her dressed like a clergyman, who was telling her what to say. We told her to take particular notice of his appearance, and, when she came out of the trance, we showed her a portrait of one who was formerly a very popular and most beloved teacher among us, which she directly recognized as the person she had seen speaking to Miss Munson. She had never even heard his name, and knows nothing about him.

Thus far only one spirit has entranced the medium. This is one to whom we had been much accustomed, through another lady in the same house, and we were now able to compare the manifestations, which showed that, while the spirit had a character and knowledge of her own, independent of both the mediums, there were certain facts and modes of expression which were peculiar to each. We found that circumstances and persons, with which we supposed the spirit to be quite familiar, were entirely unknown to her. This was because the new medium herself was ignorant of them, they belonging to our plane, and coming to the knowledge of the spirit only for the time being.

The new medium has large power of imitation, while the other has it small. The difference in manifestation, in this respect, was very remarkable. Both the ladies have large, affectional natures, and here there was little, if any, difference in manifestation.

But we could see plainly, that, notwithstanding the disposition of all parties to get at the truth, and the most entire honesty on the part of the mediums, there would, in many cases, be quite different answers to the same questions, and that, after all, each case must be judged by its merits, and our own reason and common sense used as much with our friends in the other world, as here.

Our difficulty lies in the old habits of thought, which give to the answers from the other life more weight than they deserve, and more than our friends ask that we should. They constantly tell us to be on our guard, and look to the guide within—judging all by the highest standard of right: but they claim to be able to aid us, both physically and spiritually—and we know they can.

There are hundreds and thousands of cases where ordinary treatment is at fault, and our spirit friends come in, and by their power to see more interiorly, determine the condition of the patient, and indicate the most appropriate remedies. Among these are electro and animal magnetism, which are recommended in almost all cases. They not only apply these agents to the system directly, but they now propose to Miss Munson to instruct her in the application of electricity to her medicines, so that their potency may be increased, and, consequently, the dose and cost both diminished. This is very desirable, as the use of the battery is not always convenient, and there are comparatively few who are so situated or constituted that they can operate magnetically. To do either to advantage, requires that the patient should be directly under the eye of the physician, and we hail with pleasure the disposition to establish houses like that of Dr. Main, and the one at No. 13 La Grange Place among others, where persons can go and be treated in the way our friends desire.

We also have reason to rejoice, that, in spite of the opposition to our faith in spirit influence, there are more and more, who are not only willing, but anxious, to hear those who are sent to preach as well as heal. The audiences addressed by Miss Hardinge in Boston, and by other mediums in all parts of the country, are sufficient proof that Spiritualism is not dying out, and that our friends in the other life know what they are doing.

Let us aid them, as they ask us to do, by following the example of our greatest teacher, and so live, that they, seeing our good works, may be persuaded to go and do likewise. W.

BOSTON, Dec. 5, 1858.

THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT IN WISCONSIN.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Having frequently been solicited by several of my friends in different parts of the country to give my professional opinion regarding the remarkable manifestations and phenomena which for some time past, and at the present, are agitating the public mind, called by some, "Spiritualism," by others, "Electricity," and still by others, "working of the Devil;" and having seen the subject grossly misrepresented, and many false and ridiculous statements made in several leading journals, I feel it my duty, and am strongly impressed to write a small article for publication in your widely circulated paper. "There are none so blind as those who *wont* see." As regards the phenomena, very few at this day will pretend to deny but that very remarkable exhibitions of some invisible power are constantly occurring all over the country, the cause of which seems not to be understood by many, for the very good reason, I suppose, (like everything else,) it requires investigation. Nearly every new ism, art or science, has been decried and laughed at, when first brought to notice. Recollect how Fulton was ridiculed when he attempted to apply the power of steam to machinery; hear the groans and hisses at Dr. Franklin with his kite-string and key; and see the mighty results of the magnetic telegraph, which was laughed at, and denominated "humbug!"

Our most celebrated medical men, metaphysicians and Professors of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy all over the world, who have investigated and are still investigating this wonderful phenomena, are nearly unanimous in the belief of its "Spiritual agency," and any *unprejudiced*, thinking mind cannot fail to arrive at a similar conclusion.

I was formerly an unbeliever; but, after carefully investigating this subject now for about four years, visiting different mediums, and reading the works of A. J. Davis, my old friend Judge Edmonds, of New York, Dr. Dexter, and many other authors, besides experimenting pretty extensively with the peculiar organizations and idiosyncrasies of some of my patients, and, after witnessing "a multitude of facts," I am perfectly satisfied of the reality of Spiritual intercourse with "mortals here below."

The phenomena are manifested through a peculiar, subtle force of nature, which, I suppose, is a species of magnetism, called by Von-Ripenbach, in his "Dynamics of Magnetism," "Odylic force." By this power the spirits of our departed friends, (who are constantly around us, although to us invisible,) impress us, and, under favorable circumstances, through peculiar organizations, (called mediums,) have the power to communicate with us in various ways, principally by writing, rapping, and influencing the medium to speak—frequently in *the very tone of voice* used by the person while on this earth; exhibiting the gestures and peculiar characteristics of the individual, so as to satisfy the most skeptical; also to give a perfect *fac-simile* of his writing, which I am frequently witnessing in my laboratory—and any unprejudiced person who will examine the subject, can have the same satisfaction.

What is most astonishing and wonderful, is the fact that sometimes the most illiterate and ignorant persons seem to be chosen by the spirits as mediums to convince mankind. Many instances of this kind might be mentioned. There is a young man by the name of D. D. Barker, who lives on a farm at Pensaukie, Wis.,—a place six miles from here. He is a hard-working man, who never has enjoyed the advantages and blessings of an education, and needs only to be seen, to be appreciated by any judge of human nature—although he is a good neighbor and honest man, and by many is said to be too honest to live in this country. Now this Mr. Barker will sit down almost any time, when everything is quiet, and in from five to twenty minutes will pass into an unnatural or abnormal state; and while in this condition, with eyes tightly bandaged, his vision, or clairvoyance, is co-extensive with the universe, and his powers of utterance are superior to anything I have yet heard from the pulpit, forum, or rostrum; and he is just as ready to give scientific lectures on Astronomy, Chemistry, Anatomy, Geology and Theology, as he is (oftentimes) to give perfect and reliable tests of the particular spirit present. He is so well known throughout this county as a plain, simple-hearted, honest and hard-working man, as to have the appellation of "Honest Dime Barker."

Figures, I am told, wont lie. I also believe that "facts are stubborn things." It is now too late to cry out humbug and delusion. Spiritualism cannot be put down in that way. We must be governed by reason and our sober senses. There are few arguments or objections that can be raised against this subject but what can easily be refuted. The principal argument used by some of the clergy, and the most silly of all the objections which I have heard, is that it is all the work of the Devil—that old scarecrow. Now if it should prove really true that his satanic majesty gives such beautiful advice, instruction and counsel as come to us through this medium, why, then he must have reformed, and is a great deal better and a more moral Devil than he is painted to us by the clergy; and were I in his place, I should immediately institute proceedings for *slander* and "*scandalum magnatum.*"

This is an age of progression. The people are becoming more enlightened, and these brimstone arguments, with thinking minds, are fast becoming obsolete. How much more proper would it be to urge the people to live orderly and well-regulated lives, doing good to their fellow-men while here, in order to attain a superior degree of happiness in that heavenly sphere to which we are all hastening!—I say how much more reasonable and dignified, than to frighten poor nervous females half to death with these combustible arguments!"

Very respectfully,

V. MOTT SATTERLEE, M. D.

OCONTO, GREEN BAY, WIS.

ANGELIC PLEASURES.—Men who can devote themselves to intellectual pleasures, despise inferior joys. The latter are generally costly, but rational delight freely and equally diffuses itself, and costs nothing but the truth of seeking it. The mind itself proves a Canaan, overflowing with milk and honey.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.

can fill your heart with all it will hold. When you can leave all and follow Christ, unperishable riches are yours; the cloud of earth's discord is rolled away, or your senses can penetrate it, when other hearts are darkened with its gloom.

Many who boast of their goodness and virtue, cannot see sin without condemning the sinner. They have not charity—and that is greater than all other virtues. The friend who is a Spiritualist, they denounce, disown. Where the daughter in the face of public opinion dare declare herself a Spiritualist, the paternal door is closed against her. This is not that Christianity we learn from Christ. While this new year has come, blooming with her maiden blushes, many shut their hearts and doors against they who are called Spiritualists. Proud in their own perfection, they are deaf to the call of helplessness, or sightless to the struggling of the human soul who strives towards God not through churches and church-religion. Their hearts are cold as marble.

Men and women make weapons of calumny when the virtues of righteousness fail. Aristocracy of blood would be aristocracy of soul, if it only dared to. Let the true Christian religion be yours. Love, righteousness, mercy, justice—these are your cardinals. Live to some purpose, and God will bless you all.

The Committee reported the subject "Paradise regained," and the medium improvised a lyric, which was warmly appreciated by the audience, after which questions were asked and answered, and a hymn sung, and the congregation dismissed.

PARKER'S LECTURE ON WASHINGTON.

The lecture on Washington by Theodore Parker, on Tuesday evening, 20th ult., was very much more than an ordinary performance, even for Mr. Parker. His estimate of the character of Washington was, on the whole, the best thing we have recently met with; proceeding upon a practical, rather than that rhetorical and blindly reverential basis in which our public lecturers on Washington usually indulge.

We have not time or room in which to enlarge upon the performance of Mr. Parker, but must content ourselves with merely touching a few of the more prominent points of his discourse. Washington, in his judgment, lacked genius, or the power of originality; while in the administrative departments of public and private life, he was without a superior. He could not create, but still he could organize as no other man could do. And yet the lecturer rather contradicted himself by averring that he did create an army out of nothing, making an empty sack stand alone—which Poor Richard said was the most difficult of all things.

Mr. Parker said it was not difficult to understand a character which is all so plain. Its features are distinct. He was a man of facts, and not of speculation. He was not a lover of science. He was not gifted with large intellect. He had not great reason—the philosophic power which loves universal laws. He concerned himself with measures, not principles. He had little or no imagination. There was scarcely any of the ideal element in him. In conversation he was tame, dull, and conventional. Yet he occasionally departed from all this, and styled Gen. Putnam, "Old Put," talked of "kicking up a rumpus," speaks of the "rascally tories," and of certain men "who are not fit to be shoe-blacks."

Washington's great quality, according to the lecturer, was his judgment. He knew how best to organize the forces already at his hand. He could pick out the best men, and put them in the best places. He did not invent himself, but found out who could invent, and knew when he had discovered the right thing. His great talent was that of administration. As a commander, he could make an assault better than sustain one when offered by another. He fought no brilliant battles, except, perhaps, Trenton. He had military talent, not genius for war.

Washington's superiority was not that of the intellect; it was moral. He had an admirable balance of the moral powers. He was not enthusiastic, or transcendental. There was no "moonshine" in his moral, more than in his military character. His wrath was tremendous; and he did not always keep it down. Jefferson tells of an instance of its exhibition while he was President, when he exclaimed in a passion—"By G——, I had rather be in my grave than in my present situation." "There are some men," said Mr. Parker, "who find great fault with Washington for this. I do not love a man for losing his temper; but I have lived too long, and seen too many men, to suppose that when men fire cannon, they dip their Pope's head in holy water to swab them out, and utter benedictions before touching off their piece! It is with great passions that men fight great wars; and when I find a great man, I expect him to be great all round, in his material basis as well as his mental superstructure. But it is rather a refreshing fact to find that this cool, cautious, diplomatic man, could once in a while swear."

Never did there live a soul of truer integrity than his. This was his highest moral quality. This was his crowning virtue. The speaker said—

"I know not who is his superior. In the whole range of American history, I find no superior. I cannot put my finger upon a single act of his public or private life which would detract from this high praise. He did get angry—he did swear. Let him do so; he kept his integrity, and if he did wrong in his wrath, he asked the man's forgiveness when the wrath was over. He had no subtlety, no cunning, no duplicity. He hated liars—it was a great merit. He withdrew from Jefferson when he found him fraudulent, and from his secretary, Mr. Lee, whom he loved as his own brother, when he found him false to some small trust. He would not give Aaron Burr an office, because, 'although he has got a great intellect, he is an intriguer.'

There was nothing little, nothing mean in him. There was nothing selfish in his ambition. He rises above the most of men about him, in the camp, in the cabinet, as the tall pine-tree above the little bushes at its foot. Some of the officers of the army, aided by monarchial men in the States, wanted to make Washington king, but he pushed the crown away from him with conscientious horror. In all the history of mankind, where do you find such an example of forbearance?—a triumphant soldier refusing power, preferring to go back and till his ground!"

MUSEUM.—"Sinbad the Sailor" has concluded his seven voyages at the Museum, and the revival of the domestic moral drama of "The Drunkard," together with the benefits of those established favorites, Mrs. Vincent and Miss Mary Shaw, have constituted the principal features of attraction during the past week.

Good humor is the only shield to keep off the darts of the satirical railer. If you have a quiver well stored, and are sure of hitting him, do not spare him. But you had better not bend your bow than miss your aim.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Allow me to wish you a happy New Year, and to exchange the congratulations of the season with your fifty thousand readers, more or less. The exhilaration of the day has its influence on us all. We keep it as the anniversary of the beginning of time—the period when this orb commenced its complex revolutions—and whether right or wrong, no matter. It reminds us of a day in the history of the universe of orbs, when this world *was not*; and if, as geology indicates, this earth was a gradual growth—a weary consolidation of organic vapors—extending through unnumbered ages, then one day might as well have been selected for the celebration of the New Year, as another. It is enough that it serves to carry us back in memory over the illimitable past; that it enables us to measure the courses of each planet and the sun, the ages of individuals and nations, to set a bound between the new and the old; and to fix a starting point for new effort and higher achievement in our lives. And so, to all, I wish a happy New Year! And however prosperous the past one may have been—in the accumulation of temporal and heavenly riches, and in good works done—a *better*, for the year which is to come.

At the Conference of last week, the general dissatisfaction with the manner in which its proceedings are reported in the Telegraph, found a pointed expression, which it is hoped may lead to a radical and much needed reform. The question under discussion was, whether all spiritual communications, so called, cannot be accounted for by the theory of clairvoyance: a trying inquiry, most certainly. Dr. Gray was of the opinion that clairvoyance would cover the whole ground; but, as a salvo, made clairvoyance a spiritual state, into which no one could enter without first coming in rapport with spirits, and receiving their aid. Clairvoyance, normal or abnormal, he considered always to indicate a degree of trance. It is claimed by all religions that have ever existed, that communications have come from the spirit-world, which had nothing of earth about them—which were, in short, inspirations from God. If his theory was correct, said Dr. Gray, this was impossible. No communication could come through a man which exceeds his capacity in a trance state.

At the first blush this doctrine seems quite logical; but, in truth, it is utterly fallacious, as all attempts to limit an infinite being must necessarily be. It is like declaring that there is no water in a lake, because we cannot see how it got in. Because we may not as yet have discovered to our satisfaction the laws by which God communicates with his children, it does not necessarily follow that he cannot communicate at all. Nor does it follow, if God speaks, that what he says should transcend the capacity of man. If it did, it would be of very little use. It may, in parts, or in degree, exceed his *intelligence*, for the time; but not, we have reason to suppose, his ultimate capacity to understand, else it never would have been addressed to him. We say to our little children a thousand things, which, at the time, they but poorly comprehend; and yet they may understand enough of our instructions to do them good and answer present ends; and the difficulty in the way of God's speaking through a prophet, to his people, I apprehend, is no greater, and the process is just as simple, as the speaking of a father to his child.

The session of the Conference of which I am speaking, was rich in facts. Mr. Conklin gave the following: Last week, two Baptist Clergymen from Brooklyn, called on him, one a Spiritualist, and the other not. The sceptical gentleman begged he would not be offended if he explained to him his opinion in advance, that the whole thing was a piece of arrant humbug. Mr. C. directed him to write his names and questions under the table, and when the sceptical divine had done so, and was satisfied that Mr. C. knew nothing what he had written, Mr. C. told him that he would demonstrate to him that there was somebody else there, though invisible, who did know. The names were readily written out through Mr. Conklin's hand; and the gentleman's questions answered to his satisfaction. He sat at the table an hour, and the result was his frank declaration at the close, that he believed he had been communicating with the inhabitants of the spirit-world.

The other reverend gentleman confessed to having preached a sermon on immortality—after an announcement from George Fox, that he would aid him—when he was unable to follow his notes, when his congregation faded from his sight, and he was but partially conscious of what he was saying; but which discourse was pronounced by his audience to be among his ablest efforts. He further stated that at midnight, on a recent occasion, he found himself unable to sleep; that the fear of burglars was so deeply impressed upon his mind, that he awoke his wife, who, after endeavoring in vain to dissipate his apprehensions, went to sleep again. Finding himself still unable to rest, he arose and went below, and entered his dining-room just in season to save his house from burning. He found the stove red hot, and surrounded by a clothes-horse, laden with clothes, which, as he opened the door, was just falling on the fire, and before he could extricate it, the clothes burst into a blaze. This intervention was certainly a remarkable one, and saved the property, and, possibly, the lives of some of the gentleman's family. His sister, in the spirit-world, subsequently informed him that she was the agent in this angelic act—that she found it impossible to impress him with the true nature of the case, and so alarmed him on the score of robbers.

Mr. Conklin also related a well-attested instance of spirit-telegraphing in his own experience, which occurred several years ago, and has been published, but will bear repeating. What made its relation at this time particularly interesting, was the fact, that parties who were at both ends of the line, were present. Mr. Conklin was at Washington. One of his children was taken ill, and was attended by Dr. Gray, who considered the case critical, and advised that they telegraph Mr. Conklin. Instead of going to the magnetic telegraph office, the party charged with this mission stepped in to 553 Broadway—the old office of the Christian Spiritualist—where a public circle was in session. Mr. John F. Coles was one of the persons at the table at the time, and stated that the question was at once asked, if there was any spirit there who would take the message to Mr. Conklin; and that Black Hawk announced himself, and said that he would do it. Meanwhile, Mr. Conklin was in his room at Washington, fatigued with the labors of the forenoon—it being now between 12 and 1 P. M—and reposing on a sofa; when he felt himself suddenly impelled to get up and go to the table. Immediately there was written, through his hand, the following message: "Go right home. Your little boy, Sammy, is very sick.—Black Hawk." Mr. Conklin at once telegraphed home, and received a confirmation of the message, when he followed, himself, in person.

In the morning, last Sabbath, at Dodworth's, Mr. Ambler's theme was Progress. The song of life, he said, is *onward and excelsior*. Progress goes not in straight lines, but in circles. The orbits of the heavenly bodies are a type of all motion. The apparent retrogressions observable in human history, result from this cause. The race does not stand still, though at times it may seem to. It is then in the lower or night part of its circle, from which, in due time, it will emerge, recruited, and with new energies for another advance. There are two forces at work in the moral world, answering to the centrifugal and centripetal in the natural—the propelling and conservative. Both these are necessary. The flashes of genius inspire humanity. Church and other organizations hold it back, else it would shipwreck itself among the stars. The truths of Christianity, in order to be understood, need to be incorporated in the soul. This is a slow process, and its final triumph is not very soon to be anticipated.

Mr. Harris, in his morning's discourse, last Sabbath, electrified his friends by the sudden announcement, that his mission would very shortly call him to Europe and Asia. The intelligence was received with much feeling, not unmingled with tears. His loss from among us, I apprehend, would be greater than we can now fully understand. I learn from his publisher, that the second volume of the Wisdom of Angels is now complete and ready for the press.

A full and authentic history of the marvels connected with Cornelius Winne's bones, appears in the Dispatch of to day, add will immediately be issued by Munson in a permanent form. It will make a most interesting pamphlet of twenty or thirty pages.

Mrs. Hatch opens her winter course of lectures at the large hall of the Cooper Institute. As the expense of this magnificent room, which will seat several thousand persons, is fifty dollars a night, it is intended to raise the admission fee to twenty-five cents.

YORK.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Mrs. Henderson's Lectures—Miss Munson—The Holidays.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 29, 1858.

DEAR BANNER—Mrs. Henderson's lectures have created much attention, and done much good. She attracts by the clearness, depth and beauty of her discourses. I think friend Randolph could not call such trance-speaking "twaddle." I cannot give you an account of Sunday morning's lecture, but I hear that it was beautiful and instructive. On Sunday evening, our capacious Hall was filled, and the medium spoke on "Man's inherent right to freedom of Thought and Action." Most clearly and decidedly the dividing line was drawn between true, pure, holy freedom, and the perversions acted out in its name. We were told of the binding obligations of duty, bringing satisfaction and reward in their fulfillment; of the application of the law of love that was to harmonize the discords of home and heart, as well as the antagonisms of the world. No candid mind, listening to that noble discourse, could have retained the thought that Free-love, that unblushing deformity, ever grew out of the soil of pure Spiritualism. Freedom to proclaim all noble truths, however at variance with creeds; freedom to act out every *true* feeling of the soul, which being true, never can be adverse to duty and morality, is what spirits tell us to be our right; and vividly, terribly do they portray the consequences of the soul's degradation to earth's lower and basest passions.

Questions were asked, and by the beaming, intelligent faces of many around, the answer seemed to afford entire satisfaction.

I have heard skeptics say, that if such were the religious teachings of Spiritualism, they were beautiful and holy. Men seize with delight upon the certainty of future and endless progression, and confess their inability to believe in eternal punisment. Mrs. Henderson has made many friends, and aroused the thoughts of many into a perception of spiritual things.

Miss Munson gives clairvoyant examinations of the sick. Last Sunday she lectured in Phœnix Street Church, Kensington. I had an interview with her yesterday, and received a beautiful communication from my dear spirit-mother. Let our opponents say what they will, of trickery and deception—though a thousand mediums be exposed and found guilty—there is a steadfast band, small it may be, of earnest, truth-loving souls, through whom the loved and departed communicate with us. I have one test that never fails me; when my loved mother is really nigh, my heart is moved, my soul is stirred, and tears of feeling attest her presence. Miss Munson is a true woman, a benevolent spirit; for she administers to the poor and needy with a ready hand and willing soul.

Christmas is over, and the bustle in our streets has subsided considerably. This time-honored festival is the favorite holiday of young and old, as Thanksgiving is with you. The shops and places of amusement still remain decorated with evergreens, within and without; and the grim figure of a bearded St. Nicholas or Santa Claus, grins from the Circus, (one of our favorite and much-resorted to places of enjoyment,) equipped with all sorts of toys, and Christmas "good things." The day, too, was propitious, clear, sunny and mild.

We have the first heavy fall of snow to-day. A happy new year to all the world! Yours, C. W.

QUERY.

Would the hole in the carpet-wire in the floor and table of Mr. Paine account for the following? or is this one of the tougher kind of manifestations that require the Devil theory of Beecher & Co.? A Mr. R. Sherman, overseer in one of the factories of Newburyport, has a wife who has been many years an inhabitant of the spirit-world; his second, and present wife, is a medium, through whom the other often communicates with him, mostly in writing. Some months ago he requested his spirit-companion to try and get for him her likeness, and soon after she informed him she would try, and that she would visit the room of Mr. Wolcutt, spirit-artist, in Columbus, Ohio, for that purpose, and named a day and hour she would go there and sit, requesting him to inform Mr. W. of the time. That there should be no collusion or excuse for sceptics in the case, Mr. Sherman had a friend, who had no interest in the matter, write for him to Mr. W. as follows:—

Dear Sir—I have made an arrangement with a spirit to visit your room at [naming the hour and day.] Please forware the result by mail."

Mr. Wolcutt was sick in bed at the time; but, bolstered up on his couch, he drew, in pencil, a likeness of a spirit who appeared, and sent it to Newburyport. On being examined, it was at once recognized to be that of Mr. Sherman's wife, by all who knew her in her last days—*with her hair cut short, as it was a few days before her death*, and a peculiar curl on one side, as she wore it, and the hand on the side of the face, as she was used to place it when talking. Even Mr. S. was surprised to find the hair short; but the spirit says she gave it to make the test more complete.

This is only one of many similar and equally good tests that have come under my observation, and may help to furnish our enemies with subjects to account for. I am sure there is no science in Old Harvard to account for this; but those who have a devil to charge all such occurrences to, have the start of me, and are ahead of my time. WARREN CHASE.

JUDGE EDMONDS TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD—If my religious belief is to be, in spite of me, thus the frequent subject of discussion in the newspapers, I think I have a right, at least, to the use of their columns, so far as to correct the errors into which they are so prone to fall in regard to it.

When the Boston Courier, and the Journal of Commerce, following in its train, pronounced me "stupidly idiotic and insane;" when the New York Times imputes to me the incapacity to discover fallacies in my own reasoning which would be palpable to a child; and the Baltimore Exchange accuses me of self-stultification in my arguments—I will not trouble myself to reply, because my life and my discourses are open to the public, and all can judge for themselves; and I have no fear but that the judgment will in the end be right. But when you declare, as you did in your Sunday paper, that "Judge Edmonds, it is said, wavers in his belief," you are taking the responsibily of making an assertion which is entirely without foundation, and which I alone can refute.

In no one respect am I wavering, or have I wavered, in my belief in Spiritualism. That belief, being founded on over eight years' careful investigation, cannot be made to waver by the pretended exposure of knaves or fools—and, unhappily, we also are subject to the lot of humanity in having such among us—nor by the denunciation of those who have never investigated, and whose every word exposes their ignorance of the subject they venture to condemn.

I am, unhappily—if you please to call it—so constituted, that I cannot refuse to testimony its due weight, nor can I believe that he who is unable to receive evidence, can arrive at a sounder conclusion than he who does. The condemnation of the ignorant does not, therefore, cause my belief to waver. But when you shall show me, out of the hundreds of thousands who are, or have been believers in spiritual intercourse, one single candid man who has given the subject a careful, patient examination, and pronounced it unfounded, then I may begin to "waver," but not till then. And until some such one shall arise among us, I beg you not to be so hasty in imputing the weakness to me.

I know full well that we are getting to be so numerous, that rogues find it to their profit to prey upon the weak among us. I know, too, that where we find one man too sceptical, we find ten too credulous. The pulpit, in its ignorance of man's nature after death, has long been inculcating the idea of a marvelous, mental, and moral change; and new inquirers, taking up the idea, and fascinated by the reality which is proved to them, take it for granted that the intercourse must be perfect and reliable. The press, embracing the same notion, denounces the intercourse entirely, because not always to be relied upon.

We Spiritualists are in no respects responsible for this delusion. We are ever warring upon it. I have over and over again spoken and written against it. I have published and distributed a good many thousands of a tract, entitled "The Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse." I have within a few weeks lectured in this city and Baltimore on the subject, and I have assiduously labored to induce people to look at the subject rationally and calmly, and not with credulity or fanatism.

In this self-imposed task of mine the press can greatly aid, and I rejoice, therefore, to find you willing to give room in your columns for the exposures of even Dr. Hatch. In the name of all that is just and reasonable, I say, let it come.

Such exposures may terrify the knaves among us, and check the fanatics; but they can no more stop the onward progress of our faith than you can arrest the sunlight in its flight. They can chasten and purify us, and teach us caution, but they cannot make us refuse to receive and to weigh such evidence as comes to us, and which has already convinced its millions, and is onward still. —J. W. EDMONDS.

DEC. 20, 1858.

In the above article it will be seen that the Judge sustains fully his position against the assertion of the Herald of Sunday, the 19th.

The press at large are too apt to indulge in personal assertions, the truthfulness of which, in a great majority of cases, is as little previously understood, as was the Herald's knowledge regarding the Judge's belief.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.

Our friends will confer a favor on us by purchasing the BANNER at the NEWS DEPOT in the towns where they reside, if one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to keep the BANNER OF LIGHT on his counter. They may be had at the following places, wholesale and retail:—

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TENNESSEE—MEMPHIS— ——.

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Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers.

Traveling—L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker; A. H. STACY, Healing Medium and Practitioner of Medicine; B. S. MITCHELL; H. P. FAIRFIELD, Trance-Speaking Medium; H. A. TUCKER, Speaking Medium, DR. E. L. LYON, H. P. FAIRFIELD, Miss SUSAN M. JOHNSON, Trance Speaker.

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Maine—MR. AMOS DRAKE, Union; H. F. RIPLEY, Canton Mills; H. A. M. BRADBURY, Norway; DR. N. P. BEAN, Searsmont; WM. K. RIPLEY, Paris, for that part of the country; HAMILTON MARTIN, Healing Medium of South Livermore; J. N. HODGES, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, of Monroe.

New Hampshire—A. LINDSAY, M. D., Laconia.

Vermont—H. N. BALLARD, Burlington; N. H. CHURCHILL, Brandon; SAMUEL BRITTAIN, for the Northern part of the State; ROBERT PUTNAM, Chester.

Connecticut—H. B. STORER, Trance-Speaker, New Haven; H. H. HASTINGS, New Haven; WM. KEITH, Tolland; CALVIN HALL, Healing Medium.

New York—GEORGE W. TAYLOR, North Collins; S. S. BENHAM, Dundee; ORRIS BARNES, Clay; E. QUIMBY, White Plains; ADONIJAH TAGGART, Western part of the State; S. B. GAYLORD, of Springville, Erie Co., speaking and sympathetic medium, for delineating diseases and for healing by manipulations.

Pennsylvania—WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance-Medium and Improvisatore, Philadelphia; H. M. MILLER, Easton.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Died, in Kingston, Mass., Dec. 9th, AMANDA A., wife of Cephus WASHBURN, aged twenty-two years.

She has crossed the dark river and the deep-rolling tide—
She has gone to the land where the lovely reside;
She has left behind, like a wave-washed shell,
The form in which she once did dwell,
And has passed away to her home on high,
In the land where no shadows shall darken the sky;
And the angel-winged harpers come down to the shore,
To sing and rejoice that her journey is o'er.

How beautiful thus from this earth to part,
With a trusting faith and a pure young heart;
To behold the glories now hid from our view,
Which our eyes have not seen, and our hearts never knew,
To twine into wreaths the fadeless flowers,
And to roam with our friends through the spirit-bowers—
To tune our harps by the shining band,
And learn the songs of the better land!

Though they sing above, there is grief on earth,
For her smile is missed by the fireside hearth—
Her voice is hushed by her husband's side,
And he weeps great drops for his fair young bride—
And his eyes grow dim, and his form is bowed,
As he thinks of her now, in her long, white shroud,
And presses his motherless child to his heart;
Oh, who can but weep when the lovely depart?

Though we mourn their departure, 't is a joy to believe
In the beautiful truth, that we often receive
Some lesson of wisdom, or message of love,
To cheer us below till we meet them above;
Then, when again the boatman pale
Shall come for us, with his whitened sail,
May he find us a faithful, trusting band,
And take us home to the better land. COUSIN BENJA.

THATCHWOOD COTTAGE, Dec. 12th, 1858.

EMMA CORA, daughter of Charles L. and Lydia A. SHAW, of Somerville, died of a sudden illness on the 14th of December, aged two years.

The tender bud of eternal life is early transplanted to unfold and bloom in heavenly gardens, fanned by the breath of angels, cultured by their maternal care and affection, and nourished by our DEAR Father's eternal love. Grieve not, afflicted parents, for thy much-loved child, for her spirit is only sooner borne away by the beautiful, white-winged messenger Death, from a rough world of conflict, uncertainty and darkness, to a purer, better world—to a happier and brighter existence soon to be an angel, to ever love thee, and to be ever loved by thee. A. B. C.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS

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

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

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Somerville, Ct., Jan. 9th; in Northampton, Mass., Jan. 16th; in Norwich, Ct., Jan. 23d; in New York, Jan. 30th, and in Binghampton, N. Y., in the month of February. Should the friends in the vicinity of Binghampton desire it, and make early applications, she will spend a few months with them. Address, until Jan. 9th, Willard Barnes Felton, Somerville, Ct.; from 9th to 20th of January, Northampton, Mass.

Warren Chase will lecture, Jan. 9th, in Providence, R. I.; Jan 12th and 13th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 16th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, in Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations at Sandwich, Wednesday, Jan. 5th; Hyannis, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 6th and 7th; Harwich, Sunday, Jan. 9th; Mattapoisett, Friday, Jan. 14th; New Bedford, Sunday, Jan. 16th. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER.

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

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

Henry C. Wright will lecture in West Duxbury, at Temperance Hall, on Sunday, Jan. 9th. Subjects, "Man's location and pursuits after he leaves the body," and "How to get out of hell in this state."

H. P. Fairfield will speak in Boston, the last three Sundays in January. He will receive applications to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of Boston. Address at the Fountain House.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in East Lexington, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5th; and at Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, on Sunday, Jan. 9th, afternoon and evening.

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

H. B. Storer will lecture at Utica, N. Y., Jan. 9th; Oswego, N. Y., Jan. 16th; and the four Sundays of February, at Providence, R. I.

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

E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker and improvisatore, will lecture in Norwich, Ct., Jan. 16th, and may be addressed till Jan. 15th at New Bedford, Mass.

Jabez Woodman, Esq., of Portland, will lecture in Newburyport, Sunday, Jan. 9th; Rev. John Pierpont, Sunday, Jan. 23th.

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

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

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

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

J. H. Currier will speak in Lawrence, Sunday, Jan. 9th.

George Atkins will lecture in Orleans, Jan. 9th.

WEST DUXBURY.

H. C. Wright will hold a meeting at Temperance Hall, West Duxbury, on Sunday, the 9th inst., commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

S. MITCHELL, CORNVILLE, ME.—You have our thanks for the kind feelings you express in our behalf. Such testimonials of appreciation from our readers always cheer our heart, and bind us firmer in the noble cause.

NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY.

THE friends of this Institution are hereby notified that the Books of Subscription are now opened, and that the terms of subscription are as follows:—

1st. Any person subscribing one dollar will be entitled to one vote in the location, erection and management of the Institution, for the term of five years, which vote may be given either in person or by proxy; and it shall also entitle him or her to an engraving of the proposed University and grounds as designed by spirit agency, said engraving being upon stone, fourteen by eighteen, upon the best English paper and really worth more than double the money.

2nd. Any person subscribing five dollars will be entitled to five votes during his or her natural life, and a copy of said engraving.

3d. Any person subscribing twenty-five dollars shall be entitled to twenty-five votes in the Association forever, an engraving and a certificate of stock entitling the holder to one undivided share of all the property of the Association, real and personal.

4th. No subscription to be called for until the sum of three thousand two hundred dollars is subscribed, and stock is made payable in six, twelve and eighteen months thereafter, with interest.

Any person enclosing postage stamps to the Banner of Light Office, will be provided with copies of the Terms of Subscription. Friends of the movement will please canvass for their towns, and send to me at Banner Office. Subscriptions will be published as fast as received.

DR. R. BARRON, of Lancaster, is appointed an agent for the New England Union University, to receive subscriptions. He will soon visit New Hampshire, or other places where the friends desire to hear something of the Institution.

J. L. D. OTIS, General Agent.

The following subscriptions have been received, from Oct. 24th to Dec. 1st:—

Lowell, Mass.,	$247	Amount brought up,	$1,192
Marlow, N. H.,	27	Dover, N. H.,	55
Lempster, N. H.,	25	Lake Village, N. H.,	10
Stoddard, N. H.,	52	Franklin, N. H.,	18
Fitchburg, Mass.,	63	New York City,	5
Laconia, N. H.,	82	Nelson, N. H.,	2
Exeter, N. H.,	50	Olympia, Kansas,	1
Leominster, Mass.,	32	Warner, N. H.,	6
Lancaster, Mass.,	25	Shirley Mass.,	3
Lawrence, Mass.,	75	Portland, Me.,	12
Yarmouth, Me,	07	Westbrook, Me.,	1
Great Falls, N. H.,	177	Medford, Mass.,	68
Lawrence, Mass.,	185	Berlin, Mass.,	281
Marlboro', Mass.,	26	Boston, Mass.,	101
Alstead, N. H.,	25	Cambridgeport, Mass.,	83
Milford, Mass.,	1	East Princeton, Mass.,	2
Clinton, Mass.,	2	Leominster, Mass.,	1
Newburyport, Mass,	81	Lowell, Mass.,	26
	$11,92	Total,	$1,362