

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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

VOL. VI.

BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO. 23.

THE SERMONS

Of Revs. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Theologians of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

Entered Pass—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JACK MELVILLE;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

BY DUNCAN M'LEAN.

(CONTINUED.)

At last the ship was ready for sea, and advertised to sail in three days. I received a day's liberty, to bid good-by to my friends. Rigged in my best, I was hurrying toward Mr. Bartlett's, when Miss Bartlett, locked arm-in-arm with another lady, hove in sight, headed for me. It was a beautiful day, sky clear, and weather warm, and many ladies were promenading the walks which skirt Hyde Park, with their carriages in attendance.

I saw Miss Bartlett, half a mile distant, long before she saw me, and had no doubt that she would be happy to greet me when we met. Imagine my surprise and mortification, therefore, the instant her gaze encountered mine, she gently turned the lady in her company round, back toward me; and, as I passed, I heard her inquire for the carriage, as she felt rather fatigued. This movement was easily explained. She had that day been honored by a call from a Viscountess, and could not afford to recognize a sailor, though the lady who had honored her by the call was herself the wife of a sailor, a captain in the Royal Navy. To avoid all misapprehension, however, I turned round, and, facing them, said, as I raised my hat—

"Ladies, I will call a carriage, if you desire it; I thought I heard you inquire for one."

"Sir!" replied Miss Bartlett, "you have the advantage of me; I have not the honor of your acquaintance."

"My dear Miss Bartlett, you have mistaken the young man's tender of service," said the lady, "for an act of recognition. He simply asked us if we desired a carriage."

"Thank you, sir," replied Miss Bartlett, without raising her eyes from the ground; "I feel better now, and shall not require your services."

I bowed and passed on, keeping up a high-pressure state of thinking. It was evident that Miss Bartlett expected I would recognize and address her, and that she had framed the personal, insulting answer which she gave me in anticipation of such an event, but wished, if possible, to avoid the alternative by turning her back upon me first. The back movement having failed, she had recourse to the tongue, which left no doubt in my mind that she deliberately designed to cut me the instant she recognized me. As I passed onward, I looked frequently over my shoulder to see where she would bring up.

"Halloo, Jack!" shouted a voice in my ear, while I felt a firm hand upon my shoulder, "what wind has blown you upon this cruising-ground?"

"My old captain!"

"My young cockswain!"

When Viscount Intrepid commanded a ten gun brig on the Mediterranean station, I was cockswain of his gig two years, and performed my duty to his satisfaction. It was he who gave me the

"What do you think of those two frigates you have just passed? I saw you taking their bearings pretty often."

In a few words I recounted my knowledge of Miss Bartlett and her family.

"And, I suppose, sailor like, you want to be square with her for the broadside she has just poured into you? But you can't, Jack. Such a girl as Miss Bartlett would bring an admiral by the lee. You must up helm and cruise in other waters."

"Who is the lady with her?" I inquired.

"That's my rib. What do you think of her?"

"I can't say, captain. For I only saw her booked on to Miss Bartlett. I did not even see you, though I can see as far and as fast as most lads of my inches."

"Can I do anything for you, Jack?"

"Yes, much, captain. If you please, I suppose Miss Bartlett is bound to your house; if so, take me with you, and introduce me, as an old acquaintance, to your lady, in the presence of Miss Bartlett."

"I see your drift, Jack. I'll do more. My house is No. 50; call in five minutes."

True to time, the captain received me in a private room, and said—

"Jack, you are my sister Ellen's sweetheart, come to bid her good-bye. You have loved each other long and faithfully. She will play her part; do you think you can play yours? Mind, there are several naval officers in the drawing-room, and perhaps a dozen ladies, who all know something of the part you are expected to play. If you fail, you will become the laughing-stock of the company; if you succeed, you will be more than square with the pretty but proud Miss Bartlett. Do you consent to play the part I have chalked out for you?"

"I do; and if I fail, horsewhip me out of the house."

My heart, yes, my whole soul, seemed to dance with glee. No coward fears nor tremulous emotions agitated me; I felt firm as a rock, with all my senses at command.

The drawing door was opened; Capt. Intrepid, as I advanced, announced—

"Jack Melville, an old shipmate, though a young man—a friend who never deceived me."

The company rose. I bowed and smiled in triumph as my gaze encountered that of Miss Bartlett.

"My dear, dear Jack," said the queenly Ellen, beauteous as Black-eyed Susan, while she tripped into the room from another door; "I knew you would come to bid me good-bye."

She extended her hand; I knelt on one knee, and kissed it. As I sprang to my feet, I glanced at Miss Bartlett, who was seated by the side of the Viscountess; she appeared amazed.

Turning to Miss Ellen, with more than an actor's ardor, I said—

"Charming Ellen, this is the happiest moment of my existence. Were I to pass now from earth to paradise,

paradise I fear contains no pleasure equal to that which I enjoy."

"And yet, Jack," she replied, her hand still in mine, "sailors are said to be as fickle as the sea; I hope you will prove an exception to the proverb, and not forget your Ellen."

This was said with a seriousness akin to anticipated grief. Her head was gently inclined toward me, and tears seemed to gather in her dark, brilliant eyes.

"Ellen, sweet Ellen, look not so sadly. Cheer up—we only part to meet again. True shall I ever be to thee; not I, like the dark blue sea."

She raised her head and smiled sweetly. The company uttered handkerchiefs were freely displayed. Assuming a theatrical attitude, I sang—

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They tell thee sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yea, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present where'soe'er I go."

"Bravo!" shouted the gentlemen—"Bravo!" never sang that stave better."

I bowed. The Viscountess rose from alongside of Miss Bartlett, and approaching me, said, "You must dine with us, this evening, Mr. Jack."

"I second the motion," added the captain. "I third and fourth it," responded others. "And I," said Ellen, "beg it."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must not. The old saying, 'Time and tide wait for no man,' is as true now as when first uttered."

Taking Ellen by the hand, I once more struck up in my best style—and I could sing well for a sailor—

"See the ship in the bay is riding;
Dearest Ellen I go from thee,
Boldly go, in thy love confiding,
O'er the deep and the trackless sea.
When the thunder of war is roaring,
When thy sweet features no more I see,
The soothing thought shall at midnight cheer me:
My love is breathing a prayer for me!"

"I'm off—good-bye, adieu, dear Ellen," and was making for the door, but a simultaneous movement of the gentlemen brought me up.

"Not yet, Jack; we must drink your health in a bumper," said the captain.

"Run—old Jamaica—was brought out."

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen, and respond Amen, ladies," said the captain, "while I give you the best old toast that ever was drank: 'The wind that blows the ship that goes, and the lass (that's you, Ellen), that loves a sailor, (that's you, Jack).'"

I tossed my glass off in a twinkling, and eyed Miss Bartlett at the same time. She blushed blood-red; she evidently comprehended that the affair was improvised to square accounts with her.

"Once more adieu, dear Ellen—adieu, ladies and gentlemen. I leave with my face toward you, for never shall I be so bold that Jack Melville turned his back upon friend or foe!"

Ellen and the captain conducted me into a private room.

"Jack, after that you're fit to be a boarding party," said the captain. "An actor who had studied the part, could not have played it better."

"The encouragement I received from Miss Ellen," said I, "carried me through; without that I must have appeared rather odd; but I was determined not to fail."

"As a return," said Miss Ellen, "you must tell me all about your love story with Miss Bartlett; we will have it dramatised for our private theatricals. It must be charmingly interesting."

I gratified her; she permitted to kiss her hand, and departed. That night I rejoined my ship, without calling on Mr. Bartlett, and the next day sailed for Calcutta.

Years afterward, I accidentally met young Bartlett in Liverpool. He informed me that the scene of my departure drove his sister into matrimony, and upon a continental tour, to escape the town talk. Captain Burke was the happy man who won her. Bartlett, by way of apology for her, said that she did not mean to insult me, only to see how I would not that evening, when I called to bid her good-bye. She had turned her back upon a dozen others, and when they alluded to it, laughed at them for their sensitiveness. She wished to repeat the experiment upon me—there was no pride in the matter. By way of exciting regret, he further stated that she really had a warm affection for me, which would have been encouraged by the family, considering the great service I had rendered them in saving his life, and have ended in matrimony, greatly to my advantage. She liked my name better than Burke, and that, with other considerations, would have decided her in my favor. He concluded by saying:

"You perceive, therefore, my dear friend, that your keen eyesight, which has won you so many bottles of rum, has also lost you a sweetheart. You had not worldly wisdom enough to be near-sighted for once."

"The match was not to be, Mr. Bartlett. I shall never marry, if I adhere to the views I now entertain."

This incident exercised a strong influence upon me in after life. For ten years, during which time I rose to be captain, I carefully avoided, as far as possible, female society. I would not put myself in the way of receiving an insult that I could not resent.

But who can chalk out his own destiny? Sometimes dreams of wedded bliss would pass through my mind, but the instant my reason detected them, they were rigidly analyzed, and dismissed as worthless. I was morbidly averse to the whole fair sex. Without any definite end in view, I followed the sea. Everything I undertook was successful, and, in a few years, I found myself principal owner and captain of a splendid Indiaman, of one thousand tons.

Home-ward-bound from Bombay, with a rich freight and a full complement of passengers, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, I lost all my sails in a hurricane off the island of Madeira. During three days and nights I never left the deck, until my ship was once more in sailing order. I had a glorious crew—all picked men—who vied with the officers in the discharge of their duty. The hurricane subsided into a westerly gale, and under double-reefed topsails, reefed courses, reefed spanker and fore-topmast-staysail, the gallant ship was headed for Old England, the main brace spliced, and the watch set.

After shifting my clothes, and eating a hearty breakfast, I threw myself upon my state-room floor, and was

soon asleep; but my sleep was not dreamless. A scene of shipwreck and suffering passed before me, and a young sailor I saw one who called aloud on me for help. So vivid and startling was the vision, that I sprang to my feet, and without waiting to put on shoes or hat, burst from my state-room, passed at a bound through the cuddy among the passengers, who—up and I was mad, and never paused till I reached the mizzen-topmast cross-trees. Here, steadying myself, I looked to leeward, (the ship was going about two points free on the larboard tack), and soon saw the first act of my dream. A dismantled vessel, tossing about with a signal of distress upon the stump of a mast, was off our lee beam about ten miles distant. I halted the deck, and sang out:

"Call all hands—haul the mainmast up and fur it!—lower the spanker down and stow it!"

The hands were soon up, and my orders promptly obeyed. I descended to the deck and kept the ship off for the wreck, and to relieve the passengers' anxiety about my apparent insanity, rigged up in my usual style. They were astonished when I told them that I had seen the wreck in a dream, and that I knew some of the people on board of her, though I had not seen them for ten years. The latter part of this impression, however, had yet to be verified; but, to my mind, it was as much a fact as my own existence. I felt that my soul had boarded the wreck, and knew the condition of those in her.

I had two excellent quarter-boats, modeled like whale-boats, but larger, and adapted for six oars, and had thirteen hands detailed to man them, all of whom had been by-blow. My ship's company was composed principally of whalers and men-of-war-men; the former I liked for their knowledge of boats, and the latter for their habits of cleanliness, skill in the use of arms, and promptness in making and shortening sail. Like all free-traders, at that time, my ship was well armed, and my crew strong enough to beat off pirates, such as were then known to infest the Indian Ocean. I considered my ship, therefore, a model of efficiency in every department.

Grandy she bounded before the sea, curling the waves along her sides as high as the lower yards, and rolling gently from side-to-side, in the lulls between the waves. When about three miles distant from the wreck, I brought her to the wind on the larboard tack, laid the mainmast aback, and when she had lost headway, lowered the lee quarter-boat, and went in her myself. I ordered the chief mate, before starting, that when he saw an oar laid upright in my boat, to wear ship, lower the other quarter-boat, in charge of the second mate, and when both boats raised each an oar, to run the ship close to leeward of the wreck, and prepare to pick up the larboard boat.

Hardly had my boat cleared the ship, before a heavy rain-squall burst upon her, but she passed beautifully over the waves, without shipping a drop of saltwater. We were not long in reaching the wreck and rounding to under her lee, head to the sea. She was an English yacht of one hundred and twenty tons, bound from Madeira to Ceylon, and had been dismantled by a whirlwind five days before. Her bulwarks and most of her stanchions were gone, and when she fell into the trough of the sea, the waves broke over her fore and aft. Life-lines were stretched along her decks by which her crew held on. She had been cutter or sloop rigged, but her bowsprit was gone entirely, and only about six feet of her mast above the deck was left. When dismantled, the crew tried to save the wreck of her spars, but were compelled to cut them adrift to prevent their pounding holes in her side. They had, therefore, no means left by which they could jury-rig her; and consequently lay like a log at the mercy of the sea. I kept the boat head-on towards her, and ordering my after-oar in, gave the steer oar in charge of one of my best men, and went forward myself.

"We have four ladies on board," said one of the men; "we wish you to take them off first, but you must try and lay your boat alongside, for they can't reach you as you lie now."

"Bring your ladies up, one at a time, and I'll reach them," was my reply, "and manage the boat too."

Never could there be a greater blunder than laying a boat alongside of a vessel in a seaway to take in passengers. In the first place, a boat becomes unmanageable, because her oars cannot be used, and in the next place, she is liable to be capsized by coming under the channels or other projections of a ship's side; but if and on, she can be kept close to a vessel and always clear of her, for the reason that oars can be used. Because this simple rule is not generally known and acted upon, thousands of lives are lost every year. Another great evil of laying a boat alongside, is the liability of both sailors and passengers making a rush upon her fore and aft and all upon one side, thereby capsizing her and too often drowning themselves; but where a boat is kept head-on and stern off, no rush can be made upon her, and when she is full, can leave a wreck without danger from the indiscretion of passengers. Of course, I could not make this long explanation under the circumstances, but determined to act at once without further parley. I took off my shoes, stockings, and coat, and sprang on board the wreck.

"Now," I said, "pass your ladies up from below, and I'll pass them into the boat—quick, this is no time for ceremony."

"You're right, my rough-skin friend," replied an elderly gentleman, eyeing my feet, "but I hope you won't take cold."

When a ship or a boat is knocking about, a man can stand firmer on his naked feet, than in boots or in shoes.

Without pausing to reply, I opened the companion-way and seizing a pretty girl around the waist, watched a chance, and stepped with her into the boat so easily and rapidly, that she was seated between the after thwart before she was aware that she had been taken from the wreck. Another was saved in the same style and still the boat was kept within a few inches of the wreck without touching her; the crew backing or pulling to meet the motions of the sea and the drift of the wreck.

The third lady started me for a moment, but only for a moment; my dream was partially verified. Mrs. Burke (formerly Miss Bartlett), supported by her husband was in the companion-way. I looked her full in the face, she did not recognize me, neither did her husband; so I picked her up without speaking, and passed with

her into the boat. When I returned to the wreck, Col. Burke, (he had nobly earned in India his advanced rank) shook me warmly by the hand, and thanked me for the care with which I had placed his lady in the boat.

"No time for compliments now, sir," I replied, breaking from him. "Where is the other lady?"

Not seeing her in the companion-way, I darted down into the cabin, and saw by the imperfect light, the angel of my dream! I tried to speak, but knew not what to say; so to relieve my embarrassment, and aware of the necessity of prompt action, encircled her in my arms to bear her on deck, not wishing to recognize her.

"Oh, Melville!" she said, rather timidly, as the light from the companion fell upon my face.

"Hush, Ellen!" I replied, "I don't want Burke nor his wife to know me, till we are safe on board."

To describe my feelings at that moment is impossible. The pent up affection of ten years burst from my heart, and diffused itself through body and soul. Notwithstanding my aversion to the whole sex, in my inmost soul I had loved Ellen from the first moment I saw her; but my strong, common sense, combined with intense pride, convinced me that any attempt to win her, would make me appear ridiculous. A nameless man of precarious fortune, could not be so vain, I argued with myself, as to seek an alliance with the daughter of a peer, without subjecting himself to insult and failure. I warred, therefore, against the warmest feelings of my heart, and determined never to marry any woman.

Ellen then was sublime in her beauty; I could hardly withdraw my gaze from her; but the thought dashed through my mind that she might be wedded, and I dared not ask the question. This freezing thought at once recalled my wandering dreams, and averted me to my duty.

"What is she to me?" I mentally asked; setting my teeth together, and grasping her around the waist, hurried with her on deck. When we reached the deck, a gust of wind blew her bonnet off, and sent her long hair streaming like the tail of a comet. I placed her on deck against a life-line, parted her hair clear of her eyes on each side of her head, put my own coat-waister on her, and tied it firmly under her chin.

"There, lady," said I, "you're fairly crowned Queen of Salts."

She blushed scarlet to the eyes; and when I again encircled her in my arms, I felt her heart beat and her frame tremble. A couple of steps and she was landed safely in the boat, and placed alongside of Mrs. Burke in the stern sheets.

Once more I returned to the wreck and consulted with her owner, Lord Jason, Ellen's uncle, what he intended to do with her. He said if the sea were not so rough, and if I could supply him with a few spare spars, he would try and jury-rig her; but, as the weather was against such an attempt, he intended to abandon her, especially as not a soul on board had closed his eyes during the past five days.

I made no suggestions, but signalled the ship to wear and lower the other boat. Lord Jason, Col. Burke, and two others came on board in my boat, and when the ship was brought to the wind to leeward of us, I pushed off, and was soon alongside of her. An accommodation chair from the main yard-arm, with steading-lines fore and aft, took the passengers on board handsomely. The quarter-boat was next hoisted up, and the ship was round ready to receive the other boat with the rest of the yacht's crew. When these were on board, and the boat up, I made sail, and again worked to windward of the yacht; lowered a boat, sent six men in her to man the yacht, and took her in tow.

The passengers were commended to the care of the steward and stewardess, and were soon as comfortable as possible. The wind continued favorable, and we made good progress, notwithstanding our companion a stern. In a couple of days everything was ready to jury-rig her, when the gale abated. All this time I kept myself so busily employed among the men superintending the rig of the cutter, that my rescued passengers had no opportunity to meet me but at the cabin-table, and then all the passengers claimed my services. My state-room, which was large and elegantly fitted up, I surrendered to the ladies and their maids, and my mates gave up their rooms to Lord Jason and Col. Burke.

The weather was still very rough, and, as I carried a press of sail, the decks were too wet for ladies to venture out of the cuddy. All this I considered in my favor, as it gave me time to reflect upon the course I should pursue in reference to Ellen. When about three hundred miles to the westward of Scilly, the gale subsided into a light, easterly breeze. The yacht was immediately hauled alongside, and I went on board of her myself to superintend her rig. In eight hours she had a mainmast, jib, foresail and gafftopsail set, and I cast her adrift from the ship, to try her rate of sailing. As the breeze was quite light and dead ahead, she sailed full two miles to the ship's one, and weathered her two and a half points on every tack. Lord Jason, who prized her, perhaps more than his wife, almost danced with joy upon the ship's poop, swearing his Biazee (that was her name), was the fastest vessel in the world of her size.

When I returned to the ship, I took Lord Jason aside and told him he might send his yacht's crew on board of her—she was his.

"I'm much obliged to you, captain," he said, "and I'll settle the salvage, which is your due, and other expenses, when we reach Portsmouth, where, I suppose you will touch to land your passengers."

"Never mind the salvage, my lord; the vessel I command is mostly my own, and I am not accountable to owners for my conduct. Take your yacht and welcome."

He shook my hand, and swore that he never would part with her while he lived, and that she should be mine at his death. He went on board with his crew, and desired Col. Burke and the ladies to join him, saying that he would be in Portsmouth a week before the ship; but they politely declined, and had their luggage sent on board the ship. Three cheers were exchanged on each side as we filled away to work to windward. The next day she was beyond our horizon, having beaten us out of sight.

Her departure was another relief to my mind, for, at first, I thought Lord Jason might be Ellen's husband,

and I had not dared to ask any one whether such were the fact. Still, I knew not how to act. I loved Ellen with my whole soul, but while I contemplated the difference between our social positions, I felt that I was surrendering myself to a hopeless delusion, that might throw my warm self back upon my cold self," and render me wretched the rest of my life. The insult which Miss Bartlett gave me, came fresh to my memory and resolved me not to seek an interview with Ellen, but to let events take their own course. Finding some relief from having made my mind up, I gave myself an over-all shake, like a dog when he leaves the water, and commenced walking the poop, whistling for a wind.

"You are in a great hurry, captain," said a sweet voice from under the lee of the mizzen-mast. "I have been standing here half an hour, waiting for an opportunity to speak to you, but you have been in such haste that I could not attract your notice."

"Ellen, (if Ellen I may be permitted to still name you), I beg your pardon; believe me, I was so absorbed in thought that I could not have seen a mermaid, if she had been alongside of me."

"I accept your apology, and at the same time beg leave to return you my grateful thanks for having saved my life."

"Well, then," I replied, "I accept your thanks, and hope your health has not been impaired by your recent exposure?"

"You are very kind; I am quite well. But, captain, I wish to put myself under another obligation to you. I beg you will give me the sou'wester with which you so generously crowned me when I lost my bonnet."

"With all my heart!"

Here the conversation dropped; I was standing before her, to the leeward of the mizzen-mast, and felt rather embarrassed, and I could easily perceive that she was somewhat in the same condition. Taking a sudden start—for I always dislike suspense—I said:

"Please accept my arm, Ellen, and have a walk; there is no one on the poop but ourselves. I should like to ask you a few questions."

"Cheerfully, captain; and I shall answer all your questions. Begin."

Determined to make short work of my hopes and fears, I came to the point at once.

"Are you married, Ellen?"

"No."

"Have you any matrimonial engagement?"

"No."

"Will you take me for your husband?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Whenever you can obtain the services of a clergyman; but with this condition, reduced to writing and witnessed: That where you go I shall go—that I shall not be separated from you for a single day without my consent in writing."

"Is that all?" I inquired. "and will Ellen be willing to go to sea with me?"

"Yes, Ellen will accompany you wherever your business may require; she has no desire to regulate your movements; all she asks, is to be ever near you."

"Then, dear Ellen, I am yours, body and soul. I will sign your conditions with both hands in the presence of the whole ship's company, if you desire it."

"Now that we understand each other, Jack—that is the name my brother introduced you by to me—I propose to ask you a few questions. How did you recognize me on board the Biazee?"

"Did you not call me by name?"

"I did, but I have grown and changed so much during the past ten years, that I do not look like the same light-hearted girl I was when we first met."

"That is true; you appear much handsomer—now—and—"

"Stop, Jack; we have passed the time of life when boys and girls swear by each other's eye-brows. We are grown-up people, and ought to speak rationally. I am really serious in asking you for the true cause of your recognizing me so readily."

I told her my dream. In it I had seen every one on board, and knew her, and Colonel and Mrs. Burke.

"And, what was more, dear Ellen," I said, "I heard you distinctly call me by name, in the same tone of voice you addressed me when I came on board; yet, independently of this, I think I should have known you, for the scene connected with our first meeting, has often occupied my thoughts. You are not, perhaps, aware that the name of this ship is Ellen, and that a tolerable likeness of you ornaments her bow as a figure-head."

"It is very singular," she replied, in a half-musing tone of voice, "that I should have been dreaming about you the same morning, and have awoke with the words, 'Oh, Melville!' in my mouth. But I am, naturally superstitious; my mother was born north of the Tweed, and from her I have inherited much of the dreamy mysticism of the Scotch. I may as well tell you now, that before I ever saw you, a gipsy-woman showed me your image in a glass of water, and told me that you would be my husband; you may imagine, therefore, how much I was startled, when my brother introduced me to you. I might have been married nine years since, but the strange fancy had taken such a firm hold upon my mind that you were to be my husband—a fancy which I religiously kept to myself—"

"that the wishes of my parents and friends were of no avail. I was determined to have you or live single."

"A thought occurs to me, Ellen, that was can be married on board. The Bishop of Bombay, as you are aware, returning to England for the benefit of his health, is a passenger; he is very partial to me, and I know will do anything consistent with his duty, to oblige me."

"I simply repeat my first answer," she replied, "when you can obtain the services of a clergyman, I will become your wife."

"Thank you, dear Ellen, and as action is my motto, I must leave you now and find the bishop."

The next morning, after breakfast, when the passengers were on deck taking an airing, the Bishop, Col. Burke and his lady, Ellen and myself, assembled in my state-room. Up to this moment neither Col. Burke nor his lady had recognized me, nor were they aware of my identity after I was married. The Bishop, at Ellen's request, had asked them to be present as wit-

When Mrs. Burke saw my signature to Ellen's conditions, she looked me full in the face, and stammeringly inquired if I had known her before.

"Permit me to explain, my dear Mrs. Burke," said Ellen, "after the gentlemen have retired; both Capt. Melville and myself are under great obligations to you."

This was the signal for us to withdraw, so we left the ladies: Ellen, with the quickness of perception peculiar to her sex, saw that any explanation I might give in the presence of the Bishop, would lead to other inquiries, which might, perhaps, bring Col. Burke and myself into collision, to avoid the probability of which, led her to dismiss us at once, and to take upon herself the explanation.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. LOVE AND FAME.

Shall I be calm though the skies are lead?
Shall I sing and smile in the face of fear?
Well, life is much, and love is dear,
Though the love of fame and gain is dead.
If one laments too strong a heart,
And says, "Beware!" must I repent,
And say to Love, "Ah, we must part?"
Or should I steal my discontent, and say,
"Let Love be patient, bide his time, success
And fame demand a sacrifice?" or should
I follow both, and even climb to dizzy, labored heights—
What were the price? Can Fame replace
Within my caloused heart the joy of Love?
Would worldly laurels press upon my brow
The calm of Love's embrace?
Yes, smile, though life and love forever part!
Look well to laurels, rack the brain for thought!
And when with care, and toil, and pain they're bought,
Then ask the price of what is gained—of what is lost!

'Tis well to keep the text and preach philosophy,
And men may better sweeten lore for learning,
Though sufficing that calm, lifeless yearning
Which tells us Love was never born to die.

Edison, 1850.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. B. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER X.

THE POWER OF ABSTRACTION.

The capacity of the soul to withdraw itself from the physical avenues of sensation, and the mental and corporeal effects known to accompany the exercise of that power, will constitute the subject of the present chapter. All persons accustomed to reflection are conscious of being able to separate the mind, in some degree at least, from the sphere of outward perception and action. The measure of this power varies as the peculiarities of original constitution are more or less favorable to its exercise; and is in part operative according to the temperament, disposition, habits and general pursuits of the individual. Of the nature of this power, and the magnitude of its consequences, very few entertain an adequate conception.

Certain pursuits require great concentration of mind; but it is readily granted that others are most successfully prosecuted by those who are capable of a kind of mental diffusion. The greatest intensity and power are exhibited when the mental energies concentrate. I would not speak disrespectfully of any class of minds, nor designedly undervalue the feeblest effort, if well intended; but among the so-called practical men—the men who know how to make money, and to keep it—there is an unbecoming disposition to ridicule, as mere dreamers, all who entertain an ideal that transcends the dusty walls of vulgar life. It is conceded that those who pursue some miscellaneous business—for example, the man who sells goods and the writer of short items for the newspaper—would accomplish comparatively little, if given to intense concentration and profound abstraction of mind, since the successful discharge of their respective duties is made to depend on the facility with which the mind passes from one object to another. But however indispensable this transitive faculty may be to the man of the world, it is seldom associated with the creative energy of acknowledged genius, or the vast comprehensiveness of the real philosopher. The class denominated practical men, may be men of great research and careful observation; but they are neither distinguished for an intuitive perception of truth, nor for profound and independent thought. Their minds are almost wholly employed in the outer world. They feel the force of facts rather than of principles, and hence realize the value of their senses, while they scarcely comprehend the use of Reason. Such persons seldom attempt to fathom the depths of human nature, while they as rarely respect the highest demands of the time. Nevertheless, they have their appropriate place in the scale of being, and may, doubtless, well perform their peculiar function. It must be conceded that material objects and physical phenomena still furnish the forms of evidence which appeal with the greatest power to most minds. This is manifestly true of the multitudes in whom the reasoning faculties are but feebly exercised. An essential service may, therefore, be rendered by recording the facts of daily experience, even when the individual himself is not qualified to weigh an argument or to feel the force of a logical deduction. It however requires but little intelligence to perceive a fact that addresses itself to the outward sense; and yet millions are prone to restrict the operations of their minds to the low sphere of sensual observation. They are often heard to say, "I will only believe when I can have the evidence of my senses—I must see, hear, or handle, as the case may require, for myself." Thus they unconsciously but clearly define their true position; and virtually proclaim the fact that they occupy the animal plane of existence. The dog knows enough to follow his instincts; the wild beast runs to his hiding-places when the tempest approaches; even the ass (proverbial for his stupidity) would inevitably become cognizant of the particular fact, should the roof of the stable fall on his head, though his ears might never be open to a discussion of the general laws of attraction. The philosophy of such people—when they have any—is generally fragmentary and superficial. Seldom or never admitted into close communion with the hidden principles of Nature, they are chiefly qualified to notice her outward expressions, while it is given to other minds to receive her sublime oracles. Thus it would seem to be the peculiar province of one class to observe and record; the other, to reveal and create.

Among the decomposing agents in Nature may be justly comprehended a certain class of minds, gifted with peculiar powers of analysis, and holding a kind of hereditary mastery over the great realm of little things. There are often sharp critics, but seldom, indeed, has one been a great poet, a profound philosopher, or a comprehensive historian. To this class of minds, the Universe is not *one*, but a disorderly aggregation of separate forms and distinct entities, sustaining no very intimate relations. Another, and as we conceive a far higher, power is necessary in grouping the disorganized elements, so as to form them into new and living creations. It requires but an ordinary medical student and a scalpel to dissect a body that only God could create.

Many of our practical men appear to be materialists, whatever they may be in fact or in their own estimation. They very properly esteem the cultivation of potatoes and the growth of cotton as matters of universal concern; but the production of ideas and the culture of the soul are deemed to be interesting chiefly to divines,

metaphysicians, and the fraternity of dreamers. These inveterate utilitarians estimate all things—not even excepting the grace of God and the ministry of Angels—by their capacity to yield an immediate practical result—a result that may be included in the next inventory. The genuine life of Prometheus is worthless, except it will supply the place of *fuel*, and the Muses, are they not all fools, unless Parnassus has made a corn-field? Such views, however prevalent, have not the power to enlist those who are greatly distinguished for independent thought and super-sensual attainments. The man of intuitive nature would rather be numbered with dreamers, than lose sight of his immortality.

Not only the noblest thoughts are evolved in seasons of profound mental abstraction, but the mind is made to feel a deeper consciousness of its relations to the invisible, and is rendered more susceptible of the influence of super-terrestrial natures. Fasting and asceticism materially aid in this retirement of the soul from the senses. The ancient Prophets and Seers were accustomed to seek the wilderness, or some lonely mountain, when they would invoke the spiritual presence. Moses withdrew from the idolatrous multitude into the Mount, where, surrounded by the sublimities of Nature, he is supposed to have received the Law. It was when the Prophet bowed his head and covered his face with his mantle—shutting out from his senses the impressive symbols of the tempest and the fire—that the "still small voice" obtained an utterance in his soul. Christ found in the desert solitude the spiritual strength which earthly companionship could not afford. Protracted fasting, a home in the wilderness, and silent communion with the Spirit-world, served to diminish his susceptibility to mere physical suffering, and to render him strong in spirit, and mighty to endure his trial. The ancients seem to have been deeply conscious of the fact, that retirement from the world was necessary to the highest functions of the immortal nature, and to all the noblest triumphs of the mind. Hence the Patriarchs planted groves as places of worship, and preferred to perform their religious rites on the summits of lofty mountains. The Druids, who were held in the greatest veneration by the ancient Britons and Gauls, consecrated the most desolate scenes in nature to the purposes of their religion, and to the education of their youth, who were required to retire into caves and the deepest recesses of the forest, sometimes for a period of twenty years. Manifestly, all these discerned the shadow of the same great law, and sought to quicken and invigorate the soul by withdrawing it from the scenes of its earthly life.

Since the mind may govern the distribution of the forces of vital motion, it is but natural that all the fluids, and more especially that refined aura which pervades the nervous system, and is the agent of its mysterious functions—should recede from the external surface of the body, whenever the mind is deeply abstracted. If, in the order of the universe, mind be superior to matter, we are authorized to presume that the latter is of necessity subject to the former. That mind can ever active force, and that matter, separately considered, is inert and destitute of the power of motion, is illustrated by the various phenomena which spring from their most intimate relations. In proportion, therefore, as the mind is abstracted, the sensational medium must be withdrawn from the extremities of the nerves, and the natural susceptibility of the organs be temporarily suspended. But we are not necessarily confined to the argument *a priori* in the illustration of our proposition. Facts, cognizable by the senses, are disclosed to the observation of all, and these lead us to the same general conclusion. It is well known that whenever a state of mental abstraction is induced, it serves to deaden the sensibility to pain, and to diminish the consciousness of outward danger. When all the powers of the soul are engrossed with some one great object or idea, no room is left for the intrusion of thoughts or purposes of inferior moment. Then earth and time, with their gilded treasures and empty honors, are disregarded, and in our transfiguration we forget that we are mortal.

It cannot be necessary to cite a great number of facts in this connection. Yet illustrations of the principle are scattered through all history. The martyrs of Liberty and Religion, whose shouts of victory and songs of triumph have risen above the discord of war, or been heard amidst the crackling fagots at the stake, show how regardless mortals are of danger, how almost insensible to pain is man, when the soul is fired by a holy enthusiasm, and all its powers consecrated to a sacred cause. But not in these pursuits and conquests alone do men experience this deadening of the external senses. All persons of *studious habits* are conscious of a similar loss of physical sensibility, whenever the mind is profoundly occupied. Some men possess this power of abstraction in a very remarkable degree; and persons of this class have often been greatly distinguished for their boldness and originality of thought. A gentleman, known to many of our readers, has, on several occasions, while addressing public assemblies on some important subject, experienced a temporary loss of sensation, accompanied by an abnormal quickening of the mental and moral faculties; so that while all forms of persons, and other objects within the range of vision, were gradually obliterated, the understanding was mysteriously illuminated. While under the influence of this spell, he loses all consciousness of time and place, and speaks with far more than his accustomed ease and power.

That mental abstraction diminishes physical sensibility, and renders the mind indifferent to outward objects, and even regardless of the body, is forcibly illustrated in the case of Archimedes of Syracuse. When his native city was besieged and taken by the Romans, Metellus, their commander, desired to spare the life of this distinguished man; but, in the midst of the conflict, a soldier entered his apartment and placed a glittering sword at his throat. The great geometer was engaged in the solution of a problem, and so deeply absorbed that he remained calm and unawakened by the certain prospect of death. At length, with great apparent calmness, he said, "Hold, but for one moment, and my demonstration will be finished!" But the soldier seeing a box, in which Archimedes kept his instruments, and thinking it contained gold, was unable to resist the temptation, and killed him on the spot.

To be greatly distinguished in any department of thought, it becomes necessary that the theme should engross all the mental energies; and this demands a separation of the faculties of the mind from other objects, and, in a degree, from the whole sphere of sensual impressions. We may judge of the extent of the mind's abstraction from the body by the increasing insensibility to outward objects and circumstances. In proportion as the soul is engaged by internal realities, we lose the consciousness of external forms, and become insensible to impressions on the physical organs. The statesman is lost in the midst of his profound designs; when oppressed with the nation's care, he heeds not the beauty that crowds the gilded avenues of fashionable life. The philosopher loses his own individuality in the deeper consciousness of all that is around and above him. Awe by the sublime presence of Nature, standing unveiled before her august ministers, and questioning her living oracles, he heeds no more the petty strifes of common men. The poet is charmed in his reveries. Far away from earth and its grossness, he feels the pulses of a life more spiritual and divine. An angelic magnetism separates him from the world, and he is borne away to other spheres, and worlds invisible are disclosed to the mysterious vision of Genius.

It is especially when man is thus separated from the earth-life, that the soul gives birth to its noblest creations, and realizes something of the divine in its

ideal. The highest truths are begotten from the heavens. It is only when the soul retires to the sequestered life and thought, that its conceptions are truly excited and spiritual. When the mental energies are divided and dissipated among a variety of outward objects, the mind makes no conquests. Mist and darkness gather around the highest subjects of human thought. Minds thus constituted and exercised cause a divergence of the light that shines through them, while others possess a mighty *lens* power, under which all subjects become luminous; the light of the mental world sheds a focal concentration, and the soul burns up the very grossness and darkness which obstructed its vision. In all things the intensity of action is dependent on the accumulation of forces. The various agents in Nature are rendered potent by the processes necessary to concentrate their essential virtues and their peculiar action. Archimedes, the great geometer of antiquity, destroyed a Roman fleet, more than two thousand years ago, settling it on fire by the glasses with which he concentrated the sun's rays. When the electric medium is everywhere equally diffused, its power is neutralized and we are insensible of its presence; but when powerfully concentrated, it rends the darkest cloud, and reveals to us the glory of the heavens beyond. Thus, when the mental forces converge, we become aware of the mind's power; the clouds that veiled the deepest problems of Nature, break and pass away, and amid the illuminated mysteries we follow the kindling soul by its track of fire!

Those who are profoundly abstracted, are often magnetized by the Angels. Not merely as an agreeable fancy, but rather as a solemn and beautiful reality, do I entertain and express the thought. Some higher intelligence wins the rapt soul away from earth, and it dwells above and blends with the Infinite. In the charmed hours when we are able to retire from the dull sphere of grosser life, we think most deeply and truly. Only when earthly sounds are hushed, when earthly scenes grow dim and then invisible, do we ascend to the highest heaven of thought. Communion with external nature: the investigation of her interior laws; the consciousness of the still higher spiritual realities that surround us, and the soul's true worship, are the subjects and exercises best adapted to induce this state of mind. When wholly absorbed with the material objects and events of time, the mind is fettered in its thought. Chained down to earth by a material magnetism, it is difficult to rise above the cramped plane of artificial life. For this reason the mind's noblest monuments have ever been wrought out from invisible worlds, where, veiled forever, are the sources of its highest inspiration.

In conclusion, I must speak briefly of the dangers incidental to the exercise of this power. While a just observance of the principle under consideration must serve to quicken and inspire the faculties, history has recorded many melancholy examples of its perversion to the most painful and fatal ends. So great is the power of mind over the body, that portions of the animal economy are sometimes paralyzed by its action. Constant exercise of mind, without the use of the senses, not only tends to withdraw the circulating medium of the nervous system from the external surfaces, but, of necessity, renders the health and life of the body insecure. Intense thought—when long continued—may occasion an undue determination of the vital forces and fluids to the brain, and thus produce congestion or some derangement of the faculties. The conditions of mind and body, which cause a temporary suspension of sensation; may, if greatly protracted, preclude the restoration of the physical function. I have known several authors who have prematurely lost the sense of hearing, as there is reason to believe, from this cause.

But there are other dangers not less fatal to personal usefulness, and far more destructive to the interests of society. This disposition to withdraw from the world has prompted many to neglect the ordinary duties of life. Not a few have been tempted to fly from all civilized society, and have spent their lives in caves and mountains, away from the ills which they had not the manhood to meet. It is a morbid alienation of reason, with a sickly disgust of life and all temporal interests, that leads to these extremes. Neither Nature nor the spirit of Divine wisdom can be the incentive to action, when men thus disregard their relations to this world, and treat the gifts of God and the blessings of earth with pious scorn.

The asceticism that prevailed in the early church, and the corporeal inflictions that men in different ages have voluntarily suffered, witness to how easily the noblest powers and privileges may be perverted. Think of old Roger Bacon, the Anchorite. He lived two years in a hole under a church wall, and at last dug his own grave with his finger-nail; and all that he might escape from the world, and show his contempt for physical suffering! And Simeon Stylites, distinguished among the Ascetics as the renowned pillar-saint, what a martyr was he! There may be no more like these, but there are, yet in the flesh many victims of their own melancholy whims; men whose disgust of this laboring world proceeds from a love of indolence and a fondness for dreaming; gifted souls whose mission is not to labor—gifted with visions in semi-clairs—visions of case projected from their own brains—and who, if only their usefulness is to be considered, might as well follow the example of the English monk.

Simeon Stylites was a native of Syria. He lived during a period of thirty-seven years on the top of a pillar, gradually increasing its height as he became lean in body and austere in soul, until he obtained the elevation, corporeal and spiritual, of some sixty feet. Having progressed to this sublime extent, he acquired a great reputation as an oracle, and became the head of a sect, the history of which can be distinctly traced for more than five hundred years.

HUSBANDS BE KIND TO YOUR WIVES.

The female heart is so little understood and comprehended by mankind generally, that I deem a few hints upon the subject, not out of place, and worthy of our deepest thoughts. Love is the soothing balm that unites heart to heart, soul to soul, and brings harmony to the family circle. The female heart is the love principle, and when cared for and cherished is the very basis of domestic bliss. I am fully persuaded in my own mind that a very large proportion of domestic misery springs directly from carelessness, coldness, and indifference on the part of husbands towards their wives. The female heart, being the love principle, is susceptible of cultivation the same as you would cultivate the rose; and will remain ever faithful and true just in proportion to the amount of love exercised towards it.

There never was a degraded female soul that could not trace the cause directly to man; and oh, how lamentable is the fact. If husbands would but bestow one half of the kindness and gentleness after marriage that they do before, there would be less divorces, separations and infidelity. The good work must be commenced at home in our own family circles. Husbands, cultivate the love principle in your wives, and your wisdom will be the guiding star of that love. It is said that matches are made in heaven, but the same principle cultivated, will make good and happy matches on earth.

Let me impress young men and young ladies never to marry for fame or gain, unless your young hearts are united in love, and let love be the guiding star over after.

Let the man who sees the need of reformation in others of so great importance as to be always preaching, let perhaps no better than the man who sees the need of reformation in himself, and says nothing.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Startling Light Manifestations—Macaulay—His Funeral at Westminster Abbey—Nov. 21. The London Times on American Affairs—Nov. 21. H. Harris.

DEAR BANNER—I closed my last letter to you, leaving you to guess the probable success of Spiritualism in England, from the examples of opponents and devotees I furnished. I have little else of public Spiritualism to quote; but if I were to relate in full all the manifestations I have witnessed, acting myself as the medium, I fear I should weary some of your readers. The occurrence of one evening, at the residence of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, must recount—not because they will be regarded as more wonderful than those which are familiar to most American Spiritualists; but every record of these facts, however much questioned by *pseudo* science, must be of some value, however slight, to the earnest seeker and investigator. Our party consisted of four individuals—Mr. W., mother, and wife, and myself. We sat, one at each side of a very large mahogany dining-table weighing not less than two hundred and fifty pounds. On our sitting down, rapping occurred as loud, almost, as I have ever heard it, as though the table had been struck with some hard substance. A stiff piece of paste-board was procured, on which was placed a sheet of paper and a common lead crayon. This I grasped some characters closely resembling Hebrew, of which I will add, for the benefit of the Greek of Harvard, I am also humbly ignorant. Our next manifestation was with an accordion, which I first took in one hand, and extended under the table. Very soon some over harmonious attempts were made at a tune, one of us in the greatest doubt as to what tune. Still, however, sounds enough were made to give us a very good idea of the presence of some invisible intelligence, kind enough to manifest itself in this way. Here the argument must rest against the medium. 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youself before a camera you get the form of your own face, and so of every other person, his own features are reflected. These reflections always correspond to images in the mind—it is no delusion, or hallucination, but the reflection of existing forms and colors already stamped on the brain through the eye and ear. Perhaps a majority of persons in a sleeping or waking state, are able to see these reflections.

All dream-images are referable to this law, and all dreams can be fully explained upon this principle. Joseph followed this principle of mental reflections, or as Swedenborg would say, *spiritual correspondences*, in explaining the dreams of Pharaoh. I engage to explain all dreams by it perfectly. The reproduction of these images is sometimes under the control of the will, and artists can sometimes reproduce the face they have seen by gazing at the chair in which the person sat. A French artist is mentioned, who worked wholly in this manner, and often had many persons sit in a day, and then, one by one would paint the portraits of each, by referring to the chair he saw the person seated, and every line of the face and hue of the skin was before him. This is no more wonderful than that the image of any object painted on the retina in the back part of the eye should enable us to see the object at a certain point. I wish the reader to keep constantly in mind the law of reflection by which all images are seen, and all physical objects are reproduced in the domain of nature. Man is the physical reflection of God's image; the son or daughter is the reflected image of one or both parents combined; so of all animate and inanimate nature. The pine reproduces the pine, the oak the oak, the palm the palm, the whole the whole, and so of all else in nature; the apple reflects its own image—the corn does not produce the grape; such an occurrence would unsettle the foundation law of God's universe. If the reader can clearly comprehend the statement of this principle, I will proceed, and record a different class of facts which have challenged the wonder of the world, and rendered the lives of thousands miserable, under the impression that they were followed by a superhuman manifestation.

A case published in the *Shekna*, relates of Susan, who wrote to Pliny, respecting a ghost seen in Athens in a certain house. A philosopher purchased the house and ordered his servant to make his bed in the lower room. At a certain hour the door opened, and a man in chains walked into the room. The figure beckoned with its finger to the philosopher, and glided from the door and disappeared in the yard a few rods from the house. The ground was dug up at the spot, a skeleton in chains was found in its grave. The removal of these bones forever removed the phenomena.

This last fact should be noted, as numerous facts attest the cessation of such hauntings, on the removal of the body or skeleton.

A man named Fisher, in New Wales, left for London, as was supposed, leaving his property with his neighbor, Smith by name. A Scotchman named Weir, on returning from Holmstown near sunset, in the vicinity of a pond of water saw Fisher in his shirt sleeves, sitting on the fence with a gash in his head. His wife told him it was the beer he had drank. Next night on returning he saw him at the same place as before, with the wound in his head.

A native of the island was called, and from the fence where the ghost sat, traced by scent a path to the pond of water, and ordered them to go out to where some bubbles were rising on the water, as he smelt "white man's fat." The body was found in the pond at that point, in its shirt sleeves, with a wound in its head. Smith was tried, condemned and executed, confessing the crime of killing Fisher on the rail, where he was taken by Weir. Numerous cases are related where not only persons' ghosts are seen near graves, but lights also; and sensitive persons are frequently affected in coming into the vicinity of places where the dead are buried, and on removing the remains, the persons cease to be affected.

This class of facts must be referred to reflected images. The organization of Weir was affected by the decaying matter of the dead body, and the ghost on the fence was a mere image or shadow presented to the eye. So of the case related by Pliny of the ghost in chains.

The next class of facts to which I will refer, is made up of the numerous cases of ghosts seen of persons who are living. In this class, also, I put the cases of ghosts seen of persons at the moment of dying, or their deaths, as seen a few days before death. A case in point and of great interest, is related by Robert Dale Owen in a book recently published on spirit seeing.

The following embraces the main points which I wish to notice. Mademoiselle Sage, a teacher in Lyons, is the subject of the following narration. The young ladies in the institution, forty-two in number, declared that they met the governess in various parts of the building at the same moment.

One day the governess was giving a lesson to a class of thirteen, of whom Mademoiselle de Galdensubla was one, and was demonstrating, with eagerness, some proposition, to illustrate which she had occasion to write with chalk on a blackboard. While she was doing so, and the young ladies were looking at her, to their consternation they suddenly saw two Mademoiselle Sages, the one by the side of the other. They were exactly alike, and they used the same gestures, only that the real person held a bit of chalk in her hand, and did actually write, while the double had no chalk, and only imitated the motion.

Soon after, one of the pupils, a Mademoiselle Antoine de Wrangel, having obtained permission, with some others, to attend a *féte en costume* in the neighborhood, and being engaged in completing her toilet, Mademoiselle de Sage had good naturedly volunteered her aid, and was looking her dress behind. The young lady happening to turn round and to look into an adjacent mirror, perceived two Mademoiselle Sages looking her dress. The sudden apparition produced so much effect on her that she fainted.

Months passed by, and similar phenomena were still repeated. Sometimes, at dinner, the double appeared standing behind the teacher's chair, and imitating her motions as she ate—only that its hands held no knife and fork, and that there was no appearance of food; the figure alone was repeated. At the pupils and the servants waiting on it table witnessed this.

It was only occasionally, however, that the double appeared to imitate the motions of the real person. Sometimes, when the latter rose from a chair, the figure would appear seated on it. On one occasion, Mademoiselle Sage being confined to bed with an attack of influenza, the young lady already mentioned, Mademoiselle de Wrangel, was sitting by her bedside, reading to her. Suddenly the governess became stiff and pale; and, seeming as if about to faint, the young lady, alarmed, asked if she was worse. She replied that she was not, but in a very feeble and languid voice. A few moments afterwards, Mademoiselle de Wrangel, happening to look round, saw, quite distinctly, the figure of the governess walking up and down the apartment. This time the young lady had sufficient self-control to remain quiet, and even to make no remark to the patient. Soon afterwards she came down stairs, looking very pale, and related what she had witnessed.

But the most remarkable example of this seeming independent action of the two figures happened in this wise:

One day all the young ladies of the institution, to the number of forty-two, were assembled in the same room, engaged in embroidery. It was a spacious hall on the first floor of the principal building, and had four large windows, or rather glass doors, (for they opened to the floor,) giving entrance to a garden of some extent in front of the house. There was a long table in the centre of the room; and here it was that the various classes were wont to unite for needle-work, or similar occupation.

On this occasion, the young ladies were all seated at the table in question, whence they could readily see what passed in the garden; and, while engaged at their work, they had noticed Mademoiselle Sage there, not far from the house, gathering flowers, of which she was very fond.

At the far end of the table, seated in an arm-chair of green morocco, my informant says, she still distinctly recollects that it was, sat another teacher, in charge of the pupils. After a time this lady had occasion to leave the room, and the arm-chair was left vacant. It

remained so, however, for a short time only; for, of a sudden, there appeared seated in the vacant arm-chair Mademoiselle Sage. The young ladies immediately looked before them, and there she still was, engaged as before, only that she had now changed her position, and languidly, as a drowsy or exhausted person might, she looked at the arm-chair, and there she sat, silent, and without motion, but to the sight so palpably real that, had they not seen her outside in the garden, and had they not known that she appeared in the chair without having walked into the room, they would all have supposed that it was the lady herself.

As it was, being quite certain that it was not a real person, and having become, to a certain extent, familiar with the strange phenomenon, two of the boldest approached and tried to touch the figure. They averred that they did feel a slight resistance, which they likened to that which a fabric of the muslin or crêpe would offer to the touch. One of the two then passed close in front of the arm-chair, and actually through a portion of the figure. The appearance, however, remained, after she had done so, for some time longer, still seated, as before. At last it gradually disappeared; and then it was observed that Mademoiselle Sage resumed, with all her usual activity, her task of flower-gathering. All very use of the forty-two pupils saw the same figure in the same way.

Some of the young ladies afterwards asked Mademoiselle Sage if there was anything peculiar in her feelings on this occasion. She replied that she recollected this only: that, happening to look up, and perceiving the teacher's arm-chair to be vacant, she had thought to herself, "I wish she had not gone away; these girls will be sure to be idling their time and getting into some mischief."

It seemed chiefly to present itself on occasions when the lady was very earnest or eager in what she was about. It was uniformly marked that the more disturbed and material to the persons present, the more the figure appeared, nor seemed to notice the species of rigid apathy which crept over her at the times it was seen by others.

This case conclusively shows that the double was a figure of the young lady, composed of the nerve-vapor from her own body; that it was a *tangible body*, sufficient to reflect its image in the mirror. The reader will see that the chalk was not reflected, nor was the knife or fork. While in the garden gathering flowers, the figure is in her chair, and she appeared languid; and the more distinct the figure, the more "stiff and languid" she appeared, and as the double faded, she resumed her powers. As the figure was absorbed into her own person, she again resumed her activity; the lost nerve element necessary to produce the double being again supplied to the nerves and brain.

Mrs. Crowe relates a case that proves conclusively, my theory in this matter: Two students, disputing in the street in a city in Germany, on botany, one was seized by a desire to possess his "Linnaeus on Flowers," in the office where he studied. At that moment the door of the office opened, the student John walked in, went to the bookcase, took out Linnaeus, and passed toward the door. His preceptor spoke, the book fell on the floor, and the figure vanished.

Many persons assert having seen their own double; and that clairvoyants and persons in dreams thus give off a nervous body, that travels through space, and is a medium through which the spirit sees and hears, is quite apparent. Mediums, in a circle, may thus fling off many bodies, and one or all may unite in lifting tables, making raps, as the student's nerve aerie double lifted the book.

It appears to me that all the facts of this class sustain my theory, and I call this physical nervous reflection; the image corresponds to its source. These nervous bodies may and do open doors, lift bodies of matter, make motions, and many times speak to those who accept them. The separation must be perfect and the figure complete, to enable it to become the source of sound.

This theory explains forever the real character of all ghosts of persons living. Another class of ghosts exist, which I cannot explain by this theory. I will refer to these in a future letter.

AN EPISTLE

To the First Congregational Church in Northampton.

BY HIRAM FERRY.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS—Having been waited upon by a Committee of your Church, to inquire concerning my present views in regard to your confessions, I have, in obedience to the duty which I have assumed, the pleasure to appear before you, and answer for myself touching those things whereof I am accused. Finding much sympathy wasted for the "erring one," and my views misrepresented, I take this method of laying them before you, trusting they will receive a fair and candid consideration.

Forty-one years ago, at the age of eighteen, my mind became alarmed under the teaching that my Heavenly Father was a revengeful God, and the threat of eternal damnation for the sins of our great progenitor, who was said to have been created in the image of his Maker, but who, by disobedience to his Maker, was made more powerful than God himself, and was thus enabled to have injured the works of his hands, as enabling to your confession "man involved himself and his posterity in sin and misery."

Under the excitement of these teachings, and without inquiring who had thus misrepresented the views of the Heavenly Father, I sought refuge under the pillars of your sanctuary, and voluntarily subscribed to your Confession and Covenant.

As I advanced to manhood and cast from my physical form the infantile garments of my childhood, so in more mature years have I examined this table in regard to the fall of man, and have become fully satisfied that it had its origin in the sacred books of the Chinese, and is no more entitled to my respect, because some one, (no one knows whom,) has copied into what we call the Bible, than other Hindu or Chinese theories, which are sincerely believed in by the devout.

Hindu sacred books tell of a fish that disgorged with Manu, and the Hebrew tells of a serpent that talked with Eve. Hindu records declare that a crocodile swallowed Crutana—and cast him forth unhurt. Hebrew records declare that a whale swallowed Jonah, and in three days disgorged him safely dry land.

The Zend Avesta, a sacred book, came down from one of the mountains of Persia through a flaming fire, bringing a book of laws given him by Ormuzd. Hebrew records, of later date, say Moses received the Law from Jehovah on Sinai, through the same element.

All the religion of the world I view as flowing from the faith and inspiration inherent in man's nature, and which God assuredly has not implanted in mockery of our weakness. I differ from those who consider all systems of religion as impostures. On the contrary, I regard the religious sentiment as always and everywhere sacred. In all its forms I find much that is beautiful and true, in all I find more or less of the alloy necessarily resulting from our imperfect nature and uncompleted growth.

In the narrowness of our ignorance, we have been forever striving to limit the All-Father's love. Hindu thought themselves the sole repositories of truth who had witnessed.

Christians, in their turn, denounced all but themselves as "heathen" who must unavoidably burn in eternal fire. But while these successively asserted their exclusive claims, the Heavenly Father was lovingly and wisely guiding all, and showing on all the tokens of his love.

While I acknowledge many of the beauties of the ancient Scriptures, yet I cannot close my eyes and my reason against the revolting narratives, immoral records, and appalling scenes of vengeance and bloodshed therein transcribed. I see nothing pure, Godlike or elevating in them. For this reason I would not read them. I look upon them as a history of the past, and as legions of old were exponents of the truth for the times they lived in; but I cannot accept them as fitting examples for the present. The morality of David and Solomon cannot be extolled in these days; nor the cruel warfare of the Jews, held up to us as God's punishment for a chosen people, or the Heavenly Father's vengeance upon his enemies. Neither can I accept, as a pattern of meekness and purity, that bloody chief, Judas, nor sanction his martial orders to slay the mothers, butcher the brothers, and debauch the

daughters, and thus convert his camp into a wholesale brothel, and consign thirty thousand young virgins to degradation and ruin. I leave such disgusting details to those who have a desire to

"Gropo in darkness for dark things."

My ideal of the incomprehensible One is a lofty ideal—before whom metaphors of love and wisdom bow their hearts in meek adoration. I behold him in every dancing leaf, in every flower's upturned form of love, in every bird's song in wind and wave. I feel myself surrounded by his omnipotence, far future than I can comprehend, and I cannot divide his sovereignty with aught of earth or heaven. I cannot accept of any theological or spiritual Trinity. My God is one, sole and eternal, whose breath of life pervades all forms.

I reverence and adore the character of Jesus of Nazareth. I look upon him as the apostle of purity, charity and meekness. By struggling nobly he overcame temptation. The influences of impure spirits were cast out by his will-power. Thus, pure, loving Jesus, I accept thee. But to acknowledge the beauty of thy example, I must believe thee human. It would be no merit in a God, who in this is so highly estimable.

As I was questioned by your Committee more particularly on this point, I will allude to the passages of Scripture that they cited to refute my opinion. The first was Isaiah vii:14, "Behold a virgin shall conceive," &c. Whoever reads this prophecy without noting the heading some crafty priest has affixed over it, "The virgin birth of Jesus," will see at once it has no relation to Jesus, but is a prophecy of the birth of the Messiah, who was to be born of a virgin, as the story runs, had prophesied the triumph of Ahaz over his enemies, who were then besieging Jerusalem. Ahaz was in doubt, and Isaiah appended this prediction for a sign—and he tells us in the next chapter, verses 2 and 3, in disgusting detail, how it was fulfilled in a God, who in this is so highly estimable.

The learned Neander says, "It is undoubtedly spurious, whether it was or not, as the previous prophecy proved totally false. Isaiah does not mention this fact, but in an account of this siege, II Chron. 28, it is recorded that 'The Lord delivered him (Ahaz) into the hands of the King of Syria.'"

The other passage cited by your Committee, was the words of John's first epistle, "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." My answer to this, is the fact that all clergymen do, or ought to know, that this verse is wanting in all the ancient manuscripts or translations before Jerome's time.

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I have been inquired of in regard to my views on the subject of the spiritual manifestations of the present; and on this, as well as all other subjects, I am ready at all times to give a reason for the hope that is in me. As a man, I stand on a basis of common sense, and what you admit to be divine, I do not admit to be divine, hold fast that which is good." It is true that at first I only proceeded as many of you now proceed, and ventured to go, like Nicodemus of old, by night, to see if any good thing could come out of Nazareth.

I was not, however, until evidence had accumulated upon this subject, that I felt proof had been added to proof—that I could consent to accept of a belief in the agency of spiritual beings. That belief, however, in spite of prejudices and skepticism—in spite of the general cry of "humbug" and "imposture"—that belief became forced upon my mind by irresistible evidence.

I may safely say that if I ever experienced the love of God and of man shed abroad in my heart, that love has been quickened, purified, intensified; if I ever yearned for purity of heart and holiness of life, those yearnings have been stimulated and increased; and if I ever recoiled at in overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil, I have now, I trust, been fully equipped to meet under these angelic ministrations, and have been fully equipped to meet under these angelic ministrations, and have been fully equipped to meet under these angelic ministrations.

In the days of that highly developed man, Jesus, many attributed his works to the agency of Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils, merely because he did not conform, in all things, to the standard of orthodoxy of that day.

To those who have been enabled to receive full convictions of the reality of intercourse with the departed, death is truly a victory. A new heaven is over them, and a new earth beneath their feet. All tears are wiped away from their eyes. An important step in individual progression, and one which is taken alike by all, is the casting off the earthly body, and the arising to a higher form of life in the spirit world. It is too late in the nineteenth century to teach the old theological dogma, that ages hence, when these physical bodies shall have been resolved to their original element, that these spirits shall be brought back and reunited with the gathered particles, and then arise to a higher life. But you may ask, How are the dead raised, and with what bodies do they come? This is a question which I have asked and fully answered eighteen hundred years ago. If the apostle calls him a "fool" who made the inquiry, what would I have thought of those who, for so long a time, have failed to comprehend the reply? He points to the natural world, ever teeming with its myriad transformations and resurrections, before our eyes, and asks, "And will ye not believe?"

I am fully aware that I have presented before you strange and startling things, and have no doubt that some of the sentiments advanced will seem a wide departure from the true faith. I have shared with you in these imaginings, and can fully sympathize with your fears. But you will remember, it has been the fate of every man, truth, or rather every truth when fully developed, to be compelled to force its way into the convictions of men, in spite of their theological systems and their accustomed interpretations of Scripture.

Thus was it with Christianity itself, and thus with its rivals, the gods of the reformers of the sixteenth century. Each has been in its turn anathematized as the enemy of revelation and the foe of true religion.

It is only 250 years since Galileo was forced to renounce, through fear of the church, his theory of the revolution of the earth. But as he rose from his knees, he whispered to a friend, "Nevertheless, the world does turn round!" and it has continued to turn round from that day to this, bearing with it Popes and Cardinals, and churches of all sects; so that now, in the consent of all christendom, Galileo's theory has become a part of the common faith.

So it will be with the theory which I stand charged. But when each of the sciences have become demonstrated truths, then it has been found an easy matter for theologians to adjust their Scripture interpretations to these truths.

The same process will continue to be required, till men shall see the folly of attempting to confine their expanding natures within the infantile garments of the past, or to crowd a universe of truth in the meagre limits of a creed. I cannot expect you at once to see these truths as I see them. It has cost me months of investigation and struggle against the deepest and most cherished convictions, and I should judge me to have become an apostate from the truth, and unworthy of your continued fellowship, or of the Christian name. Yet, much as I should regret the interruption of the fraternal relations which have existed between us, there is another thing which I should still more regret, and that is, being compelled to stifle the deepest and most earnest convictions of my soul, and to withhold from my fellow men the glad tidings of great joy.

If the fate awarded me that in former days was the portion of all who were so fortunate as to be made the recipients of truth not recognized in the canons of the church—even though the dogma, the rack, and the stake were staring me in the face—I could only say with Luther, as he stood before his persecutors, "May God help me, I cannot speak otherwise."

In conclusion I feel in duty bound to request a release from all obligations or limitations, either expressed or implied in my relationship with you, which are in any way calculated to stifle the deepest and most earnest convictions of my soul, and to withhold from my fellow men the glad tidings of great joy.

Northampton, Mass., Jan. 21, 1860.

Place an ignorant man in an elevated situation, and it only serves to make him more contemptible—a small light shines best in the corner.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

POEM,

Delivered at the Anniversary of the Mechanics Apprentices' Library Association, Boston, on the 21st of February, 1860.

BY JOHN W. DAVIS.

When tells the traveler through the desert sand,
And glancing bent-clouds patch his blinding eyes,
How fair before his view the vale expand
Where bright Kerra or Blinnah's pulses arise!
And welcome to this hour, 'tis oasis time
That yearly answers to the warm heart's call—
Oh! over more shall float its memory-chime—
The pleasant scene—the festive lighted hall—
Till darkly o'er our years the closing shadows fall!

Be welcome all who meet this night to yield
Your cheering presence to this passing hour;
Breathless, or strangers to the swiftest field
Where warping downward sinks our banished power!
Time writes the ephemeris of earthly forms,
And though in dust 'tis Association's name,
Yet rainbow-like along the gathering storms
Shall float this balcony scene that swiftly glides—
Like glory's dust emble along the sunset skies!

Time's morning wind blows from the blue sea's gleam,
We cleave the fasts that bind to childhood's shore,
And stretch away, where leveled sun-rays beam,
Or constellations march o'er ocean's floor!
Firm at the helm Youth's daring pilot stands,
And crowds the driving sail, and fearless guides;
While Thought, beside him, breaks the mystic bands
That hold Life's time, and scans the wind and tides,
And proudly o'er the wave hoists her heaven-blue pennon ridge!

All read that page—but hark! the fearful sign
Diagoned in mystery o'er Elfin's hall,
It bears a differing omen; 'tis the trembling line
Of Yathak's minims aye—he fits the call!
And thus, if left in life, some spirit-light
Sees, 'neath the common veil, the fearless ray
That points the way to the dim-distant standards far,
And forward sweeps on his majestic way,
While hailing millions hark, and tremble, and obey!

We clear the striking beach—the headlands high
That tower aloft, the sentinels of the bay!
And meet the gay leas that fiercely fly—
Our sixteen pennons stiffen in the spray—
Our gilded barges drink the whelming wave,
We learn, too, of our joys and pleasures gleam
Like the curved print the old anchor's trace gave—
Which fell and bright to the beholder seem,
But, tasted, from quick flesh the spouting currents stream!

Yet onward rolls the trembling galleys still,
While loud the storming pipes amid the shoals,
And while around us boom the shoals of ill!
Afar we gaze, where the close-lowering clouds
Shut in our rearward view, and mourn the joys,
The hopes, the fairest truth that were embraced,
Ere being manhood spurred his childish toys.

And thus, if left in life, some spirit-light
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BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

The New York Evangelist of the 10th instant copies an article from the *Morning Advertiser*, of London, which purports to be an honest report of a lecture recently delivered by Rev. T. L. Harris, in the hall of the Institution at Portman Square. The author of the report remarks that he attended the meeting with the expectation of hearing a masterly vindication of the claims of Spiritualism; but he experienced a disappointment that filled him at once with emotions of surprise and delight, such as he could not describe, and certainly makes no attempt to conceal. He speaks of the discourse of our countryman as a "triumphant exposure of the great danger and unparalleled infidelities of Spiritualism. We have given the *Advertiser's* notes a careful perusal, but do not perceive that anybody or anything is exposed save the preacher (it may be the reporter) and his mournful destitution of ordinary charity and veracity, not omitting the spiritual pride and disappointed ambition of one who perhaps aspired in vain to be the founder and leader of a new sect in America. The whole article is so gross a caricature, and manifests such a reckless disregard for the truth and for the decency of polite society, that anything like a formal refutation of its wholesale slanders—unwarranted by the citation of a single fact—would be likely to subject us to the suspicion of underrating the intelligence of our 100,000 readers, and the common sense of the public in general. That our readers may judge of its character, we quote as follows:

Mr. Harris held up to the eyes of his audience the system of Spiritualism as the most hideous and horrible thing which had ever come from the nether world. He said that he himself was a living proof, mentally and physically, of cultivating the so-called science of Spiritualism. He mentioned that only a few years ago it had taken so absorbing a mastery over him, that he had obtained so complete a mastery over him, that it gave rigidity to the muscles of his frame, a terrible, uncouth expression to his countenance. He added that he had seen and known many others—excellent and amiable persons before they became Spiritualists—from whom the power which the demoniacal system had acquired over them had taken away their appetites, had unaided them for the ordinary duties of life, crushed their energies, and rendered them incapable of doing any good. He mentioned that he had seen and known many others—excellent and amiable persons before they became Spiritualists—from whom the power which the demoniacal system had acquired over them had taken away their appetites, had unaided them for the ordinary duties of life, crushed their energies, and rendered them incapable of doing any good.

Mr. Harris added, that this was not only true of the Transatlantic Spiritualists as a body, but that it was true of every one hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand of their number. Thousands of persons had died in America during the fifteen years that he had been a Spiritualist, who had not only lived most immoral lives, and yet the spirits of every one of those persons affirmed that they were all perfectly happy. The Spiritualist literature of America, Mr. Harris also stated, was with one or two exceptions in a thousand cases, Pantheistic, feeble, driveling, vain, almost idiotic. The Spiritualists were utterly selfish, as well as sensual and grossly immoral. They were desirous of all human sympathies, and never were known to perform a single benevolent action. They fully believed that, in a future state, they would live the same licentious lives as they had done on earth. The American Spiritualists were in reality a body of Pagans, worshipping like the ancient Pagans, and obeying all the sensual and grossly immoral. They were desirous of all human sympathies, and never were known to perform a single benevolent action. They fully believed that, in a future state, they would live the same licentious lives as they had done on earth.

There were a few Christian men who had been deluded into the adoption of the system, but only in a modified degree, and so long as their Spiritualism was not in subjection to their Christianity, the observations he had made did not apply to them. But these exceptions were so few as to be hardly worthy of notice. He begged to impress on the minds of his audience, that the Spiritualist literature of America was the result of his own personal knowledge and experience. He mentioned some individual cases, of which he was an eye-witness, in which the demon of Spiritualism had obtained so entire a mastery over its victims, as to throw them down on platforms, and other public places, just as the evil spirits did of which we read in the New Testament.

The marriage vow imposes no obligations in the views of the Spiritualists. Husbands who had for years been so devotedly attached to their wives, that they have said nothing in the world but death itself could part them, have been abandoned by their wives, and formed criminal connections with other females, because the spirits had told them that there was a greater Spiritualist affinity between these husbands and certain other women, than between them and their lawful wives. Wives, too, the most devoted, and loving, and true to their husbands, that had ever contracted the marriage obligation, had been abandoned by their husbands, and lived in open immorality with other men, because the spirits had told them that they ought to do so, on the ground of there being a greater Spiritualist sympathy between them and these men, than between them and their husbands.

For the credit of Mr. Harris, we sincerely hope it may yet appear that the viviparous spirit, the monstrous misrepresentations and absurd calumnies with which the report abounds—and which appear to be tolerably well suited to the pious taste of the Evangelist—are mainly chargeable to the account of an unscrupulous reporter, who, it should be observed, does not attempt to disguise the fact that he went to hear Mr. H. hoping that he should thus be prepared to use his own language—"to expose with greater success the infidelities and dangers, and the disastrous results, morally, socially and physically, of the latest and most insidious form of Pantheism."

Personally we entertain the kindest feelings toward Mr. Harris; and, from a knowledge of the singular contrarieties in his nature, we are strongly disposed to treat his case with unusual indulgence. Nevertheless, we must be just to the multitudes who are thus assailed without discrimination and without a cause, many of whom have often manifested their friendship for Mr. Harris in a manner that appears to call for a more fitting, generous and manly recognition.

In conclusion, we copy from the *Spiritual Magazine*, published at London, the following notice of Mr. Harris:

THE REV. T. L. HARRIS.—This eloquent Spiritualist preacher has now removed to the Marylebone Institute, in Edward street, Portman Square. The service commences at 11 A. M., and half-past 2 P. M. His audiences have largely increased, and will no doubt soon overflow the large room of the Institution. Those who wish to hear the highest flights of eloquent and poetic preaching to the heart, should avail themselves of the opportunity which the next few Sundays will afford them. One of his recent sermons, in which he presented in bold relief the dangers of giving ourselves up to the productions of the physical phenomena, and allowing our minds to be held captive by the teachings of the low forms of Spiritualism, which has led to an article of a very rampant kind in the *Morning Advertiser*, which has been reproduced, of course with the usual additions, in other papers. It is enough to say that the delinquent writer, whom we are fortunately able to point out as Mr. James Grant, entirely misrepresented the purport and statements of the discourse, and that he amusingly erred in treating of Mr. Harris as a seceder from the holy cause. So far is this from being the case, that Harris is himself one of its highest exponents, and most eloquent exponents, and constantly the subject of magnetic trances. This very discourse was delivered by him in a melodramatic state, as are all his prayers and sermons, and in this fact lies the wonder, not less than the beauty of his high poetry and preaching. Mr. James Grant, we suppose, will be as much discouraged at this discovery as those who read his article will be surprised to hear that Mr. Grant

half, a demon in female form. These evil influences are doing a mighty work of redemption, by carrying men with their eyes shut over swampy places, and their wives with the rotten rope of matrimony tied to them. These spirits are striking a mighty blow in darkness, to break a terrible link in the chain of human bondage, and make men and women, in their sexual relations, as we say, what they should be. We must wait for this blow of so-called evil to blow, before we can admire its beauty and love its fragrance. This evil is a seed of holiness, nourished by the most damnable conflicts of earth, that shall blossom sometime in the most richest beauty. I know another class of so-called evil spirits who have less hypocrisy, who are more willing to tread disagreeable paths than I, and it is with a deep interest that I have taken notes of their manifestations. Their field of labor is with prostitutes, drunkards, rum-sellers, swimmers, Sabbath-breakers, outlaws, and such like. In this direction I would gladly detail voluntarily, and shall sometime; but time forbids, and so-called evil spirits might shrink at present.

A conscious recognition of the influence of this class of spirits is beginning to be recognized by those who are subject to their power. Drunkards, we have been told by Dr. Wellington, Dr. Gardner, Dr. Child of Philadelphia, and Mr. Newton, have in some instances positively recognized the influence of spirits outside of themselves. All courtesans are unclean mediums; and most of them recognize the immediate influence of spirits acting upon them. A detailed investigation to this end will present to any one of you hypotheses of evidence; but do not investigate while you are afraid. I speak on good authority when I say that prostitutes have liberally and freely paid more money to mediums—these mediums did not know that they were such—for spiritual manifestations, than any other class of women in Boston; and also, that there is scarcely a house of prostitution in this city where circles have not been repeatedly held, and most extraordinary manifestations have been given through the mediumship of their own inmates.

The most reckless, careless, errant and wayward; the most sullen, down-trodden and degraded, have the perfection and beauty of their material existence most broken and deformed by the mighty growth of the spirit inside, that bursts it. And it is through the cracks and breaks that deform material beauty, that spirit influence can come in, which is the proximate cause of what we call medium developments. Matter, and the love of matter, is cast off by the growth of the spirit.

When a man acts bad, it is substantially and only a break and deformity of this world's perfection and beauty, while at the same time the cause is, in short, substantially and really, only the luxuriant and rapid growth of a beautiful immortal soul within, pulsating for a higher and better life, rising out of the bondage of matter to the freedom and beauty of the spiritual world.

We all know, according to the old church standard of right and wrong, that all mediums, even those absolutely the highest and the holiest, act at times rather bad, whereby their material glory gets knocked and broken; their self-excellence in morals and religion gets prostrated; their excessive virtues, which are only real in material, tremble, letter and fall. And on the orthodox platform they appear to be possessed and obsessed by devils and evil spirits. And these devils and evil spirits do material injury. They do aim a sure and deadly blow to human distinctions and earthly love, for the reason that these distinctions and this love do not belong to the spirit; they belong only to the material covering of the spirit.

In the new birth of the soul from the love of matter to the love of the spirit, devils are only the messengers of God, are the angels of duty, that help to break away our covering of earthly love, while our souls in the struggles of their new birth, have their exit therefrom to a more beautiful and better world—the spirit world. And while these garments of earthly beauty are being broken and torn away from us, the slightest make-up, even a tear, and the tearing sunder of the last threads of our earthly affections, to which our souls have clung so long and fondly, hurts our earthly sensation, injures and spoils our materialism, and we are set free from things below, with our affections set on things above, sover, for having the aid of God's own angels that we call devils.

Mediums are my only "reservists." I would kneel in gratitude to God before every development of medium power, and before the manifestation of every spirit—evil, so called, or good, so called.

Mr. Dixon said:—A Miss Wilson, who was very intelligent and religious, neat and tidy, but poor, was obsessed by an evil spirit, whose manifestations through her were very bad. She went to a Catholic priest, and the devil, while there, again took her, and tore and rent her to that extent that her life was in jeopardy. The priest sprinkled holy water upon her, and commanded the spirit to depart, and his mandate was obeyed. But after this, she was many times influenced by this same spirit.

By the means of this evil influence, Mr. Dixon concluded that this woman had been benefitted and interiorly enlightened; for she is now a very excellent inspirational medium of the highest and the purest character. She recently made the most beautiful speech, while under spirit influence, in a normal condition, that he ever heard. She is industrious, honest, spirit-minded. She dives deep into truth, and seldom fails on realities.

Mr. Tilton confirmed what Mr. Dixon had said. He was well acquainted with the lady, and the spiritual influence that she had experienced.

Dr. Gardner doubted whether the best mediums were at times most influenced by evil spirits. He thought that the influence of evil spirits upon mediums had never been injurious, but, on the contrary, had always proved, or would be, beneficial.

Mr. Dixon:—I have heard a gentleman say that when he had commanded evil spirits to leave the medium obsessed and troubled by them, he had never been successful; but when he had used kind words, sympathy and love, he had always been successful.

Mr. Smith:—I went to see Mrs. Porter, of Bridgport, in the company of others, and of all the Billingtons and Fives Points I ever heard, this best of all. I don't know what this influence was.

Recently I met a young man and woman who were influenced by some power—I know not what—to use very profane language.

A few years ago a lady was entranced, and went through all the agonies of a person that had taken poison. After this, she said that she was for some time a desire to take poison, for the world was dark and cheerless to her; but since this influence of a spirit, as she claimed, she had had no desire to commit suicide.

Mr. Dixon referred to the case of Miss Hattie Page, who, he said, had sometimes pointed to her death been influenced on many occasions by evil spirits previous to the last fatal influence.

He had watched with a man under the influence of mania, and this patient said that spirit came to him, and told him that he must go with them. He refused, they said, "You shall go within an hour," and, as the hour drew near, he saw them coming in tremendous force. At a moment previous to the expiration of this hour, a commanding officer, apparently of a military company, approached for his safety; and the devils scattered and disappeared.

Mr. Wessons:—One remark of Brother Spooner, about what he said of Dr. Underhill's patient, it seems to me is not correct, viz., that it is more so to the influence of spirits than to the influence of spirits rather than to mortal.

I can name a hundred instances of the influence of devils upon mortals. The fact of the influence of devils upon mortals is perfectly clear to me. If a man can influence a man's spirit before he leaves his body, he can certainly influence it after.

I do know, from positive knowledge, of a child, four or five years old, who was sick and feeble a long time before her death. She said, one day, just before she died, "Something tells me to swear to you, my father, and my mother, too; she never heard on oath, but she said swear as I never before heard a person swear. Then, I did not know what to make of this; but I am now satisfied that it was a case of perfect obsession. Her doctor said that in brain diseases such manifestations were often present.

A woman of my acquaintance has told me that she has talked with devils for fifteen years.

Dr. Gardner:—The case of Mrs. Porter was a most remarkable instance of obsession. She was a very respectable, respectable, and excellent woman. Some years since she was developed as a medium, and what are called "fine spiritual manifestations" were given through her. She was at times extremely hysterical and troublesome in her conduct; at other times she was influenced by most beautiful spirits.

Dr. G. spoke of the excellent character of Mr. Theodore Bolton, who related a case of a medium that was "possessed" by the spirit of a deceased disappointed lover, who wore that he would have her life by strangulation. She would at times throw upon the floor, and even turn back in the face; with with convulsions, and would apparently be almost murdered, though no visible hand touched her. In a subsequent attempt the spirit did succeed in this way, and finally actually murdered her; and the last words uttered through her dying lips by the spirit, were, "Damn her, I have succeeded at last."

I believe that it is a fact that spirit can control a mortal to do any act that the medium has a capacity to do.

Some years ago, when I was lecturing on psychology, I could control by will a lot to do anything. I would like to see a ship at sea, in a storm, and his mother on board, whom he loved with the fondest affection. Then I would like the ship to founder and sink, and the boy and his mother going down, and instantly plunged from the sky down among the audience, and made gestures as if swimming, and powerful efforts to save her from drowning.

Mrs. Loxley knew Mrs. Porter, to whom Dr. Gardner had referred. Early in her spiritual experiences she was often misled by recommendations of Andrew J. Davis; and after this she went rapidly through various medium developments. Was as one time a very excellent healing medium, and did many remarkable cures, and many very wonderful tests have been given through her. After all these beautiful developments of medium power, she was seized by these evil influences. Evil spirit came around her in armies. These spirits constantly drew her vitality from her, until she approached; and when she was about to wing her flight to the world of spirits, she became perfectly happy; and her spirit was cut loose from earth, and soared away. With considerable emphasis she said, "I know that Mrs. Porter was a woman of a virtuous, upright and excellent life, and a medium of powers I never saw excelled. She could read the very thoughts of any person that came into her presence. She could and did foretell coming events."

Lizzie Doran, (entranced).—The spirit said, "I was an orthodox church member. I thought I would like to go to hell, and see my relations. God told me that I must find my own way. I inquired of many, and none could tell me the way. On the whole, I found that I was not quite good—saw there was a little hell in me."

I then went to the earth, and tried to influence mortals for good; and they thought that I was evil. Spirits are called evil whose intents are not evil, but good. My intents were good, but they were called evil.

I have looked all around to find a devil and a hell, and I cannot find any outside of myself. The longer I live in the spirit world the more I think there is no evil. I believe of all the sinners I am chief, and I am not bad. I am not afraid of any devil or evil spirit. You cannot find anybody that is truly depraved. All evil shall be overcome with good. Greater works than Christ has done shall be done with love. I am glad I know what it is to suffer and to sin; for by this means I have progressed—and progressed in happiness."

Question next week:—What is the Philosophy of the Soul's Growth?

Davis's Lectures—Owen's Book, &c.

Masses. Epworth:—The Committee on Lectures at Dot-worth Hall have decided upon the following speakers:—Andrew Jackson Davis, February 20th and March 4th and 11th; Jason V. Walker, of Otisville, March 13th and 25th; Mr. Uriah Clark, of Auburn, April 1st and 8th; N. Frank White, April 22nd and 29th.

Andrew Jackson Davis continues to draw full houses every Sunday, morning and evening, constantly giving forth some new thought, and frequently applied to an old idea. His discourse previous to last Sunday gave an illustration of his thought of what constitutes common sense, which he designates our sixth sense. For instance, man has five senses, all of which do not always act, or are not made to act in harmony at all times; but when they do, they create or constitute a sixth, which he names common sense.

We have remaining with us for a brief time the honored and intelligent expounder of Spiritualism—the author of "Footfalls on a Boundary of Another World"—Robert Dale Owen. I learn from him that the "table" of his book has exceeded six thousand copies within fifty days; and that out of forty newspaper notices, or notices by the press, thirty-two were of a favorable character; and that one of the two most considered or noticed by the editor of the Independent—his (Mr. Owen's) publishers consider quite a favorable sign. As a proof of the demand for such works by outsiders, or not acknowledged Spiritualists, five thousand five hundred of the six thousand copies sold were by other than Spiritualist book dealers. He informs me he is now preparing a second volume.

Yours truly, A. E. LATO.

New York, Feb. 22, 1893.

Manfield in St. Louis.

J. V. Manfield spent a month with us, and left last week for Memphis, Tenn., and thence will go to New Orleans. During his sojourn here (which were well attended) he gave one test that proves him a superior medium if he never does or did give another. A—B—asks for his sister (in the usual way by writing and folding the paper); but a child comes and says in brief, "Aunt cannot come—but I can;" and before he concludes, says, "Jimmy is here," and signs himself "Jimmy." Then "Jimmy" takes the control, and says, "Father, you allowed Johnny to name the other baby. I want to name this one"—which he then does—and he concludes by saying, "She is here." Then comes "She" and gives a beautiful message for her mother.

Now the facts were that A. B. lost three children in one week by scarlet fever, and that two more births had occurred since their death—one of which had been named by Johnny, and the other was unnamed at that hour. Here was a complete and satisfactory test that precludes all clairvoyance, either of Manfield or the spirit controlling him—"associated spirit," as some philosophers would call it.

Another test that I was myself cognizant of, is of the number that strikes every persistent investigator and close reader of facts.

This morning Manfield's arrival. I had received a letter from Hingham, Mass., with a sealed enclosure for his attention. This I showed him on his arrival. He replied, "This will be answered by Q. Adams." I retained it in my pocket, and with some friends visited his room the same evening, when I produced the letter, and he wrote the answer in our presence. It was, in effect, (directed to Washington) asking his opinion of the probability of the dissolution of the Union, which J. Q. A. did not believe imminent; but when he came to the close, instead of signing the name that he had told me would answer it, (as might reasonably be supposed), he halted, stopped, and, after some time, letter by letter, in a broken,

trembling hand, he appended "John Quincy Adams." I produced a copy of the question afterwards, which questions covered three pages of newspaper, and could not have been read in less than ten minutes to write the answer, even with the note upon before him. All the questions were answered in full.

St. Louis, Feb. 23, 1893.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"HEARING FALSE WITNESSES"—an article in reference to Rev. T. L. Harris's lectures in London—will be found on our third page.

Read the exquisite poem, entitled "The Spirit-Orbit," given extempore by Miss Dutton at the Melodion, on Sunday, February 12th. It is on our seventh page.

We print on our second page an interesting letter from London, giving an account of some startling spirit manifestations there.

The absence of our reporters from the city, is our apology for the non-appearance of Dr. Chapin's discourse in this issue of the BANNER.

Miss A. W. Sprague will speak at Milwaukie, Wis., the four Sundays of March; at Lyons, Mich., the first and second Sundays of April; probably at Toledo, Ohio, the third, and at Cleveland, Ohio, the fourth and fifth Sundays of April.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," and we hope the Lynn shoemakers and others who have been compelled by stern necessity to strike for remunerative wages, will succeed in accomplishing their object. The result will be beneficial to all parties concerned.

"Forgive and forget" should be indelibly stamped upon the hearts of all humanity.

Spiritualist Lecture.—Minot Hall, Wednesday evening, February 24th.

Miss Sprague.—We are pleased to learn from the Davenport [Iowa] Daily Gazette that Miss Sprague has lectured with great success in that city. The editor says:—"There was evidently an increased interest among the community on this subject, during this her second visit. If we are to judge by the large attendance, although the lady herself has a rather intellectual countenance and pleasing address, yet she takes none of the credit which might attach to her from the great ability manifested in her discourse, but professes to be merely a 'speaking medium,' through whom the spirits discourse to the audience. If this be the case, the spirits certainly have reason to congratulate themselves on their choice in the person of Miss Sprague. If, however, she is unquestionably a lady of most remarkable ability, to be able, without the assistance of a single note, to discourse so eloquently as to maintain a large audience in a respectful and interested attention for the space of a full hour."

The crew of the ship "Hesperus" was lost on Monday week off Cape Sable, with more than three hundred and sixty passengers on board, all of whom probably perished.

A poet says that the wind kisses the waves. What, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow" about which we have heard so much.

News from Morocco is to February 2d. The Spanish army were occupying in shelling the Moorish camp. Numerous steam and sailing transports were off Port Martin, discharging ammunition, provisions and clothing for the army. The Moors commenced an action on the 31st, and were three times repulsed, but returned each time with increased fury to the attack. They closed with the Spanish in a hand to hand combat, but were defeated, and retired, obstinately disputing every foot of ground. In a cavalry charge, the Spanish found their return intercepted by 2000 Moorish horse, and had to get away through a thicket of olive trees, which were sent to their assistance. General Trinquand, with four battalions, stormed a high commanding field of battle. The Spaniards charged four times with the bayonet before gaining the position. The Spanish loss in the affair was reported to be considerable.

A single drop of ink has moved millions of men.

FUTURE GLORIES.

I believe this earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions, Through which a moving crowd forever press.

(Emma Ballie.)

The Rev. G. W. Lee, who recently preached at St. George's in the East, writes in the London Times:—"When I entered the pulpit, walnut shells, orange peel, and small decorative cracker—some of these were let off during the service—were thrown at me; and a row of boys to my left in the gallery, (headed by a man who, as I am informed, was once brought before the Thames magistrate for rioting, and treated with kind and liberal leniency,) shot peas at my face through pea-shooters so that I was compelled to protect my eyes with the sleeves of my surplice."

The New Orleans Crescent estimates the crop of cotton already received at all ports or depots at 3,818,394 bales, and says the grand total of the season will be 4,000,000 bales. The value of this product is two hundred millions of dollars.

On the 24th ult., Garibaldi was married to the daughter of the Marchese Ramondini. The ceremony took place at the country seat of the latter at Nino, near Como.

The Southampton (Eng.) magistrates have decided upon sending Hires and Lane, the mates of the Anna of New York, to the United States, for trial on charge of murdering four seamen on board that ship.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY is out. Its contents are superb; everybody should have it. Ticknor & Fields, publishers.

Our spiritual poets in this life are like mirrors covered with dust. Few of us have bodies so pure and fine that the unbroken light of heaven shines through to the soul. Our dust is our sin and our sin is our dust; but as it is washed and worn thin by disease—our sin is washed away—the mirror begets flames out, reflecting images of the world, brighter in its revelations when we need them most.—The Old Batteryground, (Trentonbridge)

In a novel at a Margate library, this passage was marked and underlined:—"There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man—I watch him as to a star in heaven." "That is my view, exactly," sighed Miss Josephine Horne, as she laid down the volume. "In fact, I think there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he's a conscientious one."

A bill which was lately introduced into the Ohio House of Representatives, "to prevent the sale and use of burning fluids" has been defeated. There are other "burning fluids" extensively in use more dangerous to the welfare of community than the kind used in lamps.

Wholesome sentiment is rain which makes the fields of daily life fresh and verdant.

Two of the oldest newspapers in Germany, the Gazettes of Leipzig and Bismarck, celebrated, on New Year's day, the former its two hundredth, and the latter its one hundredth and fiftieth birthday. As a souvenir of the occasion, the Leipzig Gazette presented to its subscribers, *fac simile* of its publication on the first of January, 1689 and 1760, respectively.

A western editor, whose wife lately had a baby, perpetrates the following, which he designates as a "GRACE OF INFANTRY."

Bound the stage-horn I ring the cow-bell
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Meath and our borders,
And in rhyme as smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings—
"Beleary's got another baby!"

The Northern Freeman, of Potsdam, N. Y., says quite a number of young ladies connected with the academy in that place appeared the other day in chapel for prayer without shoes. Digby asks if the Freeman expects the young ladies' prayers will hold together.

A GREAT QUANTITY.—Mr. George Horwath has at his rooms, 20 Kneeland street, Boston, an original painting of William Shakespeare, executed by Zucchero, an Italian, in 1555.

The Secretary of War is preparing an order for a movement of the U. S. troops now stationed in Utah, and other points in the West. Owing to the present deplorable condition of affairs along the Rio Grande, and at various points on the Mexican frontier, there will undoubtedly be a large movement of troops in that direction.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE BANNER! ROOM FOR ALL!

In order to make room for all our friends who have long desired to be heard relative to their own experience in the columns of the BANNER or LITER, and to furnish a still greater variety of reading matter for our tens of thousands of subscribers in all quarters of the country, we have determined, on the 31st of March, and with the commencement of the NEW VOLUME,

to ENLARGE OUR PAPER by Two Columns on each page! We shall add one column to its width, and lengthen the whole page three inches, thus giving

TWO NEW COLUMNS TO EACH PAGE, or, in all

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NOW READY.
ARCANA OF NATURE;
OR,
THE HISTORY AND LAWS OF CREATION
Our Dark is

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COOPER, who in a state called the Trance State, is 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 earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous ideas that they are more than spirits. We hope to show the public should know of the spirit world as it is, and not as it is made out to be by the imagination of the seer. We should learn that there is a vast world of good in it, and not expect that purely alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in this column, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses a mode 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.

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, we do undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 812 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2:30 p.m. and ending at 4:30 p.m. There will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular columns. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

From No. 1841 to No. 1871.

Friday, Dec. 23.—"What is the religion of modern Spiritualism, and who can understand it?" George Williams, Taunton; Daniel, to John B. Collins.

Saturday, Dec. 24.—"Is not modern Spiritualism ancient?" (Lectures revised and revised.) Silva Brown, Boston; Calvin Woodard; John Barrow, Lowell; Sophy Lindsey, Boston, L. O.

Sunday, Dec. 25.—"Had Jesus attained the highest possible state of perfection?" William Barnard, New Bedford; Samuel Billings, Boston; Hannah Eldridge, Bangor.

Monday, Dec. 26.—"Is the spirit of man affected in any way by death?" Lucie, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; Mary Moore, to her son John.

Tuesday, Jan. 3.—"Blavery and the Bible?" Francis Miller, Belfast; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Knight; Clara Fordval.

Wednesday, Jan. 4.—"What is Magnetism?" Lucy Lee, Broughton; Harriet Nichols, Taunton; Samuel Richardson, Boston.

Thursday, Jan. 5.—"How do we know that God dwells everywhere?" Mary Gentry, Boston; Robert Borden, Philadelphia; Julia Bruce, Cambridge.

Friday, Jan. 6.—"Is God the Author of Evil?" E. H. Copley; Correll.

Evil Spirits.

The following communications will be unintelligible to our readers, unless we enter into a brief explanation of one phase of the manifestations this afternoon, for every message given at this date alludes to the spirit.

That there are what are termed "Evil Spirits," who do at times visit earth for gross gratification, we have no doubt. That they enter into and possess certain physical organizations, influencing them for evil, is well demonstrated fact to us. This is, however, always done by availing themselves of the natural law of the medium. For instance, one having a natural aptitude for drink is upon the same spiritual plane as many a spirit who has cast off the mortal. From the moment the spirit, who took delight in intemperance on earth, enters the spirit-life, material joys are cut off. There is no indulging his lustful thirst for drink in spirit-life. This is not one of the joys of his ethereal existence. This spirit has no taste for spirit-joys, and cannot leave the earth, or material plane of existence. He soon learns that he can come in rapport with mortals, and through their appetites appease his own; and the moderate drinker, having a natural taste for drink, soon comes under spirit control to a greater or less extent, according to his susceptibility to mesmeric control.

We had been instrumental in placing a medium thus possessed in a position where the spirit controlling was debauched the exercise of his appetite. And on this occasion the spirit took control of Mrs. Conant, and wrote language and threats it would not be proper here to publish. Nor do we care here to detail the many manifestations of violence from this influence, experienced at the hands of our friends. This was the third time he had manifested at our circle, on two of which visits no other manifestations could be given. This afternoon, he held control for a time, and seemed determined to keep it during the session, but was forcibly dispossessed by the guide of our circle, in season for other manifestations. As soon as he left, a soothing influence came over the medium, which spoke as follows:

"Friend, your antagonist is one of great power. Nevertheless, meet him with firmness. Never suffer yourself to yield—not for one moment.

He still holds control over the medium he has influenced, and that which was weak is now more strong. Time and its changes may effect much, but much more may be required to subdue that which is all fire.

Think it is not strange that he was one of your number at this time. It was suffered so to be, that other evils might be avoided. Ever meet him with that firmness that will be given you, and let him discern within yourself a light that shall be positive to him, teaching him of better things. A partial explanation of these proceedings is due to your audience."

Dec. 4.

William Cooper.

That fellow is the most consummate wretch I ever saw. It does not matter whose rights he tramples upon. I'm a stronger here, and I don't hardly think I'd come, had I known what I had to contend with. But they told me I ought to come, as I was a quiet fellow, and they didn't want the medium to return to her normal condition yet.

My name was William Cooper. I was born in Belfast, Maine, and was twenty-six years old at death. They said it was consumption I died of. Maybe it was, but it wasn't the lungs, because I saw to them after I went away.

You ought to have been on this side and seen the fight. The old fellow, the doctor, who takes care of things on our side, would not let him speak. He was determined to speak, and the guide was determined he should not. You will get whipped by him pretty soon if you are not careful. He understands this thing like a philosopher. He is no fool—very intelligent. I think he is miserable under the medium you have taken from him. The old gentleman and he had a talk before he came, and the old man was not inclined to give the reins up.

I rather expect I've got a sister in Boston, but I got so knocked off the track by that fellow, that I hardly know what I came for. I am rather a quiet fellow, and have been rather stationary since I have been here. My sister Martha will think, maybe, that I ought to talk smarter than I used to, but I can't. I've got a great many things to say to her, but I can't say them here. This is good in one way, but another way I don't like it. I don't know how other folks like to talk their business in public, but I don't. Won't you ask her to come here and let me talk to her?

If the spirit who was here had had the body he used to occupy, I suppose he would be eight feet tall, stout, well proportioned every way—eyes dark, hair dark, and eagle-looking. Anybody could tell what he did. He is one of those rough fellows who got his living by gambling, and I guess he was long. I should think he had been dead four or five years. Yes, I might find out all about him, but I'd have to hitch up with him, and travel with him; and would you like to do that with such a customer? He says he'll kill this medium, but I don't believe he can do it.

You have opposed him in some way, sir, and he will fight hard. I don't think this medium he wants, is it? I thought not.

Question.—How did the guide of this medium dispossess the spirit so instantaneously?

Answer.—He employs some kind of an influence that seems to come through him, but comes from somebody stronger than himself, and when he gets near enough to the medium, he throws this air all about the spirit, and he can't live in it. It is a worse thing than the one my mother used to tell of. The old gentleman wants me to tell you that he dispossesses him simply by bringing his spirit-power to bear upon that which the spirit employs. He says he has not harmed the medium a particle, because he was satisfied. He wants me to tell you he was permitted to come here, to prevent his producing a serious difficulty.

Dec. 21.

Evil Control—Invocation.

This foreign control for evil, by which so many of the mediums of your land are wont to suffer, is but the result of an abnormal condition of affairs in earth-life.

This law of God or Nature are perverted to a certain extent by the intervention of the laws of man. When man shall see, and hear, and know, that his laws are not in harmony with the laws of his nature and his God, then he will set himself to make right the wrong, and then evil control shall cease—for there shall be no food for the mental malady.

Good men and women of day understand the conditions by which they are controlled, they would wonder and stand against the power that is being exerted in their midst by the inhabitants of the unseen world. And behold, they come by virtue of the perverted laws, the unnatural conditions of things in this sphere. Manhood does not wrongly trained in religion; they are taught to obey human laws relative to mind, which are not in harmony with the laws of God; and yet these things must be so for a time. The midnight is quite as essential for the growth and development of the flower, as is the sun.

Go you back in memory and thought to the days of Jesus the medium, for such he was; behold him walking in the midst of evil, commanding evil once to depart. He did this by virtue of his superior wisdom and goodness. He was a light so strong himself as to dispel all evil. He had but to walk in the midst of evil, and behold it would flee before him.

More are the same two principles at work. Man first comes into an intellectual existence upon a low sphere of understanding. Nature gives him lesson after lesson, until he begins to understand God and himself. And while he dwells upon this material plane, he must obey some of her laws. Present darkness demands it. But behold, from out that darkness comes a beautiful star, a bright light that shall tell you how to subdue this evil; for, as says the book, in time, "Every knee shall bow to God," every evil shall be subservient to God in time. But men and women have been ever to do. They are not to stand still gathering the manner that falls about them; but they are to press on, ever seeking for something new, and seeking to understand it.

When the inhabitants of this sphere shall understand modern Spiritualism, they shall be better able to control this Evil. Now while they are dealing with an enemy they cannot understand, the strength is upon the hidden side. But, thanks to the Great Creator, Progression is urging all on, despite individual will, and in time the fruits of the spiritual idea shall be good—not evil. Because light shall shine in the midst with power and glory. Because God will be understood, and Evil be met with power. It shall be changed in a twinkling by the power of God, and its garments shall be pure and spotless.

Do not suppose this vast company who daily throng your sphere without these forms of clay, are all pure.

As man dies to this world, so he walks our spiritual state. And if he comes with garments of evil about him, will he not walk this earth for evil? Surely he will. Oh seek to possess yourselves of the same power Jesus used. If his word be true, you may use it. He, by his power, cast out the evil. The same principle that was for him, was for you; and if you but understand it, you may use it. A Franklin first tried with the subtle element are he could control it.

Oh, God, our righteous Judge, our Father and our Mother, our morning star and our midnight shadow, we praise thee because thou art worthy of all praise. We lift our thoughts all unshaken, to thee, knowing that thou hast power to clothe them. We invoke the assistance of high and holy ones who walk the earth. The inhabitants thereof have need of strength, and we know that thou wilt give it to them in thine own time.

We praise thee for the Evil and the Good, for that which uplifts the soul to the highest heaven, and we would not forget to offer homage unto thee for the element of Evil which clings to the soul to hell.

Great God, while the human family are so struggling with the mysteries of the new light, inspire them to struggle on, that this generation may not pass away, until the mystery shall be dispelled.

As darkness came into our midst, as we walk among the sons and daughters of humanity, we praise thee for it. It comes that it may be a stepping-stone to brighter glories; for thou, oh God, canst control all Evil. Thy power is unlimited—thy strength is not weakened—and wouldst thou children go forth relying upon thee, fearing for nothing, their victory should be theirs. No shades of melancholy should settle upon their souls, for they should be able to look beyond and see the sunlight of Great God, who blesses thee for the great variety of minds that are according to thee today. When darkness, like a gloomy pall, overshadows the earth, we lift up our voices to thee, to send us more of it, if by a brighter light it is to be long to man.

Accept our prayer in behalf of thy mortal children; and when the sunbeams of thy power shall shed its light over the earth, we crave a blessing of thee, oh God. It is that we may be permitted to wander here then, as we are permitted to wander among the children of earth at the present time.

Dec. 21.

Nathaniel Morton.

I sought to commune with one I know in life, yesterday, but I regret, having been unable to do so; and I will here inform that friend that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to have a good, social chat with him, and I shall avail myself of the first opportunity thrown in my way.

Conditions are very unfavorable for me to-day, and I should hardly be able to control. Yesterday they were favorable, but I was not booked for that day, as the gentleman says who controls things here.

I have spoken to you before. NATHANIEL MORTON.

Dec. 21.

Why are Evil Spirits permitted to Commune?

If modern Spiritualism be of God, why are evil spirits permitted to return, holding communion with mortals?

This question has been sent to us for answer.

At the outset, we will inform our questioner that God is no respecter of persons, or times, or conditions. As he is the Creator of all things, thus he looketh with pleasure alike upon all. The good and the evil are constantly before him, and he is not at all affected by them.

The same spirit that crieth out why are these things thus and so, to-day, cried out to days gone by in like manner; the same spirit said, years ago, "Lo, he casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of devils." The same power that contended against the light of other times, contends against the light of to-day; and the result will be the same. This principle that shows through Jesus, long ago, showed to-day; and the same power that sought to crush Jesus to-day, seeks to crush it to-day. But as light is essential to day, so darkness, morally, is essential to spiritual light and truth. It forms one portion of the picture. It throws the beautiful gem directly before you. You, evil, has its place on earth, and in other spheres also. It has a mission to perform. As the veil of night obscures your atmosphere for a time, that the plants material may receive assistance by the name, so moral darkness tends to shed strength; it tends to mature the bright buds of truth and wisdom. It assists progression, and every evil act that cometh before humanity, cometh by sanction of divine will. No matter how gross the act may be, God is there. There is not an intelligence that dwelleth here, or in the spheres beyond earth, however evil, but what carries the germ of God with it; and by that it shall attain perfect purity. The same power that suffered and sanctified in days past, sanctifies to-day.

Now, as God is all-wise, yesterday, to-day and forever, he cannot err. His wisdom is not that of mortals. He seeth beyond the present, while man sees not the future. Poor man cries out "If God is in the work, why are the manifestations not pure and holy?" We ask, if God exists everywhere, why is there so much inharmonious everywhere? Why are the shadows about our feet as well as the sunbeams? If he created all things, he created Evil; and if he created, surely he will bring all things to perfection by his law; moving through every atom in the universe to ultimate it and draw it to himself.

"Why, why are Evil Spirits permitted to return, holding communion with mortals?" We answer, because it is the will of Jehovah; because he hath created, and will perfect. He who first called the evil out of existence, will perfect him in time. God will do this, and perchance one of the means may be communion with mortals. No matter how evil the manifestations may be, God is there, and his control is as perfect there as anywhere.

"What!" says the self-righteous man, "is God controlling the material when he lifts his hand against his brother?" Yes, we answer, he is—and every atom in nature proves us true. If he suffers it, he sanctifies it.

The record says, "God created all, and pronounced it good." And again it says, "There is none good—not one." This proves the record false—the word of man. God never contradicted himself; his laws are harmonious, and you will see them so when you understand them. He does not say obey me to-day and disobey me to-morrow. He commands

obedience always. He bids you live in accordance with his nature—not with the light he has given another. You have no right to judge the spirit who comes to you manifesting evil. Jehovah has given him the power of judgment, and you are not his judge.

Everything is marked with God and goodness. There is nothing lost. Everything belongs to perfection, and thus to God.

Who can tell how many may be spared the pains of a mortal hell, by holding communion with one evil-disposed spirit? Who, by gazing upon the evil of evil, as coming from a companion, cannot leave a way lesson he can carry through clearly? You are permitted to gaze upon the path Nature and its God has marked out for him. By it you may be better able to judge of your own standpoint. Everything in nature falls down before man, that he may step upon it, and thus get nearer heaven. When the elements are at seeming war, contention and strife thrilling the hearts of your people, what is the result? Behold, it is the parent of peace, prosperity and knowledge. When the elements, materially or spiritually, are agitated, behold wisdom comes forth.

When the Evil Spirit approaches one with calmer attainments, with more moral character, he may pass upon something that will point the way to the celestial heaven. Wisdom shines through every evil cloud, and man may see, if he will, and may profit thereby, if he will. If, then, oh man, cannot not look with pleasure and delight upon the evil, by act of thy brother, avoid all that which is evil in itself, by obeying God. They who are truly pure in heart will see God everywhere, not only in the so-called righteous man, but in the sinner who carries evil on the external and the interior. The truly pure will see God even there. While our brother seeks only for sunshine and peace, he will hardly find wisdom. While he looks only for the bright things of life, he will hardly gain knowledge of God.

Our brother has a mission to perform, and if he reeth him, he will hardly enjoy the after life. Come, oh man, view these evil manifestations, for God controlleth them; and when you shall stand upon the second shore of life, you will perhaps thank Jehovah for his wisdom, his mercy, and love, for sending to poor humanity these messengers with evil on their garments.

Yes, you shall bless Jehovah for evil—that he hath sent it to you—for by it you shall know the way to goodness; by it you shall enjoy his presence in the celestial heavens.

Dec. 22.

Edward Perkins.

My name was Edward Perkins; I was eleven years old; I lived in East Boston; I died in 1835; I was sick twenty-two days.

I thought I'd see my mother here. I don't know what I should have said to her; I should have waited to have seen what she said to me.

I'd like for her to know I came to you to-day, and that I like you. My mother and I were very much. My mother thinks he is; he went away when I was about four or five years old, and never came back. My mother thinks he is dead, but he isn't.

I lived on Livered street. My mother don't know that I can come here. I'm learning what I should have learnt if I had stayed here—all about the earth. Everybody has to learn about that when they come here. You don't learn much about the place you live in, unless you know about where you came from. They will ask you if you got acquainted with any corresponding thoughts in the place where you came from; and if you did not, you must go back to earth and learn of it there.

I did not go to school after we moved to East Boston. We lived one room on Myrtle street. I've got a sister—she's married. Her name is Ellen Maria Walker. I lived on Adams street once.

I am a girl, sir? I don't know what to say here, sir; only I want to talk to my mother. I will if she will go to some medium.

Runs that come here through the water, have a nice, easy time. I've seen folks come, and they don't feel it at all. I was most drowned two years before I died, and I felt awful. I did; but folks that come through the water don't feel it at all.

No, sir, I wouldn't come back. I've got a teacher here, that shows me all how to come here, but he wouldn't show me how to come back and live here.

Just when you get one lesson here, you get another. They said I'd learn a good deal by talking here to-day; but I thought somebody would be here—my mother, I mean.

Do you know my mother, sir? How are you going to get that letter to her? I don't know where she lives now. I want to find her out by coming here.

Do folks die who go away from here? I ain't afraid.

Dec. 22.

Louisa Herbert to Mrs. Betsey Colton.

And is this the place I was to come to? In order to make myself known to those I would hold communion with, I must tell the story of my life.

I was born in the town of Hopkirk, N. H. At an early age, my parents moved into the Western part of the State of New York. When I was seven years of age, I lost my mother; and when I was nine, my father married again, and I found in the second mother, no mother, no friend. Harsh treatment, cruel words were mine, from morning till evening, until I became reckless, careless of life, and I felt I would have died, could I have done so without taking my own life. But Nature said live on, and suffer on, and so I did live, and so I suffered.

When I was fifteen years of age, I left the place I called home, and went into the city of New York. For many days I sought to find honest employment, but I could not find it. I had no friend there, no acquaintance. I soon fell in with evil companions, and then my course for this life was a downward one, and darkness gathered around me. Oh, then I longed to die, but death came not. Once I did attempt to take my life, but failed. Perhaps I was too great a coward, and did not take enough of that which was so deplorable to me of natural life.

I lived in New York, Cincinnati, Boston, St. Louis and Chicago, until I was twenty-three years old. Then came death, sweet relief of human suffering. Oh, how can the people of earth fear death, when he was so kind to me, so good! He was a friend I had long sought for, and at last he came. There was one and thought attending my death, and it is that which brings me here to-day. My child I was to leave here, and I feared my associates would find her out, and gather her to themselves; and then, oh, then, how fearful the consequence!

From the time that child was seven years old, I boarded her with a respectable widow lady, who knew not of my circumstances and how I lived. I determined that child should never understand any of the circumstances attending this birth. She was kind and good to my child when I was on earth, I am glad and happy to know still remains here. She has clung to her with an affection well worthy a mother, and as she knows a portion of my history, she may know that I have come across the bridge to commune with her to-day, and to ask her never to give her up to any one. Full well I know her father will call for her, but she must not yield to him; and if I can inspire her with a belief that I am here to-day, I am sure she would rather give that child to me, than to yield it to his father.

My step-mother and my father—they, too, live. They, too, know of my condition in life after leaving them; and here I solemnly swear, before Heaven and all its inhabitants, that they were the cause, the first cause, the only cause, of all my sorrows. They are charged with all my sins. No one is laid at my feet, but at theirs; and oh, if they would explain them, they must turn their faces heavenward, and seek to overcome that which is evil in themselves.

It is my wish, my earnest prayer, that my child may never behold their faces—if she does, that she may never know them. So, if they seek to favor me, they must never seek to bring her.

I might rehearse many scenes of misery and want—I might bring before your vision many dark pictures; but I will not, for that I have already presented in order to make myself wholly known to those I come to, is too dark, too full of shadow to increase the joy of any before me. But I am not without my happiness here. True I grieve, true I suffer. I have acknowledged all, and received pardon for all; and if those who are so closely related to me would be happy here, happy in their present state, they must repent, must lead new lives, must wipe out the old stain by honest repentance.

Louisa Herbert is the name I desire most to commune with. The name I have given you was not my real name—that I will hold to day; perhaps, should I ever meet you again, I shall think it well to give it, but not now.

My father I pity; and the mercy he denied me, I will not deny him. I will not cast a shadow on his path in life, no, not by placing before the world one sketch of his unhappy daughter's life. This is not my mode of seeking revenge; I would rather treat him kindly. And should I meet the one who so cruelly wronged me, here upon the immortal shore, I will point her to paths of peace. Her own thoughts will ensure

her, and her own conscience will be her judge. But while I am here to-day, I must speak the truth, and if she does not see her own condition, I would show it to her.

Dear Mrs. Colton—when I shall find an opportunity, I shall speak to her; I shall ask her to bring up that child; I shall walk before, and she shall know all I know, if it be possible to commune with her. I cannot reward her—God will do that, for she is a Christian; not one who walks upon the highway of life, but one who dwells in a sanctuary of God's, by herself. Peace to with her. Good-by.

Dec. 22.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BURNING OF BASSETT'S HALL, MARLBOROUGH.

BY ELLEN E. FIZZ.

There's a rocky town on a rocky coast,
With a storied fame few others can boast;
Where old winds cling with a willow's arm,
And the wild winds chant to a willow's form.

And where, like the granite that breeds its shores,
Each feature is stamped with an impress of yore.
'Tis an odd-looking place, and strangers would say
It belonged to a regime long since passed away.

Through their verdict might change as they rumbled it
Through the streets,
For some parts are old, and some very new—
The past and the present both seem to have found
A permanent home in this queer rocky town.

Although 'tis remote, and strangers can't tell
In what point of compass its citizens dwell—
Whether eastward or westward its boundaries lay,
And what special railroad lends tidings the way;
Yet the mystical questions that puzzle the age,
Quite a share of its earnest attention engage.

And not least in its quantity of queries that rise,
Is the modernized one, whether earth and the skies
An inter-communion of being can have,
Of thought and of action, which so many crave.

While pilgrims they wander on life's beaten shore,
And sigh for the loved ones who've gone on before.
And as earth tends to goodness, so many, of course,
Doom even a hearing as foolish or worse.

And pray, "Lord deliver from wizard or spirit,
And fit us to dwell in thy heaven of light."
Yet the army that gathers with each yearly round,
Can claim quite a number to this goodly town.

'Tis said when God breatheth the chimes at times,
And by coming reproach their sincerity finds,
We doubt not the wisdom that trieth by fire,
For souls must be tested who wish to go higher;

But what we have tested for, and counted a prize,
We cannot unclouded see fit from our eyes.
Our chosen encampment of this goodly place
Have had in their progress some sorrow to taste—
Only yesterday's noon saw the temple they loved,
Enveloped in flames both below and above.

'Twas the middle watch of a winter's night,
And just as the Sabbath was dawning to light.
Relentless the fire crested its round
And spared not a portion unharmed and sound;

Like a falling destroyer, with hot, scorching breath,
It seemed to delight in its mission of death;
The morning that rose saw the desolate fall
Of our friends' place of worship—of Bassett's new Hall.

We know there are issues that seem to be wrong,
But 'tis said to be darkest just before dawn,
And what we count crosses, and fancy adverse,
Oh prove to be blessings in shape of a curse.

So the fire that raged on that cold winter's night,
May but herald the coming of far brighter light.
But we hope, Phoenix-like, from the ashes and dust
Will spring up a new hall, as good as the first.

And we trust so 'twill be, for our vigorous band
Will not let one falling force us to stand.
While the swift coming era of progress and light,
Shall rightly reward every effort they plight.

Outside and Inside Religion.

Nothing is heartily believed that is sold by others, unless it find a response from the soul-conscience of the hearer.

A truth that relates to spiritual things can never be driven into a man from without. A capacity is developed in man for spiritual truths, or, what seems almost the same thing, truth is developed within and comes out of a man, as a seed unfolds its leaves and fragrance from within, outward.

Unseen spiritual streams of power flow into the soul, and the soul, from its own God-given nature, produces its own truths, as the bee produces honey by its own God-given nature.

No spiritual truth can be forced upon the soul by external teachings, no more than the fragrance of another flower can be forced into a rose, and substituted for its own peculiar fragrance.

There is no such thing as spiritual culture coming from the teachings of another.

A soul conviction is the product of natural growth. A soul conviction is a soul truth—in a part of the soul. We hear a thought uttered by another; our souls respond, "How beautiful, how true that thought!" The capacity for that truth, and more, that truth itself, is already developed in our souls; and it may be that, by some undisclosed law, our souls have helped produce its utterance in the speaker. Other souls, who hear the same thought, respond to its utterance, "How silly—how false!" Those other souls have no capacity developed for that truth; they have not that truth developed yet.

No man ever did, or ever can, interiorly accept religion from another man. Yet this may be, and is, outwardly done, and such acceptance is changeable and fleeting, like other external things.

A creed may be offered to me for acceptance, and I may outwardly accept it; but my soul does not accept it, unless it is developed out of my soul; then its external presentation would be useless. Thus, to the soul of man, to that property of a man which is immortal, a creed, a belief, a doctrine, a religion, taught by another, is nothing worth. All religions, outwardly presented, outwardly taught, belong to this kind are good for material existence, but for the soul are worthless. Such are religions of which men take cognizance.

All outward, visible religions, all religions taught from books, from the pulpit, from the lips and pen of men and women, and nothing to the advancement of the soul heavenward, but tend to enhance the glory of material things. This seems right; for the soul grows just as fast, and no faster, while we pursue matter, as it does while we desire grace, break up and destroy forms of material beauty. Our soul desires, our heart-longings are just the same, let our hands do what they will, let our emblem be what it will, let our outward garments of religion be white, black, or any thing or color, as they may chance to be.

Our soul desires cannot be altered by external religion, but, in defiance of any and all outward influences, make perfectly one eternal longing for happiness. This is religion—religion over which this outward world can have no influence. These desires are as much beyond our powers of control as was our birth—as is our immortality. They are the spontaneous productions of nature. Every desire is right, good, beautiful, true to the soul out of which it proceeds.

And every truth it becomes a part of the soul's intelligence is developed out of the soul itself, in which is sown the seeds of infinite knowledge, to germinate, grow and unfold in fragrance and beauty, forever and forever.

Seeds always germinate in

tion of Clairvoyance to the discovery and cure of disease has become so widely and favorably known, that it may safely be to notify the public that she may be consulted daily on very reasonable terms—at her residence, No. 12 Orchard street, Newark, N. J.

Nov. 23.

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