

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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MADEMOISELLE MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Housaye, for the Banner of Light, by Laura L. Hastings.

CHAPTER XL. The Double Duel.

Two days after the scenes and adventures of that memorable night, toward noon, nine young men walked, three by three, through a somber avenue of the woods at Menden. It was a duel—I might say a double duel—party.

"On which side?" said Horace, addressing the two seconds who accompanied him.

"To the right," said one of the seconds. "We will go near the chateau; we shall meet no one there."

And they proceeded silently, with the gravity of men who are going to the performance of a solemn duty, or like soldiers who march to meet the foe.

The group of three young men who followed Horace's group, was composed of the Captain of the Zouaves and his two seconds. But who were the third group? If Horace had a revenge to gratify there was another young man who sought revenge, also. It was Luciani's brother. It had been settled between the six seconds, at the request of Horace himself, that the two duels might take place at the same hour. The weapons were swords and pistols. Horace had decided to fight first with the sword, and if not killed in the first duel, but wounded so as to hinder him from handling the sword, he would then use the pistol.

Arrived on the ground, and not being able to settle who should fight first, they drew lots. It was decided that Hector and Horace fight first. Horace was in despair, for that was not where he wished to be revenged. He had much rather embrace Hector than to kill him; so he merely defended himself. He did not wish to be put *hors des combats*, neither did he wish to wound Hector. He received the first wound.

"It is nothing," said he, "let us continue."

The struggle thus re-commenced three times. One would have said they played the game of death. But the third time, Hector, having hurled himself blindly toward his adversary, felt all at once the point of Horace's sword. The poor fellow fell into the arms of his friend who dispersed the seconds by throwing them his sword.

"Adieu!" murmured Hector, regarding his adversary with a look that resembled the beautiful, deep expression of his sister Luciani.

"Oh, my God! what have I done? Luciani! Luciani!" cried Horace. It seemed to him he had wounded Luciani the second time. From the commencement of the duel he had seen her always before him, dragging her white dress stained with blood.

"Be not alarmed," said one of the seconds to Horace; "it is not a mortal wound, I assure you."

"But," said another second, "it is enough for to-day. I am opposed to the combat's re-commencing with the captain."

"Be quiet!" said Horace, "do you not know I have revenge in my heart, and am in haste to finish this affair?" And turning to the seconds of the Zouave, he said: "I am ready! I await you!"

Some one remarked to Horace, that, being wounded, he could not fight with the sword. So they brought the pistols.

"No," said Horace, "my sword understands me. This pistol has not my fury!" Then recollecting himself he said: "This is not merely an affair of honor, but one of death."

The combatants took their positions. At the first attack the sword of the captain penetrated Horace's shoulder, who, husbanding all his strength, repelled by a violent blow. His sword traversed the heart of his adversary.

"At length," said he, "Luciani is avenged!"

And he ran to Hector, whom they were carrying to the house of the porter of the castle.

"Hector! Hector! pardon me for the death of Luciani. I have killed the only man who dared doubt her virtue."

"I will pardon you," said Hector, "but my sister never can!"

CHAPTER XLI. Luciani's Apparition.

Horace returned to Paris, determined to die; but he was courageous enough not to commit suicide. In the evening, half-crazed with a high fever, resulting from his wounds, he went to see the doctor who had superintended the embalmment of Luciani.

"Doctor," said he, "I will give ten thousand francs to the poor, if you will permit me to see Mademoiselle Mariani for the last time."

"It is too late," said the doctor. "Madame Mariani departs for Venice this evening with the body of her daughter. The coffin has been for an hour with a monk. M. Hector Mariani would have set out, also, but your sword-thrust has nailed him here for six weeks."

"Doctor, I beg of you to ask Madame Mariani if she will permit me to accompany her on this sad voyage."

"You are mad, Monsieur! Leave the daughter to her mother."

"Ah, yes," said Horace in despair, "I have not even the right to weep for Luciani!"

His fever still increasing, he proceeded to his carriage again. The coachman asked him where he should drive him.

"I do not know," said he. Then suddenly, as if in spite of himself, he said: "To the railway for Lyons—without losing a second!"

When he arrived at the station he leaped into the baggage-car, saying to the baggage-master:

"Monsieur, is the corpse of Mademoiselle Mariani on this train?"

"Yes, monsieur; you belong, without doubt, to the family."

"Yes," said Horace.

"Ah, well! Monsieur, follow me." And the baggage-master conducted Horace in silence to the car that contained Luciani's body, watched by her waiting-maid and a monk.

"Oh, my God!" said Elanore, "how changed you are, Monsieur Horace! I did not recognize you. Ah, well, what a misfortune! What has happened?"

Thanks to Hector's energy, the men who, two nights previous, carried Luciani's body to Rue de Sege, did not answer the questions of the servants. Horace's only answer was to give five louis to the waiting-maid. He then knelt beside the coffin.

The coffin was covered with white velvet, on which had already been engraved the name of

"LUCIANI MARIANI.

Born in Venice in 1835. Died in Paris in 1852."

"Madame Mariani is coming," said Elanore suddenly.

Horace, who did not wish to meet Madame Mariani beside her daughter's coffin, rose and withdrew by the opposite door, and immediately returned to his house in a feeble condition. He went to bed, hoping to find repose in sleep, or else in death. But he could not sleep, and toward midnight, he took a candle and went into his parlor to look for Luciani's letters. In passing before the mirror he trembled and did not dare to look into it. The hour of midnight sounded. On raising his eyes he saw the pale face of Mademoiselle Mariani form in the glass, as of the evening when M. H— had showed it to him. Horace, who knew no fear, was frightened at this vision. He let his light fall, and raising his arms in astonishment, cried:

"Luciani! Luciani!"

He went back to bed and finally fell asleep; but his dreams were disturbed by phantoms.

CHAPTER XLII. Luciani's Letter.

In the morning Horace's servant entered his chamber and handed him a letter.

"A letter from Luciani!" cried he with a feeling of joy and surprise mingled with fright.

He looked at the name on the envelope for a long time before breaking the seal, and his mind vividly recalled the last words of the young girl: "I go, but I shall return."

Finally he broke the seal and read with a troubled look:

"Horace, you could not have known me, or felt for a moment how intensely and truly I loved you, or you would never have treated me with such cold neglect. I was a stranger to your heart, while my love for you was my religion. Oh, what dreams of happiness I had pictured for myself in becoming your wife. With our united loves our home would have been made an earthly paradise, filled with the harmony of heaven. Our lives would have been beautiful indeed. We should have scattered blessings wherever we went. Our nights would have been passed in pleasant dreams, and each morning we should have awoke to enjoy the blessings of the coming day, and to cheer all who came within the atmosphere of our happy home. Such is the life which, in my fondest dreams, I had created for you. What could be more beautiful, Horace? But you did not choose to accept it, and oh, how terrible is the reverse! Your heartless conduct toward me is more than I can endure—it has driven me to the madness of despair! I love you no longer! In revenge I kill myself to kill you!"

LUCIANI MARIANI."

Horace read the letter over and over again that he might fully understand it. From whence did it come? The envelope bore the stamp of the Paris post. He was able to interrogate only the letter itself.

Suddenly the idea came to him to question the Roche-Tarpeienne; so he went to seek her, and learned from her, that Luciani's letter was found the day after she left there, on the mantel, in the boudoir, and was afterward placed in the mail. He was further informed that on Sunday, Luciani, in a moment of solitude, embraced the opportunity to write this second letter to him.

CHAPTER XLIII. The Stricken Heart.

I had not seen Horace for a long time, when I met him, in the early part of last autumn, in the avenue of the Champs-Elysees. I was touched, even surprised, at his paleness. As he was alone, I spoke to him.

"My dear Horace, I never expected to see you the victim of such sorrow."

He looked at me sadly, as he replied:

"This is not a sorrow," said he, pressing my hand; "it is a tomb. I have not six months to live."

"Six months! In six months you will commence another romance in your adventurous life," I added.

"No; my days of romance are over," said he; and then regarding me with a fixed gaze, he added:

"Was it not you who related to us the story of the Princess Sibylle, who, at every midnight hour, saw the apparition of her lover? Where did you learn the story?"

"I do not know; I believe I dreamed it!" I replied.

"It is no dream; all you told us that day is true. If I were not afraid of being called a visionary, I would tell you what has occurred to me—to me, skeptic as I have been."

"Tell me," said I, "what has happened to you?"

"No; I fear you will laugh at me; besides, when daylight comes, I do not believe myself what I see during the night."

"Then you can safely tell me," I said.

"Are you very sure I have not lost my reason?"

This tragedy has been such a heavy blow to me, that I always feel the ground tremble under my feet," he responded.

"I believed you still in Burgundy, with your family."

"I remained there only three or four days. They wished to console me, but I would not be consoled. I love my sorrow, and I bury myself in it with gloomy pleasure. Ah, my dear friend, what a woman Luciani was! You saw only her visible beauty; I saw her soul—a soul of fire and light; I am baffled and consumed by it, when I think of the happiness I let pass when it was within my grasp. Now I am enveloped in clouds!"

"Happiness is often like an imaginary castle, which vanishes when we are about to enter it," I suggested.

"Happiness," said he, "is a house open in the evening to all those who have not thrown away the day. Idleness has killed more men, in a year, in Paris, than fell at Sebastopol. I have a horror of myself. I know not how I have kept my friends or my liberty, or why God has not struck me with a thunderbolt, for in this fatal passion I have been all cowardice. It was not Luciani's hand, but mine, that struck the fatal blow to her heart. All the customs of society make it more fashionable to sacrifice women. It is in vain that they have the heroism to die for us. We laugh at them in a careless manner, and we slur them in our speech."

As he ended he struck the lower branches of a beautiful horse-chestnut violently.

"My dear Horace, I am not one of those who console; I leave that to time, for in time we find hope which gives us courage to live. After passion comes curiosity. You have played your game of life like a child. Mademoiselle Mariani was a true woman that you should have married with the most holy love. There is nothing left for you now but to travel. You love pictures; go and pass the winter at Venice!"

"You do not know what you are saying; it is at Venice that Madame Mariani has buried her daughter—for Luciani always said she wished to hear the waves of the Adriatic beat against her tomb," replied Horace.

"I know very well what I said; it is because Mademoiselle Mariani is at Venice that I would have you go there. We find consolation as well as sorrow, when near the tomb of those we love."

We finally reached the circle, in our walk, when Horace, in spite of himself, mixed in with the crowd, and saluted some of his acquaintances on the way.

A regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, who were going into barracks at Courbevoie, passed through the avenue.

"If war breaks out," said Horace, "I will be a soldier, this winter."

"I have ere this known you to be almost a monk. Why do you not forget yourself in study?"

"Forget?" he ejaculated.

He pressed my arm a second time, as if with a shudder, exclaiming:

"Luciani's brother!"

In truth, I perceived M. Hector Mariani at the head of his company.

"Poor Hector! if I only dared ask him about his mother," said Horace.

"Await me here and I will speak with him."

I then approached and shook hands with the young captain.

"Ah! is it you?" said he. "Do you ever see Horace?"

"Yes. How is Madame Mariani?"

"I have just come from Venice. My mother will not be consoled. She has had a monument sculptured for my sister, by Rinaldi. I am almost afraid she will sleep there herself. Poor woman! she was once so gay! As for me, I console myself with the thought that I shall soon die for Italy. The day that you hear that the blood of Venice is shed at Lombardy, you may write my epitaph, for I wish to give and receive the first blow."

I bid adieu to Hector—and it proved to be my last, for he died at the hour he wished. And then I returned to Horace, feeling sad.

"Well, what news have you?" said he to me.

"Madame Mariani sadly mourns for her daughter."

"Oh! if I dared, I would run and throw myself into Hector's arms; how much good it would do me," said Horace, and large tears came in his eyes.

CHAPTER XLIV. Apparitions.

Horace became silent; his mind reverted to the past. I essayed in vain to divert him from his anguish. Having arrived before my door, I invited him to dine with me.

"Yes," replied he, "for I have not the courage to return and dine at my own house. And then, night is coming on, and I am afraid of the night when I am alone."

We walked in and I found another friend waiting for me. The dinner hour passed pleasantly; on leaving the table, and passing through a saloon dimly lighted by two little candelabras with three branches, Horace suddenly fell into his nightly melancholy.

"You have not told me your visions," said I, with an air half curious, half sympathetic.

He had just seated himself, but arose and placed himself before my friend and myself.

"Listen, then, and judge for yourselves whether I am foolish. During the hours which I have followed the death of Luciani, I have constantly seen her before my eyes, open or closed; I see her deathly pale, in her white dress, bathed in blood; and her beautiful eyes, so deep and sweet. I raise my eyes to heaven, I strike my forehead, I beat my breast, I even wish to die. Why I did not die at the time of the duel was because I had two duels to fight. God has condemned me to live. I shall only die in battle. In the street, on the route to Versailles, in the woods at Menden, everywhere,

the folds of that white dress floats before me—that robe of despair which was the real winding-sheet of Luciani.

When I struck her brother, and when I struck the Captain of the Zouaves, I saw her all the time. It seemed to me that the blood I shed mixed with the blood she had shed. I wished but to die. If I did strike Hector, it was with a blind hand; but it is not of that I have to tell you this evening. Twice wounded myself, I returned to my house, more than ever decided to die; not wishing to consult a doctor, not even wishing assistance from my valet.

After having been to bid adieu to Luciani, at the Lyons depot, I finally went to bed. The first night I saw Mademoiselle Mariani's face in the glass."

"A downright vision!"

"Listen," he continued, "The second night, though I had a volcano in my head, and hell in my heart, still I slept soundly. The clock striking twelve awoke me. All at once I heard a noise at the door, and I saw, coming toward me, the pale figure of Luciani, chastely enveloped in her white robe. She advanced even to my bed, bent over me, and then disappeared."

"Every one has seen such sights when suffering with a fever, my dear Horace," I said, rising to get a cigar.

"I expected that explanation," said Horace, with a bitter, yet sad air. "It was the fever, you say; I wish it had been. During fifteen nights in succession, I was visited by the same apparition. But I was sick, and perhaps my mind was sick. But for ten months—even to-day—when I know what I'm about, and know what I say, I always see Luciani coming when twelve o'clock strikes, whether I am at my house or elsewhere, at Tortoni's or at the Opera. Can you explain that away?"

"That is very simple; you have Luciani continually in your heart, thus you see her."

"It is not a play of my imagination, for I see her appear even when I am not thinking of her. Yesterday I was at the Medley, for I do not know how else to kill time. It was midnight when the curtain rose for the last time; when I amid all the other scenes, I saw Luciani washing away the stains of blood, in water!"

"I believe all you tell me; but I assure you, if you wish to remain here till midnight, you will not see Mademoiselle Mariani appear. I am afraid, my poor Horace, that the legend I so foolishly recounted at Castle Favorite was the first cause of all these visions. Do you wish that I should tell you a secret: there was not a word of truth in that legend."

"It was like all legends. There are some stories which are merely stories, if one believes firmly in the visible and palpable world, but which become histories, oftentimes terrible, when one ventures into the spirit-world," replied Horace.

"My dear friend, the legend of the Favorite is not a legend like the others, for I invented it as I went along."

"A beautiful lie. You wish to make me believe in your imagination."

"Seriously though, did you attach the least belief in those copper pans dancing the *surabande* when twelve o'clock sounded, or in the spectre of Captain Wilfred, who came, like the statue of the Commander, to seat himself at the table of the Margrave Sibylle?"

"Yes, I believe in all that."

"You who laughed so heartily at the fear of the old soldier, who was not afraid of Napoleon's grenadiers, and who died of fright in seeing pass gravely before him, hand in hand, the apparitions of the Princess and Captain!"

CHAPTER XLV. Midnight.

The evening journals having been brought in, the conversation changed to other subjects.

Toward eleven o'clock the friend who had dined with us took his hat, and asked Horace if he was going on to the Champs-Elysees. Horace replied he would remain a little later, hoping to escape through me, his nocturnal visitant. I was the first friend to whom he had confided the secret of Mademoiselle Mariani's visitations. I had reassured him in spite of himself, and he now only half believed in phantoms.

About half-past eleven, as we were turning over some old engravings together, he bowed his head and dropped asleep. I contemplated then, without disturbing him, the ravages sorrow had made with him. That fine boy, so lately in robust health, who could defy all the follies of youth without being contaminated, was now a broken reed. His hair, which formerly was dressed so tastefully, was now thin, and fell loosely on his shoulders. His face, which I had always seen lightly tinted by generous blood, was now more like marble than flesh. Everything about him revealed the effects of a deep, if not mortal, wound. I promised myself I would not awaken him, at least not before half-past twelve, to prove to him that he was not master of his imagination. I stopped the clock, that it might not awaken him by striking, and to deceive myself in the hour. But, to my great surprise, a few seconds before twelve o'clock, midnight—for I had just looked at my watch—he opened his large, expressive eyes, and looked toward the door of the saloon.

"Well!" said I gaily to him, "you did not see Mademoiselle Mariani enter?"

His face had become more severe than ever. One could see in his expression the workings of his heart.

"It is strange," said he; "did you not hear a noise at the door?"

"You have been dreaming, my dear Horace; it was the noise of the engravings as I put them in the portfolio."

"No, listen again!" said he.

He spoke with an air so convincing that I allowed myself, I confess, to be carried away by his emotion.

"I tell you it is not midnight yet," said I, in a careless but faltering tone.

The truth was, it lacked but a few minutes of midnight.

"Behold her!" cried he, raising his arms. "Do you not see her? all in white! Ah, my dear, I am so unhappy!" and he threw himself into my arms, bathed in tears.

"I have told you truly that I always see her everywhere. Do you not smell a sepulchral odor around us?"

"It is only the smell from the old engravings we turned over an hour ago."

"Have you seen nothing?" he inquired.

"Nothing. For the good reason that I am more awake than you are!"

I answered Horace rather heedlessly, for I was quite interested in the saloon door, which was half open; but I said nothing to Horace about it, yet he did not fail to remark aloud:

"And that door—who opened it then, if it was not her?"

"That door?" said I, "Edward probably did not close it when he went out, and a current of air has opened it."

"You will own," said he, "at least, that it is very strange that such a miracle should take place at midnight!"

"I have already told you it was not midnight. Look at the clock!"

"The clock does not go; look at my watch." His watch indicated one minute past twelve.

CHAPTER XLVI. The Dead Move Quickly.

Horace now decided to go, and we descended together. I went with him as far as the obelisk that I might breathe the fresh air. I was not frightened, since I had seen nothing; but I was oppressed by a thousand and one Hoffmannesque ideas.

Some days after I met Horace at Tortoni's.

"Are you alone?" said I to him.

"Yes," he replied. "I await my hour here, for I have not the courage to remain at home till midnight."

"You will not have to wait long, for I believe it is midnight now."

"No; the hour has not arrived yet. I do not need to look at my watch to know when it comes. Will you take a sherbet?"

We were seated on the steps. The day had been warm; the carriages which came from the woods and through the Boulevards, passed with much noise. Prince—, whom we had known at Baden, was seated at the next table, and pretended to recognize those who passed in their carriages. He made a witty inventory of all the fashionable people who begin at the Opera and finish at the Triumphal Arch; naming over Prince Ghiko, Madame Manon de Grandfat, the Spanish Ambassador, Mademoiselle Ogi, M. Camille de Polignac, the Duke de Gulche, Madame Mariani and her daughter.

"Silence!" said I seizing his hand; "did you not know that Mademoiselle Mariani was dead?"

"No; I have just landed from America." Horace had seized my other hand. It seemed as cold as marble.

"Ah, well!" said he to me, "what do you think of the now apparition, for it has just struck twelve, and I saw, as well as your neighbor, Luciani Mariani and her mother pass by."

"You have only seen two women in a carriage," said I.

"I saw Luciani I tell you. I will not assert that the other woman was Madame Mariani, but I recognized Luciani as she turned toward me and showed me her blood-stained dress. Adieu, we will speak no more of this, for I do not like people who have eyes and will not see."

"We will speak no more of this," said I, "but come and dine with me to-morrow."

"You live too far from me," he replied.

"But it will give you a good appetite to walk so far."

"I will invite you both to dinner with me," said the Prince. "After dinner we will go to the circus to see the dogs perform."

Horace left after having accepted the invitation. After he was gone, I asked the Prince seriously if he thought he saw Mademoiselle Mariani pass.

"Most assuredly. There is not another face in Paris like Mademoiselle Mariani's."

"Do you believe in apparitions?" said I.

"Perhaps. But since you and Horace are going to dine with me to-morrow, we shall see whether it is necessary to believe."

CHAPTER XLVII. Do Spirits Re-visit the Earth?

The next day, at seven o'clock, I met Horace on the stairs of the Prince's residence. His face had no longer its beautiful clearness, but was paler than the day before.

"Do you suffer?" said I, pressing his hand.

"No," he replied. "At least, I do not know as I suffer; for I have no longer the sense of feeling. But I am wrong, for I feel my heart beat. The Prince dwells high up for a Prince."

"He is right. As for me, I should like to be able to live on a mountain."

"Oh yes! I should not be surprised some day to see you living on the platform of the Triumphal Arch," replied Horace.

I had just rung, when a young lady who had followed near us, begged us to come to her assistance, as she was not able to come up any higher. Horace looked at her without descending a step.

"It is astonishing!" said he to me; "do you not think she resembles poor Luciani?"

"Not much," said I; "unless it is because she is brown and white. It is Mademoiselle Armande; do you not recognize her? We dined with her at the little Moulin-Rouge."

The lady had now reached us. She took Horace's hand and placed it on her heart; he withdrew it as if he had found Mademoiselle Mariani's there. The prince awaited us with a princely dinner, and wine that tasted of the vine and cellar.

During dinner we neither spoke of Baden, Castle Favorito, Mademoiselle Mariani, or even the opera where Mademoiselle Armande danced.

We spoke perhaps of the Hottentots, and their future generations, but I do not remember. After dinner, the lady asked for the Prince's carriage, to pass an hour at the opera, to discourage her best friend, who was going to make her debut.

"Now that there are only strong minds here," said the Prince, after having sent away the danseuse, "the moment has arrived to speak about Horace's apparitions. I have never believed in coming back, or spectres; for the German doctors do not confound these two words."

And the Prince, who was learned, spoke lengthily on all the mystagogical controversies, philosophical writings on demons and astrologers, spectres and coming back to earth.

We read that the Egyptian priests, on the days of sacrifice, made the earth tremble, and inanimate things walk about, like "table-tippings" of to-day. But the Egyptian priests studied physics more than metaphysics. I do not wish to deny the existence of what one meets on each page of the poets of antiquity: Manes, umbræ, simulacra. Christianity, at the present day, has peopled the churches and cemeteries with wandering shades, who await the resurrection of the body. The devil, with his hoofs, has peopled the forests with sorcerers and hobgoblins. Plato and Aristotle, Lucretius and Pliny, were not certain that they did not believe in spirits, for they relate to us the history of spectres; Romulus was more frightened at the shade of Remus than of all the people on the earth; Cæsar did not love nocturnal reveries; Turanne laughed at apparitions at noon, but would not venture into a church or cemetery at midnight; Hobbes, who did not believe in a God, believed in ghosts; the King did not dare walk at night, even at the Palais-Royal, saying that, if the day did belong to the spirit, the night belonged to the spirits.

We took each in turn the laboratory of Faust and the cabinet of Swedenborg.

"As for me," said I, "I believe only in solar visions."

"And I," said Horace, trying to laugh, "I believe in the man in the moon."

"And I," said the Prince, "believe that the imagination—like dreams—when it is not bridled by the steel bit of reason, plays us many impossible comedies."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" cried Horace, with impatience.

"No indeed," I replied; "but your heart is wounded, you fall back on yourself, and love gloom. Some morning, perhaps to-morrow, perhaps in six months, perhaps in a year, you will be astonished at all the visions which have peopled your solitude."

Horace shrugged his shoulders, and walked out on the balcony.

"He is not mad, but he will become so," said the Prince to me. "I have an idea. Mademoiselle Armande will return in an hour. She resembles Mademoiselle Mariani in a vague manner. She has a dress of white crêpe; I will tell her to dress her hair in the antique style, like Luciani's."

"He will not mistake her," I interrupted.

"Perhaps. At midnight she will open the door and pass through the large saloon, which will be dimly lighted. Horace will hear her open the door; as soon as he sees her appear, he will not fail to cry out that it is Mademoiselle Mariani."

"I understand; then we will all laugh at him."

"I know I risk considerable, for I may reap the vengeance of the spirits; but I truly think it is necessary to deliver Horace from them."

CHAPTER XLVIII.
The Spirits and the Mortal.

Toward eleven o'clock some one rang; it was Mademoiselle Armande. The Prince left me with Horace, and went to prepare his comedy. When he returned, Horace had taken his hat and cane to leave.

"I had a moment," said the Prince, "and I will accompany you. I have promised Armande that I will take her to one of my friends to supper."

It lacked half an hour of midnight. We had much difficulty in renewing the thread of conversation, which had been broken off twenty times. We returned, however, without desiring it, to apparitions, after having spoken of horses, the chase and castles. We spoke of the ancient castle in the wood, where the sleeping beauty was able to awake, after a century of sleep, without finding that manners, customs and ideas had changed much.

"Yes," said Horace, always engrossed by one idea, "that was the good time when the portraits of our ancestors detached themselves from their frames to converse with their grandchildren; and the nymphs came to warm themselves by the fading embers."

In the meantime the hand on the clock marked one minute of twelve. For some moments we had noticed that Horace was endeavoring to conceal his agitation. He arose as if to escape from himself, or rather to repulse the legion of spirits that surrounded him.

As soon as the clock struck one of the melancholy number, Horace raised his head and listened. The Prince appeared to be reading a journal. I leaned my elbows on the table, as if lost in reverie. The clock continued to strike twelve times. At that instant, Horace, who had been walking in the saloon, stopped short as if he had heard an unaccustomed noise. It was the door of the second saloon which opened. Mademoiselle Armande passed with the lightness of a danseuse before the glass. It was not a woman, it was a vision, with its white robe and paleness, for she had painted her face.

As soon as we saw her appear, Horace threw his hands over his eyes with fright.

"Oh my God! this is horrible!" cried Horace.

We wished to laugh, but he froze us with astonishment in saying to us:

"It is horrible! There were two!"

CHAPTER XLIX.
A Talk on Immortality and Spirits.

I took his hand, and wished to conduct him to Mademoiselle Armande; but he repulsed my hand and recoiled, in his fright, to the further end of the saloon. Mademoiselle Armande came toward us, herself frightened by Horace's cry. She was also displeased with the role they had made her play—for she believed in apparitions.

"Monsieur Horace, do not be afraid of me; it was a simple comedy," said she.

Horace took a step toward the danseuse.

"I am not afraid of you," said he, trying to smile; "but I am afraid of the one who followed you."

"Is it possible that you saw two women?"

"I swear it by my mother!" said Horace. "Tell me I am mad, if you like that better, but I repeat that when the door opened, I saw, little by little, two white forms appear—I saw the face of Mademoiselle Mariani twice. Now that I recognize Mademoiselle Armande, I can explain this double vision. You wished to cure me, but you have only made me worse."

And turning toward us he said:

"What do you say to this, Messieurs sceptics?"

And again our conversation turned upon the regions of the unknown.

"The invisible world is invisible only to those who do not know how to see," said Horace; "but the great wall of China did not hinder the Chinese from seeing the Tartars. It is necessary to be initiated to have the disposition to see. The Jewish cabalists forced the material souls of the dead to return to earth at his command. But now they return alone when they wish for vengeance, justice, or to predict misfortune."

"It is true," said I; "remorse is not only in the soul of the criminal, but all around him. The avenging shades will pursue him until he falls on his face to the earth in absolute repentance."

"Be ready to avenge me when you have heard me," said the ghost of Hamlet. All the poets—those cabalists of another order—thus bring the ghosts of the victims, to demand vengeance, as though death had not delivered them from criminal deeds. But all this, my dear Horace, is poetry. Why discuss the hallucinations of these opium-eaters, as we call poets?"

"It is but a step from life to death," said the Prince; "and it is no further from death to life. In the dark ages, they believed so much in the relation between the living and the dead, that they went so far as to authorize marriages between the dead and living."

"You will not believe it," said Horace, "but still in my waking dreams I seem to see myself with Luciani—I living, she dead—sweetly reunited in divine marriage, how I cannot explain. I shall not live long, for Luciani calls me, and I hasten to depart!"

CHAPTER L.
Horace's Will and Confession.

The next day Horace returned to Burgundy, where, as has already been stated, he had passed some days endeavoring to find repose of mind. In vain did he try to adapt himself to the family life. His father gave him his dogs and gun; his mother nursed him tenderly, and he often dropped asleep with her caresses; his sister, who was about to be married, endeavored to create around him a world peopled with youthful hopes; she made him promise to dance at her wedding. But all was of no avail, for he had only been eight days with his family, when he fell sick, never to recover. His illness lasted two months, during which time he wrote me two letters, which were, so to speak, his confession and his will.

The following is the closing of his second letter, dated January 23d:

"Do not forget to come to my funeral. At the present time, my four doctors, who are like the doctors of Molière, are discussing in my room the war with the Indies. They also dispute about the fall of the comet; the two oldest assert that the one in 1811 was much the longest. How true it is that things in the past have an advantage over those in the present. Ah! my dear friend, it is sad to leave this world. But it is sad to remain in it when one has illy played the game of life. Now, I am about leaving it: if you wish to say adieu to me, come the day after to-morrow, before midnight, for that will be my last hour. I do not need to tell you that I die a Spiritualist; but rest assured, I shall never return. Luciani said to me, 'I go, but I shall return.' I go in my turn that she may return no more. Have you read the Revelation of Saint John? God promises the great victor that he will show his love to the elect. He will reward them according to their works. 'I will give them,' said God, 'the morning Star.' I feel that I am going to the morning Star. Who was the poet who said, in the presence of the gloom of the tomb, 'Aurora will awake me with her rosy fingers.' I also believe in the morrow—the white aurora with its rosy fingers—it is Luciani who calls me. Do not enter the church of Swedenborg, unless you wish, but do not laugh on the threshold. The doctrine of Swedenborg rests on science and philosophy. To die, with him, was to be born again—to continue to live. A clairvoyant and seer, he could look into eternity and tell what was taking place in the celestial spheres. Swedenborg is not the only man who has progressed into the interior condition. There are many visionists or mediums who possess that gift. Each man has in him the spirit of the future. It is only necessary to evoke it; it is only necessary to furnish it with a suitable medium to receive the oracle. Swedenborg saw much, because he loved much. Love is the window of the soul; that window is opened, light enters; 'that light,' says Swedenborg, 'is God himself.' If you sometimes speak of Mademoiselle Mariani, say that she had a beautiful soul, for she died with the heroism of Lucrece. Ah! dear friend, how I have loved her since she died! Who would have believed, last year, at Castle Favorito, that I should have killed that poor Luciani and that in turn she would kill me! Oh! destiny! if I had not broken the bank that day, I should not have fallen in love with Mademoiselle Mariani. If I had had a spade instead of the queen of hearts, I should not have met her. Then some nobler man would have married her—she would have been happy in marriage—and she would have given her own beautiful soul to her children. I should have returned from Paris, to where my father awaited me, and feeling ashamed of my idleness, would have entered on a useful life; then my mother would not have buried her face in her hands to weep as she now does. Adieu! adieu! If you return to Baden, put five louis for me on number twenty-six. I shall die at the age of twenty-six. If number twenty-six comes up, you will give three thousand six hundred francs to the first poor person you meet."

Horace died, as he had predicted, on Saturday, at midnight. Was Mademoiselle Mariani avenged?

Written for the Banner of Light.
AT EVENING.
BY S. B. KEACH.

The sun shines bright o'er field and lake,
Forest and meadow fair;
My heart beats fast, for Nelly's sake,
With her the scene I share.
But not the dearest time for us
Is it, when earth is lighted thus.

To-night the moon will gently glide
Adown the silvery sky,
Melting in soft light far and wide,
O'er earth, and her, and I.

Not then, although the scene I deem
Fairer than earthly poet's dream,
But when the heaven seems bending near,
And earth seems nearer heaven—
This is the hour to us most dear—
The sacred hour of even.

We love it, shining from afar,
The bright and tender evening star.

No statue that the rich man places ostentatiously in his window, is to be compared to the little expectant face pressed against the window pane, watching for father, when his day's labor is done.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SINCE MOTHER DIED!

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

Oh, memories sweet of my childhood home,
Swiftly ye glide o'er the waves of Time!
Again I sit with the loved ones there,
And mother is still in that dear old chair.
Yet sad is the music of memory's chime
Since mother died.
Oh, mother!

My father loved in those golden days
To lift the wee ones upon his knee;
But his smile went out, leaving lines of care—
The silvery threads have crept into his hair.
Oh, bitterly sad is that home to me
Since mother died.
Oh, mother!

And where, oh where are the cherished ones now?
Four of our number have joined her there,
One leads his braves in the cause of right,
One comforts the dear old man to-night;
Her babe—he has grown a man of care,
Since mother died.
Oh, mother!

One, pale and delicate all his youth,
Now prospers well in his happy home;
And one—she erred, but we love her yet,
And the days of her innocence never forget,
For we know how often the sorrows come,
Since mother died.
Oh, mother!

And I—each hearth hath its wandering one.
Ah, me! are the home-joys forever flown?
Often I sigh for a kindred's love,
And would fly to that ark like a fugitive dove.
Yet why do I murmur, "Alone! alone!"
Since mother died?
Oh, mother!

For oft when the shadows of twilight fling
The breath of the evening upon my brow,
Or the midnight-hour with its wild unrest,
With throbbing head to the pillow pressed,
I have felt the thrill of those voices low,
Since mother died.
Oh, mother!

Oh, blessed light from the spirit-loves,
Hovering over to guide and cheer,
How ye banish the terrors of life or death!
Ah, they come again with the night wind's breath!
Welcome! thou forms that are ever near
Since mother died!
Oh, mother!

Children's Department.
BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LUCIAN HUNT.

SUNSHINE:
OR,
ONE OF CATIE ROBERTS'S DAYS.

A poor miserable life they lived down in Sawmill hollow, those Roberts. There were six of them. First the old grandfather, who seemed to know nothing but just the best way to make other people uncomfortable. He was always complaining, and talking about his aches and pains, and the bad weather. He thought that all the trouble that he had was caused by the weather. The wife was always "getting round round," which he thought the unlucky point of compass.

Then there was Mr. Roberts himself, who thought of but little except the saw-mill and the best way to tend it, and who would be the next President. Robert and James, or Rob and Jim, as they were called, were his sons, and they were rough boys who liked to fish in the brook better than to go to school, and to run away and have a day's fun better than to help their father, in the mill.

Besides these there was the woman to do the work. Sallie by name, who never spoke kindly to any one, but washed the dishes and swept the rooms as if they were disobedient children that she was obliged to knock about or thrash to make obey her. And lately there had come into this family, Catie, a cousin to the boys, a sweet, happy, loving child, whose mother had gone to the spirit home, and whose father had left her to be cared for by some one else.

What could Catie do in such a household as that? every one said who knew of her going; and sure enough what could she do, but learn to frot, like the grandfather, and to scold like Sallie, and to be rude like the boys? We shall see. For every one who knows has an influence, and it must be for good or bad. It was a bright October day, after Catie had been a few weeks in the family and had become accustomed to the ways of its members, when she sat upon the doorsteps thinking of something her mother had told her—it was this: "If you let the sunshine of your heart be felt you can make a glad summer any time." To be like that beautiful October sunshine seemed to Catie very good and very beautiful, and so her heart sent up a little prayer, that was only a wish; but good wishes are our prayers. "I wish I could be like the sunshine," was Catie's prayer; and it came from a sincere, good heart, and a beautiful angel heard it, drawn close to the little girl's side by her love, and this good angel tried to put other beautiful wishes into the heart of the little girl as she sat there in the sunshine, and so she began to think what she could do to make other people happier.

It was a bad place to try in, for it seemed as if there was no chance at all of peoples' being happy in that house, but as sunshine does not wait for a good time to begin, so love does not, but sheds its blessing continually.

"Oh dear," said the grandfather, coming to the door, "what a frost there was! wind north. I'm half frozen, shut that door Catie. I believe you young folks'll be the death of me."

"Oh no, grandpa," said Catie, "I'm going to be the life of you. Just see here what a handful of chestnuts I've gathered, and I'm just going to boil them real soft for you. Don't you like chestnuts?"

"Guess I do, when they're boiled; but you can't boil them, Sallie's getting breakfast."

"Indeed, guess you can't, miss, it's late now, get out of my way!"

"Well, I can set the table for you, and that'll help some, and then I know you'll let me have that bright tin to boil them in."

"Guess I shan't, miss, its just scoured, and chestnuts'll make it black as iron."

"Well, then, that other one; that's a good Sallie, please do, and I'll scour every knife for you, and run for the wood, and pick up some apples to bake. Say, will you, just to please grandpa?"

"Well, spose I must; but don't tease, I hate teasing."

"Shut that door, I say!" screamed the old gentleman, as Rob and Jim entered, leaving it open, "or I'll teach you something."

"Hurrah for old bones!" said Rob, not minding to shut the door.

Catie ran to shut it, and then finished putting the dishes on the table.

"Jim," said Rob, "we'll go a fishing as soon as breakfast is over; I saw some splendid pickerel that came from the pond."

"But father said he'd lick us if we went again," replied Jim.

"But then you know he won't he'll only scold, and who cares for that, besides, he won't know; who'll tell him? and he'll think we are at school. We'll go up the hill that way, and then take a turn round by the big rock. You need n't be listening—listeners never hear any good of themselves," said Robert, as Catie came near.

"I was only going to say," said Catie, "that you might take my new book to school, you know you wanted one, and if you'll go when I do I'll help you all the way, so Dick shan't get above you again. Will you? and then we'll stop on the hill and gather beechnuts, as we come back!"

"Will you, though, Catie? Well, that's a nice girl. I wanted a new book more than anything."

"We won't go a fishing to-day, will we, Jim? Let's wait."

"Breakfast's ready," called Sallie; "go and call your father."

"Go yourself, old one."

"No; let me go, said Catie, "I do so like to run down the hill in the sunshine!"

"Do you, though? Well, I'll go, too," said Rob.

When breakfast was over, Catie put on her chestnuts, and then scoured the knives, and ran for Sallie's wood, and was all ready for school long before the boys were.

"Oh dear," growled grandpa, "I do believe the wind's getting round north, I kind o' feel it in my bones."

"Oh no," said Catie, "I see the leaves blowing from the south. Only see them, don't they look like flashes of sunshine? See here, I've fixed your chair in the other room, instead of in the kitchen, and I've put your spectacles on the window seat, and the last papers; and if I'll bring you a nice piece of wood won't you cut me out a handle? I'm going to make Sallie something nice to wash dishes with, and don't mind if you strow the pieces on the floor, I'll brush them up when I get home; and then if you only would go out with us at noon and tell us about the apples, which are the sweetest and best."

"What a child that is," said the old man to himself, after she had left. "Really, it makes me feel young; just to hear her speak. It is n't more than half as cold when she's near, and somehow it seems as if the rooms were brighter since she came. I keep going back to the days when I was a boy, as I see her; dear me, how old I am! Wonder what folks grow old for; nobody likes old folks, and old folks like nobody. Now, I'm just going to scold Catie and see what she'll say."

"What did she put my chair there for? Move it quick, the light will blind me. Shut the door quick; you children are all the time trying to trouble me!"

"Why, grandpa," said Catie, gently, "I put your chair there just so you could see the old meeting-house steeple on the hill, and be sure the wind did n't get round north before I got back; and I left the door open to let in the warm air from the kitchen. Only see here what a nice stick I found, and here's the chestnuts all done, and now I'm away to school. Don't forget to eat the chestnuts every one, so I can get some more."

"Well, I declare, I won't try scolding that child again. She's just sure to get the better of me, bless her dear heart. I don't know but I shall love her, spite of myself, though I did n't mean to love anything more after my own Catie died. Oh what a long time ago, and I'm so old. But I have no time to lose, for if I don't keep busy making as nice a handle for that child as she ever saw, then I'll be grandpa no longer. Dear me, how pleasant it is in the sunshine. Who'd have thought it was so warm a day. Don't know but I will go out at noon. Wonder if I should get cold."

Thus the old man talked to himself, and worked cheerily and faithfully, forgetting how old he was. Meantime Catie had run to the mill, to call the boys to go to school.

"They can't go," said her uncle gruffly. "They ran away yesterday, and like enough they will to-day. Besides, I want them to help me."

"But, uncle, we'll all help when we get home. I'm ever so strong, and we'll roll the logs, or lift the boards. Only you let us all go to school together. Rob and Jim are almost at the head, and I'm going to help them, and then we'll hurry home at noon and help you."

"Go along, all of you. Women always would tease the life out of one."

"Now, Catie, I want to know," said Rob, as they went up the hill, "how you managed father. He said he should n't go, and we'd just planned a sad piece of mischief. We were going to—well, I guess I won't tell you what, for fear you'll tell."

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"That's sixteen," said Rob.

"And then five, and then four?"

"That would make twenty-five."

"And then you concluded to be mean, and take back nine, just as many as the five and four, then I should have—"

"Why, sixteen, of course. What a goosy I was."

"You see you must n't be thinking about the hard figures all the time, but about Chestnuts and apples and rosp. I had a real hard sum the other day, all about adding and dividing and subtracting, and I just said to myself, Suppose these were all lilies that I wanted to give to the girls, and so I added them and divided them, and it all came out just as easy as nothing. Now you try it again. Five and ten and nine, less six, are how many?"

"Five fishes, and ten and nine make twenty-four—just as many as I caught the other day, less six that I ought to have thrown away, that makes eighteen."

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"Oh, I hate the nines," said Robert, "I can't ever tell how to add them or multiply them."

"Well, I used to think the nines were just like great thistles that one can't touch without being pricked, till I found how to take off the thorns, then they were as sweet as roses. You see, if I want to add a nine I just think how much ten would be, and that nine is just one less."

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Oh, how clever! I know I shall get up to the head to-day, for there are lots of nines in my lesson."

"But that isn't multiplying," said Rob.

"Oh, but that's just as easy," said Catie; "suppose I want to multiply six by nine: I take one off the six, which is five, then I know it's fifty something; then I add enough to the five to make nine, which is four; then I know it's fifty-four."

"Oh, that is n't plain at all," said James.

"Now, just try," said Catie, "nine times eight are how many? One less than eight leaves seven, and seven and two make nine; so seventy-two is the answer."

"But will it always come so," said Rob.

"Yes," said Catie, "nine times five are forty-five, and the five and four make nine; nine times nine are eighty-one, and eight and one make nine."

"Well, I declare, Catie, it's as pleasant studying arithmetic with you as going a-fishing," said Rob. "I'll just see if I can't understand all you've said, and then I'll surprise the teacher by my good lesson; but here's the school-house, and mamma's the word now. But I mean to whisper to Dick the first chance I get."

"Oh no, Rob, do n't," said Catie; "if you won't I'll give you half the chestnuts I pick to-night."

"Well, I'll see; you're real good, anyhow, and I won't make you feel bad."

When school was over the boys found Catie all ready for them.

"Now for the beech-nuts," said Rob.

"I remember I promised to stop with you, if you'd come to school, but I don't think it would be quite right for any of us, do you? There's grandpa—"

"Who cares for him?" said Rob; "he's cross as fury, and does nothing but scold."

"But he's so old," said Catie. "Do you know I always think what I shall do when I get so old, and whether the young people will trouble me, and who will take care of me."

"But I do n't mean to grow old," said Jim.

"We can't help ourselves if we live long enough," said Catie, "now just think of Rob with gray hair and a long cane, and a great, big coat, standing in the door, thinking about the weather."

"Yes, and scolding everybody," added James.

"That is n't fair," said Catie. "I mean myself to be just as pleasant as I can be, so that people will say, 'There's Aunt Catie,' and so to be sure that I am, I mean to begin now."

"But grandpa is so cross," said Jim, "and so unreasonable!"

"But," said Catie, "I've found a real nice way to make him pleasant; and if you'll promise to try it with me, I'll tell you."

"Can't be done," said Rob.

"We'll see," said Catie. "Don't contradict him, and, as soon as you can, tell him something pleasant and ask him to help you do something. You see, one day I was wondering what made grandpa fret so, and it popped into my head it was just the reason that I feel cross when I do n't have anything to do; everybody likes to be wanted, and likes to help."

"But you can't make grandpa do anything, I'll bet," said Rob.

"I shan't bet," said Catie, "for I never could see the sense of it; but if you'll promise to help me I'll coax grandpa into the orchard this noon."

"Well, we'll give up the beech nuts this time, and have a good run down the hill."

"But I want to tell you," said Rob, "how I got on with my arithmetic lesson; you know I've been behindhand because I staid out of school, but I determined to try your way, and as good luck would have it, we had lots of questions in the multiplication of nine. Dick stood above me, and when it came his turn the question was: 'A man carried nine geese to market for six days in succession, and sold them all except four; how many did he carry?' Then I said to myself, nine times six—one off of six leaves five, five and four make nine; then it's fifty-four, and four off leaves, of course, fifty. So I got up on that sum above Dick, and I'm going to school every day, if you'll coax father, Catie; it is so good that you are here!"

"I did n't make out at all," said James, "in my lesson."

"Did n't you understand?" said Catie.

"Yes, I understood well enough, but—"

"I'm going to tell," said Rob, "he said at recess that girls did n't know much, and he'd be darned if he'd try your way."

Catie's lip quivered a little, but she said not a word at first. Soon a roguish smile came over her face.

"Well, Jim, said she, "I think boys know a great deal, so I want you to explain something to me that I can't possibly understand though I've been trying for a good while."

"What is it?" said Jim, looking very important.

"But you must promise to explain it to me as well as you can, or else I shan't tell."

"Well, I promise, 'pon honor," said James.

"What is it—you won't be angry, will you?"

"No, I won't, Catie."

"Well, what is it to be darned?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Rob.

"But I must ask you, too," said Catie, "for you say it so very often, and I suppose you mean something. Now I give you till night to find out and tell me, for here's the hill, and we'll have a good run. Who'll bet?"

And away ran Catie with a merry, happy laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Oh, how clever! I know I shall get up to the head to-day, for there are lots of nines in my lesson."

"But that isn't multiplying," said Rob.

"Oh, but that's just as easy," said Catie; "suppose I want to multiply six by nine: I take one off the six, which is five, then I know it's fifty something; then I add enough to the five to make nine, which is four; then I know it's fifty-four."

"Oh, that is n't plain at all," said James.

"Now, just try," said Catie, "nine times eight are how many? One less than eight leaves seven, and seven and two make nine; so seventy-two is the answer."

"But will it always come so," said Rob.

"Yes," said Catie, "nine times five are forty-five, and the five and four make nine; nine times nine are eighty-one, and eight and one make nine."

"Well, I declare, Catie, it's as pleasant studying arithmetic with you as going a-fishing," said Rob. "I'll just see if I can't understand all you've said, and then I'll surprise the teacher by my good lesson; but here's the school-house, and mamma's the word now. But I mean to whisper to Dick the first chance I get."

"Oh no, Rob, do n't," said Catie; "if you won't I'll give you half the chestnuts I pick to-night."

"Well, I'll see; you're real good, anyhow, and I won't make you feel bad."

When school was over the boys found Catie all ready for them.

"Now for the beech-nuts," said Rob.

"I remember I promised to stop with you, if you'd come to school, but I don't think it would be quite right for any of us, do you? There's grandpa—"

"Who cares for him?" said Rob; "he's cross as fury, and does nothing but scold."

"But he's so old," said Catie. "Do you know I always think what I shall do when I get so old, and whether the young people will trouble me, and who will take care of me."

"But I do n't mean to grow old," said Jim.

"We can't help ourselves if we live long enough," said Catie, "now just think of Rob with gray hair and a long cane, and a great, big coat, standing in the door, thinking about the weather."

"Yes, and scolding everybody," added James.

"That is n't fair," said Catie. "I mean myself to be just as pleasant as I can be, so that people will say, 'There's Aunt Catie,' and so to be sure that I am, I mean to begin now."

"But grandpa is so cross," said Jim, "and so unreasonable!"

"But," said Catie, "I've found a real nice way to make him pleasant; and if you'll promise to try it with me, I'll tell you."

"Can't be done," said Rob.

"We'll see," said Catie. "Don't contradict him, and, as soon as you can, tell him something pleasant and ask him to help you do something. You see, one day I was wondering what made grandpa fret so, and it popped into my head it was just the reason that I feel cross when I do n't have anything to do; everybody likes to be wanted, and likes to help."

"But you can't make grandpa do anything, I'll bet," said Rob.

"I shan't bet," said Catie, "for I never could see the sense of it; but if you'll promise to help me I'll coax grandpa into the orchard this noon."

"Well, we'll give up the beech nuts this time, and

still bright and beautiful, with now and then a frost flower peeping from beneath them, telling us that God's love for all is ever fresh, keeping yet alive some pure blossom, 'mid the driest autumn.

There a little brook went singing on its way to a larger river. Its banks were soft and green with moss, and in its bed the smooth, white pebbles nestled and glistened in the autumn sunlight.

Just outside the trees, and 'neath their branches, the grass was still green not yet withered by the frost, and above in the branches we could hear the autumn birds singing their soft, sweet songs, - for they had not quite all gone yet to their sunnier Southern homes - and the little squirrels chirruping cheerily, as their bright eyes gleamed upon us.

It was a beautiful spot, just a fit place for angels and children to visit, and I'd like to take you all there this bright coming autumn, that your tiny feet might press the green banks, and your hands pluck the frost flowers by the little river. We saw and played with Aunt Electa's black-eyed dog, Carlo, and Josephine's hunter, barking at the squirrels, and playing with us until we were tired. We had all filled our baskets with nuts, and now Aunt Electa said the sun would go down pretty soon, and it was time to go home, so off we started, talking all the way to the large chestnut grove, near home, of the nice time we had had.

Here we saw Josey's mother come to meet us; and she told me I must hurry home if I wanted to see my little new sister.

Did you ever have a little brother or sister; and do you remember how anxious you felt to see it, and how you wished it would open its pretty eyes, and not cry when you kissed it so gently?

If you do remember all these things, then you will know how pleased I was to see the little tiny thing lying by mother's side, with its soft, golden hair, and sweet blue eyes. Oh, how I loved her then, as I touched her almost reverently. She was to me then, as ever since, a being pure and holy. In my next letter I will tell you more of her; and in the story you shall with me gather the lessons of her little life, as I gather them; for like Aunt Ratie's angel Lilly, she brings to me only thoughts of purity and gentleness.

Dear children, I hope it may be as pleasant for you to read these letters, as it is for me to write them; that they may bring to you lessons of wisdom and love.

BLUSH ROSE.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

SECOND SECTION CONTINUED.

THE PERPETRATIONS OF DEPRAVITY.

MARITAL INCONTINENCE, the third social manifestation of Concupiscence, is the principal agent of its perpetration. Inordinate appetence is brought up from the animal sphere of Nature out of which mankind are born; then it is nurtured by intemperance, especially by flesh-eating, as well as by habitual truckling to its instigations; but loveless copulation in marriage, or rather mis-marriage - the bodily marriage of sinister motives, is almost the only means by which lawless lust is perpetually begotten and transmitted from one generation to another.

In legal matrimony a wife's person is presumed to be the property of her husband. Such are the social disabilities of a married woman, and such the conjugal prerogatives of a married man, as guaranteed by law, custom and religion itself, that the government of his sexual appetite within conjugal limits, is his own affair, and conjugal manners accord with his will and pleasure, whether ordinate or extravagant. When marriage happens to be born of mutual love, this disparagement of woman in the conjugal relation is harmless; the husband incurs no guilt, and the wife no wrong, from his lordly attitude. But when human love is wanting, and marital lust, constrained as it often is by pride of reputation, is the spring of conjugal duty, then the very advice of Paul, seconded by prim society and the god of jurisprudence, works a world of evil.

Yes, a world of evil. The seeming hyperbole is literal truth. I have named a source of all sorts of depravity; and though not the only source, it is almost as general as the propagation of the human species. This is the universal pretext of marriage; and yet, such as fathers love their children and mothers exult at their birth, it is more for the end of parturition pain than that one of a thousand has not "come by chance." "The unwelcome child" is the bastard of marital incontinence. It is also the harbinger of criminal character. Post-natal education may palliate the defects of pre-natal neglect; but it rarely tames the malignant progeny of a mother's chronic hate, and sometimes murderous attempts, in the season of her unwilling gestation.

It is legislative magnanimity that marks woman's occasional ravisher as a capital felon. Is it legislative blindness, or the bribery of domestic interest, that has licensed rape in wedlock to the ill of marital lust? Here is Law vs. Law, as legislators hardly distinguishable, but anyhow amenable to public opinion which is everybody's pupil, especially the reformer's. Therefore I write with hope. There may never be a law of the land for the regulation of marital conduct, but I am sure there will be one in every husband's mind when he shall have learned, what for the present few are able to conceive, within what soulful restrictions of bodily appetence sexual intercourse is healthful and conjugally happyfying. I will not now attempt to write this law, except my negative thought of it - that copulation in wedlock is wrongful.

1. Whenever it occurs for the husband's sake alone. It often happens that the husband's power of physical love is greater than that of his nuptial partner; in which case she is apt to surrender her person out of a benevolent regard for his exacting pleasure, even to her own satiety. This is always unhealthful, and when prolonged or repeated to a habit, never fails to induce disease in the form of spinal weakness, catarrh, neuralgia, hysteria, leucorrhoea, consumption, or other harbingers of premature mortality. It is sometimes the only rational exposition of that "mysterious Providence" which seems to overrule the matrimonial alliances of certain men who entomb their third or fourth wife before the climacteric of manhood.

2. Whenever it imposes, or endangers, an undesired maternity. There are two reasons for this decision. The first regards the right of the wife; the second, that of the possible child. It is an outrage of conjugal

affection, as well as a violation of the common sense of justice, to compel a woman to endure the pangs of parturition, or assume the burden of child-bearing and the consequent cares and responsibilities of the nursery, when, for reasons best known to herself, she protests against it. It would seem that no husband who truly loves his wife could be guilty of so foul an act. Yet thousands are, and there is no law of the land against this marital rape, which is every whit as wrongful as if perpetrated out of wedlock. The marriage-vow imposes no obligation on the wife to become a mother. Let the married understand this. The woman should not relinquish this most sacred of all her virginal rights, to say when, and whether 't ever, she will endure the pains and perform the momentous functions of maternity; and this not exclusively for reasons which relate to her own welfare. The child of marital rape must suffer a lack of maternal sympathy, if not the curse of a mother's hate, during the period of inter-gestation, when her every feeling and emotion becomes an element in the evolving character of her offspring in embryo. It is this abuse of the conjugal relation which creates criminals and other unhappy personalities. I may add, therefore, that it is a prospective wrong to society, in proportion as this is rendered inharmonious by the constant generation of abnormal characters. These are hints toward the principles of social reformation, which I have no room to elucidate in this connection. But the reader is referred to a class of books in which their discussion is well commenced, especially those of Henry C. Wright, entitled "The Unwelcome Child," and "The Empire of the Mother over the Character and Destiny of the Race."

3. Whenever the wife is already charged with the functions of a mother.

Parents are the virtual makers of their children. The father imparts the vital germ of being, the molding of which is the work of the mother. This is done involuntarily on her part, and is due to the fact that her body and soul are the molds respectively of the body and soul of her offspring. But these molds are variable according to the mother's sensuous and emotional experience. It is for this reason, and no other, that the temporal states of the maternal mind and body are inwoven into the physical and mental character of her child; as Combe and other physiologists have lucidly maintained. From this abbreviated statement of science the inference is plain and logical that the conjugal embrace in the season of pregnancy is accompanied by the same workings of Amativeness in the fetus as occur in the organism of the mother. The repetition of this error - crime it must be named, cannot fail to result in a pre-ter-natural development of those organs of the back brain which coalesce with the sexual in the procreation of epithemetic love. This I conceive to be the principal cause of humanitary Concupiscence, whose social manifestations I have described at length, and from which I gladly turn at last to another, though still ofensive topic.

IV. The Doings of Superstition.

I have come now to the last province of Depravity's infernal kingdom. Its word of designation is commonly uttered with great latitude of meaning, and in a way to imply a constant vengence of conception. Lexicology reveals no philosophic use of this word, and philology no scientific expression of that which is literally said to be super stans, or standing above - I know not what. The definition comporting with classic usage is given by Webster as follows:

"1. Excessive exactness or rigor in religious opinions or practice; excess or extravagance in religion; the doing of things not required by God, or abstaining from things not forbidden; or the belief of what is absurd, or belief without evidence. 2. False religion; false worship. 3. Rite or practice proceeding from excess of scruples in religion. 4. Excessive nicety; scrupulous exactness. 5. Belief in the direct agency of superior powers in certain extraordinary or singular events, or in omens and prognostics."

The intelligent reader cannot fail to see that the foregoing definition contains these three data: 1. That the idea of its subject is almost wholly involved in the matter of religion. 2. That the word itself stands for the conventional thought, which concerns the external manifestations of the thing, rather than its subjective reality. 3. That the essence of this is credulity. Therefore, in the vocabulary of a rational mind, Superstition is faith in fancy, or the exaggeration of belief to the effect of knowledge - an irrational assumption of assurance, whereby probability, and often a specious credibility, is accepted for certainty.

There are several subjective phases, and of course many objective varieties, of this intellectual depravity, as Superstition may be more expressively termed. A love-suit that hangs on a jilt for conjugal satisfaction, as the only alternative of hanging on a rope in desperation, is perhaps as superstitious, or intellectually depraved, though not in the same predicament, as religionists who hang to a creed for salvation. A purchaser of plenary indulgence under Leo X., a modern Catholic feigning a priest or submitting to penance for absolution, and a Protestant candidate for baptism, are all victims of the same subjective fallacy, though their religious motives may be somewhat distinct. Whoever is afraid of a corpse, or thinks Friday an unlucky day, has too much faith in fancy; and the religious clue to such freakish affections is obvious. But when a man steals a piece of meat to cure a wart, or, in eating cherries, swallows the stones to prevent the pulp from hurting him, or observes the weather of the twelve succeeding days of Christmas as prognosticating respectively that of each month in the ensuing year, there is the same exorbitant belief against reason, perhaps with no religion in it. These are examples of variety in superstition. But mankind have been most largely perplexed with its pseudo-theistic forms, and we in Christendom have suffered chiefly from its ecclesiastical fascinations in the name of Religion. For it will presently appear that Christianity is a great superstition, the most monstrous, indeed, that the civilized world has ever embraced.

This is very harshly said to such as cherish hereditary affections for the Christian faith and habitual proclivities to churchly ceremonies; who commonly imagine that Christianity includes morality, with all the goodly teachings of the worshipful Nazarene. But this vulgar apprehension is erroneous; since it is possible to lend a moral life without being a Christian; and since also Christianity is historically and essentially distinct from the Gospel of Jesus, which it has been the long "Mistake of Christendom" to confound with the later religion of Paul. Many naturally virtuous persons are induced by ecclesiastical insinuations to call themselves sinners, and to take the Christian name as a policy of insurance against postmortal fire; and then all their good manners, which in fact are due to secular character, are irrationally ascribed to their faith.

But, in truth, Christianity is the very soul of priestcraft - that apocalyptic "Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the Earth," whom the world has seen "drunken

with the blood of saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." Of this body of Christianity I do not speak, but of its animating principle - the moving cause of all ecclesiastical nummeries, monstrosities and enormities.

This denuded soul of Christianity is an elaborate fiction, or a systematic combination of falsehoods, the principal of which are "the fall of Man," "the plan of redemption," "the vicarious death of Jesus" and "salvation by faith" in these allegations of an irresponsible authority. To understand the theological import of these ecclesiastical phrases, or to know what dogmas of irrational assumption they represent, is to subject their whole system to derision, and insure its contemptuous expulsion from the human mind.

"The fall of Man" implies Jehoval's disaffection with all mankind through the disobedience of Adam and Eve. It is seriously affirmed that because "our first parents" were unable to withstand the wiles of a serpent in Eden, or had more faith in the plausible speech of an inferior creature of God than in the solemn admonition of their own Heavenly Father, in whose image they were created and of whose attributes they were endowed to human perfection - it is rather impiously said that, because of this weakness of His own work, the All-wise and All-worthy God repented of having made the first of mankind, and resolved to destroy them forthwith and forever. It is further declared of the Supreme Being that, though an arrangement has been made for the conditional restoration of mankind to His primitive favor, He is still "angry with the wicked every day," until they repent of Adam's sin and believe, in the superstitious matter of the Christian tenet. I say superstitious, because this allegation of God's cherished displeasure is the first principle or foundation of doctrinal Christianity; and therefore if that is untrue, the whole system is false by logical construction, though it were not essentially absurd.

Now it comes to the light of rational investigation, that such a personage as the temporary lord of Eden never existed - that our first parents, instead of Adam and Eve, were the positive and negative forces of Nature, native to the contact of Spirit and Matter, by whose incessant transformations all things are born into consecutive being, of which Man is the earthly ultimate; that our first personal parents were a little less than human - the most humanist of ante-human brains; that Eden, too, is not a wail of history, but a prophecy of Hope and lesson of Progress, to be realized in the maturity of mundane and human nature. We learn that man has never fallen - has never incurred the displeasure of his Heavenly Father - was never in that predicament to which the plan of redemption applies. In fact, the world is not miraculously lost, and therefore there is no occasion for a miraculous Saviour. It turns out that the ecclesiastical Christ is a nullity - that Jesus did not die for Man or God's sake - that no Lamb of God was ever slain, because no sacrifice was ever divinely prized or humanly needed; vicarious punishment being unjust, remission of sins being impossible, and every soul being so morally and rationally constituted as to enjoy or suffer the fruit of its own doings, here and hereafter; so that Heaven is free for all in the measure that each has earned it. Therefore the doctrine of "Atonement" is either a priestly hoax or a penitential blunder, and Christianity is a complication of miracles - a manifold absurdity, if not the ugliest imposture that ever fooled mankind. This description must suffice. The reader who may desire a more thorough analysis of this sacred superstition, with an account of its Pauline origin, and the evidence of its perfect distinction from the Gospel of Jesus, is respectfully referred to my former work, entitled "THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM." I go now to discover the moral effects of this long and widely cherished misbelief.

I do not pretend to say that nominal Christianity is entirely useless, or that the Church has affected nothing for the good of mankind in the name of her faith. I freely admit that clergymen have preached and laymen practiced morality, and that many Christians have sustained the character of good citizens. But I claim that this is in no wise impartable to religious error, or faith in fancy, but plainly to so much personal development as issues from other sources, and to so much moral principle as the clergy are thus moved to tolerate, whose preaching always savors more of faith in Christ than of the rational incentives to Virtue. From misbelief proceeds no righteous act. I insist on a rigid discrimination between what is falsely called Christianity, and its essential elements; and I mean only these when I say of this sheer implement of priestly arrogance and laic servility -

1. Christianity wars with Reason, by prohibiting investigation except within the narrow circle of its own assumption.

This fact is so externally manifest that nobody can ignore it who goes to meeting or has ever lived in a parish. The reason of it, too, is quite conceivable. Sacred assumptions admit of no question, because their very guise is mystery and their very essence implicit faith. To understand them would dissipate their sacredness and transform them into profane truths or still profaner fallacies. But there can be no knowledge without inquiry, the germ of which is doubt - the very negation of religious belief. Believers are no doubters, therefore they cannot begin to know anything of the substance of their creed. Albeit, this rationale does not discover the substratum of implicitness whereby one believes without evidence; which none can do in a normal state of mind. For their is no such thing as a rational belief of what is absurd or improbable. Let us see.

Belief is always something less than knowledge, which, as Webster tells us, is "a clear and certain perception of that which exists, or of truth and fact," whereas belief is merely "a persuasion of the truth of something," whether it be real or imaginary - it may be with partial evidence or none at all. Perfect evidence is knowledge, which excludes and supersedes belief. Partial evidence, or its preponderation when there are more reasons for thinking a proposition true than false, constitutes rational belief. But the belief of what is improbable or absurd is of course without any evidence, and implies not only disuse of reason, but its repulsion. The belief of Christians is thus irrational, and a perfect example of superstition. They believe through the principle of fear, because "he that believeth not shall be damned." They do their best, indeed, to affect a worthier motive, but fail to realize or make it appear. The Christian system is accepted by its most zealous advocates only as a profound mystery which it is not lawful to pry into. And why not lawful? Because of an insuperable consciousness on the part of the most confident believer, that Revelation is at variance with Reason, and weaker than its adversary - that his faith is certain to be exploded by inquiry. And yet he clings to it as the only anchor of Hope. To a free-thinker who has never studied it, this religious folly is incomprehensible. Perhaps none but its freed victims know how to account for their former delusion. I happen to be of this unenvied class, and am writing what I have come to know by experience.

The substratum of Christian faith, or belief with-

out evidence, is an insane mentality which is induced, or induced, in three ways - by Christian parentage, by Christian nurture, and by Christian sympathy; the last resulting from Christianizing agencies, or those ecclesiastical methods of proselytism which are commonly styled "the means of grace." Every child of zealous Christian parents is born a Christian, and with just that sectarian bias which characterizes the mother's devotion. This is the proper key to all ecclesiastical affinities - the prime reason why one youth is attracted to this denomination and another to that, irrespective of both example and precept, and prior to the age of intellectual development enough to distinguish one creed from another.

For myself, I do not remember the time when I was not a Methodist, until that solemn epoch in my religious experience when I was rationally and conscientiously advised that I could worship no longer after the manner I had done for thirty years, without becoming a hypocrite! Here was the greatest cross of my life: to dissolve a membership which I prized in behalf of friendship, yet could not retain without a lie in my right hand - to cease from devotional exercises which I inveterately loved, but could not practice for Heaven's sake. I have never regretted having borne that last of my Christian crosses; but I have no pride in saying that I withdrew from the pale of the Church on tip-toe, as it were, as noiselessly as possible, not to hurt the feelings of my blind associates, of whom and most compassionate was my dear old mother, who lived and died in the same spell of devotion to which I was pre-natally affectioned. I honored Conscience, for the time, by burning the four certificates of good-standing which I had received from as many branches of the Wesleyan Order, with which I had been successively connected. Was it right thus privately to renounce my hereditary belief at the instance of later conviction? I supposed it was; but I have never been quite satisfied with my neglect to exhort my brethren in error. Wherever I read of others who have been kicked out of the Church on asking a gentle leave to withdraw, I am apt to wish I also had tested the quality of that sectarian fellowship which I probably sacrificed for more than its worth.

But I was a Christian by education as well as birth. My religious experience, as I now clearly see, was a long and variable effect of ecclesiastical associations. When I joined the Church I was too young to understand the terms of the creed which I embraced without a question or a shadow of doubt. My faith was never fathomed, but only felt. I ignored the fact that my professed conversion was the unwitting sanction of my religious associates, and that nothing but their prayerful solicitude in my behalf made me first a counterfeit sinner and then a concealed saint. The Holy Ghost, as with all such simple believers, became my familiar spirit; though I was no supersensuous seer, and knew as little of psychology as the minister that christened me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY J. M. JACKSON.

The clairvoyant vision is frequently developed by human manipulation; but after the subject has sufficiently advanced under the influence of mundane magnetism, he has the power to enter upon the seeing plane by his own efforts, without the aid of a magnetiser. This, also, will depend upon the nature of the object to be investigated. Communications through a seeing medium often partake of his own peculiarities, and it is difficult to determine whether they arrive at their perceptions by their own exertions or by superior influence. It is believed that the power of seeing spirits resides in all mankind, but is very seldom active. In many it is suppressed by reason, as the brain can contend and resist, and in its natural state of vigilance it feels little or nothing of the spirit. Those who investigate the psychical phenomena developed by magnetism, may be of great use in furthering the interest of science and morality; they may demonstrate that there is an internal avenue to the mind, while it presents man to us, but in his relation to the spirit-world as well as to the natural. Placed by clairvoyance in direct communication with the spiritual world, rendered capable by the laws of his being of receiving inspirations and intelligences from there, he thus becomes, as it were, a magnetic link in the chain of the vast spiritual creation, as by his organization he is still in direct relation with the mundane sphere. A great number of clairvoyants, when under the influence of intense intelligence totally foreign to their own minds, can perceive possible means of information, and do often prophesy events which are to happen, and which do take place, in regard to matters with which they have no connection, and of which they have no knowledge. The reliability of spiritual impressions and visions depend upon the size and activity of the phenological development and health of the brain system. A spirit in the body can awaken the dormant spiritual faculties by magnetism, so as to completely govern the soul and bestow on it an impetus that accelerates its progress in knowledge. Thus the operator produces a purely spiritual phenomena; and disembodied spirits aid him in the process. Phenology teaches that there is an organ in the brain they call vision, and by faces prove that those who have that organ sufficiently large, can see apparitions, lights, landscapes, and other objects not seen by other persons. Or, in proportion to the quantity of phosphorescent power lodged in the brain, so far will they be clairvoyant - according to this power will their visions be infallible or unreliable, clear or clouded. Other clairvoyants have the power to see visions in a globe of rock crystal; a mist slowly appears on its surface, in the midst of which scenes are depicted of the present, past, and the future.

Clairvoyants are susceptible to atmospheric changes. One can see the best in a warm climate; another would prefer a cold, clear atmosphere, where the air was bracing and the district hilly. All, however, are affected by their surroundings. If it is possible, clairvoyants who desire to investigate the gifts should reside among people who are congenial to them. All controlling causes, whether of a domestic nature or not, disturb the brain; crowded and heated rooms, and all excitements that jar upon the sensitive nerves of a clairvoyant, should be avoided. They must be treated like a delicate instrument, that even the gentle breeze of summer would disarrange, and convert its harmonious sounds into discord. There is nothing in Nature that will induce clairvoyance as quickly as frequent exercise in the open air. The sun's life-preserving heat has a great influence in the development. The rays of the moon will powerfully affect the seer. A sail on the water, with the moon shining down upon it, with its thousand reflections, is of the greatest advantage to the clairvoyant. It has been induced in certain conditions by standing on a bridge over a flowing stream. Thus can be called into aid, air, the rays of the sun and moon, water, and human magnetism. When a sensitive person has been under the influence, a magnetic sleep or trance, can be produced by steadily gazing upon a small, bright object, or by closing the eyes, and excluding every distracting thought from the mind. The trance once procured, they become independent clairvoyants.

Swedenborg became a seer in the fifty-third year of his age, and well attested facts of his powers are recorded. A natural capacity and healthy organization are requisite to form a good clairvoyant. Purity of mind and purpose will accomplish more than the iron tripod of the Delphic Pythoness, Mesmer's rod, laurel leaves, or witch hazel. The purer the mind, the more intellectual and healthful the magnetism, the more exalted the visions, the aspirations, the health, safety and moral condition of the clairvoyant will become.

For the Banner of Light.

THE ROBBER DISARMED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PRUTZ, BY J. M. ALLEN.

At a solitary crossing, Behind a lofty crucifix, Sat a robber, silent, watching; In his hand a naked sabre And a pistol heavy-loaded, For he wished to seize a merchant, Who with money in rich plenty, Who with cloths and generous wine, Was returning from the market.

Now below the sun was sinking, Through the clouds the moon was rising, And the robber sat awaiting, Behind the lofty crucifix.

Hark! to sounds like angel-voices! Gentle sighs, entreaties earnest, Come like evening-bells so clearly, Through the balmy air they come Sweet with tones all unaccustomed, On his ear a prayer is stealing! And he stands, and listens eager: "O Thou Patron of the lonely! "O Thou Guardian of the lost! Turn, oh! turn thy heavenly face, Bright and smiling like the sun, Down on us poor little ones! - Extend, we pray, thy loving arms Kindly 'round our dear, good father, That no storm the road may ruin, That his good steed may not stumble, Nor the robbers, silent, waiting, In the forest wild waylay him. O Thou Patron of the lonely! O Thou Guardian of the lost! Bring us home with our good father!" And the robber heard it all From behind the crucifix.

Thereupon the youngest, kneeling, Folding sweet his little hands: "Jesus, dear!" childlike he prattled - "Ah! I know Thou art almighty, Sitting on the Throne of Heaven, 'Mong the glittering stars so bright, 'Mong the loving angels merry, (For mamma has told me of it), Oh! be merciful, dear Jesus! Give the robbers, daring robbers, Give them bread - bread in abundance! That they may not need to plunder, Nor to murder our dear father! Knew I where a robber was, I would give to him this chain, And this cross and girdle, too; Saying to him, 'Friend, dear robber, Take this cross, this chain and girdle! That you may not need to plunder, Nor to murder our dear father!' " And the robber heard it all, From behind the crucifix.

And from far, he hears it nearer - Rumbling wheels and horses neighing, Slowly now the pistol seizes - Thus he stands, intently musing, Thus behind the crucifix.

Still the children down are kneeling: "O Thou Patron of the lonely! "O Thou Guardian of the lost! Bring us home with our dear father!"

Lo! now comes the father, riding Unendangered, all unharmed! Claps the children to his bosom - Bless'd prattle! kisses sweet! And no robber did they see; Only found a naked sabre, Found a pistol heavy-loaded, Just behind the crucifix!

Mrs. Stowe's Arrival in California, &c.

DEAR BANNER - Last winter I wrote you a letter from this place, which you kindly published. In the same number you published a letter from Mrs. C. M. Stowe, announcing her intention of removing to California for the benefit of her health. Her letter to the Banner from Fort Kearney, informed us that she was on the plains, and of her improving health.

Last Wednesday evening, on returning to my office after a day's absence, I was informed that a man by the name of Stowe, an emigrant, had called and wished to see me. He was in camp under the bluff above town. With a progressive friend, who happened to be with me, I started immediately for the camp.

We had been anxiously expecting this "train" for some weeks, and begun to entertain fears that the Indians might have cut off the party, or that the fatigue of overland travel had proved too much for Mrs. Stowe's frail form. As we hurried to the camp, we found our joy outdone by the boisterous demonstrations of welcome, that would ill accord with the dignity of the noted lecturer. In answer to our inquiries for Mr. Stowe, we were pointed to a tent about ten feet square. It was of the common kind used by emigrants. Inside there was spread a carpet of thick canvas, on which lay their bed of quilts and blankets. Here sat and reclined Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and Mr. and Mrs. Beech. The children and other members of their families were around the camp-fire near the wagons. I have the ladies' permission to give you a description of their appearance as they arrived in California.

Mrs. Stowe has entirely recovered her health, and frequently rides on horseback twelve or fifteen miles a day. She was dressed in a Bloomer costume, which long service on the plains and contact with the ever-present sage-bush had rendered somewhat ragged. Her hair was confined by a net, which was held in place by a shoestring. The metallic ends of this string and of two similar ones which formed a watch-guard, were the only articles of jewelry discernable. Around her neck was a faded scarf, the ends of which were thrown over her shoulder. In traveling she had worn a hat with a very narrow brim, which protected only the upper part of her forehead; the rest of the face was sun-burned to nearly the color of the Indian, excepting a streak on each side of the face and under the chin, which had been covered with the hat-strings, and looked as if recently shaved. Mrs. Beech looked like Mrs. Stowe, only "a little more so," and we cannot wonder that the Sioux Indians mistook her for one of their own tribe. The whole party were in good health and fine spirits. They remained with us three days, and, for the Spiritualists of the Valley it was a continued feast. Mrs. Stowe delivered one public lecture to a large and interested audience. The evenings were spent in social converse with friends in and out of the form, until the "vee, amn' hours ayont the twal." This morning they started over the mountains. Mrs. Stowe promises to re-visit us in California, and Mrs. Beech will settle permanently in this Valley, but they must first visit other parts of the State.

The party passed through the usual dangers, and experienced the usual difficulties and hardships of overland travel. Mrs. Stowe is now, with renewed physical strength and with all her wonted energy and devotion, in a field where rich harvests await her labor. In California there is less bigotry, superstition and priestcraft than was found by the pioneers in Eastern fields of labor. But in most places the progressive element lies dormant; thought must be awakened and organizations established.

We ask all Spiritualists coming overland to California, to take this route and make themselves known in Honey Lake Valley. Yours truly, Wm. J. Youns.

Susanville, Honey Lake City, Cal., Sept. 10, 1864.

Our Washington Letter.

THE CAUSE SPREADING—NEW MEDIUMS—LECTURES—MR. FORSTER.

If not occupying in the columns of the Banner which would be devoted to more valuable matter, allow me to state the gratifying fact that Spiritualism has recently taken a fresh start in this city, the Capital of the Nation. I see persons now interested who for long years have been devoting with tireless energy their physical and mental powers to business, to greed and gain; men who in the pecuniary battle of life were volunteers from the start, and who, ever since, have been fighting with a desperation which increases as they advance upon the enemy; and though oft repulsed, still continue the fight with a courage which defeat seems only to augment. A class of men who are serving their lord and master, Mammon, with martyrlike devotion; living with an eye single to the glory of their pockets; acknowledging no fealty to any world but this—the prize of their high calling, the gloss and glitter which perishes in the getting. This class of men, usually the last to be interested, are of their own accord seeking with commendable zeal, manifestly with earnest desire, to know the truth of this spiritual philosophy—are calling for spiritual facts and demanding their satisfactory solution.

When the light of Spiritualism penetrates the deep-seated aversion of men, making the hitherto obdurate heart yield to its benign influence, it is indeed working wonders, if not miracles. Yet such are some of the significant results of the progress of our cause here at the seat of Government. But Heaven knows there is need of making a palpable impression here, for probably in no other place on this continent are the incrustations of materialism so thick-ribbed and adamant as in Washington.

Just here let me mention an interesting fact which occurred one evening last week, while attending a private séance at the residence of a skeptical friend, in company with Mr. Forster, and a gifted lady medium of this city, and others. Among the invited guests were several members of the Press, accompanied by one of the most distinguished literary men of Washington, a graduate of one of the English Universities, a rare traveler and linguist, an author of several important works, a translator for the Government, and withal an Editor. The company, after indulging in a lengthened conversation upon Spiritualism and its relations, gathered round the piano, and the lady medium, while playing and singing, became entranced, and improvised a sweetly beautiful spirit song, accompanying herself on the instrument, greatly to the delectation of all present. After this she was controlled by the spirit of a little Indian girl, who, with all the artlessness, vivacity and peculiarities which characterize that class, had a sprightly word to say to each of the party, but particularly to the distinguished visitor; affirming with emphasis that he was bright and beautiful in spirit, that a great spirit stood beside him with a shaped head just like his, that he wore a wide turn-down collar, and his name was Shakespeare.

This evidently surprised the gentleman more than it did some others there. But the Indian girl soon left, and the ever welcome Prof. Dayton took possession of friend Forster, who addressed us briefly on the superiority of the spiritual faith to that of the popular theology, concluding with an exceedingly pertinent poem. I noticed the gentleman, before alluded to, listened with rapt attention till the conclusion, when he stepped forward a space or two, and spoke with an altered tone for several minutes in commendatory terms of the views just uttered; also concluding his remarks with an impromptu poem, but a poem which for beauty and power is rarely excelled if equaled, and recited with mysterious and powerful effect.

Recovering himself in a minute, we found the gentleman was totally unconscious of what had happened, of any lapse of time, &c., asserting that the friends were trying to hoax him. Not until we had solemnly reiterated our statement, would he give it credence, and then manifestly with great reluctance.

Our lectures for the season auspiciously began on Sunday evening the 2d inst, with an able discourse, a large audience, and the best of attention. Dr. Horace Drosser was chosen President, Mr. Horton, Treasurer and Secretary, with an Executive Committee, composed of both sexes.

The widely and well known pioneer, Thomas Gales Forster, opened the course. Perhaps no one of our speakers has traveled so extensively and spoken in so many places in the United States, under such varied and peculiar circumstances, yet ever with marked success, as has Mr. Forster. Beginning at St. Louis a dozen years ago, he has been the entire circuit. From the extremities of Maine to those of Texas, in every State and in all the larger places throughout the land, has he stood upon the spiritual rostrum and uttered the truths of the spiritual philosophy. The usually controlling spirit, Prof. Dayton, is always happy, eloquent, intellectual, and deeply philosophical. Even men of thought and culture, who repudiate Spiritualism and all its concomitants, acknowledge this, as indeed they are obliged to, though they are not inclined to do it always with the best of grace.

Bro. Forster, often traduced and condemned without cause, by the unsparring, himself and the cause insulted by enemies, ridiculed and abused by the unfriendly, even false stories put in circulation by those claiming to be friends, no wonder he at times has felt almost disheartened, felt more than half resolved to forever withdraw from the public platform. Doubtless this has been the painful experience of every public speaker in our ranks—and who can really blame them? With natures attuned and sensitive beyond the realization of ordinary humanity, they are not only subjected to the processes of spiritualization constantly going on within, but to a far more than average share of the conflicts without. But I am glad that to-day he remains firm and true to the faith, strong and earnest in the cause with which he has been so long identified, and in which he has done such sturly, yeomanlike, and blessed good. God bless our brave pioneers! Ever may their arms be sustained, their hearts encouraged, and their precious lives prolonged. May the united prayers of that vast army of Spiritualists in America, each one of whom is under eternal obligations to these worthy subjects of angel bands, gratefully ascend in their behalf, to the Father and Mother All Merciful. God bless our noble pioneers, and bless too none the less, our mediums of every period of service and of every state of development.

Bro. Forster is to be with us five Sundays in all. Mrs. Frances Lord Bond, I believe, is engaged for November. Thus you see good things are in store for us. G. A. B. Washington, Oct. 12, 1864.

Do not make mouths at the public because it does not accept you at your own fancied valuation. Do the best you can, bide your time with patience, and if there is anything in you it will work its way to the surface.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through careful, reverent study of facts, at the knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Truth Making Its Way.

If we do not fret greatly about the slow progress of truth, we may rest assured that it will make its own way in the world. The agencies are too various and powerful to give us any uneasiness about results. We have but to perform our parts as they come up, to abide in faith and trust, to cooperate actively with our wills and prayers, and what we would heartily see accomplished will certainly be accomplished.

Just at the time when it would seem that the pulpits and press have become thoroughly tired of deriding the phenomena—but never the philosophy—of Spiritualism, we discover that public attention is newly excited to the same by one cause and another, as if the invisible powers were resolved that these things should not rest where they are. Persons are suddenly made to feel an interest in the phenomena who were anything but believers before. A new class of individuals appear to be drawn to the work of investigation. The very papers—styling themselves solid and respectable, weighty and reasonable, commercial and matter-of-fact—which have hitherto felt far above paying the least attention to these things, all at once have a class of phenomena thrust upon their attention which they cannot put aside, and are therefore compelled to notice and comment upon with as much candor and sincerity as they can command.

Just now, the Eddy Brothers, two young men from New Hampshire, are exciting the attention of some of the more staid and "respectable" journals of the metropolis. The New York Commercial Advertiser, for example, in its issue of October 14th, has a leader on their startling performances. After speaking of their séances in Brooklyn, which had been attended by a great number of skeptics, and remarking that the majority of those who attended the same were fixed in their belief (prejudice?) that the Brothers were somehow in league with the Evil One—the Commercial proceeds to describe a séance, held the evening before, at which the two Brothers and their sister presided. About twenty-five persons were present, skeptics and believers being equally divided. We append the description, so far as our space allows:

"A circle of eight persons was formed around a circular pine table at which the Brothers sat with a skeptic placed between them. All hands were then joined, and another circle was formed of all the persons in the room, the hands being joined to prevent any person from rising and to preserve the continuity of the electric current." As soon as the light was extinguished, the operating powers (whoever they may be), began playing upon violins, tambourines, ringing bells, beating drums, and doing sundry other things of a funny description. Persons in the circle were manipulated by mysterious fingers, beat upon the head and breast with the musical instruments, and one gentleman was so mercilessly pounded by the "spirits" that he was obliged to change his base and beat a hasty retreat.

The most curious feature of the performance, however, was the operation of lifting the table (the gaslight being turned on in full force) which was done in this manner: The circle around the table was broken, no persons remaining except the Brothers and their sister. These mediums merely placed the ends of their fingers upon the table, which was overturned. Four gentlemen then stepped forward and undertook to place the table upon its legs. Their efforts proving unsuccessful, three more persons came to the assistance of the baffled four. They hung their full weight upon the table which was lifted at least five feet from the floor, but the article of furniture could not be placed in its proper position on the floor. After considerable struggling with the "spirits," the table parted and put an end to the fun.

The Commercial adds another performance, and concludes by remarking that the exhibition afforded much "fun" and "mystery." But it makes no comments. Not a syllable escapes it in relation to the character of the proceedings, or to their significance. But it is something to find the proceedings thus prominently stated in a leading editorial. It shows that attention has been awakened and that a profound impression has been made, and this is good enough evidence that the phenomena of Spiritualism are still making their way in the public mind, and that when it was insisted by interested disbelievers that the subject had long ago died out of popular attention, it had but taken a new start and was likely to keep it actively going until it made converts everywhere.

In the Commercial of the 17th, we find the editors returning to the subject again: this time only to quote, with a very few comments, what the London Post (Government organ) has to say about the Davenport Brothers in England. This very quotation in the editorial columns shows that the New York Journal is alive to the interest of the matter. We would here state that, for the gratification of our readers, we have transferred to our columns the entire article on the manifestations of the Davenports in London, which may be found on our eighth page.

Thus the commercial journals of New York and the Government organ in England are taking up a subject which the little priests and penny-trumpet papers around us are continually asserting to be dead and passed out of existence long ago. We instance such facts merely to assure our readers that the great, fundamental laws of our beautiful philosophy are being all the while illustrated and set forth by the aid of phenomena which first arrest the attention, and then make converts and firm believers. Let us but do our own duty, and the invisibles will bless our pathway with most joyous visions of the workings of our clovating and saving faith. The cause of Spiritualism was never more flourishing and vigorous than it is to-day.

The Two Worlds.

Our spirit friends inform us that there are as many disembodied souls knocking at the doors of human hearts as there are human hearts on earth. Not a single person lives here that is not applied to, whether we know it or not. The two worlds are so intimately blended, that we are continually surrounded by these anxious visitors. They fill our atmosphere, are in our offices, workshops and dwellings, everywhere, influencing us mortals continually. This being the case, our spirit friends desire us to pray earnestly for those to approach us who can come giving the most wisdom.

Monopolies.

Perhaps it is not of any use to cry out against them, for it is urged that no perceptible result is reached by the process; and then, on the other hand, it is stated, and with real truth, that unless abuses were talked about before the public, were discussed, harangued upon, ventilated by every verbal method, and pressed even forcibly upon the attention of the people, they would soon come to wield a power little short of a tyranny, by reason of that habit of obedience and conformity into which the mass is too apt to relapse unless perpetually quickened and stimulated by outside applications. In this particular service the press is an agent of the very highest popular use, and especially that portion of the press which is untrammelled by obligation to the powerful combinations whose tyranny is so keenly felt.

In the city of New York, just now, the great body of the people—including rich as well as poor—are very much exercised about an attempt of the horse-railroad companies to add another cent to the rates of fare which is fixed by law; that is, while the law distinctly permits the companies to charge the sum of five cents, and directs that but five cents shall be taken, the companies now attempt to collect six, and have in numerous instances resorted to violence in order to extort the illegal fee. This they have no right to do, and they well know they exceed the authority of their charters when they attempt it. The people of New York are supposed to own the streets of the city in common. They saw fit to grant to certain railroad corporations the privilege of laying their tracks and running their cars in the same, on condition that they were themselves to receive the benefit of riding at a cost of five cents. The companies never could have got their charters in the first place, but for pledging themselves to keep their cars running for the use of the citizens, at that specific rate. But now having got fairly seated in the enjoyment of their privilege, and feeling so comfortable with it as to want to expand it into the form of a distinct and more or less irresponsible power, they naturally excite the opposition, and even the indignation of the public, between whom and themselves a contest has begun which promises to be both long and lively.

The case is certainly a plain one, and should be decided upon by the Common Council of New York in a very few minutes. The company has exceeded its powers, and its charter deserves to be revoked. Instead of that, however, the complaints of the citizens are not likely to be heeded by the Common Council at all; and one of the leading journals of the city is forced to acknowledge that these corporations have "a way" of managing with the city authorities, which makes the chances of redress for the public exceedingly few. It therefore appeals to the rich to come forward manfully and rescue the privileges and rights of the poor from destruction. It has to concede that unless this spirit of oppression on the part of corporations is broken down, the results to the public will be even worse than many persons fear to-day. The admission is publicly made, that there is no virtue in law or justice in and of itself; but that it must be backed by the power of wealth in order to have any effect on the side of the community at large.

The same abuses are charged against the gas company of the metropolis. And similar ones could readily be charged upon almost all forms of combinations, where wealth is the chief pursuit and poor human nature is all that happens to be in the way of those who pursue it. It is, in truth, the spirit of the task-master, who stands over his slaves and extorts work out of them—which is wealth to him—at the end of the lash. There is nothing but that in it of about it. We make loud complaints at the North against the hardness of Southern servitude, and compel the body of the people here to empty their pockets to us whenever we take a fancy to having them furnish us with more money.

The whole business of monopolies is a species of tyranny, and of the most grinding sort; for where it is allowed almost uninterrupted sway, as in the case of corporations and companies, it lays heavier burdens on the backs of the people than black slaves ever bore; for it takes those who have once enjoyed the highest and sweetest pleasures of social life, and debases them so far as it can to the level of servitude. How many a poor girl has been supporting herself and her mother at home, during these weary years of the war, by earning but a few cents a day in sewing on army clothing, the contractor meantime increasing his bank deposits by the thousands! His wealth has thus been made out of the tears, and weariness, and heart-sickness of helpless females, old and young. He has been allowed to work them as the slaveholder works his slaves, and a good deal worse; for he uses up fine sensibilities with which slaves have as yet but an imperfect knowledge, to say the least. The monopoly system is the tyrant of the age, and will either have to deal more justly or else come to its final end by violence.

Conjurors Puzzled.

The last London Spiritual Times contains a statement that Prof. Anderson, the renowned necromancer—who has of late years made pretensions of exposing the spiritual-physical manifestations—was invited to attend a séance of Mr. Home's, at the instance of Prince Napoleon, and it appears the prince of conjurors saw something quite beyond his comprehension, for he admitted that "what he witnessed could not be accounted for on the principles of his profession."

Another conjuror by the name of Taylor, who has for several years professed to expose the spiritual manifestations at the Polytechnic and the Colosseum, has now recanted, says the Times, and testifies to the truth of Spiritualism. Our readers will remember that Simmons, another distinguished necromancer, attempted in this country a few months ago to expose the physical part of the spiritual phenomena. At one of the Davenport séances he was placed in the cabinet with the boys after they were securely tied; and after he came out he confessed that "it was wonderful!" adding, "If it is a trick, it is a puzzle to me; I cannot account for it; I felt six distinct hands all at one time on various parts of my body."

Many of the most hardened and bitter skeptics and pretending "exposers" are becoming converted to the truth of Spiritualism. This verifies the fact that truth is powerful, and must ultimately prevail.

The Maryland New Constitution.

We may extend congratulations to Maryland as a now and redeemed sister in the family of States. In the recent election, her citizens voted on the question of a New Constitution, the main provision of which was the abolishment of slavery within her borders. For a time, it appeared as if the Constitution was lost; but a little patient waiting, and a more careful counting of votes, has disclosed the fact that the new instrument has secured a majority of votes, and that henceforth Maryland is a free State, carrying free institutions down to the Potomac.

N. Frank White's Lectures.

On Sunday Oct. 16th, Mr. White occupied the desk at Lyceum Hall, in this city, afternoon and evening. He had not spoken here before for about five years. He was then considered a great acquisition in the lecturing field, but we must confess that he has very much improved since then, and now ranks with the best male inspirational speakers. He is a fine orator, and would thus hold an audience, even if his subject did not; but his discourses are of a high order, and command the closest attention.

The Educators of the Soul was his afternoon theme. Going back to the first dawn of the soul's development, he traced along the footprints of the Educator, Experience, as he strove with individuals as well as nations, till he arrived at that glorious epoch when Liberty, Equality and Fraternity would be proudly borne aloft on the banners of the age. In reaching this point, he however touched upon many important issues, reminding us of our duty to our God, our country, humanity, and our eternal selves; urging a performance of that duty with a hopeful and earnest will, as we were not alone in this work, for there were hosts in the world above looking down upon us and uniting their efforts with ours. He then closed his discourse, while the fire of inspiration was still upon him, with a fine original poem, the burden of which was, I list to the voice of the angel that teaches the soul.

In the evening, he spoke upon "The Great Political and Religious Convulsions of the Age." He gave the cause, the effect, and what he inspirationally felt would be the result of the struggle in this country at the present day. It was one of those strong appeals to the hearts of the people, which are welcomed by many just at this important crisis of our country.

Another Medium gone to the Spirit-Land.

We are informed by a letter from Rev. T. P. Nisbett, of Pontiac, Michigan, of the departure to the spirit-world on the 7th of August last, of Mrs. Lydia Brotherton, wife of Samuel Brotherton, of Pontiac, Mich. Mrs. B. was well known in the West and portions of New England, as a trance speaking medium. At the time of her decease she was in Norwalk, Conn., in which State she was laboring to spread the gospel of truth. Not being physically strong, the extreme hot weather brought on a malady which she could not combat successfully, and her noble and pure soul passed on to receive and enjoy the richly deserved blessings in store for her in the land of immortality. Mrs. Brotherton was developed first as a rapping, tipping and moving medium, in 1852, at which time she was a worthy and influential member of the Baptist Church; but for the last six years she has been lecturing as a trance speaker, besides being a successful healing medium. The sublime truths of Spiritualism were the spiritual food upon which her soul fed and was sustained and made happy, and she felt it to be her duty to impart those great truths to hungry and needy souls, and accordingly freely gave her services to the work, accepting for compensation the satisfaction of knowing that she had been the means of bringing many out of darkness into the light. She was loved and esteemed by a multitude of friends, who will miss her form from their midst, but will often realize the presence of her spirit, cheering and encouraging them to persevere in the great and good work in redeeming the world from the darkness of superstition and moral bondage.

Physical Manifestations in the Light.

The manifestations by spirit-power, through the mediumship of Henry B. Allen, a young lad from Vermont, as we learn from reliable sources, are of a remarkable character, and are creating more sensation than usual, inasmuch as they are all done in the light. While the boy is in plain sight of all in the room, musical instruments are played upon, and spirit-hands to the number of five and six, are seen at the same time—giving great satisfaction to all who witness the phenomena. Mr. J. H. Randall, an able lecturer in the spiritual field, a short time since met this boy-medium in Vermont, and was so struck with the truthfulness and convincing character of the manifestations through him, that he engaged his services to travel with him in his lecturing tours; and, we doubt not, their united efforts will be the means of opening the windows and letting in the light on the souls of many who are now suffering for the want of it. We hope they will make a visit to this city before long. There are hosts of people here who are continually crying, "Let us see these things done in the light, and then we will believe." To all such we say; Be patient, for that time is surely coming.

The Friend of Progress.

A monthly periodical bearing the above title has, Phoenix-like, arisen from the ashes of the late Herald of Progress. It is published by C. M. Plumb & Co., at 274 Canal street, New York. The editor hopes, as its title implies, that it will more and more nearly approximate to the true standard of a faithful, earnest, and intelligent Friend of Human Progress. Its contents are varied. The leading paper—"The New Religion of Nature: A Discourse by Rev. O. B. Frothingham"—is an able production. Professor Brittan furnishes a melange of good things—"from an Editor's Portfolio." A. J. Davis and Mary E. Davis contribute to its pages. "Atomic Progress," by P. P. Lounsbury, is a very interesting essay. Various other topics are treated upon, with what ability the reader must judge for himself. The Friend of Progress is a very neat pamphlet of thirty-two pages, and is afforded at the extremely low price of \$2.00 per annum; single copies twenty cents. We hope its publishers will meet with success in this their new enterprise.

Editorial Perplexities.

A poet once said: "There is a pleasure in the pathless wood; There is a rapture on the lonely shore; There is a society where none intrude."

With such feelings, it would not have been a very comfortable position, we opine, had he been in the flesh to-day, occupying an editor's sanctum. Besides numerous callers to consume his precious time, an editor is obliged to peruse a vast amount of matter sent for publication of no sort of utility to the reader, and much that is, that it would puzzle the brain of a Shakespeare to decipher. And the editor is obliged (or offend somebody,) to publish all he receives, with the request, in numerous cases, to correct the grammar, punctuation, spelling, etc. Truly an editor's position is an unenviable one.

Our Free Circles.

These circles are fully attended at the present time, and visitors seem to be well pleased with the knowledge they derive from attending them. Be it remembered, our doors are open free to ALL—alike to rich and poor, high and low, saint and sinner, infidel and Christian. As we freely receive, so we freely dispense the bread of life to the famishing ones of earth.

New Publications.

MORNING LECTURES.—We have just received from the publishers, O. M. Plumb & Co., New York, a very neat volume of four hundred and thirty-four pages, bearing the above title. This book comprises twenty discourses delivered before the Friends of Progress in the city of New York in the Winter and Spring of 1863, by Andrew Jackson Davis. We shall notice it more in detail in a future issue of the Banner.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY for November has been placed on our table by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. It contains the second paper of J. Ross Brown's tour through Arizona, with illustrations; A cruise on the "Sassacus," is also nicely illustrated. Altogether this is a rich number, being the last one of volume twenty-nine.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for November abounds with beautiful illustrations, fashion-plates, and choice literary matter. From its pages we learn that it has attained a large circulation, and its publishers are aiming to rival the three dollar magazines. Price \$2.00 per year. Now is a good time to subscribe. A sewing machine premium is also given on certain terms. Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—We have received a catalogue of the officers and students of Harvard University for the academic year 1864-5. First Term. Published by Sever & Francis, Cambridge. The above sufficiently indicates its contents.

Mr. Stephens's Letter.

The rebel "vice-president" has written a letter to some of his fellow-citizens of Georgia, on the matter of the war and of peace. He is averse to further hostilities, and would be grateful for no blessing more than for that of peace. He goes for a suspension of the war, to begin with—and for a convention of the States as a final resort for the restoration of the integrity of the nation. But he does not pledge himself or his followers to abide by the result of that convention. He explicitly states, on the contrary, that peace cannot be secured permanently to the country except by the general admission of the complete sovereignty of the several States. In other words, by conceding just all we have been forced to war for, and to that extent justifying the rebellion, we may have peace. That would be to admit that any State could at any time break up the Union, and that, even if we came out with no more than a united North, the real bond of Union would be gone! The letter of Mr. Stephens will have no practical effect.

Annie Lord Chamberlain.

A writer in the London Spiritual Magazine, who spent a couple of months in this country last winter, and while in this city, had an opportunity of attending several of the séances given by Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, gives a very interesting detail of the physical manifestations in her presence by spirit-power. In speaking of the lady he says: "Mrs. Chamberlain is well known to New England Spiritualists, and throughout the States, as a most estimable lady of the highest character, and one who, from her childhood, has struggled against the accession of the influences which exercise such extraordinary control over her, and to which she is entirely passive. A gentle, intelligent, unassuming lady, probably but little more than twenty years of age, with fair complexion, regular features, and cheerful expression of face, there is no indication of any peculiar organization, special capacity, or idiosyncrasy. I observed her for some time previous to each sitting in familiar intercourse with her visitors, and I feel convinced that the most ordinary as well as the most experienced judge of character, would unhesitatingly declare that intentional deception was quite foreign to her nature—was, indeed, with her an impossibility. The slightest hint of it suddenly discerned her as it never does a trained impostor—and she gives to the skeptical every facility for detection and scrutiny." Mrs. Chamberlain has re-commenced her séances at No. 40 Russell street, Charlestown.

"Whatever is, is Right."

The Portland Evening Courier of the 12th inst., in noticing the work bearing the above title, (by Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston,) says: "The author of this remarkable book has penetrated further than most men into the hidden mysteries of human nature. His is a restless soul, ever looking forward to a higher and better life. He expresses what seems to him to be the truth in the fewest possible words. His style is terse and vigorous, approaching very nearly the axiomatic. Indeed, we sometimes think he falls in conveying the full force of his belief, because it seems so plain, so true, so beautiful to him, that he does not understand why others cannot see as clearly as he, and hence he enunciates it without feeling the need of explanations. The book before us is deeply interesting. The author is thoroughly imbued with the truth of the doctrine 'Whatever is, is right,' and he discusses it with an earnestness and vigor that must command the admiration of the reader, even if he cannot believe."

Rome and Italy.

The people of Italy profess to rejoice over the late treaty that has been ratified between France and their own Government, but they do not know how well to be satisfied with the removal of their capital to Florence. Neither do they comprehend what is to be done with the Pope. Victor Emmanuel binds himself to France not to violate the Roman frontier, nor to let any one else violate it from beyond the same; but, inasmuch as it lies within the power of the Roman people to make Rome the capital of Italy if they desire it, it is not at all plain that he is bound to prevent, even if he can do so, the Roman people from handing their city over to him for a capital if they see fit. And this was not what Napoleon meant.

A Discussion.

Elder Miles Grant and W. F. Jamieson are to debate the following resolutions, at a time and place to be designated hereafter:

- 1. Resolved, "That departed human spirits have communicated, and do communicate, with the inhabitants of earth."
2. Resolved, "That the phenomena of modern Spiritualism can be satisfactorily and philosophically explained, and accounted for without admitting the agency of departed human spirits."

Mr. Jamieson affirms the first, and Mr. Grant the second resolution.

Queen Victoria a Spiritualist.

A writer in the London Spiritual Magazine for October reiterates the statement, on the authority of a person attached to the Court, "that her Majesty holds constant communion with the spirit of Prince Albert."

Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office. "The Robber Disarmed," by J. M. Allen, is worth reading. See third page.

