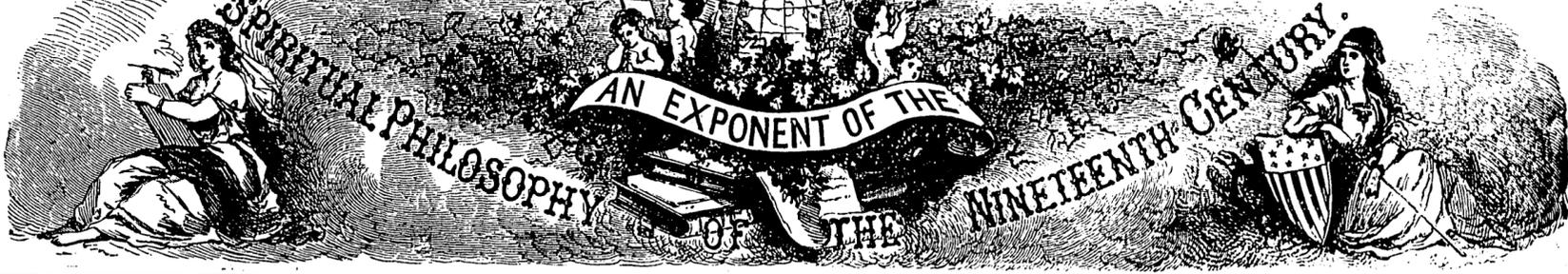


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HELL!

FITZ ADAM'S STORY.

The next whose fortune 'twas a tale to tell
Was one whom men, before they thought, loved well,
And, after thinking, wondered why they did,
For half he seemed to let them, half forbid,
And wrapped him so in humors, sheath or sheath,
"I was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;
But, once divined, you took him to your heart,
While he appeared to you as part
Of life's impertinence, and once a year
Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
Or rather something sweetly shy and loath,
Withdrawn are fully shown, and mixed of both.
A cynic? Not precisely; one who thrust
Against a heart too prone to love and trust,
Who so despised false sentiment he knew
Scarce in himself to part the false and true,
And strove to hide, by rouging off the skin,
Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.
Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,
He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;
On a small patrimony and larger pride,
He lived unuseful on the Other Side
(So he called Europe), only coming West
To give his old-world appetite new zest.
A radical in thought, he puffed away
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
Yet loathed democracy as one who saw
In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
His fancy's thrall, he drew all ergos thence,
And thought himself the type of common-sense,
Misliking women, not from cross or whim,
But that his mother shared too much in him,
And he half felt that what in them was grace
Made the unlucky weakness of his race.
What powers he had he hardly cared to know,
But sauntered through the world as through a show,
A critic fine in his haphazard way,
A sort of mild La Bruyère on half-pay.
For comic weaknesses he had an eye
Keen as an acid for an alkali,
Yet you could feel, through his sardonic tone,
He loved them all, unless they were his own.
You might have called him, with his humorous twist,
A kind of human entomologist:
As these bring home, from every walk they take,
Their hat-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,
So he filled all the lining of his head
With characters impaled and ticketed,
And had a corner behind his eyes
For all they caught and hid in oddities.
He might have been a poet—many worse—
But that he had, or feigned, contempt of verse,
Called it tattooing language, and held rhymes
The young world's lullaby of ruder times.
Bitter in words, too indolent for gall,
He satirized himself the first of all;
In men and their affairs could find no law,
And was the ill logic that he thought he saw.

Scratching a match to light his pipe anew,
With eyes half shut some musing whiffs he drew,
And thus began: "I give you all my word,
I think this mock-December absurd;
Boccaccio's garden! how bring that to pass
In our bleak clime save under double glass?
The moral east wind of New England life
Would snip its gay luxuriance like a knife;
These foreign plants are but half-hardy still,
Die on a south, and on a north wall chill;
Had we stayed Puritans! They had some heat,
(Though whence derived, I have my own conceit.)
But you have long ago raked up their fires;
Where they had faith, you've ten sham-Gothic
spirits.
Why more exotics? Try your native vines,
And in some thousand years you may have wines;
Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps and skins,
And want traditions of ancestral bins
That saved for evenings round the polished board
Old lava-fires, the sun-steeped hillside's hoard;
Without a Past, you lack that southern wall
Our which, up the vines of Poesy should crawl;
Still they're your only hope; no midnight oil
Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil;
Manure them well and prune them; 't won't be
France,
Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your chance.
You have one story-teller worth a score
Of dead Boccaccio's, nay, add twenty more,
A Hawthorne asking spring's most southern breath,
And him you're freezing pretty well to death.
However, since you say so, I will tease
My memory to story by degrees.
Though you will cry, 'Enough! I'm well-nigh
sure,
Ere I have dreamed through half my oeuvre.
Stories were good for men who had no books,
(Fortunate race!) and built their nests like rooks
In lonely towers, to which the Jongleur brought
His pedlar's box of cheap and tawdry thought,
With here and there a fancy golden flageolet,
Wrought to quaint grace in golden flageolet;
The morning newspaper has spilt his trade,
(For better or for worse, I leave unsaid),
And stories now, to suit a public nice,
Must be half epigram, half pleasant vice.

"All tourists know Shebagos County; there
The summer hikers take a yearly stare,
Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
As 'twere Italian opera, or play,
Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),
To form part of a larger one to be called 'The Noon-
ing,' made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some
comic."

And pat the Mighty Mother on the head:
These have I seen—all things are good to see—
And wondered much at their complacency;
This world's great show, that took in getting up
Millions of years, they finish ere they sup;
Sights that God gleams through with soul-tin-
gling force
They glance approvingly as things of course,
Say, "That's a grand rock! This a pretty fall,
Now thinking, 'Are we worthy?' What if all
The scornful landscape should turn round and
say,
'This is a fool, and that a popinjay?
I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless
brinks,
Or how the Sun would scare the chattering crowd,
If some fine day he chanced to think aloud.

"I, who love nature much as sinners can,
Love her where she most grandeur shows—in
man;
Here find I mountain, forest, cloud and sun,
River and sea, and glows when day is done;
Nay, where she makes grotesques, and molds in
just
The clown's cheap clay, I find unending zest.
The natural instincts year for your retire,
As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,
And he who loves the wild game-flavor more
Than city-feasts, where every man's a bore
To every other man, must seek it where
The steamer's throb and railway's iron glare
Have not yet startled with their punctual stir
The shrill, wool-wandering brood of Character.
There is a village, once the county town,
Through which the weekly mail rolled dustily
down,
Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a year,
And the one tavern reeked with rustic cheer;
Cheesegrovescot erst, now Jethro high,
Red-man and pale-face bore it equal spite.
The railway ruined it, the natives say,
That passed unwisely fifteen miles away,
And made a drain to which, with steady oze,
Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade and news.
The railway saved it, so at least think those
Who love old ways, old houses, old repose.
Of course the Tavern stayed; its genial host
'Thought not of fitting more than did the post
On which, high-hung, the fading signboard
creaks,
Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.'

"If in life's journey you should ever find
An inn medicinal for body and mind,
'Tis sure to be some drowsy-looking house
Whose easy landlord has a bustling spouse:
He, like you, will not long forego
Some bottle deep in cobwebbed dust laid low,
That, since the War we used to call the 'Last,'
Has dozed and held its long yawn memories fast;
From him exhales that Indian-summer air
Of hazy, lazy welcome everywhere,
While with her toll the napery is white,
The china dustless, the keen knife-blades bright,
Salt dry as sand, and bread that seems as though
'T were rather sea-foam baked than vulgar dough.

"In our swift country, houses trim and white
Are pitched like tents, the lodging of a night;
Each on its bank of baked turf mounted high
Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry,
While the wronged landscape coldly stands aloof,
Refusing friendship with the upstart roof.
Not so the Eagle; on a grass-green swell
That toward the south with sweet concessions
fell,
It dwelt retired, and half had grown to be
As aboriginal as rock or tree.
It nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood
O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood,
As by the peat, that rather fades than burns,
The smouldering grandam nods and knits by
tuns.
Happy although her newest news were old
Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;
If paint it ere had known, it knew no more
Than yellow lichens spattered thickly o'er
That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath the eaves,
Which the slow brush of wind and weather leaves,
The ample roof sloped backward to the ground,
And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly round,
Patched on, as sire or son had felt the need,
Like chance growths sprouting from the old
roof's seed.
Just as about a yellow pine tree spring
Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring,
But the great chimney was the central thought
Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,
For 't is not styles far-fetched from Greece or
Rome,
But just the fireside, that can make a home;
None of your spinning things of modern style,
Like pins stuck through to stay the card-built
pile,
It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, debonaire,
Its warm breath whitening in the October air,
While on its front a heart in outline showed
The place it filled in that serene abode.

"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
Ezra sat listless by the open door;
One chair careened him at an angle meet,
Another nursed his hugely-slippered feet;
Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.
'Are you the landlord?' 'Wah! I guess I be,'
Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.
He was a stoutish man, and through the breast
Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest;
Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding morn,
His tanned cheek curved to temples closely shorn;
Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge of gray
Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
About an Adam's apple that beneath
Bulged like a bowlder from a furzy head.
'Can I have lodging here?' once more I said.
He blew a whiff, and leaning back his head
'You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I
s'pose,
Across a bridge where a big swamp oak grows?
It do n't grow neither; 't's ben dead ten year,
Nor 't 'aint a living creeper, fur nor near,
Can tell wut killed it; but I some misdoit
'T was borers, there's sech heaps on 'em about;
You did n't chance to run ag'inst my son,
A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
He'd ought to ben back more'n an hour ago
An' brought some birds to dress for supper—Shol
There he comes now. Say, Obed, wut ye got?
(He'll have some upland plover like as not.)
Wal, them's real nice uns an' 'I eat 'em,
Ef I can stop their bein' over-done,
Nothin' riles me, (I pledge my fasin' word),
Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird;
(Obed, you pick 'em, out o' sight an' sound,
Your ma'am do n't love no feathers clutrin'
round);
Jes' scare 'em with the coals, that's my idee.'
Then, turning suddenly about on me,
'Wal, Square, I guess so. Callitate to stay?
I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout that 't's hern to say.'

"Well, there I lingered all October through,
In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,
So lazeurly, so soothing, so forgiving,

That sometimes makes New England fit for liv-
I watched the landscape, erst so granite glam,
Bloom like the south side of a rippling plum,
And each rock-male on the hill-side make
His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake;
The very stone walls dragging up the hills
Seemed touched, and wavered in their roundhead
wills.
Ah! there's a deal of sugar in the sun!
Tap me in India summer, I should run
A jule to make rock-candy of—but then
We get such weather scarce one year in ten.
"There was a parlor in the house, a room
To make you shudder with its prurish gloom.
The furniture stood round with such an air,
There seemed an old man's ghost in every chair;
Each looked as if had settled to its place
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
Too snugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
The table, fronting you with icy stare,
Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,
While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall
Bloomed like the bic of Comfort's funeral.
Two portraits graced the wall in grim truth,
Mister and Mistress W. in their youth—
New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,
Half wish-l-dared, half Edwards on the Will,
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
Of Calvinistic colle on the face.
Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state
Solomon's temple, done in copperplate;
Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,
To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
Facing this last, two samplers you might see,
Each, with its urn and stiffly weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory long ago
More faded than their lines of worsted woe;
Cut paper decked the frames against the flies,
Though none e'er dared an entrance who were
wise,
And bushes asparagus in fading green
Added its shiver to the franklin cren.

"When first arrived I chilled a half-hour there,
Nor dared deflower with use a single chair;
I caught no cold, yet flying pains could find
For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.
One thing alone impressed the half-hour power
To hold me in the house that one half-hour—
A scutehorn this, a helm-surmounted shield,
Three griffins argent on a sable field;
A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
These good traditions with a broken wing,
This real estate in Fancy's pipe blown ball,
That you may see nothing that is more than all
Have I not seen sweet nature's kept alive
Amid the humdrum of your business hive,
Undowered spinsters shielded from all harms
By force imagined of a coat of arms?"

He paused a moment, and his features took
The fitting sweetness of the inward look
I hinted at before; but, scarcely seen,
It shrank for shelter 'neath his harder mien,
And, rapping his black pipe of ashes clear,
He went on with a self-derisive sneer:
'No doubt we make a part of God's design,
And break the forest path for feet divine;
To furnish foothold for this grand prevision
Is good—and yet to be the mere transition—
The land you see is not the great thing here,
Scarcely like to feed the eye. By and by
My skull has somehow never closed the suture
That seems to bind yours firmly with the future,
So you'll excuse me if I'm sometimes fain
To tie the past's warm nightcap o'er my brain;
I'm quite aware 't is not in fashion here,
But then your northeast winds are so severe!

"But by my story; though 't is truly naught
But a few hints in Memory's sketchbook caught,
And which may claim a value on the score
Of calling back some scenery now no more.
Shall I confess? The tavern's only Lar
Seemed (be not shocked) its homely-featured
bar.
Here snipped a fire of beechen logs, that bred
Strange fancies in its embers, golden red,
And nursed the loggerhead whose blissing pip,
Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip
Which made from mouth to mouth its genial
round,
Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound;
Hence dropt the tinkling coil all mellow-ripe
For Uncle Reuben's talk-xinglinged pipe;
The nose layed the heat as from an in-door sun,
That and forth many a shoot of rustic fun,
Here Ezra ruled as King by right divine;
No other face had such a wholesome shine,
No laugh like his, so full of honest cheer;
Above the rest it crowed like Chanticleer;
No eye like his to value horse or cow,
Or gauge the contents of a stack or mow.
He could foretell the weather at a word,
He knew the hue of every beast and bird,
Or where a two-pound trout was sure to lie
Waiting the flutter of his home-made fly;
Nay, once in autumn five, he had the luck
To drop at fair-play range a ten-tined buck.
Of sportsman true he favored every whim,
But never cockney found a guide in him.
A natural man, with all his instincts fresh,
Not buzzing helplessness his breast's mesh,
He knew the hue of every beast and bird,
As bluffy honest as the Deacon's store;
Hard-headed and soft-hearted; 'd you'd scarce meet
A kinder mixture of the shrewd and sweet;
Generous by birth, and ill at saying 'No';
Yet in a bargain he was all a man's foe,
Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made.

"In this one room his dame you never saw,
Where reigned by custom old a salt law;
Here countless lolled he on his throne of oak,
And every tongue was muffled if he spoke;
Due mirth he loved, yet was his sway severe;
No clear-eyed driver-roller got his stager here;
Measure was happiness, who wanted more,
Must buy his ruin at the Deacon's store;
None but his lodgers after ten could stay,
Nor after nine on eves of Sabbath-day.
He had his favorites and his pensioners,
The same that gypsy Nature owns for hers—
Loose-ended souls, whose kills bring scanty gold,
And whom the poor-house catches when they're
old;
Rude country-minstrels, men who doctor kine,
Or grafs, and, out of soons ten, save nine;
Craftures of genius they, but never meant
To keep step with the civic regiment.
These Ezra welcomed, feeling in his mind,
Perhaps, some notions of the vagrant kind;
These paid no money, yet for them he drew
Special Janicea from a tap they knew,
And, for their feelings, chalked behind the door
With solemn face a visionary score.
This warned the one-eyed fiddler to his task,
Perched in the corner on an empty cask,
By whose shrill art rapt suddenly, some boor
Rattled a double shuffle on the floor;
This thawed the life in Uncle Reuben's throat

A torpid shoal of jest and anecdote,
Like those queer fish that doze the droughts
away,
And wait for moisture, wrapt in sun-baked clay.
"T was there I caught from Uncle Reuben's
lips,
In drinking monologue 'twixt whiffs, and sips,
The story I so long have tried to tell,
The humor course, the persons common—well,
From Nature only do I love to paint;
Whether she send a-satyr or a saint;
To me Sincerity 's the one thing good,
Soiled though she be and lost to maidenhood.
Quompegan in a town some ten miles south
From Jethro, at Nagumscot river-mouth—
A seaward town, and makes its title good,
With lumber and dried fish and eastern wood,
Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the store;
The richest man for many a miles of shore;
In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting houses to a chest of tea,
So dectious therewithal that a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin;
In business strict, to bring the balance true,
He had been known to get a fig in two
And change a board-meal for a shingle nail.
All that he had he ready held for sale—
His house, his tomb, whatever the law allows,
And he had gladly parted with his spouse,
His one ambition still to get and get,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.
His store looked righteous should the Parson
come,
But in a cork back-room he peddled rum,
And eased man's Conscience, if she e'er would
scold.
By christening it with water ere he sold.
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,
And one white neckcloth all the week-days
through,
On Monday white, by Saturday as dun
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son;
His curls were gray, striped with a foxy brown,
And under fair satisfaction, thirty year,
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore;
In summer time a banyan loose he wore;
His trousers short, through many a season true,
Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue;
A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,
Its porcelain buttons fringed with dusky brass.
A deacon he, you saw it in each flash,
And well he knew to deacon-off a hymn,
Or lead the choir through all its wandering woes,
With voice that gathered unctious in his nose,
Wherein a constant snuff you might hear,
As if with him 't were winter all the year.
At his pen-head he sat with decorous pains,
In sermon-time could fust his weekly gains,
Or, with closed eyes and heaven abstracted air,
Could plan a new two-twent in long prayer;
A good foot upon the Deacon's seat he
Took, and his prophetic partners in his trade,
And in his orthodox stratagem more
As it enlarged the business at his store;
He honored Moses, but, when gain he planned,
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sledding good,
From far around the farmers hauled him wood,
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb;
He paid in groceries and New England rum,
Making two profits with a conscience clear,
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear,
With his own meat-and-measure every load,
Each, somehow, had diminished on the road;
An honest cord in Jethro's stall would fall
By a good foot upon the Deacon's seat.
And, more to abate the price, his gilded eye
Would pierce to catsticks that none else could
spy;
Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.

"While the first snow was mealy under feet
A team drawled creaking down Quompegan
street;
Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding
sled,
The oxen stalk fodder rustled overhead;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue
As the coarse track that swung below his knee.
Behind his load for shelter he had wedged
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet
Flushed as a ghost's; his armpit scarce could hold
The walnut whistlock, slippery bright with cold.
What wonder if, the tavern as he passed,
He looked and longed and stayed his beasts at
last,
Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?"

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
There sat a brother townsman weather-bound;
A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,
Red as a pepper; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,
Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged
pools.
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
He'd swap a poor horse for a better one—
He'd a high-spatter always in his stall;
Liked far and near, and drowled there-withal.
To him the in-comer, 'Prez, how'd ye do?
'Jes' as I'm mind to, Obed; how'd you?
Thy eyes, thy twinkling such a swell gleams as run
Along the levelled barrel of a gun
Brought to his shoulder by a man you know
Will bring his game down, he continued, 'So,
I s'pose your hauling wood? But you're too
late;
The Deacon's off; Old Splitfoot could n't wait;
He made a bee-line last night in the storm
To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.
You're this 's treasurer of a fund to train
Young imps as missionary, hopes to gain
That way a contract that he has in view
For freepoor pitchforks of a pattern new.
It must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;
His soul, to start with, was n't worth a carrot,
And all he'd left would hardly serve to swear at."

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,
And, looking at the other half in doubt,
Took off his fox skin cap to scratch his head,
Donned it again, and drawled forth, 'Mean he's
dead?'
'Jes' so; he's dead and t' other d that follers
With folks that never lege a thing but dollars;
He pulled up stakes last evening, fur and square,
And ever since there's been a row down There;
The minute the old chap arrived, you see,
Comes the Boss-devil to him, and says he,
'What are you good at? Little enough, I fear;
We calculate to make folks useful here.'
'Well,' says old Bitters, 'I expect I can.'
Seals a fair load of wood with o'er a man.'
'Wood we don't need in; but perhaps you'll
sell it,
Because we buy our brimstone by the foot;
Here, take this measuring-rod as smooch as sin,
And keep a reckoning of what loads come in;
You'll not want business, for we need a lot;
To keep the Yankees that you send us hot;

At firing up they're barely half as spry
As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry;
At first we have to let the draught on stronger,
But, lo! 'em through, they seem to hold
longer."
"Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon
A teamster comes, whistling an ex-psalm tune.
A likelier chap you would n't ask to see,
No different, but his limp, from you or me—
'No different, Prez? Don't your memory fall?
Why, where in thunder were his horns and tall?
'They're only worn by some old-fashioned pokes
They mostly aim at looking just like folks.
Such things are scarce as queues and top-hats
here;
'T would spoil their usefulness to look too queer
If you could always know 'em when they come,
They'd get no purchase on you; now be mum.
On came the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,
Jingling the red hot coppers in his pocket,
And close behind, ('T was gold dust you'd ha
sworn),
A load of sulphur yellow than seed corn—
To see it wasted as it is Down There,
Would make a Friction Match Co. tear its hair!
'Hold on!' says Bitters, 'stop right where you
be.
You can't go in without a pass from me.'
'All right,' says O'other, 'only stop round
smart,
I must be home by moon-time with the cart.'
Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,
Then with a scarp of paper on his hat
Pretends to elpher. 'By the public staff
That load scarce weighs twelve foot and a half.'
'There's fourteen foot and over,' says the driver,
'Worth twenty dollars if it's worth a silver—
Good fourth-pound brom-tone that'll make 'em
squirm,
I leave it to the Headman of the Firm;
After we measure it, we always lay
Some on to allow for settling on the way;
Imp and full-grown 'I've carted sulphur here,
And under fair satisfaction, thirty year.'
With that they fell to quarrelling so loud
That in five minutes they had drawn a crowd,
And before long the Boss, who heard the row,
Comes elbowing in with 'What's to pay here
now?'
Both parties heard, the measuring rod he takes,
And of the load a careful survey makes.
'Sine I have bossed the business here,' says
he,
'No fairer load was ever seen by me.'
Then, turning to the Deacon, 'You mean us,
None of your old Quompegan tricks with us!
They won't do here; we're plain, old-fashioned
folks,
And don't quite understand that kind of jokes.
I know this teamster, and his pa before him,
And he's hard working Mrs. D. that bore him;
He would not sell his conscience with a lie,
Though he might get the on-time house thereby.
Here, constable, take Bitters by the queue
And clap him into furnace ninety-two,
And try this brimstone on him; if he's bright,
He'll find the measure honest before night.
He isn't worth his fuel, and I'll bet
The parish poor-house has to take him yet!"

"This is my tale, heard twenty years ago
From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned low,
Touching the walls and ceiling with that bloom
That makes a rose's calyx of a room.
I could not give his language, where-through ran
The gony flavor of the blockish man,
But he shut a word before the fancy cools,
As if to say a word before the fancy cools,
As if to say a word before the fancy cools,
I liked the tale, 't was like so many told;
Rutebeuf and his brother Trouveres bold;
Nor were the hearers much unlike to theirs,
Men unsophisticated, rude-nerved as bears.
Ezra is gone and his large-hearted kind,
The landlords of the hospitable mind;
Good Warriner of Springfield was the last.
An inn is now a vision of the past,
One yet surviving host my mind recalls—
You'll find him if you go to Trenton Falls."
—Atlantic Monthly.

Advice to Writers.

It is said that the senior editor of the New York Observer laid the foundation of his fame as a writer by a single article, which he was persuaded to re-write and condense two or three times after he had offered it for publication, and which, thus prepared, was copied all over the country. The Observer gives the following good advice to writers:

"Omit the beginning of your essay. Most writers, not accustomed to the press, imagine that a newspaper article, like an oration, should have an exordium, an argument, and conclusion. Not at all. The argument is all that is wanted. That is, state your case, say your say, and stop. Do not take time and space to get into the subject, and more to get out of it; but come to it instantly, and stop when you are done.
Be short. The time is short, the world is very fast now, and readers of newspapers do not want long articles. Pack your thoughts into short words, sentences and short essays. If you never do a great thing, never do a long thing.
Come to the point. If you have no point, lay down the pen, and do something else, rather than write for edification, and you may not be one who can.
Write the article two or three times over carefully, making it shorter each time. Write on one side only of the paper. Write legibly. Keep a copy of what you send to the press. Editors do not return manuscripts. We cannot undertake to, and we so state every week, but are every week asked to.
It is impossible to make the reasons plain to writers; but it is out of the question.
Be modest in your estimate of your own productions, and do not feel if others esteem them even less than you do."

The grave holds the mortal, but the immortal roams on the plane of the green fields of Eden? Why mourn the dead when there are no dead? All nature cries aloud, there are no dead. Man only dies to give tribute back to mother earth. The spirit gives whence it came to seek the infinite mind of the universe; to learn the law, and its relationship, under the law, to that beautiful world in which it is a dweller. Why mourn the weak and weary? Why lament over that which you know has life, a new life, a life in beauty and grandeur?—Spirit Sinned Off.

The man who has written anything for the editor and don't search it off in a hurry, will please call it his own, and bear of something to his advantage. —*Old Day*
Derick. He is busy looking after the man who had a personal paroxysm, and did not have his attention called to it. —*Evening News, Gold Hill, N.C.*

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two. —*Ta' med.*

"The greater part of this poem was written many years ago, to form part of a larger one to be called 'The Noon-
ing,' made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some
comic."

Original Essays.

A REVIEW OF CLAIRVOYANCE, THE SUPERIOR CONDITION AND NIRVANA.

BY C. O. POOLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

In the Banner of Dec. 25th is published a letter of A. E. Giles, Esq., wherein it is stated, on the authority of Baboo Peary Chand Mittra, a Hindu scholar of Calcutta, that Nirvana literally means extinguishment, or the extinction of the animal and emotional element in man, and that it clearly means what Andrew Jackson Davis denominated the superior condition.

As the writings and lectures of Mr. Davis result from that condition, it becomes not only interesting but important to know what he means by being in the spiritual state or the superior condition.

From his boyhood of sixteen to the present time—over thirty five years—he has made the interior and spiritual universes, and especially that of man, his particular object of investigation, study and revelation.

He must, therefore, be regarded by those who know of his antecedent career, and truthfulness, as an expert in the science of psychology. Under the strict rules of evidence adopted by our highest courts of justice, he would be admitted as a competent witness, and his testimony considered as relevant on all matters appertaining thereto; for the law of evidence is, that knowledge of any kind, gained for and in the prosecution of a business or pursuit, which is not generally known, but which only comes from a particular training or experience, is sufficient to make its possessor an expert and to testify his opinion to be received.

I therefore trust that the readers of the Banner who may not have the works of Mr. Davis at hand, will not only be glad to read some of his testimony on clairvoyance and the spiritual condition, but that under the above rule it will be regarded as pertinent and conclusive. And let it be noted that his revelations and opinions amount to the best and highest kind of evidence, because they are based upon facts occurring under his own observation and upon experiences within his own spiritual nature.

Twenty-two of his lectures in the third volume of the Great Harmony make disclosures and discuss questions affecting the human mind and its unfoldment through the rudimentary, the psychologic, the sympathetic, the transitional, the somnambule and clairvoyant states of man's existence into the superior condition—all of which are pre-heralded upon and grow out of these two grandest of truths of the spiritual universe.

First, that the body exists as an all-pervading spiritual and substantial essence, permeating all matter and space with the principles of intelligence, love, goodness and wisdom, all working for and accomplishing the individualization of the human spirit.

Second, that the human soul, mind of spirit, is a substantial, living, intelligent substance, endowed in a limited degree with like attributes and principles, and destined for eternal existence, progression and development.

In these lectures the clairvoyant and spiritual states (the latter being the superior condition) are the only ones which he considers actual advancements upon the rudimentary state.

The philosophy of the psychological and sympathetic manifestations of the mind he regards as fatal to all theological assumption of supernaturalism, for it most beautifully harmonizes all developments of mind with the established laws of Nature, shows the psychological condition of the ancient prophets to be substantially identical with the mental illumination or aberration of several persons of this age, and this, most distinctly and permanently, our philosophy lays bare the stupendous arena or mysteries of human life; and develops, without any virtual disparagement, the real character and intrinsic excellence and beauty of all scriptural accounts and other sacred developments of prophetic power.

The transition state is midway or intermediate between the above mentioned, and the opening of the interior or spiritual universes.

On page 155 he says: "The transition state, as the term implies, is characterized by neither absolute sympathy nor absolute independence, but by a blending or inter-fusing of one condition with the other—to the confounding and inter-substitution of both. The individual in this state is occasionally and transiently sympathetic and independent. There is a constant fluctuation between two extremes. The mind indicates a distinct vision at one moment, or during one period of its exercise; but perhaps, on the succeeding occasion, the same mind will utter the thoughts and impressions of its own memory, or will lose its individuality of character in a close and apparently complete sympathy with the minds or circumstances which surround it."

And on page 157 it is affirmed that all religious chieftains known to the world—Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Mohammed, Zoroaster, Swedenborg, Smith—were all more or less in this state. "In which the soul is strongly sympathetic with hereditary impressions, with educational convictions, and with prevailing forms of belief." The writings of Baron Swedenborg and the claims for them by his followers, are tested in two of these lectures by the standard of reason and spiritual illumination, showing most clearly that the learned and talented Swedenborg is properly placed in the transitional state.

The philosophy of somnambulism is discussed in lecture eighteen, and in its phenomena, it is alleged, we behold the glimmerings of a spiritual reality. The proposition is again reiterated that the entire organism of Nature is permeated with a spiritual or vitalizing principle, which is diffused throughout all the wide realms of creation, that this universal vital principle establishes a means of communication between all bodies in Nature, and is the great sensational medium and grand vehicle of influence which pervades the illimitable nervous system of the universe, and yet it is far inferior to and vastly different from that celestial combination of elements which constitute the Divine Being. The state of somnambulism, it is stated, results as follows: Should, by any cause whatever, the external senses of an individual be confused, deadened and closed, the internal organs of sensibility become immediately intensified in their capabilities, and alone perform the functions common to those of the external body.

The vital principle which before pervaded the external portions of the organism, is now transferred to the interior departments of the body, and conducts impressions of the most fine and delicate character to the mind. And a person in this state, without the use of any of the external organs of sensibility, sees and distinguishes ob-

jects as distinctly as when awake and in his ordinary condition. He can without the use of the external organs of perception, read, write, walk about, play, paint, perform delicate operations in mechanism, &c., &c., in security and confidence; but the clairvoyant on a higher plane of perception, can survey the interior of objects correctly, including the earth, the human body, and the soul, even extending his vision far into the life of things.

Some individuals are natural somnambulists, others are capable of it only while under magnetic influence. And yet it matters not how the interior senses are opened, because the manifestations are the same, as a general principle. Many reasoning men in all countries regard this manifestation of the mind as demonstrating its materiality and immortality. Nearly forty years ago Jabez D. Hammond, a profound lawyer, and the author of the "Political History of the State of New York," delivered a lecture in the city of Albany upon the natural evidences of immortality, which was published, and attracted considerable attention at that time. Somnambulism is the leading fact in his chain of evidence. He looks upon his phenomena as so relevant and conclusive in his line of argument, that he recommends the Legislature of that State to enact a law, authorizing a commission of observing and learned men to be appointed to investigate and report upon all of its manifold phases.

Clairvoyance is declared by Mr. Davis to be the complete development of somnambulism into clear vision. He states that he first attained that condition on the 1st of January, 1811, before he was seventeen years of age.

In his autobiography he gives a summary of his mental peculiarities at that time thus: "I had a love of truth; a reverence for knowledge; a somewhat cheerful disposition; a deficient imagination; an unbelief concerning the existence of ghosts; an unconquerable dread of death; a still greater dread of encountering what might exist beyond the grave; a vague, apprehensive faith in the Bible doctrine of eternal misery; a tendency to spontaneous somnambulism; an ear for what I then called imaginary voices; a memory defective as to dates; a mild, nearly barren of ordinary education; heart very sympathetic in cases of trial and suffering; and lastly, I was disposed to meditation and the freedom of solitude."

In the tenth lecture he gives the following graphic account of what he saw in that first and most memorable introduction into the realities of things: "I observed an intense blackness before me. Gradually this midnight mass of darkness lifted and disappeared, and as gradually my perception was awakened and enlarged; all things in our room, together with the individuals therein, were suddenly illuminated. Each human body was glowing with many colors, more or less brilliant and magnetic. The figure of each person was enveloped in a light atmosphere which emanated from it. The same emanation extended up the arms and pervaded the entire body. The hair had one sphere of light surrounding them, the hair another, the ears another, and the eyes still another; the head was surrounded by three emanations, taken in combination, spreading out into the air from four inches to as many feet.

The utter novelty of this view overwhelmed my mind with astonishment and admiration. I could not comprehend it. A few moments more, and I not only beheld the exteriors of the individuals in that room clothed with light, as it were, but I also perceived their interiors, and then, too, the hidden sources of these luminous magnetic emanations. Now I could see all the organs and their functions—the liver, the spleen, the heart, the lungs, the brain—all with the greatest possible ease. The whole body was transparent as a sheet of glass. It was invested with a strange, rich, spiritual beauty. It looked illuminated as well. Every separate organ had several centers of light, beside being enveloped by a general sphere peculiar to itself. I saw the heart, surrounded by one general combination of living colors, with special points of illumination interspersed. The arteries and veins, together with their orifices, gave out distinct flames of light, and the pericardium was a garment of magnetic life, surrounding and protecting the heart while in the performance of its functions. The pulmonary or respiratory apparatus was illuminated with beautiful flames, but of different magnitude and color.

The various air-chambers seemed like so many chemical laboratories. The fire in them wrought instantaneous chemical changes in the blood that flowed through the contiguous membranes; and the great sympathy of the nerve, whose roots extend throughout the lower viscera, and whose topmost branches are lost in the superior stratum of the sensorium, appeared like a column of life, between and super-blended with a soft and silvery fire.

The brain was very luminous with prismatic colors. Every organ of the cerebellum and cerebrum emitted a light peculiar to itself. I could easily discern the form and size of the organ by the shape and intensity of its emanations. In some portions of the skull I saw gray, blue, and red emanations, and in other portions I saw dark shades of this color, down to a sombre and almost black flame.

On the other hand, in the higher portions of the larger or superior brain, I saw flames which looked like the breath of diamonds. At first I did not understand the cause of these beautiful breathings, but soon I discovered them to be the breath of the intellects, the breath of the spirit, phenomena then manifested to my own condition. The superior organs of the cerebrum pulsed with a soft, radiant fire; but it did not look like any fire or flame that I had seen on earth. In truth, the brain seemed like a crown of spiritual brightness, decorated with shining crescents and flaming jewels. Each brain seemed different, but very beautiful. From the brain I saw the diversified currents of life, or magnetic fire, as they flowed through the system. The brain appeared very dark or brown; the muscles emitted in general a red light; the nerves gave out a soft, golden flame; the venous blood a dark purple light; the arterial blood a bright livid sheet of fire. I saw not only the real physical structures themselves, but also their indwelling essences and vital elements.

Another thing was very remarkable. I knew the individuals had garments upon them, because I could see an element of vitality, more or less distinct in every fibre of clothing upon their persons. The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible. Every fibre of the wild-flower, or atom of the mountain violet, was radiant with its own peculiar life. I saw the living elements and essences flowing through these simple forms of matter. It seemed that I could see the quality, properties, qualities, uses and essences of every form and species of wild vegetation that had an existence anywhere in the earth's constitution.

But my perceptions flowed on. The broad surface of the earth for many hundred miles before the sweep of my vision became transparent as the purest water. Earth gave off one particular color; stones another; minerals still another. When I first discerned a bed of minerals—it was a vein of iron ore—I remember how I started and shivered with a sensation of fright. It seemed that the earth was on fire. The instantaneous elimination of electricity from the entire mass gave the appearance of a deep seated furnace under the earth. And my agitation was not lessened by perceiving that these rivers of mineral fire ran under the ocean for hundreds of miles, and yet were not diminished in a single flame; they could not be extinguished. Immense beds of zinc, copper, silver, limestone and gold next arrested my attention; and each, like the different organs of the human body, gave off diverse kinds of luminous atmospheres. The various salts in the sea sparkled like living gems, the

deep valleys and dim-lit ravines through which old ocean flows were, peopled with countless minute animals, all normal and pulsating with the spirit of Nature; while the sides of ocean-mountains, far, far beneath the high pathway of travel and human commerce, seemed literally studded with emeralds, diamonds, gold, silver, pearls, and sparkling gems beyond computation. I looked abroad upon the fields of dry land and saw the various species of animals that tread the earth. The external anatomy and internal physiology of the animal kingdom were all open to my inspection. An instinctive perception of comparative or relative anatomy filled my mind in an instant. I saw the brains, the viscera, and complete anatomy of animals that were (at that moment) sleeping or prowling about in the forests of the Eastern hemisphere, hundreds and even thousands of miles from the room in which I was making these observations."

The clear vision, or clairvoyance, which enabled him, without the use of his external organs of perception, to see, as above related, was effected, as he says, in consequence of the sensational medium being repelled from the external surfaces of the body to the internal surfaces—from the serous to the mucous membranes. And much of that principle, which, in the normal state, formed the medium of sensation, went into the cerebro-spinal centres and into other centres which pertain to the anterior or front portions of the brain, the body being left in a death-like, senseless, and profound slumber; for the elements of the mind were almost all absorbed into the brain, except enough to maintain the moderate performance of the organic functions.

And he remarks that "when the brain is thus illuminated the forehead is perfectly transparent. It appears like a window from which the soul looks out upon the fields of creation. All the upper portions of the face, including the bodily eyes, are also illuminated. These phenomena are not visible except to the mental vision. Clairvoyants are generally not illuminated in the highest regions of the brain, but only in the base of the cerebrum, extending from the centre of the forehead around to either side, and downward to the tops of the cheek-bones. This is the source or locality of the mental perceptions."

Clairvoyance implies the clear perception of things beyond the powers of bodily vision; but it does not imply an understanding of the things observed. The front division of the brain only is illuminated. The vision extends in straight lines when the distance is subjected to contemplation; and yet, as with the bodily eyes, the interior perceptions harmonize very readily with the rays of light and electricity which play abroad in Nature, so that the vision usually comprehends fully the half of a very large disc. Nevertheless, clairvoyants are generally not illuminated in the understanding, develop love, invigorate benevolence, increase the wisdom, principle, and conduct the spirit into higher and larger spheres of contemplation. The discerning mind at once discovers the analogy, yet, even the identification, existing between the higher phenomena of magnetism and those states which characterized the Jewish prophets and all true pioneers of religious inspiration.

The direct and practical effect of this manifestation of clairvoyance in the uneducated boy was, its use in diagnosing and successfully prescribing for disease, for nearly two years, at which time he attained the spiritual or superior condition.

And now what is this "superior condition" that Baboo Peary Chand Mittra likens unto that Nirvana which so puzzles our Oriental scholars?

In lecture twenty-one, Mr. Davis says: "It is mental illumination—a high reality—that which brings the soul into close proximity with that 'inferior life' which holds perpetual converse with the high, the holy, and the sanctified. It is an expansion of the expansive energies of the mind, a sublimation of the material to the spiritual; the body to the soul."

It is the flower of clairvoyance, in truth, the fruit of a large and beautiful tree, whose root is the rudimentary state; whose body is human magnetism; whose branches are somnambulism; and whose buds are clairvoyance—in all its various degrees and developments. The spiritual state grows upon the summit of this tree as naturally as the peach succeeds the blossom, or the rose the bursting of the bud. This state signifies an opening of the interior understanding as well as an exercise of the interior perceptions. In this condition the spirit not only sees, but seeing, it also comprehends. The love and wisdom principles have a harmonious play; they act for, upon, and with each other.

In the superior condition the mind sees, the mind hears, the mind reasons, the mind understands. The whole interior man is concordantly exalted. The perceptions, the retentives, the reflexives, the contractives, the expansive, the solids and the religious faculties are—one and all—in a high state of exaltation. But the social and intellectual elements are harmoniously subordinated to the religious faculties.

When in this condition the vision extends far and wide; transcending all mere imagination, and inspecting things and realities which the most vigorous and artificially excited fancy could never approach. Sciences and philosophies; things real and things imagined; existences which swarm this earth, and those which dwell in the stars of distant realms; human beings in the material body and those in the immortal organization; all within the grasp of the vision, naturally illuminated, and to a certain extent, they are as comprehensible. When the mind is in this state the upper portions of the head are beautifully illuminated! The superior divisions of the social and the intellectual faculties are glowing with a bright, mellow light which centres in the moral faculties, and this light glows and extends upward about four feet; the upper portion of which light is generally about twenty inches in diameter, and variegated as the rainbow—indicating the different loves and wisdoms which are excited by the illuminations. This light is derived wholly from the interior elements of the soul. When the body is de-magnetized, or rendered comparatively insensible, by the transference of the positive power from the external to the internal surfaces, then the life of the body flows into the mind, and the elements of the soul receive a corresponding elevation. Into the bosom of this light—the heat of which a sensitive hand can detect—flow the breathings of the love-chorus or of the wisdom-circles, just as the law of use may at the time prescribe. The profoundest thoughts and contemplations may be introduced into the thus illuminated mind, accompanied perhaps with the most useful and otherwise appropriate language.

It is a religious condition. All true prophets and seers of the olden times were mainly in this exalted posture; an attitude supremely heavenly in its character—one which the mind is naturally inclined to accomplish when left to follow out the living laws of intuition and nature."

In his autobiography, he emphatically declares that he receives his knowledge through the disentanglement of his inherent intuitions, which are the only reliable philosophers in the universe. And he gives, among others, this example: "My intuitions ascend like a light column of ether toward the upper realm, and I come in contact with an atmosphere of thought! Whence that atmosphere? From a congregation of professors, students and guests, at Union College. Why that congregation? It is Commencement Day. What's the subject of the present speaker? The Relation of Christianity to Civilization. Whence Christianity? From the teachings of a person named Christ. Whence that person? Now in asking myself this historical question which mentally I intuited, I intuitively become centered upon the myriad-form tracks of human history. Presently I strike the right vein. Then, true as the earth to the sun, I glide swiftly down the enormous grooves of time, halting the intervening centuries as I pass, till I fix upon the ex-

act events which preceded and characterized the birth and life of the individual under examination. In like manner, every other question, scientific, ethical, psychical, poetical, prophetic, &c., can be investigated.

The best evidence, however, of the spiritual illumination of Mr. Davis, is to be found in his numerous writings, from which it will be seen that he has investigated the invisible yet real nature of man and the universe, and formulated many of the laws thereof most reasonably, thus promulgating what is aptly termed the Harmonical Philosophy. His life and works demonstrate that he is the seer and philosopher of the nineteenth century, imbued as he is with "an unselfish, dispassionate divine love of immutable principles."

St. Augustine, Fla.

SPIRITUALISM OR MATERIALISM—WHICH?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

The power and sway of dogmatic theology are on the decline. Its fall is not sudden, but by slow and sure degrees it falls and weakens, is spasmodic in action, halts in doubt, blindly rushes into "revivals of religion," goes into a chill after the revival fever is over, yet weakens continually. Men and women hunger for some "bread of life" it cannot give, darkened and crushed souls seek light and liberty, the thoughts of men broaden beyond creeds and holy books.

What shall come in place of this dogmatism? How can we best keep what good it holds, avoid its grievous ills, and reach on and up to better ideals and a higher life on earth?

The path of man leads either to Materialism or Spiritualism. Only some transient debatable land lies between. Inductive science goes back to "the potency of matter," which is but on the surface of visible things, and ends there. It makes the unseen secondary to the seen; the internal a transient result of the external; the spiritual some fleeting and subtle essence eliminated from the material. Man's spirit is evolved from his bodily life, his thought and inspiration come from food and digestion; his physical death ends all; his immortality is a dream, beautiful perhaps, but idle; the Life Beyond cannot be; no sign or token, no blessed presence can come from that impersonal void. The Soul of Things, the divine and indwelling Intelligence, is not; this world is "a dynamic engine, and not an embodied thought." This is the logic and tendency of the materialistic method of thought, the outcome of its philosophy. It is a philosophy of negation—cold and dark.

Spiritualism (using the word in the sense of a Spiritual Philosophy, yet bearing in mind the beautiful facts of spirit presence, which illustrate it) holds to the Soul of Things, the Infinite Intelligence, will, wisdom and design, which we can but partially comprehend.

"Embracing all, supporting, ruling over; Being whom we call God, and know no more." Spirit is the soul of matter, and matter the body of spirit, each interdependent, yet the indwelling spiritual forces positive and permanent, making the visible stuff they shape like "clay in the hands of the potter."

Man is microcosmic, his body framed, and used for a time, by a "vital spark of heavenly flame" within. The poet is sometimes the best philosopher, for he intuitively truth from his own soul, and Spenser well said:

"For of the soul the body form doth take, For soul is form, and both the body make."

The immortality of the spirit is but "the survival of the fittest"; the low condition in the future life of such as were slaves of selfishness or crime here is but justice working through law; the final reaching to a higher harmony is but the conquest of good over evil which makes the upward tendency a part of an infinite and divine purpose, and the "real presence" and actual reality of our translated friends is but the blessed assurance that the hunger of the soul shall be satisfied.

So we keep the great truths that the church has kept—God, Duty, Immortality—and we save them from the hideous perversions of bigoted creed-makers, and cruel dogmatists, and self-righteous priests.

Inspiration is fresh, as of old. Reason, conscience and intuition are free; thought is untrammelled by dogmas; wisdom and love supplant ignorance and fear, and life reaches up to higher levels. Our philosophy affirms great spiritual realities, full of light and power.

Free thought is precious, but let us learn to use our freedom well, by thinking wisely. I am ready to act and speak with and for all Liberal Leagues, Unitarians, and Free Thought Associations on the same platform with Materialists, Inductive Scientists and Free-Religionists, for common purposes and in a spirit of mutual respect for honest opinions, but I must stand for Spiritualism, and never lose sight of the transcendent importance of its facts, the uplifting power of its religion, the broad sweep of its philosophy, the fine method of its science, making deduction and induction meet and complete its proofs.

My feet are on that path, and the air grows pure and magnetic, the sky bright, and the horizon broadens as I go on. While ready to join others for practical work and free thought, let us never fall to keep up our efforts for the life and growth of that Spiritual Philosophy which the world needs, and which will supplant the dying dogmatism of sectarian theology.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 22d, 1878.

New England Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

The directors of the New England Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association had a meeting at Greenfield the 26th of February, to begin planning for next August's camp-meeting at Lake Pleasant, and will meet again before long to perfect their arrangements. The meeting will begin on the 6th of August, and close September 3d, thus taking in four Sundays instead of three, as last year. The Fitchburg band of twenty-four pieces has been engaged, and will arrive on Saturday, the 10th, and remain twenty-three days. Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week will be special days for phonics and lectures. The Association is in a flourishing condition, and the prospects for a very large attendance are already assured. J. H. SMITH, Sec. Springfield, Mass., Feb. 28th, 1878.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.—Suburban resident to Builder: Oh! I wanted to put a tin fox on the top of my house as a 'yarn.' What ought I to do? Builder: Do! Why, give notice to parish under metropolitan local act—give notice of section, cross-section, and block plan of adjacent property, with design and two perspectives of fox, enclose two copies of all on to board of works, Spring Gardens, and then wait!—Funny Folks.

Ethics of Spiritualism.

(We again extract from the columns of the Religio-Philosophical Journal paragraphs from this last work of Hudson Tuttle.—Ed. B. of L.)

It is the antipode of selfishness. Its office and delight is to bestow. It pictures the Infinite on a throne, from which as light from a central sun uninterceptedly flow boundless streams of beneficence. Uncontrolled, it is like the shower that falls alike on the just and unjust; the parched desert and the flood. Its manifestation even thus indiscriminate has a charm, for it shows how far removed human actions are toward the spiritual, the unselfish, and such actions are always beautiful, however undeserving the object of their bestowal. Better to suffer ten impositions than turn one needy away, is a proverb growing out of this love. The public charities which have grown out of this faculty are productive of great individual good, but it has been questioned if they are of any real benefit to the community. They can only reach a small fraction of want and wretchedness, and it is thought better to devise some means whereby all may be elevated from degradation. Yet as the means have not been devised, and are apparently very remote, we shall not soon escape the demands on our charity.

This, however, is only a lower form of benevolence. Its higher sphere of activity blends into the qualities better expressed by love, that love which exists for its own sake. In its ideal expression, it is absolute devotion to its object, not for any hope of reward, or any benefit to self whatever, but from a spontaneous desire to promote the happiness of others.

In animals we often see the affections exhibited in great strength; the conjugal, parental and fraternal instincts banding herds and flocks together. These are, however, momentary, and when the physical necessities or occasions pass, they separate. It is interesting to observe this dim beginning, and by it we learn the beautiful unity of the world. The instinctive attraction is developed into disinterested desire to promote the well-being of others, a desire which transcends all others. Few attain its ideal.

To love those who return vindictive hate; to feel the same kind regard and interest in an implacable enemy as in a friend; never to repay unkindness with harsh invective; to regard wrong and error with charity, is an ideal that few attain, but which which we should strive for, and thus claim as our own highest estate.

To be benevolent and to love one's own family; to extend these to friends, is too common to mention. Benevolence which goes beyond is more rare. When it grasps one's country it becomes patriotism, still selfish and in a degree instinctive. In all these forms benevolence does not rank high in the scale of the virtues, nor does it tend greatly to elevate the mind. Its father who loves his children to idolatry, and who makes for them any sacrifice, may be a hard, exacting, unjust man beyond his own fireside. When it arises from the family, and grasps mankind, irrespective of nationality or race, when it feels for suffering wherever found, and with self-forgetfulness devotes to the good of others, benevolence becomes philanthropy; its most angelic expression. It sends its Florence Nightingales to bind up the incisions of war; its Howards to visit the dark recesses of prisons; it holds devoted men to their posts of duty in times when pestilence is abroad, and great suffering crushes the people. Cunning, fraud, deception, perfidy are tolerated in the animal because they do not conflict with the purposes of its life. In fact they are essential to its existence. They do not defeat higher purposes, for it has none. Man, however, has some what more than existence to strive for. His preservation is undesirable when united with dishonest and falsehood. The immortal spirit claims mastery over the flesh, and scorns its limitations and degradation.

IMMORTALITY IS CONFERRED, AS THE HIGHEST AIM OF CREATIVE ENERGY.

Immortality is conferred as the highest aim of creative energy, admitting of no mistakes. Man's spiritual state must surpass his mortal, which is its prototype; extending and consummating the mortal life. Whether we die drawing our first living breath, or after a full century, has not the least influence on the final growth and performance of the spirit, which embodies every law of progress. Whether as a spirit, clad in flesh, or as a spirit in the angel spheres, man is amenable to the same laws.

REASON AS INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

They are to man what gravitation is to the physical world. It is unlimited by any other faculty, nor is it dependent for its manifestation on any other. Unlike the lower, it makes no prophecy of another faculty; its promise is of its own perfection. The appetites minister exclusively to the demands of the body, and performing which their task is finished. But if there is not something more, nothing but animal life is attained. The body is nourished for something. There is a work for it to do. That work is the evolution of spirit and its mentality. On the appetites rests a group of desires, from the most selfish to that which reaches into the future, for continued life, and the loves which are represented in the physical world by heat, radiating out from the individual to the family and the world. The body was made to serve the mind, and not the mind the body. The Appetites were made to serve the Desires and Love, and not the Desires and Love to serve the Appetite. All below were made to serve those above. And lastly the Intellect was made to serve the moral Consciousness and not the moral Consciousness the Intellect. Here we grasp the true distinction between the high and the low.

WHY SEEK IMMORTALITY OUTSIDE OF PHYSICAL MATTER?

Granting the existence of the unknown elements beyond the limits of hydrogen, the existence of which has been conjectured by many scientists, why should immortality be achieved by them more than by ordinary oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen which enter into the mortal body? These questions lead to an investigation of what constitutes immortality. In the healthy organism the forces of renovation balance those of decay. As soon as a fibre or nerve cell or bone particle is worn out, new material is ready to supply the waste. So rapid is this wonderful process of decay and renovation that all the soft tissues of the body are renewed at least every thirty days. Thus the body is restored twelve times a year, and an individual at sixty years of age has had seven hundred and twenty different bodies. Could such balance of forces be preserved, living forms would never perish; an immortal lion, oak or pine would be as possible as an immortal man. But they cannot obtain it with the material of the physical world. Organic forms reach maturity only to feel the insidious mastery of decay. The absorbents become obstructed with bone-forming material, and deposition going on in the bones they become hard, almost material. Through the important organs—as the heart, in its very valves on which life depends, bony atoms are deposited. The minutest arteries thus obstructed, the muscles waste, contract and harden. The entire mechanism of complicated fibres, channels, cells, and fluids becomes impaired, and at length falls altogether. It is not want of vitality; it is a necessity growing out of the elements of which they are formed.

THE "WASHOE SEERESS."—Over four months ago Mr. G. L. Whitney, a resident of this city, lost a valuable gold watch chain. After a diligent but fruitless search for the lost chain he determined to call on Mrs. Bowers, known as the "Washoe Seeress," to ascertain whether she could give him any clue to the missing treasure. He informed her in advance that he believed a Chinaman formerly in his employ had stolen the chain. Mrs. Bowers directed him to search carefully in a pile of rubbish in one of the rooms of his house that was undergoing repairs, and he would find the lost chain. Although having but little confidence in her prediction, he did not object, and after poking over the rubbish pile for a couple of hours, he was rewarded by finding the object looked for. Mr. Whitney states that he is willing to make an affidavit of the facts as related above.—Virginia Enterprise.

Message Department.

These Messages are given at the Banner of Light... through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danekin.

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We ask the reader to receive the doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not conflict with his or her reason.

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings are held every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Questions answered at these meetings are published in this department.

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REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS JENNIE M. RUDD.

Invocation. Our Father, thou who art the Great Infinite, thou who endest forth thy laws that they may be administered justly...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT—Mr. C. Urman, we are ready for your questions.

Q.—As we are living in our acceptance of the word "matter," it is something tangible...

Q.—How are the peculiarities of the parents, as indicated by phrenology, transmitted to the offspring?

A.—It is a supposable case that every child, or should be, a combination of both parents.

Q.—The technicalities that musicians are bound to, as it were, here, in use in the higher life...

A.—No, the birds sing without any peculiar technicality to their song.

Q.—[From the audience.] Although the husband may love the wife, and the wife may love the husband, why do they not grow apart in the spirit-world...

A.—If the husband goes to Europe and the wife remains in America, if there is a true union between them...

Q.—[From the audience.] Although the husband may love the wife, and the wife may love the husband, why do they not grow apart in the spirit-world...

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A.—If the husband goes to Europe and the wife remains in America, if there is a true union between them...

Your musical instruments are imperfect; your music is very tame at times, there is nothing in the earth-life to compare with what we have in spirit life.

Again, Mr. Chairman, I visit your Circle-Room, and ask that more light than ever before may be given to me...

I have felt a good many times as if I would like to visit your Circle-Room, but I have not had the opportunity to present myself satisfactorily before.

I wish you would say that Lizzie V. Hood calls here from Charleston, S. C. I once lived in Savannah.

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to me. [They can't see or hear you now.] They put me in the box. Wasn't that naughty? What did they put me in the box for? [They only put your body away after you had left it, because you couldn't stay in it any longer.] I guess it was the fever I had. Nov. 20.

James LeFavor: I wish you would say that James LeFavor called here, and says to his friends whatever may have been their opinion of him, he tried to do the best he could.

Lizzie V. Hood: I wish you would say that Lizzie V. Hood calls here from Charleston, S. C. I once lived in Savannah.

John Buck: I have felt a good many times as if I would like to visit your Circle-Room, but I have not had the opportunity to present myself satisfactorily before.

Herbert Long: I am Herbert Long. I have been gone about four years, Christmas. I am thirty-two years old.

George D. Brown: Please say that George D. Brown, of Jersey City, or rather, who passed out in Jersey City, but who is a native of Boston, records his name on your list, and says he will be happy to meet any of his friends, especially his business friends, and communicate with them; and as soon as possible I trust I shall have a response, especially from Mr. C. D., also from George B. D.

Luther Brown: I didn't do it. I never meant to. I didn't take my life. They needn't say I did. My name is Luther Brown. They found me drowned in the pond.

Eunice A. Clyde: I wish you would say that Eunice A. Clyde came here from Bangor, Me. I'd like you to say to my friends that I still live, that I am very happy, that I have met Grandmother Munroe, and that I am very glad to be living together.

Daniel: It seems to me that this spirit-return can be made in time to become a power; it seems to me that we may make it a bond of strength not only for the city of Boston, but for the whole United States; not only for the United States, but for the whole world.

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daughter Mary. Tell 'em I am still living. I have met my wives, both of them, Lucinda and Elizabeth. I am as happy as I can be under the circumstances, and so far as earthly matters go, I don't trouble my head about 'em. I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Chairman, for letting me come. Nov. 22.

Sarah M. Willis: My name is Sarah M. Willis. I've come a long way in order to make myself known. I have not been gone long, only just a little while.

Julia McIntyre: I wish you would say that Julia McIntyre, of Scotch descent, came here from New York City. I came into the spirit-world with pneumonia.

George D. Brown: Please say that George D. Brown, of Jersey City, or rather, who passed out in Jersey City, but who is a native of Boston, records his name on your list, and says he will be happy to meet any of his friends, especially his business friends, and communicate with them; and as soon as possible I trust I shall have a response, especially from Mr. C. D., also from George B. D.

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marked as it is among men. Those whose peculiar characteristics were well known to me, do not appear to have lost them by a brief experience in the other world. Those who held strong prejudices or decided opinions here, do not lay them aside immediately there. They may outgrow their prejudices or change their opinions as men do on earth, but the mere fact of transition does not produce the change.

An interesting illustration of this occurred one evening at my tea-table, some fifteen years ago. A gentleman and his wife, strangers in Baltimore, called on us for the purpose of learning something of this wonderful intercourse with the spirit-world.

Our friends were appalled. The idea of a spirit denouncing Spiritualism was to them inexplicable. It was some time before I could make them comprehend that a man whose whole life had been passed under the mighty magnetic influences of the Roman Catholic Church, could not throw them off immediately, because he had laid aside his physical form.

Being at the age of seventy I died where I had lived, in Washington City. The winding steps of that life beyond the grave I have found. It did not weigh heavily with my mind to give up the earth-life, for when the messenger came I said: Thou knowest thy work; do it, and I, thy servant, will be pleased. You may full well understand, men of earth, that at the age of seventy I had passed through many trials, many varied experiences—some pleasant, some otherwise.

This land is a land of illities; here birds do sing, waters do flow and impart freshness and life to all things; the sun doth shine and warm the chilled hearts; for when the messenger came I said: Thou knowest thy work; do it, and I, thy servant, will be pleased. You may full well understand, men of earth, that at the age of seventy I had passed through many trials, many varied experiences—some pleasant, some otherwise.

Oh, how softly was the door opened! Oh, how calmly was it closed after I had entered into life—that life which has no fading! With beauty, truth and honesty do the inhabitants of the spirit-land commune with the dwellers of earth. Though I knew it not when I was here, I have learned it now. To the white-robed angels do I give thanks, for they have given me the Comforter.

Anna Edith Thompson: I lived on Cathedral street, Anna Edith Thompson. I died in the twenty-first year of my age, after having passed through a painful and tedious sickness. I was the eldest daughter of William and Harriet Thompson; leaving brothers and sisters to mourn while I was making my flight in glory.

Mother, father, sister and brother, do not in your silent prayers ask me to wear the flesh again, for I am so happy on the other side of that river I have so often called Jordan.

Evidence! who asks for evidence of immortality? Where would the author of our being be if he did not award to his children life, youth and perpetual understanding? The grave is cold and cheerless to those who do not understand it, but to me it is warm, beautiful and perfectly legitimate. The body lies there, not awaiting the sound of the trumpet, but paying back to mother earth the debt it owes, in the mode appointed by nature.

What words have I to describe the beauties of the interior life? I fall in language. I cannot picture it. Know and feel, though I am a white-robed angel awaiting your coming on the other side.

If she were here she would know me, for I sang like the nightingale. Though pain racked my body, my voice rang out in songs to my Creator.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED: GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE M. RUDD.

MESSAGES RECEIVED LAST WEEK: Winthrop Blanchard; William H. Mann; Joseph M. Spaulding; A Father to his Daughter; Thomas Murphy; James M. Beebe; Dorsey; Elias Hittard; Mary Lyon; Joseph Smith; Mary Elizabeth Maynard.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT: William Wallace Whiting; James C. Burns; John Devine; Dr. Grinnell; Samuel A.—; Ella B. Butters.

Given through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Dan

