

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

JACK MELVILLE;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

BY DUNCAN M'LEAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Exactly, sir."

"Now we understand each other, Major. I will gratify or satisfy Col. Burke as speedily as possible."

I immediately sent my servant to procure a carriage, and ordered my mate, Mr. Swain, of Nantucket, to take out of the ship's armory two of the best cutlasses. Having tried both their blades, and finding them just right, I said—

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

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

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

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

Old Mr. Bartlett had been dead several years, and Col. Burke and young Bartlett, the gentleman-sailor I had saved, resided in his house. Opposite it we halted. The major, after consulting Col. Burke, returned and said the colonel was pleased with my readiness, but was at a loss where we could have a meeting unobserved at such an hour of the day. It was noon. Knowing Mr. Bartlett's garden, I suggested that we could fight unobserved upon a green plat surrounded by trees, which I said was in the lower end of the grounds.

The major, after another brief consultation, returned and conducted my second and myself into the garden. Here I met Col. Burke; he was, and still is, a noble-looking fellow, tall as I am, but more bulky. He bowed, and said—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All fair, Major McDonald?" I inquired.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ellen is here, sir."

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

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

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

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

As the most friendly relations continued between me and the old earl, he told me that he had become embarrassed in his affairs through speculations, which had proved failures. His condition was known to Bartlett and Burke, and their remarks upon the subject annoyed him. Both Ellen and myself examined his affairs minutely, and discovered that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Having abundant means at our disposal, we soon retrieved his fortunes; and, to guard against future contingencies, he appointed me the steward of his estates. Thirteen years afterwards he died, and left a very large estate, which I still manage for the benefit of all concerned.

Old Jason left me his yacht, the Blazes; he died a few years before his brother. This estate I purchased from Capt. Intrepid, and here I have resided about twenty years. I have six children—four boys and two girls—all well, I believe. Two of the boys are mates in the East India trade, and the other two are lieutenants in the navy.

The girls are at present in the north of Scotland with Capt. Intrepid and his family, so that Ellen and myself are alone in our glory. During thirty years we have never been absent from each other more than six hours at a time, and have always slept under the same roof. We have long since become reconciled to Burke, who is now a major-general, and to Bartlett, who is a gentleman of leisure, living upon his fortune. We have not therefore an enemy in the world, but, we trust, troops of friends. Mrs. Burke is still a beautiful woman, and is still very proud, but has no children.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Life without love is barren as a desert.

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

There is the germ of good in all.
No matter how debased and low;
And if we all but do our part,
Stronger and healthier it will grow.
The felon in the prison cell,
No matter what his crimes have been,
Has human feelings left within,
And may become a man again.
If we but gently touch the spark,
That dormant truth hid from sight,
Then teach him, ye who know the wrong,
And on his path shed rays of light.
And thus the good will overcome
The evil that doth reign supreme;
And we will live to love each other,
And say that this was but a dream.

A. C. C.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT
LAND.

NUMBER SIX.

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

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

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

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

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

Dr. Spencer, in citation by Warburton, was impelled to declare, with other learned writers, "that the resemblance between the ancient Heathen Religions and the ancient Religion which was instituted by God, was in many respects so great that they thought that God was pleased to institute the one in imitation of the other." So great is this similarity, that learned men of all times have been constrained to conclude that God was no more the author of the Hebrew than of the Gentile religion. We have the testimony of the Bible itself, that the Jews went after the rites of the Gentiles, never the Gentiles after those of the Jews; or, in the language of the Bishop, "You people of the Jews are contrary to all other nations; you are fond of borrowing their rites, while none of them are fond of borrowing yours." This author has a citation in foot-note saying that the Pagans learnt the art of Divination in schools, or under discipline, as the Jews did prophesying in the schools and colleges of the prophets, [for which Wheatley's "Schools of the Prophets" is quoted.] where—the learned Dodwell says—the candidates for prophecy were taught the rules of Divination practised by the Pagans, who were skilled therein, and in possession of the art long before them." In this connection, Dr. Spencer is cited as classing the prophets among "persons ecstatical and Poets whose speeches rather follow the easy sense of the soul than the rigid truth of things." The oneness of origin in this causation may be seen in the researches of the modern magicians and Spiritualists. See the "Celestial Telegraph" of Cataguet, and the "Animal Magnetism" of Prof. Gregory. This latter author relates a case of a prophetess in Venice whose predictions came to pass as fully as any of the ancient prophets. All these things having a common origin in super-natural cognition, the Bishop's wisdom, of a century and a quarter ago, is quite apt and sparkling in this generation of light, when he concludes that what was borrowed from the "Egyptian superstition" is no reasonable objection to the divinity of the Hebrew. We think so, too; and so, too, what the Jews might originate, not any objection to the divinity of the Egyptian source, for the one being source for the other. But no, says the Bishop; not quite so fast as that, for, while "it would be equally foolish not to own that a greater part of the Jewish ritual was composed in reference to the superstitions of Egypt," yet, it would be equally absurd not to see that the Jews were ahead of their masters.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The lavish act of sin
Lies in delinquency to the inward parts,
The soul grows clogged by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite loses
The divine property of her first being.
Such are these thick and gloomy shades we damp
Of seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself to carnal sensuality,
To a degenerate and degraded state."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egria, thy all heavenly beam beaming
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover,
The purple twilight veiled that mystic meeting:
With her most hasty exodus, and leading
Thyself by thine adorer, what benefit?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamored Goddess, and the call,
Heeded by holy love, the earliest oracle!"

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

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

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

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

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

C. B. P.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

London, Jan. 25, 1890.

REV. T. L. HARRIS AND SPIRITUALISM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

New York, Feb. 23, 1890. J. W. EDMONDS.

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

BY MARY B. W. DAVIS.

Kaleidoscope of nature's making,
Art thou, beautiful Minnehaha!
In the heart and soul awake
Worship for the spirit-father
That didst form them, teeming water,
Gladsome water, Minnehaha!
No! an artist e'er could paint thee
With such bloomings, Minnehaha!
Brush and palette thou dost defeat,
As the sun from his home off far
Brightly bathes thee, happy water,
Queen of waters, Minnehaha!
Thou dost wield a scepter o'er
Every heart, bright Minnehaha,
For thou caustest worship over
For thy wondrous beauties, which are
Greater than all other waters,
Rainbow-tinted Minnehaha!
Providence, Jan., 1890.

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

Japanese Priests.

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

Christmas.

"Putnam's Monthly for January, 1890, contains a thrilling story entitled 'The Ghost,' written by Wm. D. O'Connor, Esq., of New York City. We have room to make only an extract of the closing paragraph:

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

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

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* was written by the spirit who bore it, through the medium of J. H. DORRIS, while in a state called the trance. These are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than passive beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall descend from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions morally, relatively to things not experienced.

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

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 112 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1846 to No. 1851.
Tuesday, Dec. 21.—Hed James attained the highest possible state of perfection? William Barnard, New Bedford; Samuel Dillidge, Boston; Hannah Eldridge, Bangor.
Wednesday, Dec. 22.—The spirit of a man, who died in any way by death? John Loring, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; Mary Moore, to her son John.
Thursday, Jan. 3.—Slavery and the Bible? Francis Smith, Boston; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Knight; Clara Forrester.
Wednesday, Jan. 4.—What is Magnetism? Lucy Lee, Brougham; Harriet Nichols, Taunton; Samuel Richardson, Boston.
Thursday, Jan. 5.—How do we know that God dwells everywhere? Mary Castle, Boston; Robert Sanderson, Philadelphia; Julia Bruce, Cambridge.
Friday, Jan. 6.—Is God the Author of Evil? E. C. Copley, Gorrell.

Modern Spiritualism.

The Religion of Spiritualism—what is it, and who can understand it?

Spiritualism offers to man a natural religion. It is the religion of natural laws. It gives all man and woman a right to seek for themselves, and to understand for themselves, according to that which God has given to them as individuals. The religion of Spiritualism brings to every man liberty and freedom—it binds none, but sets all free. It is given to every man and woman a God well adapted to themselves.

"Spiritualism reproduces the Bible"—so says our questioner. "It is a bubble, without reality. It is the child of the devil. It is an influence of evil that is moving over the mental surface of life, casting shadows here, there, and everywhere."

This is the assertion of our questioner. He speaks thus because he does not understand Spiritualism or its Author. He does not understand that which is due to either. He speaks from out of darkness. He lives in the past; his foot is chained from the past. He catches not of the fruits of to-day, for he is dead. He is not here. He speaks to the children of old time—he speaks not to-day—his face is buried in the past. "Spiritualism is an evil," and yet he calls upon us to tell him what it is. "Who can understand it?" he asks. "Not they who look upon the surface, and fail to penetrate the interior life, which is God. The influence that moves over humanity, telling the child of to-day he had nothing to do with the past—that he lives on the food of to-day, and need not wander to the past for food."

Spiritualism teaches men and women to obey the law of God in all things. It says, "Oh, man, come up higher—drink deeper at the fountain of life; walk not until the second life to become acquainted with your God, but see him in all he has made. Go not into temples built by men to worship God, for perchance he may not be there; but go forth in nature and see him in his creations. Worship him everywhere. See him in the little child, the old man, the evil one, the good. Bow, oh man, to no creature—worship no church, but go into the world and see thy God."

He who seeks in humility to know the new light that is flooding your land, need not seek in vain; but he who passes off at asking this or that one of it, will hardly obtain food. Go forth, thyself, oh man, and seek for thyself. Thy brother cannot seek for thee. What may be religion to him may not be to you. Every individual is governed by a law peculiar to himself. One accepts God in one way, another has a different way. All are right—none are wrong. The crowd-bound soul is going to heaven in his way. He sees no light, understands no other religious theory except that. He accepts it, calls it good, and worships God thereby. Vorily he doth, and yet he is a slave; he willingly places a yoke of bigotry and error on his shoulders. He fails to see the light that is shining on thousands. He fears to go forth to seek truth that is offered in a simpler way. From his earliest recollections the Bible has been his standard. He has been educated to believe every word to be true. He says: "I have the Bible for my guide; I ask for nothing more." Such an one is unfit to receive Spiritualism. But when the light has burned a desire into his soul, he himself, if he go not forth to seek for higher light.

For fifty odd years our questioner has been firmly grounded upon a belief. But it is simply a belief, he possesses no knowledge. His religion has served him well these fifty years, but the light of Modern Spiritualism begins to dawn upon him, and he is dissatisfied with what the pastor says, and he asks what is this Modern Spiritualism? We inform our questioner that he should become acquainted with it in all its manifestations, and then he will not need to ask us what it is.

Fifty odd years, again we say, our questioner has stood upon one religious platform, and now, as the messenger of change is nearing his temple, his spirit is weary, and he seeks for relief—he reaches his hand out for more food. And now as the kind Father hath seen fit to bestow one ray of light upon him, it is his duty to open wide the door of his temple, that he may pass from this sphere with joy and rejoicing.

Who can understand the religion of Modern Spiritualism? All who understand nature. The child may understand enough to guide it to manhood, and the man enough to guide him to old age; and when the old man stands upon the shore of the grave, a brighter light will come to him. All who understand the religion of Jesus Christ may understand this, for it is the religion of Jesus—nothing more, nothing less, and if our questioner can understand the Jesus of ancient time, he can understand the Jesus of to-day.

George Williams.

I am a stranger here. Perhaps it may be well for you to give me some knowledge of your requirements. I have friends that I am anxious to get into communication with, and I have been advised to come here. I was told that you do so as to subject to certain rules. May I inquire what these rules may be?

I have been dead—yes, dead—between one and two years. You ask for the disease. Unfortunately I am unable to give much in that respect. I was injured by accident some number of years before death, and ever after I was subject to many severe attacks of what may be termed a stoppage—all action would be suspended for a time in my stomach—and I suppose I may say that my death was caused by accident, or a disease caused by it. I was upwards of fifty-eight years of age.

I was a member of the Christian Baptist Church in Taunton, Mass. I do not know how I shall be received; but as one Christian would receive another, I hope, that I should be a great deal happier here if I could get into free communion with my family and friends. They will be disappointed, and terribly so, when they come here; I was. All my ideas of heaven amounted to nothing. It is in no one respect what I thought it would be. I was so disappointed, and so totally confounded, that I could hardly believe I had made any change at all, until I met and conversed with some of my friends whom I knew were dead. I am very anxious to get into communion with my friends. Do you think I shall succeed? Do you think my cause is the most likely one? I know much about the communion of spirits with their friends. I find that most all who come, do so if they choose; but it is one thing to come, and another to be accepted.

I do not want to say that the religion I died by is good for nothing here. I don't want to believe it to be so; but, upon my soul, I fear I shall be obliged to, and I fear some of the friends will be more terribly disappointed than I was. I do think it will be well for some of our church members and ministers to come out and look at this thing, for some of us who were so strongly wedded to the church, find it very hard to receive a welcome from our brethren. They do not dare to receive us, and our ministers do not. I think every one should feel it not only their right, but duty, to look into this thing. Every spirit who comes asking to commune with his friends has quite enough faith to prove himself true. I have. I have not forgotten what I was, or any of my friends.

I heard something of the spiritual doctrine before my death; but of course I paid no attention to it. I thought it was a stumbling-block placed by the Devil for Christians to stumble over. I don't want to come into the belief that the religion I worshipped on earth is good for nothing; but I fear I shall be obliged to.

I was disappointed in everything. In the first place I expected to go far from earth, and not to know anything of earth afterwards. I expected to be ushered into heaven, and to see God, and to have done with earth; but it seems I am here on earth, and not done with it at all.

Disappointed! why, my dear sir, I am disappointed in everything. All my ideas of spirit-life were so different from those I now see, that I sometimes think I have not passed through all the changes of death.

I should like to talk with my minister—he who used to be. His name was Pollard. It may be he can give me some light, and may be I can give him some. I will not do him any harm—as there is truth in God, I will not; but if he fears me, I advise him to stand aloof.

I come here to open communion with my friends, because I believe it to be my duty. I have suffered so much that I do not want my friends to pass over the same road.

Should I be welcome? I doubt it; but I pray God I may be. Give me a chance to speak face to face with my friends, and if I don't prove myself to be George Williams, they may say it is not George Williams. But, until that time, I pray to be kindly considered.

Daniel to John S. Collins.

Ready! That's a signal for me to proceed, I suppose. I should like to be a little better if you'd give me a little sea room. That old fellow was in a peck of trouble about his religion. Now, you see, I didn't have any; I didn't have any idea as to what I was coming to, and I wasn't disappointed any when I got here. I didn't know what I went to sleep, whether I should wake up or not, and I didn't care much.

I've got a brother in New Orleans, a half-brother in New York city, and a brother in Sacramento, California—that is, they were in those places when I last knew of them. I wasn't the worst fellow that ever lived. I died either because they didn't give me enough room, or too much—one or the other, certainly. I had something to do with it. I died at Chicago, in 1854. I've got a lot of a hard story here to tell.

My brother John was with me; he's a different turn from me; he loves money pretty well—he didn't care much about it. I wanted enough to get along with, and have a good time; but he liked a little, and a little too much, so he thought he'd appropriate what little I left to himself. Now look here! I want my wife to have it; so I want him to fork over. I do not come back for revenge, but to let him know that I have been round and know what's been going on, and to tell him to fork over. I will help him all I can; but he must not be caught not to fork over my own dead or alive.

Yes, I can injure him. Suppose I had one of God's revolvers? Could I not handle it and injure you? I may get a machine like this sometime, and I may get a chance to handle his own. These spiritual bodies have the advantage of material ones, and we can trip you up sometimes, when you think you stand on firm ground. I find I can use my faculties as well as I ever could—on material things, too. Yes, I mean it. If spirits have a will strong enough to injure any one on earth, they can do it. Now I was determined to let my brother know I could know what was going on on earth, and take the kinks out of him, and I found this place, and made pretty sure that he would get my communication, and be pretty sure to fork over in time.

Ans.—Spirits do take the appetite for intoxicating drinks with them. I would not object to a whiskey punch now; but I wouldn't go across the room for it. Yes, I could enjoy drinking just as well, if I could get control of a body, as I ever could. I do not see, if spirits carry this mortal passion with them, as they do, why they cannot enjoy these passions. I know it is so with me—experience has given me knowledge. If you had a strong love of the beautiful, or was fond of music, do you suppose you would still retain that love? It is so with the base passions.

Ans.—Some spirits are more clairvoyant than others; some contend that they can see a great way into the future, and they can, because they prophesy, and everything comes according to it.

Six weeks ago I wanted her, [the medium], bodily, as you term it; I saw this place and these persons—all seemed to pass before me like a picture; it was as clear to me as it is to-day; I saw myself controlling as clear as I now do.

Ans.—Some people in the body I can only see to spirits—others I can see their outward adorning. There are some here whose exterior bodies I cannot see; I can see their spirits, but not the natural body.

Ans.—Certainly, people do retain their revenging feelings after death. Who knows that the spirit who dies in this way is not, trying to obtain revenge even now? I have never seen anything of this, but I have heard of it. I see no reason why a spirit cannot return and revenge himself, if he has any one to revenge upon; I think I could commit an evil act against you as well as I ever could. I come here and tell what my brother did; and why cannot I revenge myself if I wish to? I left near \$1000, after my bills were paid, and my wife is sewing on ladies' dresses. I don't want her to use this. I'll take care of it. I am just as much interested in her welfare now as ever I was. She thinks I left something. What aroused her suspicions that she was wronged was, that she did not receive my watch and clothing—these she knew she was entitled to.

I see now that this power can be carried to a pretty liberal extent.

I have every reason to believe that my wife is stopping with some friend of hers in New Jersey; but I am not sure. When I went away I left her in Boston. Since that time, if I am correct, she has been a part of the time in New Jersey, in New York, in New Hampshire, and in Boston.

John S. Collins was my brother's name; Daniel is mine. Of course he will feel provoked; but I don't feel that I am obliged to keep silent as the grave, because my body is in the grave. If he returns what is mine to my wife, I shall let him alone; if he does not, I shall come again and again, and shall knock harder every time.

No, sir, I had no belief in the Devil, and have not seen him. Possibly God has reserved him for those who believe in him.

Say that I am from Daniel to John S. Collins. You may say that I am pretty comfortably situated here, but should feel a little better off if that matter was straightened out; and as I have not much to do now, I'll help him do it. He need not think I was a little fast, and spent money too fast, and didn't know how to take care of it. Suppose I tell him now I am out of that condition. I don't need gold and silver myself, but some of my friends need it, and I don't want any longer for my banker. I shall be pretty likely to use all natural law to get it.

I'm pretty happy. I'm not in the religious mind so far as the old gentleman was. I was a pretty hard fellow; I don't believe what I did, or the other gentleman—nor heaven nor hell. If I'd dropped on the other side in a snow-bank, I should have been prepared for it; if I had dropped into an old-fashioned hell, I should have been contented there. God, they say, fits everybody for the condition he is to occupy; and if that is so, my words are true.

I'll send as much love as I have got to send to my wife, and a good share of good feeling to my brother John, provided he comes up to the scratch. So you may wind up. Dec. 23.

Spiritualism and Witchcraft.

"Is not Modern Spiritualism Ancient Witchcraft revived and refuted?"

This is the question sent to us for consideration this afternoon.

Modern Spiritualism and Ancient Witchcraft, in principle are one and the same; but in point of development, character, or condition, they are two; and whose'er understands Ancient Witchcraft and Modern Spiritualism, can hardly see the same garment covering the two. One is the effect of greed, darkness, intense bigotry, religious coldness. The other is an effect far different in its nature.

Our questioner condemns Ancient Witchcraft, saying it was a manifestation of Evil! "That person who, once, the Devil, had so far gained power over man as to manifest himself in such way. That principle of Evil—that Power, called the Devil, controlled Ancient Witchcraft, and the same power is doubtless moving in Modern Spiritualism."

By reason of the intense bigotry and religious darkness which surrounds our questioner, he is not able to see the light. He sees not Ancient Witchcraft as the morning star, nor Modern Spiritualism as the sun of life. He lives upon a foundation of dark and material; desolation and decay are written upon it, and let it crumble beneath his feet.

Yes, in principle the two are one. But again we say, one is the child—the other the full-grown man; and yet Wisdom shall add a countless number of gems unto this brilliant coronet which is on the brow of human life.

Do the teachings of Spiritualism lead man to sin against self and God? Nay, they teach man to walk in search of Wisdom, Purity and Truth. It is a light by which all may read themselves—their past, their present, and a picture of their future.

Notwithstanding it comes in beggars' garments, and to some is presented in a dark garb, it is of God, and many forces may run upon the walls, and they shall not be overthrown.

It may be compared to a stream of water running through a desert; and let life from the various departments of humanity is drawing to it, and being nourished thereby. Modern Spiritualism is a fountain springing up in the self-righteous community, whose waters yield health.

Wherever droplets of these waters shall find no more, it shall be a draught of Knowledge and Wisdom, speaking of God, the Great Originator, the Designer and Upholder of all things.

Ancient Witchcraft offered to the inhabitants of earth many glorious lessons. It taught man he was walking in a wrong path, perverting his nature, an alien from his God, creating temples that would decay, falling down in worship to graven images. Yes, it taught man that, for surely it was but the result of a perverted physical and natural law. Had man and women of ancient times lived in accordance with Nature's law, Ancient Witchcraft would have been what Modern Spiritualism now is; and to the dwellers in time to come, this Modern Spiritualism shall be as a morning star, for God has another sun—He is ever calling his sons to come up higher. It shall be cast aside as a toy, for something newer and more glorious shall be given. Yet it shall be a guide for the children of to-day, and he or she who walks in its pure light need not stumble in the way; for let the light shall guide them through the dark places of mortal life, and teach them how to enjoy the light of heaven.

Modern Spiritualism teaches man not to sin against his brother, either by thought, word, or deed. It teaches no more to kill—nay, not; it teaches the aid of higher intelligence than are found on earth; it marketh a way to heaven, by telling you to do to those around you as you expect others to do to you.

You, our questioner, would hardly love and serve a God whom you supposed would sentence you as an individual to everlasting torment; yet you worship a God whom you expect to see sentence your brother to the same. Should you be called upon to believe your God would pass such an evil sentence upon you, it would be impossible, for love begetteth love.

Modern Spiritualism brings to you a God of love, who will bring all the human family to perfect happiness, for it is the lot of every one created in the image of God. That portion of Divine light seen in every man's soul, will be surely in time made with God, as the dove of heaven will descend from the skies to shed health and life on the flowers of earth. The moral and spiritual light of Jehovah shall shine forth, our questioner, upon you, as upon those who foolishly believe are condemned to everlasting punishment.

Caroline Johnson.

I've been dead most three years. I died of lung fever; I was born in Boston; my name was Caroline Johnson; I was fourteen years old; my sister's name is Martha Ann; my mother's name, Elizabeth; my father is living on earth. I think, I could speak with my mother, I could tell her many things she don't know. I should be very happy here if I could speak whenever I wished to. Now I have learned to do, I don't like to speak with strangers, but to my mother or sister. My sister is older than me. I had one brother younger; but he died before I did. My mother is very anxious to know something; and if she will let me talk with her, I can tell her what she wants to know. She is unhappy about some things, and I could tell her just how they are, if I could speak with her.

My sister contemplates making a change—going away from my mother. I am very anxious to speak with her before she makes it. I might give her some light that may be of service to her. I can't speak of it here. Want she be kind enough to give me the privilege somewhere else?

Do you send letters to people? My sister is in Boston now; my mother is not here now. If you publish it before three months, it will do; but I rather thought you would send it in a letter at once. If I can succeed any time before four months in communicating with them, it will do; but I wish it was to-day.

Slive Brown.

When I was dying I promised to come here, but I didn't think I could. I don't know how to speak with her here. My name was Slive Brown. I died in Boston, most a year ago. I said it was possible I would come; but I didn't think I ever could.

It is true—all true. I promised to say this if I could come, and found things as I was told. It is all true. Good-by—I can't say.

Calvin Woodard.

I understand you publish messages from those who may come to you.

My object in coming here to-day, is not to give any special messages, but simply to ask my friends if they would like to hear from me, and converse with me. I was very suddenly separated from them, and I was probably as strongly attached to my friends as it is the pleasure of any one to be who is possessed of strong emotions. I lived long enough to enjoy the company of those near and dear to me—to appreciate it, and to wish to renew the acquaintance. I do not suppose they knew I can return in this way; but if they will give me the privilege of communing in private, I think I can convince them that it is I who speak to them. If I cannot at the first trial, I will never make a second.

I suppose you would like my name. I was killed by accident, at the Navy Yard, in Charleston, about thirteen years ago. My name was Calvin Woodard. I am a stranger here, and perhaps I do wrong by coming. I was told that any one could come here, and call the attention of their friends to them in this way, and then it would be necessary for them to speak in private if they wished to obtain any satisfaction.

I was visiting over yonder. I went over in the morning in good health. In the afternoon I was a corpse—suddenly I was taken from one sphere to another. I was told I fell, but I have no positive knowledge of the fact. Can I visit you again? I might give you the names of some of my friends, but I think I will not. I lived at the South most of the time; my friends are in this vicinity. I had not entered into any business permanently. I was between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age. Everything seems changed. I'd hardly know I ever lived here. Good day, sir; I see you again.

John Barron.

Who wants me? You published something from me some time ago. My name is John Barron. I told you not to publish it; but you did. It's all right now. I come to-day because some person has said, "come"; and that's all well enough. But it's better to know who the call comes from. Call louder, whoever you are. I don't profess to be a shadow, but something substantial; and I want to know who I'm talking to. This coming back, and subjecting yourself to all such inconveniences for nothing, isn't exactly the thing.

My name is John Barron. I'm an Englishman by birth, and kept in Lowell. Yes, I told you; did I overtell you any? Did I ever cheat you any? My God, it's as good as any other test. If a man will drink ale there must be some one to sell it. Better not drink; but it's nothing to me—fisks will drink, if they like. No, I ain't exactly shut up shop; I've given up—moved away.

What am I doing now? Talking, I rather guess. No, I'm not selling ale, but I'm round where it is sold. Yes, I have a right to drink it, if I can get it.

Would you be kind enough to tell whoever called for me, to call a little longer, and to give their names. I've given mine, and if they can't give theirs, let them hold their tongues. Yes, I'll progress when God tells me to. If he has spoken, I have not heard him. I'm enjoying myself well enough; I more in secret company here. Every man has a right to select himself. One half of the world is constantly grinding at God—he made me well enough. I've no fault to find. Talk about folks living by the Bible, dying by it, and being saved by it! Might as well talk of living, dying, and being saved by my old list of sins.

Do I see Spencer Williams? No. Perhaps he's in the parlour—I'm in the bar room yet. I'll not go into the parlour till I get a new suit of clothes. If God wants me to go out of this place, he must send me a new suit of clothes. I can't make clothes; I'm no tailor, sir. Can make a better "tom and Jerry" than a cat, any day; and if God wants me to put on new clothes, and go into the parlour, he must send them. You've got a letter in your box for me; but there is no name to it, and how the deuce am I to know who it comes from? I'm not going to work over to find out. I'm not so fond of inconvenience as to travel on the track of the party. If they want to talk with me, let them give their names. If it's anybody I owe, let them present their bill; and if they owe me, let them pay up to these I sold out to. Good-by.

Sophy Lindsey.

My name was Sophy Lindsey. I died in Broom's, Lower Canada. I want to speak with my brother Stephen. I do not know what was my disease. I died two years ago last month. I want them to let me come home.

PRAYER FOR OUR DYING BOY.

BY DANIEL PARKER.

Is he going Father! going?
 Must our darling boy depart?
 Faint and falter pulse be growing.
 Slow and slower beats the heart.
 Is he dying, Father! dying?
 No, he's going to the skies!
 Hard the spirit now is trying
 From its earthly home to rise.

Listen to us, Father! hear us!
 Help us in this trying hour!
 Guardian angel attend us,
 Filled with thy sustaining power.
 Heavenly ministers send to meet him—
 Bid them come with songs and flowers—
 Let celestial music greet him,
 Going to th' ethereal bowers.

Bond our friends from Heaven to us—
 Bid them bear our treasure home;
 Hear, and with compassion view us,
 Till together there we come.
 Sister, brother—and them all!
 Kiss our girl, and let no other
 Loss so painful on us fall!

Now they're here—oh we hear them singing—
 Soon we know our boy must go!
 "What's that, mother? what's that ringing?"
 Hark, my child! you soon will know.

Take him, father! take our treasure!
 Kiss him as you deem me kiss;
 Press him to your heart with pleasure,
 Thinking oft how much we miss.

Take our darling, mother! take him!
 Love him as you loved your own;
 Ask the Lord his charge to make him,
 Never leaving him alone.

Kiss him, as you've seen his mother,
 Folded closely to her breast;
 Guard him with his little brother,
 In the regions of the blest!

Love him, brothers; few were nearer
 To the loveliest than he;
 In this world was nothing dearer
 Than that cherished one to me.

Not one grief could more distress me,
 Than this parting with my boy.
 Yet fond memory still shall bless me,
 And return him joy for joy.

Love him, sisters, and cherish him,
 Mindful ever of his good;
 Ask the Saviour oft to bless him,
 "As his children ever would!"

Show him all the little and flowers,
 With your other beautifuls fair,
 Pointing up to father bowers—
 Onward to the fairest there!

Now be, mother, mother to him—
 Comb and curl his tumbled hair;
 He'll reward the good you do him,
 Waiting till we meet you there.

Bring him with you when you meet us,
 As the twilight fades away;
 Bid him then with kisses greet us,
 Pointing up to endless day.

Never more to go to Heaven,
 Did I long then when he went;
 I the gift thought freely given,
 But now I see 'twas only lent.

Help me serve my time out gladly,
 Till life's lamp burns pale and dim,
 Never bearing trouble sadly,
 Knowing I shall go to him!

Billerica, Mass., 1860.

Emma Hardinge at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Editors of BANNER OF LIGHT.—A series of lectures, given in this city recently, by Emma Hardinge, deserve a special notice in your columns. Throughout this series of discourses, the audience from first to last became more and more interested, and the audiences constantly increased in numbers, until many were unable to stand during the time of their delivery. Many of our citizens have, through the persuasive eloquence of this gifted lady, been first attracted to the beauty of our holy religion of spirit-intercourse; and now that she has left us, a very general regret is felt by all who heard her, that she could not longer remain among us. But she has done a glorious work in this place; and it may be said, without wishing to draw invidious distinctions, or to do injustice to others, that Miss Hardinge has fought the Goliath battle of Spiritualism in this city—the others being but mere skirmishes upon the field of action.

I will relate an incident which occurred at one of her lectures, that will serve to illustrate the spell and power of the multifarious eloquence of this truly inspired woman. For almost two hours the audience had been wrapt in the fervor of her inspired utterances, and the greatest pagantry of truths that ever invested the ethereal of skepticism, were marshaled like an attacking army under her mysterious and weird generalship. Now she would storm some old fortress of mind, redolent with error, and scatter it to fragments with her invincible logic; and she would lead the heart captive by her gentle and persuasive love, until both head and heart were convinced, and both the people of the "morning land."

At the conclusion of her lecture, I said that it would be almost profane to disturb the holy influence which brooded over the audience, but I arose and dismissed them, as I usually do. Not a stir was made! Spiritually they sat and stood in silent silence, hundreds of upturned faces still gazing on the speaker, as if a celestial illumination had come to flood the earth with light and melody—and still they sat, silently gazing, as if listening to the inspiring echoes of some far away music that faintly broke upon the ear. I descended from the platform, when the audience withdrew their attention from the speaker, and turning to each other, grasped hands in silence, or only uttered, "Beautiful! oh, how beautiful is this! If that is Spiritualism, then, God knows, I have always been a Spiritualist!" And it seemed for a few moments, that the holy spirit of peace, love and beauty, had returned again to earth to dwell in unity with the sons and daughters of man.

Miss Hardinge, while here, was the guest of Mrs. James A. Wood, of Cincinnati, with whom she found a home and friend in spirit and in truth. She left on Tuesday morning, to fill an engagement in Philadelphia during the month of March, first saluting her mother in New York.

Yours very truly, N. D. WOLFE, M. D.

February 22d, 1860.

Query.

It is respectfully asked of George Stearns: Why is it right to destroy the vegetable life, and wrong to destroy the animal life, for the purpose of human food?

Where is the mark of distinction between the higher vegetable life and the lower animal life, to serve as a guide to know which particular individual life might lawfully be destroyed or not?

What would prevent the animal creation, (for instance, the dog) if "their rights" are not to be interfered with, to increase to such a number, as, if not to overthrow the human race, to become an insupportable nuisance?

Another Letter from Mr. L. L. Ruggles, Toledo, Ohio.

Jesse Hayden—I should feel somewhat gratified could I attend the Broomfield Street Conference and be allowed to ask a question occasionally of some of those who take part in its discussions, for I truly acknowledge my ignorance and darkness of mind, and the only palliating thought to me, that I constantly crave wisdom and unce

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 250 million to 450 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

