

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Corn Wilbur, expressly for the Banner of Light.

#### CONCLUDED. CHAPTER XLVIII. Unfoldments.

It is impossible to attempt the description of the feelings overwhelming father and son, thus strangely met and acknowledged. Lyonel was like one struck by the lightning's flash, bereft almost of conscious thought. And as he slowly recovered from the first shock of amazement, and collecting all that had occurred, beheld the exalted ruler of a Dukedom in his arms, he could not but deem himself the sport of an erring fancy, the subject of a most fantastic dream. It was impossible for him to cast a doubt upon the virtue of his beloved and honored mother, and yet he could not withstand the Duke's confession, and the well-known writing, the testimony of the watch with the Prince's eschotob, and the hidden portrait. He held within his arms, close pressed to his throbbing heart, a strange and venerable man, a ruling Duke, who called himself his father, in low accents of sorrowful emotion—and he could not yield to him the tenderness of a son. His thoughts were all of his sainted mother; of Maryhall; of the future; whether it should be of Europe or America, from that time; of Cecilia. So, he also, like herself, was of illegitimate birth! His mother, like her own, the victim of a distinguished personage, to whom the civilization of Europe forbids marriage with one of inferior station! This idea that, in the past, would, perhaps, have grieved him, now served as a consolation to his soul. Cecilia's delicate sorrows could be maintained no longer. She could no more feel abashed before him. As if in gratitude for this discovery, there was a slight pressure in the arms that held the Duke.

He felt that pressure and returned it with fervor, for he deemed it the first token of the awakening filial love. And yet he was conscious of loving, not so much the son, as in him the unforgotten mother, the destiny of his spring time. Joy for the unhoped-for meeting allied his heart; but shame and sorrow, also, as he felt compelled to avow himself a grey-haired sinner in that son's presence. The confession of his sin had been a humiliating trial, but still more deeply would his naturally noble spirit have been wounded, had he dismissed the son without saying:

"I am thy father!"

The aged Prince felt his heart contract with a constantly increasing sorrow. He felt as if it were his place to implore the pardon of him to whom he had given life, and yet he knew that words would not atone for the wrongs of the past.

Almost exhausted he fell back in the arm chair, and with drooping head, folded his hands before him, as if he sought to collect himself and control his feelings.

The young man could not remove his eyes from the venerable figure. He saw the tear of emotion on his cheek, and gladly would have kissed it thence. For what at first overmastered him like veneration, mingling with compassion, was now merged into filial devotion, though he was scarcely aware of the change. He felt drawn toward that bent and drooping form. He fell on his knees before him and sighed:

"Gracious Highness!"

The Duke lifted up his face, and looked lovingly into his eyes, kissed his brow and said:

"Call me father! Let me hear that name, though the world may not. I long to hear it from you!"

"My father, my father!" cried the deeply agitated Lyonel, as he pressed his lips to the paternal hand. The Duke clasped him in his arms, kissed his mouth, and held him long in a fervent embrace, and when he again released him, he said:

"Rise, my son! I have much to settle with you. Take this chair. I am now a man like others, nothing more. Be assured it is the highest enjoyment of Princes to be enabled to cast aside the mask of social life even for a moment, and appear as men. Listen to me. What you have never known—what your loving mother concealed from you in shame and sadness, I, your father, will reveal to you."

Lyonel respectfully obeyed, and took the designated seat.

"Do not be shy with me; you are a good young man, I feel assured. Remain by my side; give yourself to me fully. Divine Providence has brought us together. I would live a new life, could you but forget your America. I dare not publicly acknowledge you, but the father-heart receives you as its own. Remain at my Court, choose your own position, whatever you wish. I have much to restore to you—oh, so much!"

Various dazzling offers were tendered him, but he felt that he must reject them all, urged by the love of home, the habit of independence, and the reluctance he entertained toward Court splendors and life at the Capital. With as much grateful acknowledgment as painful hesitancy, he explained the condition of his affairs in the Colony, the peculiarities of his views and principles, declaring, also, that he was willing to sacrifice all at the wish, or command of a father, although he should do so with a breaking heart, because of his failed life prospects.

"No, not a command!" said the Duke, interrupting him.

ing him. "I understand you, and will not complain of even your desire to return. You are my son; I would have you happy—only then can I yet be happy in this world. Reflect—try yourself. We will speak of that again. But if you cannot resolve to remain in Europe, then, my son, do not delay your departure, so that habit and intercourse may not bind me too strongly, and render the parting from you so great a trial that its inflicted sorrow prove incurable. We will speak of that afterwards. Now for other things. I would speak to you of your mother and myself. At the present moment, that is of the utmost importance to you. Well, then, in a few words—"

But in place of continuing, he sank into silence, and seemed to have repented of his determination, or that, a prey to embarrassment, he knew not how to commence the self-accusing revelation. Lyonel respectfully awaiting, sat immovable, but his eager eyes were fastened on the Duke's troubled countenance, as if he would gain from its expression the course of his thoughts. His breath came panting, and his heart throbbed loud. It was sometime before his princely father regained his speech.

"In brief, then," he continued, "I was about thirty years of age, yet unmarried—a Prince, with a fine revenue. I was weary of the monotonous life of Courts; somewhat unquiet and ambitious of action, but was not my own master. The arrogant policy of Napoleon had broken the bond of Empire. Emperor Francis had laid aside the German crown. Everything was in process of dissolution. Russia alone offered resistance. I hated the destroyer of Europe, and I longed to take service in the army. But my departed uncle, then the reigning Duke, now resting with God, he forbade me. His policy was afraid of offending the Protector of the Rhine League. He demanded of me the impossible—that I should serve under the banners of Napoleon. My disobedience caused me to incur his highest displeasure. I had to regard my banishment from Court, and the order to visit other States, as a lenient sentence. The dark days of Jena and Huerstadt disgusted me with the German atmosphere. I went to England. There, becoming acquainted with the Captain of a ship from New York, I determined upon a visit to America."

Lyonel made use of the pause occurring to inquire:

"If I am not presumptuous in my question, your Highness was already in the year 1800?"

The Duke interrupted quickly:

"Right, end of the year. The rest of the winter I spent in New York and Philadelphia, under the name of Count Rothenek. In the following spring, on my way to Washington, I came to Baltimore. The beauty of the city, with its situation, business and activity, the kind reception I met with from several distinguished German families, rendered my stay there exceedingly pleasant. It was there that on a lovely May morning, one of my German acquaintances accompanied me to the palatial bank before which arises the colossal statue of General Washington. In the vicinity of that monument we met with a young lady. I had never before, nor have I since, met with so much earthly and spiritual grace and beauty. My companion addressed her as his charming cousin. I was informed she was a Miss Reichard, daughter of Mr. Morrison. Two days afterwards I was introduced to the family of your grandmother. Do you remember her?"

"She died," responded Lyonel, "some years before my—before—Sir Francis Harrington—"

The Duke cast a look of deepest love and commiseration upon his hearer, although he could not control a faint smile.

"Enough," he continued; "I was at home in Mrs. Morrison's house; I lived in her neighborhood; I saw Miss Mary every day, and we could not meet thus unpunished. I, as well as she, resisted long in confessing to each other how much we loved. I sought to leave Baltimore, lest my love for her should become an overpowering feeling. I sought to avoid her, and yet I remained. Our love, confidence and trust augmented—I honored her pure heart, and trembled at the thought of desertion—I would have drawn a wall of separation between us. I told Mary she could never become my wife—I disclosed to her my rank. How gladly would I have become an American citizen—how gladly would I have cast aside my title and position!"

Again a long pause ensued, which Lyonel dared not interrupt, even by the lowest spoken word. He was intent on listening only. The Duke passed his hand across his brow, and continued:

"We knew that no nearer we could bind us, and yet we remained bound. We lived, purely content, like two happy children. Mrs. Morrison knew not of our mutual love. Then appeared the wealthy planter, Harrington, from Mobile. Sir Francis had used for Mary's hand before, and her mother had promised it to him. But Mary, ever constant, refused her consent. Then followed household discord, tears and upbraidings. We were drawn closer, than ever together. Who is steadfast at all times? Even the Argus of conscience, with its hundred eyes, is lulled to sleep sometimes. We sinned and sorrowed, but loved each other still. Then came a dispatch from my uncle, commanding my immediate return to Europe. His son, the hereditary prince, was dead; the reigning Duke himself lay on a bed of sickness. I hesitated whether to go, or remain and renounce all my rights of inheritance. Undetermined in my resolves, Mary decided for me. What she could not venture to tell me she confessed in the sorrowful letter you have read; she had no object but to fulfill the wishes of Sir Francis Harrington."

who was to know all, and to obey her mother. I should obey the command of my uncle; she would—but you have read the last letter ever received from her hand. With the speeding of the coasts of Maryland and Carolina, I felt my happiness of life departing. I came to Europe: a wife was chosen for me; the throne of my uncle was awarded me soon after. I was happy no longer. Your mother, I feel certain, never forgot me; and yet not one of my letters received a reply. I had this palace erected, and named it in honor of her memory, *Mari-enfels*. It is enough! Now, Lyonel, you know all."

He threw himself at his father's feet, kissed his hands, and faltered:

"Oh, father! dear, beloved father! sacred to me through my mother's love!"

He could say no more, but arising, covered his face and wept.

"Be calm, my son, said the old Prince, soothingly; 'be silent of the past—the present alone is ours. I could almost believe in a secret voice of Nature, in the recognition of the blood of which so much is said, for in the garden I felt wonderfully attracted to you, and thought often and with agreeable feelings of you. My heart beat fast, as among the names of those arrested at Bismberg I heard the name of Harrington. You may have been informed that some worthy men have interested for you, but not that it was also done by my daughter Gabriella, and she pleaded with so much fervor and enthusiasm that I was alarmed. She told me of your acquaintance with her at Lichtenheim, and portrayed you in such glowing colors that I was almost suspicious, and asked her laughing: 'You are not in love with him, I hope, little simpleton?' She replied with a crimsoned face: 'No, no; but I confess I would like such a brother. There is something in his features resembling this,' and she pointed to Mary's portrait. It was my turn to change color. The child seemed to have suddenly guessed my secret."

Lyonel's face flushed with joy.

"It was she, then!" he murmured. "I presume," he added, "that to her intercession I am indebted for the better surroundings of my prison?"

"Of course," responded the Duke. "And my strange presentment and her own became a certainty when the watch that had once been mine, and your letter to the steward—Maryhall were placed before me. 'What would you think,' I said to Gabriella one evening, 'if I were to give you a brother in the young American?' She replied: 'Oh, the /s/ and /b/! You can do much, but not that!' We were alone. I confessed to her the sin of my youth, gave my secret to her keeping. She burst into tears, threw herself upon my neck, and sobbed the beautiful, consoling words: 'It is the hand of Providence that has sent him across the sea, a token that heaven is reconciled.'"

"I am unspeakably blest!" cried Lyonel.

"And so much more!" said his venerable father, and arising from his seat with a cheerful countenance, he took Lyonel's hand. "Now, my son, I will confer a joy upon your life. We have much yet to settle between us. Therefore, to begin, I have so ordered it—what, alas! cannot be permitted before the eyes of strangers, may take place in the presence of your father."

He pulled the bell-rope quickly, and a page in waiting appeared.

"The Princess Gabriella!" commanded the Duke. Then turning to Lyonel, he said:

"Salute your sister!"

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

The Prince as a Private Gentleman.

The Princess entered the room, blushing and embarrassed, yet lovelier than ever in her uncontrolled agitation. She cast her eyes with uncertain, beseeching glances upon the Duke, and then turned to Harrington, who timidly approached her, and seizing her hand bore it trembling to his lips.

With a benevolent smile the father regarded the handsome pair, and said:

"Children, have you become strangers to each other? Gabriella, do not refuse him the name of brother here, though you may not pronounce it openly."

He folded his arms around them both, drew both dear ones to his heart, kissed their cheeks, and added with deep feeling:

"My children! oh, my children! Oh, Mary, my sainted one, behold my happiness! Could I have hoped for such a moment—"

He could say no more. His arms drooped; he walked to the door and left the room, to conceal the tears of a blissful emotion that was akin to pain.

In quite a different mood stood brother and sister, brought into a close proximity by the father's enfolding arms, so that their breaths mingled, and their hands were clasped. In the heart of the young Princess stirred anew the profound affection that at the Villa of Lichtenheim had presented him as her ideal of manly worth and strength and beauty to her troubled soul. Now, fully comprehending that the sentiment of which she had felt ashamed on account of her womanly pride, dignity of position and allegiance to Prince Louis, was, but the mandate of all potent nature, she yielded joyfully to her father's accorded permission, and loved the new-found brother with all a sister's holy tenderness.

Lyonel found himself existing, as it were, in a sort of sweetly painful dream state; in which the most improbable occurrences became realities; in which an unknown loving father appeared to him, but an idolized mother lost the radiant halo that before enfolded her; the prison changed to a Prince's

court; a Duke's daughter was allied to him by blood. He held her timidly in his arms; she clung to his breast, her bright eyes veiled in love and modesty. And when she raised her glorious eyes and gazed into his, both stood as if dazzled by the rays of vivid light.

"A sister!" he whispered, and bowed his forehead on her brow.

"My brother!" she replied softly, as she placed both hands upon his shoulder.

A fraternal kiss ended their whispered conference. Gabriella drew back a few paces, covered her glowing face with her little hands, and recovering all her former vivacity, said, with assumed and mirthful indignation:

"Indeed, almost too affectionate for a brother!"

"I forgot," he replied, in a tone of regret, "that I am only a half-brother."

"Oh not so, Harrington; nothing at halves between us," she declared, shaking her lovely curled head.

"Oh, how much I would give if you were all, in everything, all my own brother. I will from this moment, however, be all of a sister to you, if—"

hesitated.

"If what?" queried Lyonel. "May I say it for you? If the dignity of your station, etiquette, and courtly usage command you to feel ashamed of that sister's place. But I, without any life, or conditions, will forever remain the true brother-of the most amiable sister upon earth. What do I care, on the other side of the ocean, for European customs and restraints? Custom is of a different form in every land; it is a thing of prejudice, made the agreement of society; it is only appearance and outside varnish. Sister Gabriella, my heart says, thou to thine!"

"But my handsome sir brother, whither are you wandering off?" said the Princess, laughing. "That is again just like you. Who speaks a word here of such nonsense? One must yield to the usage and fashions of the country, even to strange whims, as for example, to yours. If I lived among the copper-red beauties of your American solitudes, of course I should submit to wearing great bone rings in my nose and ears. Here, we are good Europeans."

"Pardon me, I entreat you!" pleaded Lyonel, and he kissed the hand of the beautiful sister. "Am I waking and sober? Is this I? The past twenty-four hours have placed me in the midst of a fairy legend, that appears to me like the fictions of madness. So many painful and blissful surprises. I could dance for joy, and weep for bitter sorrow. I could embrace the human family, and hate it at the same time."

"Hate? How ungrateful you are, you wicked, dear little brother, and how unjust," said the daughter of the Duke. Advancing nearer, she placed her hand upon his arm, and looking archly into his eyes, continued: "Hate! have you then in your fair legend forgotten the loveliest of fays? I am not the one, but just look behind you; fairly-like, she becomes visible at the desired moment."

A slender, girlish figure, with the downcast eyes and floating grace of the Madonna, entered the room accompanied by the Duke, who looked the door behind him, and led the beautiful stranger toward the fraternal pair.

It was the former shepherdess, led by the hand of a ruling Prince; the step-daughter of the executioner, robber and murderer. It was Cecilia, clad in a robe of dazzling lace; the bowed head encircled with the costly rays of a diadem of precious stones, from which the golden clouds of her ringlets fell around her brow and neck and shoulders, like the sunbeams over the freshly fallen snow.

The good Lyonel almost lost his consciousness in the overwhelming surprise and joy. Like a statue he remained riveted to the spot. He was compelled to believe in the impossible, as he beheld the niece of the simple Tobias Thork at the side of the Sovereign. He made a powerful effort to control his emotion, and retain somewhat of his outward self-possession. His lips quivered, his eyes overflowed with tears. He bent before the Duke, and caught his hand with impetuous feeling, and pressed it alternately to his lips and heart, unable to articulate a word.

"Not so!" said the fatherly Prince, who was desirous of giving a cheerful tone to the meeting, although it cost him some effort to subdue his own emotion:

"Not so! You are mistaken; and take my hand for here. She, whom you seek is there."

"Oh, my father and Prince," sighed Lyonel, with a faltering voice, and as if in confused, yet grateful acknowledgment, he threw his arms around the bearded old man, who, drawing him still closer to his breast, gave himself up to feelings of such chastened love and holy memory, as but seldom had visited his life. When they again released each other from that fond embrace, Lyonel saw Cecilia in the arms of Gabriella.

"This beloved one shall never go among the savages in America," cried the Princess. "I will not allow her to leave me. Is it not so, dearest, best, most gracious of fathers—she will remain with us? You are master. Order—command them to remain."

"By all means. I have to decide in this case," said the Duke, with an assumed solemnity of manner. "She is an orphan, and a child of our country. It becomes us, therefore, to dispose of her in accordance with our privileged rights. By the power of those rights I give her into your keeping, Lyonel; take her, and cherish her as your own and chosen bride. Do you willingly undertake this

charge? Go, and bind her to you at the altar. Let me care for her outfit."

The young pair, in utter astonishment, gazed at the venerable speaker, and then at each other, with questioning eyes. Lyonel sank at the feet of the Duke, and drew Cecilia with him, as he pleaded:

"To all my blessings, add yet a father's benediction!"

"Is it not thine, already?" he responded. "Could human blessings alone avail us?—but, my children, may you be blessed of God, our Father in Heaven!"

He placed his hands on their bowed heads before him. There was a deep, holy stillness, for awhile, as if the souls of all were engaged in fervent prayer.

When the Duke raised the kneeling ones, he said, as he turned to Cecilia:

"I see that my daughter has commenced taking charge of your toilet. I give to you, for a wedding gift, this country seat, this Marienfels, with all the grounds thereto appertaining; and to you," he continued, with a significant look toward Lyonel, "to you, this Marienfels should be as dear as the Mary-hall of your American father."

"Permit me, my gracious father," said the Princess, with a skeptical shake of the head, "shall we be able to retain this incurable homesick one, or would he not rather remain owner of Marienfels in *caribus*. Deign to make use of your word of authority. Cecilia is the most amiable, the best, most dutiful of your female subjects; do not permit her to leave your dominions. Then, I am certain, Mr. Harrington will be content to remain. Is it not so, dear Cecilia?" she continued, turning with bewitching entreaty to the young girl. "You will not leave your Fatherland, you will not forsake us?—not risk yourself and the obstinate gentleman there to the dangers of a long sea-voyage? Compel him to give you the promise, that the man of German descent will become a resident of German soil. Try him, and it would perhaps be not quite unnecessary, to prove the strength of his love." She said this, as if seriously warning Cecilia.

The young maiden stood there in charming confusion, unable to utter a syllable; as she looked up shyly, she met the glance of Lyonel fixed upon her in silent apprehension. She blushed still deeper, and returning to her own thoughts, left the young princess without reply. The Duke approaching, took her hand, and spoke encouragingly, as with gentle inquiry he requested her decision.

"Most gracious Highness!" she faltered, "you have given me to him yourself. Can I yet say I belong to myself and not to him to whom you have given me? Must I not say to him as did the poor, true Ruth to Naomi—'Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; and where thou diest I, too, will die?' Your Highness can decide."

"That is charming, I declare!" cried Gabriella, feigning a slight degree of anger. "The most exemplary Christian in the world! To dismiss us thus!"

But with every word that Cecilia had spoken, a thrill of joy passed over Lyonel's frame. The Duke burst into a hearty laugh at the appropriately quoted example from the Old Testament, and exclaimed:

"No, you pious child, I will not decide! Who would venture to wage war upon a Bible quotation such as that? But Lyonel knows that clergymen interpret the passages of the Bible variously, as the lawyers do their law books. With him I shall arrange the matter to-morrow or next day, when we all have become more calm. But now away with us from here! Away! We must divert our minds! Some guests await us at the dinner table. Not only the heart, but its near neighbor demands its inborn, life-long rights!"

They obeyed, and followed the ruler to the dining saloon. There a number of court ladies and gentlemen, all of high rank, and decorated with orders, stood around in a half circle, respectfully awaiting the appearance of the most exalted personage. At their head stood the hereditary prince, Louis. In the line was the Minister Von Urmung, with his son and daughter, and the Baron Von Goldwig.

When the Duke had saluted the silent assemblage, he presented the young American, stating, in a few words, that he still remained a debtor to the gentleman, in whose family he had enjoyed an especial hospitality, and that only now he had the late joy of appearing grateful to a worthy son of that remembered family.

"I have a double debt to pay," he added; "for my young friend incurred the misfortune of being innocently accused and involved in the most disagreeable law suit in my domains."

The Princess Gabriella led the newly betrothed maiden to Leonie and the other ladies, saying, with her peculiar and amiable archedness:

"The bride of Mr. Harrington—a *Fraulein von Angel*, or rather an angel of a *Fraulein*, of which, dearest Leonie, you can convince yourself. Please examine the record with which Heaven has endowed her." And with this, she put two fingers under Cecilia's chin.

It was a natural consequence that after such an introduction the young pair should be the objects of especial attention. Even the Prince Louis, even the Minister Von Urmung, forgetting all the past, approached Lyonel as they would a dear and valued friend. And that Cecilia's beauty and grace received its share of homage from the courtiers present, was a matter of course. The daughter of the Duke signed a slight attack of jealousy, in seeming to remark that her illustrious future husband had been forming comparisons, resulting to her disadvantage, between herself and the bride of the American. It was, for Lyonel, a day of surprises; and he



could not but still down himself the sport of a fantastic dream, whenever his eye, glancing over the assembly, rested on his beloved. With delighted astonishment he beheld the former shepherdess in the midst of State councillors, court cavaliers, baronesses and countesses, as graceful and self-possessed as if she had lived always in that atmosphere of refinement and scrupulous etiquette. Her modest reserve gave to her being the charm of a noble, womanly dignity; and her cheerful acquiescence in the mirth and moods of others, enhanced the natural simplicity of her manner.

With a clear conscience we might here close our narration. It offers nothing more that is attractive, allowing that it has presented incidents of interest to your notice. A few weeks later, Lionel and Cecilia Angel were united in marriage, quietly and without display, at the Duke's favorite villa, and then they departed for the distant home beyond the sea. No one was more delighted than Arnold Jackson; and the more so as Frau Kungunde had sold her stock of goods and given up her business, and, in accordance with her own and Cecilia's desire, perhaps, also, at Arnold's request, was to accompany them across the waters.

#### CHAPTER I. Conclusion.

That our voyagers safely reached their destination, that they were received with joyous acclaim and holiday welcome by the Colonists, that they made their entry into Marshall with blest and peaceful hearts, and that thenceforth they led a calmly happy, yet busy life, earning contentment and happiness by bestowing it upon others, all this was proved by many a letter from the banks of the Tombigbee addressed to the friends in the Duval Capital.

We will communicate to you but one of Lionel's latest letters to the Counsellor Von Urmung, and only a portion of that. It contains the ripened views of the Alabamian, the fruit of his traveling adventures, the opinions of the Old World with which he returned to his home.

"Yes, I repeat it," he wrote, "I have here a new heaven and a new earth. The heaven is bestowed upon me by Cecilia, by her humility and exalted virtues, daily; the shadow is cast by the earth with its imperfections. I thank God for both. What would existence be without the alternating light and shade? I know that many complain of too much shadow, of a thoroughly failed life; but such are complaints against their own errors or ignorance. He who with obstinate covetousness desires to wrest from fate what it will not lend him, and who, again, knows not how to value what it offers, he creates failure and a disappointed life. Every one must create for himself a world of his own in the universe, no matter whether it be a wide or narrow circle of action, whether amid half animal or half angel, in the hut of a Sergeant Thork, or in the Ducal palace.

You ask, again, in your last letter, if there was no Marshall beneath the sky, and I were compelled to choose my dwelling on European soil, where would I choose? In rather I have just said is my reply. I would, however, rather choose a home with the true-hearted, intellectual Germans, and in your vicinity; especially if your noble hearted Duke, although he could not live eternally, could at least live as long as we remained. But—you know what this 'but' signifies, particularly in your monarchies. A new successor to the throne—and behold! the good people, that has no fixed laws of its own formation, nothing but the often limited views and the undisputed will of its ruler, must suddenly, in a trot or a gallop, turn to the left, take another direction, like a well trained horse into whose saddle a new rider has thrown himself. This, at least, is not the case with us in this country. Every citizen must give obedience to the laws; but the laws themselves must remain in accordance with the firmly founded principles of the Constitution—no matter whether a Washington or a Van Buren be at the head of the nation.

You are quite correct, my dear friend, in calling the union of the American States, an undeveloped bud of State—one that is yet covered with mildew. I do not at all deny the rough mingling of manners, opinions and efforts of the population of to-day; with whom money, honestly or dishonestly obtained, is the watchword, and with which household as well as public life is desecrated; it is disgusting to me. But the mildew has flown over to us from Europe. How could it be otherwise?

But the inner germ of state—the capacity for the future development of the nation that is not yet a nation—this is strong and healthful. The man upon our soil can be or become a man in the highest sense of the word. But to my mind, the animal body is not the man; but he is made one by the spirit, within, if that's permitted to grow and expand, unfettered in its convictions, in its choice of a life purpose of faith and matters of conscience.

I have gathered many valuable notes during my pleasure journey through the three old portions of the Globe. In my hours of leisure I compile them, read them to my dear Cecilia. From them I find that the great error of the laws of your European States, England not excepted, consists in the absence of the holiest foundation of morality, the practical Christian law, that is the law of reason given to every human being by the Creator; from which the wild Indian distinguishes between right and wrong. It is the foundation of all law for all humanity, and therefore is of universal adaptation; but the comprehension of the earthly law-giver must adapt it to the needs and changing conditions of society, but by no means decorate or embellish it.

The European legislators, however, place their so-called historical, hereditary right far above the divine and universal rights of man. Therefore, for the same deed the scaffold is erected in one land, in another a monument of honor. Therefore, according to European national rights, that is, the right of the strongest, there are interventions, or the partition and life-robbery of independent people. In civil life there are slaves, serfs, state bondmen, corporation restraints, rank of birth, and so on; in the church, State authority, princely influence, persecuted heretics, &c., &c. The worldly mildew—I make use of your words—was carried to Europe from barbarous Asia; the church, mildew from the olden hierarchy of the Jews.

In Asia the iron laws and rights of descent exist in their fullest measure. Therefore the standing still for a thousand years in the development of the life of the nation. I think they would almost be glad to be introduced into the universal lethargy into which the European nations have fallen. I think they would not be so far from the truth, if they were to be introduced into the world of humanity; see not that to-

day crosses themselves to the very men to whom the light of the century's dawn; observe not that what a trembling polity would be drawn together, to-morrow will be set aside by a *Wider Faser*; that Gutenberg and Fulton have placed wings upon civilization with which it conveys itself to Asia, Africa, and Australia with a speedy flight and all-conquering influence.

Although ever so much warmed off, yet still the pale antiquities fall into decay and ruin, the privileges of birth are falling rapidly away; despite of their historical right. In the place of the hereditary nobility the nobility of nature is advancing; the noble portion of every nation, for its middle classes are continually occupying more space. In the many-sided scientific culture of that class, in its growing wealth and activity of trade, is concentrated the indwelling power, the real strength of the Government. This is not unknown to the princes. In days of danger, they take refuge there instinctively; but after their passed adversity, they willingly return to their towering, although barren, pedigrees, and nourish them with the juice of the national fruit, and give not their hands to the masses of the people, but their heads into the political snares of Roman or Protestant hierarchies.

Am I saying too much, my dear Baron? Think of the year 1816, and of all that followed that year of prosperity. The sudden re-awakening and wondrous quick re-appearance of the Jesuits in the Western half of Europe. The Evangelical and Catholic outcries concerning religious dangers; the restraints upon speech, pen, education and faith; on the other side, free devotionalists and hypocrites; prayers of the Prince of Hohenlohe; every Friday the bleeding wounds of Jesus on the body of the Augustine nun, at Dulmen; the every Friday expiring Maria von Mori, in the Tyrol; the wonderful medals of Saint Philomele; processions, pilgrimages; richly endowed convents beside miserably cared-for school systems. Did all this occur without the knowledge of the public authorities?

In the United States, thank God, Washington, Franklin, and their associates were of another mind. They left opinion, faith, and church observances free to every one, according to his convictions; but they acknowledged the duty of the government to provide for the spiritual ripening of the people by the education of the young. Churches and convents can be built by whoever chooses; but every community is obliged by law to erect school-houses; and the State is bound to provide sufficient means at all times for that purpose.

But now, enough of this, my dear Baron. I have answered, as you desired me, according to my opinion. Believe me, I harbor no predilection for America, only for Marshall. Every country and its laws has its bright and shadowy side. I know it. What with us appears defective, is a natural result. We are not yet a real nation, only a conglomeration of all nations. But what with us is an error of nature, with you is a mistake of human art. One as the other, here as there, can only be improved in accordance with natural law, by degrees, as the culture of the people strives onward; not in the storm-pace of the noble-minded Joseph the Second, or by the means of the royal moles of to-day. Do you think my views of the defects of European State arrangements are too gloomy or too exaggerated?—think, I entreat you, of their effects; think of the yearly emigration of hundreds of thousands, that are like the annual wanderings of the nations; think of the continual restlessness and fermentation of the half of Europe—the hollow murmurings that betoken the coming of the thunder-storm or earthquake!

No, my dear friend, if I were compelled to leave Marshall, I would build me another somewhere on some yet uninhabited island in the far Pacific Ocean."

#### Written for the Banner of Light. A HEIGHT OF SOUL LAND.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The skies are there with jeweled splendors decked,  
Deep shafted with the thought-rays of the Mind  
Of the Great nearer Infinite. The glow  
Of human tenderness exalted high  
Unto the angel plane, with symbols wrought  
In poetry of color, blends the deep  
Soul-revering auras of the spirit's love,  
With diamond flashes, and bright rays gleams.  
The green of earth is tremulous with song.  
And rhythmic beats uplift the ocean's heart.  
The vestal lily and the bridal rose  
Shed o'er immortal brows their lustrous gleams  
Of musical delight and poet-joy.  
Transparent, lyre-strung. Hark, the peal of bells!  
The chime of wedded hearts; the hymn of home,  
The choros of soul animated flowers.  
The response of the mountains and the sea!  
Behold the kingly forms of sovereign men,  
Clothed in imperial garments; mid the raven flow,  
And golden tendrils of the young and fair,  
Glisten the star-gems of the upper world,  
In loving hands the sceptre of command,  
In woman's heart the right of queenly power.  
The keys to earth's sad problems there are found,  
The why and wherefore of stern sorrow's rule.  
The rose that once within the asphing hand  
Of youth breathed forth a promise, half-revealed,  
That with its odorous breath uplifted high  
Unto the inner sanctuaries of love,  
The seeking, glowing heart of poet-man.  
The pitiless soul of woman there reveals  
The finished poem of its nether birth;  
And all things once obscure display their light,  
The mission of each loved-enfolded grief,  
The aim of every reminiscent joy,  
And the true mission of the Beautiful.  
Only the conqueror of the sensual may  
Stand on the verge of yon eternal sea,  
Beholding in its truth-revealing depths  
An image freed from stain of earthliness.  
'Tis but a glimpse of the far off and true,  
Vouchsafed unto a dream-hour of my life,  
O'er which the earthly imperfection's veil  
Droops darkly. The wind-blurred leaves and flowers,  
The consecrated heights, the singing sea,  
The starry fane, the thronging hosts of glory,  
But dimly seen, and, I, an exponent  
Of spirit beauty, love, celestial lore,  
Fled not the earth-worlds for the music speech  
Of heavenly communion. Pen and language fall,  
In vain portrayal of the Beautiful.  
Philadelphia, May 1862.

THE CONTRAST OF COLORS.—There is something very charming in the delicate contrasts of colors as displayed in the prettiest and most becoming toilettes of the season. The predominance of quiet neutral tints is an evidence that fashion, for once, is guided by the most refined taste, while the relief afforded by brilliant and positive tints in decoration, is in accordance with nature, which always wears dark or neutral colors for a background, and sets in relief the bright hues of the flowers and the varied plumage of the birds. For every approach to the natural and the true in our search after the beautiful, the Lord makes us thankful!—*Janice Jones.*

## Original Essays.

### PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HABEAS CORPUS.

BY HORACE DRESHER, 284, LL. B.

[NOTE.—The following is part of an essay on the use and abuse of Habeas Corpus, in review of the Opinion of Chief Justice Taney, in proceedings before him, in Chambers, by Habeas Corpus, in the matter of John Merryman, charged with treason and rebellion against the United States, and for that reason held in restraint, at Fort Mifflin. The essay was prepared in June of last year, for the North American Review, but failed of publication for the reason assigned by the editor in these words: "I had, before receiving your article, applied to Chief Justice Parker, for a review of Judge Taney's recent opinion. His answer came to me last evening, and it is in the affirmative. Had it not been for that previous application, I should have accepted your article as entirely satisfactory."]

It was a wise provision of the Fathers who framed the Constitution of the United States, that the Archon, or Chief Magistrate of the nation, should be invested with both civil and military functions—that he should wield the pen not only, but the sword—that his counsels should be heard in the field, as well as in the cabinet—that government should be administered by him in time of war, as well as in time of peace. They constituted the President Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States. They did not suppose that in the exercise of the office, especially in time of rebellion or invasion, he would ever be crippled by any acts of his fellow officers of the government, nor that legislative or judicial power would ever throw obstacles in the way of his defence of the Constitution; but, on the contrary, that he might count on Congress and the Judiciary for support, since their members, as well as he, must all swear, to the best of their ability, to preserve, to protect and defend the Constitution. The Legislative Department is affirmatively under obligation to aid him. Congress is bound to provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions—and to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia. Nor was it supposed that his military and civil relations would come in conflict with the duties of another department of the government. They desired that all should gravitate to one point—its safety and preservation.

With such constitutional obligations as these resting on representatives, we confidently expect that the executive arm will be nerved and strengthened by their Session Extraordinary in July. We hope better things of them, wiser counsels and more judicious action in the premises, than those just exhibited by the Judge, who, in the name of the President, in our nation's peril, by false brethren and insurrection, is equally obligatory. But its doings, in one particular, have been in manifest opposition to the Executive Department. There should be unanimity in all branches of the government. In the exhibition referred to, we think we have discovered a disposition to paralyze the arm without which, at present, it would seem, the Constitution must fall and the government perish. Among the insurgents engaged and warring against the Federal Government, having been actually in arms and using implements and appliances to weaken and destroy it, it is alleged, was found JOHN MERRYMAN, whose overt, treasonable, and rebellious acts led to military arrest and confinement of his person in one of the forts of the United States—the same individual in whose favor was issued the Habeas Corpus of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and whose opinion and judgment in the case, it is proposed to examine in this article.

So far as we are able to discover, the principal object or aim of the Chief Justice, in his Opinion, is to impeach and bring to trial the President of the United States before the tribunal of Public Opinion. This is well enough, perhaps, because it shows the animus of the Bench of National Justices—what is, that it is the Chief Justice, in respect to the great rebellion which now exists, not only our own government, but the minds of ministers and monarchs of European governments. But we have no fear for the President in this behalf—nor, indeed, in such trial even, as that prescribed by the Constitution, where his present judicial acquiescence must be the presiding judge. When the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice presides. (Const. Art. I, Sec. 3, Let. 5.) Let us analyze briefly the allegations and legal propositions of the Opinion.

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administer in this behalf. They have each their proper and specific allotment. Questions of military and naval property have been assigned to the Judiciary for adjudication. That Congress may sit in judgment and determine in cases of rebellion, insurrection and invasion, by act, is cautiously and carefully conceded in the Opinion; the Chief Justice allows that body to share with himself in jurisdiction in such cases; he says in arguing, to show that Congress alone can suspend the writ of habeas corpus, in opposition to the alleged suspension by the President of its power. Which we have refused to concede. It is first in the list of prohibited powers, and, even in these cases, the power is denied and its exercise prohibited, unless the public safety shall require it. It is true that in the cases mentioned Congress is of necessity the judge of whether the public safety does or does not require it; and their judgment is conclusive.

But would the legislative department be allowed by him, constitutionally, and participation, share and share alike, in jurisdiction, in the special cases mentioned above, more than the executive department? By his conceding to Congress, as above, jurisdiction concurrent with his own, in these grave cases, it must follow that that body, while sitting on the question of suspension, will have "to decide what constitutes the crime of treason or rebellion—what evidence is sufficient to support the accusation."

This high prerogative, it would seem from the Opinion, belongs only to the Judiciary department, and the words which we have just above quoted were used by him to limit to the Judiciary department the business of determining what constitutes treason, rebellion, invasion, insurrection and the like. It is not the President, but the Chief Justice is offended because a military officer, without giving information to the District Attorney, and without any application to the judicial authorities, undertakes to decide what constitutes the crime of treason or rebellion. It seems not to be remembered by him that the President is a military officer, and that the military officer against whom, he complains, was all the time acting under the President, who has, as we claim, equal jurisdiction in such cases. We think that neither Congress nor the President need go out of their way, any more than the Chief Justice, to learn what constitutes the crimes of treason and rebellion. It is his business, in other cases, we admit, to define and expound the law. But we deny that, in cases of rebellion and insurrection, the Constitution has conferred the power and duty of interpreting and administering the laws to the judicial authorities and officers alone, as claimed in the Opinion. In such cases the law has already been defined and interpreted authoritatively as well for him, as for Congress, as for the President. "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, or in giving them aid and comfort." (Const. Art. 3, Sec. 3.) Does the Constitution, will have "to decide operations of court proceedings to prove the existence of invasion, rebellion or insurrection? Are they not palpable, manifest matters, of which all the departments of government, as well as all citizens, take cognizance without process and trial of Courts?

If it be a legitimate power, if it be a constitutional right of duty of the President to command the military and navy of the United States, and the militia of the several States when called into the actual service of the United States—(Const. Art. 2, Sec. 2)—if it be lawful and necessary to use such military force to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions—(Const. Art. 1, Sec. 8)—certainly it would seem that the President was in the discharge of his duty, though he did not call upon the Judiciary of Maryland and the Chief Justice of that State, but chose rather to rely on the strength of his military arm, the only means provided by the Constitution to "suppress insurrections and repel invasions." It is not denied in the Opinion, that at the time of the arrest and imprisonment of Merryman, Maryland was in a state of insurrection, that the military had been called forth by the President, that the laws of the United States had been trampled on, and that General Cadwalader and other military officers were there acting under orders from the President to suppress the rebellion.

How farcical the exhibition, to have invoked the forms, processes and officers of the law, as suggested by the Chief Justice, to put in quiescence the tumultuous and insurrectionary rabble that ruled so fearfully, rioted so murderously, and threatened to destroy the General Government! It may do to take it as the punishment and word of the Chief Justice, that, up to the time of the arrest of Merryman, the Judiciary and Court officers of Maryland were willing and able and sufficient to preserve the peace not only, but to suppress an insurrection which has called for the strong military arm of the President. But the public have an opinion, and it is in conflict with that of the Chief Justice, that it is proper that we leave to enjoy its own. We believe that there is a power somewhere that is operative to sustain and preserve the government. This is a period in the life of the nation when many of its privileges and blessings are obstructed, and the citizen suffers in consequence. In time of war, whether arising from invasion without or rebellion within, trade, commerce, the arts, manufactures, agriculture, indeed all the pursuits of society, feel the adverse influence. We rely on the wisdom and sound judgment of the President and his civil and military counsellors for a safe deliverance from the present adversities. We have confidence in his administration. We find no evidence of usurpation, as charged in the Opinion under review.

If the President be guilty of malfeasance in office, as alleged, it may be presumed that some lover of his country and the Constitution will see to it that he be put on trial for the offence, in the way contemplated by the Constitution. The trial would be one of profound interest—the accused the President of the United States—the judges the Senate of the United States—the presiding officer the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the same whose Opinion in the case has anticipated the senatorial assent and been the theme of this article.

We might extend these remarks, but as we can discover nothing in the course pursued by the President which properly subjects him to the severities and imputations in the Opinion, we need not dwell longer to rescue his acts from the false position in which we find them placed before the public. He has chosen to take the responsibility of disobedience to the order of the Chief Justice, to contempt his commands. This is not suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, but a contempt of his judicial authority evinced for the good of the State—the public safety. We think current events warrant such treatment of the writ. Let the public decide. We think their verdict will be against the doctrines of the Opinion. We have always thought, and still think, that the military arm of the executive department has something to do as well as the civil arm in "taking care that the laws be faithfully executed." Not only, but in taking care that the Constitution, the government itself, be preserved and kept alive, so as to have the ability to execute the laws, existence being an antecedent, a prerequisite to the exercise of power. When the Constitution is attacked, when the life of the government is sought to be destroyed, extinguished, it is the President's duty, under his oath taken to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution, to use his civil and military arms, or either of them, to uphold the government. And thus have we argued, claiming for him equal and concurrent jurisdiction with the other departments of government in everything necessary to sustain the Constitution against the attacks of traitors and rebels. Were it not so, we should urge in his defence the law of self-preservation. He may be governed by either or both, in sustaining the Constitution. What does it matter if the other departments are recreant in duty? His oath binds him to act against all enemies of the Constitution, no matter if they belong to other departments of the government. Brutus was no less an assassin because he was a senator.

What! the law of self-preservation not to be regarded, not to be binding on him who, above all others, has had committed to him the power to protect? The Chief Justice says so, "nor can any argument be drawn from the nature of sovereignty, or the necessities of government, for self-defence in time of tumult and danger." In our simplicity, we had thought it justifiable to overlook the law "thou shalt not kill." When the assassin aims his blow at our life, and in self-defence deal death to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution, we must condemn the law, under such circumstances; its ministers and all mankind have ever pronounced it justifiable.

Very few persons are so stupid or superstitious in regard to electrical dangers as was a certain old Dutchman. He had subscribed liberally for the erection of a church, but on being asked to give a trifle more towards protecting it with a lightning rod, he flatly refused, and opposed any such measure, saying: "If to Lord is a mind to dander on his own home, and apply it, he may do so, and it is none of our business."

"Some people think that black is the color of heaven, and that the more they make their faces look like midnight, the holier they are."

## MEDIUMSHIP.

IS IT A NORMAL OR AN ABNORMAL STATE?

BY EMMA HARDING.

It is a part of our experience, as Spiritualists, to see certain of those whom we once numbered as "ours," exchanging their adherence to the worldwide church of Spiritualism, for the narrow orbs of Eclecticism.

Some amongst us may have reasons—ay, and potent ones, too—for suspecting that these backsliders have discovered a truth pretty generally received by us all; namely, that in a material point of view the former does not pay, and the latter does. Some, times the coin of the realm, and sometimes that of public favor, good society, respectability, &c. &c., run short. Now any or all of these deficiencies (attaching as they inevitably must to the exponents and adherents of an unpopular cause) are crosses which impose heavier burdens on weak shoulders than all can bear; very few, in their secret hearts, would fall to sympathize with "the weak brother," fainting beneath such a cross; but fewer still dare the public avowal of such weakness. We do not so much fear the shame of the confession, as the loss of the glory which accrues to the bold public spirited martyr, who dares stand alone, in any cause; hence we find it a very common expedient for the "reconvert" to declare himself "mistaken" in the worth of the cause he has espoused, and so contrive to back out on the still glorious platform of principles.

Experiences of this kind are still fresh in our memory, and one of those who furnishes us with such a memento, has woven up a very neat little web of philosophy, in which to shelter a retreating form, in the shape of an assumption that the condition of the person through whom spirits communicate must needs be an abnormal one, and hence lays the foundation for all sorts of distortions of the moral, mental and physical states. There are so few really independent thinkers in the world, that the moment the phantom of an original thought presents itself, it is grasped at, and in nine cases out of ten, swallowed with all the avidity of thirst for knowledge, as if it were an actual substance. This is the case with even the shallow proposition above alluded to, and many earnest souls, writing in the pangs inflicted by the poisonous belief that mediumship is positively injurious to the subject, and subversive in its effects of good order and morals, have written to me in appeal for opinions which they probably conceive my experience as a medium myself qualifies me to give. In the first place, then, let us resolve that all our psychical as well as our physical experiences, must come within the domain of fixed laws; and that, although we are at present ignorant of psychological laws, as compared with our understanding of the physique, still we are sufficiently aware of the mutual dependence and sympathy between the two states, to infer an unitary law inhering throughout them both.

Now the actual boundary of our knowledge concerning the laws of matter, is not their limitation, but our ignorance; for instance, we talk of the attributes of matter, and the property of the cell germ; we know absolutely nothing of matter, until we have made conditions for the exhibition of its attributes; and the properties of assimilating nutriment, growth and reproduction in the cell germ, would remain forever locked up in seed, or root, or molecule, unless it was placed in circumstances and surrounded with conditions for the unfoldment of its properties; and until we can undertake to say we have fully exhausted all the conditions to which we can subject any form of matter, we know only so much of its properties as we have succeeded in developing. We know we can see no evidence of mechanical force in water at rest; we know we can convert water into one of the strongest of mechanical forces by the process of its evaporation into steam; but can we undertake to say that water possesses no other property than that of being converted into any of the uses to which it has hitherto been applied?—and if we should happen to hit upon some new combination of circumstances that will unfold some new property in water, or the cell germ, must we conclude it is an abnormal state, because it has not before been observed?

The more calm philosophy investigates the illimitable powers of being and the ever varying resources of creation, the more inevitable becomes our conclusion that the "abnormal" and the "supernatural" have no existence, and as words, should only be used to signify any condition of excess in which we push natural functions beyond their legitimate use, and rudely destroy the just equilibrium of nicely balanced forces. All properties, all attributes, all uses and all varieties of use to which being in any kingdom can be applied, is normal and legitimate; nothing but its abuse, (as above stated,) is abnormal, and therefore if any one human being possesses, under any circumstances, (that do not destroy the integrity of mind or body, or both,) the faculty of communing with spirits, that, like every other faculty of the structure, is the legitimate attribute of that person, and any conditions (subject to the above limitations) which can evoke that faculty, or cultivate that attribute, is not only legitimate, but unnatural to neglect or suppress.

The grain of wheat will remain in the atmosphere of the mummy for two thousand years, but its capacity for unfoldment is still within it, and its awakening into an ear, and reproduction into a multitude of grains, is its normal property, whether man knows it or not, and if there be any other use that the grain can unfold, who but a being bound with the last link in the chain of fixity, would deny man its use, or the grain its function?

Shall the grains of soul intellect or physical power be chained down when all diffusive nature in every other department is expanding? We know that the wall of selfish or ignorant conservatism has sought to call back the unfoldment of every glorious attribute, which scientific experiment has elaborated from God's noble handiwork, but in vain; and now in this age, when the revelations of science have stamped on matter illimitable combinations for use and beauty, and Spiritualists have torn asunder the veil which has hitherto concealed the psychological realm of being, disclosing even a yet grander chemistry of soul to be learned by careful experiment, we are hardly prepared to hear one who has professed acquaintance with the philosophy of mind and matter, calling any attribute of either "abnormal," or reasoning men and women echoing such a shallow excuse for the weakness that puts its hands to an unpopular plough, and would rather say said plough buries the ground, and is an "abnormal instrument," than that it soils the ploughman's hands, and does not pay.

I have preferred offering these suggestions for philosophical reflection, than falling back upon personal experiences, which are rarely valuable as general rules; nevertheless I cannot conclude this article without referring to a class of experiences of which I am a living illustration, and which I believe to be widely participated in by others—that is to say, the experience of improved health and enlarged faculties which follow upon my mediumistic efforts.

Quite recently I heard of a reverend gentleman in these States, whose health is so broken down by the simple recitation of short Sabbath-day exercises at stated periods of the year, and an occasional lyceum lecture during the lyceum season, that he has to be sent to Europe to recruit, notwithstanding the mighty props to health derivable from an income of seven thousand dollars a year, and a splendid house to live in. How much this excellent man's Sabbath-day labors overtax his strength, may be gathered from the fact that when last winter in New York I wrote him a piteous appeal for six thousand New York-outcasts, beseeching only his name, or a word of counsel, or a line of sympathy in aid of my public efforts for them, the poor gentleman was unable to find even time or strength to answer me; yet in the week I wrote to him, by aid of my spiritual guides and magnetizers, I could find strength to write one hundred and seven letters, deliver five lectures, travel five hundred miles, and receive scores of visitors, and perform many other offices of daily life.

Last spring I saw, one Saturday night, two reverend gentlemen unable to utter more than five minutes' discourses apiece, at Tremont Temple, in anticipation of the excessive exertion of reading two discourses on the following day; my abnormal states enabled me to speak for nearly two hours, and, the following Sunday, lecture at Music Hall in the morning for the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, and on the same afternoon and evening, speak upwards of an hour and a half each time, at Allston Hall, for the Spiritualists.

But it may be urged, these passages in my life are rare exceptions, and can only be sustained by a physique of extraordinary strength. I reply in the negative to both these propositions. I often lecture three times in the week, and three times of a Sunday, frequently speaking in prisons and public institutions on the same Sabbath that I lecture twice to the Spiritualists; neither do I ever spare myself during the week from making and receiving innumerable visits in prisons, hospitals, and other public resorts, besides answering a correspondence that would recently supply a private post office, and with all this, and, traveling to boot, I am not strong in health naturally, am subject to, and for years (until I became a public speaker), have been treated for rheumatism, glandular and throat complaints. But whereas I was sick, I am now well, exchanging strength for weakness, comfort, faith and trust for doubt, fear and care; and though I have no seven thousand dollars, nor, alas, as many hundreds a year to be good upon, am contented to know that all I can perform is laid out at magnificent interest in the Spiritual Treasury of the Hereafter.

If this experience, in connection with the philosophy that may be learned from a simple but unprejudiced view of natural law in all departments of being, will answer the question at the head of this article with half as satisfactory results to my readers as its application has to myself, I shall be repaid for the trouble it has cost me in writing it.

Quincy, Mass., June 16, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE RAINBOW AND THE BLOSSOMS.

BY LORENZO D. GROSVENOR.

On this Sabbath morning the bow in the cloud Predicts that the voice of the wind shall be loud. The sailors take warning; there's wisdom in this. For nature prefigures the empire of bliss. "Your helm, brother sailor! Do not let asleep, lest vessel and cargo all sink in the deep!" These blossoms forewarned by that beautiful sight, Resisting the power of the wind in its might, Seem clinging more firmly, not willing to die, Till this glorious vision revisits the sky— Those beauties reflecting, which tell to all time The sunlight and joy of a more genial clime.

Discerning the face of the spiritual sky, "The signs of the times" we are taught to descry. You feel the south wind, the red sky you discern. But more from the signs of the heavens should learn. The fig-trees in blossom our lessons explain, Presaging the coming of summer again. Then lift up your head, with the Teacher Divine—God's smile in the rainbow of promise is thine. The winter is past, and the summer's at hand; The voice of the turtle is heard in our land. So from their bright palaces angels descend, And when with the daughters of music they blend, The promise to us is a prophecy then Of God's bright abode with the children of men.

Groton Junction, May, 1862.

## THE EMPIRE OF SPIRIT.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, June 8, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Our theme on this occasion is the Empire of Spirit. We shall take you to a realm that is bounded by immensity, that is deeper than eternity; whose ruler is everlasting, and whose domain is all creation. This empire has never fallen, nor faded, nor perished, and against it all the wars of material forces and external crime have been waged in vain. Its walls are impenetrable, yet imperceptible, and its throne and crown gleam as brightly now, through the dim vista of the past, and into the far future, as when Eternity was young. It is an Empire whose name we cannot tell, whose ruler is unseen, whose form cannot be defined, and the gems which compose its temple, and fill and interlace, all the aisles and corridors of its vast cathedrals, are, to outward sight, invisible; and yet this empire is around you now.

By this Empire, we mean that controlling power which controls by the voice, will and permission of the controlled, and yet creates and fashions that same will. The outward senses of humanity are such that a peculiar relationship exists between the human form and Nature. Wherever a form lives and moves, it sustains some relationship to outward objects. The body receives nourishment from Nature, is allied to Nature, has sympathy with Nature, and draws all its strength and power from earth, the atmosphere, and the things which surround earth; and the human mind seems to take in, with wondrous glance, the fact that all Nature is linked together in a mysterious chain of sympathy; that, while separate individuals walk around earth, and move, as if isolated and distinct, there is somewhere a concealed, hidden chain, interlacing all together.

The human senses take cognizance of external

things—all classes of humanity, all orders of nature seem moved each by a separate power; and yet, within, there is a spontaneous similarity of life, a connecting link somewhere, which the senses cannot penetrate. We notice small atoms of earth, grains of sand, pebbles and rocks, which apparently are without great significance, and are useless, lying around idle, in the great waste of Nature; but, anon, the mind perceives relations between atom and atom, stone and stone, until, all united, make up the great earth you inhabit—then looks abroad and sees the stars, heavenly bodies, like glittering gems in the regal robe of Night, and wonders what they are; and if it observes their course, and wondrous passages, wonders if there is not something connecting them all together; and at last, the mind, penetrating beyond outward appearances, traces the golden link, and sees them endowed with life and animation, like its own world. The outward sense drinks in nothing but material conceptions of being, but the mind conceives of something more.

Now this material earth, which to you is so beautiful, and robed in such variety of form and hue, is only visible through some other sense than the external, for, behold, the world is made of nothing but grains of sand, arranged together in masses—nothing but gross and useless elements, combined roughly, sometimes in finer forms, and trees, birds and flowers, are only other combinations of the same gross material elements; and the outward vision perceives in them nothing but a mass of confusion and chaos; beings without purpose, or object—landscapes, seas, &c., all of which belong to the great kingdom of Nature.

But deeper, and beneath the surface, we find a network of an imperceptible yet palpable something, which is more than a grain of sand—more than the large pile of rock, or than the mountain which would terrify the external sense—more than the simple bark and fibre and leaves of the tree, which can be destroyed in an instant; there is a life—that life resolves, in the chain of being, from the lowest to the highest form of existence, and that life is the something of which we would speak. Behold, where is it to be found? In space, out far from the stars, where there is no living thing, and nought exists, save boundless ether? Where is it to be found? In some far off clime, radiant and beautiful with material splendor, decked with ten thousand myriad gems, fairer than aught of earth? Where is this Empire of which we speak, located?

Jesus of Nazareth, said, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth." And again, he says, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Where is this spirit to be found, of which he spoke, and where shall we turn to find its empire? We might explore the universe in vain; for, if we look beyond the stars, we find nothing but infinite space. If we look into the stars, physically speaking, and measure and understand their courses, we look in vain; for this kingdom is not material. If we look into every department of nature, and perceive its physical relations, we find not the kingdom of which we speak; but if we look into the human soul and life, we find a kingdom superior to all matter, and which is the Kingdom and Empire of Spirit.

We will define it, therefore, as that which imparts life to Nature; which is not clogged by, nor dependent upon matter, but diffuses itself through matter, and is what you term life, in a general, material sense; what you term God, in a divine sense—Jehovah. This spirit rules and governs by the power of its own being, and go where you will, penetrate whatever depth of Nature, understand as you may the mysteries of Science, unless you analyze Nature by the laws of the spirit, and understand its principles, you have achieved nothing toward Science, and understand nothing of the Spirit of Creation. For this spirit constitutes the chief life to man; and mind is given as the concentration of this spirit in the form of soul, that the mind may look out on Nature, and behold its own image in all there created. Consequently, we take you to the Empire of Spirit within the soul. Of what does this empire consist? Let us see.

It possesses the power of God, which is boundless. It traces all Nature from atom to atom, from kingdom to kingdom, of material life, through the mineral and vegetable creation, through all forms and systems of life, and marches into the grand being of the whole world, and there perceives, stamped upon everything created, an image of itself. No one pretends to say that the spirit or mind of man could recognize God in Creation, unless that spirit existed in the soul sufficiently to cause it to know what was like itself, and it cannot, for one instant, be supposed that this external creation would be endowed with the slightest use, or form of perfection, but for the spirit looking forth from the human eye upon Creation. What beauty would there be, but for this, in the unmeaning rock, or tree-trunk? What in the lake—a mere liquid expanse, drawn up into vapors by the sun? What in the landscape, a lifeless sward? What were all these, but for the spirit within the spectator, speaking to the soul of the object, be it verdurous pasture, or wooded hillside, or glittering rivulet, and crying out, "I am here," and receiving an answer in return—the echo of the spirit through all the phases of Nature.

The eye sees not the landscape, nor the deep blue of the mountain-tops, nor the distant water, but it sees the image of that spirit which is mirrored forth in those substances, and understands it means creation. The external vision apprehends nothing, save so far as it is endowed with apprehension from within. Still deeper: the soul is the palace or throne, of which all nature is the empire—it is the temple, the sacred altar of the spirit which rules throughout all creation, and God, the spirit which you call deity, and which is love itself, comes into this soul, and there, shaking the dust off the feet of external life, it takes up the body. Within the human soul there is the altar and shrine of spirit, but its empire is abroad. Some there be who circumscribe this Empire, and call it heaven, and say God, the spirit of creation, dwells in a far distant land, separated from all creation by walls of amethyst and pearl, shut in with gates of splendor and paved with gold; that there he is enthroned in glory, and rules by the majesty of power and wrath, the world which moves only in accordance with his will; but our empire is not so bounded. Look up into your starry dome, and when you think you see the end of this empire, among those countless myriads of worlds, all larger, and peopled with nobler beings than your own, even then, you have not seen one atom, compared with what lies beyond. Infinite, boundless, made up of world upon world, and constellation upon constellation, as is this empire, the spirit, all comprehensive and powerful, dwells within and rules the whole.

You think it wondrous strange that so small a body, comparatively, as the earth, moves in accordance with fixed laws, and that seasons come and go, for your benefit, and yet it is filled with so many forms of beauty and mind, endowed with such intelligence, that the spirit soars aloft and tries to find its author; and yet all this sinks into insignificance, and the grandest of earthly creations seem like motes in the sunbeams, or smallest particles of dust, when compared with the regal splendor of the empire of which we speak. And do we mean to say that all this is not connected; that earth, small though it be, is not allied to the many larger worlds in space, that through the whole there is not a connecting link—no separation of parts—but a grand chain of spirit, which binds them together? That spirit is God, and the same God who dwells in the most distant star—is too distant to be reached by the external sense, and he not here and there at the same time, and cannot you understand that God, who dwells beyond your mortal vision, higher than science has attained, is the same spirit, that animates the finest atom of the same spirit, that animates in minuteness? This spirit, so proud and glorious in the aggregate, seemingly so divine that it cannot stoop to earthly contamination, within the smallest atom which composes the earth, and God is this spirit, king and emperor, not too great to dwell in the smallest uttermost leaf.

When men attain to greatness, when they have won kingdoms and thrones, the petty toys and baubles of earthly children, they think that they are too great and sublime to speak, even to their fellow-men, much less to notice the humble earthly elements from which they derive their being; but the Sovereign of our Empire is neither so grand nor so lofty that he cannot stoop to the lowliest forms of earth, and dwell within it in as much beauty and as elaborate art as in the largest world which docks space. Nay, it is in these details that his empire is composed, of grain upon grain of sand, of layer upon layer of useless minerals, of trees, each of whose leaves is as elaborately carved, as the cunningest sculptor's work, of images and forms alike beautiful, yet distinct in type, like those winged insects, to make one of which would cost a human being a life-time, and then it would lack life.

Thus we proceed up to the crowning being, man. He in lofty splendor and perfection, presenting an image of all beneath, and yet, remember these are on one small earth only, which is but a portion of this infinite empire. Can you remember how deeply and perfectly the spirit works—that it pervades, not only the earth, which is an atom, but all creation besides; and then can you wonder that the soul which seems to have some faint glimpse of what it is, seeks to burst its barriers and find out the dwelling-place of this spirit? But do not search too far; you may stumble and fall. As elaborately as Nature's temple is decorated, raised as high as the arches of Heaven, grandly frescoed on its ceilings and walls—what is it for? What are those walls and corridors for, those altars and temples whose domes rise beyond the vision of material sense, studded with living jewels? Whence, and for what, were they made? Why does this spirit breathe in the respirations of Nature, filling earth with forms and images of beauty? Why does it deck the stars in garments of splendor? We will answer.

Though external nature proclaims the glory of its Creator, though every leaf and tree is filled with loveliness, though the birds give forth their glad songs of praise in response to light, though the trees chant a solemn thanksgiving forever, upon the mountain tops, though the streams forever shine in gladness, and ocean gives back its echo of praise, there is another and sublimer purpose which all these fulfill. God, the Spirit and Emperor of this creation, has endowed the human soul, like unto himself in aptitudes, and more with care than in all creation besides has he elaborated its powers and faculties, and given it the highest and divinest mind.

While Nature and Creation are but the temples in which the souls and thoughts of God's human creatures are to worship him, and God has given the soul attributes allied to his own that it may look forth upon the temple He has made and recognize the Supreme Architect; it is the soul which does this, which perceives the Spirit, recognizes the links from without and within. The song of the poet is but a response to the voice of Nature in recognition of the same spirit which is within himself. The sculptor's soul grows warm over the cold stone, because he strives to fashion something like that which he sees fresh from Nature's hand. The artist toils over his canvass, only because he sees what his Maker has done, and wonders if he cannot do likewise with his weak, feeble hand. But more, while human thought cannot govern material things, nor breathe life into cold stone, nor fill the painting with the life of material nature, the soul can grow great and warm under the influence of Spirit, and every attribute of the mind is more delicately and anxiously elaborate than all the forms of Nature.

There is in the production of all highest forms of thought, in the waking of the spirit of devotion, in the religious element of prayer, in high forms of faith and hope and love, the crowning creation of God's hand, and external nature falls into insignificance compared with these. If God rules in the empire of matter, how much more in the Empire of Spirit, which is so much more intimately allied to Him. If God is in every grain and atom, that cannot move without his breath, what think you of the life of Spirit, which is born of him and is like his own? Not the soul could not, for one instant, think of being without the presence of that spirit. Think not that in sorrow, or in gladness, or in ideas of ambition, or in the achievements of intellect, you have removed this spirit from you, that this kingdom is afar off, and He has turned away, while you are left to revel in the glory of individual being. No more than an atom could live in space alone without a world in which to act and react, could thought live in the mind an instant, or an idea flash from the human soul, without the presence and breath of this spirit. Nay, it is the very life of life. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you," and while we see the indications of God's master-hand abroad, we must look into the spirit of man for the absolute presence of divinity. Hidden though it is, buried beneath external forms, that spirit is there, thinking, acting and living, in all forms of life, imperceptibly adapting itself to you, and to all the changes of material existence, wearing the crown of meekness, yet full of dignity and power. It urges not itself upon the external sense, but, by prompting, guiding and leading, governs and directs the soul. It leads the heart through turbulence and sorrow, up to the heights of truth and freedom.

The Empire of Spirit is all nature, its altar and shrine are within the human soul, and to every heart is given the sacred charge, to every mind is vouchsafed the royal, divine blessing.

Remember this, and remember that your own souls are of royal descent—that the Holy of Holies is within, and not without, the temple of the mind, and every thought, however simple and insignificant, is not like a grain of sand, but like a precious portion of gold, or a sacred, beautiful gem, given forth from the treasure house of the soul. Why, without that spirit, the forms around you, the living, moving beings which constitute the great humanity, were useless and idle. Without that spirit, those qualities which seem so grand, and which tower so high above material nature, would seem nothing and have no being, and all that makes humanity were dead, and human beings were themselves without existence, save in the material forms of nature. Without that spirit and kingdom within the soul, religion were an idle dream and but a name, and faith in immortality, and consciousness of the divine, were indeed as vague and shadowy as some profess to think them. Without that spirit, thought, which travels through all space and time, like a shining light, would have been buried in oblivion long ago; and human beings would come and go, and leave no trace, like small insects. Without that spirit, there were no conceptions of truth and good and love—all that belongs to the divine mind, art, and humanity itself, were a blank and a chaos. Without that spirit, friend could not talk with friend—father and brother and sister were mere outward phantoms, sinking away, lost in oblivion. Without that spirit, nations could not rise and fall, nor, in the march of time, were there anything save external mechanism. Without that spirit, there were no stirring, struggling hope, no onward prompting life, no strengthening, guiding ambition, no lofty faith; but all would be dead and cold and black. Think not, mortal, that your mind can live, for one instant, without that being and mind within you and around—an ever-living flame, prompting all thoughts. God is as near to every thought as life to being. God is as essential to the respirations of the soul as the atmosphere to the sustenance of the physical frame.

You have seen the earthly splendor fade away, like the grass of the field; you have seen nations rise and fall; you have heard the crash of temples made by human hands, and have seen idols trampled beneath the feet of revolutions which have overturned mighty kingdoms, but you have never seen, and never will see, the empire of spirit totter and fall. Above the surging billows of time, above the clash and din of arms, above the rushing of the chariots, wheels of conquest, you hear the echoes of thoughts that have lived, have been spoken and written, and though the names of their authors may be forgotten, still they burn upon the pages of time, and are enrolled in the catalogue of history—still they sparkle in the crown of thought, and grow brighter and brighter as time advances. You have never heard the empire of spirit fall, though from without resounds the clash of ceaseless contention, within all is constant and enduring and steadfast, and still it.



remains immovable and fixed, as when eternity seemed in its dawn, though now it may have reached its zenith, in your opinion. You have never heard of spirit being ever deformed, for the legends of war in heaven and a divided power there are not true, and the soul gives them the life, and refers them to the material source whence they originated. No, the empire of spirit remains supreme and perfect, and the crown on its brow shines as brightly as though not a thought of humanity existed.

The temple and shrine of thought are supreme and glorious to dwell. Material dominion may vanish with the first revolution, but we have pictured an empire all your own—a something within you which can enlarge and enlarge by actual conquest, until it is bounded only by the limits of truth and knowledge—a temple and shrine of religion and justice, radiant with treasures from the storehouse of Nature and the mountain-tops of spiritual wisdom, and you, a marching, conquering army, overcoming strife, evil, all that belongs to earth and time, until you come, wearing robes of majesty and power, within the Empire of Spirit. Bow down before this altar: it is not removed afar off, but is within; and around it you shall sing songs of praise and gratitude forevermore in the Empire of Spirit, and shall join all those loving ones who may have gone to another portion of that realm, and dwell linked with them in the eternal abodes, all within this empire; and shall climb the heights of knowledge, and survey world upon world, and see with wondrous power they are controlled; and shall understand all mysteries—all the laws of material creation; all shall be plain and beautiful in that empire. And you shall know the Supreme Ruler, and that to him is to be ascribed all power and glory forever, and you shall praise him without ceasing, because He alone is great. And earth and Nature may fade away, but you shall still live in the Empire of Spirit. Time cannot affect it, nor can death end it, nor space enclose it, but all shall be infinite, glorious, divine, in the Empire of Spirit.

#### Organization—Plans Suggested.

In every neighborhood, where there are four persons willing to cooperate so far as to take a spiritual paper, let them form a club for that purpose, and on a regular basis, meet and select one for an agent, and decide what paper shall be taken, and also provide for preserving one complete file of the paper for binding, when they shall be able to start a library, and adopt measures, as well as they can, for circulating the paper and extending the subscription. Soon as the numbers are sufficient to raise a club for another paper, let the subscribers meet and select again, or reappoint the agent, and decide either to take another paper, or extend the same, and always to keep one file of each paper complete, for the society. This basis may soon be increased in almost any neighborhood so as to procure a few books, and commence a circulating library, on which there may soon arise a structure to support lectures and test mediums and healing mediums, &c.

When there are a sufficient number of persons in a neighborhood willing to cooperate for progress and social and intellectual improvement, let some one start a paper and take subscriptions of one dollar, or more, from each, per annum, for the support of a reading room, to be always open on Sundays, and when ten dollars or more are subscribed, let them all be called together to select an agent, treasurer and librarian, and decide what papers shall be taken, and what books purchased, and all other matters of any importance, and make all needful regulations for the government of the society and its reports and meetings, and this will almost immediately become a nucleus from which will spring up a demand for lectures and mediums, &c.

When there are three or more persons desirous of investigating the spiritual phenomena, and willing to cooperate for that purpose, let them meet from a circle, agree on times and places of meetings and sittings, and choose a chief or clerk, and at once proceed to secure at least one copy of a spiritual paper, to be carefully preserved and filed, which must be accessible to all at times, and then proceed carefully and candidly to examine the phenomena, as they arise from their sittings or elsewhere; and this may, if judiciously managed, soon become the basis of regular meetings, or occasional lectures, &c.

When there are ten or more persons willing to cooperate for mental, moral, social, or religious instruction or progress, let some one start a paper for subscriptions, and raise the means to have from one to three hundred lectures a year, as they find themselves unable to support them; and when enough can be raised for one lecture, call the subscribers together and choose a committee, and if they desire it, also select the speaker or speakers, and determine on times and places; and when able, build or purchase a place for the meetings, and so far perfect and complete the organization as to hold it as a house of religious worship under the laws of the State. Frequent business meetings and changes of officers will be necessary, and a constant and active policy, to extend the influence and spread the knowledge which we possess of the two worlds and the intercourse between them.

All these and several other starting points for organization can be adopted successfully in scores of places, and all could be carried out in all their details without the least reference to the social, religious or political belief of any person subscribing or participating; nor is it of much consequence what any one does believe, for if much in error, by gentleness and toleration, comparison and discussion, the error will soon be lessened and removed; but if there is not even enough to leave the lump, the effort will prove a failure and the organization an abortion; but still it may do some good before it dies, as the Southern effort to start a new government, wicked as it was, must at least have the credit of putting an end to slavery in the South, if not in the world.

Organized efforts with good motives, however feeble and short-lived, can hardly fail to do some good, if they do not attempt to infringe on the rights of individuals or each other. Opinion and character are private property, for which each person is responsible and accountable for him and herself, and only when these trespass upon another's rights, can they be called to account, and then first by the injured party, or those representing it. Reputation is of no value at all, as our country affords enough cases of the same person occupying each extreme in reputation—such as Gen. B. F. Butler, Garrison, Phillips, &c. After such lessons, we should know enough to let reputation take care of itself, and go on with our work of building up the better condition of the race. Nor is it all necessary for one organization to inquire after the opinions and conduct of another, except so far as it may furnish a worthy example or practical basis, &c.

Warren Chase.

#### The Sunday School Class Book.

Wm. Wm. & Co.—Enclosed I send you one dollar, for which please send me five copies of the Sunday School Class Book. We have no regular meetings here, but some of us wish to impress the young minds of our children with the progressive ideas, as taught from the liberal spiritual standpoint. Instead of sending them to Orthodox Sunday Schools for fashion's sake, we shall keep them at home and teach them from the Class Book. It was hard enough for me to read my mind of the false ideas I have had of God, and the old plan of soul-saving through faith, &c. I would save my child from such errors. Respectfully yours for truth.

Port Huron, Mich., June 16, 1892.

A discriminating editor says of the spring style of "Banner of Light": "It is only necessary to feature it, it affords room for a small observatory on the top of the head."

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY JUNE 28, 1892.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,  
Room No. 3, Up Stairs.  
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICE,  
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.  
FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

#### A Short Sermon.

There are many persons who are willing to be incontestably happy, if, on looking around them, they find they chance to possess what certain others do not—as, for example, he who owns and drives his horse feels a slight better than his neighbor who cannot afford himself that luxury, but has to go on foot. One of our popular magazines, some time ago, took up this idea to make a pleasant paragraph with, and made it appear finally that if two men had not more than a single potato apiece, and one of them had sold to season his with while the other had none, the man with the salt would consider himself happy, simply because he had what his neighbor had not.

On this same principle, but reasoning in just the opposite direction, he who has the fewest wants—he who is least in debt to fate, or fortune—he who can extract the most from life at the slightest cost, is to be considered the happy man. For do but regard the lightness of his load of responsibilities, such as are only incumbrances, shows, professions, pretensions, vanities, appearances, conformities, and the like; what a burden he unpacks from off his shoulders, when he learns that he can draw with less gearing and do his work in a lighter harness; what positive gain it is to him, just as much so as if he had acquired it for fancied wants by additional labor and cost, to be able to get along without all this labor and cost; how much wear and tear he saves himself; what leisure moments—that golden part of human life—he thus secures for meditation and communion with the invisible ones that are ever ready to descend into his receptive spirit.

We should get along far better if we thought less about getting along at all. There is a sort of prudence in absolutely no prudence at all. The person who is forever in trouble and fever lest he may not manage to secure to his enjoyment all that he thinks worthy of being enjoyed in this world, is the last one we should usually point to as likely ever to be in possession of the coveted gifts and endowments. The indifferent person—may, the shiftless and thriftless person will be apt to be in the kingdom which he calls heaven, before him. Emerson says in one of his thoughtful Essays: "The highest prudence is the lowest prudence"; that is, sometimes it is. It is not nature to fuss about anything. Some things must be left to take their own course, under the great and general law.

If what we all think happiness were not really so common an affair, so easily attainable, more of us would be in possession of it than are. It is so very near at hand, however—so exactly on the road we are all traveling, that we never suppose it is the genuine thing, because it is so close within reach. If we supposed it possible for the winds to blow up some tempestuous night and sweep all the stars out of the sky, we should speak for the whole of our lives afterward of the glory and matchless beauty of the stars which we chanced to see once, before they finally disappeared; but because they are fixed in the dark concave of our heavens, and cannot be moved from their courses by the shouting of any voices or the blowing of any winds, we scarcely take note of them at all, and then but in common phrase, and with the eye of business and traffic.

Thus do we find that we best appreciate good things when they are taken away from us. Hence it is better for us to meet with disappointments, which at best are but the needed obstruction of our vision, than to go on and have matters after our own way. We should know little more than nothing at all, if we somehow found out for a fact what so many entertain as a theory, that we know it all now. Sickens teaches us to prize health, and the beauty of its silently operating laws. Ignorance is pleasant to look down upon from the height of knowledge above, because it gives a zest to the new acquirement. Obstacles are excellent, because they force us to put out all the ready strength we have, and thus we incessantly get more. The depths of midnight reveal more beautifully the red splendors of the morning. We are plunged into the pits of despair, that we may have time to turn our thoughts sharply in upon ourselves, and goad our faculties up to their highest and tensest working capacity.

There is no need of saying that when we become thus rich, or thus, then we will be happy. How do know we will be happy, then? For happiness comes not of the mere will, as distinguished from the want, but of the harmony of all the faculties and qualities, temperament, disposition, desire, will, ambitions, affections, and everything else. Can we not be happy to-day—happy even in the possession of our four golden corners? Then let us not look forward to being happy to-morrow, for in this respect, that will be as to-day. It does not lie in the point of time any more than it does in the chance of outward circumstances; it is abstract, absolute, within and above all these qualifications that are but temporary and unreal, and rest in the central constitution of the soul itself.

Yet to be happy is not to be inactive. No healthy being can wish to fold his hands and hide his thoughts from the light, looking thus for happiness. Activity is the first condition of true and genuine life. It is death, where all is stagnation. To vegetate, to sleep, that cannot be happiness; but to be continually doing and giving and producing and creating. Happiness is only life forevermore.

#### The Hospitals.

Perhaps the most interesting objects, in a melancholy point of view, connected with this war, are the several hospitals, stationed anywhere from St. Louis at the West to Boston at the East. There lie our brave fellows, who have gone out to offer even life itself for the assurance of a whole country and a sound government to those of us who remain behind. The sights in the various wards are sad enough, as sympathizing eyes grow wet with looking upon them. Yet no groans amid all this suffering, and with all these shattered limbs. No murmurs of complaint, as if any one of them allowed himself to bewail his sad destiny. A philanthropist, seeking to know more profoundly than ever of the human heart, may learn what he never knew before, in walking through these sickness-filled hospitals, where none but approved patriots lie prone upon their backs.

#### Spirit-Portraits.

Will W. P. Anderson please furnish us with his address and his terms for spirit portraits?—Herald of Progress.

We ascertained some time since, through our Philadelphia correspondent, Miss Cora Wilburn, that Mr. Anderson resided in that city; but that it was his intention to visit Boston some time this summer. Since then, we have heard nothing in regard to him. Several correspondents have also inquired of his terms, and we wrote to him to ascertain; but as no answer has as yet been returned, we are unable to give the desired information.

#### New Publications.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, HER DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. By and through Andrew Jackson Davis (the Poughkeepsie Seer and Clairvoyant). In three Parts. For sale by A. J. Davis & Co., New York.

This first considerable, and certainly renowned production of Mr. A. J. Davis, is presented to the public again. We call the reader's attention to the advertisement of the same in the appropriate column. It has long been a wish with many persons to see this genuine volume given to the world once more, in a form befitting the enlarged experience of its author and the advanced state of the popular mind in relation to the topics he then first opened to its awakening vision. What was but dimly seen then, or scarcely perceived at all, is now as visible to the attentive soul as if the night had been changed into noonday.

Mr. Davis does well for his own reputation and usefulness both, and gratifies an immense number of readers likewise, to put this work into a form at once substantial and attractive, giving it an external appearance to correspond with its internal value. We shall never forget the wide and profound interest that was awakened throughout the country on its first publication; and although it found eager and thoughtful readers then by the thousand, there is every visible assurance that its appearance at this time in new and improved form will command a very much wider circle of students and readers. The strain of thought throughout is exalted and grand: the man must be inspired, whether he takes in the meaning of the same, or happens to be the instrument through which they are sent out to the world.

Additions have been made to the volume, since the stereotype plates have been recalled from their use in England, and a complete Family Record is included; the paper, printing and binding are likewise of a much improved character, and do ample justice to the work itself and its author. For so large, handsome, and sterling a work, on a class of topics the highest and grandest that can engage human attention, the price—only two dollars—is remarkably low, and places it within popular reach. Every liberally inclined and harmonious household should have it within its midst, for reference and thoughtful reading.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. June, 1892. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

The papers in this number of an always fresh, able and popular Review are as follows: The Chinese Language and Literature, Angelology and Demonology—Ancient and Modern (an interesting and timely contribution), Sir Thomas More and his Times, Maud as a Representative Poem, The Comedies of Molière, Education and Unity of Pursuit of the Christian Ministry, Sir Philip Sidney, Aurora Leigh, Yellow Fever a Worse Enemy to Civilians than to Soldiers, The National Academy of Design and its Great Men, Notices and Criticisms.

REVUE SPIRITUE.—This handsome French journal, devoted to the Philosophy of Spiritualism, has the following table of contents for June: Parisian Society of Spiritual Manifestations; The Infant Jesus in the midst of Doctors; How History is Written; Spiritual Society of Vienna; Vital Principle of Spiritual Societies; Spiritual Discretion; Apocryphal Spirit in Russia.

THE ATLANTIC, for July, comes to us this week full of good and choice things, as is its wont. It requires from us no suggestive word, with its unequalled staff of writers and world wide reputation.

#### At Half-Cock.

Some persons think that a good, strong prejudice is equal to a good, strong argument, any day. For them, it may be; but it doesn't hold, unfortunately, when applied to the standard rules. The *Traveler* of this city, the other day, evidently believed it "got off" a great point on Spiritualism, in telling the story of a mother who consulted a medium concerning her son who was off at the wars; the story went, that she was solemnly told by her pretended son, through the medium, that he had died at his post and was happy in having done his duty; and that she returned home to find a letter from him, informing her that he was safe. So much for the truth of Spiritualism! Inwardly chuckles the *Traveler*. Did that journal really know what Spiritualism really meant, instead of snapping up these errors and shortcomings of some of its professors with such hungry eagerness, it would regret, with all the rest of us, that impostors creep in here as they do into all things with the least earthly admittance. Besides, the *Traveler* does not seem to know, either, that rogues, and even evil spirits live after what we call death; just as much as pure and good spirits. Why not? Or does the *Traveler* believe that the wicked ones wind up their business altogether in this sphere, and are suddenly transformed into angels of light in the other?

#### On the other Tack.

The London Times was apparently frightened out of its wits, when the news of the famous battle between the Monitor and Merrimack reached England, and thought it saw the power of the British nation melted away by the result of that stern conflict in the waters of Hampton Roads. But the instant it hears of the brilliant performance of Farragut and Porter's wooden fleet in passing the two strong forts at the mouth of the Mississippi, it changes its tone to one of exultation. Not so bad for wooden walls, after all! is the cry. We are glad to see another made happy by such slight occurrences. The very joy which the Times shows now, does but prove how deep was the gulf of its de. Britannia may yet find some use for her trident upon the turbulent waves. But she never can expect to make any headway in our waters. She must forever keep the noses of her vessels of war out of our harbors.

#### Not so Flowery.

The *Melodist*, the organ of the religious denomination of the same name, denounces the use of so much rhetoric by its ministers. It has become sick of it. It thinks there has been a prevalent error, for a long time, on this subject, in their churches. "Hervoy's Meditations" and "Osgood's Poems" have, it thinks, apparently been too much the models with them. A better taste in the pulpits would have a better effect on the people. The pulpit is no place for bouquets, or for poetical recitation; it should be the arena of intellectual and moral power, of thought, argument, persuasion, demonstration, conviction, and permanent impression. A young man of real intellectual power can hardly make a worse mistake than to model himself on the Mafias and Bascoms of our history.

#### Uriah Clark in Michigan.

U. Clark is about to give a series of his lectures and public tests in Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. He speaks in Sturgis, Mich., Sunday, July 6, and may be addressed accordingly, in care of J. G. Wait. As Mr. Clark's lectures and test examinations are reported highly successful and peculiarly adapted to the times, and his terms are moderate, he will doubtless meet with a deserved welcome during his summer tour in the West.

A New Orleans letter writer says that the ladies of that city will not only turn up their pretty noses at the Union soldiers, but will "split and jerk" at them as they pass. "Well, we suppose that the New Orleans ladies desire to prove to the gallant Federals that they are delicious crochets."

#### An Hour With Mr. Foster.

Since Mr. Foster's return from abroad, he has been resting from his severe labors and occasionally giving some manifestations to his friends in Salem, Marblehead, Boston and vicinity, having had at the same time pressing solicitations to visit various parts of the country for the purpose of carrying the realities of the spiritual world home to the consciousness of doubting thousands.

On Sunday evening, June 18th, by invitation of Mr. J. R. Bassett, of Marblehead, a dozen friends came to witness the wonders of Mr. Foster's mediumship. We took seats around a long dinner table. Each one was provided with about half a dozen slips of blank paper, all just alike. Mr. Foster went out of the room while each one wrote names of departed friends, or questions, upon separate pieces of paper and rolled them into little balls, so as to exclude the possibility of reading what was written, and put them in the centre of the table, mixed up in a pile together.

Mr. Foster now returned and took his seat at the table, with the pile of paper balls before him, and said:

"Is there a spirit that will communicate?" His hand was then moved and wrote an answer to a question addressed to a spirit, J. B. He then took the little ball from the pile before him that contained the question and the name of the spirit, and handed it to the gentleman who wrote it. I might have tried to select the right ball and give it to the one who wrote it fifty times before I should have succeeded, but Mr. Foster is always successful the first time. Then I do not know any possible way by which I could have read, as Mr. F. did, the names and questions that were written and rolled up in these papers, except by the aid of invisible intelligences.

Mr. Foster then said: "A spirit stands between Dr. C. and Mr. K. She says her name is Sarah Hilton, and that she is a friend of Mr. K."

Mr. F. then caught a little paper ball from the pile before him, as if regardless as to which one he took, tossing it to Mr. K., who opened and read "Sarah Hilton," saying that he (Mr. K.) wrote the name, and that Sarah Hilton was a friend of his.

Mr. F. then said: "What does this mean? I see, over Mr. K.'s head, a bright star. Over the star is an arch of golden letters, which reads, 'It is indeed a star of love that guides him.'" He then seized a paper ball from the pile and tossed it to Dr. C., who opened it, and read, "Is it a star of love that guides my friend K." Dr. C. said that he had written this question for his friend K.

Mr. Foster then said: "A spirit by the name of Abraham is here," selecting at the same time the paper ball on which the name was written, and handed it to the one who wrote it. The name of Charles was called, and disposed of in the same way, and also the name of Grandmother Pick.

Mr. Foster exclaimed: "How singular! How beautiful! I see an emblem over Dr. C.'s head. It is a rosebud; it opens, and in it I see the face of a little boy, over which is written, 'My little son.'" A paper ball was selected and handed to Dr. C., and it read, "My little son." The word *Josiah* was raised in scarlet letters on Mr. F.'s arm, and the paper ball on which "*Josiah*" was written, was handed to the writer of it.

Mr. Foster now selected a paper ball, and gave it to Mr. K. to hold, and then appeared much influenced, agitated, and was even in distress. He rose from the table, selected two from the circle, and directed the others to join hands. The two selected he led into a room adjoining, rather dimly lighted, and placed them with himself, each one at the side of a square table, leaving one side of the table vacant. The hands of the three were joined. Mr. Foster now appeared to be influenced by contortions of his whole muscular system; his breathing became difficult, and apparently, almost suspended. At this moment a small, delicate hand, like that of a lady, appeared on the vacant side of the table, above the table, with fingers in rapid motion. This apparition, or reality, was as tangible as any material object could possibly be. Also connected with this hand was distinctly seen by Dr. C. (who was one of the persons selected by Mr. F. to witness this manifestation) the shadowy outlines of a delicate bust, which appeared distinctly to his eyes, a reality.

Mr. Foster, then apparently in a trance, said: "I have longed to give this evidence of my presence. It is my hand; it is my form that you have beheld. Do you not know me? Do you not recognize your niece, Uleyetta S. Potter?"

Mr. F. and the two persons with him returned to the table in the other room, and Mr. K. read the paper ball handed him by Mr. F. as he left the room, and on it was written, "Uleyetta S. Potter." Rebecca Knapp manifested, and was recognized, as also did Willie Gerry, who was recognized.

Mr. Foster said: "See a cushion on the table; it is fringed with gold, and on it I read the word 'Sarah.'" The paper ball was then selected, on which was written "Sarah Cushing."

Benj. Newhall manifested, and was recognized, as also did Benj. Winslow.

Mr. Foster said: "See a female spirit clothed in white, back of Dr. C., in response to this paper ball, which Dr. C. has written."

This ball when opened, read, "my guardian angel."

Mr. Foster said: "See autumn leaves and falling snow—the snow falls and makes the letters 'E. S.'"

The paper ball was then opened which he selected, and read "Eliza Snow."

It was remarked by one present who knew, that Eliza Snow died in the autumn when the leaves were falling. Mr. Joseph R. Bassett asked this spirit if his mother was present, who died day before yesterday, and an answer came through Mr. Foster's hand: "She is hardly conscious yet; she is just beginning to wake up, and as she looks around her, she asks: 'Where is my Joe?'"

Mr. B. stated that his mother always called him, "my Joe."

Mr. Foster said: "See a vision. A bunch of moss roses falls before Dr. C., and from the hand that drops them fall these words, 'affection's gift.'"—Mr. F. handing at the same time a paper ball to Dr. C., on which was written, "Flora."

A sheet of paper with a pencil folded in it was held under the table, and in the space of less than a minute the following was written on it, "I. F. Gall," without the paper being opened, or any earthly thing touching it, except the thumb and fingers of Mr. Bassett, who held it there. Elizabeth Davis, a deceased friend of Mrs. Bassett, wrote her name through Mr. Foster's hand, though her name was not written among the paper balls.

A spirit by the name of Tucker, who was drowned a few days ago, manifested, apparently in great distress, calling for help—"Save me, or I perish."

David Armstrong was the name of a spirit that was pronounced by Mr. Foster, and was recognized by several persons present.

Mr. Foster addressed one of the circles: "I see a spirit that thrives over your mantle made of white satin and red velvet, for protection; and on it is written, Phoebe Ann Winslow." This spirit was known to the person addressed. At this time another exhibition of the hand was witnessed, by two other persons, at previously described.

Mr. Foster said: "I see a pair of bellows, and on them is written, 'Samuel H.'"

A paper ball was selected, and read, Samuel H. Bellows.

Moses Reed was split out by raps, and a paper ball was tossed out by Mr. Foster, on which this name was written.

Mr. Foster said: "Two spirits are around Mr. Ballard, that tell me their names are Peep and Liah."

Mr. Ballard said, in his younger days he had two companions that he called by these nick-names, but they were long since deceased.

Mr. Foster said: "I see a female spirit near Dr. C. She brings him a box of gems; it is his sister; her name is Sarah, and she says, 'I give you love and truth. I come to lead you on from earth to heaven, where all is harmony.'"

A paper ball was then selected by Mr. Foster, on which was written, Sarah Child.

Mr. Foster's hand was seized and wrote, "I am so relieved and delighted to communicate to you, if it is but one word, for now I can rest; long have I desired this opportunity. Sarah Ann Dodd."

A spirit now, apparently, took full possession of Mr. Foster, and he rose from his seat and spoke as follows:

"Now I know that spirits do communicate. It is but a few short months since, I talked against, and fought against what I now know to be truth. While we live on earth, we know but little. I thought myself wise while I was in darkness. I thought that a Professor's chair might throw light on the pathway of the soul; now I find the soul has more certain, sure guidance. O. C. Felton."

Mr. Foster wrote: "Open your eyes to catch glimpses of inner light, for it is that which guides the soul. Jeanette Dwight."

Mr. Foster said: "Only one spirit is left in the room; her name is Polly Riddon. She says: 'Good night to you all.'"

A. B. C.

#### Dedication of the Church of St. Francis de Sales.

The formal dedication of this church took place at 10 o'clock on the morning of June 17th, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, thousands remaining outside the edifice during the ceremonies, being unable to obtain admission. The members of the Hamilton Institute, St. Mary's Mutual Relief Society and the Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society were present in regalia, each accompanied by a band of music, and the officers of these societies acted as ushers, while their banners were placed near the altar, which was entirely without ornament. The ceremony of consecration was performed by the Right Reverend Bishop Goobrand, of Burlington, Vt., assisted by about forty of the clergy from all the surrounding country. The sermon was preached by Right Reverend Bishop Rosecrans, of Cincinnati, Ohio. He commenced by saying that the occasion of the day should be a season of rejoicing to all present, but it was well to consider tonight and all this pomp and ceremony, and he would answer that it is used because it has been handed down to us, and it is the form of the church, in the same ritual as before the great schism took place. There are two systems—the doctrine of the authority of the church, and the right of private judgment, said the preacher, and there were briefly explained. He then alluded to the custom of the Church, prohibiting her children looking into the Bible to make a religion of their own, and contended that this was the doctrine of Christ as taught by him when on earth, and from the earliest history the Church has always claimed the authority to direct and teach the people. He urged that Christ excoriated this authority by teaching orally, and so directing his Apostles. The fact that there is only one passage in the Bible "droning the searching of the Scriptures," was considered by the preacher to refer only to the Old Testament. If the Catholic Church has the authority to teach men, he said, it is obligatory on all to follow her teachings; but this Church has been said to be intolerant because we believe that none can be saved outside the Church. But the preacher contended that this was the true doctrine, and there could not be intolerance in such a case. In order to have eternal life, we must follow the teachings of Jesus Christ as required by his Church, but our lives should be such as to find favor in the sight of God. It is not only in our intellect that we should be devoted to the Church, but our actions should be of a similar character.

#### Great Talkers.

Did we think of it, we should know that we are greater losers of strength and magnetic force by talking than by silence. There is much good husbandry in silence. It helps fill one up with his thoughts, giving him time to concentrate and combine them, rather than suffer them to evaporate in the steam of words. This fact is apparent enough to anybody who has ever passed hours by himself in the woods or on the seashore; at such periods, suggestions start like aprons to the surface of the mind's soil, and solitude itself becomes populous. Hence thoughtful persons, who like to be alone better than company and conversation, invariably declare that they are never less solitary than when alone, and that the crowds of cities are the real solitude for them. Silence, in this respect, is just like solitude. The still person may not ever be the most reflective, but it is certain that the person of thought and reflection is the most addicted to quiet and being alone. A great talker is a great bore; a few "flashes of silence"—as Sidney Smith said by Macaulay—are relief indeed from their indictions.

#### Emphatic Clothes.

Large figures and bright colors testify to a gaudy taste and a vulgar one. Jean Brummel's ambition was to dress in the very height of fashion, or good taste, as he wished to establish it; a certain noble lord adopted just the other extreme, and attired his person in garments none the less rich and costly, yet severely simple and plain in the selection of whatever colors or shades would be likely to attract attention. It is vulgar to dress so as to draw the eyes of people to any particular part of the attire; the make-up should be so harmonious that nothing more than the general effect should be noted, and thus the individual be presented in a style chiefly calculated to illustrate his manners and character. The shopkeepers do not always work with persons of true taste to this end; but it is possible to do a good deal more even without their aid than we have a present idea of.

#### Street Sweeping.

We saw on Broadway, New York, a few nights since, a machine, which, judging from the appearance of that great thoroughfare after its use, must soon take the place of hand sweepers, for whom we hope some more profitable employment will be provided. We believe the inventor of this sweeper, Mr. J. Crispien, Jr., has obtained, for a limited period, a contract to sweep Broadway as far up town as Fourteenth street.

O. H. O.

NO HUNGARIANS AMONG THE RUSSKS.—When Gen. Fremont was at the West, his most secret despatches to the President, were sent in Magyar, which was as good as cipher, since no "traitor" knows the tongue. What a compliment to the native tongue of Kosuth! "No traitor knows the tongue!" It is said that there is no record of any Hungarian being in the rebel service, though there are many in our army.







Mulford, Mass., 1862. 1146474



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