

BANNER OF LIGHT.



Registered according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Nine, by BERRY, COLBY & CO., 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 DECKER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Photographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. EIGHTY PAGES—REV. H. W. DECKER'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 which, 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 cookswain!"

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

"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 ladies 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, 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'd like 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.
Yes, yes believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present where'er I go."

"Bravo!" shouted the gentlemen—"Braban 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 riding;
Dear old Ellen I go from thee,
Bolted up, 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-by; 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 it be said 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 head 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 was 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 act 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 some 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 door, 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—

"I was mad, and never paused till I reached the mizzen-top-mast cross-trees. Here, steady 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 dimasted 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 furl 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 whaling. 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 maintopmast 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 raised 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 salt-water. 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 Coves, and had been dimasted by a whirl wind 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 dimasted, 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 so as they 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 under way, 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-spun 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-thwarts 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 startled 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 not really 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 served me to my duty. "What is she to me?" I mentally asked; setting my teeth together, and grasping her around the waist, buried 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 close to her eyes on each side of her head, put my own coat over 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 signaled 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 wore 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-aster. 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 stateroom, 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 mastsail, 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 Blazes (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 aware 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 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 Blazes?"

"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—"

"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 stateroom. Up to this moment neither Col. Burke nor his lady had recognized me, nor were they sure of my identity after I was married. The Bishop, at Ellen's request, had asked them to be present as wit-

nerces. 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.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

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 such, and love is dear,

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 dilettos.

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.

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.

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.

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 surfaces of the body, whenever the mind is deeply abstracted.

It cannot be necessary to cite a great number of facts in this connection. 'Tis 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.

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.

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 sensuous impressions.

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, and receives its impregnation from the forces of angelic life and thought, that its conceptions are truly excited and spiritual.

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.

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.

The asceticism that prevailed in the early church, and the corporal inflictions that men in different ages have voluntarily suffered, witness to us how readily the noblest powers and privileges may be perverted.

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.

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 infidelities.

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

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

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Starting Spirit Manifestations—Macaulay—His Funeral at Westminster Abbey—His Works—The London Times on American Affairs—Rev. T. L. 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 countries which I have hitherto mentioned.

The lights were now extinguished, and three pocket-handkerchiefs thrown at random beneath the table, which we requested the spirits, if possible, to knot.

Of all the curious knots I ever saw, these were the most singular and intricate, and even to the almost exact representation of a face in one of the knots.

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.

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 infidelities.

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

much to lead him to believe that the writer had hardly arrived at the period which he principally alluded to, and which he would have painted with the most consummate skill.

The history of England has gradually been becoming more and more the central history of the world, the record which all nations are awaiting, to examine and compare. But the spread of the English race, and the genius of England's great national poet, have made the events of her medieval history as familiar to the modern world as were the wars of Troy and Thebes to the ancients.

The Times, with a heavy sigh, begins about the President's Message, which, however, it considers of sufficient importance to give place to in its precious columns.

Written for the Banner of Light. "POETRY" FOR VIOLET FELTON.

Where the emerald sea Of the Ulysses' reign, From its bed by soft dews wet, Peepeth forth the violet.

GHOST-SEERS AND GHOSTS. Facts given are already recorded, attesting the sight of what purports to be the spirits of the departed, to justify an attempt at explanation.

I must state the principle first on which this phenomenon is explained. Every object in nature reflects its own shadow. Ideas and mental images, are spiritual forms, says Swedenborg, and these forms are reflected outward, and seen by the person in whose mind they exist.

Lord Byron, while intently thinking of Walter Scott, raised his head and saw his friend standing at the further end of the hall, dressed in his usual garb.

a company in the city of London, composed of fourteen of its leading merchants, and others. No much for newspaper editors. But even if Mr. Harris had so grossly perverted known facts, as Mr. Grant reports, we should deem it of little consequence to any one but himself. The golden rule for Spiritualists and for their revilers is, not to allow themselves to be taken captive either by spirits out of the flesh, or by spirits in the flesh; and the same rule which Mr. Harris worthily insists upon as to spirits out of the flesh, applies with equal force to his own teachings. Spiritualists will only accept his inspirational preaching so far as it is consistent with facts, with their highest reasons, and with the Word of God.

Banner of Light.

BATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

Berry, Colby & Co., Publishers. WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

PUBLICATION OFFICES: 81-3 BRATTLE ST., Boston; 143 FULTON ST., New York.

EDITORS: WILLIAM BERRY, Boston; J. B. BRITTON, New York; LUTHER COLBY, Boston; J. R. M. SQUIRE, London.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Single copies per year, \$2 00; six months, \$1 00; three months, \$0 50.

When mailed from London to any part of Europe: One year, \$5 00; six months, \$2 50; three months, \$1 50.

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, which due notice will be given.

CLUB RATES: Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates: One year, \$15 00; six months, \$7 50; three months, \$4 50.

Persons sending us clubs, may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their own, or any other place.

Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Proceed drafts on New York, if possible.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

All letters must be addressed, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Berry, Colby & Co.

THE MARKET PLACE.

Perhaps it is as well, all things considered, that men generally should be of the opinion that what they have is their own, and what they are peculiarly so; such a notion gives us all a feeling of corresponding independence, and tends every way to make us better satisfied with our lot. Even a single line of illusion is preferable to hard matter-of-fact, as it is better to ride over rough roads on a well-stuffed cushion than upon an old-fashioned buck-board. What we are coming at, by the introduction of this thought, is simply this: that no man, whether he thinks so or not, actually possesses himself; in other words, that we chiefly esteem and value all our attainments, accumulations and possessions, whether intellectual or pecuniary, for the price they will command in the marketplace—for what they will, in one way or another, do for us externally—for the solid material good, whether in the shape of power or fortune, they are likely to secure.

To illustrate this view, we need but look at things around us. The first need being to secure subsistence, of course the first thought is to see each what the other wants, if he can supply it, and at what price. The price is everything, even going before fitness and skill in the calling a man may have chosen. Hence, when a man is known to possess a knack, or a knowledge, that fetches him in a round return in money, he is popularly styled a better man than his neighbor, who, perhaps, with vastly more knowledge and wisdom, is still deficient in the executive ability alone, to men. They thus all carry their own prices upon their backs. Each one learns at last to esteem himself, not for what he ought to know he is worth, but for what his talents will bring at the public counter. It is lamentably true of all our professions and professions; who we acknowledge it should be so to a certain extent, we only grieve that it should be so altogether.

Thus it comes that our leading men, the men of culture and education, set the pernicious example of making their professions and callings esteemed rather for the money and goods they bring in, than for the actual good they confer on the race and the heightened respect they secure for themselves. It is so with our physicians, with our clergymen, with our lawyers, and with our authors; perhaps the men who pursue pure science, from the love of it alone, are the least infected with the feeling of any kind. In newspapers, to be "successful" they must—so it is said—be edited through the money drawer. Our divines preach the doctrines that give them, for the time, the best living; but will change the tone of their discourses, whenever the people say mistakenly that this is not the sort they want. The lawyer pleads with the fiery tongue of eloquence, not for justice and truth, but for his client and his case. The author believes himself of consequence, and as advancing, chiefly as he catches and holds the public attention—not as he writes down the divine truth that is from time to time poured into his soul.

The more obvious aim is to adopt a calling that will soonest enable a person to leave walking and take to his carriage. To ride, to dine well, to glitter in the eyes of others—these seem to be the base ends, and yet the highest, of people everywhere. A writer is of consequence, not because his writings compel thought, or give a stimulus to sturdy and simple virtues, or awaken healthy sentiment in the heart, but because they sell well—because they pay; thus he can set up his coach, employ servants, invite in stupid strollers, whom by a wild stretch of imagination he terms social, and claim that he has won success. Has he won success? We answer, No; for he has not yet that shining goal. He has merely gone into the marketplace with his jangled productions, having tickled the fancies or jumped with the prejudices of the mob, ascertained that his wares would bring a good price, he has taken it off with him. How is that success? Nothing is complete success, in this world—and nothing is ever likely to be. But, in the meantime, literature suffers degradation. It must be cheap indeed, when, at its highest, it is claimed that it serves to purchase so large a house, and furnish it with so much plate—and that is all that is claimed for it.

So of other things; what is ordained as of God himself, divine from first to last, to be employed generously and not selfishly, has been turned aside to secure some private profit and particular advantage. We have metamorphosed pure religion into mixed divinity, and, though loudly crying out against the manipulations and manipulations of the Romish priesthood, still cling to our creeds, theologics, theological seminaries, and sectarian titles, with all the tenacity of mastiffs. We are taught to revere Bishops, D. Ds, and Reverends, but to think less of the simple and unadorned truths of practical religion in the heart. We learn all the platforms of theologians, and all the catechisms and creeds by heart, but hold the Golden Rule second in our regard when we are tempted to show passion toward those who refuse to see as we see and believe as we believe. We call ourselves Protestants, but will suffer none to protest but ourselves, or, if so, then only in our own way. While we profess to have grounded and established the principle of perfect

freedom for the individual conscience, especially in matters of belief and doctrine, we still practice only those rules, rigid and narrowly defined, which keep the individual conscience out of sight altogether. And all this comes from the habit of carrying our principles and sentiments, our beliefs and our doctrines, to the place where they will bring the most, where they will prove the most popular and pay the most money.

Not that popular sentiment, and even popular prejudices are to be entirely disregarded, by any means; else there could be no getting a hearing before the public heart and intelligence at all. But what may be regarded as a piece of policy, or wisdom, is not to be set up as a rule; and there is where our fault generally lies. We must, without doubt, lay hold of the public mind the best way we can—by overlooking a great many things for a time that will, under culture and advancement, be altogether outgrown. If we have no prop on which to rest a lever, we must forever despair of raising the dead weight at the other end. And these popular prejudices oftentimes furnish the very fulcrum we are looking for. But we go too far when we cater to nothing but these prejudices. If we stop work with this limit, we had better not have begun work at all. For this process of flattery only degrades human nature the more—it never can exalt and advance it.

And here lies the manifest fault, which is indeed a grievous one, with the whole of our social arrangement. Our people have been so long in the habit of referring all their plans and projects, their transactions and everything else to the money standard, that now they discover they are referring their social pleasures, their most sacred domestic delights, and even their subscriptions of religious faith to the same tribunal. Hence the first thought is, as a general thing, will it pay? not pay pecuniarily always, perhaps, yet in some external, material and selfish manner. The powerful influence of the settlers of this country will not cease, in this particular, to be felt for many years. The men who came to this land as pioneers, hewed away the forests, built bridges, erected churches and school-houses—as well as those who, next after them, gave shape and form to our political and social institutions, were a sturdy race, whose work was performed with a view to its permanency. It was both natural and necessary for them, at the particular time when they performed their part, to think first and last of its probable work and future productiveness; they were obliged to ask themselves all the while, if this or that would pay, and did so openly. But when their rough time is expressed by a very different era, and the spiritual and intellectual has room for free development, and men begin to lift their eyes from their drudgery and see the heavens above them as well as the earth beneath, it assuredly is right that the new vision should be allowed to live and grow in its own element, and not be soiled with dragging down to the dirt of profits and losses.

Every human soul may be called a perfect sphere. If we live on but one of its hemispheres, the other is to us as if it did not exist at all. Hence we do not yet lead whole and perfect lives—lives that may be called spherical, in fact—unless we have already made diligent explorations in the spiritual as well as the physical world of our being. The two are all the while connected by mysterious seas, and again leech with limpid streams, that serve to hold them in still closer relationship and to make each more and more necessary to the other. Neither can be healthy without the aid of the other. The mutual influences, subtle and indescribable, that pass and re-pass, are to be carefully noted and well studied; for unless each sustains the other to its fullest capacity, nothing is more true than that both become atrophied.

If we could perform our duty oftener out of the pure love of it, and not at all from the thought of what is going to accrue as personal advantage, how much more beautiful, and so more effective, it would be. No one can presume to tell what a blessed change would be wrought in the world, if a moment of millions of human beings performing each his or her office with an alacrity surpassing any that is now known, because it springs from love! Think of all this accumulation of forces, divine in themselves, which were only misapplied, scattered, and wasted before! Actions proceeding from a now and true principle, yet not new except in practice; deeds performed with an elasticity and increased force of spirit such as was never put into ordinary and every-day deeds before; work done, not in a servile, a time-serving spirit, but that its deed may by the means be the better able to raise his soul up to the contemplation of its true enjoyments; men growing together in sympathy, because from sympathy alone they throw their energies into everything they address themselves to.

But we lose time in sketching the outlines of dreams; what we suggest them for, is merely to say that even they may become realities. Yes, this very picture of an entire people laboring only from the highest motives possible to man, from a selfishness that is indeed personal elevation, is capable of realization in due time. But we must not be impatient; we must wait; only let us not forget to do what we can to make the dream real; not with appeals from trumpets and posters, but silently, in private, every day, caring nothing that any should ever know it but ourselves. Alas! how great is the mistake which men fall into, that the value others set on them is anything like the true, the real value! It is nowise so. We estimate ourselves, and not others for us; the opinion we entertain of our own qualities is the secret spring and motive of our whole conduct; by the spirit of that conduct, therefore, do we forever betray and publish the price at which we have estimated ourselves. This is a very different matter from conceit or vanity, however; it is merely a faculty of self-appreciation, a publication, by silent methods, of the fact that we possess a thorough understanding of ourselves.

There is a far better way to which we can put ourselves than that of setting up our souls, with their priceless faculties, for sale in the public marketplace to the highest bidder. What though we must needs "live," as others obtain their living? May we not do so, even by intellectual and spiritual exertion, and still not part with our souls? May we not give to the world, or so much of it as needs the gift, of what we have in abundance, and still keep ourselves whole and free? Need one degrade himself, when, in truth, nothing more is to be secured by it at the time, and so much more is certain to be sacrificed in the long run of life and spiritual experience? Why will not every one answer these questions to himself conscientiously, and with the same directness and truth he would bestow on similar inquiries relating to matters of "business"?

The New Volume.

We will remind our friends whose terms of subscription are about to expire, that prompt renewals will materially benefit us, now that we are expending large sums of money preparatory to the

ENLARGEMENT

of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The usual notices will be sent to such subscribers, and their immediate attention will aid us in carrying out our plans of labor. Friends, put your shoulders to the wheel, and give us an impetus which nothing can withstand, by sending us, each one of you, a new subscriber.

Love.

The Ladies' Medical Association will hold a Lecture in the lecture hall of the Mercantile Building, Summer street, on Wednesday evening, February 29th. Various amusements will be introduced, with music and a supper.

THE TELEGRAPH DISCONTINUED.

The final issue of the Spiritual Telegraph appeared last week. After visiting its patrons weekly for nearly eight years, it is now suddenly discontinued, and the subscription list transferred to the Herald of Progress. Thus the Telegraph, at last, reluctantly follows the "thirty-eight papers," whose deaths it has repeatedly and faithfully recorded. The most extended and laborious contribution to the concluding number is the Proprietor's VALENTINE, which occupies over eight columns of the paper, and wherein a great variety of topics are discussed with the author's peculiar force and usual ability. Among the considerations which have prompted the suspension of the Telegraph, the following is chief:

"Had it not been for a long cherished hope, and a settled determination, as we have often intimated in these columns, to withdraw from our present position of conducting the TELEGRAPH at the earliest opportunity which looked promising for a carrying forward, by other hands, the work we had begun, we should not now have made this transfer. But other business of our own, and the charitable institutions in which we have established papers there, have absorbed our attention and time in the day, and we have been obliged to do all our writing for this paper while other people have slept, which has, we believe, shortened our life on earth some years. We begin to appear by declining health, and our day to ourselves, our growing family, our friends, and to humanity, demands that we transfer different branches of our business whenever favorable opportunities occur."

The Valentinist gently alludes upon "the folly of Spiritualists in starting and encouraging new papers." Those who approve of every such enterprise are characterized as "mere weathercocks, subject to the windy puffs of every man they meet;" and their mistake is ascribed to an egotistical taste for miraculous novelties. In this connection the writer is slightly pungent in his treatment of the story telling men and papers, which are thus disposed of:

"Men who have no knowledge or care for Spiritualism beyond the dollars and cents it will bring them—men who never attempt to unfold its truth or defend its claims—have seen the weakness of the people, and have taken advantage of it. They have established papers there, and are now endeavoring to the best for new wonders and exciting stories, which wonders and stories are speciously got up to what the morbid appetite for 'more next week,' and by these and other means, the spiritual forces have been directed, and used for filthy purposes, while the men and the papers earnestly laboring to eliminate truth and elevate mankind, are left to languish and die by the side of these vampires which prey upon the vital force, vitality, and of human progress. The result is a slaughter of thirty-eight spiritual periodicals in nine years."

The conductor of the Telegraph traces the history of his enterprise from its inception; pays a brief but complete tribute to A. E. Newton, a present; but complains of a general want of efficient co-operation. We extract a paragraph:

"Modern Spiritualism has no organization to give unity and direction of action, and no door to lighten men to their duty. We have left, from the beginning, the lack of that co-operation which would pay one dollar to sustain the Telegraph, with a few slight exceptions from abroad, amounting beyond the possible of a single number, to a few dollars in postage on books and papers, which we have from time to time been obliged to give away."

But the darkest picture requires some degree of illumination to relieve the gloom; and even in this case such lights are made to appear in striking but grateful contrast. We quote the following from the special address to the patrons of the paper:

"Our heart has been daily grieved with cheering words from some journal, accumulated with money for the continuance of our paper. When we contemplate the work we have unceasingly engaged in, constant little of sorrow just through our eyes, we are reminded of the words of the poet: 'The world has been commended, we are under the necessity of uttering these parting words. We shall not part with our mail boxes containing your address, but shall occasionally send you a copy of the paper, and if you should have anything to say publicly which we think might be interesting to you, we shall venture to send it to your address. We contemplate traveling some during the ensuing year, and wherever we go, we shall be glad to see you, and to be the personal acquaintance of our patrons and friends. Thanking each of you kindly for your patronage and encouragement, we bid you an affectionate adieu!'"

In expressing his thanks to those who have contributed to the columns of the paper, the editor has some eloquent suggestions respecting the present importance and the lasting consequences of the work he commenced and has conducted to its completion. We extract a brief passage:

"It will be one of the proudest recollections of our life, that we established an organ which furnished the general interchange of experiences and thoughts on the most progressive and important subjects ever engaged the minds of men. Generations yet to be born will ponder over these columns with delight, and will be instructed. Our work has been for a day, and will be forgotten, but reaches forward beyond the realm of human comprehension. The seeds of revolutions in the mental and social states have been sown, which after generations shall unfold."

The gratuitous but valuable services of Dr. Hallowell are appropriately acknowledged. Then follow parting words to the Press; and a disquisition on the condition of the Christian world on the advent of Modern Spiritualism, comprehending the great results the "new movement" is designed and adapted to achieve. In the concluding portion of the Valentinist.

The success of THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH is considered under six or eight distinct heads; from which it appears that the paper has been eminently prosperous in all it aimed to accomplish. At this point the editor concludes with the following appropriate observations:

"We by no means arrogate to ourselves the credit of all the spiritual successes of the TELEGRAPH. Much of its success is due to judicious and able editing, and to the able contributions to its columns, and to Brother Pennington, who has been our indefatigable laborer. We now resign our post, and leave the paper to those who will reap some of the benefits of our labors, and will be able to more and better for the happiness and elevation of mankind than ourselves."

Death of George Atkins. George Atkins, a well-known medium of Boston, died, February 24th, at his residence in Charlestown. He has recently occupied the rooms of Mr. Mansfield, No. 3 Winter street, and previously was at the head of a Healing Institute in Lagrange Place. The disease of which he died was quick consumption, of only five weeks' duration. He had his senses to the last, and died resignedly and happy, gloriously happy. Our personal acquaintance with Mr. Atkins enables us to say that he was an honest, faithful, whole-souled man; a good, active and industrious medium; willing and self-sacrificing in the noble cause of Spiritualism, to the last. He has for some years been a public lecturer of good repute. In various places he has delivered many hundreds of lectures. His reputation as a healing medium was excellent. With a tear of regret and with a tear of joy we record his transition to a better life. Peace to his ashes and eternal progress to his noble spirit! He leaves an amiable and excellent wife.

What We see in the Looking-Glass. The World's Crisis has in its last issue a long article of the steepest bitterness against Spiritualism, the first sentence of which is the following:

"Our mis-trusted and fallen world, with the advancement of six thousand years resting upon it, has just as never been assailed with a doctrine more fearful in its tendency, deusive in its hopes, and fatal in its consequences, than 'Modern Spiritualism.'"

The world is a looking-glass, in which we see ourselves, just as we are. A true Spiritualist sees everything that God has made him to see, and he pronounces it good and beautiful. The Crisis sees almost everything as being "sin-ridden."

Portland Matters. A correspondent writes as follows:—The Association of Spiritualists of Portland were addressed Sunday, Feb. 19th, by Mrs. Susan Sleight, trance medium, of that city, with much satisfaction. She is unquestionably a rising speaker, and with practice will soon take her place in the front ranks. She has a strong, rich, melodious voice, sufficient for any hall, and is controlled to sing in the trance. Good judges inform me that she is, in that respect, second to none which have hitherto appeared before the public.

S. B. BRITTON will deliver lectures in Chicopee, Mass., on next Sunday, (March 4th).

MAHLE MEMORIALS.

The feeling that prompts the living to respect the remains and to cherish the memory of the departed is eminently honorable to human nature. If we have any true sympathy for our kind, we step lightly above the ashes of those whom in life we loved with tenderness and sincerity. The monuments of the great, whether reared by gratitude or love, and every white tablet—by the silent portals through which our mortal companions disappeared—may testify how the living still respect and cherish their virtues, and with what unflinching resolution the human affections follow their objects to the great life beyond. The man who equanimity, without any qualification by the use of the words 'pious, accidental, vast, and comparative, I solemnly affirm, in plain English, I know no evil, no wrong. I use the word evil because others use it; I use it to convey an idea that is hard to convey without it. All of the evil influences here-mentioned are means, or effects of means, to work out the highest good. So that which is, or is to be, productive of good, I cannot call wrong or evil. I have, before now, on certain occasions, drawn a bag over my eyes, so that the outside world was occluded from my external vision, and my look turned into my own soul. The first time I did this, to my utter surprise and bewilderment, I saw within the circle of my own being every devil and evil spirit that I had ever seen, known, thought of, or conceived. I had so much confidence in my own goodness—which confidence, I suppose, is natural—that I made a thorough examination of these self-proclaimed devils and self-proclaimed evils, and I found them to be flower seeds of truth. I hated to cultivate them because it was dirty, disagreeable work. It cost a great deal of toll, which made my nerves sting, and made my bones, muscles and heart ache. I resolved that I would not do it. But my resolutions did not stand. I found these seeds grew spontaneously—they would grow in spite of all I could do. And many have now budded and blossomed in flowers sweet and fragrant, fresh and unfolding. I have concluded that I will not any more try to destroy seeds that produced such beautiful flowers; for I do so err.

Almost every day I meet with persons who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to say ungenerous things about others—to report calumnies and slanders in which there is sometimes truth, and sometimes not a shadow of truth. These evil seeds that will sometime blossom in beauty, spontaneously.

I often meet with persons who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to renege on a legacy, to renege on a promise, to stand for dignity and honor, and fight with all the gathered efforts of human powers against the phantoms of wrong and injustice. Revenge is a seed, apparently evil, that grows spontaneously in human hearts, to blossom in celestial loveliness.

I know legislators who are influenced by evil spirits to enact laws for the government of men that run counter to the laws of God in nature. These laws are right, necessary, and beautiful, in their place, seeds of goodness, some of which blossom on earth—the rest in heaven.

I know human tribunals, judges and jurists, that are influenced by devils—ostensibly humane—that punish the most deeply afflicted the most severely, whereby the worst, as we say, are excited brought to the gates of God's own paradise. This evil will blossom early, in heaven.

I know ministers of Christ, who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to pray in public that God will paralyze, by disease, the tongues of other ministers who utter sentiments that disagree with their own. In any living, wide awake man so shortsighted that he cannot see the flower of good already blossoming out of such an influence? That manifestation alone, of so-called evil influence, will break a great deal of human bondage—will awaken a great deal of lightened love that exists for the glory of material religion in churches.

I know a deacon of the church, and a friend, too; a good and an excellent man, who was influenced by so-called evil spirits, and collected a bill of mo the second time, because I did not have a receipt for the first payment, and the second payment was in keeping with human law. This was right, and lawful in spirit; the end is for good; the flower of spiritual beauty, that buds in this evil influence, shall sometime blossom and send forth a sweeter fragrance than perhaps it would if the bud had germinated in a moral or virtuous deed.

I know a great many good and active business men who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to lay up and lock up stores of useful things that are really needed to satisfy the hunger and clothe the nakedness of weak, sickly, unfortunate, poor people. Greater good and greater beauty shall blossom in heaven in consequence of the sorrow, afflictions and sufferings of earth.

I know a great many fashionable, Christian women, who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to do very little work, and dress themselves a great deal better and more comfortably than it is possible for hard-working, unfortunate, poor women to do, who do all their work for them. And these same evil spirits make them creep scornfully upon simplicity and humility; upon ragged, cheap dressed and degraded women.

Believe not, my friends, that fruit commensurate with the toll and the suffering, shall not be gathered sooner in heaven; believe not that sweet and fragrant flowers shall not blow in heavenly gardens for the tolling slaves of earth, sooner for excessive toil; believe not that the woman who does all her own work, and all another woman's work also, shall not find sweeter repose from her worthy labors sooner. The unequal distribution of toll, and money, too, shall bring us all to heaven sooner.

I know a woman who is influenced by a so-called evil spirit to denounce every new thought in religion, uttered by another, and call it "damnable heresy." This is beautiful, for the one is good.

I know another woman who is influenced by a so-called evil spirit to say, with all sincerity, that Spiritualism comes from the Devil, because it does not come from Serpentina; and because her "devil" she is in fact, she is in fact, instead of coming to her. This is right for the present, and the future shall be right for the future. There is no evil that shall not bear a flower of heavenly fragrance.

I very recently met a so-called evil spirit, who influenced a prominent member of the Old South Church to say that she did not want to go to heaven if her washerwoman, servants and common laborers were going there, for she had no affinity for such kind of folk; she could not enjoy herself in their society. This was right; what more for the present could this woman do?

A member of Park Street Church was influenced by a so-called evil spirit to go, in all sincerity of purpose, to one of our best mediums, who talks with angels, and ask her to tell him where he could find a valuable dog that he had lost. The medium gently rebuked the spirit, and invited the man to let the dog go, and come and gather flowers of aiding and eternal truths. Was not this beautiful? A flower of heaven already plucked!

I know a so-called evil spirit, who almost incessantly influences a good Christian woman to talk about herself all the time, about her own excellences and virtues in contrast with others who are not excellent, and are not as virtuous as she is. This woman will wait for this seed of evil to sprout, grow and blossom.

I know a so-called evil spirit who influences a man, on every occasion when he can get a chance to speak before a congregation, to condemn the opinions of others, and pour forth a volume of personal abuse. This good man sincerely thinks that he is right, and everybody else is wrong that does not think as he does.

Yes, I know quite a number of men who are influenced in this way. And this is eminently right. Wait and we shall all see the beautiful flowers that will blossom out of this evil. I know a great many people who are considered to be religiously excellent, that are influenced by so-called evil spirits to honestly believe that almost everybody shall be damned, while themselves, with a few others, shall be unutterably happy. Is not this belief right and true to the condition that produces it? This so-called evil seed is germinating in darkness; it will blow in light; it is a seed of holiness. I know uncounted numbers of good people who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to believe themselves better than some of the other children who are their brothers and sisters; children who have the same father and the same mother; children who are watered at the same fountain, nourished by the same earth, warmed by the same sun, and are held in the hand of the same Infinite God. This is right for children; they always have some such ideas. Children are beautiful and lovely; they are all earthly buds that will blossom in heaven.

I know a class of so-called evil spirits, who make married men, in the darkness of the night, clandestinely ring the courtizan's door-bell, and go in. And I know another class of so-called evil spirits that in the day-time influence the good wives, and other good people, to broadly proclaim these same men patterns of virtue and religious excellence, and at the same time proclaim the courtizan who answered their ring at her door, to be an object of society, a wretch of

Reported for the Banner of Light.

DROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 23.

Question—"Do spirits exert evil influences upon mediums or are the so-called evil manifestations termed spiritualism, from spirits or mortals?"

DR. CHASE.—"All the world is but a quality of God, and all the countless souls therein. The evil, the worst, are but to one salvation."

I see a hand of wisdom in all the various influences of so-called evil spirits. And of influences called evil by others, sincerely, without any qualification by the use of the words 'pious, accidental, vast, and comparative, I solemnly affirm, in plain English, I know no evil, no wrong. I use the word evil because others use it; I use it to convey an idea that is hard to convey without it. All of the evil influences here-mentioned are means, or effects of means, to work out the highest good. So that which is, or is to be, productive of good, I cannot call wrong or evil. I have, before now, on certain occasions, drawn a bag over my eyes, so that the outside world was occluded from my external vision, and my look turned into my own soul. The first time I did this, to my utter surprise and bewilderment, I saw within the circle of my own being every devil and evil spirit that I had ever seen, known, thought of, or conceived. I had so much confidence in my own goodness—which confidence, I suppose, is natural—that I made a thorough examination of these self-proclaimed devils and self-proclaimed evils, and I found them to be flower seeds of truth. I hated to cultivate them because it was dirty, disagreeable work. It cost a great deal of toll, which made my nerves sting, and made my bones, muscles and heart ache. I resolved that I would not do it. But my resolutions did not stand. I found these seeds grew spontaneously—they would grow in spite of all I could do. And many have now budded and blossomed in flowers sweet and fragrant, fresh and unfolding. I have concluded that I will not any more try to destroy seeds that produced such beautiful flowers; for I do so err.

Almost every day I meet with persons who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to say ungenerous things about others—to report calumnies and slanders in which there is sometimes truth, and sometimes not a shadow of truth. These evil seeds that will sometime blossom in beauty, spontaneously.

I often meet with persons who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to renege on a legacy, to renege on a promise, to stand for dignity and honor, and fight with all the gathered efforts of human powers against the phantoms of wrong and injustice. Revenge is a seed, apparently evil, that grows spontaneously in human hearts, to blossom in celestial loveliness.

I know legislators who are influenced by evil spirits to enact laws for the government of men that run counter to the laws of God in nature. These laws are right, necessary, and beautiful, in their place, seeds of goodness, some of which blossom on earth—the rest in heaven.

I know human tribunals, judges and jurists, that are influenced by devils—ostensibly humane—that punish the most deeply afflicted the most severely, whereby the worst, as we say, are excited brought to the gates of God's own paradise. This evil will blossom early, in heaven.

I know ministers of Christ, who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to pray in public that God will paralyze, by disease, the tongues of other ministers who utter sentiments that disagree with their own. In any living, wide awake man so shortsighted that he cannot see the flower of good already blossoming out of such an influence? That manifestation alone, of so-called evil influence, will break a great deal of human bondage—will awaken a great deal of lightened love that exists for the glory of material religion in churches.

I know a deacon of the church, and a friend, too; a good and an excellent man, who was influenced by so-called evil spirits, and collected a bill of mo the second time, because I did not have a receipt for the first payment, and the second payment was in keeping with human law. This was right, and lawful in spirit; the end is for good; the flower of spiritual beauty, that buds in this evil influence, shall sometime blossom and send forth a sweeter fragrance than perhaps it would if the bud had germinated in a moral or virtuous deed.

I know a great many good and active business men who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to lay up and lock up stores of useful things that are really needed to satisfy the hunger and clothe the nakedness of weak, sickly, unfortunate, poor people. Greater good and greater beauty shall blossom in heaven in consequence of the sorrow, afflictions and sufferings of earth.

I know a great many fashionable, Christian women, who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to do very little work, and dress themselves a great deal better and more comfortably than it is possible for hard-working, unfortunate, poor women to do, who do all their work for them. And these same evil spirits make them creep scornfully upon simplicity and humility; upon ragged, cheap dressed and degraded women.

Believe not, my friends, that fruit commensurate with the toll and the suffering, shall not be gathered sooner in heaven; believe not that sweet and fragrant flowers shall not blow in heavenly gardens for the tolling slaves of earth, sooner for excessive toil; believe not that the woman who does all her own work, and all another woman's work also, shall not find sweeter repose from her worthy labors sooner. The unequal distribution of toll, and money, too, shall bring us all to heaven sooner.

I know a woman who is influenced by a so-called evil spirit to denounce every new thought in religion, uttered by another, and call it "damnable heresy." This is beautiful, for the one is good.

I know another woman who is influenced by a so-called evil spirit to say, with all sincerity, that Spiritualism comes from the Devil, because it does not come from Serpentina; and because her "devil" she is in fact, she is in fact, instead of coming to her. This is right for the present, and the future shall be right for the future. There is no evil that shall not bear a flower of heavenly fragrance.

I very recently met a so-called evil spirit, who influenced a prominent member of the Old South Church to say that she did not want to go to heaven if her washerwoman, servants and common laborers were going there, for she had no affinity for such kind of folk; she could not enjoy herself in their society. This was right; what more for the present could this woman do?

A member of Park Street Church was influenced by a so-called evil spirit to go, in all sincerity of purpose, to one of our best mediums, who talks with angels, and ask her to tell him where he could find a valuable dog that he had lost. The medium gently rebuked the spirit, and invited the man to let the dog go, and come and gather flowers of aiding and eternal truths. Was not this beautiful? A flower of heaven already plucked!

I know a so-called evil spirit, who almost incessantly influences a good Christian woman to talk about herself all the time, about her own excellences and virtues in contrast with others who are not excellent, and are not as virtuous as she is. This woman will wait for this seed of evil to sprout, grow and blossom.

I know a so-called evil spirit who influences a man, on every occasion when he can get a chance to speak before a congregation, to condemn the opinions of others, and pour forth a volume of personal abuse. This good man sincerely thinks that he is right, and everybody else is wrong that does not think as he does.

Yes, I know quite a number of men who are influenced in this way. And this is eminently right. Wait and we shall all see the beautiful flowers that will blossom out of this evil. I know a great many people who are considered to be religiously excellent, that are influenced by so-called evil spirits to honestly believe that almost everybody shall be damned, while themselves, with a few others, shall be unutterably happy. Is not this belief right and true to the condition that produces it? This so-called evil seed is germinating in darkness; it will blow in light; it is a seed of holiness. I know uncounted numbers of good people who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to believe themselves better than some of the other children who are their brothers and sisters; children who have the same father and the same mother; children who are watered at the same fountain, nourished by the same earth, warmed by the same sun, and are held in the hand of the same Infinite God. This is right for children; they always have some such ideas. Children are beautiful and lovely; they are all earthly buds that will blossom in heaven.

I know a class of so-called evil spirits, who make married men, in the darkness of the night, clandestinely ring the courtizan's door-bell, and go in. And I know another class of so-called evil spirits that in the day-time influence the good wives, and other good people, to broadly proclaim these same men patterns of virtue and religious excellence, and at the same time proclaim the courtizan who answered their ring at her door, to be an object of society, a wretch of

I know another class of so-called evil spirits, who make married men, in the darkness of the night, clandestinely ring the courtizan's door-bell, and go in. And I know another

hall, 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.

Mr. DUNCAN referred to the case of Miss Hattie Egan, who, he said, had some time previous to her death been influenced by evil spirits.

He had watched with a man under the influence of mania-poly 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.

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 ago, when I was lecturing on psychology, I could control by will a tad to do anything. I would him to see a ship at sea, in a storm, and his mother on board, whom he loved with the fondest affection.

Mr. DUNCAN.—I believe this earth on which we stand is but the vestibule to glorious mansions, through which a moving crowd forever passes.

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 ornaments—some of which were left 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 magistrates for rioting, and treated with kind and liberal leniency, threw peas at my face through pea-shooters so that I was compelled to protect my eyes with the sleeves of my surplice."

Mr. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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. DUNCAN.—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.

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 experiences in the columns of the Banner or Light, 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,

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 SIXTY-NINE COLUMNS MORE!

We shall, by this arrangement, be freed from the necessity of using the small type which has troubled so many of our readers, and hence

No More Small Type will be used on the Banner. BERRY, COLBY & CO., 312 Brattle Street, Boston, Mass.

ADA L. HOYT, Rapping and Writing Test Medium, HAS opened a room on the same floor as the Banner or Light Office, in building No. 312 Brattle street, which she will occupy until the spacious suit of rooms on the first floor in the same building are prepared for the reception of visitors.

DOLORETT'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—PUBLIC opinion is compelling the hospitals throughout Europe and America to adopt this famous alternative, anti bilious, and restorative medicine, suffering from chronic indigestion, constipation, dysentery, diarrhoea, and liver complaint, who have never been cured by any other means, recover by its continued use. The Ointment is also a sovereign remedy for cutaneous diseases. Sold at the manufactory, No. 30 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all druggists, at 25c. per box, and \$1 per box of 100.

DOCTOR JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 36 Bond street, New York. Dr. S. cures PILES and CANCERS without the use of the knife. Also cures GRAVEL. All Rheumatic complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. N. B.—Medicines sent to all parts of the United States and the Canada, on receipt of orders.

DR. CHARLES TORIN, ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN, Room 5 and 7 Post Office Building, Hartford, Conn. N. B.—All Chronic or Nervous Diseases treated by Electricity in some form, Electro-Chemical Sulphur Vapor, and Medicated Vapor Baths.

DR. G. G. ATWOOD, MENTAL AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, WILL receive or visit patients, as formerly, after the first of March next. Residences 108 East 14th street, New York.

BY BARON HEINRICH BART, Translated from the German by John S. HULL.—"Wisdom fails to give it a rest, but it is the heart's natural foe. This progressive age—N. Y. Leader. Price 37 cents. Mailed free of postage. O. BLANCHARD, Publisher, 70 Nassau st., New York.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, WILL APPEAR IN THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL is now ready, the regular issue having commenced. Terms \$2 a year. Single copies sent on application. A. J. DAVIS & CO., Publishers, 274 Canal street, New York.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, WILL APPEAR IN THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL is now ready, the regular issue having commenced. Terms \$2 a year. Single copies sent on application. A. J. DAVIS & CO., Publishers, 274 Canal street, New York.

The Independent Every Week.

This announcement alone should be sufficient inducement to those desiring to read the Independent. The conductors of this paper aim to make it the most influential and useful religious newspaper published in this country. To this end they employ an array of Editors, Special Contributors, Regular Correspondents, Miscellaneous Essayists, Commercial Reporters, and other writers, each of whom contributes a valuable and indispensable part of every weekly number.

It is intended that any of the following departments of the paper, viz.: the Sermons of HENRY WARD BEECHER, the Poems of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, or the Poems of JOHN G. WHITFIELD, or the Commercial Articles and Market Reports, Editorial Articles, or the Family Reading, shall be worth more than the entire subscription price for one year.

In addition to the attractive names above, the REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D., is now contributing a series of articles to The Independent, entitled FAMILIAR LETTERS ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

We are happy to announce that our subscription list is increasing more rapidly than ever before, and as a special inducement to our readers we will say, that for every two new subscribers sent us with \$1, we will credit the party sending the same with one year's subscription.

The friends of THE INDEPENDENT in all sections of the country will favor the cause in which we are engaged, by using their influence to extend our circulation. Terms \$3 a year in advance. Address JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, Publisher, No. 5 Beakman street, New York.

MRS. M. S. KENNARD, MRS. M. D. CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM, No. 10 Lyndburgh street, Charlestown. Examinations and prescriptions for diseases. Hours from 6 to 12 A. M.; from 2 to 6 P. M.; (Mondays and Saturdays excepted.)

REV. DR. LOTHROP'S LECTURE—OR—PAIN, THE DEIST, WITH A REPLY: Comprising Letters addressed to that distinguished writer and philanthropist WASHINGTON, MONROE and JEFFERSON, with other valuable testimony to his worth. An interesting romance. For sale, wholesale and Retail, by REDDING & CO., 8 State street; BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street. Price, 5 cents single; \$3 per hundred.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., Professor of the Theory of the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is particularly applicable to the most prostrated cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No. 18 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. 1 Oct. 1.

COURT OF DEATH.

At One Dollar Each. No other engraving of the size (2 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches) and quality of this, can be bought in New York for less than 50c. It is only by sending 100,000 that they can be furnished for a dollar.

As the Engraving forms a pleasing, beautiful, and instructive Parlor Ornament, no family can afford to be without it. It is a sermon on canvas, and its lessons are far more lasting than the written or spoken word. Hundreds of letters express admiration of the picture, while no note expresses disappointment.

As several Clergymen, added by Church Members, are now relieving themselves from church debts by the large commission allowed on the sale of these engravings, it is thought that others might do the same, if the plan was suggested. For this purpose, the engraving will be furnished (in large quantities) at the lowest possible figure.

References.—Rev. Dr. Irvine, Editor New York Observer; Rev. Dr. Stevens, Editor Christian Advocate and Journal; Rev. Dr. Bright, Editor Christian Examiner; Rev. Dr. Porter, Editor Christian Intelligencer; Rev. Dr. Palmer, New Orleans; the Editors of the Richmond Examiner; Charleston Courier; and New Orleans Eccequian; Hon. Willard Filmore, Buffalo; and the venerable HUBBARD PEASE, Philadelphia. For one copy, \$1 and four letter stamps (12 cts.) to pay postage. Six Copies for \$5, without stamp, postage paid by subscriber.

Those desiring letter of Agency, with one copy and forty pamphlets, for distribution, will send \$1 and six letter stamps. Many agents are now realizing fine profits, by selling these engraving dollars in the business. Not one letter in a thousand, plainly directed, is lost. To avoid mistakes, the Name of Town and State should be plainly written. Address P. O. Box 8301, No. 7 PARK ROW, New York, Feb. 25.

WHEELER AND WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES. THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH. HAVE WON THE HIGHEST PRIZES AT THE FAIR OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the STATE FAIRS OF Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, California. AND AT THE FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, New York. Mechanical Association, Boston; Franklin Institute, Philadelphia; Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore; Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, Washington; Mechanics' Association, Cincinnati; Kentucky Institute, Louisville; Mechanical Association, St. Louis; Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco.

THE LOCK KNIT made by this Machine is the only one that cannot be unravelled, so that it secures the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it. No. 10, 505 Broadway, New York.

NOW READY. ARCAENA OF NATURE; OR, THE HISTORY AND LAWS OF CREATION. Our Dark is Reason, Nature is our Guide. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. WITH AN APPENDIX. By Datus Kelley. Price \$1.

Sent free of postage, on receipt of the above, by Berry, Colby & Co., Publishers, 312 Brattle Street, Boston.

For sale also by S. T. MUNSON, at the Banner or Light Office, 143 Fulton street, New York.

SECRETS DISCLOSED. THE subscriber offers for sale a complete Book which contains a recipe for making every compound that is manufactured in the country in the line of Soap, Hair Preparations, Colognes, Essences and Perfumes of all kinds, Hair, Eyebrow, Wash Fluid, and Mineral Water, Eau de Cologne, Hair, Perfumery, &c., &c., and recipes for making every other article manufactured; one for making Hosiery which cannot be recognized from that made by hand, either in looks, texture, or quality; another for making Hosiery and Washing Fluid for family use, which can be made with but little trouble, and at a cost not exceeding 3 cents per gallon, and by the use of which all scrubbing of clothing is accomplished. Price \$1.00. Sent by mail on receipt of 50c. in postage stamps, to W. GOODWIN, 23 Cambridge Street, Boston, Feb. 18.

STAMMERING! DR. PRATT, ARTIFICIAL STAMMERING, offers special attention to his Specific Pathological means for the efficient and positive cure of "Stammering." The length of time required with each patient does not usually exceed an hour, and in no case will any change be made until treatment is given. References given. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., only. No. 77 Bedford street, opposite Dr. Young's church, Boston, Feb. 18.

MRS. LAURA A. SMITH, TRANCE TEST MEDIUM, will occupy rooms with Mrs. M. S. KENNARD, at No. 13 Tremont street, Boston, where she will give sittings daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

A GOOD CHANCE. ABOUT twenty-five miles from Boston, in one of our most charming country towns, we happen to know of a large and admirably formed Hotel Building House, now far back. The house is new, well built, and contains a full lecture, and a full company of first-class boarders is ensured by the present proprietor. The location is very central, remarkably healthy, surrounded by fine drives, and easy of access. The present occupant, being about to change his business, will sell at a great sacrifice, and a chance is thus offered which rarely occurs. The opportunity for investment or for the purchase of a desirable residence is not only secured, but the purchase price is very low. For particulars, apply to WARDEN & O'BRIEN, Merchants' Exchange, Boston, Feb. 18.

DR. H. E. SCHOENMAKER, DENTIST, No. 41 East 4th Street, New York. Dr. S. respectfully informs those who need the services of a dentist, that they may consult him with the fullest confidence of his professional ability. During a practice of fifteen years in the city of New York, he has established a reputation for professional skill which is not only acknowledged by the New York public, but abroad. Two of his patients, during a recent visit to Paris—both of whom were artificial teeth inserted by him—occurred to call on Dr. Schoenmaker, who stands at the head of the profession in Europe, and is dentist to the Emperor of the French, Emperor of Russia, and the nobility generally—pronounced his work to be equal to any he had seen in artificial dentistry.

DR. SCHOENMAKER is familiar with every mode of inserting Artificial Teeth; and for adaptation, artificial gold, and natural appearance, he challenges competition. He would particularly call attention to his new and improved method of Artificial Teeth, which is particularly adapted to this purpose—possesses every requisite desired, and is the latest and most important improvement in artificial dentistry. It is more comfortable than gold—more durable, and more easily adapted, and can be so nicely fitted to the gums as to render adhesion perfect, thereby consummating the desired object—mastication and articulation.

DR. S. skillfully performs every other operation pertaining to his profession, and guarantees entire satisfaction. N. B.—Specimens of artificial work prepared for different persons—always on hand—will be exhibited with pleasure. Jan. 14.

MISS SUSAN M. AYRES, MEDIUM FOR VERBAL COMMUNICATIONS, 63 Throop street, East Cambridge, Mass. Feb. 25.

A NEW REFORM PAPER. THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, Edited by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Just published, and for sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, where also subscriptions will be received. Price \$2.00 per year. 5c Feb. 4.

ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN. No. 17 Tremont street, (opposite Museum) Boston. He will give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases. Feb. 18.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR, ZEBUB AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND JERUSALEM. By GEORGE STEARNS. BETA MANUS, Publisher. This book demonstrates that the religion of the Church originated with Paul, and not Jesus, who was merely a Hebrew Rabbi, and whose Gospel, as deduced from the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, is a perfect refutation of Christianity. It contains 312 pages of good gold, well bound, and will be sent by mail on receipt of one dollar. Address GEORGE STEARNS, No. 23 N. West Action, Mass.

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS, Composite Monuments, Plain and Ornamental Shafts, Tablets, &c. H. D. SANFORD & CO. MANUFACTURERS superior Marble and Granite Monuments, Plain and Ornamental Tomb-Stones, and every kind of Monumental Work, to order, and in the best manner, at WESTBURY, MASS., and DANIELSONVILLE, CONN. Orders are respectfully solicited from all parts of the country. All work will be done in the best manner, carefully packed, and promptly forwarded. H. D. SANFORD, Westbury, Mass. DANIELSONVILLE, Conn. Feb. 18.

We are permitted to refer to the New York Herald of the 25th of Dec. 18.

