

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

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

(CONTINUED.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My old captain!"

"My young cockswain!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can I do anything for you, Jack?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Believe me what the landmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They tell thee sailors when away,  
In every port a mistress find.  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present where'st thou'rt to go."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Run—old Jamaica—was brought out."

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

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

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

Ellen and the captain conducted me into a private room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Call all hands—haul the mainsail up and furl it!—lower the spanker down and stow it!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ellen then was sublime in her beauty; I could hardly withdraw my gaze from her; but the thought dashed through my mind that she might be wedded, and I dared not ask the question. This freezing thought at once recalled my wandering dreams, and narrowed me to my duty. "What is she to me?" I mentally asked; setting my teeth together, and grasping her around the waist, hurried with her on deck. When we reached the deck, a gust of wind blew her bonnet off, and sent her long hair streaming like the tail of a comet. I placed her on deck against a life-line, parted her hair clear of her eyes on each side of her head, put my own coat-waister on her, and tied it firmly under her chin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With all my heart!"

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

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

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

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

"Are you married, Ellen?"

"No."

"Have you any matrimonial engagements?"

"No."

"Will you take me for your husband?"

"Yes."

"When?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Did you not call me by name?"

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

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

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

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

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

"It is very singular," she replied, in a half-musing, tone of voice, "that I should have been dreaming about you the same morning, and have awoke with the words, 'Oh, Melville!' in my mouth. But I am, naturally superstitious; my mother was born north of the Tweed, and from her I have inherited much of the dreamy mysticism of the Scotch. I may as well tell you now, that before I ever saw you, a gipsy-woman showed me your image in a glass of water, and told me that you would be my husband; you may imagine, therefore, how much I was startled, when my brother introduced me to you. I might have been married nine years since, but the strange fancy had taken such a firm hold upon my mind that you were to be my husband—a fancy which I religiously kept to myself—till the wishes of my parents and friends were of no avail. I was determined to have you or live single."

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

#### TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

#### LOVE AND FAME.

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

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

Edison, 1860.

#### MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. B. BRITTON.

#### SECOND SERIES.

#### CHAPTER X.

#### THE POWER OF ABSTRACTION.

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

Certain pursuits require great concentration of mind; but it is readily granted that others are most successfully prosecuted by those who are capable of a kind of mental diffusion. The greatest intensity and power are exhibited when the mental energies concentrate. I would not speak disrespectfully of any class of minds, nor designedly undervalue the feeblest effort, if well intended; but among the so-called practical men—the men who know how to make money, and to keep it—there is an unbecoming disposition to ridicule, as mere dreamers, all who entertain an ideal that transcends the dusty walls of vulgar life. It is conceded that those who pursue some miscellaneous business—for example, the man who sells goods and the writer of short items for the newspaper—would accomplish comparatively little, if given to intense concentration and profound abstraction of mind, since the successful discharge of their respective duties is made to depend on the facility with which the mind passes from one object to another. But however indispensable this transitive faculty may be to the man of the world, it is seldom associated with the creative energy of acknowledged genius, or the vast comprehensiveness of the real philosopher. The class denominated practical men, may be men of great research and careful observation; but they are neither distinguished for an intuitive perception of truth, nor for profound and independent thought. Their minds are almost wholly employed in the outer world. They feel the force of facts rather than of principles, and hence realize the value of their senses, while they scarcely comprehend the use of Reason.

Such persons seldom attempt to fathom the depths of human nature, while they as rarely respect the highest demands of the time. Nevertheless, they have their appropriate place in the scale of being, and may, doubtless, well perform their peculiar function. It must be conceded that material objects and physical phenomena still furnish the forms of evidence which appeal with the greatest power to most minds. This is manifestly true of the multitudes in whom the reasoning faculties are but feebly exercised. An essential service may, therefore, be rendered by recording the facts of daily experience, even when the individual himself is not qualified to weigh an argument or to feel the force of a logical deduction. It however requires but little intelligence to perceive a fact that addresses itself to the outward sense; and yet millions are prone to restrict the operations of their minds to the low sphere of sensual observation. They are often heard to say, "I will only believe when I can have the evidence of my senses—I must see, hear, or handle, as the case may require, for myself." Thus they unconsciously but clearly define their true position; and virtually proclaim the fact that they occupy the animal plane of existence. The dog knows enough to follow his instincts; the wild beast runs to his hiding-places when the tempest approaches; even the dove (proverbial for his stupidity) would inevitably become cognizant of the particular fact, should the roof of the stable fall on his head, though his ears might never be open to a discussion of the general laws of attraction. The philosophy of such people—when they have any—is generally fragmentary and superficial. Seldom or never admitted into close communion with the hidden principles of Nature, they are chiefly qualified to notice her outward expressions, while it is given to other minds to receive her sublime oracles. Thus it would seem to be the peculiar province of one class to observe and record; the other, to reveal and create.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### HUSBANDS BE KIND TO YOUR WIVES.

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

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

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

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

#### LETTER FROM LONDON.

Startling Light Manifestations—Macaulay—His Funeral at Westminster Abbey—His Works—The London Times on American Affairs—Rev. T. L. Harris.

DEAR BANNER—I closed my last letter to you, leaving you to guess the probable success of Spiritualism in England, from the examples of opponents and devotees furnished. I have little else of public Spiritualism to quote; but if I were to relate in full all the manifestations I have witnessed, acting myself as the medium, I fear I should weary some of your readers. The occurrence of one evening, at the residence of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, I must recount—not because they will be regarded as more wonderful than those which are familiar to most American Spiritualists; but every record of these facts, however much questioned by *pseudo science*, must be of some value, however slight, to the earnest seeker and investigator. Our party consisted of four individuals—Mr. W., mother, and wife, and myself. We sat, one at each side of a very large mahogany dining-table weighing not less than two hundred and fifty pounds. On our sitting down, rapping occurred as loud, almost, as I have ever heard it, as though the table had been struck with some hard substance. A stiff piece of paste-board was procured, on which was placed a sheet of paper and a common lead crayon. This I grasped in my right hand, and marked, and extended it beneath the table with one hand, sitting, during the time I held it, with both knees visible to those nearest me. A sentence or two was traced upon the paper, beside four quite excellent profiles. Paper and pencil were afterwards placed on the floor, where, with every hand visible upon the top of the table, were traced some characters closely resembling Hebrew, of which I will add, for the benefit of the Greek of Harvard, I am also humbly ignorant. Our next manifestation was with an accordion, which I first took in one hand, and extended under the table. Very soon some not over harmonious attempts were made at a tune, consisting in the greatest degree as to *color*. Still, however, sounds enough were made to give us a very good idea of the presence of some invisible intelligence, kind enough to manifest itself in this way. Here the argument must rest against the medium. It is not in this way. The accordion was passed by me to Mrs. W., Sen., in whose hand it was moved, and some characters were drawn, and shutting it off and lifting the keys. So with Mr. W. and Mrs. W., Jr.

Now, for an ordinary being like myself, there is but one solution to this manifestation. Unlike a great number of experiments, this was not confined to the immediate contact of the medium, but was almost as successful while the accordion was held by the invisible characters closely resembling Hebrew, of which I will add, for the benefit of the Greek of Harvard, I am also humbly ignorant. Our next manifestation was with an accordion, which I first took in one hand, and extended under the table. Very soon some not over harmonious attempts were made at a tune, consisting in the greatest degree as to *color*. Still, however, sounds enough were made to give us a very good idea of the presence of some invisible intelligence, kind enough to manifest itself in this way. Here the argument must rest against the medium. It is not in this way. The accordion was passed by me to Mrs. W., Sen., in whose hand it was moved, and some characters were drawn, and shutting it off and lifting the keys. So with Mr. W. and Mrs. W., Jr.

The lights were now extinguished, and three pocket-handkerchiefs thrown at random beneath the table, which we requested the spirits, if possible, to knot. At our request to move the table, the massive piece of mahogany was balanced upon one leg, and moved about in divers ways, utterly beyond the strength of any one party present to accomplish. Suddenly the movements ceased, at which moment Mrs. W., Sen., cried out, "I have a handkerchief tied thrown upon my shoulder—why, I am knotted, too!" Mrs. W., Jr., and I—minus his knotted, also "I" I then moved the table, and moving of the table, we heard some heavy body strike upon it, which, at first, sounded as though somebody with a heavy tread was walking on the table. This proved to be a very large mahogany chair, which stood amongst a number of others in a row at the side of the room, and was moved to a very large dining-room. Very soon after the knotting of the handkerchiefs, another chair was placed on the table, but so silently that no one heard it—it having been discovered there after we had bidden the spirit good night, and relighted the room. But two out of the three handkerchiefs were tied, one of which proved to be Mrs. W., Jr.'s; the other two, Mrs. W.'s mother; the other, Mr. W.'s, thrown to his wife, Mrs. W., Jr. Quite an "episode de l'annu" Mrs. W., Sen.'s, still remained on the floor. On her asking if they would not knot hers, three distinct responses were heard, when we again extinguished the lights, and resumed our seats. While waiting for this manifestation, all of us were repeatedly bowed, in the most decided manner, and in such a way as to render it impossible for any suspicion of each other. On our asking if the handkerchief was knotted, the answer was quite evasive—so much so, that we asked if they would knot it, which brought another evasive reply. We then asked them, if they could not knot it, if they would tie it some other time. Their reply was "Yes. We had them good night, lighted the lights, and looked for the handkerchiefs, when lo! it was found perched upon one of the two chairs still remaining on the table, knotted in three places—in the middle and at both ends.

Of all the curious knots I ever saw, these were the most singular and intricate tied, even to the almost exact representation of a face in one of the knots. Perhaps the most striking intervention of an outside intelligence, and power totally separate from any one present will be found in the following circumstance. In the outside left pocket of my coat, a handkerchief in which three knots had been tied on a previous evening, Mr. W. asked if they could tie another knot in that handkerchief while it remained in my pocket. The reply was, yes. I placed both my hands in Mrs. W., Jr.'s hands, and while in this position my coat was heard to rustle, while I distinctly felt a something at work in my handkerchief. Another knot was tied in it. My hands were held during the operation. Now this must prove a very "hard nut" for the "reflex actionists" and the "back-brain theorists."

The events of London, large as it is, have been few, but the past week will long be remembered by England, and especially, and the world at large, as one in which our great English statesman, Lord Macaulay, died. On Monday I visited Westminster Abbey, which was then the witness of a solemnity which will be remembered and regarded, certainly, by every Englishman, and by every community where the language is spoken. There the most powerful, versatile, and popular writer of the day, the man whose name was widely different in character and ability, but whose various greatness none could better appreciate than he, the remains of Lord Macaulay now rest. Whither his soul has fled we need not surmise, but know to the glad companionship of those about whose brilliant lives he wreathed the never fading garland of a people's love, by his powerful and well directed energy, he has now gained a more fitting honor than he has ever before won. His remains could have been paid to the noble dead than to lay his bones among those whose history he had so faithfully penned, and whose characters he had so happily sketched. The illustrious Addison, near whose monument Lord Macaulay lies, wrote in his history on the Abbey, in that elegant and impressive language which is known throughout the English race. It was with a peculiar fitness that he was in turn laid to rest in the place he had helped to consecrate with his wonderful genius. So with the lamented Macaulay. Those who are familiar with his writings will remember in what terms he alludes to this burial place of Englishmen, and how much his feelings and fancy were moved by this sort of national canonization. On Monday, most of those whose praise he valued, assembled to pay him that tribute which he regarded as the last and highest crown of fame—a resting place in Westminster Abbey.

It was generally thought that the funeral was, if any thing, a more touching ceremony than if the death had taken place during the sitting of Parliament, and a public interment had been proposed and resolved on by the Legislature. It seems however, that with the natural reserve of Englishmen, public funerals should take place only on rare occasions; such as the decease of a Sovereign, or some very eminent man like Pitt, Peel, or Wellington.

Lord Macaulay was a public man, that is—he had held high office in the Government; but he will live in the memory of the Anglo-Saxon race as a man of letters, and thus the spontaneous honors paid him by those of kindred pursuits, were more fitting even, than would have been the attendance of both Houses. Lord Macaulay was a man of letters, and thus the spontaneous honors paid him by those of kindred pursuits, were more fitting even, than would have been the attendance of both Houses. Lord Macaulay was a man of letters, and thus the spontaneous honors paid him by those of kindred pursuits, were more fitting even, than would have been the attendance of both Houses.

How much has been lost by the early death of this gifted man cannot be known. It is as if a rare collection of precious and uncopied manuscripts had suddenly been destroyed; as if we stood, before a tablet in whose unknown characters were hidden principles and truths of incalculable value, pupils waiting to drink in the solution of the mystery, and who to whom we look for our teacher, and who to whom we look for our guide, has been lost. Lord Macaulay has given us in his history the narrative of the Revolution, and the reign of William III. How complete and how graphic they are, every reader knows; but the careful student will find

much to lead him to believe that the writer had hardly arrived at the period which he principally studied, and which he would have painted with the most consummate skill. Had he been spared to write the wars of Marlborough, and the accession of the House of Hanover, to criticize the literature of Queen Anne's time, and even to sketch the character of our country, we might have possessed pictures even more striking than those which represent the fall of James and the struggles between William and the French king. But all the gathered materials of so many years have perished, preserved as they only could be in the brain of the historian. That these materials may be used in the future, there is no doubt; but can we hope, from what we know of the lore of a Macaulay, which consisted not in mere isolated facts, but in analogies, parallels, and inductions, which no one can develop but the originator, that they will have anything like kindred justice done them? The loss is not so much England's. It is a glory to the dead that his works are more studied abroad than at home. Though his volumes might bring home to the Englishman something new, still he will have had a pretty clear notion of the occurrences of his time, as of that of his father's by tradition—but to us, or any other race, his works must be regarded as invaluable. The volumes of Lord Macaulay have been described by a German writer as a text-book for the students of liberty, and the praise is not out of place.

The history of England has gradually been becoming more and more the central history of the world, the record which all nations are uniting to examine and explore. But the spread of the English race, and the genius of England's great national poet, have made the events of her medieval history as familiar to the modern world as were the wars of Troy and Thebes to the ancients. Something like this Macaulay succeeded in accomplishing for the periods of which he treated. In him, England loves not only one who instructed her, but one who impressed on the world her claim to be light among the nations.

The Times, with a heavy sigh, begins about the President's Message, which, however, it considers of sufficient importance to give place to in its precious columns. "About this period, in each recurring year, it becomes our duty to make some remarks on the Message of the American President." The Times asserts that the messages are read with less interest by English politicians than the manifesto of some second rate potentate of Europe (doubtless because republicanism is ill-suited to aristocracy,) and then goes on to say that those, however, who wade through their immediate length will generally receive instruction. According to the English oracle, America's course will be "entangling alliances" and interference with the quarrels of princes—the hot-headedness of her generals—and also, "that we have been unwise in abandoning that isolation possible to us, and asserting ourselves so boldly; but such a course is peculiar to every young, ambitious and self-reliant power."

Quite interesting this, and considerable, too, when it may very properly be remembered that no power on the face of the globe ever arrogated so much to itself as England; quite kind, when she owns the very vitality of her progressive movements to the belligerent proclivities of her cousins. Yet Mr. Buchanan is very highly regarded, "as the first eminent politician who for the last quarter of a century has been called to the highest office."

The Times thinks we must have Cuba, from the fact that it costs something for a power to maintain an army of fifty thousand strong in an enemy's country; months after months—aluding doubtless to Morocco—and judges, though Spain is now prosperous enough, that the time may come when the dollars of President Buchanan will be a sore temptation to the O'Donnell Ministry, and adds:—"To our thinking, the glory of beating a few African barbarians, and even the profit of occupying a fortress or two on the coast, will be dearly purchased with the revenues of the most fertile and patient of colonies." This, if true, shows Cuba is not far distant from the avaricious grasp of our government.

Rev. T. L. Harris is to continue in London for ten or twelve successive Sundays. His audience last Sunday was much larger than on the first, and quite an appreciative gathering.

Squibs.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### "POSBERTY" FOR VIOLET FELTON.

BY LITA H. HARRIS.

Where the emerald sea seen,  
Of the tiny grass is seen,  
From its bed by soft down wet,  
Peepeth forth the violet.  
Gentle friend, pray pass it by,  
Or admire it carefully;  
Pluck ye not its beauty yet,  
Spare, oh spare the violet!  
O'er it scarce a day hath sped,  
But its fresh, sweet life is fled;  
Soon, indeed, its sun hath set—  
Thou art gone, my violet!

'Neath the sunny southern skies,  
Where the zephyrs, only rise,  
From two souls by love-deers wet,  
Sprang our pretty Violet.  
Eyes of heaven's clearest blue,  
Hair in curls of golden hue,  
Tendrils sweet and winding yet,  
Round their hearts, dear Violet,  
But the loving angels came,  
Wrote within their book thy name,  
Claimed for spirit-life thy rest,  
Borne thee homeward, Violet.

One pure blossom perished fair,  
Breathing fragrance on the air,  
So thy spirit yieldeth yet,  
Sweetest perfume, Violet.

Where pale sorrow rears its throne,  
Where the heart is sad and lone,  
Sympathy doth bind thee yet,  
Down to earth-life, Violet,  
Speaking lore in angel tones,  
Chiming songs for loving ones,  
Whispering "love will not forget,"  
Comforter, dear Violet.

Thus, when happy hours o'flow,  
May we each on all bestow,  
Great mankind as brothers meet,  
Lessons learned of Violet!

Providence, R. I., 1860.

#### GHOST-SEERS AND GHOSTS.

Facts concerning are already recorded, attesting the sight of what purports to be the spirits of the departed, to justify an attempt at explanation. The first class of facts to which I will call attention is that in which the person sees an external physical object, the idea vividly existing in his own mind. Cases of this kind are numerous and well attested.

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

Facts illustrating this law are the following. Just before the wars with the Indian Philip in New England, the inhabitants in their fear saw bows and arrows, and scalp in the sky, horsemen galloping through the air, etc. The colonists had sent a ship to England for food, was lost at sea; the inhabitants ignorant of its fate, conversed, and on the bay in front of the house, was seen a ship, with sails spread and moving before the wind; all the company saw it for some minutes, and then it vanished.

Lord Byron, while intently thinking of Walter Scott, raised his head and saw his friend standing at the further end of the hall, dressed in his usual garb. The persons on the raft from the shipwrecked Medusa while in a state of starvation, saw the ships which they hoped for, and beautiful landscapes and plantations, leading into cities, beyond them.

Tasso, while in prison, weak from hunger and confinement, heard a clock tick, the church bell ring, and before him in the air appeared the Virgin with her son in her arms, surrounded by a halo of colored light.

All this class of visions are referred to as "spectral illusion," "imagination," "hallucination," etc. These terms I repudiate; they mean nothing; and are used to conceal what we do not understand. All this class of facts are referable to the law of mental reflection. If



rather, his masters in the newspaper—to condemn,



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

## Banner of Light.

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### THE MARKET PLACE.

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

To illustrate this view, we need but look at things around us. The first need being to secure subsistence, of course the first thought is to see each what the other wants, if he can supply it, and at what price. The price is everything, even going before fitness and skill in the calling a man may have chosen. Hence, when a man is known to possess a knack, or a knowledge, that fetches him in a round return in money, he is popularly styled a better man than his neighbor, who, perhaps, with vastly more knowledge and wisdom, is still deficient in the executive ability alone.

To men, they thus all carry their own prices upon their backs. Each one learns at last to esteem himself, not for what he ought to know he is worth, but for what his talents will bring at the public counter. It is lamentably true of all our professions and professions; while we acknowledge it should be so to a certain extent, we only grieve that it should be so altogether.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### The New Volume.

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

### ENLARGEMENT

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

### Love.

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

### THE TELEGRAPH DISCONTINUED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Our heart has been daily grieved with cheering words from many journals, accumulated with money for the continuance of our paper. . . . When we contemplate the work we have unceasingly been engaged in, constant faith of sorrow runs through our veins, and we are conscious of the necessity of uttering these parting words. We shall not part with our small books containing your address, but shall occasionally send them out, as the year goes by, and if we should have anything to say publicly which we think might be interesting to you, we shall venture to mail it to your address. We contemplate traveling some during the ensuing year, and wherever we stop, we shall endeavor to make the personal acquaintance of our patrons and friends. Thanking each of you kindly for your patronage and encouragement, we bid you an affectionate ADIEU!"

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

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

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

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

"We by no means arrogate to ourselves the credit of all the spiritual successes of the *Telegraph*. Much of its success is due to influences which have surrounded us, and to the able contributions to its columns, and to Brother Pennington, who has been our indefatigable co-laborer. We now resign our position to the future, and hope that he will reap some of the benefits of our labors, and will be able to do more and better for the happiness and elevation of mankind than ourselves."

### Death of George Atkins.

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

### What We See in the Looking-Glass.

The World's Crisis has in its last issue a long article of the steepest bitterness against Spiritualism, the first sentence of which is the following:

"Our shattered and fallen world, with the advancement of six thousand years ending upon it, has perhaps never been assailed with a doctrine more fearful in its tendency, delusive in its hopes, and fatal in its consequences, than 'Modern Spiritualism.'"

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

### Portland Matters.

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

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

### HANDS MEMORIALS.

The feeling that prompts the living to respect the remains and to cherish the memory of the departed is eminently honorable to human nature. If we have any true sympathy for our kind, we stop lightly above the ashes of those whom in life we loved with tenderness and sincerity. The monuments of the great, whether reared by gratitude or love, and every white tablet by the silent portals through which our mortal companions disappeared—may testify how the living still respect and cherish their virtues, and with what unflinching resolution the human affections follow their objects to the great life beyond. The man who equanimity his time in thoughtless indulgence, or wastes his substance in riotous living, while the forms of his kindred are buried like the beasts of the field—with no memorial to mark the mortal resting place—is little better than a barbarian. Indeed, those who suffer the graves of their fathers to be overgrown and trodden under foot, or otherwise profaned by the Mammoth worshippers, are guilty of a species of Vandalism that would shock the sensibilities of an American savage, if he were uncorrupted by the commercial spirit of the age.

We are pleased to know that the work of reform does not stop this side of the grave. The Rural Cemeteries near most of our populous towns and cities, are—at once and as truly—revelations of living beauty and deathless affection, as the old churchyards were of hideous deformity and hopeless decay. Spiritualism lights up "the valley," and as the "shadow of death" is but a momentary shade, that disappears in the light of an endless life, it is proper that these silent cities should be eminently beautiful, and that the pure white memorials of the departed should be numerous as the graves of our loved ones.

In this connection we may be permitted to remark, that our excellent friends, H. D. Sanford, of Webster, Mass., and M. J. Sanford, of Danversville, Conn.,—whose card will be found in another column—are prepared to furnish Composite Monuments, Plain and Ornamental Slabs, Tablets, and whatever else may be comprehended in their business, on the most equitable and liberal terms. We are acquainted with H. D. Sanford and Company, and having compared their work and their prices with those of other parties, we have no hesitation in expressing the strong assurance we feel, that they will furnish Memorials of every description, of the best materials and workmanship, and at the lowest possible prices. Persons at a distance who may require monumental work, will doubtless suit themselves and save expense, by sending their orders to H. D. Sanford & Company.

### The Molodan Lectures.

Miss Laura E. A. DeForce will lecture in the trance state in the Molodan on Sunday, March 24, at 2:30 and 7:15 o'clock P. M. Miss DeForce has never spoken in Boston, but comes to us highly recommended from the West, where she has been lecturing for the past two years. Our readers will be able to form an opinion of the estimate in which she is held even among the disbelievers in Spiritualism by the following notices which we clip from the secular press:

TRANCE LECTURES.—Miss L. E. DeForce, a trance medium, has been delivering a series of lectures in town, and Spiritualism, is now the all-absorbing topic. Last Sabbath evening, by the request of Robert J. Egan, she delivered a temperance lecture to a crowded house, and all who heard it, were in awe of her, for her eloquence and sound reasoning, it was hard to excel. On Monday evening she spoke from a text of Scripture selected by a committee, and she handled the subject in such a manner that it demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt, that she is sufficient for any emergency. Numerous questions were asked her, all of which were answered satisfactorily; she was interrogated in every possible shape, and all were astonished at her "understanding and answers." Dr. Flint—now settled with his previous experience—challenged her to a public discussion, and proposed accounting for the various phenomena attributed to Spiritualism upon strictly scientific principles. His remarks, as well as the young lady's, were highly interesting, and very many curious facts in regard to Spiritualism, mesmerism, hypnosis, etc., were related; but if the doctor established his theory that all the manifestations claimed by Spiritualists were the result of magnetic influence, we were too obtuse to discover it.

We are no advocates of Spiritualism, nor have we over taken the trouble to investigate the matter; but when we see a young lady of nineteen or twenty years of age, comparatively uneducated, contend successfully with the Barons of Wauken, and deliver such able lectures on any subject that others may select for her, we very naturally inquire into the cause.

The McGregor (Iowa) Times thus speaks of the lady:

"The people of Decatur are unusually excited under the spiritism of Miss DeForce of LaCrosse, who claims to disrobe through the disembodied spirits of the dead. On Tuesday evening she spoke to a large audience in the Court House, upon the subject of Astronomy. The subject was proposed by a committee selected for that purpose, after the speaker had metamorphosed herself into a so-called spiritual trance. The remarks were not logic in reason, neither did she give any facts upon descriptive Astronomy, yet the discourse throughout was listened to with profound interest, and characterized by a wonderful display of language. On Thursday evening she lectured upon Reforming Christ as the great reformer of the world. And a more practical, Christian-like sermon I never heard uttered from this pulpit. It may be borne hard upon the churches, but if they are prepared to deny the teachings of Christ as delineated by Miss DeForce or John Howard, the great philosopher, as she claims, then I say the church is a defective institution. There is some doubt as to whether she is a medium, or a man of address, but because it cannot be otherwise explained, I am not disposed to ascribe it to spiritual manifestation. We advise all to calmly investigate, and not with the sick, denounce as a humbug that which they have not refused their notice."

### Star in the West.

This paper, after rehearsing the deficiencies of the Spiritualist "creed," says—"While the creed is meagre, in our view, it contains some just and beautiful sentiments which must minister to the virtue and felicity of a believing mind."

There is no creed on earth which, if Spiritualism does not already accept, it will be obliged to, and call its own. Is the creed that accepts all creeds a "meagre" creed?

The writer claims that Christianity covers all the ground of the Spiritualists' creed, and vastly more. Does Christianity accept all other religions that exist on the earth as being as true in the orderings of nature as its own is? No. Then we claim that the Spiritualists' creed covers more ground, for it covers the ground of all creeds.

### Modern Miracles.

A record of startling facts in Psychometry, Healing by the Imposition of Hands, and Clear Seeing, regardless of distance, darkness, and intervening objects—recently published in this paper—has been issued in a neat Pamphlet of thirty-three closely printed pages. It contains many stubborn facts, which the skeptical in such matters will find it difficult to dispose of to their own satisfaction. As it will aid in convincing those who yet doubt, that men still have souls, it is a good thing to circulate. Price ten cents single; sixteen copies for one dollar. To be had at this office, and of S. T. Munson, New York.

"MARRIAGE," AND "T. L. HARRIS AND SPIRITUALISM."—Two letters from Judge Edmonds, on the above topics, were received on Sunday last—too late for this issue. We shall attend to them in our next.

### Message Vortized.

MESSAGE, EDITORS.—I saw a communication in the BANNER of February 14th from George Walker to his wife in Buffalo. I have taken pains to ascertain the facts, and have found the woman; and she says she supposes that it is for her; but she does not seem to want anything said about it, as she is in a family, the members of which are not believers in spirit communion. Perhaps it is as well for her to keep quiet as they are people that stand very high in society here, and I think are conscientious in their opposition to Spiritualism. Yours truly, A. B. C.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 13th, 1890.

### Reported for the Banner of Light. DROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE. Wednesday Evening, Feb. 22.

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

DR. CHILDS.—  
"All the world is but  
A quality of God, and . . .  
All the countless souls that dwell  
The best, the worst, are heirs to one salvation."

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

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

I often meet with persons who are influenced by so-called evil spirits to revenge an injury, to recent contemptuous treatment, to stand for dignity and honor, and fight with all the gathered efforts of human powers against the phantoms of wrong and injustice. Revenge is a seed, apparently evil, that grows spontaneously in human hearts, to blossom in celestial levelness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, I know quite a number of men who are influenced in this way. And this is eminently right. Wait and we shall all see the beautiful flowers that will blossom out of this evil.

I know a great many people, who are considered to be religiously excellent, that are influenced by so-called evil spirits to honestly believe that almost everybody shall be damned, while themselves, with a few others, shall be unutterably happy. Is not this belief right and true to the condition that produces it? This so-called evil seed is germinating in darkness; it will blow in light; it is a seed of holiness. I know uncounted numbers of



[illegible]



so big listeners and a host of opposers.







