

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

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

TURNER PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
ELEANR PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JACK MELVILLE;

OR, THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

BY DUNCAN M'LEAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

When the ladies were alone, Ellen opened one of my trunks, and took from it several crayon sketches, which had been finely copied in China, and which revealed the leading incidents of my life. First, the wreck scene in which Ellen's brother rescued me, when I was a boy; then many whaling scenes, and among them a picture of saving young Bartlett; after these, many views of my intercourse with Miss Bartlett, closing with my introduction to Ellen in her brother's house. Having a taste for drawing, I sketched these at my leisure, and had them copied by a Chinese artist, who, under my direction, had made them very life-like. The pictures of Ellen and Miss Bartlett (now Mrs. Burke), were considered gems of art. Before I surrendered my stateroom to the ladies, I took the pictures down, and put them in a trunk; and only an hour before I was married did I show them to Ellen, to let her see that all the love was not on her part—that I, too, had thought of her, though hopelessly.

"My dear Mrs. Burke," said Ellen, "these pictures explain all. You and Col. Burke, as the personal friends of my family, must be our friends also; for fate seems to have strangely used you as an agent to aid in working out our destiny. Except the Bishop, you and your husband are the only parties on board who know of my marriage to Capt. Melville. He knew you the moment he saw you on board the wreck, and to spare you any annoyance you might be expected to feel on account of your last interview, has not taken advantage of his position to make himself known to you."

Mrs. Burke was still very beautiful, though she had passed seven years in India with her husband, and had been much exposed to the climate; but her pride remained intense. Any apparent want of courtesy, therefore, on the part of those with whom she associated, was quickly detected and rebuked. The fact that she had not had any children was the only drawback also felt upon her domestic happiness.

"My dear Ellen," she replied, "I know not what to say. Your husband is an enigma which even a woman cannot solve. Is he not, after all, a myth, and is not his strange history an invention, a fable, to illustrate a moral? Proud himself to arrogance, he always seems to command the means by which to humble those who have sought to wound his self-esteem. When my husband nobly won his present rank upon the battle fields of India, I thought of Melville and his daring intrepidity, and wished in my heart that he could see the man crowned with honors, that I had preferred to him, forgetting that he (Melville) might also be as distinguished on his own element, the sea. Often have I desired to see Melville, a poor sailor, that I might crush his pride by showing him my husband. And what is the result? This 'man of pride,' at the risk of his own life, saves our lives, and leaves us his debtors for life. Dear Ellen, I will not war against fate; I will be reconciled to your husband, and use my good offices with your father to forgive you for marrying him."

"Forgive what?" inquired Ellen, passionately. "I am a free-born English woman, and old enough to be the best judge of my own actions. My father and brother have no affection for me. They would have sacrificed me years ago to build up their own political influence. Look at half the marriages in high life; what are they but political intrigues? I have chosen the man I love, and who loves me, for my husband; where he goes I will go. I am perfectly independent of my family."

"Pardon me, dear Ellen," replied Mrs. Burke; "I admire your spirit, and did not wish to offend you by tendering my services to reconcile your family to your present course; but I thought you had not fully estimated the loss of position, in the eyes of the world, your marriage must cause you, if your family are not reconciled to it."

"Mrs. Burke," rejoined Ellen, "I have made my choice deliberately. I will inform my father, as in duty bound, of that choice; and here my intercourse with him will probably end for life. It was to avoid his incessant demands to marry Earl —, a man I could never love, nor even respect, that induced me to accompany you and Jason in your recent cruise."

"We are still friends," said Mrs. Burke; "and, as a mark of my continued love for you, and reconciliation to your husband, I will accompany you in the ship to London, and not land at Portsmouth. Col. Burke will, of course, be with us. I wish Melville may prove as obedient to you as the dear colonel has always been to me."

Thus, by the tact of Ellen, all unpleasantness likely to arise from having Col. Burke and his lady witness our marriage, vanished for the present, and, in its place, apparent friendship was renewed and strengthened. But appearances are not always to be relied on, as the sequel will show. In a few days we arrived at Portsmouth, and landed our passengers, who, at parting, voted me a very handsome letter of thanks, and appointed a committee to procure me a service of plate, as a testimonial of their esteem.

Lord Jason and several other members of the Royal Yacht Squadron came on board to pay their respects to me; for Jason had rendered my name famous in the newspapers by publishing a detailed account of the dismantling of his vessel, and the skillful manner in which I had taken off her crew, refitted her, etc. Leaving my chief officer to show the visitors around the ship, I took Lord Jason and Ellen into my stateroom; and here Ellen explained to him the engagement she had made.

Well, Ellen," said he, "if you have not got a Peer, you have got a wonderfully clever fellow, and that is

more than I can say of a good many Peers of my acquaintance—so I wish you both long lives and happiness. But let me tell you, bluntly, Ellen, that neither your father nor your brother will ever forgive you, for your marriage has knocked some of their political calculations into soap-suds, as good-by, and the Lord take care of you. As I never interfere in other people's business, I wash my hands clean of the whole scrape."

He soon afterward left, and to Ellen's surprise, Col. Burke and his lady also went ashore—Mrs. Burke complaining that she was too indisposed to continue on board any longer. At parting, neither of them had the courtesy to thank me for the services I had rendered them. Mrs. Burke learned from Lord Jason, in a few words, the effect my marriage would likely have among fashionable society; and, as she prided herself upon her standing with the nobility, she was unwilling to incur the risk of having countenanced by her company, my marriage. Of all my passengers, Ellen and her maid alone were left. I introduced Ellen to my officers, and we soon formed an agreeable family circle. In a couple of days the ship arrived in London, and to make assurance doubly sure, we were publicly married in St. George's-in-the-East. Lord Jason, by way of addenda to his letter, published a brief sketch of my life, ending with the marriage of his niece, in revenge, as the family had charged him with bringing about the match. This increased, if possible, the dislike of the family to me; but fortunately I was beyond their influence, and as Ellen laughed at their imbecile rage, we concluded not to trouble them with overtures of conciliation.

Up to this time neither Ellen nor myself had spoken a word about settlement; but, as I had considerable property, I employed a legal gentleman to settle it all upon Ellen in the event of my death, and I passed the papers into her hands. After perusing them, she raised her eyes with wonder and said—

"Melville, you astonish me. How could you, a poor man, accumulate such a fortune in ten years. Over ninety thousand pounds in the funds, and thirty thousand more in shipping! I am bewildered! I have thirty thousand pounds in my own right, bequeathed me by my mother's brother, who recently died childless in India, and it was the possession of this sum, which I intended to place at your disposal, that gave me increased strength to set at defiance the wishes of my father and brother. My mother has been dead many years. But you have acted with your accustomed promptness, and have not left me an opportunity to show my disapprobation."

"Say not so, Ellen; by becoming my wife you have lost your social position."

"And have gained," she said, interrupting me, "a rich man, to whom I am indebted for my life. Now tell me how you have made such a large fortune?"

"Briefly, then; I went second mate of the ship Carnatic, to Calcutta, immediately after our first interview; came home chief mate, and went out next voyage captain. In returning to England, I fell in with a large ship abandoned, dismantled and rudderless! I refitted her and brought her home. Her cargo was valued at over half a million. My share of the salvage was fifteen thousand pounds. With this I purchased a controlling interest in the Carnatic, mortgaged that interest, and with the proceeds purchased half the cargo on my account, which more than doubled itself, and from that day to this I have speculated in whole cargoes both ways, and the result is before you. This voyage of seven months, I will clear fifteen thousand pounds."

"I will communicate these facts to Jason, that he may see we are, perhaps, as well to do in the world as many who have little but their empty titles to live upon. I believe neither my father nor my brother can show as much unnumbered property as we possess. So let us be grateful to the Giver of all good, and enjoy his blessings rationally."

"Amen, dear Ellen," I responded; "and before I leave the sea, if my luck continues, I will double our store."

During our stay on shore, which was only six weeks, we resided in private lodgings in Whitechapel Road, and never made a single visit, though we had many invitations from those who had been passengers with me. We were happy enough at home, and had no occasion to look for recreation abroad. Ellen entered into the spirit of my speculations with ardor, and soon became quite expert in business. She reviewed my accounts, and filed them, in as perfect order as if she had been bred a clerk.

My next voyage was to Calcutta, and I had, as usual, a full complement of passengers, composed principally of officers belonging to the East India Company. Their society was very agreeable to Ellen, who was much beloved by them all. At sea, I resumed my old habits of drilling my crew in the use of great guns and small arms. Instead of keeping them employed working up old junk into popayans, spaynarr, and mats, as customary in most merchant ships; the consequence was, an efficient crew in a few weeks. The broadsword exercise was a favorite amusement of mine, and soon became so with the tars and most of the soldier-officers, who generally had a friendly set-to with fells every first dog-watch when the weather was pleasant. Boxing and wrestling were also among our amusements. These many exercises were much admired by all the passengers.

I performed the voyage in eight months, and was as lucky as ever. My early friend, Captain Hunter of the Diana, and his brother, who gave me command of the Carnatic, and who had been my partner in business for years, stepped on board as I entered the West India Docks, and gave me a hearty welcome, and my passengers at parting were as generous and complimentary as I could wish. Thus was I surrounded by friends on every hand; and I could perceive that Ellen felt delighted with the kindnesses she shared in common with me.

Three days after my arrival, while adjusting some accounts in the cuddy, my chief mate introduced a gentleman, who said he wished to speak to me privately. I requested him to be seated.

"I am," said he, "Major McDonald, a friend of Col. Burke, who sent me to you to demand a written apology for having insulted his lady and himself, by requesting and procuring their attendance to witness your marriage on board this ship."

"Suppose, major," I replied, "that I decline to apologize—what then?"

"In that case, Col. Burke, has desired me to demand the satisfaction which gentlemen usually give each other in such cases."

"That is, I presume, to fight him?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Now we understand each other, Major. I will gratify or satisfy Col. Burke as speedily as possible." I immediately sent my servant to procure a carriage, and ordered my mate, Mr. Swain, of Nantucket, to take out of the ship's armory two of the best cutlasses. Having tried both their blades, and finding them just right, I said—

"Now, major, I will accompany you, and take with me Mr. Swain, my chief officer, as my second."

"May I ask as a favor, Capt. Melville," said the major, "to consult Col. Burke before I introduce you to his presence. Your promptness, though highly honorable to you, may not be altogether convenient to my principal."

"Major, through life I have always settled all demands upon me at sight, and I adhere to my old habit. I will settle the point of delay with Col. Burke, face to face."

The major bowed, and said—"If you please, you may follow my carriage; if not, here is Col. Burke's address," handing me his card; "I will meet you opposite his house."

Old Mr. Bartlett had been dead several years, and Col. Burke and young Bartlett, the gentleman-sailor I had saved, resided in his house. Opposite it we halted. The major, after consulting Col. Burke, returned and said the colonel was pleased with my readiness, but was at a loss where we could have a meeting unobserved as such an hour of the day. It was noon. Knowing Mr. Bartlett's garden, I suggested that we could fight unobserved upon a green plat surrounded by trees, which I said was in the lower end of the grounds. The major, after another brief consultation, returned and conducted my second and myself into the garden. Here I met Col. Burke; he was, and still is, a noble-looking fellow, tall as I am, but more bulky. He bowed, and said—

"So, Captain Melville, you refuse to apologize?"

"Sir," I replied, laughingly, "I will fight first, just by way of keeping my hand in, and apologize afterwards, if I see fit. Hand the tools out, Mr. Swain, and let the colonel have his choice."

"I admire the cutlasses," said the colonel; "you could not have selected a weapon more to my fancy, Captain Melville."

Col. Burke, as I afterwards learned, was esteemed one of the best swordsmen in the British army, familiar with the use of every hand weapon known in war, and though an expert shot also, had always preferred the sword to the pistol in settling his accounts of honor, in all of which he had been uniformly successful. Like most high-spirited men, he had been betrayed by his temper into several affairs of honor; but in no case was he ever known to thirst for blood. As the Burkes and the Intrepids were allied by marriage, each reproached the other with the cause of my union with Ellen, and Burke was made to feel that I had purposely insulted him and his lady by procuring them to witness my marriage. A week after I had sailed, Col. Burke tried in vain to find me, and this was used as another argument against him, viz: that he had sought me after he knew that I was gone. This family feud was continued during my first voyage, and, when I returned, brought forth our present meeting.

Major McDonald and Mr. Swain, agreeably to the rules in such cases recognized, placed the colonel and myself ten paces distant, and then the major inquired, "Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"All ready," was the mutual response. "Stand to your guard. Advance! Attack!"

In a twinkling I shifted my cutlass from my right hand to the left—which embarrassed the colonel at the first pass—received the point of his weapon on the basket of my cutlass, forced his arm back with my whole might, and before he could retreat a step to release his weapon, I wrenched myself inside of his guard, wrenched the cutlass from his grasp, tripped his heels together, fell with both knees upon his breast, and left him insensible.

I sprang to my feet with a cutlass in each hand, and the major and Mr. Swain hastened to the colonel's assistance; but hardly had I adjusted myself, ere young Bartlett rushed into the arena and swore that I had played foul.

Without saying a word, I handed him a cutlass, which he seized eagerly, and made a cut at me with all his might, which I avoided by springing back. Before he could recover his guard, I closed with him, twisted the weapon from his hand, and struck him a blow with my fist between the eyes, which laid him his whole length near the colonel. He was game, and soon sprang to his feet. I handed the cutlasses to Mr. Swain, and prepared to give Bartlett a hiding. He was a good boxer, but was out of training. In three rounds I left him with a battered face, and insensible. The major had restored the colonel and placed him against a tree, and to my astonishment, when about taking my leave of him, I saw his lady near him, bathing his temples. She had witnessed the whole scene, without betraying her presence by a single exclamation. Scenes of strife and bloodshed, however, had been familiar to her on many a battle-field in India, and had never led her to attend her husband under every circumstance.

"All fair, Major McDonald?" I inquired.

"Strictly honorable, Capt. Melville," he replied.

"Major, as there is no need of me any longer, with your permission I will withdraw; and when it suits your convenience, call and take a glass of grog with me on board the Ellen. I am always on board between 10 A. M., and 3 P. M. Good day, sir."

He bowed, and thanked me. Mr. Swain and myself, without further ceremony, left the garden as we had entered it, took to our carriage and returned to the ship. I enjoined secrecy upon Mr. Swain, as I was desirous Ellen should not learn anything of the affair from either of us.

"About a week afterward, Ellen, her maid, the stewardess and myself, were in the ladies' cabin, laying out some alterations which Ellen proposed to have made, when Mr. Swain informed me that several gentlemen were on the quarter-deck, and desired to see me.

"Capt. Melville," said Major McDonald, "I beg leave to introduce to you Earl Jasper, and his son, Viscount Intrepid."

I heard the ladies' cabin door slam as the major's introduction closed. It was evident that Ellen did not wish to see the gentlemen.

"My old captain—my early benefactor," said I, advancing to Captain Intrepid, "to what good fortune am I indebted for your friendly visit?"

"This," replied the captain, "is my father, Ellen's father, and your father-in-law," advancing with the earl, who extended his hand to me. I received it courteously, and bowed without speaking.

"What!" exclaimed the earl, who was a noble-looking old man of seventy, and who had been, and still was, a soldier, though retired from duty, "in this the dare-devil Melville, who has married my daughter, and thrashed my relatives, without leave or license? Drop all ceremony with an old soldier; give me your hand and let me shake it warmly; for I admire a man who, after he has achieved a position for himself, knows how to maintain it. The way you served Burke, and that insolent scamp Bartlett, entitles you to my lasting gratitude."

The fact was, both Burke and Bartlett had represented me to the earl as a coarse sailor, something like a Newfoundland dog, good on the water, but of little account elsewhere, thereby trying to lower his family pride. Capt. Intrepid only knew me as an active boy, who managed to discharge the duty required of me, and could not say anything about me as a man. But when the affair of honor between Burke, Bartlett and myself became known, the earl swore I must be a gentleman, and should, therefore, receive his countenance. Major McDonald, too, spoke of my conduct in high terms, and undertook to bring the earl and myself face to face. "I trust Earl Jasper has other and higher reasons for honoring me with a visit," was my reply.

I invited them into the cabin, and we soon had wine and grog in jovial circulation. The earl placed himself between me and his son, and appeared much pleased with the answers I gave to his numerous questions.

"And now," inquired he, "what have you done with Ellen? Is she as self-willed as ever? In other words, does she rule you with a rod of iron?"

"The ladies' cabin was thrown open, and Ellen stood behind her father, as calm and self-possessed as if she had studied a part she intended to play."

"Ellen is dear, sir."

"My dear Ellen, my only daughter, you must forgive your old father, for he still loves you. I know that I have not treated you like a father, but—"

"Stop, father," interrupted Ellen, "the past is forgotten," and she kissed him and her brother.

"Why linger over the details? That evening we dined and slept in the earl's house, and I was introduced to a large party of the family friends. Ellen said that if she had known I was a believer in duelling, she would have inserted, in her matrimonial conditions, a strict injunction; but, as matters turned out, she regarded the recent affair as rather fortunate than otherwise, for it alone had reunited her to her family. It was the only scrape of the kind I ever took part in."

The next voyage I took Capt. Intrepid's son, who had served several years in the navy, as my second mate, and eventually made him captain of the Ellen, in which he accumulated a fortune. To Mr. Swain I gave command of a new ship, which he now owns, but has left the sea. I left the sea myself the third voyage after my marriage, but increased my interest in shipping, and took the management of their business on shore; and, to make a long yarn short about business matters, my good luck continues.

As the most friendly relations continued between me and the old earl, he told me that he had become embarrassed in his affairs through speculations, which had proved failures. His condition was known to Bartlett and Burke, and their remarks upon the subject annoyed him. Both Ellen and myself examined his affairs minutely, and discovered that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Having abundant means at our disposal, we soon retrieved his fortunes; and, to guard against future contingencies, he appointed me the steward of his estates. Thirteen years afterwards he died, and left a very large estate, which I still manage for the benefit of all concerned. Old Jason left me his yacht, the Diana; he died a few years before his brother. This estate I purchased from Capt. Intrepid, and here I have resided about twenty years. I have six children—four boys and two girls—all well, I believe. Two of the boys are mates in the East India trade, and the other two are lieutenants in the navy. The girls are at present in the north of Scotland with Capt. Intrepid and his family, so that Ellen and myself are alone in our glory. During thirty years we have never been absent from each other more than six hours at a time, and have always slept under the same roof. We have long since become reconciled to Burke, who is now a major-general, and to Bartlett, who is a gentleman of leisure, living upon his fortune. We have not therefore an enemy in the world, but, we trust, troops of friends. Mrs. Burke is still a beautiful woman, and is still very proud, but has no children.

I forgot to tell you that I have been twice elected a member of Parliament, and was quite an active politician; but Ellen persuaded me to give up politics and attend to my commercial business. I merely consented to stand to please the old earl, but once in, I took an active part, especially in all matters relating to commerce and navigation; and this brought me in communication with many of the most eminent men of all parties, who treated my views with marked consideration. Possessed of health and strength, and all the other blessings which a reasonable man can require, I have only a single wish ungratified, and that is, to visit New Bedford before I die. Ellen says, if all things continue favorable, we shall start together, the next 17th of June."

Here Capt. Melville closed his story, of which the foregoing is but an imperfect sketch, and after splicing the main brace, we were about leaving the yacht, when I inquired if he had ever spoken to the Queen, as she was a near neighbor of his.

"God bless her!" said he; "she is worthy to wear a crown in Heaven! Spoken to her I yes, my lad, and she is so gentle and good, that you feel perfectly at home in her presence. I must tell you," said he, resuming his seat upon the quarter-deck of the Diana,

"how she first took notice of me. Jack, my eldest boy, and I, were one day exercising with single-sticks and boxing-gloves in the rear of our house. Our plan was to run a mile first at the top of our speed, and then set to. Well, Jack and I were hammering away at each other without mercy, when the young rogue thought he had winded me, and tried the cross-buttock, which I stopped, and brought him down upon all fours."

All this time the Queen, Prince Albert, and several other big folk, were seated quietly upon the brow of a hill looking at us. When we had closed our exercises, a gentleman came to us and said that Her Majesty wished to see us.

Jack was then a lieutenant in the navy, and was home on leave for a few days. Recognizing his undress uniform, the Queen asked an explanation of our recent exercises, which he gave so much to her satisfaction, that she invited us both to visit Osborne the next day, and inspect the gymnasium of the young Princes. But she said our mode of procedure was too rough. Since then both Her Majesty and the Prince have visited our cottage, and have questioned Ellen concerning our system of education. Jack was shortly afterwards appointed to the royal yacht—and this reminds me of another incident in which the Queen took some interest.

Ellen and I were out in the Diana, standing across the Channel, when a large fish-back came spouting along in beautiful style. I immediately manned my whaleboat—for hunting porpoises, grampuses, and other sports, was part of my amusement—and went in pursuit of him. There was a moderate breeze from the westward, which, with the flood tide, made the sea quite pleasant, as the wind and tide set in the same direction. He was bound up Channel, going very slowly, apparently drifting with the tide without any effort.

I went forward in the boat myself to fasten, and pulled the harpooner's oar. There was no difficulty in overhauling him, for he did not seem to notice the numerous vessels which were falling near him. When a few hundred fathoms in his rear, the royal yacht emerged at full speed from under the lee of the land, and I saw, if she continued her course, she would spoil my sport; so I raised a waifpole, and tried to signal her to stop.

Capt. Fitzclarence knew me well and my habits, and called Her Majesty's attention to my signal; the yacht was immediately stopped, and I followed the fish-back, the observed of royalty. I peaked my oar, stood up, and examined my irons carefully; for I knew that if I failed to dart them in a vital place, the fish-back would run the boat under. I believe a fish-back put to his nettle can run a mile a minute. So motionless was he when I came alongside, that he appeared to be asleep, drifting with the tide and moving in lazy spouts, the vapor of which hung in the air for a moment or so, and then dissolved and melted away.

To avoid the possibility of accident, I had the boat laid head on and stern off, before I darted, and had also a lance in the crutch. Never was there a more beautiful chance to fasten; I stood within a fathom and let fly two irons and a lance into him with such rapidity, that, though darted one at a time, they seemed all upon the fly at once. "Stern hard and slack line!" I shouted, and not without reason, for I felt the boat rise and apparently sink in a second.

The fish-back breached full twenty feet clear out of the water, and darted ahead like a dolphin after a flying-bag, sending after him acres of broken water, which nearly swamped the boat and hid her from view in a shower of spray. Off he went on a steady run, not head out like a sperm whale; and with such velocity, that I was compelled to order my oars unpeaked and laid in, because the wind, acting upon them, strained the boat. Frequently I had to slack line to prevent being towed under, and the sea came tumbling over the bow and seemed to rise like two walls of whitened foam from her sides. All hands but the steersman and myself were continually bailing, and still the water was half way up to the thwart.

The yacht followed us at full speed, but we went three feet to her one, leaving a wake colored with blood. I never had such a race before. After running five miles and spouting blood all the time, he gradually slackened his speed and attempted to sound, but he could not stop down more than a couple of minutes; for his wind was evidently broken. At last he looked to running round and round, and rolling over and over, thrashing the water with his flukes; and when he halted, I pulled alongside of him, and killed him dead with the lance in a couple of darts.

The yacht came up and gave us three cheers, which we returned, holding our oars aloft, man-of-war fashion. We towed him ashore on my own land; and at low water next day the whole Court and several distinguished strangers came to see him. He was fifty-seven feet long and about forty feet in circumference near the fin. Her Majesty and Prince Albert expressed themselves highly pleased with my explanations of whaling, and invited Ellen and myself to Osborne House. Since then Her Majesty has been often pleased to visit us, and without arrogance, I may assume, that she entertains a very high opinion of Ellen.

My boat's crew and myself soon fished the fish-back, tried his blubber out, and then carted his carcass, for manure upon my farm. In ten days there was not a vestige of him left on the beach."

Here Capt. Melville closed his yarn. A few days afterward I steered his boat during a grampus hunt, and had an excellent opportunity to see his skill as a boatman; and though I have seen many smart men in a boat, I have not yet seen his equal. We turned up three grampuses. He is a favorite with the gentlemen of the Royal yacht squadron, and is highly respected by his neighbors. When I left his hospitable cottage, he shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that we might yet meet in New Bedford.

During my tour of Great Britain, I became acquainted with many Americans who had accumulated fortunes under the British flag, and who had made the Old Country their home, but all felt toward the land of their birth a warm, patriotic sentiment. Great Britain is, no doubt, the best country in the world for a rich man, and the United States for a poor one. God bless them both, for they are the only guardians of liberty; regulated by law, in a world of despotism.

Life without love is barren as a desert.

Written for the Banner of Light. THERE IS GOOD IN ALL.

There is the germ of good in all. No matter how dark and low; And if we all but do our part, Stronger and healthier it will grow.

ANCIENT GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER SIX.

Bishop Warburton, in his "Divine Legation of Moses, demonstrated from the omission of the doctrine of a future state in the Jewish Dispensation," says that "Many of the Laws given to the Jewish people by the ministry of Moses, were instituted partly in compliance to their prejudices, and partly in opposition to those superstitious."

Why then continue to teach the balderdash, found fitting to a people in exceeding darkness, as the absolute word of God in the 19th century of higher light? Why is the gallows yet a holy institution, sacred only in that dark place where bloody sacrifices were the most acceptable offerings to the infernal Gods?

Why, too, must we receive the divinity of a Sabbath from the same dark plane which geology has submerged in many upheavals, showing the baseless fabric of the legendary six days, which are so prolonged by the testimony of the rocks, that the seventh day has not yet arrived in geological progression?

"Had not Moses indulged them in some things, they would have revolted against all," says the Bishop. Then do not let us receive these indulgences as the infallible word of God, especially as the Bishop admits "that there is a great and surprising relation between the Jewish and Egyptian rites, in circumstances both opposite and similar."

Luther, even in his day, refused to receive, as the word of God, what is demotedly taught us as such to-day; but replied to them—who, in their darkness, asserted, "It is all God's word"—thus: "God's word here, God's word there, I must know and observe to whom this Word is spoken. I must know, not only that it is God's word, but whether it is spoken to me or another."

Dr. Spencer, in citation by Warburton, was impelled to declare, with other learned writers, "that the resemblance between the ancient Heathen Religions and the ancient Religion which was instituted by God, was in many respects so great that they thought that God was pleased to institute the one in imitation of the other." So great is this similarity, that learned men of all times have been constrained to conclude that God was no more the author of the Hebrew than of the Gentile religion. We have the testimony of the Bible itself, that the Jews went after the rites of the Gentiles, never the Gentiles after those of the Jews; or, in the language of the Bishop, "You people of the Jews are contrary to all other nations; you are fond of borrowing their rites, while none of them are fond of borrowing yours."

This author has a citation in foot-note saying that the Pagans learnt the art of Divination in schools, or under discipline, as the Jews did prophesying in the schools and colleges of the prophets, [for which Wheatley's Schools of the Prophets is quoted.] where—the learned Dodwell says—the candidates for prophecy were taught the rules of Divination practiced by the Pagans, who were skilled therein, and in possession of the art long before them." In this connection, Dr. Spencer is cited as classing the prophets among "persons ecstasial and Poets whose speeches rather follow the easy sense of the soul than the rigid truth of things." The oneness of origin in this causation may be seen in the researches of the modern magnetists and Spiritualists. See the "Celestial Telegraph" of Catagnat, and the "Animal Magnetism" of Prof. Gregory. This latter author relates a case of a prophetess in Venice whose predictions came to pass as fully as any of the ancient prophets. All these things having a common origin in super-natural cognition, the Bishop's wisdom, of a century and a quarter ago, is quite apt and sparkling in this generation of light, when he concludes that what was borrowed from the "Egyptian superstition is no reasonable objection to the divinity of the Hebrew." We think so, too; and so, too, what the Jews might originate, not any objection to the divinity of the Egyptian source, for the one being source for the other. But no, says the Bishop; not quite so fast as that, for, while "it would be equally foolish not to own that a greater part of the Jewish ritual was composed in reference to the superstitions of Egypt," yet, it would be equally absurd not to see that the Jews were ahead of their masters.

Platarch relates the miraculous conception of Romulus and his twin brother—how it was intended to destroy them, as in the case of Moses—how they were set adrift in a trough—how the tide rose and floated them to a fitting place, where they were nursed by a she-wolf and fed by a woodpecker after the manner of Elijah by the ravens. We think Moses has the advantage in nurses; "but let every one believe as he pleases," as Josephus frequently says of the biblical traditions.

In the life of Romulus, we find "a woman addicted to divination, receiving inspiration from Apollo" or the Lord. This is equivalent to Miriam, who would have us understand that the Lord spoke by her as well as by Moses; for this assertion of woman's rights Moses put her out to bleach seven days, and we are sorry to find that Paul was not willing that a woman should teach as the spirit gave her utterance. It appears, too, that Romulus lost his cattle, and inquired of God "for success in search of them, and ran in quest of them naked." It will be recalled how Sam Ingred of God through Samuel, "for success in the search" of the Hebrew cattle—how, too, he got among the prophets and tumbled about naked—how some of the later prophets were sometimes naked in the outpouring of the spirit, and how the Boston Courier suspected a similar parallel in Boston a few years ago.

It is also related of Romulus that he was caught up into heaven somewhat after the fashion of Elijah, though we do not find the Hebrew counterpart of the bears slaying the children who laughed at the prophet for the loss of his wig. In the case of Romulus, his spirit appeared to Julius Proculus who "declared with the most solemn oaths before all the people, that as he was traveling on the road, Romulus met him in a form more noble and august than ever, and clad in bright and dazzling armor." In the case of Elijah, though fifty strong men were sent out in search of him, "Least peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up, and cast him upon some mountain, or in some valley," yet "they sought three days, but found him not," neither body nor soul. The parallel seems rather in favor of Romulus, who came in spirit with his visor up and harness on his back as a proof of identity.

Romulus was remarkably strict in observing religious rites, and well skilled in divination, for which purpose he bore the "Rod of God," such as Moses carried to perform his miracles. "It was kept in the capital, but lost when Romo was taken by the Gauls; and found after the barbarians had quitted it, buried deep in ashes, untouched by the fire, whilst everything about it was consumed." This Gentile

ritual is fully up to the mark, and to what relates to the immortality of the soul, the Heathens were very much ahead of the Jews. This appears throughout all Gentileisms, and equally in morals does this appear. We have not room for long citations, but we will give one at hand, from Platarch, who says, "We should reject fables when we are possessed of undeniable truths; for, according to Plinard,

The body yields to death's all-powerful summons, While the bright image of eternity Survives.

This alone is from the Gods; from heaven it comes, and to heaven it returns, not indeed with the body, but after it is entirely set free and separate from the body, and disengaged from everything sensual and unholy. For in the language of Heracitus, the pure soul is of superior excellence, darting from the body like a flash of lightning from a cloud; but the soul that is carnal and immersed in senses, like a heavy and dark vapor, with difficulty kindles and expires. There is, therefore, no occasion, against nature, to send the bodies of good men to heaven; but we are to conclude that virtuous souls by nature of the divine justice, rise from men to Heroes, from Heroes to Genii; and at last, if as in the Mysteries, they be perfectly cleansed and purified, shaking off all remains of mortality, and all the power of the passions, finally attain the most glorious and perfect happiness; and ascend from Genii to Gods, not by vote of the people, but by the just and established order of nature."

Where in all Hebrewdom have we anything more beautifully philosophic, religious, and true—so strengthening and consoling to this lower life, as this ancient truth from the great fountain of many such in Gentile Scriptures? Milton, overshadowed and stifled as he was in the sulphurous smoke of the Jewish dead sea, has yet something in point to the passage we have cited:

"The Jewish act of sin The soul grows clogged by contagion, Imbeds and imbrutes, till she quite lose The divine property of her first being. Such are those thick and gloomy shades we damp Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres, Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave, As loth to leave the body that it loved, And linked itself to carnal mortality, To a degenerate and degraded state."

It is said that Hesiod was the first to teach perpetual progression and improvement in a state of immortality. This, though some eight hundred or a thousand years before Christ, is rather ahead of Bible light, and is fully confirmed in the new dispensation of Modern Spiritualism. Yet we are taught to receive the darkness of the one, and to shun the light of the other. We protest. The sordid ecclesiasticisms have too much dominated with the darkness they perpetuate, and we trust that the time is at hand, in progressive light, that shall see them all dumped into the brook Hedron, with a wonderful alacrity at sinking.

Socrates taught that "it is the love of virtue and real excellence, which alone can unite us to the Supreme Being." Lycurgus taught forgiveness and love of enemies, and overcoming evil with good, by taking the man who smote out his eyes to his own (the lawgiver's) home, and treating him so kindly as to make him a loving friend. Lycurgus had also claimed reward of the spirit-world, by which way he was reported as was Samuel when he heard a voice, and declared that it was the Lord that called him. These spirit voices were no uncommon thing with Jew or Gentile. It was "the word of the Lord came unto me," in Palestine. It was a voice from heaven in the regions round about; and Paul emerged from the shell of Hebrewdom by hearing a voice from heaven.

Socrates also taught the healthy and common-sense religion, that "there is nothing in the arts or trades beyond the capacity, or improper for the acquirement of a gentleman; as they might eventually, upon any single reverse of fortune, afford an invaluable resource. The Greeks exploded in Homeric shouts of laughter as excellent reasoning for body and soul, as well we know it is.

So, too, Socrates taught the equal claims of womanhood with man. Later along the ages there was a Hebrew heart more beautiful in its love than that which glowed in Athena's wisest son. Upon the whole, this would so appear, though exceptions might be taken. The Jesus of Nazareth has mightiest expanse and deepest fount of ever up-welling affection. His soul went out to a hundred gates with outstretched hands to lift lowliest of mortals up to face to face with the angels; nor deemed he woman less than co-equal laborer in all the commonwealth of heaven. But Paul, though born of the spirit, cast not all his slough in change of state, and so left some lurid words to brand perpetual death to woman. Not the pure white standard of Jesus, but the stained one of Paul, marshaled the after ages of Christendom, and left woman to be cast as debris along the desolate shores of time.

Numa, who succeeded Romulus, was also beloved of the spirit-world. Says Platarch, "His mind was naturally disposed to virtue, and he still further subdued it by discipline, patience and philosophy; not only purging it of the grosser and more infamous passions, but even of that ambition and rapacity which was reckoned honorable among the barbarians; persuaded that true fortitude consists in the conquest of the appetites by reason. Upon this account he banished all luxury and splendor from his house; and both the citizens and strangers found him a faithful counselor and an upright judge. His hours of leisure he spent, not in the pursuits of pleasure or schemes of profit, but in the worship of the Gods, and in rational inquiries into their nature and power."

And sweetly was he rewarded by one of those guardian angels, or goddesses, who so oft embrace, in their effulgence, their upward striving companions of the earth, making even their loved ones here partakers of their glory. Many to-day seek and find these heavenly visitants who labor to make our life and labors light, and walk with us, breath to breath, till more clearly one we meet when flesh and blood is gone. Sweet to-day is this communion of saints as that which blessed Numa and his Egéria at the holy cave and fount, with grotto-work of flowers, breathing odors with which she moved to the symphonies of heaven:

"Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover, Egéria thy heavenly bosom beating For the footsteps of thy mortal lover, The purple midlight veiled that mystic meeting: With her most hasty canopy, and leading Thyself by thine adorer, what benefit! This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting Of an enamored Goddess, and the cell, Hallowed by holy love, the earliest oracle!"

Numa was ordained for his ministry by the laying on of hands. At the same time, the auspicious flight of birds signified that this was the beloved son in whom the higher power was well pleased. To his heavenly friend, or familiar Goddess, he ascribed most of his revelations; and she, as well as Numa, was brightly wrought in that higher life of Pythagorean Spirituality. Says Platarch: "His regulations concerning images, seem to have some relation to the doctrine of Pythagoras, who was of the opinion that the First Cause was not an object of sense, nor liable to passion, but invisible, incorruptible and discernable only by the mind. Thus Numa forbade the Romans to represent the Deity in the form of either man or beast. Nor was there formerly among them any image or statue of the Divine Being. During the first hundred and seventy years, indeed, they built temples and other sacred domes, but placed in them no figure of any kind; persuaded that it is impious to represent things divine by what is perishable, and that we can have no conception of God but by the understanding. His sacrifices, also, resembled the Pythagorean worship; for they were without any effusion of

blood, consisting chiefly of flour, bladders of wine, and other very simple and unexpensive things."

Far more lovely in this essence of blood in the sacrifices than that early Hebrewdom of blood, which is commended to our approval by our clerical augurs of to-day; as if through bladders of blood was the acceptable way to the Most High. Blood was the staple commodity in the Jewish sacrifices, and from these sacrifices we give children blood to drink in Christian Sunday Schools. These bloody instructions do but return in after life to plague the instructors. The brimming cup, commended to reluctant lips, with eagerness is quaffed by such as in receptive infancy were steeped in sacrificial libations, as the most acceptable drink-offering to God. As equal to such teaching, the gallows yet stands within the holy of holies, and its priests still cry for blood, more blood. The appetite, thus growing upon what it feeds, demands its victims as a vengeance due its God; and so the altar must run in blood, as ordained in Jewish sacrifice. Better to teach, in families and schools, more acceptable sacrifices than those which rose in steams from blood and incense as a sweet-smelling savor to such God as declared that without shedding of blood there could be no remission. Of what good use to-day to teach patriarchal ages and their barbarous state of morals, as sanctioned by highest precent Godhead? It is terribly untrue. Nor can the infant mind grow spiritual on such nectar. Let us cease, then, to give children blood to drink, even though it is prescribed in Hebrew record as agreeable to the bibulous proclivities of their tutelary God.

It has ever been common to every nation to claim its origin, its rites and its ceremonies as sacred to the Gods, and so they may have been; but what is such a claim worth to us who date to look it in the face, and see that, though it may have sufficed for its age and people, it does not for higher development to-day. Even the light that cometh down from heaven now is not to be received as authority any further than it commends itself to our highest growth—much less that which flowed to the level of old time, whether of Hebrew or of Gentiledom. Not the beggarly rudiments, but the brave, free outgrowth of all the soul, is the need of to-day.

Yet, as fairly as to Moses and the prophets, we would accord to contemporary nations their equality of claims—to Trojan, and to Tyrian, and to Livy, when he says: "if any nation may claim the privilege of being allowed to consider its original as sacred, and to attribute it to the operation of the Gods, surely the Roman people may present such claim." The Egyptians, Grecians and others have similar claims. Josephus, very liberal as to the stretch of claims of his Hebrew brethren, allows his readers to believe as they please in regard to them; while Christian divines, with pecuniary as well as other investments in the old ordinances, declare them to be the word of God, with considerable damnation annexed for unbelievers.

C. B. P.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Rev. T. L. Harris—The Great Eastern—The Death of Capt. Harrison—The New Treaty—Cobden—Parliament—Spain and Morocco, etc., etc.

Rev. T. L. Harris began his sermon last Sunday morning by informing us that he had had fifteen years experience in Spiritualism, and consequently should be allowed to judge somewhat of it as a system. He could not speak of English Spiritualism, but he could of American. He regarded it in every form as deleterious, and productive of no good result. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand who devote themselves to Spiritualism, either become inmates of lunatic asylums or are led by its incantations into vices not to be mentioned. The literature of Spiritualism except in one or two instances, is tedious and rapid, or striking only because of its vitiating tendency. The Spiritualist manifestly had no religion or religious belief—scoffed at virtue, and derided the divine beauties of the Saviour, that more heroes had been desecrated and destroyed by the system than by any other violation. Such are a few of the remarks made by the gentleman, and they will serve fairly as a type of his entire discourse. Yet Mr. Harris advertises himself as "that eminently eloquent spiritual preacher of America."

Let us review the little we have cited. He should be allowed to judge after fifteen years experience, and of what? That Spiritualism is the ladder that has elevated him to his present condition, that without the aid of the spirits themselves he might have been still the independent of former days; this had been better surely than to admit that it took him fifteen long years to find out how bad the system was. His next assertion as to the unheard of percentage who either graduate from devotion to Spiritualism, to the insane asylum or to the practice of unmentionable vices, is simply false; and no person is more familiar with its falsity than himself, as however poor his memory may be he cannot but remember that he has defended Spiritualism, and in quite a masterly manner, from the same wholesale and unwarranted assertion.

Again, as to the literature of Spiritualism, while we are quite ready to admit that some of it is rapid and worthless, and have too great a respect for our publishers to accuse them of issuing under the cloak of religion, works only striking for their vitiating tendency, it argues nothing against the system, for perhaps no movement has been more prolific as regards its literature.

We are forced to regard the above exceptions as the peculiar literature of Harris. It is as bold an assertion as it is unwarranted, that the Spiritualist has no religion. No being is more forced to a religious belief, and no class of Christians can so fully understand and appreciate our Saviour. We are ready to agree with Mr. Harris whenever he will assert that it is the abuse of Spiritualism that produces unfortunate results—never the use—and that the greatest error he was guilty of, was not in what he said, so much as in what he left unsaid, for there are two sides to almost everything, and while he pictured so strongly the dangers, if you so please to class them, he failed to do justice to its beauties.

The dark fates seem to hang over the Great Eastern, creating change after change in ways both simple and terrible. We may, if we choose, recognize a wise Providence in the accident to her boilers; but the last misfortune connected with her is the sad death of Capt. Harrison, her commander. In company with Capt. Lay and ten of the men he attempted to reach the ship from the shore, during a severe gale which prevailed in the Solent, and was drowned—Capt. Lay narrowly escaping. "The loss in Capt. Harrison to the company," says the Times, "is irreparable, for no man enjoyed their confidence half so much, and truly no man deserved it half so well." It is sad, indeed, viewed from many points. It was his highest hope to take her across to the States, and I have no doubt, had he been spared, he would have realized his wish. On my visit to the Great Eastern, I received an introduction to him, and heard him touch upon this subject. He was quite enthusiastic, and expressed it beyond a doubt that she would sail in May next. He was a most affable gentleman, and I had no doubt a most efficient officer. I believe he leaves a wife and family. Such is life; but the only consolation which the poor sojourners in this sphere of change have, is that in another life there is nothing of the nature and uncertainty of this.

If Napoleon III. has lacked any consideration on the part of the English, he is rapidly claiming and receiving it. Yesterday was closed the great commercial treaty between France and England, the love and labor of Cobden. This must act as the surest pacemaker, for

with the increase of interest between the two countries consequent upon this treaty, it will be almost impossible ere long to create, much less to carry out, a war.

The Spaniards and Moors are still in the same unquiet position as regards their ideas of each other. The Spanish camp has advanced as far as the Silver Azmeer, constantly harassed by the Moors, who seem content with a very perplexing sort of warfare—such as flying down upon the Spaniards, and killing four or six officers and fifty men or so, and then retreating beyond pursuit into the woods. It is reported that the Moors are led by a European thought to be an Englishman—as also that many of the slugs which, as well as balls, are used by the Moors in their *espingardas*, are of English manufacture. It is confidently stated that nothing will be gained by the Spaniards in this war, but that it must prove a fruitless and enormously expensive campaign. If this be true, indeed may the American thirty million dollars be regarded, *par necessitate*, as very acceptable.

I understand that William Howitt has expressed his ideas regarding T. L. Harris's sermon, and that his article is to appear in a few days; also, that Harris contemplates bringing out a pamphlet to qualify his statements, which doubtless he finds are daily becoming more obnoxious among a class who are not so utterly ignorant of American Spiritualism and Spiritual literature as he may have at first imagined. I shall forward both to you to lay before your readers as soon as they appear.

London, Jan. 25, 1860.

REV. T. L. HARRIS AND SPIRITUALISM.

EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—Some time in January last, the London Morning Advertiser contained an account of a discourse delivered by Rev. T. L. Harris to the Spiritualists of London. In that article, Mr. Harris is represented as having made a violent assault upon Spiritualism and the Spiritualists of America, and the article has been copied into other papers in England and America, and made the subject of abusive comments upon us and our cause. Those papers in particular who have ever been ready to publish anything against us, have seized upon the occasion with avidity, and not only heralded Mr. H. as a seceder, but quoted him as authority for heaping many slanders upon us.

The London Spiritual Magazine of February contradicted that account, pronounced it false and garbled, and represented Mr. Harris as in full communion with our friends in London, and lecturing to them acceptably twice on every Sunday.

We have thus two accounts of the transaction, and in the absence of anything from Mr. H. himself, it may be difficult for some to tell where the truth is. Knowing, as I do, the persons who conduct that Magazine, I have no such difficulty. But to others, who have not that advantage, it must be matter of regret that Mr. Harris, who was on the spot when the report of his discourse was made, has not himself taken some pains to free himself from the imputation of being the foulest slanderer of Spiritualism and its followers in America, that has yet been encountered.

It seems to me, however, that there is some intrinsic evidence that Mr. Harris has not said all that is imputed to him, though, as to some things, the report may well be true.

He is made to speak from "his own personal knowledge and experience," yet he is alleged to have made the broad assertion that Spiritualism was "the most horrible and hideous thing which has ever come from the nether world;" that "the Spiritualists of America are not only, as a body, Pantheists, rejecting alike the idea of the Scriptures as a divine revelation and of the existence of a God, but that they are gross sensualists, and utterly immoral in their conduct in all the relations of life. Mr. Harris added that this was not only true of the transatlantic Spiritualists as a body, but that it was true of every nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of their number."

Now it must be as well known to Mr. H. as to any one, that there is not one of our public lecturers who is as little able to speak for the whole body of "transatlantic Spiritualists" as he is. For the last two or three years, during which great numbers have been added to our ranks, Mr. Harris has had little intercourse with any but a small congregation of some two hundred persons in this city. He has lectured to them alone during that time, and has had little social intercourse with them, and less even with others out of his own congregation. Of his own congregation alone can he speak from "personal knowledge and experience," and no one knows better than he that these denunciations are not and cannot be true of them even, and he cannot know them to be true of others.

Prior to forming that congregation, Mr. H. had for some time been one of our public lecturers in this city and elsewhere in our country; but he then seceded from us, confined his attention to that small body out of thirty or forty thousand believers in this city, and gradually became, apparently from choice, rather a preacher of Swedenborgianism and editor of a New Church magazine, than a Spiritualist. And when he lately left this country, on a mission, as he proclaimed it, to reform the whole world, he was not regarded by us or by himself as a Spiritualist, and had no warrant, either by our consent or from communion with us, to speak of us or of any but his own congregation.

So it can hardly be true that he denounces "the Spiritualistic literature of America, with one or two exceptions in a thousand, as Pantheistic, feeble, driveling, nay, almost idiotic," for, with one exception, he has been the most prolific contributor to that literature.

Nor can it be true that he said that "the Spiritualists were utterly selfish as well as sensual, and grossly immoral; that they are destitute of all human sympathy, and never were known to perform a single benevolent action," for he cannot have forgotten that on one occasion when he was lecturing for us, he enjoined upon us the propriety of doing something for the poor during that hard winter, and within one hour of the close of his discourse an association was formed, of one hundred and fifty members, with some sixty visitors of the sick; money enough was raised to carry on our operations, and at least six hundred persons were relieved ere winter closed. He may not have known the extent of the good then done, because he associated so little with us, even then, and from that cause he may not have known a fact in that connection—namely, that when, the next year, it was contemplated to revive the association, on going around among the Spiritualists of means, it was found that every family supported at least three or four poor families, some of them more, and as many as twenty-seven.

Nor can it be true, as it is alleged, that he said that "The marriage vow imposes no obligations in the views of the Spiritualists." A man who has twice taken upon him that obligation, and one of those times when he was an avowed Spiritualist, could not have said so. He knew that it was not true of his own congregation, and he had abundant reason for being aware that it is not true of the whole body of us, or of any considerable part of us, and it cannot be that he said so.

Yet the editors, who have been so ready to republish the slanderous article from the London Advertiser, or make it the basis of their own remarks, have in effect said so, and I for one am not willing for a moment to submit to the imputation. We are not the sensual, infidel, depraved or profligate crew that is charged. If we were, how could we be as we are, tolerated a moment amid a refined, moral and intellectual community? How could the cause hold its own, and advance so rapidly as it does to millions in less than fifteen years, and number in its ranks many—divines as well

as laymen—of the highest position and intellect in the land?

The idea is simply absurd, and though we may not be surprised at its originating among those who are ever ready to sneer at everything American, we may be shocked at its obtaining such ready currency among our own people.

Spiritualism is comparatively a new thing with us. Many of us look into it at first merely from curiosity, and become interested in the physical manifestations. With some of these, the gratification of curiosity is all they aim at, and they go no further than this—the mere h o c of the matter, and it is quite probable that there are some who are not aware yet that there is or can be anything more in Spiritualism.

So there are some among us who look upon it only as a science or a philosophy, and do not go beyond that in their researches or their thoughts.

And there are some, who, having become satisfied of the reality of the manifestations, and having studied the philosophy till they are content, now look for something more, and that they find in devotion—the religious element of Spiritualism.

It first appears to the senses and awakens the affections. It next addresses the reason and convinces the understanding. It then speaks to the heart, for then the heart is suitably prepared to hear and to heed, and in speaking to the heart it awakens devotion.

It has not yet produced that effect with all. It takes time to do that—longer or shorter with different persons. But give it time and it will do it with all. How can it be otherwise? The great object of the movement is, to reveal to us what is the state of existence into which we are to be ushered after death. That work it is performing just as fast as we are fitted for it. Already has this object been attained with far greater numbers than the unthinking world has any idea of. And the reason of this ignorance is that we do not believe in public displays on the subject. There is not one out of thirty of the believers in this city who ever attend our public meetings. It is in the private circle where the work is done, and where the Beneficent Father is worshipped. It is where two or three are gathered together in His name that we feel His presence most vividly among us.

It is not pretended that the injunctions of Spiritualism have produced their whole effect upon us all, and we do not claim that we are yet free from the fate common to all new movements, which is, that the uninitiated and unworthy may pervert it. But even in this respect we are not alone in the history of mankind, for we read in the Scriptures that the Apostle Paul had to censure some of his followers for getting drunk at the communion table, and in his First Epistle to the Corinthians he says, "It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you, and such fornication as is not so much as named among the Gentiles that one should have his father's wife." Yet Christianly arose above even this burden imposed upon it by the errors of its professors, or the detraction of its enemies, and why may not we?

But our best defence against these assaults, come from what source they may, is in the appeal we can make to those amid whom our daily lives are spent—and on the answer to that appeal—the transatlantic Spiritualists as a body" can safely repose.

New York, Feb. 23, 1860. J. W. EDMONDS.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE FALLS OF MINNEHABA.

BY MARY E. W. DAVIS.

Microscope of nature's making, Art thou, beautiful Minnehaha! In the heart and soul awaking Worship for the spirit-father That didst form thee, teeming water, Glissade water, Minnehaha! No! an artist e'er could paint thee With such bloodings, Minnehaha! Bush and palette thou dost defeat, As the sun from his home off far Brightly bathes thee, happy water, Queen of waters, Minnehaha! Thou dost wield a scepter o'er Every heart, bright Minnehaha, For thou caustest worship over For thy wondrous beauties, which are Greater than all other waters, Rainbow-tinted Minnehaha! Providence, Jan., 1860.

"Behind the 'fall of the laughing water' is a recess extending back fifty feet, where the visitor can stand in safety and feast his eyes upon the thousands of beautiful rainbows which lace and interlace the waters before him.

Japanese Priests.

A good-humored bronze, or priest, now approached, and invited me to tea and tobacco. He led me by a private way to the priest's apartments, which formed one side of the courtyard, projecting from the temple, and at right angles to it. Here was the usual elevated kitchen, with sitting-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and studies apart from it. A goodly number of priests, fat and lazy, surrounded me. They were encased in grey robes, and the loose tunic, folded down on the closely-shorn neck, left the front of the chest exposed to view. They were civil and polite, as the Japanese usually are, and I was much amused at their anxiety to learn something of the English language, while they addressed considerably to my stock of Japanese. I do not know if celibacy is strictly enjoined on these devout men, but unless there was a convent attached, I could not account for the number of women and girls who joined us from time to time, as we sat sipping our tiny cups of tea. I had a small flask of brandy with me, which their reverence thought very good; and so did some of the black-teethed dames; the hideous custom of blackening the teeth after marriage, completely alters the appearance of the face, taking away every trace of beauty. I remarked that the Japanese, in sitting, do not adopt the custom of resting on the sides of their legs, when bent beneath them, like many of the eastern nations, but on the heels, a most painful mode for those unaccustomed to it.—Voyage of the "Barraclough" to Japan.

Christmas.

"Putnam's Monthly for January, 1860, contains a thrilling story entitled "The Ghost," written by Wm. D. O'Connor, Esq., of New York City. We have room to make only an extract of the closing paragraph:

"O! take my counsel into memory on Christmas Day, and forever. Once again, the ancient prophecy of peace and good-will shines on a world of wars and wrongs and woes. Its soft rays shine into the darkness of a land wherein swarms slaves, poor laborers, social pariahs, weeping women, homeless exiles, hunted fugitives, despised aliens, drunkards, convicts, wicked children, and Magdalen unrecruited. These are but the ghastliest figures in the army of humanity which advances, by a dreadful road, to the Golden Age of the poet's dream. These are your sisters and your brothers. Love them all. Beware of wronging one of them by word or deed. O! friend! strong in wealth for so much good—take my last counsel. In the name of the Saviour, I charge you, be true and tender to all men! Come out from Babylon into manhood, and live and labor for the fallen, the neglected, the suffering, and the poor. Lover of arts, sciences, laws, institutions, and forms of society, love these things only as they help mankind! With stern love, overturn them, or help to overturn them, when they become cruel to a single—the humblest—human being. In the world's scale, social position, influence, public power, the applause of majorities, heaps of funded gold, services rendered to creeds, codes, sects, parties, or federations—they weigh weight; but in God's scale—remember!—on the day of hope, remember!—your least service to Humanity outweighs them all!"

All faults are pardonable when one has the courage to avow them.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN
At Newbury Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning,
February 20, 1860.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY OUR LAND.

TEXT.—Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended
all that this Christian life is, and I count not myself to have
reached the end of it. I count not myself to have reached the
end of it. I count not myself to have reached the end of it.

This is a description of the Christian life—a description
of the Christian life. It is a description of the Christian life.
It is a description of the Christian life. It is a description of
the Christian life. It is a description of the Christian life.

Such, then, is the general conception of the text,
and I need not say it is of great interest and impor-
tance. Of great interest and importance is that figure
of the faded and toil-worn apostle who had labored so
long, who had traveled so far, who had had so many
experiences and touched upon so many scenes.

I observe, then, in the first place, that the Christian
life is a thing of great importance, and I count not
myself to have reached the end of it. I count not
myself to have reached the end of it. I count not
myself to have reached the end of it.

And yet, in another sense, of all things Christianity
is the most glorious, the most beautiful, the most
divine. It is the most glorious, the most beautiful,
the most divine. It is the most glorious, the most
beautiful, the most divine.

We have an illustration of the point in the more
limited fields of action. The artist—who strives to
grasp his ideal and to reach the end of his art—the
artist's life, who is shining not primarily at money or
at fame, or at anything but the realization of that
haunting dream of beauty which glimmers before his
soul—the artist aims at one thing—perfection in his
art; and whatever he may do, however apparently
hilly, listlessly he may be scanning the most common
objects of nature, and he is ever and anon catching
the end and consummation of all other things, which
think or do—one thing precisely as life is one thing,
to which all the means of living contribute and are sub-
ordinate.

And now, I say, that while it is one thing, it is not
monotonous life. Do not let us associate dry mono-
tony with singleness of purpose. Where do you see the
greatest variety, except in connection with the most
sublime unity? God's own universe is an illustration
of this great fact. It is one thing, one purpose,
one plan. It is one thing, one purpose, one plan.
It is one thing, one purpose, one plan. It is one
thing, one purpose, one plan.

So, I repeat, we must make a great distinction
between monotony and unity—between that singleness
of purpose which is characteristic of the Christian life,
and that mere exclusiveness of purpose which is char-
acteristic of so many men and narrow things. Every
great work is one thing; every true life is devoted to
one thing. The man must be a full or a very ineffi-
cient man who has not consecrated himself to a life
purpose, and made that the central object around
which all things cluster, from which all his actions
diverge, and by which they are all explained. If,
therefore, the grandest thing in life is a life purpose,
it is still grander to know what that purpose of life
itself is. And that the Apostle Paul had found out.
The great purpose and end of life is to rise into com-
munion with God through Jesus Christ, to become
more and more like God, to receive every blessing of
the power of Jesus Christ, the power of his resur-
rection and the spirit of his sufferings. For in the
work preceding that which I have taken for a text, he
makes the statement that he is striving more and more

to apprehend the power of Christ's spirit as manifested
in his resurrection, and to get into the life of his spirit
as manifested in his sufferings. That was the great
purpose of his life; it was one thing, and yet it was no
monotonous thing. It was a sublime unity with which
all his life, real diversity was according.

I say, all other things find in this their interpreta-
tion and their legitimate place. How else does a man
bring any use or any good out of his life, if he does
not have a goal in view, so that he can see what is useful
and good in everything about him? Let a man take a
whole library of books and read them without a pur-
pose, simply as they come along, taking a passage here
and a chapter there, and what good is it to him after
he has reached the end of it? It is passed through
his mind as rain water filters through and leaving little
or no deposit of useful knowledge behind. Let a man
have a purpose, a single beam of inquiry, in history,
in philosophy, in science, and almost every book he
picks up serves that purpose; almost any book that has
any vitality in it, goes into his mind and contributes
its part to enlarge it. The very way to have an ample
and rich deposit, is to have a unity of purpose. How
fruitless is the day that is spent in the vainly col-
lecting—who has no fixed aim—who does not know
where to go, what to do next—who has heartily glad when
the day is over and the hour of sleep has come—who tries
in some way, as he tells us, to kill time. Oh, the
blasphemy of that expression, almost, I might say—
"killing time"; that there are people in this world
who can do nothing else but kill time, that is so rapidly
killing time, so swiftly carrying them toward the close
of life, every day and year shutting them up to more
limited enclosures! And why? Because they have
no purpose at all; because one hour to them is as an-
other; because they live listlessly looking abroad upon
life without an aim, without a goal, without a plan,
because they find life itself to be meaningless.

No, my friends, when a man enters upon a Christian
life, he determines to make the spirit of Christ the
supreme law of his soul and the guide of his life, every-
thing falls into its place—into a consecrated place.
Business, how glorious it becomes, how coveted, how
valued, the most ardent of his desires, are all taken
up. A man says, "I must bear my cross everywhere.
There are no Calvaries for me to climb; I cannot go as
my Master did, sandaled and foot-worn, toward Pales-
tine, or sweating great drops of blood through Geth-
semane; but I can have the spirit of God right here in
my life. I may not be called to die, but I can be
consecrated; I may not be called to suffer, but I can be
like him to all the world; I may not preach to kings
and multitudes, and do what Paul did in chains; but I
can do this one thing—press forward nearer and nearer
to the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ
Jesus."

And so, wherever we find, that consecrating purpose
comes in to glorify our work, our rest, our pleasure,
our action. It is indeed, not only to set the work
which we are to do, but also to interpret that which
God does upon us. Then we begin to see why sorrow
has such an important place in the economy of God's
universe. Then we begin to see where trial comes in.
It is all to help us to do this one thing—to bear. It is
all to bring us home to the life of Christ Jesus, and
make us like him. He with his crown of thorns, we
perhaps with our disease, our disappointment, or our
bereavement. Paul in his chains and Roman dungeon,
we with our poverty, or our need of some kind or an-
other; equally according to our capacity tried, and all
explained by this one fact—the one great thing—the
forming of the Christian life, the one thing which
ought to be, there, wherever we may be, instead of find-
ing this Christian life to be a monotonous life, an ex-
clusive, a limited life. It is the one great purpose that
determines all our action, brings everything into place,
and out of which grows a most glorious and rich diver-
sity.

And let me say, still further, that when we accept the
Christian life as one thing, we thereby imply an earnest
conviction of this one thing. When a man com-
mences this Christian life as one great purpose, one
thing, the very act implies an earnest conviction of a
race to run, of a prize to be attained. And I say this,
because here is the first step in the religious life; here is
the point of departure from the life of the world, and
into the life of God. It is a conviction that there is one
thing in life that overrides all other things, by which
all other things are to be interpreted and explained—
when he gets a conception of religion itself, and of the
great things of religion, as realities and as supreme ob-
jects.

And here, I may say, by the way, is the explanation
of the need of a great and earnest conviction of this
world, which some people so despise and carp at
as unevangelical and unchristian teaching. The pul-
pit is sometimes limited by worldly men, who would
not have it trench at all upon the field of worldly
action, who would have it utter nothing about poli-
tics, or business, or the ordinary concerns of life.
And, on the other hand, it is limited by those who
called ultra-religious men, or men of very narrow con-
ceptions of religion, who think the pulpit should
speak forth only what are called doctrines of grace—
faith in Christ's atonement and repentance unto life.
Therefore, whenever the pulpit touches upon some
theme of every-day life, speaks of some immorality,
and tries to awaken the conscience of the people, and
to lead them to a work outside of its true and legitimate
sphere. But consider: how are men to be brought to
a conception of religion at all, except as they are
awakened to a conception of the goodness of every-
thing they touch and handle—except as the spiritual
realities that glow like the central fires of the earth
shall be made manifest to them in the things of the
world, in his daily walk, in his commonest action, filled
with his business, at home and everywhere, shall find
himself surrounded and pressed upon by these spiritual
realities? There are many men and women who stand
in the mere fore-court or vestibule of the religious life,
so that if we preach what are called by some, rather
narrowly, the exclusive doctrines of grace, and touch
upon the finer themes of the devout soul, if we
speak of the mystic and real communion of the human
soul with his God—to them it would be Greek and
Hebrew, deeper than their experience. Therefore I
hold that a great deal of preaching must be what some
men call outside preaching—moral preaching, if they
please to call it so. And we must get them to see
something in the things of the world, which they can
hold, and go deeper, after all, into those doctrines which
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made to be the main, central, evangelical doctrines,
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many of his converts, telling them they needed milk
rather than strong meat, but as men who stood in the
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life, his words were adopted accordingly.

And so I repeat, it is a great thing to awaken men,
in the first place, to a conception of the reality of reli-
gion itself—not merely to take them down into the
depths of the religious life and exalt them to its heights,
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You say we should bring men to a conviction of sin.
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lady used, the sense of our own personality turned
this way when it should have gone that, and of volun-
tary alienation from God—you cannot bring that into
the soul unless you bring in the sense of human free-
dom—unless you bring in the sense of a soul—that man
is not mere body—that he is not a mere heap of fac-
tured matter, but a free, living spirit. Un-
less you bring a man to the sense of a soul, he will
not produce the conviction of sin. You must have
conviction, accompanied with sorrow that he does sin.
And then, moreover, the real wrong inflicted by sin
is necessary to bring that conviction. It is thought
that men are convicted perhaps when they see the enorm-
ity of the evil sin entails upon them in the way of
punishment and retribution when they feel that when
they will yawn before them; when all the terrible
consequences that are to be gathered up in the future
lie before them, and they shrink back in hor-
ror. But is this the conviction that God would have
wrought in the heart? Not at all. The intrinsic evil
of the sin, the holiness, the meanness, the terrible
nature of it, in that it alienates the soul from God,
blackens and corrupts the soul—to be brought to
a conviction of that is the great thing. Only see how
elementary, then, the very first conception must often
be.

And before men can take upon them this one prin-
ciple of the Christian life, they must be brought to the
conviction of the reality of religion in themselves, and
in the world. And in this conviction there is the
difference—a radical difference, I may say—between
religious men and the so-called men of the world. Not
that I always acquiesce in this distinction of saints
and sinners, worldlings and religious people. At
best, if there is such a distinction, it is apparent to
the eye of the prize of the high calling, if not to the
outside of the universal church many who truly deserve
to be in it, as we all, judging by the fruits, see many
who are in it that ought to be outside. But there is, after
all, this distinction that even I, having the power to see
exactly where the line runs, having the exact test to
apply, can recognize between men: those who are an-
ticipating the prize of the high calling, and those who
are not. It is this distinction that I mean, and I mean
it to be a distinction that is not to be found in the
two classes wherever they may be found. The one class
is convinced of the reality and supremacy
of religious things, convinced that there is a race to be
run, a prize to be aimed at, a mark to press forward to—
and is striving to run it. The other class, however
they may be called, the conviction of religion; for I
have often said before, with words that have grown
crusty and conventional, men have covered up great
realities by that word, conviction of religion. It is
simply the conviction of the reality of religious claims
upon them—some single purpose above all others in
life.

Now this conviction may come to the human soul in
various ways. It may come suddenly. Paul, so far
as conviction was concerned, was one who found it
suddenly. When he was convinced that his zeal was
without knowledge, and that when he was doing cer-
tain things he was fighting against God, and when he
thought he was doing good, he was doing evil, he was
seeing, to him it came suddenly. And there is a
class of men to whom most generally this conviction
must come suddenly. As the lightning rends the oak,
so it rends them asunder, strikes their false conceits
and astonishes them at once with the consciousness
of the need of a great and earnest conviction of this
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And so I repeat, it is a great thing to awaken men,
in the first place, to a conception of the reality of reli-
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nothing like this Christian life, which reaches forward,
beyond the mere present position in which we stand,
in the order of its hope and energy of its purpose.
And there is meaning too in this reaching forward,
which we may as well advance as we go along. Look-
ing at the object in advance, how grand a view we
have. A great many are always looking into their
own souls, scanning their own motives, scanning their
own hearts, taking a dark lantern and going down into
the deep caverns of their own existence. We have had
books written which purport to be tests and crucibles
of Christian life—as though one man's experience was
capable of interpreting another! We have had diaries,
most unhealthily, dyspeptic books, in which men have
recorded all their diseases, with painful introspection,
the personal of which has made the heart grow sick
weary, and sad. Oh, how many have been really ruin-
ed in their religious happiness and life by those reli-
gious diaries, so-called, containing world experiences,
where, instead of reaching forward and looking at
Christ, they have been looking into their own hearts,
and scanning their own motives.

And so I say, finally, that the Christian life is a life
of progress. That is the general, the main idea of
the apostle before us—a life of progress—going for-
ward, forgetting the things that are behind and reach-
ing forth to the things that are before. It is a great
conception. It shows us, in the first place, that reli-
gion is a gradual principle. It rebukes at once the con-
ception of religion that is so common, that they have
got religion, "as though they took it in the lump, at
wholesale." They seem to think they have got all of reli-
gion, whereas the apostle Paul, who had prayed and
toiled for years, and who was scarred all over, had not
yet attained it in all its noble fullness and completeness.
Nor religion is a gradual work—not gradual in start-
ing forward, but gradually in reaching forward, and
continually forgetting the things that are behind, and
Christ, more and more of his spirit. Perfection is the
aim. Because, if you look at the verse that follows the
text, you will find that the apostle does not mean per-
fection in the sense of completeness of the religious
life, when he says, "Let us, therefore, as many as be
perfect, be thus minded." Let us be perfect, that they
have realized the conception of that running of a race; for
he says just above, "but as though I had already at-
tained, either were already perfect." Aiming at per-
fection is what he means.

What a scheme! Ever aiming at perfection and
never attaining it! Could the soul of man be satisfied
with the plan of God in the universe all excepted?
God sets before us perfection. His own identity he
could not reveal, because the moment it was revealed
it would be defined, and be no longer infinity. But
his own perfection is set before us and illustrated in
Jesus Christ. He is the illustration of that perfection,
never to be exhausted—continually to be approached,
continually to be renewed, could you behold him, away
into ideal, to find it rising higher and higher.

And so I repeat, it is a great thing to awaken men,
in the first place, to a conception of the reality of reli-
gion itself—not merely to take them down into the
depths of the religious life and exalt them to its heights,
but to make them feel the great truths upon which reli-
gion itself is based, and upon which it urges its claims.
You say we should bring men to a conviction of sin.
Very well, so we should; but how is it to be done? In
the first place, we must get them to see something in
the things of the world, which they can hold, and go
deeper, after all, into those doctrines which have be-
come foisted upon the Christian church, and made to be
the main, central, evangelical doctrines, so-called, of
Christianity. He spoke of the wild bird flying through
heaven, of the flower of the field clothed in a garment
of glory, and of the sun and moon, and of the stars,
and of the planets, and of the world of life, touching
the common incidents, and awakening men to a sense
of the spiritual realities with which they were environed,
bringing their souls into a condition in which they
could feel the deeper and finer truths of his world. So
Paul did not preach these peculiar, evangelical doc-
trines, as they are called, when he spoke on Mars Hill,
and when he wrote to many of his converts, telling them
they needed milk rather than strong meat, but as men
who stood in the fore-court, or vestibule, as it were,
of the religious life, his words were adopted accord-
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ingly.

into the organizations of human beings, by burying the
dead so deeply in the ground, and in isolated loca-
ties, as to make their earthy elements, for all useful
purposes, a dead loss.
No doubt at one period the whole surface of the
Earth was eminently fertile, and under a natural and
entire method of treatment, it might always have
been so. Some writers dwell with much emphasis
upon the evils of the sewerage of large cities. This
to be sure is an important matter to be taken into
consideration in connection with this subject, but it
is trifling compared with the fact that the dead bodies
of mankind rob the Earth an hundred fold more than
all the wastes of sewerage can do; for the wastes of
sewerage are not universal as the burial of the dead
beyond all the ordinary means of reclamation for those
purposes which a natural view of the subject teaches
are legitimate.

In order to put the matter in such a form as to bring
it home to the comprehension of every interested mind,
let us make a few figures upon what may be presumed
to be a very reasonable estimate of the matter under
consideration. It may not be amiss to suppose that
the total population of dead burying people on the
Earth, for the last three thousand years, may have
averaged, for that period, 200,000,000, though there
are good reasons for believing that the average would
be more rather than less when wars, earthquakes, pes-
tilence and famine have been taken into consideration.
It may also be fair to presume that the average length
of human life may have been for the whole of that
period, thirty years. To make it less would increase
the result I am expecting to arrive at—in this case
the whole population has been renewed one hundred
times for that period—making 20,000,000,000 people
whose bones have been hidden away from the view of
nature; and, supposing the average weight of the
earthly matter of each individual is about ten pounds,
we have 200,000,000,000 pounds of matter removed
from the Earth's surface—200,000,000 tons of matter
that might have been, but cannot be useful for those
purposes for which nature designed them.

While men continue to bury their dead, they need
not trouble themselves very much with questions
which reach us further than the sewerage of cities.
Yours,
LEX NATURALIS.

QUEST.—Does not the growing infertility of the
Earth point forward to a period when the surface of
the Earth, in order to continue productive, shall be
changed by geological movements? Is it fair to pre-
sume that any necessity in Nature will be relieved by
those methods which Nature seems to have used heretofore
under similar necessities? LEX NATURALIS.

HEALTHY REFORM BEGINS AT HOME.
DEAR EDITORS—Your editorial on "Yourself First"

The New Volume.

We will remind our friends whose terms of subscription are about to expire...

ENLARGEMENT

of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The usual notices will be sent to such subscribers...

Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860.

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

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CLUB RATES.—Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates: One year, \$1 50; six months, \$0 75; three months, \$0 37 1/2.

Persons sending us clubs, may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their town, or any other place. They are deprived of all advantages preliminary to success, and, as must be expected, gradually lose courage and hope, and, with their families, in too many instances, they become perhaps a burden on the State, or at best are deprived of the glorious possibilities that might have awaited them and theirs.

Alas! how true, how sadly true is this picture of life! We live in disgrace and social degradation, while we suffer the present laws, regulating the relations of debtor and creditor, to remain on the statute book. They can readily be defended, we know; so can tyranny and wrong of all kinds; but we put in our plea here for a system of legislation that shall at least endeavor to interpret the spirit and sentiment of this age, not those of the ages out of which we have happily emerged.

We want statutes that shall seem to recognize manhood, as well as property; and we appeal to all professed and busy philanthropists to bestir themselves in behalf of the enactment of such statutes. Let us recognize, in our legislation, the great underlying fact that no nation can thrive and become great so long as it is in want of men; and let us remember, too, that in this age men are not the mere machines they were in the feudal days, but represent affections, sentiment, intellect, thought, and an energizing will; and in proportion as law rears its crest and seeks to trample all these elements and qualities under its iron foot, is a nation deprived of the power and glory of which it might otherwise make perpetual boast.

Who could to-day sit down and peruse a true and veritable history of the sufferings that have been silently borne by the army of persons, whose greatest crime is that they chanced to fall in business? Thousands and tens of thousands have been made slaves for life by this single trifling turn in fortune, whose energies ought to have been saved to the nation; but the moment they might begin to earn something for themselves, unless they could manage dexterously to conceal it from view, it is snatched from them by authority of law. In such a case, there is no inducement for them to renew effort; if they are certain to have their all snatched from them, to what end will they condemn themselves to such servitude? And so they either waste or throw their lives away. They retire, like wounded soldiers in battle, to the rear, and are heard of no more. Now and then one struggles with superhuman exertions against so melancholy and ignominious a fate, and comes off conqueror over both foes and fortune—law and luck; but these instances are so very rare as to be held up as very models of heroism.

The same paper adds, in illustration of this very thought which we have already developed—namely, that it is the energy and free spirit of a people that secures to it all its greatness and glory—"What would be the effect were a certain decided number of our most energetic and capable business men annually removed from us, sent away, taken from our common country? What was the effect upon France under the religious persecution of Louis XIV., when thousands of her most ingenious and useful citizens left their country and sought the protection of other governments? Most sensibly and earnestly were the effects felt in that country, and most vividly have the beneficial results been described by her historians. Our own country to-day is reaping important results from that expatriation, and some of England's most populous towns and most thriving productions are owing to the same. Conservative, extra prudent and cautious men are necessary to a nation, but it will not do to have all of this class. The unsuccessful, as all know, are generally the energetic, the daring, the innovating class; upon these does a nation depend for its progress, for its success, for its power. To cite an example that ought not to be heedlessly forgotten, and which will pass into history as a philosophic fact, after the general bankrupt act of 1811, our whole country at once sprung into new life; trade, commerce, manufactures, seemed to be almost magically renewed; those who had been hampered, weakened, oppressed, at once became men; they re-engaged in business, they brought their energies, their power, their experience into play, and most successfully demonstrated the necessity of a law that should give the property of a debtor to his creditors, and his life and exertions to himself, and his family, and his country."

It is well put. We need say no more. We have already expressed our belief that such liberal laws as tended to build up a sense of honor in the debtor, would be far more to the final advantage of the creditor than those that are now suffered to exist. But if this view is not enough, then, certainly, when we come to add to it the other two—first, that no nation can afford to trifle with and waste its own energies; second, that men is of much more consequence in the scale of national strength than mere property, because property is divested of all power without the aid and direction of an intelligent and free possessor—we think the argument is fully stated. But more than this, and better than all, the philanthropist cannot overlook the bruised and bleeding hearts, uncounted in the census returns, that have been made such by the present laws for the collection of debts. Here is an open field in which a wise reform, reflecting in some proper degree the advanced sentiments and ideas of the time, may be advocated with eloquence and power. Suppose we all turn the subject over together.

General of George Atkins.

Sunday, Feb. 26th, at 1 o'clock P. M., was gathered at his residence, a large congregation of people to attend the funeral rites of our excellent, deceased brother, George Atkins.

Many eyes were suffused with tears when Dr. Gardner read the beautiful hymn, commencing—

"We do not fear thee, O death, thou art not to be feared; Who while we live at the portals of life stand, Ready to bid us away the struggling breath."

Miss Eliza Dotson, entranced, made a short address, which was appropriate and effective, from which we make the following brief extracts:—

"We do not come here to bury our brother, for he is not dead; neither do we come to praise him, for his deeds live after him and speak for him.

There is no unkindly death. Our brother has ripened early, and has gone sooner to scenes of ineffable beauty. Some men may live a century, and their souls are not expanded to ripeness. There are ties of friendly affection that bind human hearts to earth—and these ties, thank God, death does not sever. There is a spiritual commingling and interchange of being that cannot be broken. Grief may unseat the fountain of tears, but the ties of love are not broken. Faith sustains us while the reality is unseen.

It belongs to this age and generation to witness death, and send the spirit forth rejoicing. Cold sciences and philosophy fall back into the arms of matter, and the freed spirit goes on its way rejoicing.

Behold, now, our glorified brother! All his characteristics are still his; as he was in the nobility of his earthly life, so he is, and so he shall be with powers increased tenfold.

He who has administered to that weeping partner in the flesh, shall administer to her in the spirit; and while she weeps, truth shall come to her soul by inspiration; and she will say all things are for the best. He drinks in diviner, higher wisdom now, and as he is fed from higher sources, so shall he administer. His faith is now changed to perfect vision, and his love to perfect fruition."

[At this point the spirit, whose remains lay in the coffin before the speaker, manifested his own influence through the medium, and said:—

"I declare through this organism that I am now happy, happy, happy. The arm that has sustained my weeping wife, sustains her still, and she still recognizes its influence. Oh, grieve oh, death! names of things that are not; figures of speech, above which the soul rises and forgets that they were. Oh, death! oh, change to my spirit thou hast now changed. Triumphant over the victory of the grave and the change of matter, I rise on wings of ecstasy."

Discussion of Modern Spiritualism.

Errors of BARKER or LEAHY.—Prof. J. Stanley Grimes gave a lecture in Mercantile Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening last, upon Human Nature and the Nerves, and against Spiritualism, in which he took occasion to comment with great severity upon the whole subject of Spiritualism, and charged Spiritualists with shrinking from investigation and discussion. He also denounced all mediums for physical manifestations, as guilty of gross deception, and signified his willingness to have the whole subject thoroughly discussed.

At the conclusion of his lecture, I extended to Prof. Grimes an invitation to discuss with me, or some person I might select, in the Melodeon, the following questions:—

1. Do spirits of departed human beings hold intercourse with men on earth, as claimed by modern Spiritualists?

2. Can the various phenomena known as Spirit Manifestations be satisfactorily and philosophically accounted for without admitting the agency of departed human beings?

3. Do the various phenomena known as Spirit Manifestations, as claimed by modern Spiritualists, constitute a new philosophy, and a candid, fair and logical disputant, and the friends of truth need have no fear in trusting their cause in his hands.

Prof. Grimes is a man of undoubted ability and an able debater, and is well known throughout the Northern States as the most determined and bitter opponent of Spiritualism and the principal leader in the army of our opponents. In short, the field will be ably contested on both sides, and as truth must ever triumph over error, the result will be "All right."

Yours for the truth against the world, H. F. GARDNER.

P. S.—Permit me to suggest to the members of the Harvard Investigating Committee and the Courier, that the Report which they promised the public over two years and a half since, might be of material aid to Prof. Grimes in this discussion—provided it could be obtained. Gentlemen, "How were the signs made?" Please answer, and oblige a long waiting world. Yours, &c., H. F. G.

Boston, March 24, 1860.

Calvin Woodard.

This spirit has a message published in this week's paper. Since the page on which it is printed was to press, the spirit entranced Mrs. Ountan, and gave the following, requesting us to publish it in the same number with the message:—

My name is Calvin Woodard. Your have made a mistake in my message, and I wish you to correct it, that I may not be called a lying spirit. You made me say I lived most of the time at the South. I lived most of the time south of Boston, but not at the South. Will you rectify the mistake, and not let it come before the public in this shape?

My brother-in-law came and said I had better not communicate with you. He has ideas of his own, and I have mine. He thinks my people will not receive me now. I occupy time which seems right to me. I say, publish it. I was a stranger to all parties present, and you will treat me as well as you do others.

Friends in the West.

Living near the Mississippi River, above St. Louis, who wish to see or hear me in the month of July next, must write me in April at Oswego, N. Y. I spend June in St. Louis, and the remainder of the year in the West, returning East in the winter.

New and old subscribers for the BANNER can have the advantage of my agency wherever I am; and I shall be ready to supply many of the books on our philosophy to the western friends. Write early, and state plainly your wants.

LECTURES.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FARRON will lecture in Chicopee, Mass., four Sundays, commencing March 11th, in Cambridgeport, April 8th and 15th; and in Foxboro', April 22d and 29th. Address, until April 1st, Chicopee, Mass.

Mrs. ROSA T. AMESBY will lecture in East Hingham, Boston, March 11th; Taunton, Sundays March 18th and 25th. CHARLES H. CROWLEY, trance speaker, will lecture in Foxboro' in the afternoon and evening of Sunday March 11th.

Dr. P. B. Randolph.

It will be seen by our friends that Mr. Randolph has become an attaché to "The New England Healing Institute," 25 Essex street, Boston. He will therefore not be able to devote himself to the lecture field on Sundays for the present, but will speak on week-day evenings with a reasonable distance. We wish him success in all that is good and elevating in his new sphere of usefulness.

Answers to Correspondents.

"CONSCIOUS." OAKTON MILLS, is informed that circumstances have transpired which give full right to the change of name complained of. That that Spiritualist cannot look for good instead of trying into what may seem evil. Let the past bury its dead, brother, and try you to aid all who seem to have been crushed by circumstances.

D. A. NEWFRIEND, Vt.—Yes.

G. W. S. OAKS, ALBANY, IOWA.—What brother, for the "good time coming," when the BANNER is made large enough for the good words of all our friends.

Mrs. H. N. B. ARYTON, O.—Your poetry is inadmissible; we know it is a blessing to you to be in communion with the dear one; but to the general reader what she sends to you from the higher sphere would not be appreciated, while the space might be judiciously filled.

A FATHER.—"Irene" is, we presume, a spirit who communicates with a person in Boston. We judge so from previous communications.

W. H. MARSH, ONTARIO.—The BANNER and FANNIE are \$2.25 per year. You may remit 75 cents for the FANNIE one year from Jan. 1860 to Jan. 1861.

Meeting for the Indians.

A meeting has been called by the clergymen of Boston, at Faneuil Hall, Monday evening, March 5th, to assist Mr. Deane in his philanthropic endeavors.

Some of our city editors are like flies—they are never satisfied unless they are biting somebody.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

DROMEDARY STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 29th.

Question.—What is the Philosophy of the Soul's Growth?

Mrs. ENOCH.—The sphere of absolute knowledge, of exact or scientific truth, is exceedingly limited. Philosophy includes a larger scope; it reaches out and embraces all that is conceivable. It opens vast realms of unexplored thought, undiscovered truths that may be perceived through spirit perception, which perception amounts to an absolute conception of goods and uses, and causatively projects them into conscious being, enabling the mind's eye to see itself, the human soul as the garden of the Lord, God's gardener; to know that the flaming sword of passions, with their corresponding pain and misery, are the providential instruments with which he breaks the fallow ground, that the cold charities of the Christian world, with its disapproved laws, is the providential rod with which he smites the rock of truth, and enables the river to rise above its material banks to inundate the trees of the garden with love, causing them to bud, blossom, and produce delicious fruit.

The soul is the embodied life-principle, in an organized form, including the life, and its means of manifestation. Life is not a matter, or thing of creation; it is the expression of an eternal principle; it may be embodied, transmitted, or communicated, but not created or destroyed. The embodied form we call body; the fundamental principle, or interior substance, we call spirit; the expressed or projected qualities, capacities, or properties, we call soul.

There could be no soul-life, or growth, until the fundamental principle, or spirit substance, embodied in the germ, made one response, in matter, adapted to its needs. The divine mind made a demand adapting itself to conditions of matter, and through this adaptation or demand created the germ of soul-life with innate capacities to organize, embody, and ultimate itself in fruit, or embodied germs of its own life.

We account for the different varieties of soul-life in each kingdom in the consideration that matter must have answered the demand from its own standpoint, and though it was the Father of God, that spoke, it was the Mother Earth that expressed the word, and made of necessity, exhibit her varied conditions, qualities, properties and possibilities in the germs she conceived and bore into being.

To grow, to unfold, to express in an embodied form, the fundamental principle, the interior substance, or germ of life, by culture we may improve the fruit or the embodying germ in both quality and quantity; and to do this we must provide proper food, in quantity and quality, adapted to the growing plant, and so condition it as to render it receptive to the shower and shower of heaven. The food that is received by the soul or growing plant, being governed by the law of demand and supply, does not furnish life to the soil or growing plant; it supplies the means of manifestation, and enables the opening germ to more fully unfold and embody the life within.

The flesh or form proffereth nothing, except it be eaten, digested, and taken into circulation; it is the soul that eats and takes into circulation and embodies, by unfolding its interior substance, or life-principle.

The soul, the germ of growth, cannot produce the year or the vegetable crop, produce the animal; such a transgression transcends the law of its being; in order to do this, they must die, and in their ashes constitute a condition of things, or seed of matter, in which the divine mind can find a more perfect response, and re-organizing itself, stand forth in new forms of organs or soul life. All organic forms, or soul-expressions of life beneath the human soul, are good in their order; the highest order does not obtain an individual selfhood or conscious entity, but constitutes a condition of things or seed of matter in which the divine mind or spirit could hatch the germ of individual selfhood or conscious being into existence.

The soul-expressions of life, beneath man, are called good; man, the human soul, is pronounced very good; he is the highest order in nature, (nature being God's mode of operation;) here is his best mode, his divinest image, in which he has implanted the perfect germ with innate capacities for the perfect embodiment of himself.

The human soul, or conscious entity, is the intelligent or immortal part of man that recognizes his selfhood, that distinguishes itself by what it is, believes, knows, loves, has done, and desires to do, in contrary distinction from what it is not, and has not done, does not like, and cannot believe. It is an offspring, or outbirth, embodying in proportion to its unfolded capacities and progressed condition of love or affection, the life, love and power that beget its conception; it is the natural manifestation or external form of speech or action through which the divine mind, or spirit, expresses itself; as the speaker or actor is superior to his external speech or action, so is the divine mind, or spirit, supernatural, or above the external form or thought through which it expresses itself.

Inasmuch as the divine mind, or absolute being, consists in spirit, and exists in quality and essence, rather than in time and space, though he is to be comprehended, the natural man, upon the Adamic plane of goods and uses, may be an eternal distance of unexpressed love and affection, from the presence of his absolute being.

Such is the journey of soul life, it is not an open plane; it is an eternal change, consisting in successive alternations of conception, travail and birth. Each birth unfolds a new leaf or fresh expression of divine or spirit embodiment. Each unborn condition or untried sphere is supernatural or above the one divined. And, as there are laws that govern each, that will not allow the being to transcend the sphere of his existence, planes of thought, spiritual perceptions or love of goods and uses, we must be born into and borne through each sphere, by dying to the outer in the conception and development of the inner, the spiritual, the celestial and divine.

It is natural for the natural man upon the Adamic plane of goods and uses to develop the faculties of the mind, to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and reduce the capacity to believe, to embody physical and mental strength, to unfold nascent loves and reverential hates, that delight in ignominial mental and physical conquest.

If the individual upon this plane of love be religious, he believes in and serves (it may be with slavish fear) a wrathful and revenging God, who is angry with the wicked every day. If he be devoted to his ideal God, to his church, its creeds and canonicals, ignorance is the mother of his devotion; though it were begotten by God, it resembles the devil, in whom the conceiver believes, being conscious that he exists in his own imagination. Such Christians are generally the most active; they are zealous proselytes, often fighting for Christ's sake; such crucify the Christ principle, but the Christ in whomsoever it is embodied, forgives them because of their ignorance. The blind man, who has never seen, has no conception of either light or darkness. There is no other plane good and sufficient reason for this belief and service. It is not the condition of total blindness; the soul has a conception of the divine; it is external, gross and passionate; its manifestation is inflammatory; it is the best response or conception the spirit could beget in this complex condition; it is the infantile condition of religious life; the windows of the soul are thus opened, and the soul must develop its mental capacity to perceive external forms, before it can digest, circulate and embody the interior strength to hark back, crack nuts, and eat meat.

From this natural, selfish, or animal condition, the soul rises to that spiritual perception of goods and uses that delights in unselfishness or universal love, that feels for others' woes, that serves itself in serving others, that will not fight for the right, nor resist evil, but forgives as it knows it is forgiven; this is a transition that supposes a progressed condition of the soul, that transcends the law of natural growth; it is a resurrected life to a more interior sphere of existence. The soul may have been benefited by an external belief in the physical blood of Jesus. It is now blessed by the Christ principle, it having been formed within.

It is supernatural, or spiritual—the former was the natural condition. It was the first Adam that was made the living soul; the latter, the second man, the Lord from heaven, that made the quickened spirit. It is the Christ principle that obtained in the individual Jesus.

We say supernatural or spiritual, not that there are no laws that fix and determine ways and means of soul growth in each sphere or shade of conditional being, but rather that, in our infantile condition, it seems marvellous because we do not know the laws. We know that no man can lift himself up, except he take hold of something besides himself. We believe that each may aid the other to the end that the opening interior may expand the outer, and thus throw the supernatural.

The belief and practices that once constituted the chief means of spiritual, or soul growth, are now superficial. The grossest deceptions of force and fear, with its diabolical commands and brute animal sacrifices to appease the wrath and propitiate the favor of its vindictive God, was such. This was the best conception the spirit could beget in that brutish condition. It was a means of salvation; it did its work,

which seems to have been to crush the quarts and free the gold.

The Moral Dispensation was, and is, the basic expression of spirit-life. Its temple, furniture, and service, express more than its votaries could comprehend; they built wiser than they knew. Its material form has passed away, its ceremonies and brute animal sacrifices are discarded as unprofitable and useless; but the spirit that animated that external form has resurrected itself, and stands forth in the individual Jesus—a fresh unfolding of the word, or spirit, that has been and is demanding, and will continue to demand, a perfect individual expression of the Christ or love-principle, which Jesus taught as the only means or way of salvation.

Jesus and Judas are children of the common Parent, begotten by the same Divine Father, each the best response, or conception, the spirit could beget under the circumstances. They were, or will be, perfected through suffering; and through successive alternations of conception, travail, and birth, unfold and embody the interior substance, or divine spark, that beget and projected their conscious beings into existence.

The perfected soul, or pure in heart, sees God, or divine use, in the most external and blithest leaf that grows, as well as in the most interior bud that blossoms and embodies the divinest humanity.

The choicest plant, the most sensitive soul, the most divine image that ever lived, was this side of the Infinite, the Infallible, the Absolute, and paused in the contemplation of pain, before drinking the cup, that crushed the quarts and freed the gold.

God is love, and will prevail; all hell cannot preventive force; peaceful conquest; but hell, under God, must, through law, be instrumental in the resurrection of conscious souls into higher conditions of being, and thus become divinely useful.

Offences must needs come, and woe to those through whom they come; for the interior power that conceived the condition of love, that could permit the crime, has within it self, and along the guilty soul until it is enabled to beget a more interior conception of goods and uses, that shall develop, through travail, pain and birth, that perfect love that blends belief, faith, hope, mercy, and truth, into absolute justice—thus exhibiting the eternal principle, or interior substance of life, as it exists in the Divine Father, was begotten in the Son, and is embodied in the Holy Ghost.

The grown soul, the perfected spirit, or Holy Ghost, is the unfolded, conscious outlay, stoned by, and attuned to the law of life, into that compensating at-onement that is in perfect harmony with its interior self, the eternal principle of life.

Spirit, the manifestation of which we have called life, is perfect in every conceivable attribute, is omnipotent and omnipresent; it has neither centre nor circumference; there is no vacuum that it does not fill with law; there cannot be a demand or need that it, through law, will not responsibly supply. God, the Divine Father, is spirit, and exists in individual, spiritual entities, in spirit and in truth. Though his absolute presence consists in quality and essence, it finds an expression in time and space, permeating all substances; so that there is no condition that does not exhibit his power, and reflect his will. Having in nature, he governs matter through nature's laws; living in spirit, he controls minds by motives, and begets individual capacities to think, to will, and to work, to conceive ways and means, goods and uses, and thus causatively projects receptive instrumentalities, on this as well as on the other side of the change called death. Each instrumentality is a means, or agency, through which the Principle, or Father—acts. The soul that is the most truly bound to principle, is the most free to act; but the soul that is not so truly bound to principle is as essential as the latter; all souls are ministering servants, acting in their different planes of thought, or spheres of love. All are heirs of salvation, and come into the possession of their inheritance in proportion as they unfold the spirit, or develop the Sonship, which is the individual receptivity that constitutes the soul's capacity to honor, draughts drawn in the well of life; to make aspirational demands on the bank of Truth, the fountain, or source of life. The Divine Father, or principle of the bank, furnishes the growing soul, through the Son, or Perfecting Spirit, the interior substance of life within, thus exhibiting the philosophy of soul-growth.

Dr. ORR.—What is the cause and effect of the progress of the human soul? No human tongue can answer this question, for the answer would cover the limitless area of infinity. There is no beginning; there is no end, to the philosophy of the soul's growth; no man knows the port from whence it started, nor the haven to which it is destined.

The soul has had its creation in unconsciousness; it wakes up in its progress; it but dimly discerns the fact of its existence at first; the shadows of matter and the clouds of earth protect for awhile its young and tender perception from the dazzling realities of its unmeasured glories. Time strengthens its vision; clouds and shadows disappear as it strengthens; and a conscious perception of its own immortality opens to its deep and ardent longings in the light of spiritual realities. It is early in the dawning day of spirit-light when angels tune their harps to melody, and the soul of man joins in to sing the strain—

"There surely is some guiding Power That rightly suffers wrong; Given us to bloom in life's hour, But woe, late and long."

Our perceptions of the reality of the soul, and its eternal relations, are exceedingly limited, because our vision is yet unopened; we are as yet almost shrouded in the darkness of matter, with its changing, perishing philosophies. Gleams of spirit-light, soul-light, now and then in pencil rays shine in us. We comprehend but faintly the glorious reality. As we pass from sordid spirit infancy, to stronger spirit childhood, and then to stronger spirit manhood, we grow to bear the increasing beauty and effulgence of spiritual light. Some time, we shall intuitively know a new philosophy, that, on the wings of desire, shall leap to catch and hold forever the truths of God. This shall be the philosophy of the soul.

I have a powerful and abiding conviction that our wildest and most extravagant conceptions of the yet unspoken beauties of the human soul are infinitely small when compared with the magnitude of its reality. And to philosophize upon what which we know but little of, which we have not seen, and which our conceptions have never been able to reach, is impossible to do with any degree of perfection. But with what little light of immortality our souls, by natural growth, have caught, we have a right in the baby hours of our spiritual existence to philosophize as babies do, with a baby-house philosophy.

There surely is some power that has created the soul; and as surely there must be some power that guides the soul. This power is before and above the soul's valuation, beyond the soul's control.

The progress of the soul is, to sensitive eyes, unseen; and the power that makes this progress is unseen, and lies beyond the reach of human will. We did not command the creation of our souls, nor do we control the power that created them; and no more can we command or control the same power, the power which makes them, grow. The soul and all its forces are beyond and above all the influences of time and the powers of the material world.

We have confidence that, in the ordering of Infinite Wisdom, the soul is necessarily planted in matter to begin its growth in darkness and covered in the material shell of earthy life to render the germ for a time. But when it grows, it breaks the shell of material love; makes it look black; spouts it. Human actions that we call wrong, evil, devilish, are only the cracks and breaks of this shell. The soul that germinates earliest and with the greatest vigor, is in the man who looks the worst, and acts the worst, to the eyes of the material world. The man who is most perfect and beautiful in the material world, loves earth the most. The man who is most broken and deformed in the material world, loves earth the least. In the latter the germination and growth of the soul within has burst the covering of his earthly love; this man, we say, is religiously and morally best; is on a very high plane; while in the former, the germination and growth of the soul within is a little later, and has

not yet broken a fibre of the coverings of material beauty...

We wait for that day to dawn upon us when the curtain of darkness will rise...

"All nature flows in rapturous lay, Life beats in its eternal ray."

Dr. Garrison.—What does Dr. Child mean by the soul of man?

Dr. Child.—I mean by the soul of man, all there is of a man that is worth anything—that which lives forever.

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Inevitable condemnation and everlasting destruction. The man who ventures to reason for himself...

The reader would make a great mistake should he infer, from the title of the book...

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VERMONT QUARTERLY CONVENTION. The next quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be held in Rutland...

THE ONLY PREPARATION Having proofs so strong and direct as to EXPEL THE DOUBTS OF ALL.

FOR STATESMEN, JUDGES, EDITORS, PHYSICIANS OF the oldest schools as well as new, give it their unqualified sanction...

Prof. O. J. Wood Dear Sir—Your Hair Restorative is rapidly gaining popularity in this community...

During the year 1854, I was so unfortunate as to be thrown from my sulky against a rock...

ADA L. HOYT, Mapping and Writing Test Medium, H. B. removed to a room on the same floor as the Bazaar or Lecture Office, in building

NO. 31-2 BRATTLE STREET, which will occupy until the capacious suit of rooms on the first floor in the same building are prepared for the reception of visitors.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 31-2 Brattle Street, Boston, (office in Banner of Light Building) Medical examinations and prescriptions, \$1.00; general manifestations, \$1.00.

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 OF LIGHT...

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.

SIXTEEN 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., 31-2 Brattle Street, Boston, Mass.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED. Great Discussion of Modern Spiritualism.

DR. H. F. GARDNER, having publicly challenged

Prof. J. STANLEY GRIMES, to meet him, or some person whom he may substitute, and the challenge being accepted, the discussion will commence in the

MELODEON, Washington Street, Boston, On Monday Evening, March 5, 1860, at 7 o'clock, and continue a number of successive evenings.

LEO MILLER, Esq., to open the debate in favor of Spiritualism. The following questions have been agreed upon as the basis of the discussion:

1. Do spirits of departed human beings hold intercourse with men on earth, as claimed by Modern Spiritualists? LEO MILLER, Affirmative; HANCOTT GRIMES, Negative.

2. Can the various phenomena known as Spirit Manifestations be satisfactorily and philosophically accounted for without admitting the agency of departed human beings? LEO MILLER, Affirmative; HANCOTT GRIMES, Negative.

It is arranged that neither speaker shall occupy more than twenty minutes at one time, and that the debate will continue about two hours each evening.

Advertisements relating to changes, if any, in the programme of the discussion, will be published in the Daily Courier and the Herald.

Tickets of Admission, 15 Cents. To be obtained at the ticket office in the Melodeon, March 10, 1p

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN. A WEEKLY, SMALL AGENTS WANTED, AT home, or travel, on Salary or Commission, for "THE WOMAN'S FRIEND."

A Periodical of pure and practical Morality, exclusively for the Female sex, at only 50 Cents a year, also for sale by the largest Illustrated Family Paper in the world, at only One Dollar a year.

CHAPIN'S EXTENSIVE DISCOURSES. HAVING MADE AN ARRANGEMENT WITH REV. DR. CHAPIN to revise his Sermons, which are reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for publication in book form, the First Series making a Volume of 328 pages, is now ready. Price \$1.00.

A liberal discount allowed to CHAPMAN AGENTS, and the one obtaining the greatest number of subscribers out of the first 1000 copies sold will be presented with a GOLD WATCH WORTH \$50.

Copies sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of \$1. O. HUTCHINSON, Publisher, No. 10 Bond Street, New York.

DR. E. ACKER, HEALING MEDIUM ON CONSUMPTION, 120 Bond Street, New York.

MATHISONIA.—Wanted—A companion in life with dark eyes, agreeable person and disposition, Reform ideas, and under 30 years of age. Please address B. L. Corcoran, N. B.—Good references given and correspondence confidential. 2p March 10.

for husbands to daughters that would be considered disgraced by going to the college and getting an education to fit them for wives. This is only one of the legions of unfairness of our theology, and can never be cured while it controls our schools.

Inasmuch as the most perfect method of bodily purification is not violent and oppressive, but quiet and imperceptible, it is natural to conclude that the same process in the spiritual nature is not by outbreaks of grossness and wrong, but by the silent elimination of evil, and the assimilation of elevating influences.

Oh, it was a sweet translation, Of close but happy eyes, And without a sense of dying, Wake, an angel, in the skies!

THE LAST WORDS OF A DYING POET. BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Let I hear the angels' footsteps, Softly they tread, While their voices, gently whispering, Float o'er my head!

MRS. M. BABE, TRANSCENDENT MEDIUM. WHILE in a state of trance, Miss B. will examine invalids, and correctly locate and describe their diseases, giving a full description of the condition of their physical and mental organs, and prescribe remedies for their cure, if curable.

Working Farmer and Banner of Light for \$2.25 per Year. Persons who may wish to take a first class Agricultural paper with the BANNER, will do well to subscribe for the WORKING FARMER, a monthly paper, edited by Prof. J. J. MARSH, which we can cheerfully recommend.

Boston Advertisements.

MRS. G. A. KIRKMAN, SEIENGE AND TRANSCENDENT MEDIUM, 140 COURT STREET, BOSTON. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 7 P. M.

MRS. JENNIE WATERMAN, TRANSCENDENT MEDIUM, at No. 8 Oliver place, from Essex street, Boston. Terms moderate. Feb. 25.

MRS. C. A. KIRKMAN, SEIENGE AND TRANSCENDENT MEDIUM, 140 COURT STREET, BOSTON. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 1 to 7 P. M.

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PHYSIO-MEDICAL AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, has taken rooms at No. 143 Court street, Boston, where she will give examinations and prescribe medicine for all diseases of females.

DR. J. L. FARNSWORTH, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST. Office at Dr. Main's Institute, No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

MRS. E. M. TIPPLE, PHYSIO-MEDICAL AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, has taken rooms at No. 143 Court street, Boston, where she will give examinations and prescribe medicine for all diseases of females.

WILLIAM HOLLAND, CLAIRVOYANT AND ELECTROPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Careful and thorough examinations made in every case, and the most efficient means adopted to remove disease.

MRS. MARY A. BECKEN, TRANSCENDENT MEDIUM, Rooms 115 Hanover street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms, for private sittings, \$1 per hour.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, HAS POSTPONED GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER, owing to the earnest solicitations of her numerous friends.

MRS. A. W. DELAFOLLE, TRANSCENDENT MEDIUM, will continue to occupy the same rooms as 33 Beach street. Hours—from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 6, and 8 to 10 P. M. Terms, per hour, for one or two persons, \$1.00; clairvoyant examinations, \$1.00; examinations by hour, \$1.00.

MRS. GRACE L. BEAN, WRITING, TRANCE AND TEST MEDIUM, No. 30 Eliot street, Boston. Also, Clairvoyant Examinations for diseases.

J. PORTER HODGON, M. D., ROLECTIC PHYSICIAN, 658 WASHINGTON STREET, (in Pine Street Church, building) up one flight, Boston, O. A. M. to 8 P. M. Terms, when present, \$1.00; by lock of hair, when absent, \$3.00. No fee for examination unless they contain the fee for examination.

DR. C. MAIN, SPIRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston. Special attention paid to the cure of Cancers of all descriptions, Deformity of Limbs, Deafness, &c. Patients accommodated with Board at this Institute.

W. H. NUTTER, HEALING MEDIUM, THE SICK ARE HEALED BY THE LAYING ON OF HANDS at 103 Pleasant street, Boston. Terms moderate. Dec. 17.

PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDIES, ANTI-SORBUFLA PANACIA, NUTRIENT'S CORDIAL, and other compounds, which have been extensively and successfully prescribed by several of our most celebrated Mediums, may be obtained of the sole manufacturer, O. KING, 634 Washington street, Boston.

PERSONS who believe that spirit communion and its results in development can aid them in the difficulties of life, will give me services in their behalf. For my time and effort in writing out a full examination of a person from their health, or handwriting, I am compelled to charge \$3.00; for attention to a single subject, or question, \$1.00. Office No. 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturdays, from 9 to 4 o'clock. Full oral examination at the office, \$1.00.

MR. & MRS. J. R. METTLER, Psycho-Magnetic Physicicians, CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS with all the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions required by the patient, carefully written out.

MRS. METTLER also gives Psychometrical delineations of character by having a letter from the person whose qualities she is required to disclose. The person to be examined for disease should be present, but when this is impossible or inconvenient, the patient may be examined at any distance by forwarding a lock of his or her hair, together with leading lines of the face.

TRANCE-For examinations, including prescriptions, \$5. If the patient be present, and \$10 when absent. All subsequent examinations \$3. Delineations of character, \$2. Terms as above.

Address, Dr. J. R. METTLER, Hartford, Conn. Oct. 1.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OLIVER DESS, WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS.—I take this way of informing you and the public through you, of a new light, to me, and as I believe to the modern world, viz., the power of interpreting dreams. This, I believe to be a method of obtaining the highest inspiration and the most important communications from the spirit world. I know I have received the gifts of interpreting dreams, which, it seems to me, is a Divine light to give great satisfaction to the skeptical world.

Mr. S. A. B. writes me that she has been pursued with interest the sermons of Mr. Beecher in the BANNER—particularly the one preached by him on the twenty-fifth of December, wherein Mr. B. speaks of "Christ Jesus as being the very God incarnate in the flesh," and a few questions suggest themselves to her.

Mrs. L. A. BRAW, GRADUA, ONO, writes me that she has been pursued with interest the sermons of Mr. Beecher in the BANNER—particularly the one preached by him on the twenty-fifth of December, wherein Mr. B. speaks of "Christ Jesus as being the very God incarnate in the flesh," and a few questions suggest themselves to her.

Mr. Fairchild gave notice of an Act to provide for the laying of a tax upon all lecturers, whether male or female, who endeavor to disseminate "divine doctrines" in the State of Massachusetts, and the proceeds to be applied to the support of the State Lunatic Asylum.

SEIZURE IN THE LEONARDIANS.—Assemblyman Fairchild, of El Dorado, gave notice of an Act, to-day, to levy a tax upon all lecturers of Spiritualism, and to apply the proceeds to the State Lunatic Asylum. Whether their doctrines be good or bad, this is a free country, religiously speaking, at least, and the poor man, in his exaltation, does not seem to have the least idea that such a law would be unconstitutional. No religion, or belief in Divinity, or in the Divinity, shall be maintained or depreciated by the State, above another; so that no parties can be taxed who promulgate this or that doctrine, more than those who promulgate other religious doctrines.

The laws on this subject must be equal, so that to tax the lecturer of one theological theory you tax all. But we may be mistaken in regard to Legislature Fairchild. He may be a believer in Spiritualism himself, and desire to appear as its precursor in order that he may strengthen it. That is an old trick—as old as any theological system—and has been resorted to before now by the believers in special theories, in order that the public attention might be called thereto. Others are persecuted from very different motives, but the result was always the same—to advance the theory they tried to suppress. Either then, Mr. Fairchild is a Spiritualist, or a very innocent creature.

This Bee, I think, takes a right view of it; but Mr. Fairchild is not a Spiritualist, but a clergyman. The following notices of my lectures appeared in the same number:

Miss MURPHY.—The lecture by Miss Munson, on the celebrated trance medium, delivered at Worcester at the Temperance Hall, was listened to with earnest attention by a numerous and intelligent audience. The lady has a sweet, soft voice, and her discourses are replete with beauties of thought and sentiment.

From here, I go to Marysville, and Blockton, and on to the mountains, where I will spend a part, at least, of the summer, and return and be fall to the East, I trust invigorated both in spirit and body.

Years for truth, M. MURPHY. N. B.—Will Mrs. F. O. Hoyer please write me at San Francisco? AL M. Sacramento City, Cal., Jan. 24th, 1860.

A. B. O. It is not particularly concerning the first three characters of the English alphabet that we propose to discuss, but of that they sometimes represent.

Some men's names are indicative of the relation they occupy to truth. There is no philosophical, metaphysical, or spiritual reason for this, unless we believe that a species of nomancy, or rather orichomania, has had something to do with individual destiny and the selection of cognomens; nevertheless, there often seems to be a striking coincidence between the nominal significance and the logical or ethical position of some individuals. If it were not for the many indolent blunders she makes, one might almost believe that Nature, ordering into the future, adapts her handwriting to the title by which it is to be distinguished.

But enough of this more persiflage, since so many have had their fancies flung at its subject. A theory is much talked of in the columns of the BANNER, and is urged with a considerable array of analogies, and apparently logical arguments, that evil is a normal manifestation; not, as some of this theory's opposers charge, that there is no evil—that what we call evil is in reality good and right, but that it is one of the necessary conditions of the soul, and ultimately leads up to light and truth.

The sum and substance of the analogy so often cited, in some one of its many forms, by the advocates of this theory, is this—that Nature, acting through the soul as she does through the physical body, ejects its bad humors—evil—as the latter does the infection of small pox, or scarlatina, by the eruptive efforts at the surface, which can call evil, or wickedness. The analogy is drawn well enough, but not deep enough, else would the position of A. B. O. be first in the alphabet of true philosophy, as well as in that on the first page of the spelling-book; but since every manifestation of evil only tends to make its author more prone to sin, rendering him less able to resist temptation, dragging him down to a level with the crimes themselves, it follows that he who preaches "whatever is, is right," looks logic in the theory, and often meets a flesh-and-blood proof of its inconsistency in practice.

Following the same analogy only a little deeper, there are other ways by which the physical body rids itself of morbid matter, than by "critical determination to the surface," as the medical extant would say. While acknowledging that this "determination to the surface" is a method of purification, and that it is perfectly proper to institute a comparison between the physical and the spiritual processes, it is claimed that the violent "determination" method is not only not the best, but is among the cruelest ever adopted by Nature. Our common mother works faithfully and conscientiously, but she works in the dark, and her physical manifestations are not always of the highest or best character. Reason is needed to direct her action, and hence the rational endowment of man.

Man's physical body is perhaps the most perfect type of the higher existences of which we can take cognizance through the medium of our physical senses, and whatever process of development or purification in the former is evidently the most perfect, also approximates nearest to the development process of the latter.

On the 21st of January, Mrs. SARAH S. EATON was called away from her earthly tenement, almost without a warning. But, though sudden, she was not unprepared, as she was a firm Spiritualist in her true sense. Her mind was so clear, and her spirit so pure, that she has often been heard to say that she never felt the impulsion of being prepared to die until she embraced spirit truth. Then she felt the need

of living a true life. She had a deep sense of the responsibility which rested upon her as a mother of eight children, who needed her tender care. One, her first-born, is with her in the spirit-land, and that they will be ministering spirits to the dear ones left behind. Faithful as a wife, full would she have tarried to cheer her beloved partner in his long and wearisome duties. Many times had the meteoric gleam called before, but her beloved ones called her back. For some time she had a reliance on her co-sufferers, which gave her the appearance of "one who lies in, above the world."

Oh, it was a sweet translation, Of close but happy eyes, And without a sense of dying, Wake, an angel, in the skies! West Newbury, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE LAST WORDS OF A DYING POET. BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Let I hear the angels' footsteps, Softly they tread, While their voices, gently whispering, Float o'er my head!

They are mistle from Jehovah, Hither they come, To bear my spirit upward with them, To their bright home.

Now they hover nearer, nearer; Of their feet's dark cars; But the future brightly beams, A radiance warm.

Earth's receding, night is falling, My pulse beats slow, And my restless frame is stiffening— Life's taper's low.

Farwell earth! I hopeful I leave thee, Without a sigh; Not a parting pang doth grieve me, Or dim my eye.

Blessed angels! take my spirit With thee above; I am ready—God awaits us In realms of love. Plymouth, Mass., 1860.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Mrs. ANANDA M. BRADY will lecture in Northfield, 4 Sundays of March; in Putnam, March 6 & 7, 8, Colchester, March 13th—Middletown, March 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

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