

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

BY LOUIS HANSON.

Seek not for God in cloisters only,
Nor in dim cathedral aisles;
Truth lodges not in chapels lonely,
Nor pines in dedicated piles.
Think not of him incarcerated
In a wilderness of spheres,
And looking on this orb degraded
Only through its priests and seers;
Nor deem that he has chosen any
For his special, holy toil,
And that the worn and striving many
Feel not the sanctifying oil.
God is speaking in the thunder,
He is breathing in the leaves—
From mountains pour his awful wonder,
His special mercy is in sheaves.
He is present in the vital breezes,
His love benighted falls in rain,
His mantle lies where Lapland freezes,
And where the Indies deck the main.
There "not a wind beneath the heaven,
Nor a public-stone or flower,
Where God has not his spirit given,
Breathing forth his living power.
The birds of azure sing his gladness,
And humanize the air with glee,
While old ocean's anthem sadness
Resounds his lasting harmony.
If God is here in one existence,
Here to one deep troubled prayer,
Breathes he in the mystic distance—
Then he is present every where.
Deep in thy soul, my humble brother,
He makes his glorious dwelling-place,
And if in thine, in every other,
Burns an altar to his grace.
Nor meditate, because you're lowly,
That his core is on your brow,
His living fire, refining slowly,
Work in you his purpose now.
Though your lot is cast in hovels,
To carry staves, or trench the lands,
The world's made purer by your shovels,
By every labor of your hands.
Every living soul has missions,
Eternal purposes and aims—
Has its tolls and patience lessons,
And its "during human claims."
Though noontide bathes you in his candor;
God's primal blessing gems your brow—
A diadem, whose pure transcendence
Declares you king of living now.
God is in you, all around you;
He is in every word and worn,
Hallowing and vitalizing
Every truth and every arm.
Their work with high resolves and holy,
Labor on from sphere to sphere;
And he thy spirit's beacon glory,
God is everywhere, and here.

Utica, N. Y., August 10, 1858.

For the Banner of Light.

Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

ALAMONTADE.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

Part Second.

CHAPTER I.

When again we sat together in the garden room, the Abbe brought a roll of manuscript. "Here," said he, "is Alamontade's history, as I have compiled it with all possible care. It is Alamontade's words and thoughts, that I have strung together. You will find much that is briefly told, other portions are more particularly unfolded—according to the feelings of the narrator, when moved by events of the past, to which my questions led him."
Our curiosity had renched its height. It was an inexplicable enigma to me, how a galley-slave could be in possession of such ripe wisdom—so much varied information; or how such a man could have been condemned by a decree of justice to such cruel dishonor. This man was always a wonder in his thoughts and views of life. What tenderness of emotion, united to so much grandeur of soul! What heroism of purest virtue, and what a bitter destiny was his! Before his moral elevation, how vanished the greatness of those heroes of antiquity, that moved us only through the magic works of the poet! A spirit like that of the beloved slave is beyond the reach of poetic conception. Solitary, unassuming, and therefore doubly exalted, lived his virtue above the conquered, vanishing temptations and machinations, only perceived by the eye of reason. The poet, touching the chords of emotion, may behold only earthly objects; even his gods array themselves in the splendors of coloring. But I hasten to the narrative. Dillon sat by the window, in the shade of the playfully rustling vine, and read. Never shall I forget that beautiful hour.
"A small village in Languedoc was my birth-place," so began Alamontade's history; "I lost my mother in early childhood; my father, who was a poor farmer, could not, despite of all his efforts, give much attention to my education. Yet he was not the poorest man in the village; but, besides the tithes of his vineyard, olive-trees, and fields, he was obliged to give one-fourth of his hard-wrung gains in contributions and taxes. Our every-day fare was soup, with black bread and turnips.
My father fell into still deeper poverty; this troubled him much. "Oh, Colas," he said more than once, with trembling voice, as he laid his hand upon my head; "my hopes are all blighted; I shall not,

even in the sweat of my brow, be able to earn a coffin, free of debt. How can I keep the promise I gave, with the last kiss to your mother, upon her death-bed? I promised her most sacredly that I would keep you at school, and dedicate you to the priesthood; now, you will become a laborer, and will serve strangers!
Then I consoled the good old man as well as I could. But my filial consolations seemed to steep him into yet deeper grief. He became worse, and felt the approach of death. He looked at me often, with deep emotion depicted on his countenance, in sorrow for my future, and the bitter tears of hopelessness moistened his eyes. I left my play when I saw this; I sprang towards him, for I could not bear to see him weep. I hung around his neck, kissed the tears from his eyes, and cried with sobs: "Oh, my father! do not cry!"
How happy a people could dwell in those beautiful regions, where the fruitful soil yields to the laborer a yearly double-harvest—where the olive and the grape ripen in abundance beneath the warming sun-rays! But, alas! over the blooming earth glides an oppressed race, who give the fruits of their toil and care to the life-enjoying bishops, who promise them a future life of endless bliss, in recompense for the sorrows of earth; they give their earnings to the nobles and princes, who, in return, it is said, govern the land with wisdom and goodness. One banquet at the royal palace devours the yearly fruits of a province, that have been wrung from the earth's bosom, and millions of sighs—of beaded drops of toil!
I was eighteen when my father died; he had lingered long. It was a pleasant evening, the sun was setting. My father sat before the but in the shade of a chestnut-tree; he would once more enjoy the aspect of a world, that, despite of toil and sorrow, was very dear to him. I came home from the field, and found him very feeble. He pressed me to his breast; "Oh, my son!" said he, "now I feel well; my holiday approaches—I go to rest. But I shall not forget thee; I shall stand before God, with thy mother; we shall pray for thee above the stars. Think of us, and be true to Virtue until death! We will pray for thee; God will care for thee. Weep not; for when your day of labor is ended, your hour of freedom will strike; and you will meet us there above—meet me and thy mother. Ah, Colas! how longingly we will await thee! and how joyful it will be when the three happy hearts—the hearts of parents and child—will be again raptured before the Eternal throne!"
The last sun-ray faded from the mountain-side; the shadows, vague and darkening, overspread that summer world. The spirit of my father was freed from its frail envelope; the cold and dear remains lay in my arms!

The trusty servant—I cannot just now recall his name—who was to take me to my mother's brother in Nismes, in compliance with the last desire of my father, held me by the hand as we wandered through the dark and narrow streets of Nismes. I trembled; an involuntary shudder passed over my frame, an unaccountable dread over my soul.
"You tremble, Colas!" said the rough, but kind-hearted man. "You look white and sorrowful. Are you not well?"
"Oh!" I cried, "do not lead me further into this black, stony labyrinth. I feel so oppressed, as if here I am to die! Let me work in the fields of my green free home! Look at these walls; they stand like prison walls; and the people appear so strange, so gloomy, as if they were all criminals."
"Your uncle, the miller," replied the man, "does not live in the city; his house is near the Carmelite Gate, in the green fields."

It is believed that the soul possesses a secret property that forbodes its future. When I became the witness of that terrible misfortune, whose cruel history has moved to pity all the hearts of the enlightened world—I remembered my first, singular depression of spirits, as I entered the gloomy streets of Nismes; and I know it was a presentiment. Even the firmest man may not divest himself of superstitious fear, when despairing hope vainly seeks amid the darkness for relief and safety.

The impression that the first view of Nismes made upon me, was a permanent one. Accustomed to live in freedom with nature, solitary and simple, I was bewildered by the bustle, the hurrying crowds, of the toiling city. My mother had rocked me to sleep beneath the branches of the olive-tree; and I had dreamt away my childhood in the green, sunny fields, beneath the cheerful shadow of the chestnut-groves. How could I endure it, in the drear, narrow walls, where alone the thirst of gold brings men together? In solitude the passions die out; the heart imbues the holy calm and peacefulness of the rural scene. Therefore, the first view of so many human faces caused me to tremble; for I read upon their strange signs of anger and care, pride and avarice, excess and envy, that are no longer noticed by those who see them daily.

Before the Gate of the Carmelites stood the pretty dwelling of my uncle, and beside it the mill. The man pointed to the neat dwelling, and said:

"Monsieur Etienne is a rich man, but unfortunately—"

"But what, unfortunately?"

"He is a Calvinist—so people say."

I did not understand him. We entered the house, and that moment dispelled my dread; a calm, loving spirit pervaded all I saw, and I felt at peace—at home.

In the well-arranged apartment, in which order and simplicity ruled, sat the house-mother at a table

three blooming daughters were beside her, all occupied with needle-work. A boy of two years sat playing upon his mother's lap. Goodness and peace dwelt upon every face. They were all silent, and turned their face upon me. My uncle stood by the window, reading a book; his locks were gray, but a youthful cheerfulness gleamed from his eyes; his aspect was one of piety. The servant-man said to him:

"This is your nephew Colas, Monsieur Etienne; his father, your sister's husband, is dead, and died in poverty. He commanded me to bring his son to you, that you might be his father."

"You are welcome, and have my blessing, Colas!" said my uncle, as he laid his hand upon my head; "I will be a father to thee."

Then the wife arose and gave me her hand, and said: "I will be thy mother."

So much goodness affected me deeply. I wept, and kissed the hands of my now-found father and mother, but I could not say a word. The three daughters surrounded me, and said: "Weep not, Colas, we are thy sisters!"

From that hour I felt at ease in my new home; as if I had not come there a stranger. I thought I dwelt with a family of pure, calm angels, such as my father had often told me of. I became as pious as the rest, yet never was the best among them the most religious.

I was sent to school; after the lapse of six months my uncle said to me, with much friendliness: "Colas, you are poor, but God has enriched you with talent; your teachers praise your industry, and tell me how wonderfully you excel the other scholars. I have resolved that you shall study, and become a learned man. When you have completed your time here, I will send you to the high school in Montpellier. You shall study the law, that you may become the defender of our oppressed church; I behold in you one of God's instruments for our deliverance—for the protection of the Evangelical faith against the cruelty and power of the Papists."

Monsieur Etienne was, in secret, a Protestant—of which there were several thousands in Nismes, and the adjoining country. He initiated me into his belief. The Protestants were industrious, peaceful, benevolent citizens, but the prejudices of the people and the fury of the monks persecuted them even to the interior of their dwellings. They lived in continual fear, but that only served to keep alive the fires of piety within their hearts. Through compulsion, and for appearance sake, we visited the Catholic churches, celebrated their holy days, and kept the pictures of their saints in our rooms. But even these concessions nor all the practical usefulness of these unfortunate believers could not conciliate their enemies, or soften in any degree the hatred of their oppressors.

Hovering between two churches, acknowledging one publicly, the other in secret; a daily witness of the unjust quarrels of both; beholding how pride and hatred, and self-interest, more than forbearance or piety, enrolled beneath the banners of the warring churches—I became, unconsciously and gradually, a doubter and a hypocrite to both. The motives, for which the conflicting parties attacked each other, were more powerful, subtle, and well-pondered, than those with which they defended the worth of the cause. This awakened my suspicions against all articles of faith; I venerated only those that had never been attacked. But I concealed all in my inmost, that I might not become a dread and a scorn to all.

So my spirit thus early aparted itself. In hours of leisure, God and his Creation were the subjects of my reflection. The madness of men, that persecuted one another for their opinions' sake, or fawned before princes for an empty title, was revolting, was terrible to me. I felt thus early, the bitterness of my fate, to live among beings who upon all matters judged differently from myself. I saw myself surrounded by barbarians or half-savages; not yet more humane than those from whose human sacrifices we turn with horror. When, the ancient Celts, or the Brahmins, or the savages of the American deserts, offered human sacrifices to their gods, were their notions more terrible than those of the New-Christians, who slaughtered upon the altars of their idols (opinions are the idols of humanity,) thousands of their brethren with pious, religious zeal?

I bewailed the cruelties of my time, and saw no means whereby to bring about the disappearance of the universal barbarism. The animal nature of man appeared to be the conqueror everywhere; the desire for food, sensualism, and force, as with every species of animal, the prompting incentives to action; the sources of discord, of the fall of nations. Disinterested virtue, the eternal right, and indestructible truth, are more dreamt of, foreshadowed, than acknowledged and practiced; their names sound loudly in the schools, although their power is seldom felt by the teachers. And whoever would venture to acknowledge them with a holy enthusiasm, he would soon become the laughing-stock of his hearers—the victim of the popular madness. Thy fate it was, gentle, holy Jesus! Thou only one! Thou exalted one! thou wert misunderstood by thy enemies; but thy followers have still more deeply mistaken thee; until this day.

The present was to me degrading and deeply painful; I longed for the better, nobler, more developed life. In the years of my blooming fancy—youth's golden time, I could build for myself an ideal world, in which virtue, right, and truth, embraced fraternally; and the heart transplanted to its genial soil its loveliest, purest feelings.

CHAPTER II.

One of my favorite resorts was the Amphitheatre of Nismes—that ancient and magnificent monument of Roman greatness. As I wandered among the lofty arches and grey pillars, or from its elevated attic looked down upon the ruins, I felt as if the spirit of the majestic past embraced me, and pressed me moaningly to its breast.

I loitered there willingly, yet with sadness. The remains of long departed generations, became to me a book of history. The hands of various nations had been at work upon the Roman edifice; the two half-decayed turrets, dreary masses of stone, arranged without taste or artistic design, were erected by the conquerors of Rome, the Goths. The wooden huts, below in the wide arena, are the dwellings of poor laborers, and factory-workers of the present day. What changes of time and their associations!

One evening I was aroused from my dreams, by a cry for help among the arches below. It was almost dark in the lofty halls. I hurried down the steps, from the second story, and beheld a well-clad female in the grasp of a ruffian; the sound of my footsteps frightened him and he vanished quickly. A young girl, with dishevelled hair, sat upon a block of marble, trembling, and extremely agitated.

"Are you hurt?" I inquired.
She touched her head. "It was a robber, sir; he tore away my head-dress—a few ornaments of value, nothing more. I implore you, give me your protection! I am a stranger here; curiosity separated me from my mother and sister; they wait for me outside. The man who proved a robber, was to conduct me out of this long labyrinth, and he brought me to this solitary place."

I offered her my arm; we stepped out of the darkness into the light. Oh, Clementina! She was a flower of sixteen years, delicately and beautifully unfolded. She hovered beside me like an aerial spirit. The loveliness, freshness, and spirituality of her countenance was angelic, and her glances of love and innocence penetrated my inmost soul.

I fell into a state of pleasurable confusion; never before had I experienced such feelings of admiration and confidence, of unspeakable affection and reverence. I was twenty-one years old, and knew of love only from the pictures of the ancient poets, and called it a passionate friendship, unworthy of man. Ah! I found it was something nobler.

Love is the poetry of human nature; the feeling of the beautiful ennobles the earthly, and exalts it to companionship with the spiritual; and the virtuous, self-reliant spirit allies itself, beneath the magical breath of grace and loveliness, to the earthly. It is true thus, that love renders the dust divine, and brings the heavenly down to earth.

"You are a stranger?" I faltered.

"I am," she replied; "but it is in vain to search for mother and sister, I find. Do you know the house of Monsieur Albertas? We are staying there."

"I will accompany you there."

We walked on; what a transformation! the black, narrow streets of Nismes, appeared no longer like prison-walls, but shone like dazzling arches, among which the wandering crowd flitted like shadows.

We did not speak, but silently reached the house. The door was opened joyfully; the family rushed toward it to welcome the beloved lost one, whom they were yet seeking with trusty servants. Amid their demonstrations of joy and gratitude I heard that her name was Clementina. She thanked me with a few words and a deep blush. All were profuse in their acknowledgements; but I could not frame a reply; they demanded my name; I gave it, bowed, and took my departure.

I returned often to the Amphitheatre—I often passed the dwelling of Monsieur Albertas; but I saw her not again. Her image hovered before me. I wandered dreamily around, losing all hope of ever again beholding the beautiful vision; losing the hope, but not the intense longing.

The time came, when I was to depart for the high school at Montpellier. My uncle repeated his wishes, and conjured me not to frustrate his hopes. In the excess of his confidence in my young powers, he saw in me the future guardian angel of the Protestant church in France.

He gave me his benediction; the family stood around me weeping. I promised to return to Nismes for the holy days, and I left them, overcome with sadness.

It was eight hours' travel from Nismes to Montpellier. I walked amid the shade of mulberry trees and golden corn, and among bright vineyards that stretched luxuriantly by the hillsides; but the air glowed, and the ground burned beneath my feet.

After three hours' wandering I sank down, wearied on the banks of the Vidouze, in the shadow of a pleasant country house, embosomed in chestnut trees. I thought upon the past and the future. I calculated what I had lived, and what time remained to me, according to the usual measure of life. I found yet forty years, and for the first time I shuddered at the thought of the shortness of our days. The oak upon the mountain needs a century for its development, and stands in its power for another hundred years; and yet, human life is so fleeting! Why is it? What shall he do with his many capacities? Not a long life, but a glorious one has Nature destined for man; the thought tranquillized me. "Well," thought I, "a few years, and then thou wilt stand where thy Father is."

I gradually fell asleep over these thoughts; and I dreamt that I was an old man, that my limbs were feeble, my hair quite grey. The thousand fine pores of the outer form, through which it absorbs the invisible life-powers had dried away; with the vanish-

ing afflux of the life-materials, failed the strength of the muscles; and the tender portions which we call its implements were hardened and closed. I heard no more the sounds of the world; and soon, too, my eyes were dimmed. While thus the senses were dying—with which the spirit dwells in the earthly—my feelings became weaker, my perceptions fainter; all, all that hitherto had been brought to the spirit's consciousness by the ever-active senses, gradually lost itself. I no longer had complete control over my body, and I forgot the names of things, and their uses. Others fed me, and dressed and undressed me, and dealt with me as they do with children. I could speak, but I had lost the memory of many words, and I spoke sometimes, what no one comprehended. Yet thought I, and felt, although without sadness, that I no longer belonged to earth. Soon, and I thought no longer even in words, it was only a numb, quiet, sameness—a feeling of consciousness. This existence, eternally the same, with total absence from all outward things, was without sorrow or bliss; there was in it no change of thought, no consequences, and no time. Enough; I was long since dead, my body long since buried, and decayed, centuries ago; only upon earth, where we count by changes, do centuries exist, and the throng of events bring to us the idea of time; separated from all change, there is in being no time. A pleasant, kindly emotion now marked an era within me. My hitherto isolated spirit was connected with fresh instrumentalities, wherewith to act in the universe upon it. I began to feel clear, and heard a mild whispering as of zephyrs, and felt a pleasant freshness stream upon me; before me floated golden, dazzling rays, and silvery clouds sported lightly away. I turned in astonishment at the lustrous, transparent green of the surrounding landscape, that seemed bathed in colored light, surmounted by an atmosphere of crystal clouds. From among the sighing trees and radiant clouds, motionless and beautiful, with seraphic beauty, I beheld Clementina, with a wreath of freshly-cut flowers twined in her dark, lustrous hair.

She smiled upon me, as only love can smile in its innocence. She took the wreath from her head, and swayed it in her soft, white hand, and the wreath fell upon my bosom.

"Oh, most heavenly dream, forsake me not thought I, and I gazed in nameless rapture upon the angel form.

I heard the rolling as of carriage wheels; Clementina's lovely face darkened. I heard some one call her name.

"Farewell, Alamontade!" she said, and vanished among the bending trees.

I endeavored to rise and kneel at her feet, but I lay upon the ground. I was not in a dream, for I remembered the flowing Voltaire, and the country house, shaded by the lofty chestnut trees. I arose and collected myself; a carriage was stopping over the bridge; an old man approached me, and asked whether I desired some refreshments. I was surprised.

"Are you not Monsieur Alamontade?" said he.

I replied affirmatively.
"Well, Madame-elle de Sonnes and I came her mother left their command with me," replied. I returned to the spot where I had rested. Oh Clementina's wreath from the ground, and as I gazed upon the survivor, Clementina was Madame-elle de Sonnes!

This day was one of the ever-memorable, most beautiful days of my life.

A small garret-chamber in the house of one of the wealthiest and happiest dwellers in Montpellier, became my home. A few roofs, black walls, a few windows, with the garret of a house opposite, I had all the prospect I possessed. Nevertheless, I was contented; surrounded by books, I lived only for knowledge, and Clementina's wreath hung above my writing-desk. The million blossoms of the epigone lost all their beauty and lustre, beside the magic of those withered flowers; and the jewels of kin could not have balanced for me the worth of a smallest leaf.

Clementina was my saint; I loved her with a religious reverence, such as we may experience for supernatural beings. The swaying wreath was a relic, that an angel had cast to me from heaven. I beheld her, wandering through my dreams, in the lustrous of heavenly transfiguration. Her name was whispered in my soul. I awaited with trembling and yearning for the vacation time, to return to my Uncle Etienne and Nismes; perhaps I might again, by some happy chance, behold the beloved saint.

One day the door of my solitary chamber opened, and a young, handsome man entered. It was Monsieur Bertallon, my host.

"You have here a melancholy prospect," said he, and he looked out of the window. "You only have a piece of the house of de Sonnes; it is one of the finest dwellings in the city," he added, smiling.

The name of de Sonnes agitated me deeply. Monsieur Bertallon remained thoughtfully at the window, and appeared to grow sad. I began a conversation; he questioned me regarding my parentage and my knowledge.

"How!" cried he, "you play the harp? and you passionately love the instrument, and do not possess one?"

"I am too poor, sir, to purchase one; my short supply of money is barely sufficient for the purchase of necessary books."

"My wife has two harps, and she can easily dispose with one," he replied, and he hastily left the room.

Within an hour came the harp. How happy I was, in its possession! I thought of Clementina as

I touched the strings. Emotions are often speechless; words have been invented for the importation of thought, for the feelings of the heart, the language of melody.

Next morning the agreeable Bertallon called again. I thanked him with fervent gratitude. He requested me to play; I obeyed, and thought of Clementina. He leaned his forehead upon the window, and gazed early over the roofs; my soul sank deeply in the tumult of harmonious sounds. I did not observe that he had left his seat and stood listening beside me.

"You are a kind enchantress!" he cried, and embraced me. "We must become friends."

I was his friend already; we became more intimate in the course of a few weeks. He obliged me to accompany him to pleasant parties and excursions; he made me acquainted with a number of his friends, and they all treated me with respect and esteem. He was the owner of a valuable library, of a rich collection of natural curiosities. He gave to me the care of both, and appeared to have chosen this post for me, as a delicate means of aiding my poverty, by a considerable salary, without wounding my sensitive pride.

Bertallon was, in more respects than one, an extraordinary man. He possessed much knowledge, wit, and power of persuasion; in company he was the genius of joy, and fascinated all by his grace and unaffected dignity of manner; his aim was the esteem of his fellow men. He had repeatedly refused public offices, with a modesty that rendered him still more worthy of public confidence. He was extremely wealthy—member of a large commercial house—the possessor of one of the most pleasant country seats on the elevation of the neighboring village of Castelnaud, and he was the husband of the most beautiful woman in Montpellier. His wife lived most of her time in the country; in the winter, she removed to the city. Bertallon visited her but seldom; not love, but convenience and interest had formed this alliance.

What still more endeared this man to me was his freedom from all the prejudice, bigotry and religious fanaticism that inspired the dwellers of Montpellier; he was a rare exception. Nevertheless he punctually attended mass, and was a member of a "brotherhood of penitents."

"It is so easy," he said, "to win the good opinion of others; just render homage to their prejudices, when you see that you cannot battle against or conquer them, and you are the man of all hearts. Whoever undertakes to make open war on prejudices, is as much a visionary as the one that defends them with every weapon."

We often disputed with one another in friendly argument. He said the destiny of man was happiness, and knew of no bounds for the choice of means in the attainment of that object. He scoffed at my enthusiastic zeal for virtue, and called it a work of social order, and proved to me, how among different nations, the estimate of virtue varied. His wit often made me appear ridiculous to myself, when he caused one of my cardinal virtues to wander from one nation to another, and everywhere meet with a discouraging reception.

Despite of all these dangerous principles, I loved Bertallon; for he did good everywhere.

While I thus divided my hours between the muses and my studies and friendship, I did not forget the windows of the Palace de Sonnes opposite. Bertallon had repeatedly offered me a better room in exchange for my garret, with costly furniture and cheerful prospect. But not for the most splendid saloon—not for the prospect of the paradise of Langue-doc—would I have exchanged the narrow garret.

I was informed by chance—for a strange timidity restrained me from asking questions—that the family of the Sonnes would return from Nîmes in a few weeks; that they were in deep mourning for Clementina's sister.

The weeks, and a quarter of a year, passed by; as often as I touched the harp, I turned my eyes toward the beloved walls. But the family of the de Sonnes returned not, and no further chance gave me any information of them. I remained silent, and concealed my loving heart from the world.

The time of vacation had come; I hastened to Nîmes, in the hope of hearing from them there. When I came to the country-house, on the banks of the Vidourle, I remained some time contemplating it. It was entirely closed, although the fields and hills were thronged with reapers and vine-dressers. I sought the wonderful spot beneath the chestnut-trees, where dream and reality once met so strangely. I threw myself down under the swaying branches; love and sadness thrilled my being; I kissed the consecrated ground that once held all the world contained of the good and beautiful for me. Alas! I waited vainly for an angel's appearance. I left the lovely scene when it was already evening, and over the darkening plains only the hill-tops glowed in rose-golden light.

My uncle, and the pious mother, Marie, Antonia, and Suzanne, their three daughter, welcomed me with cordial joy. I clasped them all to my heart, speechless and happy; and knew not which one loved me best—which of them was most beloved of me—I was the son and brother of this family, and the joy and pride of all.

"Yes, you are, indeed, our hope and joy!" said Uncle Etienne with emotion; "you are also the hope of our church. All the information received from Montpellier has praised to us your application and industry, and told us of the estimation in which you are held by your teachers. Continue so; oh, beloved Colas! continue so to strengthen yourself; for our sufferings are great, and the tribulations of the believers is without end. God calls you; you can become his chosen instrument to break the power of Antichrist—to upraise the down-trodden gospel in triumph!"

The fears of my uncle had augmented for some time, in consequence of the unforgiving expressions of the first magistrate of the Province, who had redoubled his vigilance against the secret Protestants. The Marshal of Montreuil resided in Nîmes, and this man was mighty, unforgiving, and terrible, for he possessed the unlimited confidence of the King. His threats against the Huguenots were repeated from month to month; every boy in the street shouted them to his companions.

I was troubled with another matter; I wandered daily before the house of the Alberts—in vain I explored the streets, the amphitheatre—Clementina could not be found.

One morning I met the old servant, who had spoken to me by order of Madame de Sonnes, near the country house on the Vidourle. He recognized me, and cheerfully shook my proffered hand, and told me, among many other things, that Madame de Sonnes and her daughter had left Nîmes several

months ago, and now resided in Marseilles, endeavoring to dissipate their grief for the loss of a tenderly-loved daughter and sister, in the contemplation of the bustling, business city.

So, with frustrated hopes, I returned home; I could not even behold Clementina for a moment. The hopeful expectation that I had cherished for six long months, was destroyed. I formed plans to go to Marseilles; it was a three days' journey. Then, again, I determined to wander from street to street, and review every window, and visit all the churches, and attend all the masses. If I could only see her again for a moment! would she not reward me for so much trouble with a friendly glance?

But reflection soon destroyed the adventurous plan. With a despondent heart I returned to my uncle's house. With surprise I noticed upon the faces of all an unusual embarrassment and disquiet. The mother approached me, placed her hands upon my shoulders, and kissed me with a look of pity. Maria, Antonia and Suzanne, took my hands within their own, as if they would endeavor to console me.

"What is it, then?" said my uncle, with firm, strong voice—there was something in his appearance, despite of his pious and resigned expression, that was almost heroic; this was a trait of his character. "You know that a good Christian should be cheerful, when the waves of misfortunes are storming. The devil has no power over us, and Providence has numbered every hair upon our heads; the Marshal is not outside of the power of the Lord God!"

I expressed my astonishment, and entreated for an explanation.

"You are right, Colas!" said the old man, "and I feel vexed with the timidity of the women. Monsieur the Marshal of Montreuil, sent here an hour ago, and commands you to appear before him at the Palace, to-morrow at ten o'clock. Now you have it. And what is there more? If your conscience is at ease, go to the Marshal without fear, even if his Palace gates were the opened portals of hell."

The command of such a lofty personage, was well calculated to distress and alarm the miller's family. The Marshal appeared very solemn among the people, and when he appeared he was surrounded by a numerous retinue of high officers, noblemen and guards. The outward pomp of the great exercises over the uneducated masses a greater awe than even their power.

My kind aunt arranged my dress with trembling hands on the following morning. I endeavored, with all my might, to console the distressed loved ones.

"It is ten o'clock," cried my uncle. "Go, in God's name—we will pray for thee!"

I went without fear or foreboding.

The Marshal of Montreuil was in his cabinet. After an hour and a half of impatient waiting, I was led through a number of rooms and halls to where the great man gave audience. He was an elderly man, somewhat haggard, with a commanding manner; of dark complexion, and sharp, piercing eyes. He advanced a few paces; the respectful demeanor of those around, informed me that this was the Marshal.

"I desired to see you, Alamontade," he said; "I have heard how you have distinguished yourself upon the list of the University at Montpellier. Continue to cultivate your talents; you may become a useful man, and I will care for you in the future. My encouragement must not render you proud, but more industrious. I shall inquire further concerning you; continue to do all in your power to retain the friendship of Monsieur Bertallon, your benefactor; and tell him that I sent for you here."

This is what the Marshal said to me; he conversed with me a little, and appeared pleased with my replies. I commended myself to his grace, and hastened from his presence to relieve the anxiety of my loving family.

Their joy was great; all the neighbors were informed of the honor conferred on me by the Marshal. "Did I not say so?" cried my uncle; "God inclines the hearts of the mighty! But of the night comes the sun; and upon the crushed serpent, and over the thorns of pain, stands forth the holy cross, pointing heavenward!"

CHAPTER III.

My friend Bertallon had gone on a visit to his wife when I returned to Montpellier. I could not stand without sadness in my usual place by the window, before the withered wreath. I sighed Clementina's name, and kissed the withered leaves that once were green and fresh beneath her delicate touch; I endeavored to repress the tears of hopelessness that rose to my eyes; and yet, they did, me good.

The wreath, and the narrow view of the stately house of the de Sonnes were to be, throughout the winter, the silent witnesses of my joys and hopes.

"Perhaps the spring-time, with its blossoms, may bring her to Montpellier," said I to myself, and I looked towards the palace that would enshrine her presence.

As I looked, I beheld at one of the lofty windows opposite, a female form, attired in black crape—her head turned from me. My heart beat violently—my eyes were darkened—"It can be only Clementina!" cried a voice within; but I had covered down beside the window, and had not the courage and the power to look up and convince myself. By degrees I regained my composure; I raised myself, and cast tremblingly a look towards the window. Her face was now turned toward me; the black veil floated around it, and the breezes played amid its folds. It was Clementina, and I appeared to have awakened her attention.

I cast down my eyes before the wondrous, spiritual beauty of that girlish face; I felt a whelming tide of holy, sweet emotion—a sense of rapturous adoration—leaving my soul. When I looked again, she had disappeared from the window, but not from my inner vision.

"It is Clementina!" repeated my joyful soul; and I stood upon the summit of earthly blessedness, alone, with her image before me. A golden gleam overspread the grey walls, and over the bare roofs floated a wavering mass of flowers; the world beneath me seemed to dissolve into rose-golden clouds; Clementina's form wandered amid their glory, and I was beside her, and my fate was one of endless happiness.

"Oh! of what blessedness is the poor human heart, capable of!" I cried, and I fell upon my knees, folded my hands in earnest devotion, and said to heaven: "Oh, God! what blessed hours hast thou in store for me! Oh, eternalize these feelings—make immortal this sacred joy!"

It was Clementina. That evening the windows were illuminated; I saw her shadow floating past.

Late at night I took my harp, and confided to its music my hopes and joys.

The next morning I awoke late; I had passed the night in sleepless thought; I went to the window, Clementina sat at hers, in a sombre morning dress. I bowed to her; she slightly inclined her head; but the expression of her face was friendly. As long as she remained, I was rooted to the window; sometimes my timidly wandering glances would meet. My soul revealed itself to her, without the aid of mortal language, and methought I heard low, murmuring, answering tones.

Oh, happy hours! dream-hours, spent in contemplation of a holily-beloved object! But I was poor, of low descent, without pretensions to great personal attractions, through which to please; how dared I to elevate my hopes to the loveliest and wealthiest heiress in Montpellier, for whose smiles the most aristocratic of the land bent in homage?

How gladly does memory linger by those days! Friendship and love are the exclusive property of man; he shares not this privilege with the animals. Friendship and love, children of the union of the divine and earthly within us—they are the crown of humanity. We are more religious, forbearing, believing and at home in the universe; we are more patient, and endure smilingly the thorns by the wayside; even the desert blooms divinely beneath the heavenly beams of love, and its attendant, ministering angels!

Towards evening I took my harp out of its corner, and touched its strings. I played "The Sorrows of Count Peters of Provence, and the beloved Magellane," then one of the newest and most touching ballads of the day. It was a pensive, expressive melody. When I had concluded the first verse, I heard the low tones of a harp repeating the song to the stillness of the night. Who could it be, but Clementina, who was answering the emotions of my own soul? When she ceased, I played anew; so we exchanged thoughts and feelings in melody. Music is the language of the soul; what a gift of priceless worth to my longing heart; Clementina thought me worthy of this language.

Alas! a thousand nameless trifles, that only receive their incalculable worth through the significance attached to them, must I be silent upon; yet they are unforgettable. Even the lifeless corpse of that beautiful dream of youth—Memory, is, although lifeless, ever beautiful to my sorrowing eyes.

And so the dream continued for two years. For two years we beheld one another with silent love, and spoke to each other with music's tone—yet approached no nearer. I knew the church she prayed in; I was there always, and prayed with her; I knew the days on which, accompanied by her mother and friends, she walked in the shades of Peyrou, (a beautiful promenade near the city.) I was always there; her glances met mine in timid acknowledgment.

Without having spoken one word in this long lapse of time, we had become the most intimate friends. We revealed to each other joy and sorrow; we entreated and complied, hoped and feared; we made vows, and never broke them.

No one knew of this intercourse of our souls—of our innocent confidence. My friend Bertallon's generosity often threatened me with the danger of losing all my joys; he pressed upon me the acceptance of a better room; not without much resistance could I retain the possession of my narrow quarters.

When Madame Bertallon returned from the country, I was introduced to her by her husband.

"This," said he, "is Alamontade; a young man whom I love as a friend, and who, I hope, will become yours, also, Madame."

The reports of her beauty were not exaggerated. She was very lovely, scarcely twenty years of age, and was the enthusiastic painter's ideal of a Madonna. A certain timid charm rendered her still more attractive, as it was but seldom found among the ladies of her position in Montpellier; they were lacking in that beautifying modesty, without which loveliness loses all its magic power. She spoke well, but was not very talkative. She appeared cold; but the veneration and light of her eyes revealed a feeling heart, an active spirit. She was the benefactress of the poor, and every one honored her; neglected by her husband, worshipped by young men of the first families, calumny had never discovered a shadow upon the purity of her life. She lived almost secluded; I saw her seldom; only toward the last year of my studies at the high school had I opportunities to meet her frequently, in the sick chamber of her husband.

Her tender care for the health of Bertallon could be read in her expressive features; she was continually occupied for his comfort; she prepared his medicines; read to him, and when his illness reached the determining crisis, she moved not from his bedside; she injured her own health with continued night-watchings.

Bertallon's indifferent manner, his cold politeness, remained the same, on his restoration to health; her goodness met with no return; she appeared to feel his indifference deeply, and by degrees she again withdrew her presence, and resumed her former manner. I could not refrain from pitying her, nor from reproaching my friend.

"What do you ask, Colas?" said he. "Are you master of your heart, that you venture to demand obedience from mine? I will acknowledge, my wife is beautiful; but empty beauty is only a pleasant glitter, beneath which the heart remains cold. Why do we not fall in love with the master-works of sculpture? I agree with you, she possesses intellect; but one does not generally love mind—it is admired and wondered at. She is very benevolent; but she has money enough, and finds no delight in costly pleasures or expenditures. She manifested much attention throughout my illness; I am very grateful. She shall not want for anything that she desires, and that I am able to give her; but the heart cannot be given, it must be taken. Besides, friend, you know too little of her; she too, has her weaknesses, if you will permit me to say so—her faults. If, unfortunately, among these faults, one or the other were of that sort, that it necessarily extinguished every feeling of affection in my breast, would it be any offence that I cannot transform stone into gold—a marriage of convenience to a tie of love—is it my fault?"

"But, dearest Bertallon, I have never seen the least trace of such a hard, repelling fault in her," said I.

"Because you do not know my wife. I may tell you, as a friend, what separated me from her, even in the first days of our union—separated us forever; it is her unbounded, unreasoning, anger; her all-devouring impulsiveness. Trust not the ice and snow of the outward form; a volcano lurks beneath that, from time to time, sends forth destroying flames; she is quiet, but all the more dangerous; every one of her feelings is concealed carefully; it is long before one reveals itself; but when it does, it is indestructible and unreasoning. She appears to be virtuous

and goodness; without her unfortunate temperament, she might be a saint; but that destroys all better things. I have discovered in her ideas so horrible, so revolting, that it seems impossible they could invade a woman's soul; that she could give them admittance; and that is not the manner, my friend, to gain a heart."

This revelation moved me deeply, for I knew that Bertallon possessed a power of judgment, a knowledge of human nature, rarely excelled. I had witnessed many examples of his clear-sightedness and efficient reading of character. I continued, however, to visit Madame Bertallon, and I observed that she seemed to find pleasure in my conversation. I found her always the same; quiet, gentle, resigned. So much beauty and mildness transformed my respectful admiration into cordial friendship. I formed the plan, no matter at what cost, to reconcile her with her husband, or rather to lead him back to her loving arms. The habit of daily intercourse gradually freed us from the tiresome bonds of etiquette, and gave me the value of a need, in the heart of Madame Bertallon.

"You are his best friend and confidant," said she once, as, leaning upon my arm, we wandered in the garden. "I, too, look upon you as my friend, and your character gives me a right upon your goodness. Speak candidly, Alamontade; you know it—why does Bertallon hate me?"

"He does not hate you, Madame; he esteems you highly. Hate you? He must be a monster to do that; no, he is good, and noble, he cannot hate any one."

"You may be right; he cannot hate, because he cannot love. He belongs not to the world, to no one; but the whole world, and every one, belongs to him. Never before could education have poisoned a more feeling heart, a more talented head than his."

"You judge perhaps too hastily, Madame."

"Would to heaven that I did! I allow you to convert me."

"I convert you? Not so, Madame; observe your husband, and you will change your opinion."

"Observe him? I have always done so, he is ever the same."

"He is a good, amiable man."

"Amiable? Yes, he is; he knows it, and exerts himself to be amiable; but, unfortunately, not for others' sake, only for his own. I care not for this; call him good, although he may not be bad."

"Indeed, Madame, I do not quite understand you. But permit me to return confidence with confidence. I have never seen two persons so deserving of happiness, that are so well adapted to be happy through one another, as yourself and my friend. And yet both stand apart! Indeed, I shall believe that I have lived enough, that I have done enough, if I succeed in reconciling your souls—in bringing together and uniting forever your estranged hearts!"

"You are very kind; and although one-half of your labor has been done—for my heart has long loved his, which flees before me—yet I fear you desire an impossibility. If any one could succeed, you would be that one. You, Alamontade, are the first person to whom Bertallon gives himself so completely—to whom he clings so steadfastly. Try your power to change his way of thinking."

"You jest, Madame; change him? Which virtue is it that you demand his exercise of? He is magnanimous, modest, the protector of the innocent, of equable temper, without any conspicuous faults, popular, friendly."

"You are right, he is all that."

"Then how shall I change him?"

"Make of him a better man."

"A better man?" I repeated, in astonishment, and I looked with a strange embarrassment upon the tear-filled eyes of the beautiful woman. "Is he bad?"

"Is he vicious?"

"That Bertallon is not," she replied; "but he is not good."

"And yet, Madame, you acknowledged that he possesses all the lovely qualities for which I praised him? Do you not, perhaps, demand too much of a mortal being?"

"What you have praised him for, Alamontade, I will not deny. But they are not attributes of his nature, they are only his implements. He does much good, not because it is good, but for his own benefit; he is not virtuous, he is only prudent. He beholds in all actions only the useful and the disadvantageous—never the good or evil. He would as willingly use every hellish method for the attainment of his object, as employ a heaven of virtues. He places his happiness in the success of what he strives for; and for this he lives and acts, in conformity to his purpose. The world for him is the battle ground of desires, wherein all belongs to the most cunning. The throng of human beings brought into contact with each other, created, as he believes, states and laws, religions and exercises. For itself, nothing is right, nothing wrong; opinion alone hallows and condemns. See, Alamontade, this is my husband; he cannot love me, for he loves only himself. With iron determination he pursues and attains his aims. He is the son of an influential family, that was reduced from the height of its former position; he determined to be rich; he became a merchant; traveled to distant lands, and returned, possessor of a million. He determined to secure his wealth by an alliance with one of the first families in this city; I became his wife. He resolved upon influence over public affairs, without, however, awakening envy; he made himself popular, and refused the first posts of honor. Nothing to his mode of thinking, is unattainable. He acknowledges no holiness; he overcomes everything; no one is too strong for him; but every one is weak, through some inclination, passion or opinion."

This picture of Bertallon's troubled me. I found its resemblance in every feature of its original; I had never clearly arranged my ideas upon the subject, although they had lain darkly in my breast.

I discovered the tremendous gulf between their hearts, and I despaired of either passing it.

"But, Madame," said I, with much emotion, "do not despair. Your enduring love, your virtues, will fetter him at last."

"Virtue? Oh, Alamontade, what can be hoped of the man who regards virtue as a weakness, a partiality of the character, a prudery of opinion—who calls religion the traffic of the church, and of education, wherewith the fanatical zeal of timid humanity is at play?"

"Yet he has a heart, this man!"

"He possesses a heart; but it is for himself, and not for others. He would be loved without disposing of himself thereby. Can such a man be loved? No, Alamontade, love demands more; it is all devotion, without care or calculation; but it will not be hopeless; it demands another's heart, and in this is its heaven."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE RETURN.

I wandered on the shore—
The dim, the misty shore
Of the river flowing onward,
Flowing evermore—
That river we call Death,
Whose rippling pulses fall
Like liquid music on my soul,
Weaving a holy spell.
I heard the waves roll by,
They surged around my feet,
Yet calmly still my heart kept time
With fainter, slower beat.
Those misty regions fair
Were beautiful to me,
And I almost thought the door
Was opening for me—
The door which shuts out Heaven
From gaze of mortal eyes—
And, trusting in my Heavenly Lord,
I did not fear to die.
My soul was wrapped in peace;
My loved ones all, so dear,
I gave into my Father's hands
Without one anxious fear.
I knew he loved them all,
That he would do aright,
And trusting in the God of Love,
He made my burden light.
The messenger stood near,
With kind, yet solemn face,
Then, listening, as to voice from heaven,
His steps he did retrace.
And looking back, serene,
He whispered soft and low—
"Not yet thy Heavenly Father calls—
Thy summons comes not now;
Back to the busy world
Thy feet again must stray,
Be faithful over I, oh, be true
While thou dost longer stay!"
He vanished—and again
I woke to earthly life,
Again I was mingled in its joys,
Its sorrows, and its strife;
Yet ever lingers near
That memory fair and bright
Of those dim spirit-wanderings
So near the World of Light—
And ever from my soul
Floats up the fervent prayer,
That we may all be faithful men,
And reunited there!

EAST MEADOW.

FLORIDA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. Pimpkins' Trip Down East.

"Bah! Down East! Do not mention the place to me again, I beseech you!" said my opposite neighbor, Mrs. Samuel Pimpkins, whom I ran in to congratulate upon her recent visit to the State of Maine, some two or three days after her return to Boston.

"Why, what's the matter—didn't you enjoy yourself as much as you expected?" I asked, and not a little puzzled as to the cause of the perfect look of disgust which overspread the by no means handsome face of Mrs. Pimpkins, at the bare mention of what we Yankees term "Down East."

"Matter! I'll never get caught in such a scrape as that again, I bet you, as long as my name is Orethea Pimpkins!" and from the flashing eye and decidedly emphatic tone of my neighbor, I very naturally inferred that she meant just what she said, and would stick to it under all circumstances, and upon all occasions.

"Such a time as I had in those four weeks, you never saw or heard of in all your born days! Why, I wonder that there's a pound of flesh left on my body, (and here Mrs. Pimpkins stopped rocking the cradle, and rising, cast a most deplorable glance at her slight form in the glass, which reflected a figure, which, at that moment, could not have weighed one ounce less than two hundred pounds.)

"Do tell me all about it!" I exclaimed, as Mrs. Pimpkins once again settled her graceful body in the arm-chair, which I had several times refused to take, thinking my friend would fill it much better than I, who, in my healthiest season, never yet boasted over one hundred and ten pounds in weight.

"So I will, Miss Vane; and may my bitter experience keep you from going down East, and—from matrimony!" she added, with a knowing wink, that also meant something, too.

"Let me see! It was just five weeks ago this very night, that Sam came blustering home to tea, with the news that we were to go down East the following evening, which was Tuesday. He'd got a letter that very afternoon from the old folks, (his father and mother—not mine, thank fortune!) which said they should look for us all—all seven of us, that is—in Tuesday's boat."

Of course, I put my foot down against any such sudden start; but you know what men are, Miss Vane, when they set out for a thing. As my mother used to say, they are the very Evil One's own chickens."

"Of course Mr. Pimpkins was willing to give you a suitable time to make the necessary preparations for your intended journey," I interposed.

"Hang it, no! that's the beauty of it; he wanted me to get myself and five children ready, and pack off at a minute's notice. At first I vowed I wouldn't go at all, for the old folks were as good as strangers to me; and I felt a little bit ticklish as to the kind of reception I should meet with, being only a son's wife. But Pimpkins declared that the children needed the country air, and would be likely to have a variety of diseases, such as cholera morbus, scarlet fever, and the like, if they staid in the stived-up city through the hot weather; and so I, like a big fool, hearkened to Sam, (confound me if I ever do again!) and began to bustle about towards getting ready."

"I wonder that you did not take your girl with you, Mrs. Pimpkins," I interrupted.

"I wanted to; but, to tell the truth, Miss Vane, Sam Pimpkins is so plaguey stingy, that he would not pay her fare on the boat, although, to be sure, it's only nine shillings each way. But, to commence at the beginning, I tried all in my power to make Pimpkins say he would not go until the next Friday. But, no; he was as contrary and stubborn as an off-horse. This made me mad, and I declared I would not go at any rate, unless he'd go with me."

He grumbled considerably at first about going; said business was pressing, (but I know better, for it was only the day before that I heard him say that there was n't enough work doing to keep a mosquito alive.)

Well, the final result of our flare-up was, that Pimpkins growlingly consented to go down with me, to return next night.

Such a siege as Bridget and I had of it the next day, with washing and ironing, mending and packing, would have set any person in a perfect fever—even a quiet body like you, Miss Vane," Mrs. Pimpkins proceeded to say, in a voice that seemed to sue for sympathy.

"I dare say," was my faint rejoinder, which brief-

reply seemed to encourage my unfortunate neighbor, who, to use a common expression, was always in "a peck of trouble," and never knew what it was to be "blest with good luck."

"At last," continued Mrs. P., "All things were pronounced ready for our departure. It was arranged that Bridget should visit a cousin (of course) in Brighton, during my absence, and return again to her old place, upon my arrival in Boston. Pimpkins was to sleep in the house nights, and take his meals at Milliken's. So far, so good, thought I to myself; the next thing then was, to get fairly established on board the boat."

Baby and I were put into a carriage, and hurried off towards T wharf, in double quick-time, for fear of being late; while Pimpkins, with valise and umbrella, started to walk with the other four children.

On our way to the boat, we came near running over a man and a child at two different times. This frightened me, and I yelled to the driver not to go so fast, but he either could not, or would not hear me, and finally landed me and baby, head whole, upon the wharf, although half scared out of my senses at the rapid rate at which we had come.

Went on board the boat while the first bell was ringing—Pimpkins and the four juveniles were no where to be seen. No wonder they could not keep up with us, when we were rushing along at locomotive speed! Second bell rang, and still not a Pimpkins to be seen. In five minutes more, the boat would start off, and I should be carried—mercy knows where! I tell you, Miss Vane, my heart was in my mouth at that moment.

I strained my eyes in every direction, to catch a glimpse of Pimpkins and the children. Three minutes of the five had already expired. At last I spied all five of them running down the street. Tommy's foot tripped, and down he went, which consumed a quarter of another minute of the fast-flying time.

At length they were all firmly on board, although Tommy's nose was bleeding terribly from his fall; Pimpkins was all in a hant, and savage as a meat-axe.

I asked him to secure our berths; but nearly all had been previously engaged. The boat was full, and there was every prospect of the night's being a rough one, for an easterly storm was fast setting in. I wished myself at home a dozen times! The baby began to whine, and I started for the cabin, leaving Pimpkins on deck with the other four, who were in high glee at the thought of being on the ocean.

The boat rocked so, that I could not stand straight, and down went baby and I among the baggage, just at the entrance of the ladies' cabin. Baby set up a terrible scream, and chambermaid came to the rescue. I was faint, and could not see; baby could, and did not like the looks of the black face—seemed to know it was n't her mother that had her, and only screamed the louder.

After a terrible effort, I reeling reached the berth appropriated to Mrs. Pimpkins and babe, squeezed myself into it some way or other, and felt very much as if I was laid upon Molly Saunders' lower shelf.

Had n't been in my berth but a few moments, when Sophia and Ellen Maria made their appearance in the cabin, crying, because they could not find "Ma" and "the baby." Poked my head out my berth, tortoise-fashion, and at last succeeded in attracting their attention.

Told them to speak to the chambermaid, and she would bring them a mattress. This she did, but it was more than half an hour before either the pillow or blankets were brought; no wonder, however, that the poor chambermaid was nearly driven to distraction like myself, that night, for 'chambermaid' was shrieked out in every direction from upper shelf, middle shelf, and bottom shelf. It did seem to me as if the white folks had no mercy for their colored sister.

I hope I ain't tiring you, Miss Vane," said Mrs. Pimpkins, diving her square shaped hand into the profound depths of an immense stocking-bag. She had noticed that I had grown a little nervous during the last few moments, and very naturally concluded that I was tired of hearing her talk.

"Oh no, Mrs. Pimpkins, I am only a little tired after my hard day's work, sewing so steadily. Please go on with your story. I can't stay until the bell rings nine, but not a minute longer."

"Let me see, where did I leave off, (confound such holey stockings, they ain't worth putting new heels to!)"

"I believe you were all safely stowed away for the night," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, we were all finally settled upon our bunks, with the hope of preventing further seasickness. The children were wide awake, however, and did not feel like going to sleep at eight o'clock in the evening. Pimpkins had gone to put Sammy and Bonny to bed, the girls said. Felt slightly relieved at such information, and tried to follow baby's example, and go to sleep. Was awakened about half-past nine in the evening, by feeling some one's foot planted firmly in my face. Started up nervously in my sleep, and caught the intruder by the left leg. I had heard of steamboat thieves, whose business it is to prowl about at night, among the sleeping passengers, in search of money. I felt sure that I had caught one, when—crash went something! The next instant I heard a terrible shriek, and at once recognized the voices of Sophia and Ellen Maria. Merciful heavens! I had made a direful mistake! Instead of a robber, I had seized a corpulent old lady, who was ascending to her berth above. I rolled out of bed quickly, and found the terrified and highly indignant old lady just recovering her equilibrium, while the girls declared that they had come near being smothered by such a fat woman falling upon them."

"Of course, a perfect war of words followed. I tried to apologize for the wretched mistake. I had made, but the old lady would not listen to terms of peace, but kept on growling and muttering in a voice that sounded like distant thunder, until near midnight."

For a few hours all within the cabin went on smoothly. Nothing annoyed us except the motion of the boat, which rocked from side to side at a fearful rate, the night being a rough one.

About daybreak I was aroused by the cry, "Is there a lady here, to be sent ashore?" The boat had reached Richmond, our place of destination. I scrambled up, and quickly dressed myself; woke up the girls, who had slept in the greater part of their clothes, and now looked as if just issuing from a baker's press. Baby still slept. I thanked God inwardly, and hurried to the cabin door, closely followed by Sophia and Ellen Maria. I was there met by Pimpkins and the two boys, looking as blue in their faces as three indigo bags.

After much labor and alarm we succeeded in crowding ourselves into the small boat, which was to row us across to the other shore. The children

screamed, and I was frightened, as we tipped first from one side, then the other. The man at the oar said there was no danger, for the water was unusually calm.

All at once I discovered that I had left my new parasol behind, in my great hurry. I wanted to put back for it, but Pimpkins wouldn't hear of it, for the steamboat was nearly out of sight.

Reached the shore at last, and found Grandpa Pimpkins in waiting, with a horse and wagon, to take us up to the farm. Thought he had a hard face, but could not stop to examine it very closely.

Eight of us squeezed into the wagon, and proceeded on our way. The horse went slow, for his load was a heavy one. Baby began to worry, and scratch himself; soon ascertained the cause, by looking at his neck and arms, which were literally covered with bug bites.

After a ride of a mile and a half, reached the farm house. Found grandma and breakfast ready for us, to which we all did justice. Pimpkins left the same night, and I was among strangers, with five children to care for. How they trained, Miss Vane! You'd have thought Bedlam was indeed let loose. The girls teased grandma, and the boys played all sorts of capers upon old Mr. Pimpkins. Neither of them were fond of children, and the way they poked and knocked them about was a caution. This roused my mother's blood, and I told them that I could punish my own children without their help.

Both of them grew wrathful, and said they wished Sam would keep his wife and children at home. I felt first like starting for Boston that very night; but Benny had eaten too many green apples, and was real sick for two or three days. As soon as he grew better, I started for home."

"I hope you did not try the boat again," Mrs. Pimpkins, said I, "after your late disagreeable experience."

"No, indeed; I took the oars—I did not care if it was more expensive—and came through in a jiffy. It was about ten o'clock in the evening when I reached the house. The driver gave the bell a furious pull, which brought Pimpkins to the door in a hurry. He looked like death on a white horse when he saw me. I had stayed but a fortnight, instead of a month. 'You did not expect me home, did you, Sam?' I asked.

"No; why in thunder did not you write and let a fellow know you were coming?"

"Because I wanted to surprise you," said I, forcing my way into the little parlor, which was unusually brilliant with light. What a scattering of men, and crashing of wine glasses, there was at that moment! How they all got out of the house so quickly, was a mystery to me. Pimpkins had been entertaining his friends grandly during my absence!

"Business is pressing, is it?" I sneeringly said, while Pimpkins, like a guilty dog, hung his head, and sneaked off to bed.

"Really you did have a hard time of it," said I, putting on my bonnet to go.

"That's a fact; but that were nothing, if my troubles only ended here. But my Brussels carpet is entirely ruined with wine-stains, and some thief or other broke into the house during the day-time, while Pimpkins was at work, and took every bit of silver I had in the house. I wanted Sam to let me put the dozen tea spoons and half dozen forks in the safe at the bank, but he would not listen to it."

"But your girl; she will return, I presume, now that you have got home."

"No; to cap the whole, I have lost her. She found a place during my absence, where she could get higher wages, and now refuses to keep her promise with me; so I've got to try a green hand, I suppose."

Poor Mrs. Pimpkins; she seemed indeed misfortune's child! I left her house that night, secretly congratulating myself that my name was Prudence Vane, without incumbrance, and firmly resolving never to take a Trip Down East.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Chamois Hunter.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY OPHELIA MAMBERTHE CLOUTMAN.

In the environs of Innsbruck, there is no spot possessing a stronger degree of legendary or romantic interest to the tourist, than Martinswand, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, about two miles from the city, near to the old castle of Frgenstein on the road to Zirl, and famous for a chamois chase of the Emperor Maximilian. Arriving at this place about noon one sultry day in August, I began to look around me for some cool and shady retreat, which having found, I took from my portmanteau the slices of cold ham and bread with which I had thoughtfully provided myself, and after having given to my good-natured guide his allotted share of the food, I sat down beneath the wide-spreading branches of a neighboring tree, for the purpose of enjoying the remaining portion of our truly reliable repast, and the story of my companion, which ran as follows:

"The Emperor Maximilian, in his early days, was a renowned sportsman—indeed, his love for the chase became with him so much a ruling passion, that he was frequently heard to exclaim:—Oh, that I had been born a chamois hunter of the Alps, instead of an Emperor!"

You see that motto?" said my guide, pointing with his cane to a deep cavern in the centre of the cliff, in which had been planted a large crucifix, looking out upon a steep and frightful precipice.

"I do," I responded.

"That cross," continued my companion, "marks the spot where the adventure which I am about to relate occurred, long years ago; and the cave is now commonly known to the surrounding peasantry as 'Maximilian's Grotto.'"

As I have before said, the Emperor was a great huntsman, and it was with a view of gratifying his strong love for that particular art, that his majesty left court, attended by a slight retinue, in the early part of October, during the year 17—, with the determination of spending a few weeks among the Alps, which region afforded so fine and extensive a field for the enjoyment of his favorite amusement.

One day the Emperor, in the ardent pursuit of a chamois which he had wounded, ventured too far on the ledge of a rock, when suddenly the staff which he employed in climbing, slipped from his hand. The tremendous depth made him tremble, and he endeavored, by means of a violent effort, to leap to a more secure position; but of his six crampens, five were broken, and he found himself held only by a single one, from being precipitated into the yawning abyss below.

Despairing of human aid, he recommended him-

self to the mercy of God. Death, either from starvation or by being dashed to pieces on the rocks below, seemed inevitable. The cries of the Emperor, who had by accident become separated from his suite, at last attracted the attention of his men, who used every effort to rescue him, but found it impossible to render him any succor.

Fear seized upon all hearts, and out of those dozen strong and able-bodied followers, there was not one who dared attempt scaling the cliff to save the life of him who seemed suspended midway between heaven and earth.

The Emperor, being, as they believed, beyond the power of human aid, was now looked upon as a dying man by that terror-stricken crew, who, with blanched faces, prepared to afford the unfortunate monarch, in his terrible extremity, the last consolations of religion.

The sight was a sad one. The funeral tones of the village church-bell had already summoned the people to pray before the holy sacrament, which was being conveyed to the foot of a rock, to be solemnized in the presence of one whose wealth of worldly power was so soon to be wrested from his hands by the great leveler and destroyer—Death.

As the aged priest, clad in his flowing robes, advanced to perform the ceremony, the Emperor seemed to realize, to the fullest extent, the peril of his situation. A look of unutterable anguish overspread his noble countenance, as lifting his eyes momentarily towards heaven, he exclaimed, in all the delirium of despair:—Great God! is no one near to save, in this my deep distress?"

The words had scarce issued from the lips of the terrified monarch, when a young chamois-hunter reached the spot where the Emperor was vacillating between life and death. Surprised at seeing a man in a place where only the spot of the pursued chamois ventured, he cried out in a loud voice:—Holla! what are you doing there?"

The doomed Emperor replied, with a considerable degree of calmness, "I am on the watch" (ich laue), pointing his companion, at the same time, to the awful ceremonial performing below, for the salvation of his soul.

"Well," returned the hunter, "I can but attempt the descent. Be of good cheer and come with me." The wretched man needed no second entreaty to induce him to make one final effort for that most precious boon—life—to which humanity clings with such tenacity. The spark of hope which had nearly died out within his breast, was now rekindled again, and burned even brighter than before. Fresh crampens were now provided the Emperor for his feet by his youthful guide, who, kindly offering him the assistance of his arm, at last conducted the rescued monarch safely to the bottom.

A cry of joy burst from the lips of the crowd, who, with bended knees and clasped hands had watched the half-suspended breath, the perilous descent of the Emperor and his guide, where a single misstep would have hurled them both into the terrible abyss beneath.

The delight of Maximilian, at his safe and unexpected deliverance, knew no bounds. With all the tenderness of a father, he embraced the young hunter, whose boyish figure and almost effeminate beauty, united to the rare courage which he had so nobly displayed, at once elicited the admiration of all.

"How, my brave fellow, can I ever hope to truly reward one who did not hesitate to endanger his own life, that he might save that of a fellow creature?" cried the affected Emperor, whose heart was overwhelmed with gratitude towards his youthful deliverer.

"Sire, I have but shown you that devotion which is due a monarch from the meanness of his subjects."

"Take, I beseech you, this purse of gold!" said the Emperor, thrusting a heavy bag of golden coin into the hand of the young hunter.

"Pardon me, sire, but I must refuse your gold. At present, I have no need of it; should I, however, at any time, require your influence, I trust you will not refuse it to the boy Zips."

"Never! while life shall last; and now, so help me God!"

He drew from his finger an emerald ring of rare workmanship, and placed it upon the hand of the handsome youth.

"Keep this," he said, "in remembrance of Maximilian's gratitude to his deliverer. Whenever you are distressed and in trouble, believe me, this little gem shall be your passport to the favor and friendship of your Emperor!"

Zips knelt down and pressed his lips to the hand of the deeply-affected monarch. The next moment he had disappeared from sight.

The terrible suspense and excitement, under which the now safely-delivered man had labored, proved too much for him, and faint and exhausted, he fell into the arms of his followers. Now, again, the village bell poured forth its voluminous music; but this time, the burden of its melody was joy rather than sorrow.

The next day the Emperor gave a rural feast to the peasantry, far and near, in commemoration of his almost miraculous deliverance from death. Messengers were despatched to the cottage where Zips and his blind father had dwelt for the last few weeks; but they returned, saying that the cottage was vacant, and no one knew at what hour, or whether they went.

It was a festal morn in Vienna, for Maximilian was that day to wed one of Germany's fairest daughters. Great preparations were being made at Court in honor of the event, while joy and contentment seemed to be the universal feeling prevalent in the hearts of the numerous populace, who, at an early hour swarmed the balconies, and lined the streets of that gay capital.

A few hours after sunrise, when nearly all the city was astir, a young and beautiful girl, of some twenty summers, applied for admission at the Palace gate. Her coarse clothes, and unprotected situation, at once refused her entrance from the sentinel, who did not hesitate to declare her an impostor. Her pale and anxious face, together with her urgent entreaty to be allowed to speak with the Emperor for a few moments, at last enlisted the sympathy of a young soldier, who, at the expense of being laughed at by his comrades, consented to deliver a ring which the young girl took from her finger to his Majesty, whose toilette for the day was at that time being performed.

A few minutes intervened, and the beautiful girl was ushered into the presence of the Emperor. She approached, and modestly knelt at his feet. The former scrutinized her countenance closely; as if trying to recall those features, so faultless in their beauty.

"How came you by this ring?" he at length asked,

with a look that seemed to penetrate the very soul of the trembling maiden.

"Great sire, have you forgotten the boy Zips, who, two years ago, saved your life at Martinswand?"

"In truth, I have not. For months I strove to find some clue to his whereabouts, but without success. But this ring was never to leave his finger, unless to procure him some favor from his grateful monarch."

"Such, great sire, is its mission this morning. The life of one most dear to him is now earnestly solicited," said the poor girl in a sorrowful tone.

"His name?" cried the Emperor.

"Hermann Kreutzer" was the faint response.

"He that lies within the prison walls, and dies to-morrow for treason?"

"The same, great sire," and the young girl bowed her head sadly upon her breast.

"The boon you ask is a great one; but, inasmuch as I have promised, it shall be done. Give orders," he said, turning to one of his attendants, "for the speedy release of the prisoner! But stay a moment," he said to the young girl, as she quietly arose to go; "who are you, that so deeply interests yourself in the fate of a doomed man?"

"I—am—that—boy, whom you were pleased to embrace as the deliverer of your life?" said the fair girl, with a deep blush.

"Are you, indeed, that Zips, whose feet scaled so boldly the cliff of Martinswand?" asked the Emperor in breathless haste.

"The same, most merciful sire, and now, as ever, the most devoted of your subjects."

The young girl's story was soon briefly told. Accompanied by her father, she had fled from Trent to escape the clutches of a base and unworthy lover, the rival to her betrothed Hermann. Her father being both blind and feeble, the young girl donning male attire, passed her time in hunting for their support, under the name of Zips.

Through the wickedness of her base and discarded lover, Hermann had been charged of treason and thrown into prison, from whence the hand of the fair Annette had rescued him.

The nuptials of Annette and Hermann were celebrated at Vienna with great pomp, where, under the title of Lord and Lady Hohenfelschen, (of the High Rock,) they lived prosperously and happy for long years.

For the Banner of Light.

AT HOME WITH THREE.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

At home with thee, my gentle wife,
The evening hours are full of cheer,
The brightness and the bliss of life
In golden splendor centre here;
Of all the many joys that swell
My bosom in its moods of gloe,
The dearest, I have learned full well,
Are those enjoyed at home with thee.

So was it in the dreams of youth,
When I first won thy maiden kiss,
So is it now, for love and truth
Have ever crowned our days with bliss;
Oh! dearer than her downy nest
To any wandering bird can be
Is "Home, sweet home," the place of rest,
The one loved spot most dear to me!

Written for the Banner of Light.

AWAY FROM HOME.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

Over the blue sea, speeding with a swan-like motion, a graceful bark steered its homeward course, and the stars of heaven glistened brilliantly afar, and the summer zephyrs breathed deliciously, wafting fragrance from the unseen shores. The hearts of the passengers were stirred with pleasant emotions, their eyes were wet with tears of anticipated joy, for the morrow's sunset would gild the spires and vine-embosomed cottages of home. Palatial mansions awaited some; a retinue of busy servants were occupied with preparations for their arrival. For others, awaited with outstretched arms of welcoming joy the mother and the friend, the father and the brother, the sister and the child, on the humble threshold of a quiet country home. But one amidst the expectant voyagers sat sadly apart, with sorrow-bowed heart and clouded brow; the home of the many was the stranger's land to him, for it was his lot in life to toil for the daily subsistence. How seldom is the hand of the fortune-favored one extended to such in sympathy! How seldom rests the smile of beauty upon the lowly; how rarely outstretched is the hand of friendship to the daily toiler, angels of earth—how seldom rest their glances upon his bearded, careworn brow!

They passed beside him with unconscious hearts and averted eyes; matrons with sons like him, maidens with brothers young and world-untried as he was, and no greeting fell from their lips, no welcome beamed from their eyes. The wanderer was alone; and he bowed his head in desolation of spirit, and wept as manhood weeps its bitterest tears! He was away from home.

In a distant land, beneath a burning sky, amid the wild luxuriance of a tropical landscape, a weary traveler rested from the heat of noon. Exiled from home and friends, by a decree of unjust power, his heart retained its lofty faith, his soul its inherent greatness. His eye was uplifted to the glowing heavens, with the rapt gaze of soul-felt devotion; human affections, home memories, struggled to overcome the warrior and the patriot's strength with sadness; shadows of a deep heart-anguish clouded his noble brow, and tender recollections flooded his heart that in the world's conflict for right and justice was ever so brave—so strong! The patriot was away from home.

Dazzled by the earthly glitter, the commanding presence, the outward semblance of nobility, a village maiden left her sheltered home for a palatial mansion amid the crowded city. She forsook her plighted, humble lover, for the wealthier suitor, and realized the ambitious dream of her youth, to be the queen of fashion and of beauty—to hold a wondering multitude in awe by the power of wealth and title. She succeeded well; the once freely-flowing treasures, wreathed with the harbell, and the sweet simple wild flowers, were now confined by braids of pearl, by diadems of price, by richly-flashing arrows, diamond tipped and emerald-studded; soft velvets, costly laces cloaked her perfect form; shawls from the famed Cashmerian vales, robes of oriental fabric, veils of fairy tissue, were lavished upon her, and beneath all this show of splendor beat a remorseful heart—dropped a disenchanted spirit, pined a woman's love-seeking soul. For the true smile of her early loved one, she would, oh so gladly! resign the hollow artificialities of her life—the cold, mocking,

affection of her tith husband, whose love long since has waned. Its spirit long since has fled to the ideal realm; and memory, bitter and taunting, reminds; a self-accusing angel, pointing to the better life she might have chosen. Amid the whirling dance, the noisy revel, the brilliant assembly, upriseth the smothered picture of her father's home; amid the pangs of the bewildering music she hears again the morning hymn of birds, their farewell song at twilight, from among the forest depths that skirted her childhood's home. Once more, he, the pure and fondly-loving, stands beside her, and with mildly reproachful glance, but with no spoken word, turns away from her treachery and deceit. Amid the pomp of the surrounding assemblage, in the enjoyment of wealth and luxurious ease, queen of beauty and of fashion, her heart is writhing in despair. She is away from home!

A little orphan child, with pale face and tear-dimmed eye, is watching fearfully the movements of her hard task-mistress; the iron grasp of poverty compelled her gentle mother to part with her loving child; she contrasts the low, sweet music of that absent mother's voice, with the harsh, grating tones that fall so discordantly upon her sensitive ear; the steel-like glances of that cold blue eye—how different the warm love-light beaming from the soul-lit depths of her mother's hazel eye! The orphan's heart is prematurely saddened; alas! she is away from home.

Worried with a life's vicissitudes, weighed down by cares and sorrows—by the remembrance of an ungrateful youth—a white-haired man sits sorrowing; far away from his now-regretted home. The mother stands beside him with the sorrow-troubled, silently-reproachful look of yore; the father's hand laid in fearful blessing on his wayward head—how humbly would he now kiss that hand! Wealth and fame and worldly honors—all have failed to bring peace to his bosom, or to bring happiness to his soul. The stranger is away from home! But earth is not always wrapt in shadows; there are many hours of sunshine, and blessed moments of reunion. Fresh from the Father's hand come gifts of inestimable value to the appreciative hearts and progressive spirits of his children. There is so much of light and joy and glory in life, shall we not also bless him for tears and shadows?—shall we fail in perceiving the beauty of affliction, the salutary influence of adversity, the loveliness and aspiring power of sorrow, hailing only the fervid sunshine, and the unclouded skies, the flower-decked path and the calmly-flowing waters, as celestial gifts? Oh, let us not be ungrateful for the sublimity of the tempest that purifies, for the beetling rocks and thorny briars in the way, that bruise our tender feet; from the summit gained, let us look back upon experiences past, and profit by their angel teachings. Walking in faith, beneath the leaden skies, the snow-covered earth, amid the dreariness and desolation of a long winter of protracted suffering, let us look forward to the promised haven, feeling that though away from home, we draw home angels near us—home melodies around us.

Beautiful are the contrasts presented by the Father's loving mercy betwixt the storm-cloud and the new-born sunshine, the flower and the thorn; the tempest-rising waves and the musically flowing rivulet; the jutting, frowning cliffs and the smiling valleys of diversified life; all is beautiful and nobly useful.

The sorrowing voyager, unheeded by his fellow-passengers, unmiled upon by pride of wealth and beauty, in the stranger's land, found kindred hearts—a few responsive souls that met his spirit's yearning—and ere the year was past, the devotee one found home and friends.

The patriot wanderer returned to his native land—his face embrowned by India's sun; his heart subdued by long years of painful waiting. With a shattered frame, and a tottering step, he hailed once more the shores of fatherland, to sleep an only remaining child in his bosom; to weep upon the grave of a fond and faithful wife; to behold the golden star of liberty rising upon his country's wrongs. He listened to the blessings invoked upon his efforts; his spirit departed to the home prepared for him by angel hands, and his earth-form was laid to rest amid the fondly endeared scenes of the past, while the voices of assembled thousands greeted him as the deliverer of the land.

In her palace home, surrounded by officious menials, on a downy couch enriched with gleaming gems, lay wildly tossing in the delirium of grief and illness, the dying patrician lady, who had exchanged the beauty of love and contentment for the haubles of the world's changing favor. Many attendants ministered to her wants, not one friend to her soul's needs; no loving hand imparted soothing power; no words of affection fell on her dying ear; no whispered tones of consolation fell upon her aching, weary heart. A costly monument now marks her resting-place; it speaks not of the broken heart, the remorseful spirit; it breathes only of regret for the young and beautiful, so early snatched away by death.

The guiding angels led the fatherless one to the nobly toiling mother; clasped to that ever true breast, she fears no more the cold glances of a stranger's eye, the rude tones of a stranger's voice; humbly blest, they wander hand in hand, adown the valleys of labor; hand-in-hand, they ascend the spiritual mounts that lead to the eternal home.

The solitary, unloved stranger, the disappointed man, returned to his mother's cottage, to find it inhabited by strangers; to find a grassy knoll in the village church-yard, that marked her resting-place; to be shown the spot where the rushing torrent carried away his father's feeble form. And he, perchance was dancing merrily, while his frantic mother's cries resounded, and the river's swelling discord drowned the old man's death wail! He was, perhaps, counting the gold that brought no joy, when his mother's eyelids closed, and her vision opened to the glories of the spirit-life. But late repentance, even, is a saving angel, and the tears of sorrowing remorse are oft the healing dew-drops of the spirit, from which it gathers strength, and faith, and power.

Some day we shall all be at home, "in the mansions not prepared by hands, eternal in the skies." There will the faces of the dear home-angels greet us, not so glorified their radiant forms, that we shall fail to recognize them as the loved of old. There the flowers we loved shall bloom with a two-fold significance, and the skies we gloried in shall unfold a realm of love-lighted joy and beauty. Soon the spirit portals shall unclose, and our spirits be welcomed at home; there no yearning shall be unrealized, no pure hope unfulfilled, no joy overcast; but the ideal imaginings of youth and love be all the real, the charm of a life-progressive and eternal, no more "away from home."

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UNUSED POWERS.

It is a fact, and a most lamentable one, too, that a great majority of reflecting men and women live at best but half their lives, if even so much as that, in consequence of suffering only a portion of their powers to be brought into use. This lamentable fact is not always owing, either, to a state of pecuniary depression which keeps the faculties down to a point of starvation, for want of that sweet nutriment which leisure and ample means are generally fitted to secure; or, on the contrary, it is undeniable that there are thousands in abundantly prosperous circumstances, who, in spite of all their pretended intelligence, culture, and refinement, worry out their days and months with regrets that there is nothing to occupy their time pleasantly, and who betray, in every manner possible, that unrest, peevishness, general dissatisfaction and settled discontent, which show how ill they both conceive and understand the true idea of living, and how little they know of life's real meaning and best.

All this is explainable on a very natural hypothesis—which is, that there are certain very important qualities of being which have never been developed by exercise, but which are most especially essential to the perfect balance of all the powers, and the complete possession of active happiness. In other words, we are now-days developed altogether too much in a *single direction*; whereas a more general development would at once harmonize all the powers, and unite their activity in the successful pursuits of the highest life the single life has to bestow.

An article appeared in one of the current monthly publications not long ago, treating this most interesting topic in a very striking and thorough manner. The writer maintained, as we have above, that in certain circles where a better state of things ought to be expected, there is manifested a deep restlessness, and absence of repose of mind, which betrays the unwelcome truth to the most hasty observer. "Various names," says he, "are given to this dissatisfaction; it is called nervousness in one, ennui in another; this young man, we are told, is *blase*, that matron delicate; to-day the evil is called blues, to-morrow neuralgia; at one time it is attributed to the climate, and at another to a peculiar organization; change of scene is recommended by the physician, change of heart by the clergyman; recourse is had to public amusements, to charitable enterprise, to hydropathy, to homeopathy, novel reading, a voyage, the marvellous, the fabulous, the diverting, the speculative, and such social excitements as are available to the patients. It is in this vague and ill-defined, but real, want of humanity—this intangible self-dissatisfaction, this chronic unrest and weariness of mind—that quackery, superstition, and fashionable absurdity banquet, at the expense of what is most genuine and capable in human nature. After exhausting the absolute causes of the phenomena thus indicated—those which may be detected in the constitutional peculiarities, the vocations and the circumstances of individuals—after accepting the explanation which infringement of physical laws affords, there remains, in the last analysis, a balance not accounted for.

And it is this residuum of causeless unhappiness which is peculiar to our times. The men and women of an earlier day were too busy or too much in earnest, too unconscious or too insensible, to experience it, at least to the same extent. Was it that life was so full of actual good and evil to them, the heart so absorbed in its own passions, time so fleet to their consciousness? Has the multiplicity of menus rendered us too susceptible to the ends of life, so that contemplation breeds evils once absorbed by action, and instead of Othello and Macbeths, with loves and ambitions developed by intense and incessant realities, we are flung—*for ever turning the soul's eye inward*, and watching the very heart-throbs which, in a healthy life, should be lost to consciousness? The problem is too wide to be briefly solved; but there is one explanation of the evil in question which deserves more attention than it has received from either divine, metaphysical, or philanthropist. A vast amount of unhappiness so obvious among the educated and prosperous of our day is to be directly ascribed to *Unused Powers*.

In obedience, therefore, to that great and all-pervading law, which we usually call the law of Compensation, it is possible to cure this evil. But it will have to be cured only after the law itself. We must follow the suggestions which flow out of the law. And this is but another name, in fact, for balance of the powers, and for a harmonious development of all the faculties.

Now while it is admitted that the discoveries of the times have greatly aided the toil heretofore performed by the muscles, and while a great amount of leisure has thus been secured for those who labor, which ought to furnish them with additional means for rational enjoyment,—all these discoveries have wrought only opposite results, and excited conditions of morbid sensitiveness, that are fatal to every reasonable hope of happiness. We have greatly improved our material condition; but true enjoyment would seem by just so much to be diminished. We need something which we have not—something that shall make us easy, self-possessed, harmonious with ourselves, and happy.

In such a case, the writer already alluded to says:—"The strong bias of a dominant instinct is a blessing; artists, in the most genuine sense of the term,

are proverbially harmonious, because they are suffered to live in the vocation for which nature endows them. Nature, society, looks—these are the great resources to keep in due proportion the powers taxed so partially by the division of labor; and the exigencies of life; by one who loves nature finds a country life irksome; no one who loves intelligent companionship, and honest sympathy of heart, need grow arid and selfish, unless cut off from society. No one with a catholic taste for reading is justified in complaining of the barrenness of experience. Books, wisely used, atone for the deficiencies of the actual; to such readers as Lamb, Hazlitt, and Montaigne, they were, as the latter calls them, 'the best viaticum.'

We quote still further from the writer, in amplification of his strikingly just and sensible view. The sound philosophy that is to be found in them, will recommend them to a considerate perusal; and especially is it to such a philosophy that this present day, and this present generation stand greatly in need of studying.

"One of the most striking truths revealed in biography, is the absolute need of entire activity in the functions of the mind,—the action and reaction of every sentiment and gift of our nature; each, when over exerted, produces a morbid state of feeling, and when totally neglected, asserts itself with a vehement or ineffectual force. Nature instinctively and continuously aims at completeness; life and its economies work in the contrary direction; hence the vacuums in the moral atmosphere; the inward struggles for an equilibrium of the faculties,—the melancholy and hushed cry of unsatisfied desire. Let loose the votary of a limited pursuit, and to what an opposite sphere his mind instantly reverts! The favorite topic of seamen on the ocean is rural life; we have never known a shipmaster, however fond of his profession, whose dream of the future was not a place in the country, and the oversight of acres and herds. Statesmen, too, from the not less agitated sea of politics, look forward to and rejoice in the same ideal.

An overplus of ratiocination drove Dr. Johnson to his cat and conviviality; a reaction from the intensity of reflective emotion inspired Byron to fight in Greece. Paul Jones, the hero of desperate maritime battles, loved Thompson's Seasons; Bonaparte, whose greatest skill lay in material success, found his literary recreations in the wild rhapsodies of Ossian. It has become a proverb in France, that the women most successful in the *salon*, end their career by the most rigorous devotions. Metaphysical Kant cheered himself with birds, and our most laborious and venerable jurist used to steal away to the barn, and recline on a haymow, watch the swallows in the eaves. Washington's first letters, after he had sheathed his sword and retired to Mount Vernon, allude to the strange feeling with which he awoke in the morning and realized that he had no march to plan, no forage to supply, and military or civil duties to methodize; and he soon began a systematic agricultural life, as a substitute for national duties. Sydney Smith talked nonsense after writing a chapter of moral philosophy; and Edmund Keau used to turn somersets after performing Lear, while Matthews, having kept the Park Theatre in a roar all the evening, would cross the river and take a lonely midnight walk, absorbed in melancholy reverie, along its banks. Thus instinctively do select intelligences and strong characters seek the relief of contrast, and so preserve the wholesome balance of the mind, and escape the consequences of unused powers, such as drive weaker temperaments to despair or absurdity.

Luxury in France has bred an invincible trust in money, to acquire which the old chivalric tone of the Gallic mind has been subdued to a material level, that thrives on finess. What Emerson calls the 'pluck' of the English character, by overlying the sympathetic, has made ungenerously prominent the self-preserving and self-asserting qualities. Give play to manly energy in the Italian, to taste and veneration in the American, to magnanimity and truth in the French, and to humane refinement in the British character,—in a word, call into action their unused powers as a national impulse, and the same complete and grateful charm which we sometimes celebrate in individuals, would redeem and glorify a people."

There is a fine paragraph at the close of the article, which condenses a world of meaning within its brief limits. It is as follows:—

"The mental serenity which forms the protection and safety of our being, is the result of an equilibrium of forces, a harmonious activity; it is, in the last analysis, the peace which the world can neither give nor take away,—impossible to those who persistently cling to one idea, obey a singular order of instincts, confine sympathy and effort to a narrow aim, disobey the great edict of God, of nature, and humanity, and rob life of its fruit and its consecration, by unused powers."

ON THE GAIN.

The Spiritualists, are very numerous in this State, and are to be counted by thousands, some say by tens of thousands. They have, like other religious associations, their plagues and other special gatherings, which are numerous and attended. They do not make so much noise as they did last year, when the Cambridge men were doing their best to make martyrs of them, but they have grown much since that time.

The above paragraph we extract from a letter of the regular Boston correspondent of the New York Times. It suggests its own story. Those who are accustomed to give their thoughtful attention to these matters, and exercise their faculty of observation to the utmost, are very apt to see what is occurring around them some time before it is generally observed. The correspondent of the Times appears to belong to the observing class.

Here in Massachusetts, the necessity for martyrdom in the cause and for the sake of Spiritualism has about gone by. Felton found he was only making a martyr of himself in his furious attempts to impale others and roast them, and was obliged, at last, to make a voyage to Europe in order to recruit his wasted energies. Every indication declared that the Professor got altogether the worst of it; and he comes back to find, as the writer above quoted says, that Spiritualism "has grown much" since he has been gone. Its progress has been silent and steady; men are now engaged in its investigation, and men have already subscribed to a living faith in it, of whom such things would not, according to old-fashioned calculations, ever have been expected.

Yes, the cause has grown much; it has lengthened its cords, and strengthened its stakes. But it is no more a party than it ever was. Pretension and falsehood is casting off in the course of its growth, as it must have done, and must still do, if it is a living faith. It has nothing to do, either, with partisanship or popularity—nothing with the mere strength of numbers—nothing with any hopes of a mere worldly victory. It is strong only in its principles—in its simple truths; and therefore it grows, and will grow, every day.

MESSAGE VERIFIED.

DEAR SIR—I was happy to hear from Brother Ass Wentworth, with whom I was acquainted. His language sounds very familiar to me. There are others I am acquainted with, but have not time to say more.

THOMSON, Cr., Sept. 8, 1858.

We are sorry to read that last sentence, friend; the people are asking for confirmation of our messages, and we want all we can get.

"WOE! WOE! WOE!"

Another "woe" has been sounded. It comes from the editors of the New York Evangelist, a popular orthodox religious paper. There is something extremely rotten in Denmark. One of the most important screws of the machinery is loose. The bottom must certainly have fallen out. The All-father has, without doubt, been again disappointed in his plans. Everything goes wrong—that is, as the Doctors would not have it go. Nothing comes out according to their calculations. They have their compact organization; they have their clergy, a class set apart to be styled the "reverend" of the earth; they have their theological system, root, branch, and fruitage; the earth itself would seem to be their inheritance, including even the isles of the sea;—and yet they fail of their darling calculations, they lack the spiritual force that is capable of newly energizing the soul of man, and others go in and reap the fruits of the vineyard, to whom they have been wont to apply the name of outcasts and heathen.

Ah, there is a lesson in all this, and a deep lesson, too; one that is well worthy of being pondered. But let us give the readers of the BANNER the extract from the Evangelist, that has called forth our remarks. It is as follows:—

"To the shame of the church, it must be confessed that the foremost men in all our philanthropic movements—in the interpretation of the spirit of the age, in the practical application of genuine Christianity, in the reformation of abuses in high and low places, in the vindication of the rights of man, and in practically redeeming his wrongs, in the moral and intellectual regeneration of the race—are the so-called infidels of our land. The church has pusillanimously left, not only the working out, but the very reins of salutary reform in the hands of men she denounces as inimical to Christianity, and who are practically doing with all their might, for humanity's sake, what the church ought to be doing for Christ's sake; and if they succeed—as succeed they will—in banishing rum, restraining licentiousness, reforming abuses, and elevating the masses, then the recoil upon Christianity will be disastrous in the extreme. Woe! woe! to Christianity, when infidels, by the force of nature, or the tendencies of the age, get ahead of the church in morals, and in the practical work of Christianity. In some instances they are in advance in the vindication of truth, righteousness, and liberty; they are the pioneers, beckoning to a sluggish church to follow."

Strange, passing strange, that these "infidels" are permitted to work out such an immensity of good. Who can fathom this most incomprehensible of all mysteries? Why are the heathen allowed to become humble co workers with the Lord? Why does He not rather cast them all out, cut them up by the root, and blast them as they walk, as they stand, and as they lie down, and sweep them, as with a besom, clean from the face of the earth? It is incomprehensible, for even the Doctors of the Evangelist are impotent to give us the first syllable of explanation.

"Woe! woe! woe!"—when infidels get ahead of the church! The church may as well give up then. The infidels have become pioneers in the vindication of truth, righteousness, and liberty! Only to think of it. The world must surely be turning upside down, and the churches cannot, in such a case, help spilling out some of their number. What a "woe" is here, indeed! To think that mankind,—nay, that the very "infidels" of the earth will persist in doing good works, and be so eager, that they will not wait for the sluggish old church, with her wealth and her easy-going gait, to overtake them!

That alone should render them worthy of exorcism. For this, at least, ought they to be called a thousand times the "children of hell." They have dared to do good without asking leave of "the church," and to this, without question, the *unpardonable sin*. What a great pity it is, to be sure, that the kingdom of heaven was not made smaller! We are afraid that almost everybody will make out, in the end, to get into it!

DR. E. L. LYON.

This gentleman, and popular advocate of Spiritualism, came from the West a short time since to fulfill sundry engagements he had made with the friends in the East for lectures. When his list of appointments was published in the Age, it attracted the attention of some persons in Ohio, who seem to have been laboring to injure the Dr. while with them. There, Dr. L. silenced his traducers, continued his course of lectures to large audiences, and succeeded in establishing himself in the good graces of the friends—if we except the faction who have persecuted more than one lecturer before him.

When Dr. Lyon was about to commence the fulfillment of his engagements in Massachusetts, he found that circulars had been sent here, describing him as anything but an honest man. He determined to throw up his engagements, and wait patiently until he could send for proper letters from the West, to refute the slanders. Meanwhile he spoke at the Picnic in Reading, and the friends were much pleased with him as a speaker.

His letters having arrived, for which he has been waiting, we take pleasure in stating to the friends, that we have read them. They state that a committee of twelve men, who were requested to investigate the charges brought against him, have done so, and that, in their judgement, these charges are false; and they express their entire confidence in Dr. Lyon. They further state that the charges were made against him while in the West, were proved false, and his lectures fully attended after the action.

These letters speak highly of him, and are, first from J. M. McClintock and A. D. Smith—second, Geo. Turner and Lyman Knapp, and third from Wm. H. Crowell and William Crowell—all of Geneva, Ohio.

We hope the friends will aid Dr. Lyon in living down what appear to be malicious attacks, which no true Christian Spiritualist would be guilty of making; and all true men will extend the hand of sympathy, and welcome the sufferer. Would to God there were more charity in the world, and less of that spirit of hell, which seeks to blind our own eyes and those of the public to our own faults, by magnifying the faults of others, and slandering our brethren. There is no Christianity without charity—there is no heaven without that love which seeks the good of all and the injury of none. Dr. Lyon is ready now to answer calls for lectures, and is a forcible and entertaining speaker.

TELEGRAPHS FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

We have two interesting papers from our friend Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, containing communications received by him through the DIAL, one or both of which we shall publish in our next.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy, having returned from the country, will be happy to receive her friends, as formerly, at 82 Allen street.

Sabbath in Boston.

SERVICES AT THE MELODEON.

Last Sunday this hall was again opened, for the season, to the Spiritualists of Boston, and the desk was occupied by Mrs. Henderson.

The lecturers made the following abstract the substance of her discourse:—Autumn is come. It is beautiful in its foliage, and its sun shines warmly in our hearts. Since incipient spring has passed away, you have wandered out into the world of nature, drinking in its inspirations and beauties as the bee sips its honey from the opening flower. The summer came; you decked in robes of loveliness, but could not long stay, and had to hasten onward, to unite with the seasons of the past; but, as it went, it reminded you that your own responsive souls should be made wiser and better by the lessons of experience it brought with it.

As it came to the traveler over the great ocean of existence, we have seen him bow, and ask the guidance of the Great Father of life, and when he has been driven onward by an irresistible power, that prayer, coined in agony, has brought the sweet calm back again, and that storm has become a chapter in the experiences of his earthly life, without which your life-record would be incomplete. On that great untrodden pathway of life, are those who close their souls, and refuse to know more, and, without chart or compass place themselves before every wind, or hug the stern, barren coast of creeds; but you strike out into the broad ocean, and, afar from sunken rocks and shoals, have faith that the Great Guide is ready to carry you over in safety. Though then, the lightning flash and the storm-clouds settle over you, you know that the sunny days will come again, and the welcome summer's shower will refresh you with its joy and beauty.

You who have wandered, have listened to the songs of the angels as to the melody of the birds; and you have gone forth under their conquering harmony to sow the seeds of love and wisdom which shall spring up in many souls; and, like the little flower, you ask not for whom you shall shed your fragrance, but scatter it spontaneously, and, free as air, lift the soul to a plane higher with its purity.

Thoughts in the spirit-life are embodied—have a recognized individuality—as are words in your own language. God created every thought, and has sent every thought down to us on angels' wings. They wander, unseen and unknown, till they find a negative condition in the heart of man, and thence go out into the world as living realities; and many are waiting for him to give expression to them, that they may follow in his footsteps. As the little bee sips the fragrance from the flower, sometimes the sensitive blossom closes its petals over it, and holds it a prisoner. So the mind often closes over a thought—but the petals will decay, and the released angel will hasten quicker on its mission. The little thoughts, invisible to you, will after their mission on earth is done, mount with you upward to the spheres of thought, and attending angels will usher you onward, through the fields of unbounded, unexplored wisdom.

Look at the convulsions in political, religious and social life, indirectly the result of this new dispensation—see how, while night hides them with her mantle, the elements so alter that the world is startled in the morning, at the change. The world's stern religions are modified to suit humanity, and mortification and son greet each other by the magnetic touch, running under the reeling waves of the great ocean.

Man is learning to study nature by the light of this new dispensation; and it is a lesson well worth learning, that the true Spiritualist will, from the birth of death, go forth into a higher life, clothed with beauty and loveliness—those amaranthine flowers which will never die, though they may bend beneath the tempest-storm, and be frowned upon by the angry clouds, for a time.

Then go forth, to lay up treasures, not for yourselves, but for those who will follow you. And, as you go forth, you can compare notes with each other individual spirit, and pass on.

While you claim to be Spiritualists, look not down upon those who still clutch at creeds—do not scorn them, but remember that if God can convey you over the sea of life, he can others as well; and that if he has given you a religion suited to the necessities of your condition, he can give to others that which their nature demands. Why will any teach mankind that which they are not ready to receive, and which reaches them untimed, chaotic, and crude? Why do you teach the heathen that which is so high above their capacity that it fills them with anguish, while to them ignorance is bliss? In God's own good time all will receive the light; and why not leave it in the hands of him who "doeth all things well?"

Spiritualism comes not to you as a ghost, to frighten children, but as a star to guide mankind in a better path than they have known before. Nature is God's garden, and mankind are his flowers. When you open the doors of your souls, and admit the angels to warm, cheer and bless you, you will feel it true; and, though strong hands may hurl the arrows of opposition at you, they will rebound to the enemies' ranks. You will know that the truths from spirit-life are not for you, any more than the sun that shines, or the rain that falls, but for all of God's children alike. When materialism surrenders to Spiritualism, you will see that all is bright and beautiful; mankind will blend in a stronger brotherhood, and we may say, We are one—one forever.

[After waiting some minutes to receive questions from the audience, she concluded.]

As there are no questions to be answered, we bid you look upward towards your Creator, and send forth thoughts which will receive their own answer. We do not ask God to bless you; we trust in his bounty and his love, and we know that he will give you your soul's desire in all times and all seasons.

In the evening, Messrs. Edison and Wilson acted as a committee to select a subject for her remarks, and the following question was announced: "Was Jesus the Son of the Carpenter?—was Christ the spirit and teacher."

We have to deal with one who was the embodiment of virtue on earth, and who is now the radiating star of goodness in the angel sphere. We have no means of knowing, with regard to the natural parentage of Christ, more than you have—our knowledge of historical facts does not exceed your knowledge. We accept Christ, the principle, as the teacher of mankind by his spotless example, and as the Saviour of humanity by the purity of his teachings. But we have nothing to say of Christ, the individual. We can draw inferences from the record

we have, that Mary, the mother, was set apart when young—as was the custom with the virgins of that day—and consecrated as a handmaiden of the Lord, and that she lived with the high priests of the land; that she, in her simplicity and innocence, listened to the voice she thought to be the voice of God. She loved in obedience to that law, and brought forth the individual Jesus. But it was as carefully concealed from Joseph, the father—because he became the father by virtue of becoming the husband of Mary—as it has since been from the Christian world. Within Christ was a germ placed, through the influence of the Holy Ghost.

Jesus, the human being, was subject to the imperfections belonging to mankind—was subject to all the temptations to which you are. He never claimed for himself what the Christian world has since claimed for him. He had natural parents—for every effect must have its proportionate cause, and no offspring can exist without the forces capable of producing it. Thus we scoff at the dogma of the immaculate conception, of Christ's physical being; but Christ, the Principle, was immaculate; and Jesus became a man, and went forth teaching great, strong, sturdy truths, which made society tremble to its centre.

We cannot believe that there was anything marvellous, either in his birth, his life, or in his death when he gave himself up as a martyr to religious progression.

In his system was the positive and negative equally balanced, and so, when a child, his power began to unfold, and at the age of twelve he was able to confound the doctors in the temple. So he went on, till this Christ principle became the victor over Jesus the man. Because of Christ's spiritual nearness to God, in a spiritual sense, was given him all power on earth.

You claim that there may not be another Christ on earth; but we see no reason why there may not be myriads of them. If all the priests were pure and holy, and all the maidens true and confiding—if all the natural laws are in harmony—the young child may come again and confute the learned savans of the present day. Does man aspire for a coming Christ? Then that prayer will not be in vain—for every prayer sent forth on earth sends an angel up to God, who comes not back again empty.

Christ the principle, wanders in your midst. There are men who laugh to scorn the idea of the advent of another Christ—they say, we know all that is worth knowing. God has given to us in his book all that he wants us to know. But in this latter day the heavens have been opened, and the Christ principle has descended to us. Many a dark crime of immorality has been laid upon the head of this little child of Spiritualism, as they were laid upon the head of the child of Nazareth. But Spiritualism has caused the words to be spoken which have planted peace in many a soul. We say, in this dispensation, Christ has lived as truly as he did eighteen hundred years ago. Laws change not—conditions change constantly, and through the change of the conditions you are taught to cultivate your spiritual nature.

We do not pretend to say that man, swinging between virtue and vice, is so capable of the higher communings with God as Christ was, but each is as perfect in his own nature as Christ was in his; and all will come together in unity—not on one plane, for that would be monotonous—but with all the variety of heaven—the immortal soul creates for itself.

Churches have been built according to Jesus the man, but not to Jesus the principle. There is no finality—there is no death. Christ never died, though Jesus was crucified.

You have only to bow before your own souls—to come in meekness and humility—and God will welcome you upward to a higher seat in his heaven of immortality.

At the close of the lecture, several passages of Scripture were expounded, to the satisfaction of the audience.

WONDERFUL CONFIRMATION OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

Regarding in this light, there has not been either so remarkable, or so valuable a book, for a long time, as the one lately published by Thatcher & Hutchinson, of New York, and entitled "Shahmah in Pursuit of Freedom; or, The Branded Hand." As a history of personal experience, it is full of beauty, interest and power, that never once in the whole five hundred and ninety-nine pages, descends into the common-place. It is the story of a great life, wrought up with a wholly unconscious and self-forgetting energy, that naturally unfolds conditions of the most intense interest, and the most startling character. And thus often, without intending it, or seeming even to know anything about them, Shahmah demonstrates and confirms some of our most important theories; and if in his search after freedom he makes some mistakes, it is only to show, more forcibly than ever could have been shown by any direct proof, that grand mistake of ours, which has made such a search necessary.

In many passages there is a kind of Oriental splendor, combined with a simplicity of style, ohaste as that of the Hebrew Scriptures. "In short," it is a book to make its mark; and, as an outbearing power of the Age, it deserves attention.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

S. B. Britton will speak on Thursday evening, 16th inst., at Willimantic, Ct.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy will speak in Foxboro', Thursday, Sept. 16th; Sherborne, Sunday, 19th.

Mrs. A. M. Henderson will lecture in Portland the three first Sundays in October, and will answer calls to speak in that vicinity week evenings during that time. Address, during September, at the Fountain House, Boston.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton lectures in Providence, R. I., Sundays, September 19th and 26th, and in Pawtucket, Wednesday evenings, September 15th, 22d and 29th. Those wishing her services subsequently, can address Willard Barnes Felton, care of Rufus Reed, Providence.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak as follows:—Cambridge 19th, at Nashua, N. H.; Sept. 26th, at Bridgewater, Mass.; October 3d, at Lawrence, Mass.; Oct. 4th, at Dover, N. H.; Oct. 5th, at Great Falls, N. H.; Oct. 6th, at Rochester, N. H.; Oct. 7th, at Exeter, N. H.; Oct. 10th, at Stoddard, N. H.; Oct. 17th, at Waltham, Mass.; Oct. 23d and 24th, at Fitchburg, Mass.; Oct. 31st, at Sutton, N. H.; November 21st and 28th, at Portland, Me. He will answer calls to lecture at any other time, as his school has, for the present term, passed into other hands. Address him at Lowell. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Correspondence.

PROFESSOR SNAILL ON "FREE LOVE."
SWAMP COTTAGE,
September 13, 1868.

To JACOB JINKS, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR—

Chief among the pestilential evils which the adversary of souls has entailed upon this generation, and one for which the advocates of Spiritualism will be called to render an exact account in the day of judgment, is that denominated, "Free Love." I feel a great weight pressing on the vitals of my soul, dear Jinks, every time a thought of this intrusive and seductive sin flashes across the bright, pure tablet of my sanctified mind. I feel like young Absalom, when he was caught by the hair of his head, and hung up for the sport of his enemies—taken all aback by this thing.

I have astounding intelligence to whisper in your ears. I have learned of the vile doings of these Spiritualists, and the iniquitous designs their teachings invariably lead to, and it is that I may thoroughly expose them, and warn the people of this world that I shall neither give sleep to my eyes nor slumber to my eyelids, until I write you a letter about them. Let the people make humble acknowledgment of thanks, that, in the wise Providence of the Disposer of all things, my mother gave birth to a child who was destined to save so many souls from utter perdition.

The first manifestation of this iniquity beheld by my holy eyes was, I am pained to say, in an omnibus, and led me to write my letter to "The Journal of Sanctities," on the propriety of a law, making it obligatory for stage-proprietors to furnish separate vehicles for men and women, and making it a penal offence for both sexes to ride in one omnibus, or walk on the same side of the street as pedestrians. Such a law I was, and am now, convinced would stay, to a considerable extent, the great stream of licentiousness which is bearing so many tens of millions to hopeless despair, unmitigated torments, and endless ruin—to say nothing of perdition. But let me state the circumstance.

It was in Boston—good, old puritan city!—the spot so favored with the revivals of Dr. Spinney and Elder Snapp. It was anniversary week, and, as it looked showery as I came out of Brimstone Chapel, on the corner, I hailed an omnibus. It looked like a sinner that drove it, but I wanted to save my new hat from a drenching, so I did not care for that. In I got. The vehicle was about full, and but one seat was left, and that fact I looked upon as a special providence for myself. In a few moments the omnibus stopped, and three thoughtless, giggling girls got in. There was no vacant seat! Where could they sit? I was revolving this important query in my mind's eye, when down they sat in the laps of gentlemen opposite me!!!! What could this mean? Was I in Solon, and Gomorrah, those vile cities of the Plain? Was I in a brothel-coach of some God-forsaken place? Oh, Moses! I involuntarily deputed myself. Oh, David and Isaiah, Solomon, Deuteronomy and Tobit!—ye past worthies gone home, whisper to me the meaning of this! I clasped my hand upon my mouth, lest the wrath of God should pour out of it, and deluge those sinful folks with a just judgment. I cast my eyes upward, but as I did so, beheld the face of the wicked driver looking through the hole at the top of the coach! So I brought them down, and meditated.

Pretty soon, one of the women said to her companion in guilt, "How convincing were the proofs of our angel mother's presence at the circle, last evening."

I did not wait to hear more. I involuntarily, as is my practice, clapped my hands upon my ears, that my election-to eternal bliss might not be hazarded by the contamination of sinners; for I knew at once they were Spiritualists. All at once, as I sat there with my eyes shut and my hands on my ears, it was revealed to me that I was near a nest of pestiferous free-lovers, and that the gross immorality thus boldly practised in my sight, of women sitting in the laps of men, was the unhappy result of the pernicious doctrine of free-love. I could not refrain from receding upon the terrible wrong that would be done society, were such practices to become general. How heinous a sin against Heaven—how terrific the crime against human nature—how demoralizing a development of depravity—how sinfully demoralizing and dastardly wrong would it be, should a lady so transgress the law of God as to sit in the lap of a gentleman in any family!

I like the Methodists on this point. They will not allow man and woman to worship God together, but put the gentlemen on one side of the church, and the ladies on the other, lest some terrible crime be committed. And the separation is a good reminder of the blessed events of the last great day, when the sheep will go to one side, and the goats to the other, by command of the Kings of Kings.

I will not attempt to depict to your mind; my pure-hearted Jinks, what agony of soul I endured while those girls remained in that lamentable condition, which they did, as long as I was in the omnibus. As I arose to get out, one of them also arose, and I thought at the moment she had some evil design upon me, but it seemed she only wanted the seat I vacated. I escaped, doubly thankful that I had battled against temptation, like Job at Jahufer, and came off victorious over sin, the flesh, and the devil.

Since that time I have taken special pains to ascertain how far this baneful free-love has intruded itself into our midst, and the result of my inquiries is perfectly alarming. I find that women who have husbands, do actually breathe the same air, and live habitually in the same house, with unmarried men, and that among Spiritualists it is no uncommon thing to hear a lady say that she loves all of God's children—interpreting this last to mean every son—mark it, every son and daughter of Adam!!!

On the whole, I think that love is a dangerous thing, and the magnitude of its pernicious influence to be immeasurable. For, as the etymological meaning of "love" implies a freedom in the act, I cannot see how it can be proven that all love is not free, and consequently that we are not all free-lovers! Hence I think love an offspring of total depravity. Yes, we have had too much of it already, and the sooner we banish it from our midst, the sooner we shall escape the danger of becoming reputed "free-lovers." You are aware, dear Jinks, that it is fast leaving our church limits; and that as soon as our names are subscribed to a creed that consigns ninety-nine undreds of the human family to eternal torments, the sinful world has no good reason to say

that we have the least particle of love within the sanctified precincts of our sanctimonious souls.

Disputants have argued upon "the mysteries of God." They have been sorely puzzled over the mystery of election, of grace, and of the atonement; but these are all as plain as the alphabet, compared with the greater mystery of his purpose in placing man and woman in the same world, knowing, as he did, the diabolical results of the commingling of the sexes. The better judgment of the church and a sanctimonious press, would dictate a different course. It would suggest the placing of these woefully antagonistic creations in worlds remotely apart, so that love might be, if it existed at all, only an imaginary thing, and the abomination of free-love an ideal. But God thought otherwise, and the result is the consequence!

You know what a state of society I would have. You know I would make a heaven of earth, having each heart as pure as our pastor's mind, and as clear as our deacon's conscience; but as some may see this letter who do not thus know me, let me say, for their information, that I would have men and women live in separate houses, and, if possible, in separate towns, or counties, even. I would have the word "man" struck from every book used by woman, and the word "woman" from every book used by man. I would even go so far as to have the letters comprising the respective names obliterated from the alphabets used by each sex. I would do this, because if the sexes meet, it is impossible for the one not to be attached to, and, consequently, "love" the other. This fact in human nature may not be apparent to all, because custom compels its concealment; but this poor, depraved Nature, seems to be wonderfully assisted by the unprincipled teachings of the new heresy called Spiritualism, and is breaking away from the holy restraints of the church militant, and making the fact manifest to all.

O, woful day for man when nature triumphs over him, and the pretended revelations of God in stones, and trees, and running waters, in his own soul, and in the sin blighted, hell destined works of creation supplant the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, Translated from the Original Greek, and Diligently Compared with all former Versions, together with the Apocraphy, Concordance, Marginal Notes, and Reference. New York: Published by the American Bible Society.

O, how I love those good old days of old—those days so blessed with the outpourings of truth, and so sanctified with the presence of the Puritan faith. There was no free-love then to blast our hopes, separate our families, destroy our peace, and open the flood-gates of licentiousness. Those dear old times when the women folks staid in the kitchen, and the men congregated in the fore-room. When a kiss was looked upon as an act of gross immorality, and the meeting of a young man and woman, unless the parents of each were present, was considered a crime for which there was no pardon, but one which subjected the offensive parties to the condign punishment of excommunication from the watchful care of the church.

There is some hope yet, my dear Jinks, that this terrible state of things in our midst will end, for a sister whose feet walk in wisdom's ways, tells me that they who advocate the right to love whom they please, without the countenance of a minister, or the approval of each one and all of their relatives and friends, are not considered worthy associates by the circumspect and pure. Truly do these latter fulfil the injunctions of our creed when they say, as they do, to these vile and wilful beings, "Get thee behind me, Satan—stand off; I am holier than thou." And does it not show the interposition of a divine hand in this matter, when we see delicate, sick, and feeble married ladies—those whose hearts are so pure and heavenly that they cannot even love their husbands and children, leave their homes, and go from house to house raising their warning voices, by proclaiming the base doings of those whose love is as free as the air they breathe? I tell thee, Jinks, God has not forsaken his people yet! I tell thee, these devoted women are as much called of God as you or me, and they will get their reward for their self-sacrificing actions.

I am an old man, rapidly approaching my three score and tenth birthday, but I am not weary in well-doing. It is impossible, that, after a life of usefulness, my gray hairs should go in sorrow to the grave, which they most assuredly would did I pass away, knowing that men and women loved each other indiscriminately, or that the dear affection of the human soul were disposed of without a due recognition of the act being had by the church, and the pastor receiving his customary fee. It is said that pilgrims to holy shrines in the East, behold bottles containing the tears of saints who have suffered and died. But there are not bottles enough in the world to hold the tears which men of God and mothers in Israel should shed at so lamentable a fact!

I must close. The hours of life are waning, the sands falling, and soon you and me will appear in the dreadful presence of God—in the awful arena of the terrible scenes of the terrific judgment of the last day. Hoping that we shall have grace from on high to enable us to rejoice in that justice which consigns our parents and friends, our brothers, sisters, and children, to punishment, and you and me to bliss, "both of which shall be without end."

I remain, confidently yours,
PROFESSOR SNAILL,
of Swamp Cottage.

REMARKABLE POWER OF MIND.

Messrs. Editors—A few days since I noticed in the BANNER the advertisement of H. L. Bowler, of Natick, Mass., under title of "The Book of Life opened," stating that by seeing a daguerreotype or the hand-writing of a person, he was able to give the true state of the system, the best pursuits for obtaining an honest livelihood, &c. Having seen and heard much of late, I am not prepared to dispute anything; but this to me looked as near like an extension of facts as possible. However, I sat down and wrote him a few lines, asking him to tell me if he could what ailed me—or, in other words, to state the condition of my system—without even telling him that anything was the matter. Last evening I received his reply, and I confess myself "used up." He has told me every particular correct, having even told my height, size, complexion, color of hair, and the state of both mental and physical system, better than any physician can do with the chance to feel of the pulse and ask all the questions he pleases. After giving me a full description of all my aches and pains he then prescribed a remedy, which of course I have not had time, to carry into effect, but must say that it looks reasonable, and I have not a doubt of its efficacy. Truly yours, HENRY A. CLIFFORD.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Sept. 6, 1868.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

A Remarkable Manifestation—Peculiar and Conventions—Lectures and Lecturers—The Conference—Episcopalianism and Spiritualism—The Bishop of London.
New York, Sept. 11, 1868.

Messrs. Editors—One of the most beautiful and extraordinary incidents in my spiritual experience, has occurred on this, as I write, Friday morning. At this very moment a beautiful white dove sits within a few feet of me, alternately gazing into my face, and adjusting its feathers, and stretching its wings, as though in anticipation, not long first, of regaining that freedom from which I have temporarily restrained it, and soaring away in its native air. I am loath to part with it, for to me it was a messenger from the skies. It brought me a note, this morning, before I had risen, and delivered it at my bedside, from one who has many years been an inhabitant of the spirit-world. The note I have; and the bird I have; and the floss which bound the missive about the little postman's neck; and am able to give something of a satisfactory explanation of the way in which the messenger obtained an entrance to my chamber, while the door was shut and locked, and the blinds closed. The circumstances are as follows:

On Thursday, while sitting with Dr. Redman in his office, the spirit of a dear friend wrote through his hand the following sentence:

"Did you know, ⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰, I was preparing to make thee a present—a present in which I shall take another form, and be with you, so that you can see me?"

"Please explain," said I.

"No; time will explain," was written in reply. "Keep this to thyself till that time comes."

Lost in wonder, I asked "if this would soon occur." The answer was:

"Yes! within four days. Let this suffice, ⁰⁰⁰⁰; do not wonder, but let thy mind pass to something else."

Of the purport of this conversation, I am satisfied. Dr. Redman could have known nothing. In giving the part of the spirit, he reached across a good breadth of the table—the full extent of his arm—and wrote on the paper lying before me, placing the letters in the natural position for me to read, but which made them to him inverted; and though I exhibited some surprise at the nature of the communication, I gave him no information on the subject.

The evening which succeeded, I passed wholly with Dr. Redman. Between ten and eleven we retired to the same room and bed. I was a few minutes in advance of him, but he soon followed; we extinguished the light, and, after a little conversation, went to sleep.

In the morning I awoke early, and had been awake about an hour, part of which time had been passed in conversation between Dr. Redman and myself, when suddenly we were startled by the sound of wings, and a white dove flew across the room from the door to the window, and alighted on the projecting wood-work above. The first question that arose was, how the little intruder could have found access to the chamber. The door was locked, and though the high window was open above and below for the free admission of air, the Venetian blinds were closed; and aside from the door and window, there was no place of entrance. Full of wonder, the thought occurred to me whether this incident was not connected with the announcement of the day before, and I commenced looking about for some evidence which might afford a solution of the inquiry. On the carpet in front of the bed, was discovered a small piece of paper, folded square, of about the size of a quarter of a dollar, one part being slipped into the other, and a thread of floss, which had originally been tied with a square knot, but now gave full evidence of having been severed by force, passing through it. The missive, on being unfolded, was found to measure about four inches by three, and contained four lines of writing, or rather printing, in pencil, in the character employed by the House's telegraph. The first line was the address to myself, and the fourth was the signature, as follows:

HAVE I NOT REMEMBED MY PROMISE? ⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰

At a late hour of the morning, I had another conversation with the spirit of my friend, through the same channel, and under the same conditions, as before. It was as follows:

"00000000, I thank you from my heart for your present."

This I wrote, and the following was immediately written in reply:

"00000000, there is no way in which I could come to thy very face, like that. You wondered, didn't you?"

"Did the dove come into the chamber this morning?"

"About midnight."

"Through the lattice?"

"Yes, I bade it, or influenced it by my own spirit, which had embodied it, to contract its form. The spirit-world is even now rejoicing with me over it."

"Where was the note written?"

"I wrote it through an ⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰ medium."

"Through Redman?"

"No; a lady."

"In this city?"

"Yes."

"Was it attached to the bird's—?"

(Interrupting me,) "Round its darling neck."

"I want to keep the bird, and still, I dislike to confine it."

"I but borrowed the bird, to hide my spirit in. It will seek the element of heaven, even though its door be closed."

"I must not try to keep it, then?"

"I shall ever be more or less, in and through it: it is my earth symbol. For that you may keep it a day or two."

"And when it takes wing, will you not afterward occasionally send it back?"

"Indeed, I will come to thy couch, through the dove."

The white-winged messenger is very gentle—evidently a domestic bird—but is restive under restraint; and I see I must very shortly set it free. And so, for the present, this new romantic and instructive chapter of Modern Spiritual History.

There is little stirring with Fort Lee on the way of Spiritual news. The picnic at Port Lee on Thursday, was largely attended; and the Convention at Utica, I trust, is by this time in the full tide of successful and sensible experiment.

Miss Hardidge lectures at Dedworth's to-morrow, and for several successive Sabbaths. Mr. Harris resumes his labors to-morrow at University Chapel. Lamartine Hall, under the general supervision of Horace Dresser, Esq., chairman of the congregation

meeting there, enjoys a constant change of speakers, Mr. D. officiating whenever there is a lack of supply from without.

At the Conference last evening, the question was—What is the true mission of Spiritualism?—a question was spoken to, at length, by Miss De Force, a trance speaker from the West. The great interest of the session, however, hinged on the incident of the dove, related above, and other facts going to show that birds are mediums for spirit intercourse. The question for next week's session is—What is Spiritualism?—which is intended to be discussed in such a manner as to make a separation between the wheat and the chaff, if possible; and determine how much of the phenomena are due to the spirit-world, and how much to mundane psychology and the minds of the mediums.

The Episcopal Church is just making the discovery that its rubrics fully recognize the doctrine of intercourse between the natural and spiritual worlds. This has recently been emphatically announced by clergymen of that order in this vicinity; and if anything further were wanting as an indication that that church is inclined to recognize the modern manifestations as legitimate, it may be found in a recent sermon of the Bishop of London, delivered at Westminster Abbey, and published in the London Times.

"There were many important lessons," said the Bishop, "to be gathered from Jacob's dream. There were dreams by day as well as by night; and what, he might ask, were our day-dreams but wandering thoughts which very often shadowed forth the business of our lives? The special lesson taught by Jacob's dream was, that God constantly controlled our thoughts, and that we were constantly in connection with the world of spirits, while we thought we were far away amid earthly things. He entreated those whose thoughts turned heavenward not to check them, for they might be certain that they were enlightened by the same glorious presence which cheered Jacob in the wilderness."

Au revoir. YORK.

GROVE MEETING AT SOUTH MONTVILLE, MAINE.

Messrs. Editors—The Spiritualists of Searsmont and the adjacent towns held a grove meeting, Sunday, August 22d, on the ground belonging to Col. Woodman, South Montville. Some fifteen hundred people assembled as early as ten A. M., and half an hour after, quiet and stillness pervaded the large assembly. The meeting was opened by the usual services of singing from the choir and reading of scripture, after which, Miss E. E. Gibson, of Kintlogue, N. H., was influenced, and spoke in relation of the true "spiritual worship of the Father of spirits." And for one hour she poured forth a strain of eloquence truly beautiful and sublime, with the energy of her whole soul fired by an angel's touch. When she concluded, Mrs. Morse by her entranced, improvised and sang a beautiful poem—"Progression, here and hereafter"—which was complete in all its parts. After this an hour was given to supply the material wants of the outer man.

After dinner the stand was occupied by Miss E. E. Gibson and Mrs. Morse in alternate speaking, improvising, and singing, such as gave great satisfaction, new life and joy, to all hearts of the vast multitude of anxious hearers.

We noticed many friends from Union, Camden, Belfast, Unity, Freedom, Belmont, Morrill, &c. A beautiful coach drawn by four horses brought out sixteen warm hearts from Belfast.

We would say our course is onward and upward, and to lecturers that pass from Augusta to Belfast at Searsmont they will find a home, and hearts who will listen gladly to the spoken word. N. P. BEAN.

SEARSMONT, ME., Sept. 4, 1868.

NOTICE FROM WARREN CHASE.

I shall spend October, November and December, in New England, and the friends in localities near Boston, or easily accessible by railroad, who wish me to spend a week with them, and give six or seven lectures in the time, can have such visit and lectures, including one Sabbath, for \$25, by notifying me in season at No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. In places where the friends are too poor to raise this sum, I will, when convenient, lecture to them for whatever they choose to give me, or for nothing, as this has been my course for six years past. I have been induced to name this sum, to answer many inquiries about compensation, &c. Please write me early, as I shall issue notices in October for most of the time.

WARREN CHASE.

A WOMAN GIVING THE SECRET SIGNS OF ODDFELLOWSHIP.

Mr. Leander Bigelow, of Marlboro', Mass., informs us that while Mrs. Carrier, medium, was visiting him, a spirit controlled her, giving the name of S. P. Spencer, who formerly resided in Marlboro', and gave him the grip in the third and fourth degrees, and a sign in the fifth degree. He had, previously to this, given the sign of recognition in the third degree, and had gone through the forms of initiation through a medium.

When it is considered this medium was a lady, and the signs and grips of a secret order were given by her to an oddfellow, by an influence purporting to have been a member of that order on earth, into whose counsels ladies are not admitted, we think it is a good test of spirit power. Other tests were given by the spirit, but the above is considered more conclusive than others, from its nature.

TESTS THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD.

"Dominus regit me," was written on a card by a third person, and presented to Mr. M. for answer by a person who had no knowledge of Latin. Mr. M. did not see these words, and his hand was moved, and wrote in answer to them—"The Lord rules me."

The following was also answered in the manner: "Benedic anima mea." Answer: "My mind says well."

A lady wrote on a letter sheet the following, without addressing it to any one, or signing her name: "Will you give me a test?" This was sealed in two envelopes, and without opening the envelopes, or any knowledge of what was written in the letter, Mr. M.'s hand wrote the following answer:—

"My dear child, you ask for a test. You have neither written my name or signed your own."

Your Spirit Mother."

ANOTHER VICTIM TO SPIRITUALISM.

One day last week the Herald published an account of the death by suicide of Joshua Peckham, of Salem, and stated he was a Spiritualist.

The last assertion was not intended to state a fact, but was only a play upon terms, Mr. P. having been in delirious tremors. He was not a believer in Spiritualism, and it is said he never attended a spiritual lecture. Our Salem friends will see the joke, although rather a questionable one.

The Bazar World.

A history of Miss Munson's mediumship will be published in our next issue.

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

"May I leave some tracts?" asked a missionary of a lady, who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts—certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her spec, "leave them with the bed towards the house, if you please."

An old advertisement in an English newspaper of 1866, reads:—"Wanted, a stout, active man, who fears God, and can carry 300 pounds."

The late revival-fever added ten thousand members to the Methodist persuasion in New England. Most of them will be Spiritualists in due time.

John Foster wrote twenty-five years ago, that "Religion is utterly incompetent to reform the world, till it is armed with some new and most mighty power—till it appears in a new and last dispensation."

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers. "Madame," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized. "No, sir," was the reply, "not as I know; but I've been teazened!"

We learn from the Battle Creek (Mich.) Journal, that the friends of Joel Tiffany have challenged President Mahan to meet that gentleman in an oral debate upon the merits of Spiritualism, in its philosophical and Biblical aspects. Said discussion to continue at least five days and evenings—the expense of the hall being paid by the Spiritualists. We are not advised as to whether Mr. M. accepts the offer.

The Miami (Ohio) annual Christian Conference, at a recent session, have proscribed the wearing of crinoline-skirts, and make it a test to distinguish the "elect" from the "outside world."

Outsides of Even Sources.—We have received an article from Dr. Hatch, with the above caption, which shall appear next week.

Paul Morphy, the American chess player, has achieved a success in England which astonishes even his most sanguine friends.

A bright and beautiful bird is hope. It will come to us amid the darkness, and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and it warbles its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibres of our heart that grief has been tearing away.

SPIRITUALISTS' GRAND MASS PICNIC AT ABINGTON.

The second picnic for the season of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Wednesday, Sept. 16th. A special train of cars will leave the depot of the Old Colony Railroad for the Grove at half past eight o'clock in the morning. All friends of Spiritualism, both in city and country, are cordially invited to attend this Grand Social Festival, and participate in the exercises of the day. Several eminent Trance Speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises.

Tickets, fifty cents each for adults, and twenty-five cents for children, may be obtained at the depot on the morning of the excursion. They may also be obtained at all the way stations between Boston and South Braintree, at one-half the regular fare; on regular trains which leave Boston at half-past eight in the morning.

Mr. Wilson, a celebrated medium from Toronto, well known by readers of Spiritualist publications, will be present, and give his experience in Spiritualism, which is said to be very remarkable.

Hall's Concert and Quadrille Band will furnish the music.

Should the weather be favorable, it is anticipated that this will be the largest gathering of Spiritualists ever assembled in this or any other country. Come one—come all! Should the weather be stormy, the Excursion will be postponed until Friday, the 17th inst.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this column.]

TYRRELL.—Letter sent to the correspondent in New York.

DANIEL W. R. WOODS.—H. L.—We should be happy to extend to you the encouragement you ask for, but we cannot at present.

S. O. D. S. FRANKLIN.—Miss A. has been applied to to finish what you speak of, but is probably held back by those who control her. In time we shall probably have it. S. G. F.—We shall be pleased to hear from you, and will publish as we find room. We regret the loss of your previous letter in reference to the subject.

Special Notices.

VERY REMARKABLE CURE AND RESTORATION OF EYE-SIGHT.

I came to Madame DuBois blind, led into her rooms, and in half an hour was able to go home alone. My eyes were afflicted with Egyptian Ophthalmia and chronic inflammation for five years. My eyes are now entirely cured by Madame DuBois.

PATRICK MAHONY.

No. 6 Kneeland street, Boston, Mass.

This lady is at the American House in this city.

MADAME DU BOIS, MRS. MRS. CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, from New York City, who has been so successful in the treatment of all diseases, especially of the Eye and Ear, is at the American House, Hanover street, Boston. The afflicted are invited to call.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Mrs. Anna H. Henderson will speak, under spirit-influence, at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 8 and 7-1/2 o'clock P. M. Admission ten cents.

MEETING AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—A Circle for Trance-Speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10-1/2 o'clock. Admission 5 cents.

MELTUSON IN CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winthammet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, in Wall's Hall—speaking by mediums and others.

Nature has established monogamic marriage, by her division of the sexes. Our best statisticians state that the number of males and females in the world are equal. The facts are different among animals of the gregarious kinds, in which the females exceed the males, and in all species except those which pair, this is true, while in those animals and birds which pair, and remain mated during life, the number of males and females are equal. Then it follows that nature, by creating an equal number of male and female members of the human race, designed monogamic marriage as the true relation of the sexes. By implanting in the human heart the sacredness and unity of the marriage relation, she has destroyed all support to variety in love.

What is gained by "variety"? Are the moral and spiritual faculties nourished by it? Are men elevated and spiritualized by the diffusion of their love among as many of the opposite sex as they desire? Nay; but it is simply the gratification of lust, of the animal propensities in which the intellectual and spiritual nature participates not, rather crying out loudly against the wrong inflicted on them.

But let us anticipate the result flowing from the practical application of such principles. Suppose they are popularized to-day, what results are to be expected to-morrow? If applied to perfect men, angelic in desires and love, it would not effect them, for constitutionally they would not respect each other's rights, and thereby be incapable of doing wrong. Its application to mankind as they are, is, however, entirely different. They are selfish, and disregard the rights of others, if they can gratify their own desires. The adoption of such a belief would afford the opportunity for the gratification of lusts, debasing, demoralizing and destroying passions, and would blight and destroy spirituality.

It is wrong to remove the restraint of public opinion, or of morality, from the lower faculties, which should be kept in subjection. But this doctrine removes all restraint, and makes their gratification "a holy and sacred act." The propensities are large and active enough with all the restraining influences which are now brought to control them, without teaching that they should be allowed equality with the morals in deciding on their course of action. The organization of the mind proves that the moral organs were intended to rule the passionate or animal. The last developed, seated at the highest point of the head, they are farthest removed from the body, and least affected by its influence.

Observe the unrestrained activity in the animal, and then ask whether it would be well to give them the same license with men? It is the office of the intellect and morality to rule their activity, as it is the duty of the intelligent of society to guide and direct its weaker members.

We have no issue with the supporters of such doctrines, as individuals; we have long ago learned the art of making a distinction between doctrines and their supporters, but it is the system itself with which we wage the war. From the truthfulness and rationality of its first principles, many intelligent and honest minds have been led, step by step, by a philosophical reasoning, to adopt the entire system by its extreme fanaticism. To such we give all due credit. Those who originated the scheme, cannot receive so mild a reception. From whence came these peculiar tenets? Not from a philosophical mind, for they are tinged with the hue of fanaticism; nor did they originate with true and noble reformers—nay, but from the restless brain of innovators, adventurers, desirous of acquiring renown. The system is maintained with an unbearable egotism, and all of its advocates write and speak as though the entire weight of the movement and of the world rested on their shoulders.

It may be asserted, in its behalf, that it is "true but impracticable." Then, if it cannot be applied to the wants of the race—if it is a mere theory, wholly inapplicable to the wants of the day, why waste so much valuable time in its dissemination and support, when so many practical movements—movements which come right home to the hearts of men—languish for strength? Men are all human, with human passions and imperfections, and it is useless to regard them as angels, and promulgate theories which can never be applied until he enters heaven. Rather let the true reformer grapple with the abuses which enter his own and his neighbor's fireside, than travel into distant regions without the remotest chance of doing good.

That the present marriage institution has evils, is not denied; but the showing of those evils proves not the "variety" theory right, as its advocates appear to suppose. If man were sufficiently perfect to recognize the true attractions of his spiritual nature, and the proper ones united, such evils would not occur; but he is not, and hence, oftentimes, suffers extremely in wrong relations. The divorce laws are too stringent; there is not sufficient opportunity afforded for him to retrieve his mistake, when once he has pledged himself. From this, evils arise, but they do not afford sufficient reason for the overthrow of the marriage institution.

To those who are rightly mated, the ceremony is nothing, but it simply becomes a legal guaranty, preserving the rights of the offspring from the rapacity of relatives. To those who are mis-mated, the institution becomes galling; yet to them is extended the right of divorce.

It is not variety in love that is required, but universal dissemination of knowledge—a superior spiritual cultivation—which shall enable all to recognize their true affinities without mistake, and so break down all those foolish barriers which pride and arrogance have reared, dividing humanity into castes, sects, divisions and parties—into the low and the high, rich and poor, noble and ignoble. Allowing these attractions to operate unrestrained, then there would not arise complaints of mis-mating, of misery and wretchedness of human life, but it would be the happiest of relations.

The promulgation of this doctrine shows the want of a broad and elevated spiritual culture—a want of knowledge, which is a satire—a stern and bitter satire—on those who place themselves in the position of spiritual teachers, and only by supplying that culture can the evils it brings to light be eradicated.

HARRISON TUTTLE.

MEDIUMS—THEIR POWER.

Mediums are simply mouth-pieces, or organs used by spirits for the conveyance of certain ideas or instruction. There must be an intellectual affinity between the spirit speaking, and the living organism. We are surrounded by spirits morally and intellectually like ourselves, whether we are mediums or not. Those of cultivated minds, vigorous thought, transcendent genius, and glowing fancy, are instinctively drawn around, and seek, such organisms as are fitted for the full expression of such powers, and none others;

so it is with writers and speakers, whose style is highly-wrought; who will fill two columns of a newspaper with something less than one distinct thought, yet be a fancy collection of unmeaning *logomachy*. Now the above I believe to be the generally acknowledged law of communication.

Thus we can try the spirits who assume a great name, and see if with Daniel Webster, and Dr. Channing, and Dr. Rush, and Dr. Fisher, there is any likeness of mind in the organism—whether there is any intellectual affinity—whether, if these men were on the earth, they would claim the society into which we often see them crowded. If there is not such affinity, the medium is 'deceiving, or being deceived. There is no escape.

The answers to questions through weak-minded mediums, are given from their low standpoint, often below many spirits in their forms. This is one source of the errors in the answers of spirits; another is the *envy, jealousy and censoriousness* among mediums—who are proverbial for these traits.

Another fact we learn beyond question; that is, the character of the medium in her moral and intellectual bearings, by the leading characters that make him or her a mouthpiece. "Birds of feather flock together." Thus, if we read or hear a communication from a medium, with language inflated, clearly laboring to appear learned, by the use of three or four metaphysical terms, and thereby would have you regard her or him as close thinkers, they extort scorn and pity. We know such a spirit to be some proud, vain domestic, or dandy, who here finds its joke-fellow—its affinity. Yet this foam of the yellow covered literature is most admired by those who least understand its emptiness, and yet is not without a market. Many relish it, not discriminating between bombast and a clear idea, classically expressed. They take it on trust, presuming that there is something very profound! But this stuff, and the lower order of mediums having fulfilled pretty much its and their mission, are fast giving way to clearer light. When this sort of persons shall give place to men and women of higher moral and intellectual intelligence, as leaders or speakers in the broad field of human progress, there will be a new impetus to Spiritualism—it will put on its beautiful garments. Happy hour, when lessons of truth and wisdom shall linger where folly and empty pretence now hold their court. Flowers will then, indeed, appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds will have come.

Thus, by learning the mind of a speaker, and its culture, we can form quite an accurate opinion whether he is destined to make a high mark, or not. There is quite a small chance for an individual to pass for more than his true worth, as a speaker or a medium. Heaven has put its mark upon us; it is perceptible in the material or mould of which we are made.

But, as before intimated, changes are before us as Spiritualists; a sensuous philosophy is, in fact, the present usurper and outward controller of Spiritualism; it seems to pervade the entire length and breadth of it; yet this is only the surface view, and this order of things is destined soon to pass away. There is soul in it—the truly cultivated Spiritualist turns with a loathing from the inflated, the flaunting and prims of little minds. Yet few are prepared to tell the weak, impertinent clown or female, that he or she has mistaken his or her calling as a lecturer; or any ordinary female who feels smart, and fancies that she writes and speaks with extraordinary grace and exactness, that at every effort she betrays her emptiness; thus ill has accumulated.

I do not write for Spiritualists as a sect, I express my own views, and that of many others. I do not here say but that in the esteemed muciluginous productions commented upon, there is a profundity of thought, far, far beyond my and our ordinary capacities to comprehend, and that there is no meaning in what I have here written. If so, I have only to say, kind, dispensing, wordy spirit! pray, in your future communications, not load your gun so heavy! I cannot swallow such stuff.

Now if the few remarks above, thrown into the river of thought, are without meaning, or contain errors, we will pass receipts and say even! Yet, on the borders of that broad stream, are trees through whose branches the lessons of wisdom are breathed forth—where minds are exalted, and souls clarified by grace and virtue, and where the song of progress cheers at every step.

DR. C. ROBBINS.

Dr. Robbins's philosophy has a foundation of truth in it; but is he not rather too sweeping? That spirits in all ages of the world have impressed men of like mental capacity as themselves, is no doubt true; and it is also true, no doubt, that, in order for a Webster, or a Burke, to manifest to his satisfaction, or perhaps the satisfaction of men of like cultivation, he must have an organism possessed of nearly the same qualities of his own.

Let us see where Spiritualism would stand to day, if such spirits did not descend to mediums of more humble pretensions. Should it be in the power of Cicero or Demosthenes to influence Edward Everett in his normal condition, and should either of them do so, the crowd would see none—but Everett in the speech. The love of the marvellous is strong, and it must be appealed to. Words of wisdom, coming from a simple girl—nearly rounded periods from an illiterate man—show a power above themselves; and facts, given by that power, have proved, to many, that it was a spirit actuating the mortal. Everett might have thundered for a century, and never gained that point; yet he may be a medium whose organism is open to the influence of all the hosts of organs and Christianity—a higher medium, although in his normal condition, than all these poor men and women, who have high set the world upside down with the cry—whence hath this man this wisdom, and these wonderful things? We believe that those who have attained to a certain height on wisdom's hill, love to draw those up who are below them; and that this is so in the matter of communication between the spirit-world with this.

It is our duty to try all spirits that come to us, especially where they ask of us performance of things calculated to affect seriously our fellows, as in the case of prescriptions for sickness. It is important that the medium should know the effect any medicine is to have upon a patient, and whether or not a mess of trash has been given to him, containing ingredients acting upon each other to neutralise effects of all. We have never found any difficulty in ascertaining whether a physician or a blacksmith was actuating a medium in giving prescriptions.

It is also our right and duty to criticize all that is given us by spirits, who come to us with illustrious names; and if the style is not somewhere near their mental calibre, to question the truth of it. We took occasion, in a recent number of this paper, to speak of a number of illiterate, nonsensical communications sent to us, purporting to have been given by Webster, and to tell the medium that he was imposed upon. The fact is, spirits are welcomed much more readily when giving names of celebrated characters. We are all respecters of persons—very unlike our God in that matter—and we sometimes pay dearly for it. A brainless booby, with the title of Count, finds it easy to catch an heiress in this world. In the other, Sam Jones, who never was anybody on this earth, but who would be somebody in the next, if he had an opportunity, wants to take the first step in progression by coming to earth; but he knows that as Sam Jones, we would bid him "go away, and let some bright spirit come!" He may be as good as Webster, at heart, and God may have sent him as much as he ever did Webster, but we cast him out. So Sam takes Webster's name, because he learned to lie on earth, and finds a lie the best bait to catch his children with, and obtain benefit from them; and he gives us a mess of matter, learns how to compound, and, in the end, teaches us wisdom. We find that we have been humbugged, or have humbugged ourselves; at the same time we are satisfied that spirits do commune, and we conclude, in the end, that we must exercise our judgment, and not be content with bad spelling, bad grammar, and worse nonsense from Webster, but must try the spirits in this, as in every other matter. We should not be respecters of persons, but be just as ready to help the lod-carrier, on his way to heaven, as the king. When we learn this lesson, Sam Jones will come and give his real name, and ask us to help him along, and we shall take to our hearts the "evil spirit," always being careful, that as they journey with us, our conduct is such as to lead them to bright realms of truth and love. More especially is it our duty to guard carefully our hearts, that they may be so true to right that no spirit will be listened to, or obeyed, who would lead us into evil. That what we do in the cause, we do not from love of gain, but from duty and love to God and man, and a desire to elevate man to God.

Mediums must come to this soon, or their power over man will cease. If those who are now mediums, do not arrive at this practice, others will come up who have arrived at it, and the former having cut down the underbrush of the forest, and removed some of the rough obstacles in the path of Spiritualism, it will be left for others more pure—more true to lead the multitude to purity and truth.

WHAT A UNIVERSALIST SAYS OF THE "FREEMAN'S" ARTICLES AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.
Messrs. Editors—As each succeeding week brings to hand your able paper, laden with its rich fruitage of glorious truths, so with each week comes to our home circle the Christian Freeman, edited by the Rev. Sylvanus Cobb. Both of these papers, I peruse with a peculiar interest. I have ever revered and respected Bro. Cobb, as an able advocate of the doctrine of the restitution of all things; and when it was announced by him that he would consider the claims of Spiritualism, I was much pleased, for I expected to see the subject treated by him with candor and sincerity. But oh, how have I been deceived! So far as he has considered and treated the powers of the mind acting independent of the body, and the fact that spirits can influence and impress us, he has conceded to the Spiritualists the most important points at issue, and therefore his reasoning has tended to make me firmer in the faith of spirit-communication. But sorry am I to see that one whom I have esteemed so highly as I have Bro. Cobb, should place himself in the position that he does, when he uses such denunciatory terms in regard to the Spiritualists, as a people. He says they are immoral, and that their doctrine is of the most degrading and pernicious influence. If I am to judge from what I have seen of them in this city, the contrary is the truth. I have ever found their sentiments to be of the highest moral tone and their characters corresponding thereto; and if there are any true Christians, I have found them among those calling themselves Spiritualists. As far as I am concerned, since I have become a believer in its glorious truths, and have received that evidence which is both internal and external, the faith I trusted in, as taught by the Universalists, is now no longer faith, but has become a living reality; it is an inward life, and those who are born of the spirit cannot fail to let their light shine; and I, for one, hold myself in readiness to give to all a reason for the hope that is within me.

I will not take up too large a space in your columns in regard to this matter, but I will here say, as far as my own character is concerned, I am still permitted to remain in good standing in the church of the Universalists of this city. But to return to Bro. Cobb. I cannot see that he is in advance, in true Christian love and charity, of those of the partialists who so persistently persecuted the early Universalists. You, brother editors, as well as myself, can see that great good is to come from all that has been said and done by Bro. C., for already are many beginning to ask, what constitutes denominational Universalism, and how they stand in regard to this matter. And, if it will not make this article too lengthy, I would like to give you some extracts from a letter which is published in the Freeman of last week. The writer says:—

Bro. Cobb—It is well known to you that I have been studying for the year past with the view to prepare myself for the Universalist ministry. My intention to apply to your denomination was grounded on the supposed fact that I was a Universalist; but it has occurred to me, of late, that perhaps I am not of the Universalist faith, when the term is used in a denominational sense. The doubts which I have been compelled to entertain concerning the orthodoxy of my Universalism, arise from reading the following extract which appeared in the Freeman of July 3d:—

"To Young Men.—We admonish all young men, who contemplate entering the ministry in connection with the Universalist denomination, that they seek no such connection, until they receive and understand the special revelation of the divine appointment of Jesus' mission. In the forty of his miracles as attestations of his divine and infallible authority—in his crucifixion and resurrection, and in the inspiration and authority of all the teachings and prophecies of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, as they stand related in Christ's own estimate to the great Christian plan of revelation."

This article has appeared in the columns of the Freeman and of the Universalist Trumpet, and I suppose that no one could put forth a better claim as expounders of the Universalist sentiment, than could either of the editors of these papers, and if this is a fair exposition of Universalism, as held by the sect to-day, then I must bid adieu to my intentions of seeking your fellowship, and seek more congenial co-laborers. To much of the above statement of faith I have no objection. I have a sincere faith in the divine appointment of Jesus' mission, and believe he did the wonderful works related of him; but I do not receive them as attestations of his infallible authority. I have sincere faith also in his crucifixion and resurrection; I believe in the inspiration and authority of the Bible, and in the prophecies of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, but I do not receive them as attestations of his infallible authority. I have sincere faith in the crucifixion and resurrection; I believe in the inspiration and authority of the Bible, and in the prophecies of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, but I do not receive them as attestations of his infallible authority.

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If your denomination, friend Cobb, has ever given to the world a clear and definite statement of its idea of inspiration, and of the authority of the Bible, will you please inform me where I can find it? But I have never been able to ascertain that your denomination has defined itself on these points; if it has not, may I suggest that it would be well to do so; that young men who contemplate entering the ministry in connection with it, may find out where you are, and not subject themselves to the charge of contriving, by secret evasion and mental reservation, to get snuggled into your fellowship, or, by any mis-understanding, do you and themselves a great injury. Morrell, in his Philosophy of Religion, chapters 5th and 6th, discusses Revelation and Inspiration. I fully endorse his theory, as there explained. Now, if you will inform me if your advice in the above extract is an expression of the denominational sentiments, and whether my Universalism is orthodox, you will much oblige one of the young men referred to, and very possibly others, and the public.

Respectfully yours,
W. S. BERTON.
I have only given you a part of this letter, and I would advise you and your readers to see the number of the Freeman dated August 27th, where you will find it entire, and also remarks upon it by the editor of that paper. And now I will say to my brothers and sisters, Go on boldly and fearlessly in the cause of Truth, for the fire is descending which shall try every man's work, and see of what material it is made.

Then fast the Banner—pass the torch,
"Till open to each place of breath;
Till all enlisted in its cause
Shall feel its calm and tranquil peace."
Yours,
S. E. COLLINS.

NEWBURYPORT, August 28, 1858.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS OPPONENTS—THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW AND HIS CONCLUSIONS.

Spiritualism has become a fact which can no longer be ignored—a great fact, with a high destiny, before it. Learned sages have done their best, first of all, to put it down as a foolish thing; and then—finding that it was not to be put down—they have tried to explain its phenomena by the aid of science, and in every case have succeeded with admirable failures! Their success has emboldened the clergy, who, for the most part, have given up the "electrical" and "involuntary-muscularaction" theories, and comically, although with a most tragic gravity, attribute all spiritual manifestations—the most intelligent and the most insane—to Satanic agency! But, in the meanwhile, the fact remains, and continues to establish itself in supreme indifference to all theories and explanations of it.

Inquiry into the cause of this new, strange, and startling revelation—unto any and all revelations—is legitimate enough, and belongs of right to the mind of man; but attempts to force facts to agree with any preconceived theory or foregone conclusion of the mind, are unphilosophical, and the work of a quack. A truthful investigator will have no such theories to uphold, but will deal faithfully with the phenomena, and deduce from the showings of these laws which underlie them. Lord Bacon has taught us the inductive method to little purpose, if such men as Professors Agassiz and Feltton, for example, can make the facts of Spiritualism agree with some outside theory which has nothing to do either with Spiritualism or its facts. One need not be surprised, however, at any method of reasoning adopted at all events by the former Professor, after his magnificent demonstration of the existence of a personal God in his great book of "Turtles,"—concerning which book we have heard it complained by the learned Sayer, that in spite of the fuss made about it by unscientific men on this side of the water, it has not, in any perceptible degree, improved the flavor of turtle soup!

It is not surprising, however, that the learned men of this day—who believe, like anatomists, in nothing which they cannot cut with their knives—should come to the rescue of ignorant belief—to passively content to believe what it *sees and knows*, with their scientific explanations and solutions. What is the good of being learned, if one cannot confound the ignorant, and prove to them that although they may be assured that two and two make four, in reality these denominations ought not to make four, and do not, but five, all told and demonstrated. It is the privilege of such men thus to assert their superiority over the vulgar. Dr. Lardner proved by uncontrovertible figures that no steamship could navigate the Atlantic from Europe to this country, and the vulgar-minded Comrad is bound to believe the fact, although his boats run weekly from shore to shore, with an almost planetary regularity.

Spiritualism, however, like every other true thing, can afford to be traduced, misrepresented, misinterpreted; for antagonism can do no harm to it, but good, only, by quickening a wider interest in its pretensions. For this is a subject which is not exclusive; does not shut out from its investigation the uncultivated and the poor, nor confine itself to sex or persons; but it appeals to all, and is open to all, so that no one need be without the opportunity of accrediting it.

And the publicity of its phenomena is a marvellous thing in its history—to which there is no parallel in any other great religious movement. Its miracles are not performed by any single person in order, to attest his divine mission, to establish a new religion—as was the case with Jesus, and Mahomet, and Moses—but they are the work of innumerable persons scattered broadcast over the length and breadth of this vast continent—over Europe, and the whole civilized world. It requires no faith to believe them; they are demonstrations, as absolute as those of mathematics.

And the secret of the power of Spiritualism, and of that gigantic ascendancy which it has already attained to, lies precisely here—in the openness of its mysteries, and the readiness, therefore, with which they can be testified to as facts. All that Liebig, and Faraday, and the great Professor Agassiz, can say, and prove, as to the impossibility of spirit-manifestation, will be of small avail, either with those who are the media of such manifestations, or those who see them palpably with their own eyes, under conditions which render fraud and collusion impossible. Already, in this country alone, there are upwards of two millions of Spiritualists, who have become such, not through argumentative discussions, but from direct contact with the facts upon which Spiritualism is founded.

I learned reviewer, in a late number of the "Westminster," after giving a very labored, and a "dry-as-dust" history of Spiritualism, does not know whether to laugh or cry over—to praise or abuse it. He thinks it a very funny thing, all this

table tipping and rapping—this invisible concert interpretation—this trance speaking, and writing mediumship—and that it is vulgar also, and not quite up to the mark of philosophical propriety. There is truth in this—and Professor Hare and Judge Marshall felt it, and appealed from it to higher agencies, and finally obtained higher revelations. But the vulgar manifestations of table-tipping—nay, even the downright dogged lying which one sometimes meets with at the table—are quite as much proofs of the supernatural character of the phenomena, as the higher ones are, and perhaps more so. The "Westminster" writer, however, is not so much alarmed that the supernatural character of Spiritualism should prove true—as that it should destroy the theological scaffolding of Christianity—and, in the end, absorb and supersede this old and venerable religion. He says Professor Hare was an infidel from the beginning, which is true; and that the Professor refused to entertain the subject of Spiritualism at all, until a correspondent hinted that here was the machinery wherewith to bring ruin to Christianity—and that then the Professor began his investigations—which is false! But whether true or false, this putting of the question shows the animus of the writer, and describes his intellectual as well as his theological latitude and longitude. He informs us, however, for our consolation, in order to show us we are not in bad company, that as soon as the time is ripe for Spiritualism to obtain an authentic voice in England, the world will be astonished to find amongst the believers in Spiritualism, some of the best known and most gifted of English men and women of letters.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the self-complacent writer quietly ignores Spiritualism at the conclusion of his article—and the only inference he can draw from this strange hallucination which possesses the minds of two millions of people, and amongst them the most gifted of English men and women of letters, is, that there is a decided tendency in the American mind to throw off the shackles of the old religion, and to inaugurate a new one.

As a thinker, a philosopher, this is a man of straw. Spiritualism proves that there is a tendency, etc! Why, Spiritualism, as the great religious fact in America to-day, proves not the tendency to a new religion, but a new religion. The old, dead, mother is, once for all, dead! Let who will, stick to the corpse and suck the horrid paps, it is not the Spiritualists who know its rottenness, but the gentlemanly, Christian theologians, who take their rank with the gentlemanly writer in the "Westminster Review"—which book, in old times, admitted no glitter, but gold.

J. S.

MOVEMENTS OF WARREN CHASE.

Messrs. Editors—I closed my visit at Rochester last week, and remained a few days at Utica, where the friends wheeled into line, opened a hall, and commenced lectures last Sabbath, for the season. We had good and intelligent audiences, who left the hall reluctantly, and hungering for more; and to-morrow Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will fill the desk, and I trust, feed them with truth and spiritual comfort.

Thursday and Wednesday evenings of this week I lectured in a Unitarian church at Holland Patent, a few miles from Utica, where highly interested audiences assembled (the first ever called together there to hear lectures on Spiritualism). It is one of the oldest settlements in the county, a small village, made up in good part of churches. The religious zealots warned the citizens, and kept themselves, and as many others as they could, away from the lectures. The people, stayed, and wondered, and talked, but many came to see and hear for themselves, and went away determined to know more about it. I met there several very intelligent and well advanced Spiritualists, who seem now determined to keep the ball rolling.

Thursday I landed from the smoke and dust, at this great natural "Water-cure," and summer retreat, where I am engaged to lecture to-morrow. Citizens say there are more people here this year than usual, if not more than ever before. Probably hard times, dull business, and a fear of sickly season, all combined to drift people in here—for the crowds look very much like drift wood in a stream. I should think from the observation I have been able to make, that about one-third of the visitors come to obtain or renew their health; about another third are seeking after partners, or a market, permanent or temporary, and the other third, mostly time-killers or curiosity-seekers. There is evidently a large representation of annuated and supernaturated clergermen among the crowd, and a sufficient ingredient of Spiritualists, to give as much color to it as the blue does to the rainbow. The lame, and halt, and blind, are here—mental, spiritual and physical.

As this is my first visit, I am probably more particular in my observations than I shall be hereafter, if I come again. Nature and art have both combined to make this a pleasant summer retreat, and to the man or woman who has plenty of money, here is a good place to relieve the pocket and the mind from cares and business, and probably some bodies will be benefited by drinking, and more by bathing, in the mineral waters and rain-water of the place.

From here I go to Brooklyn; thence return to Utica.
Yours,
WARREN CHASE.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 28, 1858.

A NOTE FROM CONNECTICUT.

DEAR BANNER—Yesterday was one of the most pleasant days of the season, in this part of the State, and was occupied by the Spiritualists of this vicinity in a meeting for instruction and worship. Such meetings, by such believers, have been held quite frequently during the summer, in a small but beautiful grove owned by Bro. Parker, near the depot in this town. Many mediums have lectured, among whom, Bro. Storor, of New Haven, has spoken most frequently. His presence is hailed with joy, and his teachings are of a highly intellectual, moral and joyous character. Yesterday, his fine, clear, musical voice gave utterance to most exalted and important truths, from one of the higher circles. Owing to the imperfect means for notifying the public, not so many persons were present as might otherwise have attended; still those who listened, under the shadow of fine old maples, fanned by air as pure as the breath of angels, surrounded by the perfect works of Hezekiah's All-wise architect, came under a high and holy influence, which will aid them to more perfect inspiration. The subject of the morning's oration was *Inspiration*, and in the afternoon the subject of "man's two-fold spiritual and animal nature," was considered. This old gospel seems to us now, and is a blessing to mankind. The cause is onward in the valley of the Connecticut.

M. M. D.
MANCHESTER, CONN., Sept. 6, 1858.

