

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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LYONEL HARRINGTON.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Count Von Wabern.

The simple, but handsome traveling carriage stopped before the castle, while the Minister was chatting with Lyonel in the garden. Without a word of apology, he broke off the conversation and hastened to receive the new comer. He hurried off so suddenly that he even forgot his age, and the external dignity of manner he invariably maintained. Lyonel remained quietly at his place in the garden, and from thence looked upon the first greetings. On the part of the Minister they were deeply deferential; on that of the newly arrived, pleasantly, friendly, as the greetings bestowed upon old acquaintances.

The count descended from one of the most ancient noble families, and he was looked upon in the house of Urmig as one of the wealthiest land owners in Germany; this they had told the American.

The counsellor soon made his appearance; then a number of servants, who busily surrounded the carriage. In order to give time for the first confusion attendant upon a fresh arrival to subside, Lyonel withdrew to the back ground of the garden.

It was pardonable that his thought, when he found himself alone, should revert to the unexpected occurrence on the marble staircase. He contrasted Cecilia in her modest humility with the beautiful but frivolous court lady. How different and far superior she appeared; the loving, artless, shepherdess, from the wealthy countess, who had received her culture from all the masters of the art of pleasing; from the lips of flattering admirers; through the experience of life in cities, and from reading indiscriminately the soulless love poems and stories that abounded in her time. The saint in the valley became still more sacred to his heart.

He returned to the castle. The Urmig family were still assembled around the stranger in the pillared hall. He was a fine looking man in the thirties, of a well-built, slender figure, and proud bearing, somewhat of a military carriage. He was simply clad in a summer travelling suit of a dark color, that was carefully arranged, and in accordance with the latest fashion.

"Mr. Lyonel Harrington, from the United States of America," said the Minister, as he presented Lyonel to the count; then turning again, he said to Lyonel, "the Count Von Wabern," several light bows, and a few pleasant words followed the introduction.

It is not worth while, to give an account of the dinners, excursions, visits to neighboring noblemen, balls, illuminations, and fire works, that made of the day a perpetual festival, since the arrival of the count; nor how in the intimacy of country life, the first restraint wore off, and each approached the other in friendly guise, honoring and admiring; not deeming themselves observers nor observed.

It did not escape Lyonel's observation, however, that since the arrival of Wabern, he was treated, if not with neglect, yet with a sort of indifference, while Gabriella and the count were regarded with especial attention and preference. He was not in the least jealous; the count had the charm of novelty; and the difference in the rank of a count and countess and a citizen of America, he knew would not fall of having its effect upon etiquette. But even the Counsellor Rainer, although cordial as ever, betrayed in his manner on the very next day, a degree of embarrassment that was unaccountable; and the lovely Gabriella, who at first had favored him with her candidly avowed preference, made no distinction between him and the count; one as well as the other seemed to have gained her smiles. The cause of this was perhaps not entirely owing to the fickleness of the lady, but to Lyonel's consistent reserve toward the conquest-loving beauty. He remained as distant and as near to her, as when he made his first appearance in the park; even the ordeal upon the stairway had made in him no change.

Gabriella was not insensible to the external attractions of the count, with his majestic air and looks of gold; nor was she unmindful of the admiring glances of his eyes, when she smiled upon him; or how he gazed upon her when her looks were turned away; how gloomily he knit his brows when she turned with like amiability to speak or listen to the American. At last he seldom moved from beside her, and was almost silent when she was absent. The very tones of his voice in addressing to her the most insignificant phrase, sounded like homage and adoration.

Toward all the other persons at the castle, with perhaps the exception of Leonie, he maintained an affably distant manner, joined to a degree of condescension of which he seemed unconscious; this assumption of superior station he did not lay aside, even with the Minister. He observed the American with the lurking eyes of a falcon, as if continually questioning, "Who are you?" No doubt he feared him as a rival. In their social intercourse, he guarded the utmost politeness, but ever in his words was wafted a something cold and distant and haughtily commanding, to the comprehension of our friend.

That Lyonel would not, like the rest, seek the favor of the individual so courted by all, may well be imagined. According to his maxim, he became, without giving himself away, only that, and so much to another, as that other would be to him. Probably, as is often the case in the world, each misapprehended the other. The count was misled by a gawling and growing jealousy; and still more by the contradictory judgment of the household regarding the American. The equivocal expressions of the Minister, that shrewd, experienced man of the world, seemed to him to arrive nearest the truth. And the opportunity was not wanting to convince himself in that respect.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Petite Dispute.

One and the other had been allured by the beauty of the morning to a walk in the park. It was very early, not yet sunrise. Both surprised to meet at an hour usually devoted to morning dreams, remained standing; both seemed to halt their meeting as a fitting opportunity of reading the opponent's character more deeply than heretofore. From the beauty and glory of the morning, the pleasant retreat that surrounded them, the conversation turned to the family at the villa, to the peculiar good qualities of each member there.

"Since the few days of my sojourn here, I feel like one bound fast by magic," said the count. "It will be difficult for me to part from this charming place. I doubt not, none the less to you. They speak of your near departure. But you, I imagine, will not return to your Colony entirely without home-sickness; and not without taking with you the remains of the beautiful; or perhaps," he added, smiling, "the most beautiful will accompany you across the sea."

Lyonel thought of the angel in Saint Catharine's Vale, and felt his face flush slightly, but quickly composing himself, he replied:

"The beautiful I find in my own home; the most beautiful will be my remembrance of Lichtenhelm." His answer and the suffusion of his face caused the heart of the count to contract painfully; in order to conceal this and to say something, he went on:

"Wonderful! yes, wonderful that a man of cultivated mind should feel more at ease in your primeval forests of America, than in the enjoyment of all that art and science can unfold in older nations, of the great and useful. I have heard the same from others who for a long time have lived among savages. How is this?"

"Probably, Sir Count, because for men in that hemisphere, Nature is the most natural; and the constraint of the civilization of to-day, however dazzling it may appear, is constraint still. One feels more comfortable after undressing at night, in bed, more at ease, than by day encased in our coat of parade."

"A curious reason; but you are a Republican, Mr. Harrington, and perhaps wish for your sort of happiness, in becoming children of Nature."

"I was not just thinking of that. I do not belong to Rousseau's children of Nature Sir Count. Monarchy and Republic are both equally honorable, for both are in accordance with Nature. We, in America, call our not hereditary King, the President; you call your hereditary President, King, or Duke. Hereditary claims to the Chair of State, have their advantages and disadvantages, so with the opposite views; as all in the world has its double aspect. If only in one as the other, the principle is embodied that gives to each citizen his equal rights; that does not limp in the distance after the spirit of the century, we can be content. Here, Sir Count, you have, as I believe you desire to know it, my political confession of faith."

"Excuse me, I thought not of it, but since we have come to this point, let us continue. Even if I do not fully agree with you, we shall not quarrel. You place an equal worth on Monarchy and Republicanism. I cannot; although, like you, I honor the natural rights of men and the people. I also honor the right of descent, because, in accordance with Nature, it has grown out of the gradual development of the nations. One grain of national liberty too much, is a ton of national misfortune. Contrast the people famed for their liberties with the contented repose of the strictly monarchical. Think of the continued surging of your United States; of the unceasing inner confusions and agitations in England, France, Switzerland, Spain. I would rather eat my bread beneath the sceptre of a Sultan, than beneath the outgrowth of a self-sovereign people; even the Sultan is a human being, and can have better hours in his day; a thousand headed sovereign never has."

"By all means, Sir Count. Even the despot, with his foot upon the necks of his subjects, can uplift his iron hands in prayer to heaven. I believe it. Sceptre or outgrowth, in the hands of lawlessness, both are accursed. But the peaceful repose that you praise, may be the repose of sleep, or that of decay; men and nations that are awake do not, envy the dead. I am the man for a monarchy where the throne and state power are the inheritance of the Princes, and the right to the legislature, is the inheritance of the waking people; there is an association and participation for the good of all. And when that is wanting, I would rather live in the smallest of European republics, than beneath the greatest Autocrat."

Wabern gave him a sidelong glance, and, with a mocking smile replied:

"Every one to his taste. Have you then been particularly well pleased with the Republic of St. Marius, or with Andorra, in the Pyrenees? Those, I believe, are the smallest."

"I ask your pardon," responded Lyonel, who had not lost the jeering smile. "I thought of the Republic of Goust, also in the Pyrenees, that is situated on a mountain, three or four thousand feet high, over the springs of Eaux Bonnes. It is, I believe, the smallest; independent from the oldest time, and forgotten by the rest of the world, forgotten even in all the treatises of France and Spain. It consists of a few scattered huts; numbers scarcely fifty inhabitants, and is governed by five Elders only. But there dwells simplicity of manners, honesty, common sense and freedom beneath every roof. I lived three days there, and I recall them as among the most interesting ones that I have spent in Europe."

"Ahem! little pigmy States like that, forgotten in all the treaties of the great powers, you can find in Poland, Bohemia, England, even in Germany; freer than your Republic of fifty souls. You should know the life and doings of our gipsy republics. But seriously, Mr. Harrington, for I believe you are jesting, have you really, in your monarchical countries, met with unhappy nations? Nothing humanly great, nobly created? Has the upspringing of art and science, the fullness of the bloom of civilization, no charms for you? Have you found less honesty and virtue with us than exist with you in your Americas, so rich in bankruptcies, robberies, mobs and slave dealers?"

"Sir Count, everywhere it is the same; in New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia, as in Paris, London, Berlin; as everywhere, in large cities, where great masses poison each other with their breath. Yes, I have seen much that is great and good and worthy of admiration in Europe. But, Sir Count, you seem desirous of giving our conversation a direction I had not intended. We were speaking, if I mistake not, of despotic and liberal State arrangements."

"We have no more despots in Europe, unless you name the Sultan of Stambul, Mr. Harrington; and if not everywhere great and intellectual Princes, at least, benevolent men and women upon thrones."

"I wish you joy, Sir Count, if Don Miguel is the last tyrant, or Ferdinand of Spain, or Charles the Tenth of France were the last kings that broke their words to the people. Once, I acknowledge, next to Frederic the Great, I revered the intellectual Catharine the Great; although almost too sentimental, she erected a monument to her lap-dog, in place of dedicating it to the noblest of her people. But, when I visited the dining hall of her palace, and saw the horrible paintings of Cassanova, the portrayal of the fearful massacres at the conquest of Ozarkow and Ismael, that she gazed upon without destroying her appetite; as I visited the knout manufactory in Kasan, where annually millions of cudgels and straps are prepared, I was overcome with abhorrence."

"May be," interrupted Wabern, "you will not offer this as an example. Russia is still in process of development; it is growing out of Asia. Do you not know that Peter the Great wished those kings who could govern their people with laws, in place of the knout? And yet he was compelled to use the knout of his barbarians, as the father in the education of his willful child must use the rod. We were speaking of civilized nations."

"Where sometimes censorship and mandates regulating the faith, *lettres de cachet*, or cabinet orders, have rendered the knout and the rod alike superfluous."

"Yes, sir, and they are always useful where they are necessary!" cried the Count, somewhat sharply. "And they are most needed where the political giddiness must be held back into sobriety. Let us not judge of the actions of Princes as of the actions of private persons. Every Prince, and you cannot take this belief from me, sees from the throne further and more, than does the common citizen. He is in the place of God, and is accountable to him only, and is by birth and blood a nobler being than we of an inferior station. A citizen upon the throne, a Cromwell, a Buonaparte, remains even there, for his lifetime, a citizen; the genuine, pure greatness of Princes will be forever wanting."

"I, too, Sir Count, will honor your political creed, sorry as I must feel for our glorious citizen, Washington! Napoleon was the son of an advocate; King Charles the Fourteenth of Sweden was the same; Boyer, President of the Republic of Hayti, was formerly an honest tailor; Theodor Kolokotroni, the great man of the New Greeks, only a robber's son. I could name some others, you will say, *parvenus*, upstarts! We have seen plebeians soar upwards to high distinction, and Princes come down. Let us leave God to rule! The lustre of the throne cannot be bestowed by the Jeweller; it is given by the wisdom, justice and humanity of him who holds it. Believe me, I am not one of the systematically foolish foes of Kings. I know, and love and honor many of the present monarchs, among your Germans also. Not only royally great, but humanely great and noble are some of these."

"Only some of them? And some, perhaps, humanely little, Mr. Harrington; do you not think so? I believe that our Princes would not have lost so much of the reverence and esteem of the people, if they had been less popularly affable; but had retained more of the olden divine rights of their ancestors. I think so, sir."

"In jest or earnest, Sir Count? The French emigrants formerly imagined that the Revolution would never have come to pass, if Louis the Sixteenth had shown more of Oriental supremacy in splendor and exclusiveness; if the Queen Marie Antoinette had more strictly observed the Court *ton* and etiquette. They thought not that it was themselves that in their pride and arrogance surrounded and darkened the throne with their uniforms, gowns and festival ar-

ray, until it became abhorred. How fatherly and venerable are your German Princes, your Kings of Prussia, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and others, standing simply in the midst of their subjects, and yet beloved and great! Indeed, the divine lustre of Kings arises not from the workshops of their Jewellers, their tailors and architects."

"Enough of that chapter, sir!" angrily exclaimed the Count. "We do not understand each other; you speak American, I the European tongue; it is better each of us takes his own way." With these words and a slight bow, the European left the spot, leaving the American in surprise at his altered manner.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Departure.

Lyonel looked after him without comprehending how he could have offended him, for the Count seemed displeased at something; but it did not long trouble our traveler, who returned to his inn without the slightest loss of his good humor. He wrote several letters, and toward noon returned at the accustomed hour to the Villa.

But a strange spirit seemed to have taken possession there. In the place of the former cordiality and cheerfulness, he was received with cool politeness; the Minister, after the first greeting, turned his back upon him, the Count was silent and frosty, Leonie replied to him with timid constraint. Even the Counsellor was singularly embarrassed. Only the Countess Gabriella, as he kissed her hand, favored him with a slight pressure of hers and a kindly smile, but even the smile was grave, and bore an expression of consoling pity. She left him standing and returned not to him again.

The conversation, forced as it was, continued wearily, and was but seldom addressed to him. Several noblemen from the neighborhood made their appearance; all were received with cheerful faces, but for him there was not one. At the table, when amid sounding glasses and merry jests the social joy had gained a freer speech and fuller expansion, Lyonel sat silently, and felt that he was enacting the part of one who could be misused, and that that part was given him purposely. He felt deeply wounded by this conduct, for which he could assign no reason; but he evinced not in voice or manner that he felt or noticed it.

When the numerous company arose from the table and dispersed along the garden walks, Lyonel sought his friend the Counsellor in order to question him.

"For heaven's sake, do inform me what demon has so suddenly changed all hearts and minds toward me?" he asked, as soon as he had found the son of the Minister in one of the avenues. "I seem to be in the way here. Speak to me openly. Have I, without my knowledge, done ought to offend any of your loved ones? I confess to you I feel hurt by the change that is displayed."

"Be tranquil," replied the Counsellor, with his usual good nature, as he took Lyonel's arm and drew him into an alley of vines overhung with shade. "We will talk without interruption. The ugly story cannot be more painful to you than it is to me. You know my father, from the first, harbored a certain prejudice against you."

"Call it by the right name—a suspicion. He takes me for a political emissary of young Europe, or young Germany, or for a Communist, or the Lord knows what."

"It is possible, my dear Harrington. You must forgive the man who, in his advanced age, cannot chase away certain ideas that have taken root in the circle of his thoughts from early youth."

"I have nothing to forgive your father. I honor his opinions. May he pardon me for having grown up under other circumstances, and for being younger than he is."

"You know, my dear friend, every one retains something of the avocation he pursues. As Chief of the Police department for many years, he espies mischief everywhere. So it is that, since the first days of your acquaintance, your person, and all that relates to you, appears enigmatical to him; your descent, your travels and their aim, your pecuniary circumstances—in short, all your doings at home and abroad."

"But, unfortunately, I cannot make myself different, nor appear except as I am."

"I understand it. Alas, the entire art of our social intercourse consists, in our day, of delusive adornment of self toward others, and of cunning distrust, on the other hand, against the like artfulness in the rest. That is the essential aim of all so-called higher education. Therefore, in old age, after many an endured deception, we are often more suspicious; while as young persons, we were artless and often more confiding than we should be. And now to return to our trouble. I will believe you are innocent. Yes, you are, for we found ourselves compelled to veil from you certain circumstances relating to our house. This caused you to mistake—and now—the incident—"

"Why do you hesitate, my dear Urmig? Speak out the worst! What incident?"

"Give me your hand and word of honor, my friend, to keep that secret which I will tell you concerning certain persons."

"Here, you have my hand and word of honor."

"You paid attentions to the Countess Von Feld-Hits; you cannot entirely deny it. Your salt to this most amiable young lady—"

"I beg pardon, there was no salt! I conducted myself toward the Countess as every gentleman of good breeding should. I stood in no closer connection with her than with your kind lady sister."

"Oh, Harrington!" whispered the Counsellor, gazing searchingly into his eyes. "And the meeting on the stairs of the Castle? You were watched. The more than friendly scene was witnessed."

Lyonel replied without hesitation:

"Is that all? I did what you also would have done. Not without danger to myself did I save her from falling. And what perhaps—"

"No apologies, my friend! The Countess, as you call her, is young, lively, wilful, even now and then—I do not blame you for anything, for you did not guess—well, you have given your word of honor! Now you may be informed of it. Gabriella is the Princess, daughter of our reigning Duke; she is the betrothed of the Prince Louis, and this hereditary Prince is the Count Wabern himself."

Lyonel gazed upon his friend in speechless amazement, and murmured:

"How could I dream of that? Had you given me the slightest hint? I—"

"It was, and is, in part, yet a secret. The princely pair did not know each other personally; the marriage was agreed upon through negotiation between both Courts. There is a little surprise in preparation; therefore the incognito of the hereditary Prince and that of the Princess. It is done at the request of the Prince, and in our house the first meeting of the illustrious pair took place. Prince Louis was to have been mystified at first, but the idea was rejected. He knows his betrothed, but she knows not his identity with that of her intended; he has become her passionate adorer."

"That is charming! I like a story from the Arabian Nights. So, so! I never could have dreamed that a prince would be pleased in finding himself the hero of such a romance!" cried Lyonel, laughing.

"How did you happen to offend him this morning, my dear Harrington? He came out of the Park in an ill humor, and expressed himself quite indignantly concerning you to my father and self."

"Offended, was he? Wherefore? What with? We had a conversation, an insignificant difference of opinion, that is all. He seemed, indeed, to be unpleasantly touched, by I know not what. Or, perhaps, his Highness is not accustomed to contradiction. He left me, were he not a prince, I would say in a very unbecoming manner. Ah, now it is clear to me! Therefore the universal gloom and coldness, or, rather, the unconcealed indignation against me poor sinner! A prince has felt his dignity insulted. I must submit in such a case. But, dearest Urmig, at least I should not be condemned without permission to defend myself."

"Friend, it is not alone for that. There has been another report about you—a very disagreeable one. I did not believe a word of it, only on account of the filthy source from whence the falsehood came. I feel grieved that my father, in his indignation, related it in presence of the Count, the Countess, and my sister—you see we sat in conversation round the breakfast table when my father read the letter concerning you. Perhaps he wished to triumph a little over me, because I always took your part against him. Enough, I remain unbelieving, despite of it, that all without exception—"

"Have you broken the staff upon me?" interrupted Lyonel, as he heartily pressed the Counsellor's hand. "Thank you, you are a true, a genuine friend. Now please continue."

"You know, as I have heard, but was not before aware of, our former tenant, Trolle, the rascal in Saint Catharine's Vale? You never mentioned a word of it to me."

"Trolle? The man did not seem to me of sufficient importance to waste any words upon him."

"Then you knew him? Well, as we were assembled around the breakfast table, a letter was brought in from this man. My father read it to himself with strange gestures, and making glances at me. Then he gave us the news, with sarcastic remarks of his own, directed against you and myself."

"You make me anxious, Counsellor; what were the news?"

"Father folded the letter, and did not reveal the entire contents; leaving us to suppose out of regard to the ladies present."

"But, I entreat you, what news did it bring?"

"Well, it concerned—" continued the Herr Von Urmig with considerable hesitation—"a sort of love affair, in which you were involved in the valley yonder; too familiar an intimacy with—with how shall I name it—with a female of not the best reputation."

Lyonel turned pale at this announcement; then the blood returned in a crimson tide to his face. The Counsellor noted the changes, but guarded himself against saying more.

The American inquired, however, with a firmer voice: "Know you of a Cecilia Angel, who lives there with an uncle, an old Hussar?"

"I do not; the name is not one with which I am acquainted."

"Do you know the farmer, or steward Trolle?"

"Know him? Of course I do."

"Well, then, I have nothing more to say. You will not expect that I shall defend myself against the calumnies of a man, who, in his beastly nature, beholds nothing that is pure; and who takes me for one like himself. He must be made of a different material before I could feel anger on his account! But you must know the old Sergeant of Hussars, Tobias Thork?"

"Not at all, personally. We have not troubled ourselves about the people behind there; and we seldom visit the Catherine Vale. I only know, that on the recommendation of a General, a friend of my father's, the old decaying barrack was given to the—"

discharged soldier; and that on several occasions we had secured him against the quarrelsome nature of the somewhat coarse farmer. Since then we have heard he had taken the girl to live with him, of whom we have spoken. She is said to be the illegitimate child of his sister, whose husband was executed for robbery and murder. It seems that they are persons of a bad character and disreputable trade."

"You say, it seems; you are right; seems so! I will not call upon an old proverb, but upon an old experience. Many a worthy heart throbs 'neath a torn blouse, while moral perversity and hypocritical seeming stalk about enveloped in gold and silks. I put another question to you. Do you take me for a libertine?"

"By no means, my friend, but—"

"But?"

"Did you really visit—hold intercourse with that person?"

"Yes!" responded Lyonel, with a proud tone and a seriousness that demanded respect: "Yes! and you will not doubt it, with the best, most honorable motives. I have no scruples, if you will listen to me, to confide to you my entire secret. That the poor outworn girl was of illegitimate birth, I knew; that her step-father was the executioner, I knew; that he—"

"Do not be angry! but, my best friend—" faltered Herr Von Urmig, shrugging his shoulders: "You comprehend that in such society, and then in that of our house, in the company of a Prince, an illustrious Princess, you took the strangest position in the world!"

"I understand it. I comprehend that I—let me embrace you! Do you, you only remain my friend! And now come!"

With these words, Lyonel clasped his friend to his heart, and then drew him without the leafy avenue.

"Where to?" inquired the Counsellor, who gladly accompanied him: "what is your intention? Do not get me into difficulty. I rely upon your secrecy, your word of honor!"

Both approached the aristocratic assembly, that in groups were gathered around a fountain whose jets of water uprose in fantastic forms, and descending, filled a wide marble basin. Lyonel, with uncovered head, addressed the Minister and his daughter, announcing to them his immediate departure; he gave heartfelt thanks for the kindness he had received, and took his leave. Even so he bade farewell to the Countess Von Felditz, and the Count Von Wabern, who stood in friendly chat together. With a silent bow directed to the rest, he retired with hasty steps.

In the unanimous surprise, no one had found time to reply a word. They all looked after him in bewildered astonishment; the fair Gabriella's gaze followed him long. The Counsellor's face expressed his regret and perplexity.

"Pack up, Arnold!" cried Lyonel to his faithful Jackson, as he entered his room at the Inn. "Order post horses for to-morrow."

"Shall it be so? At what hour?" asked his man, as he sprang up joyfully from the supper-table, after hastily emptying his wine glass.

"About noon. I must first pay a necessary visit; remain seated, do not disturb yourself in your agreeable employment."

"Coppetto di Bacco!" says the Italian; indeed it is agreeable when one has been hungering all day!"

"Wherefore that?"

"Why, the devil led me, because I did not know what to do with myself, into that confounded—I believe they call it Catherine Vale. I thought to enjoy myself finely. The host, the rough scamp, after I had to tell him who and what I was, where and how, and from whence, showed me the door. I am *sacra non*! no rogue, and I answered the clown according to his deserts. A couple of women, like witches, came to the rescue; *ah Dio Santo!* they barked worse than chained dogs! I took myself off as fast as I could, and sought another shelter; found a decaying cabin; all within stout open; but the nest was empty—the birds had flown."

"What? how?—a little house amid the white birch trees?"

"Exactly! The place was as empty as my stomach. Asked a peasant fellow if no one lived there? He said the people who had lived there had left five days ago, and had gone to the Capital; a soldier with one stump of an arm, and a deuced pretty female."

"Did you hear correctly, Jackson?"

"Sir, with one ear as well as with the other. The nest had been empty for five days, and my stomach since this morning. You can think of all the rest."

Lyonel wandered silently about the room, completely overwhelmed; he questioned, sought for all the details, and then cried:

"Jackson, to-morrow at sunrise, have post horses ready. At sunrise I go to the Capital!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BETROTHAL.

A day of vexation like the past one, would have sufficed to break down the self-control of the most invincible stoic. The indignities heaped upon him at the Villa he would soon have recovered from, but not so from the evil tidings from St. Catharine's Vale. He knew he could believe in the honest report of Arnold, yet the sudden removal of the invalid and his niece, seemed to him an impossible occurrence.

Several days were waiting to the promised one that was to have brought him to her presence. She had requested him to come—had promised him a revelation concerning herself. Arnold might have been mistaken or misinformed. He resolved to go to the Vale himself. Sleep had not visited his eyes when midnight struck; and when at last it came, it was accompanied by confused dreams. He looked upon his dear, familiar Maryball; then he was lost in strange cities, or in deep forests, and on inaccessible mountain heights. At last, from the bright clouds hovered down to him the figure of Cecilia, dazzling as if formed of celestial light—an unwinged angel—holding in her right hand a crown of thorns, and smiling sadly, her sweet lips touched his forehead in benediction.

He was awakened by sounds from without, and heard Arnold's voice:

"*Vasignaria a farsa indipola, perche e ancora in letto!*"

"Not at all!" yawned Lyonel. "It was late before I went to sleep. Go, Arnold, let me rest for a few hours."

"A bad omen! The landlord is getting the horses ready. Shall I tell him not to harness just now?"

"Do not, I have remembered something—I must go somewhere, but shall return by noon." Arnold grumblingly shook his head, and retired. The weary dreamer closed his eyes in the hope of again finding the unwinged seraph; but against his will was visited by a sound dreamless sleep.

Hastily dressing, discontented with himself, he went to the Park, by the banks of the stream, until he reached the beloved hut. He found it, as Arnold had, with open door, and empty. The few household articles had been removed. With sorrowful looks and a griefed heart, the seeker looked upon the dreary walls, the desolate space. He left the spot with mingled feelings of astonishment, sadness, and indignation, and murmured, as he pursued his way:

"This is unfriendly and ungrateful! Wherefore this flight? Why not deign to give me the slightest notice? I have surely deserved a little attention from the old man! He could easily have inquired whether I yet remained at Lichtenheim; Cecilia could have known, have guessed it; she had demanded my return. She left the valley, and left me, poor, deceived one! to prolong my stay at the villa. Perhaps they have removed to the Capital. I ought to let them go. I will. But I must speak to the Baron Von Goldwig. Without aid she shall not be. She may be innocent of this, and I will not be unjust."

Although it was nearly noon, Lyonel resolved to visit the ruins—the place more hallowed to him than any other of the earth. As he came in sight of the crumbling walls, moss-covered stone and pillars, the arches and the waterfalls, he was completely mastered by grief. He bowed his head and wept silently! The witnesses of his past happiness were before him, and seemed in silent pity to have become the witnesses of his soul's keenest agony. He threw himself upon the ground by the overgrown column, and laid his face on the cool herbage, where Cecilia had laid hers in the hour of their farewell. Like her, he wept and prayed upon that spot.

A considerable time elapsed thus, and then he heard voices. He listened eagerly; looked around, but beheld no one. He remained in his concealment, and thought:

"Could it be Cecilia herself?"

"Charming! Divine!" cried a female voice. "It was a fortunate idea of the Counsellor to bring us here. And to think that he never spoke of it before! It is an enchanted vale—is it not? These ruins, these stone walls encircled in green; the merrily dancing stream, venturing on the willful leap from yonder height—do see how picturesque it all is! Do you know that you are a thoroughly unimpressible and prosaic being? You stand as indifferently here as before a barren stubble-field. I beg, do you not find this landscape beautiful?"

"No!" replied the manly voice; "where you are I see nothing else, and all besides that is beautiful loses its attraction."

"Silence!" she cried; "I cannot tolerate this language. Only on this condition, as I have already told you, can I allow myself your society. Another such word, and I will never again venture to be alone with you. Therefore, you will not offend my ear with foolish talk, is it not so? Quick, let us speak of other matters."

"If," he replied, "I were to command my lips to obey you, my heart would be disobedient still; and every syllable I uttered would give forth a tone that would contradict the words; and would say naught but I love you!—I worship you!"

"Be silent, or I will leave you!" she responded proudly and commandingly; "your importunity of words? Do not abuse the kindness with which I regarded you. You do not know her who so thoughtlessly bestowed it. You do not know me, and the circumstances that surround me."

"What if I knew you and all the circumstances you allude to?" he replied with beseeching tones; "loveliest Gabriella, you are—"

"Not upon your knees, Count! Rise, I command you!" interrupted the lady, in a voice that betrayed anger, or alarm.

"I will not rise until the daughter of the Duke, the Princess Gabriella, has forgiven the temerity of the Count!" he replied, after a pause of some seconds.

"How! you knew it, Count?—knew it, and you undertook, you dared—"

"Do not reproach me, my gracious lady! You yourself gave me encouragement in the venture. I implore you! only one look upon this ring on my hand! Deign to cast a glance upon this little note—"

"Good heavens! You—you the Prince Louis, who—" she faltered, in a fainting voice.

There was a deep silence. Lyonel listened in vain for more. He heard only light whispers, and tender, fleeting murmurs as of kissing lips, mingling with low uttered words of affection, half intelligible.

"Let us return to the Counsellor," said Gabriella, at length, in a voice that was very low and that yet trembled. "And you, tormentor! you could so wickedly deceive me!"

"They all know at the Castle that it was my intention to confess to you to-day. For that reason I rode alone with you, and the Counsellor took the coachman's seat. He pretended to have business with the steward, so that he could remain behind, and we could wander here by ourselves."

"Oh, men! you artful beings! But, Prince, one question: will this first deception toward me also be the last?"

Lyonel did not understand the rest. They walked on slowly toward the lake, and their voices were lost in the distance. He sprang from the ground, and, filled with indignation, turned into the forest path as if the place had been deserted by what he had heard—that, by the confession of Cecilia's love, had been so purely hallowed; or it appeared to him as if fate were desirous of mocking him in her treacherous mood. He flew toward Lichtenheim, fearful of encountering the Baron with the princely and happy pair. Luckily escaping this slight danger, he reached the Inn, and had the horses harnessed at once, and with entire loss of appetite, dinner was in vain prepared for him; he threw himself into the carriage, and drove off for the Capital.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Nothing indicates greater ignorance of the history of the Church, and of the history of mankind, nothing more fitted to reduce the intellect to imbecility, and to carry back the race to barbarism, than the idea that we have nothing more to learn, that Christianity has come down to us pure and perfect, and that our only duty is implicitly to receive the lessons of our catechisms.—*Okenning.*

We believe at once in evil; we believe in good only upon reflection. Is not this sad?—*Delany.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

FLORENCE.

BY WILFRED WYLLIE.

PART I.
The air was all blushing with starlight;
I was in the soft flush of the dawn
With Florence, my light, my existence,
I wandered down the dim distance,
Down the sweet valley of Yoon—
Far down by the star-lighted Otter
In the lower-robbed valley of Yoon.

The air was all fragrant with roses,
Our hearts were unburdened with gloom.
Fair, fair were the scenes of life's morning.
Bright hopes all our future adorning—
No thought of the wide yawning tomb.
No thought of the grave that was waiting
To burden one soul with its gloom.

Far down past the bridge of the Otter,
And up past the church on the height—
And up past the churchyard of Baynethem,
Where the dead in their couches had lain them,
Where the star-lamps' tremulous light
Shone down on the cold gleaming tomb-stones
Of ghostly and desolate white.

And Florence clung close to me, trembling,
As we passed by the gates of the dead;
Her bosom beat faster and faster,
Like one who is dreading disaster;
I kissed her pale forehead and said—

"Why tremblest thou, Florence, my sister?
Has some undefeatable dread
Come up to thy soul with its danger?
Or dream'st thou of mystery, stranger
Than clings round the place of the dead—
Than clings round the homes in the churchyard,
The mystical homes of the dead?"

Then Florence replied—me not chiding—
The paleness of death on her face:
From out the far city immortal,
From out the wide-swinging portal,
With most indescribable grace,
An Angel stands, silently beckoning
Me up to his radiant place.

A house in the city of silence
Is waiting my form to enclose;
A home in the city Elysian
Shines now on my wandering vision,
Past earth with its sorrows and woes,
That is waiting to harbor my spirit."

Just then silver Luna arose,
And soft o'er the city of marble
Her glorious light-tresses shone—
"And see," I exclaimed, "the bright glory,
The moonlight city before you—
The light on each ghostly white stone;
The light from the shining pavilion
Cast down on each ghostly white stone!"

"And see! far away in the Orient
Regions of star-lighted sky,
A Cloud-Angel, tall and commanding,
Mid the stars in majesty standing,
A form from the Aethiopian high;
From the hosts of shining immortals,
The holy Immortals on high!"

Ah, see! he is smilingly beckoning
Me up to that starlighted land;
Up, up, to the City Eternal!
Up, up, to the region supernal!
To join with that glorious band—
Who, up mid the star-fields of azure,
In glory eternally stand.

And see, neath you low-drooping willow,
Gleam out 'neath the moon's silver light,
A tomb with my history graven in!
I turned—neath her tresses so raven
Her forehead was ghastly and white;
Was white 'neath her dark raven tresses,
Her cheek and her forehead were white.

"Thou'rt pallid, my Florence, my sister!
Thy forehead is deathfully cold!"
Her bosom beat faster and faster,
Like one who is dreading disaster;
Fair Dian, in cloud robes enrolled,
Looked out from her path in the heavens;
Looked down through the distance so cold.

And Florence looked upward with trembling,
Looked up with her large dewy eyes;
Looked up from her midnight of tresses,
Looked into my soul's deep recesses—
As prophets look into the skies—
As prophets, in climes Oriental,
Look into the fate-burdened skies.

And gently she spoke, me reproving,
(She knew of my mad unbelief.)
Her tones were sad and while reproving,
Her words were gentle and loving,
Her spirit was chastened by grief,
Her soul, filled with fate, was o'erburdened
With strange and unspeakable grief.

Then backward we trod 'neath the moonlight,
Went back through the rose-scented vale,
Went down from the churchyard of Baynethem,
Where the dead in their couches had lain them,
Beneath the still marbles and pale;
Went back where the swift-rolling Otter
Refreshed the sweet-blooming vale.

PART II.

'T was night, in the last days of autumn;
'T was night to the close of the year;
'T was night in the cold-sleaked December;
Ah, well—ah, well, I remember!
The night was so chilly and drear,
The leaves were all dead in the forest,
Strewn over the fall of the year.

Alone, down the banks of the Otter,
And up past the church on the hill,
Alone in the darkness I wandered,
Sad thoughts of the by-gone I pondered;
The winds of the midnight grew chill—
Blow chill 'mongst the homes of the lost ones,
In "the city of death" on the hill.

Up, up, past the gateway, I wandered,
And in 'mongst the midnight of glooms,
Like ghost of some mortal, departed,
I wandered, all silent, sad hearted,
Around 'mongst the desolate tombs—
The marbles that stand in the midnight,
Like ghosts by the desolate tombs.

And silently then in the heavens,
One star, 'mid the darkness was born,
Lighting up with silver-hued glory
The skies, as the gentle Aurora
Announcing the coming of morn
Dispenses the darkness Egyptian,
And leads in the car of the morn.

One star glimmered out in the darkness
Far up in the realms of the pole,
And down through the midnight so dreary,
As I wandered so sad and so weary,
Came in with its light to my soul—
Came in, like an Angel of gladness,
With light in his wings, to my soul.

I knew that I stood by the dwelling
Of Florence, the light of my life;
I thought of the heavenly vision

Vanished from the Kingdom Elysian,
With warnings of earthly bliss,
That light was death, the star light,
So buoyant, and hopeful of life.

I knew that I stood by her dwelling,
In "the city of death" on the hill,
Far up in the City Eternal,
Far up in the region supernal—

Where never comes sorrow or chill;
There I knew that her spirit was dwelling,
Enfranchised from darkness and ill.

I thought of the fabled Cloud-Angel,
I saw 'mongst the star-lamps that night,
Far off in the realms of the Orient,
Where the clouds with the sweet glories blent
To fashion my vision that night;
When the brow of my Florence grew ghastly,
When her cheek and her forehead grew white.

I thought of the grave 'neath the willow,
I thought of my fancy-formed grave;
I turned, with my soul filled with yearning;
My heart in my bosom was burning;
Ah! weirdly the wild winds did rave,
'Mongst the drooping boughs of the willow
That shaded the place of the grave.

I called out aloud in my anguish,
I called my lost Florence's name;
With walls of the bitterest sadness,
With a grief well nigh unto madness,
With soul in a tormenting flame,
I remembered my trivial scoring,
And called my lost Florence's name.

"Oh, Florence! far up in the Kingdom,
Far up in the soul's mystic land;
From the ranks of glowing Arch-Angels,
From the hosts of holy Eyangels,
Where now in their glory they stand,
Turn aside from the radiant pleasures
Of Heaven's adorable band.

Stand out o'er this region of sorrow,
With stars in your angel-bright crown;
Throw open the glittering portal,
And to the dark soul of a mortal
A vision of beauty send down—
An Angel to beckon me onward,
From far mystic Aethiopian send down."

I spoke, and a light Borealis,
Illumined the regions on high;
A glorious and grand illumination,
Shone out in the night's desolation,
Shone out with the star in the sky;
A glory robed Angel from Aethiopian,
Appeared in the ether on high.

An Angel stood up in the Orient—
Stood up 'mongst a million of stars;
Stood, bright as the god of the morning,
Golden clouds his pathway adorning—
His feet on the nebulous bars;
His feet, like Sardanapalus, were resting
Far up on the nebulous bars.

With a smile of ineffable glory
He gazed on my sorrowful brow,
Yet beckoned not up to his Aethiopian,
Where dwelt the adorable maiden,
The glory of God on her brow,
But shadows of sorrow came sudden,
Came over his star-crowned brow.

Then back to his far blessed region
The Angel from Aethiopian took flight;
Back to his gardens of pleasure,
Back to his heavenly treasure,
And left me alone in the night—
Alone 'mid the tombs with my anguish,
Alone in the chill, dreary night.

Then I knew that my soul was too earthy,
Too base for that luminous shore;
I joyed for the mission of sorrow,
I prayed that my spirit might borrow
Strength from the lessons of yore;
That grief might prepare me for Aethiopian,
To part from my Florence no more.

Camp Tyler, Va., 1862.

Original Essay.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER FORTY.

"By cowardice," says an English Review, "our theology has been cramped, and our philosophic range contracted because we are afraid to look the Bible full in the face." Hugh Miller, never able to get free of his nursery clothes, had got to declare that the clergy, as a class, suffer themselves to linger far in the rear of an intelligent and accomplished laity—a full age behind the requirements of the time," hence the large account made of Biblical old fogymism with its clerical augurs who are ever intent on concealing the rents in the ancient shroud.

Says the Westminster Review: "There is a large admixture of untrustworthy elements in the narrative of both Old and New Testaments." Says Jortin: "Theological systems are too often as temples dedicated to implicit faith, and he who enters to worship in them, instead of leaving his shoes, after the Eastern manner, must leave his understanding at the door, and it will be well if he find it when he comes out again."

Says the Edinburgh Review: "Protestant intolerance has been as bitter as enlightenment and civilization would allow." "The Bible does not condemn in terms of religious persecution. There is no direct precept against it. On the contrary, there are many which, as we too well know, fanaticism has wrested to its own mad purposes."

In his "Nemesis of Faith," Mr. Fronde says: "I know men to try to keep their private conscience distinct from their professional conscience; but it does not always do. Their nature, like the dyer's hand, is subdued to what it works in; and you know a lawyer when you see him, or a doctor, or a professional clergyman. They are not simply men, but men of a particular sort, and unfortunately, something not more but less than men—men who have sacrificed their own selves to become the paid instruments of a system."

The New York Christian Inquirer has published articles declaring that "popular Christianity is a failure." The manner of our growing it does, indeed, appear a failure. But what better fruit could be expected from the nurture and tillage we have given, or from the soil in which its growth has been, ignorance, double-dealing and superstition, are not apt beds for healthy growth. Even our so-called liberal theology, Unitarianism, teaches in its Sunday schools, and often from the pulpit, to meet the level of the pews, the barbarous Judaism of an effete Orthodoxy, "as well adapted to the development and illustration of divine truth," as "set forth by the 'American Sunday School Union.' This teaching the Patriarchal stories, which have accounted myths and legends by the same liberal theology in its more highly unfolded phases. Our Unitarian brethren,

in their blindness, not only cast out Judaism as no longer authoritative, but cast out themselves from the New Testament. They revel in German theologies, which has so utterly rent the veil of the old theologies, that honest men, to teach to children what is so deeper as men should not liberal theology be truthful from its premises to its conclusions? To offer to the plastic mind of childhood, as God's truth, what, from a higher standpoint it seems not to be such, is presenting a phase of "double consciousness" not very pleasant to contemplate—a mode of playing fast and loose that must result in various obligations of vision—open on the one hand for all upward and onward light, expressed on the other by the bleared vision of Orthodoxy and old error, and by the praying machine of the "Unitarian Association," which has printed prayers geared for the letting off for each day in the week in parcels to suit purchasers. The young idea is thus taught how to shoot the Devil round a stump; while the sentimental pews thus have the "sincere milk of the word," kept sweet by the tears of Lot's wife, the Wand of Moses, the Meditation on Noah's Ark, with its happy family, now up, now down; "like potage in a cauldron," by the night of Jehovah in hamstringing Jacob, and in controlling Balaam with "the strength of the rhinoceros."

When Mr. Miller was writing his "Testimony of the Rocks," there was much expectation in the old church that he would in some way make fast the landmarks of the old theologies; but alas, when the "Testimony" appeared, those who had thought to find "indemnity for the past and security for the future," must have experienced in a lively manner the truth of that Scripture, which says, that while "patiently waiting for good, evil came from the Lord." The readers felt, says the North British Review, "a want which they did not like to define to themselves." Miller's vision of Moses stretched our Sabbath-day to the "crack of doom," making it but of little worth to our clerical augurs who had fenced it about as a day of common length, and holy to Sunday augury and vain superstitions. But between the upper and the nether rocks, the blow-off bib of the "Testimony" has carried away so much beneath the "firmament" as to leave what remains in a very serious stage of collapse, inasmuch that the Reviewer requires of us only so much to be credited to Moses, as we would grant to the testimony of Herodotus. Certainly—and when Herodotus, or Moses, or whoever it may be, relates matters in physics or spirit intercourse, and they do not contravene the laws of either as we find them to-day, we can yield our belief that they may have been. But when Hebrew or Greek claims infallibility for teachings which were to themselves and for themselves, according to their capacities and needs, and bids us take them and walk by them as the surer "word" than all the light of to-day can afford us, we decline such ancient, dark valley and shadow of death. We hope in the way of seeking and progression to find a more excellent way. Indeed, we already have knowledge of such way in the modern unfolding, as shows the old veil to be rent from the top to the bottom.

The Christian Examiner says that "clerical skepticism is the root of much of our religious agitation." German and English literature exhibit the measureless sweep of disintegration in the old theologies, making Old and New Testaments the weakest of coherences. Neander, the sweet and beautiful in spirit, makes but a sorry defence of the letter against Strauss. Many who have done their best to save the Word from the hands of the more radical disbelievers, have yet to admit that in the Old and New Testaments there are "numerous proofs of inaccuracy in matters of fact," which the assumption of infallibility so awkwardly cover, as to make the Bible resemble pieces of patchwork instead of a seamless coat.

The London Quarterly Review says that Dr. Chalmers, who was so eminent a leader in Scotch Orthodoxy, "acknowledges that he was himself an unbeliever when he was first ordained to the ministerial office." Here is the very essence of infidelity—assuming to be what one is not. Yet from such come the charges of infidelity against the honest researchers after truth, who love the truth above all things, and who openly proclaim it as the only saviour of man against ignorance and superstition.

Shall we wonder at this deceptive rottenness of the old church, when the deceptions of Biblical patriarchy are taught from pulpit and Sunday schools as the word of God, even Unitarianism, as we have lately read in a Sunday school book, prepared for marshaling the way in which the young idea is to shoot. If these things are done in the green tree, what may we expect in the dry? Shall we not reap as we sow? or do we gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles? What is the moral and spiritual status of our country, to day, from the oblique side of its Biblical civilization, when the Word is claimed by holy men to endorse the sum of all villanies in slavery, and to endorse the foolishly devout Sabbatarianism in rites and ordinances as the way of life for making clean the soul?

Is the charge of Theodore Parker true, when he characterizes a certain lawyer politician as "lying more adroitly than any other person he ever heard speak, outside the clerical profession," which thus implies that there are those in this profession who will "lie with such volubility of tongue as to make truth appear a fool?"

There are charges from various quarters of ecclesiastical untruthfulness, that shame and deceptions are given us for the bread of life, and that preachers believe not the creeds they subscribe. If this be true, and hirelings lead the flocks, not for highest and broadest truth, but for what will pay best at Mammon's and Fashion's court, then it will soon appear that in the snare which the wicked laid for others are their own feet taken. Already there are those in "Essays and Reviews," who begin to leave the gorge, over Biblical exorcism and distillery shops. With the whole heart sick, and the head faint, they have belched the Word, and have burst the bonds of the church, refusing to die with its harness on their backs. Their seven-headed, yet unitary, work, sends a screech through biblical and church fossilism, as a frightful chaos and old night; for the snapping of the "Thirty-Nine" was as if seven thunders had uttered their voices. The very breathing of the creeds and formulas were stranded and broken, and the church in the plight of the old woman who has run away, but who put her trust in the Lord till the breathing broke. Now the breathing of the old theologies is made a very rotten and stinking power of salvation shall come forth much greater in its rending away than in the undisturbed darkness of its being.

It is the veriest infidelity to teach in the name of

God, what is not believed. Even the old heathen, Homer, grandly exclaims:

"Hateful to me as the gates of hell,
Is he, who, one thing in his bosom-biding,
Another says."

Or as by Pope:

"Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell."

Let us hope that our Unitarian brethren will soon be galled by this double dealing of teaching from the Spalding school books of a dark and bilious orthodoxy, what they in private and in their better literature condemn. They talk loudly against the old theologies and against the "reasonableness of eternal future punishment," yet they take the child books issued under the auspices of this same old theology, with all the obligations of early Judaism, and adopt them into their own schools as the proper training for childhood. True, such works as the *Christian Examiner* and the "Collection of Theological Essays" by Dr. Noyes, may prove very efficient in undermining the earlier Sunday school teaching, but how much waste of time and mental conflict had been obviated had the earlier training been on such wise as to have anticipated the later light. If the child is taught that one day is more holy than another, then the Harvard Professor will switch off and reverse the young idea, and send it shooting in the opposite direction, by furnishing an essay by the Rev. Baden Powell, "an eminent professor in the University of Oxford," proving that there was "no primeval institution of the Sabbath." The Sabbath is good when not shrouded in falsehood and superstition.

Beginning with Adam and Eve, in the Sunday school, and ending with German rationalism, naturalism and mythicism, the one mode completely reversing the other, must tax, to the utmost, the extent and stretch of grace of even liberal theology, and match any manifestation of the Orthodox tripod. Possibly, Mr. Carlyle learnt the use of "beneficent whip" from the early lesson of Shagor and his ox-goad.

Mr. Fronde, in his "Nemesis of Faith," seeks to know "why will men go on threshing over again the old, withered straw that was threshed out centuries ago, when every field is waving with fresh, quite other crops, craving for their hands." Speaking of Israel's God, he says, "this is not God. This is a deity," and his worshippers "the followers of a God that was but one of many—a God among Gods, as Baal was the God of the nations." Something better he thinks "should be looked for in a clergyman than the readiness of servility with which he will plod along under chains and mutter through the Sunday ritual. Oh, curses on this old, helpless theological fanaticism which enmeshes us with a clumsy panoply of books and doctrines before it will trust us with our duties. And then, one remembers the case of Synesius, who, when he was pressed to take a bishopric by the Alexandrian Metropolitan, declared he would not teach fables in church, unless he might philosophize at home. Synesius thus made his conditions, and got them accepted."

A religious work has just appeared in England, and the position taken therein is that "the Jehovah of Israel is not the God of enlightened piety." Another author, the Swedenborgian, Henry James, says, "It is high time that all the world confess themselves atheists with respect to this orthodox Deity. It is high time that every disciple of Christ seize this obscure and skulking God of the nations by the beard with one hand, and with the other smile him between the eyes till he fall down and die."

The Rev. Thomas Hill makes a very lame and impotent attack on modern Spiritualism in the *Christian Examiner* of November, 1856. The Rev. Thomas is an engineer, who holds by his own petard in this organ of the Zuinglian school. He says, "It is absurd to give an explanation to the present phenomena, which will not explain the past." This is the very basis of modern Spiritualism, but our author, with the apt instinct of the priest, seeks to remove Jewish phenomena from the very series of causation which he puts forth in his premises. He then cites Jewish mediums against the modern, though by so doing his logic completely undoes itself. Because Moses claimed the authority of Israel's tutelary God, the Rev. Thomas cites him against the modern mediums, as if the new day were not equal to the old. Ah, Thomas, this is so like the Christian priest caste to flout the Hebrew old clothes as having a superior talismanic virtue for divination and augury, while the Arabian throws his gage in the sacred breeches of Mahomet. It is of a like Procrustean plane, which signals the more stupid followers of the Swedish Beer, taking all things colored by his ideosyncrasies, as of clearly untarnished light, and making his astounding antiquity, of a hundred years ago, lend enchantment to the view. Mayo, of Albany, is much higher on the plane with a broader view of the "Broad Church," when he sees in modern Spiritualism the American religion, as a growth to take the place of the dominating Spiritualism of old Jewry. According to your own showing, friend Thomas, "it is absurd to give an explanation to the present phenomena, which will not explain the past." Did Moses forbid spirit intercourse apart from himself? So too, was necromancy forbidden by the Eleusinian mediums, whose exclusive Spiritualism had a life of one thousand eight hundred and fifty years. We shall find the ancient, like the modern outpouring of the spirit, to have been amenable to laws and conditions, to have been modified by the physiological and chronological status, as well as by the educational habits of mind. In the Bible test against the witches of Christendom, the Word was supposed to be of more weight than any witch could be, and as the woman suspected would naturally weigh more than the Bible, when placed in one scale and the witch in the other; this was the surest ordeal for the safety of the woman. Some of our modern reveries, yet in bondage to the old Word, gravely maintain that modern angels could not move a table with a Bible thereon, though they could move rocks from ancient sepulchres. Most of this class of dark credulities have probably found out by this time that a Bible weighs no more on a modern spirit table than the scale against the suspected woman of earlier unenlightened Christendom.

In those days it was that a certain Thomas was possessed by a spirit, who endowed Tom with the "gift of tongue that could not lie." Against this, Thomas protested as "unfitting" him for church or for market—"that is to say," that church and trade are rather wrought with the obligations of Jacob, as when he vowed a vow to serve the Lord if the Lord would serve him, the Stone of Bethel, being witness, it will be seen, that Jacob, unlike Thomas, had his engineering wit in the way of marketing, by trade and swap, considerably sharpened by his pact with

the Lord, inasmuch that there was a change of countenance of Laban and his sons, all which make very delectable reading for our Sunday Schools. Whether our present Thomas found it "unfitting him for church," unless he could twist old Jewry from cause and sequence of parallel phenomena to make such authority against its counterpart of today, by making this to appear as "damned witchcraft," while the same of old time, by the wizard Jacob, should be transmuted into the Word of God, the readers of his paper in the Examiner can see for themselves. The present Thomas deprecates all researches in magnetism, clairvoyance or Spiritualism, and, assuming to sit in Moses's seat, condemns them because the wizard or wise man Moses did so to a beotted people three thousand years ago. Ah, priests! disturb the whited sepulchres of your augury, and your defence will be very much alike, whether you take your cue from Andover or Harvard.

Even the tory Blackwood, darkly narrow in his political and theological creed, can yet see in the "records of the past" a repetition of spiritual powers in "magnetism, clairvoyance and the like," as manifest in old time in the names of the Lords and the Gods and the Demons—can see in ancient China, "the country covered with district schools, and the people trained in social morals by a government system of education, centuries before the birth of Christ"—can see "the practical good sense and kindness of spirit which characterized the inhabitants of that vast empire, as well as their eminence in the social and industrial arts of life"—can see "the refined love element and spirituality of the ancient Hindoos," &c. The medium, or prophet chief-tain, Schamyl of the Caucasus, is as much a God-man as Moses, or other Hebrew chieftains. He, too, claims direct intercourse with Allah, and fasts as many days and nights as Moses, as a means of closer relation to his familiar spirit. How miraculous have been his many escapes from seemingly insurmountable dangers! The great Xenophon saved his ten thousand Greeks under council of his familiar spirit, or Gods, though his medium, or prophet, Silanus, was not proof against the "loud call" of three thousand darios tendered him by Cyrus. Spiritual mediumship is not dependent upon moral status, as witness the diabolical status of David, the man after God's own heart, and a psalm singer of mighty uncton.

Says Dr. Stanley in the Harvard Collection: "Epimenides and Mahomet on the one hand, Elijah and Paul on the other hand, are called prophets, not because they foretold the future, but because they enlightened the present, and the ancient oracles of the Pythones stood to the interpreters of the Oracles in relation similar to that existing between the speakers with tongues and the prophets. In the Jewish dispensation we may compare the burst of song and trance."

So, too, in the way of miracles; the same things are now done in Syria as in ancient Jewry, when the Lord God of Israel worked by Rod or Staff, and by the laying on of hands. Col. Churchill speaks of a medium in Syria, Sheikh Behr, "who is well read in history and literature." He divides indifferently by the Koran, or by the Psalms of David. A stick like the Rod of God per Moses will move, at his bidding from one end of a room to the other, while the Koran and Psalms will dance attendance as readily as did David naked before the Lord in old Jewry. This Syrian Rod is doubtless akin to Jacob's Staff which he worshipped as the Lord, and which carried over the Jordan—akin to the Rod of God which wrought so wonderfully in the hand of Moses, of Elieha and other God men, whose doings are found so apt to garish our Sunday Schools and pulpits of the 19th century. Col. Churchill is a witness of present Syria, presenting the counterpart of old Jewry, though he declares his utter inability to account for the seeming miracles which utterly confounded all the Procrustean formulas of Science. He says that "Even some of the Christian priesthood of Syria affirm that the Psalms of David contain a series of necromantic passages, which, properly used, would place the whole world of spirits at the command of man. The colonel, like other *scams*, supposes "some unknown power of Nature;" while in the light of modern Spiritualism, we may behold in the Sheikh Behr, a Seeling Medium, as well as having other gifts of the Spirit, for he affirms his sight of the spirits, and that he effects his cures by their agency in the laying on of hands.

All this and similar phenomena in one principle of action, though varying according to the status of the operating intelligences, constitute the miracles of all religions. We have sanctified these phenomena of old Jewry, and find in them the finger of God, and of course the record written by such finger must be Holy Scriptures. Not having been developed to the more open vision of such plane, there have been persistent attempts to clinch the old upon us by intolerable boring sermons, stretched out to the crack of doom.

Mr. Burton, in his "Criminal Trials in Scotland," cites Sir John Dalrymple's portrait of the clerical doings in the Darien Expedition, which sailed from Scotland some one hundred and fifty years ago. "Arriving in Central America," the clergymen," says Dalrymple, "endeavored to stretch their discipline very far. They exhausted the spirits of the people, by requiring their attendance at sermon four or five hours at a stretch, relieving each other by preaching alternately, but allowing no relief to their hearers. The employment of one of the days set aside for religious exercise, which was a Wednesday, they divided into three parts—thanksgiving, humiliation and supplication, in which three ministers followed each other. And as the service of the Church of Scotland consists of a lecture with a comment, a sermon, two prayers, three psalms, and a blessing, the work of that day, upon an average of the length of the service of that age, could not take up less than twelve hours, during which space of time the Colony was collected and kept close together in the guard-room, which was used as a church in a tropical climate, and in a sticky season."

This was preaching to "the spirits in prison" with a vengeance; but we must award these clergy thorough sincerity in their narrow-minded zeal—for were they not in hell with their flocks, trying to lead them by the light of old Jewry? True, that unventilated "guard-room" is rather suggestive of the lower deep of the horrible pit and miry clay, nor did such surroundings, nor the interminable boring of the sermons, bring forth fruits very meet for repentance, for the pastors report that "There abounded, and do still remain among us, such abominations as the vilest heathens, from the light of Nature do abhor; such as atheistical swearing; and cursing, brutish drunkenness, detestable lying and prevarication, ob-

scene and filthy talking, mocking of godliness—yes, and among too many of the meaner sort, base pilfering and thieving, besides Sabbath-breaking, contempt of all Gospel ordinances, &c., which are stumbling to the very Indians, obnoxious to the Christian name, and reproachful to the church and nation to which we belong."

The State is quite as complimentary as the Church, for the council reporting to the directors at home, say, "We are vexed beyond measure with hearing, judging and punishing them and other rascals of which kind there never was so great a collection among so few men." From this it would appear that the twelve hours boring in the guard-room by the Scotch Orthodoxy was not very productive of the higher life; hence Mr. Buckle in his "Civilization" has to trace other sources for the progression of man. He is, however, somewhat wide of the mark when he rejects all Spiritual causation from his plane; for this latter, properly understood, does not conflict with the laws of the more material phenomena. True, ignorance and superstition have made sad work in Orthodox diabolism, where the Lord was almost wholly transmuted into the Devil, and everybody fled from the wrath to come. But now the spirit-world does not affront us as we walk in rapport with the unfeeling plane. C. B. P.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Suggested by Cole's Picture, *The Voyage of Life*—YOUTH.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Lingering in light beside the portals vast,
Immortal shapes are beckoning to me;
I see them stand as sentinels, beyond
The pillared arches of the dawn. Awake!
And let me fly to meet them. I remember
When yet a child, the murmur of the wind
Filled me with yearnings for the unattained
And infinite. I well remember once
The East was all aflame with blazing clouds,
That seemed like angels' wings, and bore me up
Above the earth I scarcely seemed to tread,
Because my mind was with the sadness filled
That seemed a fated portion—sent to find
My home in the clouds of sunset, piled upon
The brim of the ether and the rounded world,
Like the bastions of that eternity
I fain would reach; I now embrace the boat
That comes unsought, and beckons me to go.
Wait me, oh, fairy boat, unto the fields
Elysian that beyond the mountains lie.
For I would find the purple mystery
That lurks in gorges of the rocky heights,
That will not come to us; but still invites
Our fruitless chase. I fain would penetrate
All the etherial beauty of the earth,
To its etherial limits.

Summon up

The magic of the morning, to begin
The downward voyage. Swiftly float, O Time,
Until the hours have danced to other tunes
Beyond the mountain summits. Speed away!

But unseen rapids curled themselves between
The rocks that lurked a little further down;
And in the blind, unconscious war of waves
The boat was dashed in pieces. Precious wreck!

Fishers of men came to that place at eve,
And found the lifeless body of the Youth.
Fair as the waves that dashed themselves to foam,
Even his poor, bruised body seemed to show
A sort of beauty, like the fish that dies
Irradiant with colors of the prism.

And they who found him there, became as seers;
For in the luminous East a dome was set
That spanned a fourth of heaven, and a voice
Came floating from the mist of ruined waves:
"Saved from the mocking spirit that beset
The haunted caverns of the lower stream—
The Youth was wiser than the world can know.
He sought the fair by fairest seeming means,
And will not lose it. Nature cannot lie;
Imagination is not mockery.
Be it to him according to his faith."

Marietta, Ohio.

SOURCES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, April 27, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Our subject on this occasion is the Sources of Human Knowledge. It may seem somewhat abstruse and metaphysical, but, in treating it, we shall endeavor, in as plain, concise, and practical a manner as possible, to point out what, according to the highest conceptions yet arrived at, are the means whereby human beings have attained to their knowledge.

It has been stated, by the foremost philosophers and metaphysicians, that there are two sources of human knowledge—the one called *empirical*, or that of simple experience, the other, *intuition*, i. e., *a priori* impressions, with which experience has nothing to do. Hence opinions on this point are divided into two classes, since some maintain that the human mind has no knowledge but what is derived from experience—that is, directly or indirectly, from the operations of the senses, but for which it would remain a mere *tabula rasa*—a sheet of blank paper; while on the other hand, the believers in religious revelation consider that this explanation applies only to material things, and that we are indebted for our ideas on spiritual subjects either to intuition, or to a direct and distinct inspiration from the Divine Mind, which has been vouchsafed at certain periods in the past. Each of these theories is supported by arguments satisfactory to its advocates, but they include so many varieties and shades of opinion, from the most refined transcendentalism to mere materialism, that we cannot undertake to examine them in detail, and our attention, however, among the prominent writers on either side, Kant, the most profound and ingenious of the Germans, and Hume, the great Apostle of Skepticism, who denied the very existence of aught beyond the sphere of the material senses.

All nations have their Holy Writ, or so-called Divine Revelations, but all have alike failed to solve the important problem—what are the true sources of knowledge among men. It is believed throughout the theological world, as a matter of faith rather than of reason, that the soul or spirit of man is distinct in origin and nature from his bodily frame; that the element of life is from Divinity, that this spirit has no knowledge save what it derives from the Supreme; and that, in coming in contact with the material universe, it becomes subject to errors and imperfections, to rectify and amend which, its all-wise source occasionally vouchsafes to afford guidance and support by special revelations through appointed seers, prophets and priests; and that Christ was the highest and purest embodiment of the Divine Mind, representing fully the standard of moral and religious perfection for humanity.

Science, on the other hand, disowns this idea of a separate, informed soul, and declares that every mind must owe its development wholly to the natural senses. The child, it is alleged, but for the results of experience, would never begin to know more than the brute, so that this spirit, or soul, of the religious, is merely the outgrowth of the senses, and of the physical mechanism with which they are connected, and which is exactly calculated for such results. The mind, indeed, according to this view, is only a combination of material substances in a high state of refinement, and when the body ceases to exist, the mind ceases to exist, and passes away.

We know there are but two conceivable sources of knowledge—one within the human frame, or such as

has at some time been within it, the other outside of it, and which we are accustomed to call God. Human knowledge, as we have seen, is ascribed to experience gathered day by day, and is called *empirical*, or absolute knowledge. But when the metaphysician asks to be informed as to the connecting link by which knowledge is transmitted and accumulated, from age to age, by successive generations, what is this life-giving spirit, which animates the whole race—this material philosophy is at fault. What is this conscious being of collective humanity, which maintains its positive independence, and will neither be repressed nor blotted out? It is said human beings can know nothing but by experience; if so, they can know nothing but what they individually acquire, for the knowledge of our predecessors cannot take cognizance through its senses of what another knows; if so, you who are listening to us can know nothing of what has passed heretofore, for your minds can take cognizance only of what you yourselves have perceived, through your organs of sense. This would confine knowledge within very narrow limits, and what, in this case, would be the connecting link, the avenue of communication, between the ideas of the past and those of the present? We find no answer in skeptical metaphysics. We can, according to their own teaching, possess no means of positively proving that former races and generations actually felt and saw what history has recorded of them. Why do you believe that nations long vanished from the earth gave birth to renowned men, and how can their ideas be now alive among you? You believe that, during long ages, human beings have inhabited the earth, although you never saw them, nor heard their voices—your senses have no cognition of their existence. We would ask the metaphysical materialist, where is his knowledge? It is not from experience. We will answer him—

Again, the materialist states that all knowledge is the result of induction—of judging from things that are to be, or have been—in other words, reasoning from cause to effect. Now, the only thing the human mind can do, in this direction, as to material objects, is to receive impressions from those objects as they are presented, and lose them as fast as they are removed from the sphere of the senses. For there is nothing in the material world that has any connection with the power of enduring memory, whether we define it as a faculty—i. e., as an active quality of the mind, or as a capacity, or passive quality. Every faculty of the mind, in the materialistic view, is derived from matter alone, and therefore can be exerted only in connection with what is occurring at the moment, so that the mind has no ground for placing any confidence in the records of past ages, or for believing anything beyond the circle of its direct and daily experience.

But, on the other hand, that there is, in reality, another and entirely distinct source of intelligence besides experience, is the very capacity of the mind to receive and retain knowledge of itself proves, for the child who is taught step by step, and line by line, by means of this capacity, must certainly possess it as an inherent gift. It is in this respect that the human mind is distinguished from the intelligence sometimes so strikingly displayed by brutes. While the latter can receive the most vivid impressions as readily as ourselves, and often seem to apprehend what lies beyond the reach of human senses, they have no capacity of transmitting them to their posterity; we observe among them no improvement in successive generations, by which they may be expected even remotely to approach our peculiar position.

Man stands alone as a being capable of a *a priori* reasoning—judging of that which is, or should be, by or from that which is not. Now the wonderful structure of the human mechanism, considered in its material relations, may well startle the philosopher, but, when he tries to trace to that visible structure what is not material and has no material origin, he is pushing his inquiries beyond their legitimate province. We must go to another world, if we wish to account for what cannot certainly belong to this. That spirit and matter are entirely distinct, is the inevitable conclusion at which all minds arrive who treat the subject fairly. Kant, the prince of German metaphysicians, revealed the fact, though he endeavored to conceal it, that some mental impressions must have an origin other than experience. This is shown by the fact of the mind's capacity to receive knowledge outside of itself, and to preserve it so, all intelligence would be equal, whether brute or human; the one, like the other, would comprehend and care for nothing beyond what was necessary for the supply of bodily wants and the preservation of the species. How different is the fact:

"Reasoning at every step he takes,
Man out mistakes his way,
While brutes, though by blind instinct led,
Are seldom known to stray."

The beaver, the ant, the bee, seem indeed wonderfully wise, but in their operations they have no choice of means, any more than consciousness of end; while the reason why human beings have to decide between the material preservation of their lives, and the pursuit of judgment or comparison, and of the highest good, is that they are able to resort to others in succession. It is just as consistent for man to rely upon reason, as for brutes to be governed by instinct, and for the former to be sent in various directions, and to be often in error, as for the latter to be guided by an undeviating impulse to an uniform result.

Another argument against the theory of experience is, that the human mind conceives of things not essentially material, preservation and growth. Man does more than clothe, feed and shelter himself. He is all that is required of the brute, and all that it performs. Were the intellectual powers of man but the one thousandth part of what they are, he would still be able to exist on the earth, in perfect security and considerable prosperity; but, instead of being satisfied, even at the height of mere material enjoyment, he soars into loftier regions of contemplation, and, urged by desires which transcend his present sphere, penetrates into the infinite universe beyond, and measures the distance between the planet on which he dwells, and the deep bosom of his parent's spirit, then erects upon it majestic and time-defying structures, and all to gratify the aspirations of this mind or spirit which feeds not upon material things.

All ages have shown that, notwithstanding the importance justly attached to the reason, when man is obliged to choose between two courses of action, he will find his advantage in preferring that which the reason does not dictate. Nations have risen and fallen as they have obeyed or disregarded this rule; they have been brought to glory or glory through some impression or have been brought to ruin. In proof of this, we need not the result of reason, or have sunk in oblivion, through a mistake in following the guidance of that faculty. So easily is this susceptible of proof, that you cannot point to any great change in the history of nations which we cannot trace directly to the operation of one of the two causes or sources of human knowledge. When the intuitive faculty has taken the guidance, the course adopted has been invariably the true one; when human reason has assumed the lead, the result has been as invariably destructive.

The mind, having two sources of information, is naturally prone to prefer that which is most closely allied to its familiar experience in the daily routine of life; instead of impartially consulting both advisers, it tries to make one the more auxiliary or dependent of the other, or, failing in this, to obliterate the former by resolving it in the crucible of logical analysis. Both are really essential to human existence. Man, as distinguished from the creatures below him, does not exist without the loftier conceptions of intuition, which is as truly inherent in the mind as any other of its faculties, and which alone constitutes the great key to the storehouse of knowledge. In proof of this, a human being can develop no idea of which the mind does not possess the innate germ; all sciences spring from this source, but for which it would be as useless to attempt their cultivation as to plant a stone in the ground and expect it to spring up an oak. No! every evolution of thought in the mind distinctly proves the existence of an inherent capacity in that mind, fitting it for its reception and development; and this divinely given intuition is as essential to spiritual growth as intuition is to vegetation, and ideas could no more be produced without it, than an acorn could sprout in the absence of soil.

Everything which exists in Nature is from a previous cause, which we may or may not be enabled to trace, but which we know exists, from the fact of the result. Until we come to man, everything in Nature also has its definite object, or its apparent compensation.

Every brute, every insect, has its distinct part and purpose to fulfill, and pursue it legitimately, consequently, and according to order; it is impelled to no exertion not required for the purpose of self-preservation, or the propagation of the species—it never goes beyond the sphere of its immediate, functional necessities. But in man, although he crowns the series in physiological perfection, we find a wonderful waste of power, as respects mere material economy; for Nature, in placing within a mind which leads him to dwell in the far distant future, to cherish thoughts and anticipations which have no connection with his earthly home, and are not available in practical life, and by which he measures immensity, and seeks the dwelling-place of the Most High. Can we believe that Nature, so careful, and consistent in every other department, should have been extravagant—should have bestowed her powers to no purpose—should have bestowed them with no corresponding reality—should have bestowed them to no useful end, and to longings destined never to be

fulfilled? Inconsistent man, who seeks to increase all things else, and knows nothing of himself!

Again, the mind must have other sources of knowledge than experience, for the interior life of every individual, however uncultivated, and however he is every day affording illustrations of our theory. How one of you now before us, remembers every day instances in which he is impelled to do what he would not do at the bidding of mere reason. A man may say, "What I have done hitherto, under similar circumstances, I must do again." He acts accordingly, and, very likely, commits an enormous blunder. On another occasion he refuses obedience to the same monitor and follows the guidance of some impulse which he cannot explain, and lo! he is relieved from his embarrassment, and the way of security is open and before him.

This is more especially true with respect to morals and religion. What, in external nature, is there to countenance the idea of abstract moral law, while we see the sun shining alike on the just and the unjust, when wickedness is so often triumphant, and virtue left to be its own reward? Can human reason bow in worship to a Deity who gives no sensible evidence of his being? But the mind refuses to obey the voice of external nature, day severance and aspiration to an Absolute Power and a Perfect Beauty, which the eye of man has never seen, and his understanding can never conceive.

In short, the Christian is not right in carrying his contemplations so far from natural causes; nor the materialist in refusing to acknowledge the influences that lie beyond his sphere. Unite both realms of active forces, and you will be led to the most accurate and consistent results.

The safest rule of guidance is this: When an idea possesses your mind, which is the result of mere experience, reject it, so far as it conflicts with any intuitive conception. On the other hand, if an idea which you think intuitive, is clear in its indications, and consistent in all its parts, you may be sure it is fresh from the fountain of wisdom, and you may safely trust in it, though it be opposed to the experience of the world. By a proper analysis, you can distinguish as readily between the results of mere experience, and the voice of intuition, as between the light of a taper, and that of the noon-day sun.

The mistake of humanity is that, looking upon experience as the source of knowledge, they follow it as a sole guide, instead of using it to throw a useful but limited illumination on their pathway. It is this tendency that leads you to look back to the ages of the Past for instruction, and to commit yourselves to those who can only be blind leaders of the blind, to adhere to trodden paths, rather than strike out a road through untried fields of observation. But, says a materialist, "we are accustomed to see with our eyes, and I dare not close them, and launch into unknown realms of thought, for fear of losing my mental equilibrium."

The mind is in no danger of losing its equilibrium by activity—it has most to fear from the contrary condition. It is like the diamond; the more it is worn, the brighter it shines. Neither should you fear to venture yourself in the world of thought and speculation. You are already so far more than you may be aware. All mathematical problems, for instance, even the most familiar, depend for their solution upon purely mental processes and principles. What is the triangle, considered abstractly, but a combination of three intellectual conceptions; certain lines are imagined along which the mind travels from one point to another—the points themselves being material, but the idea of measurement entirely mental. So, mathematicians prove that two parallel lines, however far extended, can never meet. Now, we can conceive mentally, of such lines, even *ad infinitum*—but we know of no such anywhere in space. Every mathematical figure is but another illustration of the same idea, and yet it is to mathematics that the materialist refers as the strongest support of his argument, though it is evident that, but for this innate capacity—this intuitive faculty of the mind, which is independent of all experience, of all material existence, points might be near or distant—minute, or few; stars might rise and set—be born and fade away; there would be no world, no life, no man, and men and their relations—there would be no mathematics. Do you suppose the astronomer, when he penetrates space, frames his magnificent generalizations merely through experience derived by the aid of vision? No! his sight takes in only the external forms of creation; it is his soul, by its own inborn capacity, which travels from sun to sun, from field to field, of infinitude, and measures and includes all within its eternal dominion. The very existence of thought in its external domain, the very existence of man, and his relations outside of experience, as the process of respiration is evidence of the existence of an atmosphere.

The two sources of knowledge may be compared to the imaginary lines we have spoken of. They are parallel, equal and coordinate forces—equally necessary to human existence on earth; but they can never conflict with each other. The influence of the intuitive faculty pervades every department of our being, and we might almost venture the assertion that from the mind or spirit alone proceeds all certain and absolute knowledge. This may seem a startling proposition—let us analyze the question.

"The matter of which the world is composed,"

says the logical materialist, "is substantial. I can see this stone and feel it; but thought, and this transcendental soul of yours, is all nonsense. I cannot understand it." Let us see about this material world. It is supposed to be round, and to bear upon its surface, various formations, soil, water, minerals, &c. These, the materialist says, are unchangeable. Let us expose a portion of this rock to the action of fire, when heated to its utmost capacity. A chemical combination is affected, and where now is the rock, that solid, immutable substance? It is gone! Are your eyes deceived? No, all your senses confirm the fact of the mysterious disappearance.

Yonder mountain is a palpable and undeniable existence. But presently the earth is shaken, a chasm is opened; down falls the mountain, and all its plains, and vanishes like a dream. So we might take every material thing, and resolve it into a phantom eluding the grasp of all the senses. But we are also able to adduce positive evidence on this point. You fancy you hear sounds—results of vibrations in the palpable atmosphere, acting on the auditory organ. Nothing could seem more certain and distinct, yet you shortly find out that your mind alone has both caused and perceived them. You are toiling through a long and weary day, and you suddenly see before you a clear and placid surface reflects the towers of a city on its further bank. You hasten forward; but the image retreats as you advance, and at length you find that your mind has created these appearances from the glittering vapors of the arid plain.

How fallacious, then, and inconsistent is this reliance on the bodily senses alone! Of the audience now before us, probably no two, after leaving the room, would give precisely the same account of what they had seen and heard, even if the most closely allied to its familiar experience in the daily routine of life. This is owing to the difference in mental conceptions and capacities—according to which each hears away what appears to him a truth. Thus we see that the mind governs the senses, rather than the senses the mind.

We now come to the subjects of religion and inspiration—two things which the materialist supposes to be utterly impossible. We have proved the soul to be as much a necessity to the human being, as the material atmosphere, and that it could exist without any supply, than the body could live without food. This source of spiritual replenishment is the life-giving element, the soul of the universe, which, by its constant influx, refreshes and invigorates the mind, renews its stores of thought and aspiration, and prepares it gradually for immortality. If this is not so, whence is morality? whence religion?—for surely you would not call them impostures, without being able to define the origin or motive of such impostures? If you say they originate in the desire for continued existence, we maintain that that desire would not, in a mere animal being, extend beyond this world. Can you say of the so-called divine laws, that they are probably the result of man's worldly experience, merely? You know that according as they are followed, happiness or misery is the consequence. But, if so-called inspiration be an empty delusion, without support or sanction, it is a higher power, it could not produce any results, in practice as those which the laws and social opinions everywhere bear witness to.

Show us a man or woman who can sincerely say the mind ceases with the material body, and you show us a natural anomaly. We do not believe such a person can exist. There are those who have attempted to force reason to this conclusion, but in their very endeavors they have only used in a stronger light the principles which they tried to disprove. Their wanted "rationalism" is but the expression of the superficial understanding; not of the inner—the diviner—thought; and reason. We all believe in Nature—in the divine laws of being, in that perfection which maintains the universal equilibrium—but it is utterly inconsistent with that belief to suppose that man is wasting his faculties in a baseless dream of an airy existence, in fruitless longings; in hopes as unsubstantial as the bubbles of a stream. No! soul—mind—thought—these are ideas of these are evidences of God. The fact that they

words we utter, the mechanical vibrations in the atmosphere convey to you consecutive and definite ideas, proves the existence of your souls, and that they most possess knowledge not derived from experience. Thoughts and ideas born of abstract contemplation must be higher and grander than the deductions of logic. Search your own thoughts, and what we say will be as clear to you as the light of the morning. Reason, so called, is but the combined result of earthly experience and the absolute intuitions of the soul, and the mind could not exist unless sustained by this divine illumination and supplied from this inexhaustible fountain.

Such are our opinions concerning the sources of human knowledge; such our reasons for believing that the conception of all truth is derived from within, while what comes only from without, through the medium of the senses, is partial and unsatisfying. These are real, unchanging, everlasting; those vague, fleeting and fallacious. Choose ye which shall be your guides.

We thank you for your kind attention. Draw nearer with us to the Infinite Source and offer praise and thanks.

Oh, God, we praise thee that we know of thee and of thy love, mercy and justice. Fill our hearts with the conception of thy presence. May we know thou art within us; that thy life is our life; thy breath inspires us; thy strength sustains us, and that we live but in and through the expression of thy boundless love, the emanation of thine infinite wisdom; and to thee, oh God, shall be offered our thanks and praise. May our daily thoughts be with thee, and all our utterances be prompted by thy spirit, forevermore.

Banner of Light.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Self-Poise.

There is one faculty in man, which really deserves a great deal more development at his hands; and that is of harmonizing his contradictory and contrasting traits of character in such degree as to preserve his personal equilibrium continually. Nothing more attracts us, in an individual, than a certain quiet self-sufficiency which will not permit him to be thrown off his balance, or moved from his purpose and aim. No one respects, or is influenced by the person whose conduct betrays a wavering disposition, instead of beginning to end, incapable of fixing itself upon any single course or object, and running slightly after whatever comes uppermost. An unstable mind deceives its possessor as readily as those who approach its sphere.

There is a class of persons, however, whom we are especially partial to on this very score of self-poise and equilibrium. Whether their happy peculiarity may be charged to temperament, or to discipline, does not so much matter; and yet it is a better mark of power that they should have carefully disciplined themselves into their present happy frame of mind. They are quiet persons, using few words; unobtrusive; lacking in that outward galvanic manifestation which many think to be genuine power; fully sufficient for their own tasks and responsibilities; going about their work with the least possible fuss or profession, and invariably accomplishing more than is expected of them, if not even more than they had set it upon themselves to do. We have much too few of such persons in the world; we wish their ranks might be recruited as fast as possible.

The fact is, our social tone has been after the noisy, demonstrative, bragging style, almost altogether. We have scorned anything like repose in manners, which so surely proves strength and resources in character. That which imposes upon us with loud professions seems to have been esteemed the most highly. Hence, we have fallen out of the way of regarding quiet and unpretending persons at anything like their full value. The very method by which we are to get back upon the solid bottom of a right opinion again, is by first being made to suffer for a fault in practice which long ago deserved to be condemned.

Our President never became known to the people by his loud professions, or his declamatory assertions of what he was and what he could do. The youthful General who has already broken up, by his masterly strategy, the entrenched positions of a rebel army of vast magnitude, came not before the country heralding his own praises, or filling the popular ear with his promises. But each of these men were fully equal, at all times, to the demands of the occasion. Nay, more; with the increasing perils of the hour they grew greater than others had thought them, and their resources multiplied with the multiplied necessities of the time.

So should it be with the rest of us. Without borrowing trouble, as many do, about what is likely to happen and how we are to meet it, we ought simply to feel ourselves sufficient for what is put upon us, and to determine to do all we could in the discharge of what we think to be our duty. With increased responsibilities often comes increased strength; if we did not waste our strength prematurely, in one way and another, it would more generally be so than it now is. "Sufficient unto the day," says the Scripture, "is the evil thereof." Even an indifferent and careless nature is better than one all nerve and sensibility, for the former does not waste itself like the latter, but preserves its equipoise and strength together.

Incessant action no more gives evidence of large power than incessant speech does. Rest and repose not only indicate abundant force, but are absolutely necessary to its existence. Anxiety is as harmful as over-action. To take things as they are, is the surest proof you are prepared to take them at their worst. Borrowing trouble tends to break one down sooner than borrowing money. Nature is not always thundering, or blowing. It is not always day, and rapid growth, and dancing heat. The sea is not forever troubled, casting up its mire and dirt. It requires long and patient incubation to hatch out the living bird from the shell at last. It is silent thought that blossoms finally in action, such being the order of Nature the world over.

What a man knows he is, and what he knows he can do, he will certainly trouble himself to say the least about. And being thus acquainted with his own power and resources, he will be neither anxious nor ashamed at whatever duty or hindrance may offer itself in his path. Hence comes that perfect self-possession which serves so admirably in assisting him to husband his strength and maintain his resources in force. Few enough are the men and women of our day who betray such a desirable harmony of character and reliance on themselves; but we hope the changing times will work such a change in this regard, also, as to give us a new and higher tone for our society, and infuse a more lasting vigor into the entire body of our modern life.

Emma Hardinge in Boston.

Sunday, the fourth of May, Miss Hardinge commenced her engagement in this city, where she is to speak during the month of May. A crowded house greeted her, on the occasion of both lectures. In the afternoon, her remarks were full of practical suggestions to Spiritualists, and many felt their pangings. On the evening she spoke on the "Book of Ages," and the duty of Spiritualists in the present, and the demands of the time upon them. Both discourses were long, and held the audience in rapt attention.

The Cotton Mill.

The Seven Wonders of old times were nothing in comparison with the many wonders of our time. Not to mention any of the others, we allude, for instance, to but one—the Cotton Mill. Out at Lowell, the stranger to this wonder may study it to his heart's content; and he will come away impressed with the astonishing fertility and power of the human brain, more than with all else.

A correspondent writes one of the daily papers, after a recent visit to the "Merrimac Print Works," at Lowell, in a highly interesting manner; he says he followed up all the processes of the manufacture of the cotton wool into cloth, through picking, cleaning, carding, roving, spinning, dressing, and weaving into cloth; thence to the print works, where it is singed, bleached, printed, dyed, finished, done up into pieces, and boxed. He says—"As I passed through room after room of the vast buildings, and looked upon the beautiful machinery, tirelessly doing the work of hundreds, yea, thousands of hands, I seemed to see a great-hearted, labor-saving Briarrose rising before me—his innumerable hands and arms, the spindles and looms; his multitudinous legs and feet, the shafting and wheels. There he stood, good-naturedly smiling from his myriad of heads, as I watched his metallic teeth pulling the cotton apart, while with the breath of the tempest he blew the refuse away; looking at his arms of iron and hands of steel as they drew the cleaned cotton from one degree of fineness to another, until it seemed almost invisible, or threw the shuttle with unerring certainty across the warp of cloth. I could not but remark upon the conscientiousness of the machine; for, if any part commit an error, even to the breaking of a single thread, the wheels stop and wait until the wrong has been remedied."

Such is the invention of man, and much as we may admire his inventions, there is more still to be admired in himself. The fountain of his resources need never be dry, for it is supplied from a source that is both secret and inexhaustible. The world is full of wonders, indeed; but man is the most wonderful of all.

Near Its End.

Oh, of course! Just as a good thing begins to do real service, the bats and owls meet together and pass resolutions of congratulation that it is near its end. A contemporary "religious" journal rather switches off from the old track of remark that has so long been indulged in by its fellows, relative to the hopes and prospects of Spiritualism, and, instead of declaring that it is near its end, finds room to express its fears that everything else is, simply because the false doctrines of Spiritualism are becoming so wide spread. It quotes the leading Roman Catholic journal of Europe, as saying that a practical, if not a theoretical, belief in Spiritualism extends to every part of Italy, and is rapidly increasing; adding, of its own motion, that this remark will apply to nearly all parts of the civilized world. We give its own language: "The heathen have been Spiritualists for thousands of years. But it was not till these latter times, as foretold by Paul (1 Tim. iv. 1-3), that the demons were to succeed in getting professed Christians to follow their diabolical system. Now many are departing from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." *My this we know we are near the end of the present dispensation.* Truly, these are "perilous times." But we expect to realize it more sensibly, as we approach the great day of the Lord. Halfhearted, worldly-minded, fashionable professors of religion will soon reform, or be swept off by the rising tide of infidelity that is settling upon the world through Spiritualism in its *hydra-headed form*. It is really a "hard case," as it stands now; but we agree with our good friend, who must be just now troubled with indignation, that all these people "must reform," or be "swept away." *Reform is the word.*

Hard Times in the Church.

The New York Independent, edited by Henry Ward Beecher, is authority—through its Chicago Correspondent—for the statement that never, in the history of American Churches and general home missionary work, has there been such a pressure upon the established churches at the West as now. Not only with the churches, but with theological seminaries and colleges. The Independent writer says: "Christians at the East can have little idea of the straits to which the professors in our colleges and theological seminaries, as well as our pastors, are put by these hard times. The Southern market is closed, produce is almost worthless, taxes are high, and will be yet higher; the moreland a man owns, the poorer he may be, and the majority of the people are in debt and compelled to pay ruinous rates of interest. Some of the ablest churches in our state have resorted to deacon meetings, because they have become involved in debt to their pastors, and felt compelled to part with them and husband future resources in order to pay arrears. It is a sad and depressing state of things when, throughout the West, colleges, theological seminaries and churches are compelled to entertain the question of disbanding or suspending." So it is, but such is the penalty we all pay for war. It is absolutely criminal for some of our daily papers, for party sake alone, to crow and call out that only one side is crippled in its industrial interests by this war, when it should be told that the contest is loading us all with burdens that our shoulders will find it very hard to bear. If a cause is a right one, it needs no deceitful representations to set forth in its proper and true light, before the minds of the people.

Garibaldi to the Priests.

This impassioned and unflinching soldier of freedom has issued an address after his own style, to the priests of Italy, in which he talks to them as directly and pointedly as a schoolmaster might to a herd of unruly boys. Says he—"You have made Rome a den of wild beasts, thirsting for the destruction of Italy. I am unhappily convinced that you cannot save the cardinals from perdition, but do it if you can. Moreover, cry to the four winds of Heaven, that you will have no companionship with the wicked, that you are Italians, that you will at least imitate the priesthood of Hungary, of Poland, of Greece, of China, of the savages of America, where the priest does not deny his cradle, his relations, his fellow-citizens, but combats together with them for the independence of their country. Let the Italian priest launch forth from the pulpit the sacred words of the redemption of the country, and the damnation in hell of the Vatican." Pretty strong—but that's the only way for Italy now.

Arcana of Nature.

The Independent speaks of this standard work as follows: "The Pantheistic theory of Development in its bald, est form, is presented with some scientific ability and with much dogmatic earnestness, in a work entitled *The Arcana of Nature*, by Hudson Tuttle. As the author of this volume is a Spiritualist, and claims to have been led by 'invisible guides,' his work naturally emanates from the office of the Banner of Light in Boston. He exhibits a mind well versed in the field of science and accustomed to patient thought. His conclusion is that—Matter is eternal. That the attributes on which its existence depends are fully sufficient to account for every effect, either in the external world or the world of mind. The external world is Nature; the internal, God. Those who wish to see Pantheism wrought out into a system by the aid of modern science, may find it in this book. Mr. Emerson talks after the same fashion in his *Essay on Nature*, which is noticed under the Editors' Table." It is very true that a marked similarity exists between the conclusions of Emerson and those contained in the *Arcana*.

Amusing.

The *Herald of Progress* of May 10th—a very excellent paper, printed in New York, as all our readers are probably aware—(if they are not, they can see its prospects in our columns) takes us to do for copying "McClellan's Dream into our journal, from another paper," unaccompanied by editorial protest.

We would, in the most kindly manner possible, inform Bro. Plumb that he is laboring under a slight mistake. We did comment upon the Dream, and stated that we copied it from the *Weekly Advance*, a paper printed in Carbondale, Penn., a copy of which paper was sent us with a request that we print the Dream, by one of our subscribers. We also stated that it originated in New York!

Now admitting that we were "sold" in this matter—which we don't—we should not be in quite so bad a "fix," we think, as our usually sharp contemporary, for in the same paper (see 8th page) in which he raps us over the knuckles, he falls into a terrible error by copying a *hoax*, which was published in the Boston Post on the first day of April, got up by that journal expressly for the occasion—a second edition of the "Cave" on Boston Common, printed some years since. However, we must have charity for our brother of the Herald, for we suppose, to use his own graphic language, that he copied it "without stopping to require external evidence of its origin, or internal evidence of its truth." To get sold so badly as our brother has been in regard to the "Pirate's Cave," to again quote from the Herald, "must be humiliating to all who feel at all responsible for human credulity."

"Expose Him."

A respectable newspaper is not the channel through which the people are to vent their spleen. A newspaper should not be made the common sewer for the offal of people's grosser natures to run through. We have been called upon, in many cases very pertinaciously, to expose some one's faults, because some one else had got offended. If it is not understood, already, we wish it to be, that the BANNER OF LIGHT is not published for such purposes. All have faults, we doubt not, and those who cry the faults of others the loudest, perhaps have the greatest. Kind words turn away wrath, and lead men on the way to goodness, while bitter words lead to wrath, and are fraught with evil.

One of our city contemporaries makes the following sensible remark to a correspondent who thinks another's faults should be "showed up" to the people through his paper, virtually because he is offended with him: "No man fit for the high business of journalism will lower himself so far as to ask for any favor upon that score; and it is equally true that the man who would make the press an instrument of personal vengeance is entirely too devoid of character and influence to get a hearing in any respectable newspaper."

In addition to the above, we find in the last number of the Herald of Progress, the following just reply to one of its Boston correspondents:

"The world is almost full of fault-finders, and we hope that you will not multiply them. Let your thoughts turn toward the discovery and application of Truth."

"Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land."

In this issue of the BANNER will be found the forth number of these essays, from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, "C. B. P." We have printed them as rapidly as justice to other correspondents would dictate, at the same time it being our object to give our readers as great a variety of matter as our limited space would permit. But the author not being satisfied with this arrangement, forwarded to the HERALD OF PROGRESS number forty-one of the series, which is already printed in that paper. Under the editorial head we find the following notice:

"ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND," No. 41, by C. B. P., appears this week, being the first of the series to be published in our columns alternately with the BANNER OF LIGHT.

The editor is laboring under some mistake in this matter. We have made no arrangement whatever to have the essays published alternately in the BANNER and HERALD.

What we did suggest was, that the author classify his matter in such a manner as to give us a certain number of essays to print consecutively, and the HERALD an equal number, so that the readers of each paper should not be subjected to inconvenience.

Hopefulness.

Why not look for brighter days, as well as for darker ones? It is quite as natural, quite as much in the order of things, that such should presently come. The very fact that it is now dark and cloudy, is best proof and promise that it will soon be clear and bright again. If we were having only sunshine now, we might well expect that the shadows would begin pretty soon to creep about us; and vice versa. But even the darkest times may be rendered lighter. Why that clouded brow and overcast face? Go off to the war—business dull—can't collect—no prospect of improvement? Pah! But how does the anxious look help the matter? If you are a man in business, do you not know that, especially in times like these, people like to go and trade at those places where they are sure to find the most cheerfulness, that being the very article of which they stand most in need? Then cheer up. One doesn't know how a pleasant face will act upon a heavy heart, and so the lightened heart reacts upon the face again. The experiment is well worth the trying, if but to see what power we possess over our own selves, if we do but choose to exercise it.

New Music.

Ditson & Co. have sent us the following new music: "Andante Con Moto," one of Mendelssohn's songs without music, in the Key of E. "There's music in my heart, lassie," written by John Jamieson, Esq., music by Robert Bell. "Are they meant but to deceive me?"—Mazurka Polonaise for voice and piano, by Alexander Reichardt. "There is a word whose solemn tone"—Farewell, Ballad, by Maria Louise Garcia. Pictures of the War. A collection of descriptive pieces arranged for the piano forte by Ch. Grobe—No. 1, Battle of Winchester. Undine Waltzes, for das piano, composed by R. R. Trench. "Dreams of Childhood." Waltz, composed by W. H. Montgomery. "Eagle Brigade" Quickstep, by E. Moore. "Never-sink Mountain" Polka, composed by John H. Eberman, dedicated to Miss Leonora Hunter, of Reading, Penn.

We have received from the young and talented author, W. Louis Hayden, a new arrangement for the guitar entitled the "Delhi Galop," dedicated to Miss Addie Fogg, of Boston. It is a superior production, and its popularity is commensurate with its merit.

Intolerance in Politics.

Alexander Hamilton wrote, in the first number of the Federalist papers—"So numerous, indeed, and so powerful, are the causes which serve to give a false bias to judgment, that we, upon many occasions, see wise and good men on the wrong as well as on the right side of questions of the first magnitude to society. And a further reason for caution in this respect might be drawn from the reflection, that we are not always sure that those who advocate the truth are actuated by pure motives than their antagonists. Ambition, avarice, personal animosity, party opposition, and many other motives not more laudable than these, are apt to operate upon those who support, as upon those who oppose, the right side of a question." All this may well be kept in mind, in the midst of the discussion into which the nation is evidently about to be plunged by the rapid course of events.

New Publications.

SPIRITUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS BOOK. No. 1. Boston: William White & Co., Publishers.

An original idea, answering a want long felt. We only wonder the thing has not been done before.

This little book is in no sense what the teachers and teachers of particular creeds would call a text-book, but simply a little work with the design of stimulating and encouraging children to think and feel, and express their thoughts and feelings, for themselves, and to do it with the utmost freedom, and in a spirit of the largest liberality. It is a record of a happy imaginary conversation between teacher and children, on some eight different topics: Duties, Commandments given by Christ, Do as you would be done by, Kindness, Faith, Spiritualism and Death. It is not a creed-book, or a chalked-out form of belief, but a little hand-book of suggestions of a religious nature, for Sunday-School and family uses. The teacher first starts off with explanations and illustrations of one of the topics above named, and then proceeds to ask questions that quicken the thoughts and excite the moral sentiment of the youthful scholar. There is one very important thing about it—it opposes no existing beliefs, and assails no human creeds.

If, as we all admit, the world can be regenerated only by commencing the work with the fresh and impressive souls of the young, the great importance of teaching those souls how to think, as well as inculcating upon them the great need of making room for the largest and most liberal thoughts possible, will at once impress itself upon all. They must, first of all things, be kept free of the fear that they are doing wickedly when they think as widely as they can, in every direction. This proselyting business with infant souls must soon come to an end. This training children to tremble at superstitions, and teaching them to grow up to be advocates in turn for those superstitions, will never make large-souled men and women of them—and so the world is finding out.

The Commandments given by Christ, as distinguished by the less spiritual commandments given by Moses, we do not remember ever to have seen collected in a body before. We cite a few of them, thus: Love one another as I have loved you; Swear not at all; Resist not evil; Give to him that asketh thee; Love your enemies; Do not your alms before men; Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; Do good to them that hate you; Judge not; Heal the sick; Cast out devils; Be ye as wise as serpents but harmless as doves.

On the topic of the "Golden Rule," the questions and answers are so apt and happy, we cannot refrain from quoting at length, as follows:

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

Teacher.—Christ says, do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you. What do you understand by this saying?

Scholar.—I understand that my whole duty to others is expressed in this beautiful precept.

Teacher.—Give an example.

S.—I would like to have others speak friendly to me and of me, so I will always try to speak friendly to others and of others.

Teacher.—Give another example of keeping this precept.

S.—Should I suffer from want, I would like to have others give me what I need—so I will give what I can to others who are suffering from want.

Teacher.—Would you not dislike to have any one unjust to you?

S.—Yes. So I will try to be just to all others.

Teacher.—Would you not dislike to have any one offended with you, and treat you with scorn and cruelty?

S.—Yes. So I will try to never be offended at any one for fear that I may be scornful and cruel to ward them.

Teacher.—Do you like to see the rich, who have more than is necessary for their comfort, keep that away from the poor which is necessary to make them comfortable?

S.—No. If I do as I would be done by, I shall not want to be rich while others are poor, for I would not want to be poor while others are rich. I wish that none were poor, but that all had enough to make them comfortable.

Teacher.—Would you not dislike to have others speak against you?

S.—Yes. So I will try to never speak against others. I will try to speak well of all, at all times.

Teacher.—Would you not dislike to have others offend you, or take your life?

S.—Yes. So it is my desire not to do to others that I would not have others do to me.

Teacher.—If you always do to others that which you would have them do to you, what would be the consequence?

S.—It would make me love others and make others love me, so I should not be an enemy to any one, and I should not have any enemies.

Teacher.—What would be the consequence of not doing to others that which you would have others do to you?

S.—It would make me hateful to others and others hateful to me; it would make me unhappy, and others unhappy, too; it would make discord, strife, inharmonious and war.

Teacher.—What course will you take to do as you would be done by?

S.—In everything I do, I will ask myself, "Am I doing as I would be done by?"

The other chapters are equally happy, both in conception and expression. We never have met with a little work that was better calculated to interest the opening mind and to do good. Were the present generation of children to be educated in religious matters after this liberal, spiritual, and genuinely Christian spirit, we hazard nothing in saying that the world would become changed—in Church, in State, and in society; so that we of the present day should hardly recognize it. The least we can do, as matters now stand, is to ask all parents and teachers to examine it carefully, and give it a fair trial with the young minds that are committed to their care.

THE WHITE HILLS: their legends, landscape and poetry. By Thomas Starr King. With sixty illustrations. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1862.

This handsome book was first published two years since at five dollars a copy. It bore the reputation, and justly, too, of being as fine a specimen of book-making as was ever produced in this country. In the long catalogue of books there is not to be found a more appropriate present than is this book. The author is a liberal man; he looks deep into the beauties, and eminently shows his ability in a poetical way, to tell what he sees. The pictures are well chosen and finely executed. Both the author and the publishers, in the production of this handsome book, ably sustain the high reputation in which the public already holds them. A new edition is just issued with precisely the same type and plates of the former edition, for the low price of two dollars.

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS, on subjects important to the human family. Given through a lady.

The second edition of this work is just published. We have given it an extensive editorial notice before, and only need repeat that we have it for sale, and can supply all orders. As an appendix to this volume, the publisher has added the essay on the "Rights of Man," by George Fox, which has received already such high encomiums.

"BALLADS OF THE WAR." No. 1. "The March to the Capitol." By A. J. H. DuGanne. New York: John Robins, 37 Park Row.

This is one of those elegant brochures for which we are indebted to the present national struggle. It is a poem, covering twelve pages, elegantly embellished with spirited sketches, and portraying the state of feeling and incident which characterized the North after the fall of Sumter, and when the "Massachusetts Sixty" marched through Baltimore. Single copies, 25 cents. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

BANKER'S DIMS BASE-BALL PLAYER: Comprising the proceedings of the Fifth Annual Base Ball Convention, etc. Edited by Henry Chadwick. Beadle & Co., New York.

Almost any information concerning this popular game can be found in this little volume. It is for sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., Bookellers and News-Agents, No. 100 Washington street, Boston.

New York and Nicaragua Colonization Association.

We learn from a reliable source that this enterprise thus far has been built up privately, and through the personal influence of one friend and another, till we are assured, it cannot fail to be a success. And now they advertise to complete the organization, and get the balance of the requisite men and means.

The company, as a company, will proceed and manage affairs just as other careful, money-making associations do; but the individuals comprising it are mainly liberal persons, and on arriving in Nicaragua all will be free to organize societies, or try any social experiment they choose. The business of the company will be to transport emigrants, open roads, work mines, import the larger kinds of machinery, erect public buildings, mills and factories, and do all those things that are needful, and yet are beyond the power of single persons.

Education will be among the first things to be looked after. If individuals do not do it effectively enough, the company will aid or take it under control. The honest, liberal, progressive classes ought to be rich in order to be powerful. Wealth and power ought not to be left so largely to the mean and reactionary Central America offers untold fortunes to all who are wise and will simply go and take.

Those who may desire to join this Association will gain all the information they need by addressing the Secretary, Mr. T. C. Leland, No. 614 1/2 Broadway, New York.

Too Much Care.

It is needless to take any pains to prevent others from finding us out. We are publishing ourselves continually. We could not prevent this constant self-exposure's going on, for even a moment, if we tried. Our simple existence, though we uttered not a word, is a perpetual betrayal of what we are. The secret magnetic forces of character lurk in the eye, in the mouth, in the expression of the countenance, in the scowls and smiles, in the play of the hands and arms, and the entire carriage of the person. We must all the time "out" with ourselves, for we cannot be hid. Let a man, or a woman, profess to be "as good as anybody," and you may be pretty sure he or she has little enough actual goodness to speak of. When one sits down to talk scandal about another, he is doing that other no actual harm, but simply displaying his own undesirable qualities, in the shape of envy, malice, and general uncharitableness. The tongue always harms the person who wags it more than it does the one against whom it is employed. Hence it is well worth an occasional thought, and a serious thought at that, to keep these habits of the tongue in stricter check, and take more pains with the life that is seated at the heart of the nature. If all is as it should be there, neither the speech nor the manners can testify to one's harm; on the contrary, all the evidences they can offer will be but to the individual's advantage.

A Good Suggestion.

Not all wives remember that it was by the pains they took with their personal appearance, perhaps as much as by anything else, that they attracted the attention and won the favor of their husbands in the first place. A lady writer for one of our exchanges touches upon this little matter in her way, and says there is no excuse for negligence of dress in a housewife. It is no excuse to say that "I have had so much to attend to to-day, that I have not had time to dress," &c., and thus continue slovenly-looking all day. And she further adds—"I am not willing, either, to admit that household duties should be a bar to tidiness in its proper sense. I do not mean that a person should be at all times 'dressed up'; but, surely, household work of whatever kind, does not interfere with having a clean frock on, however common, a plain, nice collar, and a smooth head of hair." The lady is quite right. If anything, a slovenly woman is worse than a slovenly man; but the sight of the former saddens the heart, because she outrages the finer tastes and higher sentiments of her husband, and so casting only shadow and darkness upon a household that might otherwise be happy, is melancholy to the very last degree.

Playing a Game.

We have heard of Generals, and leading military men practising strategy in the field, and when before the enemy they were seeking to circumvent and destroy; but we never before heard in modern warfare, of a General's playing a game as a boy would enter upon that business. They say that Gen. McDowell, in order better to pull the wool over the eyes of the rebels near Gordonsville, and that they might not suspect that he had anything in particular in contemplation, was seen daily "hanging around" Washington, as if nothing in the world were going to be done by him, and chiefly desirous that such reports should be forwarded—as they indeed were—to the enemy. Suddenly he made his appearance at Fredericksburg, and thus he is on the straight and easy road to Richmond. The rebels open their eyes in surprise, and McDowell has stolen a march on them. They did not expect him at Gordonsville—much less did they expect him at Fredericksburg. Meantime, Banks is pushing upon the former place, and McDowell has so wedged himself in between, that they can neither resist Banks, nor hinder their march upon Richmond. It was a very pretty "game."

From Mount Holyoke.

A writer in the Boston Transcript, from Hadley, says he rowed to the foot of Mount Holyoke during the late freshets, and made the ascent. The country to the northward, says he, as far as the eye could reach, had the appearance of an immense lake, from two to six miles in width, with towns placed on its surface. Here and there a high point of ground was seen, on which the various animals congregated. In the neighborhood of the villages, they were covered with cattle and swine, and in the meadows, by the foxes, woodchucks, and mice. With the aid of the glass, he counted on one little hillock in Hadley meadow no less than four foxes and eight woodchucks; they were all huddled promiscuously together on the highest ground, and, paralyzed with fear, had seemingly lost their natural dispositions. One many caught seven foxes alive, and was surprised to find they offered no resistance. The poor animals got fairly drowned out, for once, and were compelled to make a clean breast of it and show their strength of numbers, so far as they "still lived."

Death-bed Scenes.

We clip the following from the Trumpet and Freeman of this city:

"I believe it is frequently the case, that from the spirit, about leaving the body, the veil is partially rent, as it were, and that it often does, it has left its earthly tenement, catch glimpses of the land beyond, of the dear ones awaiting it there. I have read and heard of so many incidents substantiating this fact, that I cannot doubt it."

Spiritualists are fully aware that such is the fact. Universalists are beginning to believe it is so. It is indeed gratifying to know that when those of our dear loved ones are about passing to the eternal world, they are received by their relatives and friends who have gone before to the mansions of eternal day.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through MRS. J. H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BARNES or LION'S OFFICE, No. 135 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs,) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Thursday, April 11.—Invocation: Question and Answer; Minnie Dodge, to her mother in New York City; Michael Devine, of the New York Zouaves; Blome Pillsbury, Canton, Mass.

Monday, May 5.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Jane Kilburn, Dover, N.H.; Hiram Elliott, to his wife and brother in Portland, Me.; Harriet Hooper, to her mother in New York City.

Tuesday, May 6.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Joseph Phillips, to his brother Benjamin, Eastham, Maine; Charles Smith, to his father Charles in New Orleans; Ebenezer Brockway, to his father in New Orleans; Minnie Leach, to her mother in Columbus, Ohio.

Invocation.

Thou Mighty Spirit, whose realm is all Nature, thou who art our Father and Mother, we ask thy blessing at this hour. Now that the crash of arms hath for the moment ceased, now that the din of warfare is silent for the hour, we come unto thee through prayer, assured of thy confidence and love. Mighty Spirit of sympathy and love, in concert with the means of the dying and the afflicted we send up our prayers unto thee. Again our Father, we pray unto thee in behalf of the dying soldier. Oh our God, give him the consciousness of thy presence. May he feel that the angels are near him, waiting to convey his loved spirit to their celestial home. And oh, our Father, we petition thee in behalf of those they are about to leave behind. Dry up the fountain of their tears, and lift from their sorrowing hearts the load of grief which oppresses them. Oh God of the desolate, may the widow, the orphan, and the bereaved of every class of society, raise their eyes heavenward to thee, for the assurance of that sympathy and love of which thou art the everlasting type. And though the hour of their grief be a long one, yet shall the calm of holy peace gradually settle upon their storm-tossed souls, and the sunlight of happiness return once more to their hearts. And our Father, we pray unto thee also in behalf of the negro, whose soul is crushed with the weight of ignorance, and whose very being seems to be a woe upon earth. And oh, Almighty One, now that the very heavens are brightening with freedom, we pray thee to touch with thy Divine hand the silent chords of his being, that the hitherto darkened soul of the negro may be awakened to a knowledge of thy truth and power. And, oh Father, we beg an especial blessing for all who walk in paths of error and wickedness. We find these avenues of sin everywhere, not only within the mart of business, but within the pale of domestic life. Oh, our God, we ask thee to bless those who walk these dreary paths; give them that power to resist temptation which their souls crave, and may they at last come out of the fiery furnace of sin with pure and unscorched robes. For our enemies we pray most Holy One, for those who have trespassed against us, and who know not the pain, the heart-sorrow, they have inflicted upon innocent humanity. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Mighty Father of all created things, fold them in thy breast, and with thy loving arms wrap around them the garments of purity and wisdom. And in the eternal future, thy children will one and all, chant songs of glory forever and ever. Amen. April 14.

"Choose ye whom ye will serve."

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

This passage of Biblical History we are requested to speak upon this day. We care not what prompted our questioner to send us the following words, for we believe that each and every thought or desire that is sent out upon the great ocean of intellectual life, will return, bearing a precious burden of knowledge. Every thought fulfils its own mission. The passage of Scripture handed us for explanation this afternoon, is one well applicable to the times.

It is high time that you begin each one of you, to choose your God. You have been fluctuating long enough between Mammon and God. The Spiritual God is one of principle wisdom and eternal love. The Material God is one of gold and precious stones. We perceive a desire upon the part of humanity generally, to serve both at the same time. The Spiritual God declares through all Nature that ye cannot serve both one God at a time. Now then, to bring acceptable gifts to the Spiritual God, you must renounce the worship of Mammon.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

The voice of mourning and woe that is rising from every corner of your beloved land, tells you that you have been serving Mammon, that you have been striving for worldly wealth, rather than for the general good of mankind.

How can I best serve myself and the interests of the hour? Is a question which has been, and we regret to say, is still uppermost in the minds of many, even at the present day. How you can serve God aright, how you shall act in order to contribute to the welfare of your fellow-creatures, is a question which should occupy the minds of every man, woman and child upon this American Continent.

It is high time to begin to cut off your idols, to turn from the worship of Mammon to that of the True God. The Spirit of Reform, which is the Spirit of Love, Wisdom, and Truth, enters your temple. He carries a sword in his right hand, and the scales of justice in the other. Now, as matter of sequence, there must be misery and woe in his trail, for in these agents you admit the recompensing angel.

You have been ignorant, and through ignorance you sin, but in the far distant East there shines a star of peace and wisdom. It cometh nearer, and by-and-by its rays will enter not a few souls, but all shall begin to feel its light and warmth.

There is not upon the face of this entire continent a single temple dedicated to the worship of the Spiritual God; all are dedicated to the service of Mammon. Then wonder not that civil war rules the hour, that eternal discord and utter ruin stare you in the face, for this internal and selfish mode of living beget you inharmonious, yet by virtue of Divine power, they shall beget you joy also.

The above quoted paragraph may apply to our questioner as well as to all others. God grant that while he daily offers his prayers, that he may cut off all idols of idols, that he may turn from the service of the Material God, to that of the Spiritual God.

Oh, our questioner, stand out in the might and power of your own glory. Administer righteousness to all men, and soon the voice of the people will ascend in gratitude to the Almighty Father, thanking him for this hour of sorrow.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Oh may the Eternal One grant that your choice be a wise one. Enter the spiritual temple, and forever eschew the worship of idols. April 14.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—Why is it that those who have passed to the spirit-land, do not always know what their friends here, who were once dear to them, leave the mortal body?

Ans.—All spirit, whether in or out of the form, is subject to law, immutable, and unchangeable law. Now each and every individual spirit may be called a planet, revolving about the great central Deity.

Each and all are sustained by an atmosphere peculiar to themselves, or, in other words, they live and have their being in that element.

It is sometimes the case, that a spirit enters the spirit-life without the cognizance of its friends. Some spirits are endowed with the power to come into close material relations, or in rapport with human life. All, however, do not possess this power. Now, then, it is perfectly plain, when you know the influences that your spirit possesses. If by virtue of my condition am here to-day, and subject to God's will.

Sometimes a spirit remains for years in unconscious life, in spirit-life. Its surroundings or conditions may be such as to induce this peculiar state. The spirit slumbers, rests; it is not partially but wholly unconscious, and at that time, a thousand times ten thousand times, spirits might enter the spirit-world without the knowledge of the dormant or sleeping spirit.

As progression is one of the grand points of law material, as all must progress, the time must come to all, when every spirit will recognize its own kindred in the celestial spheres, as in earth-life. The law natural is a progressive law.

Q.—If those who have left the mortal form are anxious to communicate with those they have left upon earth, can they always find some means by which to do so?

A.—Certainly not.

Q.—Those who have promised to give a word through the BARNES or LION'S, do not all come, though abundant time has been given them. Then, are there rules in the spirit-land—any laws forbidding any to come? Those who were truthful here ought to be so there.

A.—Many promise unadvisedly, because they know not the law governing the spirit's return to earth. But when they come to the spirit-land, they find they are obliged to wait months, and even years, because they are unable to influence or hold control over a foreign body long enough to make their presence known to their friends upon earth.

Q.—Will the spirit please to interpret this passage of Scripture: "And now, Father, glory thou with the glory which I had with thee before the world was?"

A.—Jesus, the divine one, prayed for the outgushing of that natural purity and love, of which the Father was the type. "Give me," he says, "the glory which I had with thee before the world was, that thy son also may glorify thee. Take off from me these external surroundings, this materialism, and give me that spiritual light and wisdom which shall make me a fit companion for thee in the celestial world." Not alone for himself did Jesus pray to the Father, but for his apostles and all other believers in Eternal Life, that they might be glorified with him in heaven. He referred to that innate purity which exists in all principles.

Q.—Can you give us the history of the snake, or the serpent, that is recorded in Genesis?

A.—The Biblical mention of the serpent was merely a figurative expression, or an allegory, deduced from ceremonies of the ancients. The serpent was supposed to be a type of wisdom, with a certain class of ancients, and as such, was handed down to the generations mentioned in the first part of the Old Testament. We find the serpent figuring in Eden, endowed with the power of speech, and represented as being the most subtle and crafty beast of the field, which God had made. Now, we believe that the serpent, spoken of as dwelling in the garden of Eden, was merely a type of deception, or of that subtle wisdom and craft, which results only in evil to others. Again, the Eden spoken of in the Bible, represented only a spiritual condition of the soul, or the intellectual part of man.

"Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." were the words of Jesus to his beloved disciples. Do you suppose the serpent was endowed with superior wisdom? No; the expression was a symbolical one. Jesus, the Nazarene, according to nature, in his teachings, stood but one remove from Egyptian Mythology; therefore, he was what might be termed a natural teacher. We all know that nature takes no rapid strides, but moves slowly along through the ages, step by step. Jesus being a natural teacher, was then, in his ideas and teaching, but one remove from heathenism, or the religion of the Dark Ages, and he accordingly spoke unto his disciples in this way that they might understand him from that point. And Jesus, the divine one, well knew that he could not make himself understood by them if he spoke in any other way than the one above mentioned—he must come down to their capabilities, or else his teachings to them were good for nothing. April 14.

Flavia Lacy.

I was unfortunate when upon earth, and suffered much from poverty. I had it ever with me, from my earliest remembrance up to the time of my changing worlds. I lived in poverty. I was born in the metropolis of America. Amid the filth of New York city my eyes were first opened to light, and closed again upon scenes that I now look upon with shuddering. I was twenty years of age at the time of my death. Had I lived two months longer upon earth, I should have been twenty-one years of age.

My father was a drunkard, and did little toward supporting the family. My mother was a sickly woman, and died when I was quite young. Most of my time, between the ages of four and fourteen, was spent in begging; sometimes in sweeping the streets, and some times in selling small wares.

The last week I lived upon earth, I was visited by a lady and gentleman, who spoke to me of my soul's welfare, and told me to be of good cheer, for God had so ordained it that those who were poor on earth should be rich in heaven. They told me that I was going to a world of compensation, and should even probably be able to return, and through mortal lips offer praise to God. These good people also told me that my thirst for knowledge here was not in vain; that I should learn fast in the spirit world, and that I should gather the choicest gems and buds of wisdom that were to be found in the spirit world.

This is the first time I have been able to return, after three years' absence. I know not to this day who those kind friends were, but I have felt it my duty to return as soon as possible, and give them the blessed assurance of my love and gratitude. I have full reason to believe that these two people belong to the class known on earth as Spiritualists, and I have full reason to believe also that my message or letter will reach them.

Teachers, divinely appointed teachers, have been my constant attendants since I came to the spirit-land, and I am at this moment in possession of rich gems of wisdom, that the soundest philosopher upon earth might joy to possess. Though I am feebly able to express myself at this my first coming, yet God has set his seal of wisdom and progress upon my being, and at some future time I may be able to do better.

These friends found me in Derne's alley, near the Bowery, up three flight of stairs, on a bed of straw, and attended by an old negro, who lived in the same tenement. From the world of spirits I send them my blessing, for they implanted in my being seeds of truth that have blossomed into flowers, and I am told that their fragrance reaches even the people of the earth. For I am destined in the future—poor beggar child as I was—to pour words of consolation upon the wounds of humanity. April 14.

David Wicelhoff.

The favors you extend to me, I presume you extend to all. [Certainly.] I once owned a body, and was recognized by the name of David Wicelhoff, of Nashville, Tennessee. I am exceedingly anxious to hold communion with my friends. Allow me to ask, is there any means by which I can do so? [Yes, through the medium of the BARNES or LION'S.] I find myself exceedingly uneasy in this new degree of life—so much so, it is impossible for me to be reconciled to it.

A lawyer, by profession, at the breaking out of the rebellion, I joined the rebel forces, and fell at Fort

Donelson; so you see that you Northerners, or your clique, are my murderers. Excuse me, sir, but I plead guilty of the same offence, myself. I now see that there is quite as much wrong on our side, as on yours, but I care not to talk of military matters; whatever I may want to say in that line upon future occasions, I do not wish to, to-day. I have a wife and three children, with whom I should be most happy to speak, though I ask the favor of an enemy. [Not an enemy.] If I understand aright, you lay aside all party feeling here? [We do.] I was forty-one years of age. It may be well to here state that I suffered nothing, or very little, at the time of my death, for the passage was quick.

I would like to forward this request to my wife, that she return no more to Nashville. There are reasons that are apparent to me, but cannot be so to her, why it is best for her not to return. She had better stay where she is at present until after this political delusion has subsided, and then I think she had better seek her friends at the North, and, if possible, try to forget that I was murdered at the hands of those who should have been my friends. Inasmuch as I was quite as much in the wrong as they, I think that she, as well as all of my friends, had better look at the matter in a double light.

My wife is in St. Charles, Texas. [We can't reach there by mail, at present.] I was told that there might be difficulty in doing so. [In the course of two or three months communication will probably be open through the South.] Why, do you expect you will be able to send it then? [I guess so.] You think so; then you're mistaken. As far as I am concerned, I would to God it were so! Good day. April 14.

Bridget Malony.

I was told I would come here I might send something to my children. Faith, then, I don't know at all what place I'm in. [This is Boston, in the United States of America.] That's not Manchester, at all! [Do you mean Manchester in New Hampshire?] Yes, that's the place where I took sick. I was a sweeper in the Star Corporation in Manchester.

Three children I leave without much at all to take care of them. They have a father, to be sure, but he's not much at all. The youngest was a small, little one, about three years old, the next two years older, and one two years more. This was their age when I got away. It was 1858 when I got away. I was told I would come here in time, I would reach them. Well, I'd like to talk to them. [Can't you ask your husband to help you find them?] Faith, I would not ask him at all; faith, it's not him that was good to me at all upon earth! [Maybe he's sorry for it now.] Maybe he's sorry for he's sorry all the time, and then bad again. God, if I was like this inside, as well as out, I'd go to my children myself. Can I have another one (body)? [Perhaps some of your friends may invite you to come to them.] Invite me! faith, they don't invite us at all; it's everybody's here, and there's nowhere else to go.

[What was your name?] Bridget Malony. Peter is the old man's name. I'd like to speak to my children. Faith, I think I'd like to speak to my cousin, Mary O'Brien. I was an O'Brien, and the O'Briens are just as good as anybody else. What a fool I was to marry as I did. [What was your disease?] I took a fever, which settled on the chest. I was born in Belfast, Ireland. It's not very well off I was. I didn't have much chance to get learning. I likes to know if I can have a body like me own, just a little short time to go round with. [That is something we cannot give you.] I thought, when I come here, you'd take me to my children. Faith, I'm disappointed. Will I come more? [If you find it necessary.] Well, I'll say one thing before I leave here, to whoever has charge of my children, if it reach them, which is, that I come here, that I want to talk to my children, and that I'll not be away until I do. That's all the amount of what I want to say. [Have you no message to send to your husband?] Faith, I would not like to talk to him at all. Good mornin', sir. April 14.

Invocation.

Spirit of time and eternity, thou Mighty Genius of Creation, thou who art Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, our Friend, our All, to thee we come to-day, well knowing that thou wilt incline thine ear unto such of thy children as do seek fit to give thee their confidence. We come not unto thee at this time to demand of thee any new blessing, but we come with songs of thanksgiving and praise for the manifold blessings already bestowed upon thy children. We thank thee for a conscious knowledge that shall give us a better understanding of thee. Oh Lord, our Father, there are bright blossoms of truth glowing on the brow of each of thy children upon earth. Oh Jehovah, do they inhale the fragrance? Is with them? Therefore, oh Father, unto thy keeping we commend all souls, all things, that are made by thee. Unto thee we will sing eternal praises, whether through temples human, or temples divine. Amen. April 15.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—Are not these terrible manifestations of to-day the effects of man's violation of the law natural? and is not the law of retribution that returns upon man in all the relations of life to bring him to higher conditions?

Ans.—This question is one easily answered. Our answer is most certainly yes.

Q.—The soul condition after the second death—please speak of this?

A.—There are as many deaths as there different states of life and being. To confine these degrees to two, would be to limit God's power, God's laws. Death is before us, behind us, above us, beneath us, being simply the left hand of immortality. If we call it immortality itself, we speak the truth. The soul-land or soul-world—where is it? We conceive it to be the centre of the individual. Now this world comprehends all space, all time, all life. It is infinite in its capacities; none can fathom it, none can measure it. The soul-land contains within its sphere everything which relates to the future condition of man. There is nothing in the objective world that is not known to it, that is not subject to its control. Thus when the spirit turns within the walls of its own being, it finds no want, no desire unsatisfied. Everything that has been, or is to be, you may find registered in the soul-world. Each individual is a kingdom, a realm, a God or King in itself. Infinite as is Jehovah, what is this Jehovah? Deep, mighty, grand, mysterious and sublime, is the subject before us, oh our questioner. Oh the soul and its capacities, the kingdom of thought, we are powerless to reach all its labyrinthine; we are dumb before its majesty, and forever find new life, a something more grand, more beautiful than the past has offered us. April 15.

Prayer.

We perceive a query is rife among certain intelligences with regard to prayer, or in regard to the manner in which some spirits pray. Why is it that the immortals sometimes address their prayers to Death, the Grave, and even to the Devil himself? If this Spiritualism is of divine origin, why are such things allowed? Why do they drag us down from the spiritual pedestal to their own level?

When dwelling myself upon the earth, inhabiting a form, according to nature, my own, I was probably as rigid, with regard to prayer, as any one on the earth. I was a seer. I limited my God. I built him a temple after my own theological plan. I fashioned him a body—that was the highest of my ideas of a divine body. I clothed him in garments of my own religious fancy, and made him an ideal being of my own conception. Now Christianity incorrectly does this, and that class of persons known as Christians, have very finite perceptions of God, and instead of giving him the whole universe for his realm, they give him only a small portion of it. Our querist comes to us with wonder, with doubt, with all these conditions of life which pertain to

darkness. When the spirit throws off the mortal garb and finds itself free, its first call is for God. Think you the answer comes from the celestial realm alone? No, every atom from the celestial, the ethereal, the material world, answers this call. "Though I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost part of the earth, yet thou art there." What if man does pray to evil, is not our God there? What, though we pray to yonder sun, who made it, whose life is there? Surely the master of the soul is the author of the sun. There is no atom, no force or being incarnate or carnate in heaven or hell, but has been fashioned by God. What, though we pray to the Angel Gabriel? We as surely pray to the Infinite Father, as if we said, "Our Father which art in heaven."

Oh limited Christianity! I knock at the internal of thy being, and we expect, ere long, the Angel of Change will open to us. While our querist stands doubting before the majesty of God, it would be well for him to turn within himself and learn something of God's majesty and power from self. Then he will begin to perceive, that whether we pray to heaven or hell, we address ourselves directly to the Eternal Spirit—Our Father. April 15.

Samuel Merritt.

This is decidedly new to me. My name is Samuel Merritt. I'm from Gloucester, Massachusetts. It's easy one way to know I'm myself, but take it the other way, his hard. I'm sort of in the fog, but I concluded it's no use to lay to any longer, so I thought I might as well crowd on sail, and get somewhere, if it was only to Davy Jones's Locker. I know plenty of them are waiting for the fog to clear off, but by hooky, they'll wait a good while for the fog to clear off.

I know all about how I've made a bold push, but I don't care, as long as I've got here. I was eighteen years old, and was drowned. I haven't been in the way of taking my reckoning since I got here. I was drowned upon the thirteenth of January, 1861. I was on board the schooner Mary Elizabeth, which sailed on George's Banks. I was washed overboard. I don't know that any one else went over at the same time. [You are sure that you were drowned in the year 1861, are you?] Yes, I'm right. I know the year; I never see '62 in this world. [Who was your captain?] Captain Williams. He's from down the Cape, somewhere. [Cape Cod?] Yes, and he's a good fellow, and I should like to see him, too.

I don't know whether I'm booked for the upper or lower regions. [You won't go any lower, I guess.] I thought like this, that if I'd got to work so hard here, as I did in the other world, that I'd petition to go into the lower regions. I had n't much of things that push you into good society while on earth, for I had n't much money or book learning. [This is a world of toll, you know.] By thunder! if you had to work so hard for a living as I used to, you'd petition to get sent lower, instead of higher. There's no fun in living, when you have to strain every nerve to get along. I don't know who you are, whether you're a minister, lawyer, or deacon. [I am neither.] I can furl a sail with you, as quick as anyone, but in the way of book learning, I don't suppose I can stand alongside of you. I don't know, however.

My father was drowned before I was. He was a seafaring man, and has been dead about nine years. My mother, I suppose, is on the earth now, and I took it into my head to come back, and see if I could not do better from this side than I did from her side. I've a brother that's somewhere on the earth—but I'm blessed if I know where! His name was David. I got my orders before I spoke here, to say just what I knew, and not to say what I didn't know. But if you're commissioned to help me and others, I'd like to have you find him. [We can print what you choose to say to him in our paper, and perhaps it may reach him.] I'd like to have him take fast rate care of mother. He's got my part and his own to do, and I'd like to have him do it.

I expect my mother's in Gloucester; that's where I hailed from. She may be in the moon, for all I know. I've been away over a year, then? [According to your reckoning, about fifteen months.] Now, who pays me for all this time? [You're probably been resting.] It's no fault of mine, this being so still. Well, who pays you? [I ask no fee here.] By thunder! I was going to say I ain't got a copper. I had n't any when I left, and I'm plaguery sure I have n't got any since. Well then, I suppose we may call it square? [Yes.]

I should like next time I come, for you—you don't give our choice of bodies, do you? [Perhaps we may give you the brother of this lady, sometime.] I'm kind of ashamed to be here, but I see so many come before me, that I thought I'd come. I was never sick but once, and that's when I had the measles. [Have you seen your father since you've been in the Spirit Land?] No, I haven't; but I should like to see him mighty well! [Have you no word to send to your mother?] I don't know what to say to mother; I've been thinking about it. She thinks I'm dead, and I think I ain't. She's a pretty old woman. I don't know how she'll like these things. She's a Christian of some sort. I wasn't much myself, anyway. Do you help us off? [Only wish yourself away, to Gloucester if you like, and you are gone.] April 15.

Thomas S. Skelton.

I am from Montgomery, Alabama, sir. I have been a resident of the spirit-spheres a little over one week. My name was Thomas S. Skelton. I've no regrets to offer, no apologies to make; I'm here, simply for the purpose of opening communication with my uncle, Caleb Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio. As soon as it shall be possible, I desire that he will communicate with the friends I have in Montgomery, inform them of my visit here, and of my desire to open communication with them.

A word with regard to my affairs. Let them be settled according to the dictates of my brother. I was a reader of your paper, and am not a stranger to Spiritualism. I find it exceedingly difficult to hold control; however, such as I have is good, although it won't last me long. I was twenty-eight years of age. I suppose my friends are, ere this, acquainted with my death. I was wounded at 11 A. M., Sunday noon, (probably in the battle of Pittsburgh Landing), and died, as near as I'm able to judge, about 2 o'clock the next morning. The weariness and agonies of those hours, crowd upon me now. No matter, it's over now, or will be as soon as I leave here. Good cheer for all! Is the watchword I send from my new life. Farewell. April 15.

ALL IS ACTION! ALL IS MOTION!

All is action, all is motion, In this mighty world of ours; Like the currents of the ocean, Man is urged by unseen powers.

Steadily, but strongly moving, Life is onward evermore, Still the present age improving On the age that went before.

Duty points, with outstretched fingers, Every soul to actions high; Woe betide the soul that lingers! Onward! onward! is the cry.

Though man's foes may seem victorious, War may waste and famine blight, Still from out the conflict glorious, Mind comes forth with added light!

O'er the darkest night of sorrow, From the deadliest field of strife, Dawns a clearer, brighter morn'g Springs a truer, nobler life.

Onward, onward, onward ever! Human progress none may stay; All who make the vain endeavor, Shall like chaff be swept away.

Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VI.

DREAMS—SOMNAMBULISM—TRANCE.

DREAMS, WHAT ARE THEY?—VOLTAIRE'S TESTIMONY OF DREAM IMPRESSION—ZADOCK HUBBELL'S DREAM—TWO INSTANCES OF REMARKABLE PROPHECY DREAMS IN BOSTON—ANNIE WAITE'S GOLDEN DREAM—SOMNAMBULISM DEFINED—TRANCE AND CATALEPSY DEFINED—MY OWN EXPERIENCE—MESMER NEVER PRODUCED THE TRANCE CONDITION—MR. SUNDERLAND'S CONFESSION—TRANCE OF REV. WM. TENNET—REMARKABLE CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM—MARY STARR, FULTON, N. Y.—MRS. MACMURDER.

"And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams, Calling up shrouded faces, and the dark and dim, and then bringing soft or solemn gleams, Familiar objects brightly to our sight; And waking raptures, love, or joy, or fear— These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear?"—Mrs. Hemans.

Well may Mrs. Hemans ask "who shall make these mysteries clear?" No one of my predecessors have, and I can hardly expect to. Yet I can add my opinion to the opinion of the masses. I do not design to enter into a discussion of these questions more than I can possibly avoid, as my business is to record phenomena—more especially the phenomena of the Nineteenth Century, called the Spiritual phenomena. But I cannot very well reach them without treating upon other phenomena, which seem to be inseparably connected with them. I have already dwelt upon Pathetism, so far as relates to physical phenomena; and in this chapter I am to examine a class of mental phenomena which seem to be intimately connected with both the Pathetism and Spiritual.

DREAMS may be defined as an active condition of the mind, between wakefulness and sleeping; and when aroused from slumber, the individuals remember what mental operations transpired during their slumber. In common dreams, however, there is nothing more remarkable than in the current of thought which passes through the mind when all the senses are in an active or wakeful condition. But there are a class of dreams in which the mind seems to be impressed from some source external to itself—dreams in which future events are clearly foreshadowed. And not only so, but thoughts, new and beautiful, are often impressed. We find an illustration of this in the case of Voltaire, who is said to have dreamed a portion of his *Henriade*. Speaking of this, he says: "In my dream I said what I should hardly have said when awake. I therefore thought and reflected involuntarily. I possessed no freedom of will, and yet I combined ideas with shrewdness, and even with genius."

Events, sometimes far away in the future, are impressed on the mind in dreams. Such was the case as related by Mr. Zadock Hubbell, Visco, Westchester Co., N. Y. Ten years before the three cent pieces were issued, they were shown to him in a dream. He dreamed of being in a strange city, without money, and that his last and only pair of boots had ripped from the inner sole. On walking along the streets, he found that something had collected between the sole of his boot and the bottom of his foot, which he found to be a quantity of money in small coin. "Nothing," he says, "can be more vivid to my mind than the appearance of the money. A greater part of it was in pieces, about half as large as six cent pieces, with three straight marks on one side, and a star on the other." Ten or fifteen years after this, he went to Newark, N. J., on a tour as a temperance lecturer. While there he spent his last shilling; and his perplexity was increased on finding that the sole of his boot had ripped from the inner sole. The vision had not entered his mind. But that night he determined to lay his necessities before the audience. He did so, and a collection was taken up, on receiving which, he recognized the identical coin which in the dream he had collected between his boot soles; and then the vision burst upon his mind.

In the fall of 1850, the Boston Transcript published two instances of prophetic and impressionary dreams, which are to the point. They both occurred in that city. A lady who resided on Hanover street, dreamed that her brother, who was in the western part of New York, was killed, and that his body was horribly mangled in death. This dream seemed so vivid and real, and impressed her mind so forcibly, that she arose from her bed and walked the room, weeping in great anguish. A lady friend tried to console her, and finally persuaded her to retire to rest, telling her to try to forget the dream.

The next Monday morning, however, the lady received a telegraphic dispatch stating that her brother (Mr. Wise, a brakeman on the Western Railroad), had fallen from the cars, and been run over, and instantly killed. The accident happened almost precisely at the time of the dream. The other case was that of Messrs. Fuller and Colton, then enterprising merchants at No. 311 Washington street. Saturday night, Mr. Colton dreamed that their store was broken into, and robbed of a large quantity of silk cravats. So powerfully was his mind wrought upon by this vision, that he jumped up and caught hold of his partner, thinking he was the man. Mr. Fuller quieted him, and induced him to go to sleep again; but in a few moments the same scene was again enacted. The next morning, when these gentlemen went to their store, they found it had been broken open and robbed, during the night, of fifteen hundred dollars in goods, and more than a thousand dollars in silk cravats.

One more case taken from a Jamaica paper, although I might cite many others, will be sufficient to illustrate the fact that events unknown to the individual, and all his surroundings, are sometimes impressed upon the mind in dreams, by an intelligence greater than the *oultre* force of Professor Rogers, or the

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

INTO THE DARKNESS.

Into the darkness we all must go,
Shadow and sunshine—forward and fro;
Out of the noontide's golden glow
Into the midnight's stygian flow;
Out of the joylight into the woe,
Out of the transport into the throes—
Shadows and sunshine—forward and fro!

He who climbs the mountain's height,
And sets his eye to the larger light,
Must dare the fiery blinding flash,
And pale not at the thunder crash.

The dark and dangerous ravine
Is found the grandest peaks between,
And Death's appalling shadow lies
Close by the gates of Paradise.

An angel's scope of ecstasy
Is but an arch above a sea,
Within whose dim, unsounded depths
Supernal power of anguish sleeps.

The pang each burning bosom feels
Full well its vanished joy reveals,
And only by the shadow cast
We gauge the truest light at last.

[Mary Forrest.]

Honor women! They scatter heavenly roses on the
path of our earthly life; they weave the happy bonds
of love; and beneath the modest veil of the graces,
they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower
of noble sentiments.

THEIRSELF.

To heaven approached a soft saint,
From groping in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"I am I, dear friend," the saint replied,
And trembled much with hope and fear,
"If it be thou, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned,
To bear the scourings of life's rod;
But aye, his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked,
Until, from faith's pure fountains and tears,
Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door?"
"It is thyself, beloved Lord!"
Answered the saint, in doubt no more,
But clasped and rapt in his reward.

[From the Persian.]

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for
circulation; because men have discovered that it is far
more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine
themselves.

A BEAUTIFUL VOICE.

Shall I call thy voice's ringing
Talking, laughing, or wild singing?
April rain through waving trees;
Plashing cool of sunlit seas;
Breezes in the bearded corn;
Robins piping on the thorn;
Prattling brooks in pebbled dells;
Clearest glides of silver bells;
None so glad as voice of thine,
Joyous, laughing Geraldine.

[Country Poetess.]

Speech is silver, silence is gold.—[Greek Proverb.]

THOUGHTS ON WOMAN.

BY CARIE C. WEEKS.

People talk much about the doings and sayings of
great men who have figured conspicuously in the
world's history from time to time, but for some
reason, keep silence about women who deserve equal
as much to have the honor of being called great con-
ferred upon them. The greatness of women has al-
ways been depreciated by the world, and that of men
has often been over-estimated. Notwithstanding this,
history furnishes us with an abundance of evidence
that really great women have lived. In ancient times
many women distinguished themselves for their super-
ior intellectual endowments, as they have more re-
cently. Aspasia, Socrates' instructress, seems to
have been remarkable for her learning. It is said he
always spoke in the warmest terms of her intellectual
greatness.

Whoever has read history much will remember Zen-
obia, the famous Queen of Palmyra, who was an elegant
historian, besides being renowned for her fine military
abilities. After the death of her husband, she led on
her armies undaunted by any fear, and because of her
fine generalship, won many battles. She was finally
defeated and taken to Rome by the emperor Aurelian,
who so much admired her greatness that he did not ig-
nominiouly imprison her, but led her through the
streets of Rome so heavily loaded with jewels that she
was nearly crushed to the earth, and gave her a home
on the Tiber.

Among the female writers of ancient times were Co-
rinna, of Thebes, the rival of Pindar, and Sappho, of
Samos, who wrote so finely that she was styled the
"tenth muse." Then there was Erinna, the friend of
Sappho, who wrote much, though she died at the age
of nineteen. Her verses are said to have rivalled
those of Homer, though only one poem—The Distaff—
is extant.

In the fourth century, Hypatia, the mathematician,
lived in Alexandria. She added a great deal to the
science of mathematics by her talent. Because she
was a Pagan, and wielded a great influence, she was
killed by Christians. One day when riding past their
church, they dragged her into it and tore her limbs
from her and burned her.

In the history of the French Revolution, we read of
the bravery of such women as Madame De Staël, Ro-
land, Charlotte Corday, and others, who felt impressed
that they could benefit the people of France, and, for-
getting that they were women, conscious only of a
strong determination to assist in freeing distracted
France from anarchy, they devoted their energies
wholly to this purpose, unflinching by the fear of
the guillotine.

There is no use in despairing of woman's reaching
her highest destiny in the age, when such women have
lived as Elizabeth Browning, Harriet Beecher, Rosa
Bonheur, Florence Nightingale, and hundreds more,
who have not spent their time in useless talk about
what women might be, "freed from bondage"; but ig-
noring any bonds that would imprison their respective
talents, they have accomplished much good, not only
by their additions to art and literature, but by the
glorious examples they furnish us of woman's great-
ness.

Great women have lived, as well as "great men,"
and the world is forced to acknowledge this fact in
spite of its perversity in persisting that they were only
subjects, incapable of self-management, and, conse-
quently, intellectual pigmies. Many have lived who

possessed great souls, but, like the "mute, inglorious
Miltons," have never given expression to them, and
have either smothered the great thoughts within them
until they were entirely extinguished, or until they
burned out their very lives.

Hudson, O., April 28, 1862.

At Home.

Once more in the round of the seasons, and the elip-
tic orbit of my journey, I am at my own cottage, and
under my own vine and peach tree. Our little circle
is complete, except the eldest son, who is at New Or-
leans, in the service of his country, but whose work
we hope will soon be done in the war department, that
he, too, may return to his parental roof in time to
share in the rich fruits of autumn, which now promise
to be abundant. Our little home seems more pleasant
and happy than ever, as each year increases its attrac-
tiveness, without and within, a united and happy cir-
cle, laboring to continue the bonds of kinship beyond
this stormy world.

Many of my friends in New England and elsewhere
will remember my little, who once visited them with
me. We cannot spare her, and she cannot go from our
little circle, especially since she has added a grandson
to blossom and bless the cottage with the smiles of a
prattling boy. I wish my enemies could call and see
us; to my friends I can report.

We are all contemplating and arranging for a broader
home in the more sunny clime of Southern Illinois,
but not for several years.

Last Sunday, I met many friends at the hall in
Grand Rapids, and among them one who for several
years was one of our brightest stars in the inspired con-
stellation of mediums—Mrs. Martha Hulet Perry—now
married into retirement, which promises to silence her
as effectually as it has Lucy Stone, Emma Jay, Char-
lotte Debee, and others, and which, so far as public
usefulness is concerned, is about equal to the grave.
Why our marriage laws and system should be such as
to any more silence a wife than a husband, I cannot
see. It seems to me that a female whose talents are
valuable to the public, and who can do much good
where so much is needed, should not be tongue-tied
and pen-tied by the ceremony of marriage. Our sisters
Townsend, Felton, and Middlebrook and some others
have not been, so it is practicable for females to marry
and preach, too. I wish all the pulpit could be oc-
cupied half the time by females. I believe we should
have better preaching and better morals resulting from
it.

On Monday, by forty miles of stage and twenty of
carriage, I reached the glad faces of the cottage. Dur-
ing my last circuit, I have lectured in thirteen States,
and delivered two hundred and thirty lectures; written
two books and more than one thousand letters; en-
joyed good health most of the time, and missed not one
appointment; have met thousands of mediums, and
had hundreds of encouraging messages from both
spheres; have not seen nor heard one sign of discour-
agement to me in the great contest with superstition,
bigotry and error. While many fear and falter, or fail
and fall, by the varied attacks of enemies, (the most of
which are in the ranks of Spiritualists) whose selfish-
ness, jealousy or envy have not been cured by our glo-
rious gospel, I have been strengthened by every at-
tack of enemy, and encouraged by thousands of
friends. With a happy home to retire to what I need,
and plenty of calls and good pay, and the encouraging
sale of my books, and the rapid spread of our gospel,
my heart is made glad, and I only wish every other
heart glad and encouraged as mine is. Our cause and
the war both seem to me to be progressing steadily and
surely to the final accomplishment of the great work of
redemption.

Bro. Peebles has also arrived at his Battle Creek
home from California, the same day I did, and he no
doubt will also be able to report progress from the land
of the sunset. I can truly say, from my travels in sev-
eral of the Western States, that our cause was never in
more prosperous condition, nor the demand for good
speakers ever as good. The two last days of May and
first day of June we are to have a session of souls in
Sturgis, Mich., from thence I shall make my way
slowly to New England.

WARREN CHASE.

Battle Creek, Mich., May 1, 1862.

Retirement of Dr. Charles Main.

Mrs. BURTON—I learn, with regret, that Dr. Charles
Main, of your city, is about to relinquish his very ex-
tensive practice in this vicinity, and remove to the
West, where, after a visit to Europe, he intends to lo-
cate permanently.

The most wonderful success which has attended his
efforts in all kinds of diseases which human nature is
heir to, will cause the Doctor's intention to leave to
be deeply regretted by thousands who have been, as it
were, raised from the grave by his aid, and disappoint-
ment to many an afflicted one who will thereby be de-
prived of the privilege of consulting this truly remark-
able physician. I speak from personal knowledge in
the case, having been for some time acquainted with
him, and having witnessed his astonishing power over
diseases of the most aggravated form in numerous in-
stances, and he having prescribed for a member of my
family with the most satisfactory results.

The Doctor is a kind-hearted, genial, common-sense
man, entirely free from those consequential airs so often
assumed by professional men; never talks "learned
nonsense," but is always ready to give a reason for
whatever course of treatment he thinks proper to pur-
sue, though he freely confesses that he depends mainly
for his success upon a power outside of himself, be-
yond his control, and a power as mysterious to him
as it is to others.

I learn that his object in leaving your city, where he
has been so useful, and where his efforts have been
crowned with pecuniary success, notwithstanding a
large proportion of those seeking his aid have received it
"without money and without price," is to improve his
own health, which has become considerably impaired
in his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of others.
I have felt impelled by a sense of justice and grati-
tude to say what I have, and most sincerely hope that
the Doctor will fully regain what he seeks by removal,
wherever he may locate, and that the remainder of his
journey on earth may be as happy to him as his pre-
vious days have been useful to others—a hope that will
be concurred in by thousands who have experienced
the benefit of his wonderful skill and power, as well
as by a large circle of personal friends.

DANIEL HOWARD.

Randolph, Mass., May 1, 1862.

From Hudson Tuttle.

EDITOR BANNER—I am in constant receipt of letters
from "Inquirers," addressing me in about the follow-
ing language:

"Mr. TUTTLE—Having learned your address from the
Banner (or Herald, etc.), I take the liberty to re-
quest a full account of the nature and proceedings of
the Free Lovers. I suppose you belong to them, and
can, consequently, give me all the information I de-
sire, etc."

To these friends, one and all, I answer, that because
I am a resident of Berlin Heights, does not necessarily
make me a member of the "Social Community."
I have ever opposed the movement, not from prej-
dice, but a candid disbelief in its doctrines. There
never has been a "community of interest" established
here, and the few families who have secured perma-
nent residences, with gardens, or a few acres of land,
live, for aught I know, as respectably, and as honest
and industrious citizens as we have in our town.
"The experiment," so far as tested here, has proved
abortive. Why, I will not now attempt to explain.
Certainly the movement met with as little resistance

from our townsmen as could be expected, and I believe
less than it would have received in nine-tenths of the
towns in the United States; and had it not been for
certain thoughtless acts on the part of the Free Lovers
when first locating here, they would have been allowed
to test their theory undisturbed, as they can now, since
they have returned to order and reason.

Truly, HUDSON TUTTLE.

Death and Sleep.

Translated from the German of Krummacker by Miss
Cynthia J. Wentworth.

In fraternal embrace wandered the Angel of Slum-
bers and the Death Angel over the earth:
It was evening. They lay themselves down upon a
bill not far from the dwellings of men.

A melancholy stillness reigned round about; even
the vesper-bell in the distant village had ceased to
sound.

Calm and silent they seated themselves in familiar
embrace, each the beneficent genius of humanity; and
already approached the night.

Then arose the Angel of Slumbers from his mossy
couch, and strove with a light hand, the invisible
seeds of slumber. The evening wind wafted them to
the still dwelling of the weary peasants.

Then fell sweet sleep upon the inhabitants of each
rural cottage; from the old man requiring the aid of
his staff, to the babe in the cradle.

The sick forgot his pains; the mourner his grief; the
poor his poverty. All eyes were locked.

Now, after the accomplishment of his labors, turned
again the good Angel of Sleep to his stern brother:

"When the morning dawn appears from behind the
mountains," exclaimed he with playful innocence,
"then will mankind acknowledge me as their friend
and benefactor!"

"Oh, the pleasure of imparting good in secret and
unseen! How fortunate are we the invisible
messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful our tran-
quil creation!"

So spoke the charitable Angel of Slumbers.
The Death Angel viewed him with inexpressible sad-
ness; while the tear-drops, such alone as Immortals
weep, rose to his large eye.

"Alas!" said he, "that I am not, as thou, permitted
to rejoice in the cheerful reward of thanks."

"I am condemned by the earth an enemy, and the
disturber of her joy."

"Oh, my brother!" replied the Angel of Sleep;
"will not the good upon their awakening recognize
thee, and gratefully acknowledge thee as their bene-
factor?" So spoke he.

Then glinted the eye of the Death Angel, and with
more than brotherly tenderness they once again em-
braced each other.—New Covenant.

Victor Hugo's New Book.

"Jennie June," the sparkling, witty, and (para-
doxical) sensible, fashion correspondent of the New
York Sunday Times, says of this new literary de-
bütante:

"Victor Hugo has laid a live coal upon the heart
of mankind. The first part of his new work, 'Les Mis-
érables,' recently published in Paris, is not alone a
work of genius, it is an inspired and truly divine
book, which once proclaimed peace on earth,
and good will to men. In the wretched convict, re-
turned after many years of penal servitude, crushed,
hunted, desperate, driven from Christian doors like a
wild beast, threatened with death from starvation in
the midst of plenty, we can but recognize the extreme
of hate, poverty, vice and crime, which they beget and
foster. In the venerable bishop who rescues this poor
man, whose house is turned into a hospital, whose
time and means are devoted to the succor of the unfor-
tunate and the help of the giddy, who subdues a band
of desperate brigands by the all-conquering power
of his truth and gentleness, and receives from them, in-
stead of the violence which had been predicted, the
spoils of a rich church which they had plundered as a
gift to the poor one which he was on his way to con-
secrate, stands out clearly in the light of an inspired
pen as that wonderful spirit of love which hopeth all
things, doeth all things, but which is as dead a letter
in the church and in the world, as when Christ
announced it as the fulfillment of all law eighteen
hundred years ago. It is, however, something to be
thankful to God for, when a mind like that of Victor
Hugo devotes its transcendent powers to the reiteration
of a lesson so grand, yet so little thought of, so
imperfectly realized. Divine faith and love, conquer-
ing, triumphing, without seeming to triumph, over
human hate and skepticism—this is what is taught."

A Heathen Funeral.

A beautiful young lady was freed from her mortal
covering in Williamstown, Conn., on the 25th of April,
and as usual, the funeral was to be attended to with
kindred duties. A notice, stating the name of the la-
dy, and the residence where the ceremony would take
place, was taken to the minister of the Congrega-
tional Church, with a request that he would read it be-
fore his audience on Sunday morning. He looked at
it and said he should "have to consult the brethren." He
was asked his objection to reading the notice, and re-
plied, that it was not to be a Christian funeral, and he
considered it no more than a Heathen or Mahometan
ceremony. He was told that your writer would offi-
ciate. Task, is there not charity enough in Chris-
tianity, if it be Christianity, to give the notice of a fu-
neral among "Heathens"? If they minister to their
dead according to their highest conceptions of right?
If not, deliver me from it.

Give me a religion, or Christian feeling that is
broad enough to mantle all our Father's children with
such charity as concedes to all the liberty to worship
God after the dictates of their own conscience, and to
bury their dead as seems most appropriate to their
own judgment and feelings. The notice was not read.
It was the request of the young lady to have Mr. Love-
land attend her funeral, but as his services could not
be obtained, I served as a substitute.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

"Now, children, who loves all men?" asked a
school inspector. The question was hardly put, be-
fore a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly—
"All women."

Obituary Notices.

Died, in Braintree, March 29th, of inflammatory
roup, WILLIS E. SNEEDLIN, son of Mrs. Adeline Lane
Sheiden, aged three years, two months, and twenty
days. This lovely gem, that so beautifully adorned the
casket that once contained his being, has been edged its
angel wings, and by spirit hands been safely conveyed
to the summer land, where flowers bloom to never
fade, and where life's glowing features never grow
pale. Little Willie was a child of rare excellence, en-
dowed with a strong affectional nature, quick in dis-
cernment, and always ready with laughing eyes to
meet the embraces of his friends. In his dying mo-
ments, as he gazed upon his weeping mother, he im-
pressed, as he was wont to do, kisses of the purest af-
fection, but not until death had unlocked his loving
grasp could he be separated from the bosom of his
idolized mother, in whose pillowed arms he sweetly
passed. We deeply sympathize with his bereaved
and disconsolate mother, who now feels that she is
left to journey alone through this cold and heartless
world, deprived of her only and last hope of enjoy-
ment. Being separated by death from a loving mother
and an affectionate father, also forsaken by an early
and devoted companion, she seems like a dreary
land enshrouded with the mantle of gloom. May the
whisperings of those loved ones who have departed
now cheer and console her desponding heart. May
the orphan's Friend and the widow's God watch over
and protect her lonely steps, until she is again re-
united with her father's family band.

PAUDEN L. ROOP.

"Another hand is beckoning us,
And gleams more brightly with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven."
ANGIE KINGSLEY, aged 25, passed from her con-
sumptive, yet beautiful body, on the 25th of April,
in Williamstown, Conn., leaving loving friends to mourn,
only because they can no longer see her as one among
the members of their household, but fully believing that
"For the dust that filled the vacant chair
A happy angel will be sitting there!"
Your writer being used as instrument at the funeral,
was controlled to speak from the pulpit at 10 o'clock,
until all enemies are put under my feet. A light
jest for a "Heathen ceremony." Give us more light,
O angels!

M. S. TOWNSEND.

Horseheads and East Randolph Conventions.

The speakers at the Binghamton Convention were
invited to adjourn for a three days' meeting at Horse-
heads, N. Y., March 13th, 14th and 15th. Though the
weather was extremely unfavorable, the attendance
was quite large, and the interest deep and earnest.
The public speakers participating were: Lyman C.
Howe, A. M. Howe, J. W. Tooley, Mrs. Sophia
L. Chappell, and Dr. Clark, James G. Clark, the poet
and vocalist, contributing his harmonious spiritual songs.

At the close of the meeting on Sunday evening the
15th, the Convention voted to continue in session two
days longer, and the friends and citizens of Horseheads
proposed to terminate with a grand festival. In addi-
tion to the regular speakers, Warren Burdell, of Au-
burn, D. W. Seavens, of Horseheads, Wm. Palmer, of
Big Flats, John Corwin, of Genoa, Father Crandell,
and several others, took interesting part in the dis-
cussions. Letters of congratulation were read from
Mrs. S. C. Cleveland of Penn Yan, and J. B. Durfee
of Carbondale, Pa. Many of the most important
practical reforms came up for consideration, and were
handled with the utmost freedom. Social, civil, religious,
secular and commercial reforms were urged as indis-
pensable.

None of the speakers shrank from the utterance of
most solemn and radical convictions, and all seemed
to regard the time as having come when Spiritualism
should be made radical in its application to every re-
formation. Letters of congratulation had been made in
Horseheads as to the freedom of Spiritualists in their
circles, and in social intercourse between the sexes.
These criticisms called out some of the speakers in
earnest protest against those corrupt imaginations
which saw nothing but evil in the most pure and in-
nocent liberties between the sexes, and which would
keep a constant espionage over men and women, as
though nothing like friendship or fraternity could ex-
ist without suspicions of the most infamous sensual-
ism.

The Convention was one of unusual interest and
harmony. A vote of thanks was passed in behalf of
the friends and citizens of Horseheads. Also.

Resolved, That this Convention recommend the hold-
ing of regular Quarterly Conferences for the State of
New York, and that a committee of three be appointed
to select the places for the holding of said Conferences,
and publishing due notices of time and place.

The Committee appointed for this purpose were J.
E. Taylor, of Penn Yan, N. Y., Lyman C. Howe,
of New Albion, N. Y., and U. Clark.

The following significant and important resolution
was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as Spiritualist Reformers, advocating
the need of recognizing the doctrine of individual re-
sponsibility and the exercise of justice and charity,
and urging, as we do, the obligations under which all
men and women rest, to be true to their better self-
hood, to ignore all that is false in the light of their
united conscience, and seek those relations in which
they are true and in harmony with our highest ideals
of angelic life—we hold it to be our most solemn duty
toward brothers and sisters who have the moral
courage to come out from civil, religious and social
conventions, to defend them in the maintenance of
their rights and liberties, allow no scandals nor calu-
mies nor reports concerning them to pass unchal-
lenged, and no judgments or opinions to be pronounced
without positive knowledge derived from personal com-
munication with all the parties involved, and with
whose private relations no other mortals are entitled
to interfere.

The closing festival on the last evening, was an oc-
casion of unusual social enjoyment, and creditable to
the friends and citizens of Horseheads. Several songs
were sung by James G. Clark, charming anecdotes
narrated by J. H. Tooley and U. Clark, prome-
nading and social intercourse were freely indulged,
light refreshments were served around, while music
and dancing wound up the exercises before midnight.
It was said to have been the finest party of the season,
much to the chagrin of a few low-minded persons, who
dealt in vulgar epithets and undertook to create a dis-
turbance. The ring-leader of this set of base fellows
was none other than one of the wealthiest men in
Horseheads, and a large patron of one of the Ortho-
dox churches. Ignoring celestial spirits, he rapped at
the bars of lower spheres, and under the influence of
ardent spirits, was inspired into a state of rapturous
ecstasy. It is presumed, however, that sobriety has ensued,
and Spiritualism in Horseheads lost nothing in conse-
quence. Many of the friends of the cause, who
were present, and intelligent minds became new-
ly enlisted, and our cause is now strongly established
in Horseheads.

East Randolph, New York.

The same speakers who were at Horseheads, were
invited to conduct another Convention at East Ran-
dolph, April 23th, 24th, and 25th.

The meetings were held in the Baptist Church. J.
H. W. Tooley, President; A. Bushnell, Napoli, Vice
President; U. Clark, Secy. of Towns, Secy. of State,
A. Bushnell, Secy. of Education, Secy. of Finance,
Miss M. J. Huntington and J. W. Burrows, Com-
mittee.

James G. Clark was in attendance, with his incom-
parable spiritual songs and melody.
Regular discourses were delivered by L. C. Howe,
J. H. W. Tooley, Mrs. S. L. Chappell and U. Clark;
while voluntary speeches and experiences were offered
by the above lecturers, and by John M. Spear, A.
Bushnell, Mr. Meacham, of Fredonia, Mr. Howe,
of Randolph, B. Bucklin, of Little Valley, J. W. Bur-
rows, the lecturer of Sherman, A. M. Hunter, the lec-
turer and clairvoyant physician of Rochester, and S.
Raymond, of Columbus, Pa.

A high degree of enthusiasm reigned throughout the
Convention. Many earnest and intelligent souls
thronged in from the region around, some coming
thirty or forty miles with their own conveyances.
The attendance was made up of all minds, and Spiritu-
alism took a new hold in Randolph. This is the lo-
cation of the flourishing, liberal institution known as
"Randolph Academy and Ladies' Seminary," at the
head of which is Prof. S. G. Love.

The cause of Spiritualism, in Cattaraugus County,
will take new impulse from the East Randolph Con-
vention. Much credit for the success of this meeting
must be given to A. Bushnell, of Napoli, and to the
Morgans, Tuttle, Huntington, and many others in
Randolph, who are doing a good work in
behalf of spiritual progress, especially, as in this
case, where the same speakers are engaged from place
to place, and are enabled to labor in harmony. In-
vitations are constantly given, and during the present
year it is expected that similar Conventions will be
held in North Collins, Rochester, Hastings and Water-
town.

U. CLARK, Secretary.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LECTURE HALL, TOWN HALL, (opposite head of School
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through-
out the season, and services will commence at 8 and 10
o'clock, p. m. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:
Miss Emma Harding May 18 and 25; Rev. J. S. Loveland,
June 1 and 8; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY, BOSTON.—
The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday eve-
ning at 10 1/2 p. m. Conference meeting at 2 1/2 p. m.
CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall
at 8 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall,
Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in
June, at 1 1/2 o'clock.

FOXBORO.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:
H. F. Fairfield, May 18; Miss Emma Harding, July 6; Miss
Lizzie Doten, July 13.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sat-
urday afternoon and evening. The following speakers are en-
gaged:—Frank L. Wadsworth, June 1 and 8; Rev. Adin Bal-
lou, June 15; Miss Emma Harding, June 22 and 29; Mrs.
Fannie Davis Smith, July 6 and 13; N. Frank White, Sept.
21 and 28; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall,
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, May 18; Mrs.
Fannie Davis Smith, during June.

OROVEN, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and eve-
ning. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. Currier, June 1 and 8;
Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June 15 and 22, and 29, and July 6;
Miss Emma Harding, July 13, 20 and 27; Miss Laura De-
Forest, during August; F. L. Wadsworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Conference meetings held Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock,
speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers
engaged: Miss Lizzie Doten, June 1 and 8; F. L. Wadsworth,
during July; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 21 and 28.

FOXBORO, MASS.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Con-
gress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference at 10 1/2
o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith for
May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Frank L. Wadsworth in
May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.
NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and
20th street, on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at 10 1/2
o'clock, 7