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THE KEEPSAKES.

BY J. ROSEMAN M. SCHULZ.

CHAPTER I.

"This broken tale was all we knew
Of the love,"—
The mists of evening were falling, and I was pur-
suing my course homeward, when the fluttering of a
white dress before me attracted my attention. I re-
membered a time when, on this very spot, and at this
very season of the year, the simplest fold of a white
dress would have made my heart beat, and given me
an onward impetus quite irresistible. I remembered
the anxious glances, the turning back of the little
head, the blush at meeting, the unmeaning, neces-
sary gaiety put on for those around, and the low,
soft words uttered for my ears alone. Then
followed the reminiscences of fine sunny days, and
parties de campagne—excursions, the recollection of
which rendered every hill, field and wood about
Balden objects of melancholy reflection to my mind.
Every circumstance connected with that one, fond,
early affection, rushed at once upon my memory:
crowded ball-rooms, jewels shedding light and
reflecting the lustre of a thousand lamps, the scent
of the orange-blossoms, the sound of music, the
walk—the soul-inspiring, too delicious, too danger-
ous walks—combined to recall to me the image of
her whom I had "loved not wisely, but too well."
Alas! she has long been another's, and regrets are
all that now remain to me, coupled with a power of
recurrence to the past which, perhaps, my reader
will think too readily awakened. But to it, so
bright and welcome must ever be the memory of
Katharine, when—
"To return to the white dress
which thus unexpectedly threw me into a reverie.
As I passed my *Dame Blanche*, I involuntarily
turned round, from what motive I scarcely know,
and certainly in so doing, recognized a face I had
seen before, although I could trace no further recol-
lection, or make it more specific. As she walked on
behind me, I overheard her conversing with her
companion (an elderly person, who kept very close
to her.) In German. Understanding the language
from my earliest years, I discovered, from one or
two expressions, that she was not a native, though
her accent and pure pronunciation might have easily
misled even a born child of the Danube or the Rhine.
I was struck by the earnestness of tone in which
she repeated over the words: "I know he will
come. . . . He must have mine still; for he
promised that as long as I kept his he would never
lose mine—and look, there he is!"

Wondering much what could be the meaning of
the words "mine," and "his," so often repeated, I
again turned round, and saw her holding in her
hand a small withered, or, more properly, dried
bouquet of flowers, which appeared to be, in her
estimation, a treasure of no mean worth; for, after
fixing on it a look of profound and unmistakable
affection, she raised it to her lips, exclaiming with
an expression of the purest delight, "Oh, yes, I
know it well—he will never lose that!"
I stared in absolute astonishment. She caught
my eye, and advancing toward me, at once addressed
me, and with singular wildness in her manner.
"Do you think so, too?" asked she. "I wish you
would tell her that—she would believe it!" added the
poor creature, who, from her whole appearance, I
soon discovered was totally bereft of reason. "She
won't believe it, because he disposes her; but I am
quite sure—so are you, too, are you not?"
I scarcely knew what answer to make, when the
elderly lady, taking her young and interesting com-
panion by the arm, interrupted her, and, remarking
upon the silliness of the evening, tried to persuade
her to return home. The poor girl stared wildly,
and I beheld a pair of eyes that might have been
likened to stars, but they did not far more resembled
glazed glass. Yet how beautiful they were! She
suddenly replaced the faded flowers in her bosom,
and shaking off from her arm the hand of her com-
panion. "I will not sing to-night!" she rejoined,
sharply. "The Court may wait; I cannot sing."
Then, turning again to me, "They want me to sing
the *Norma*," said she, in a plaintive tone of voice,
"but I cannot do so tonight. I cannot remember the
words, '*Qual cor tradisti, qual cor perdesti*,'" and
she sang, in a sort of murmur, the notes of these
words. "I cannot sing them in German, I cannot
remember them; I will not sing to-night!" With
these words her head sank upon her breast, and
clasping her hand upon her heart, she followed her
friend; but in a moment she again returned, and
looking at me with a smile, said, as she pressed my
hand, "I like you, because you do not want me to
sing to-night; and then," added she, in a whisper,
"you never told me he would not come."

When I again moved onward, her white dress was
far before me. I was horror-struck, for I had indeed
recognized her. The last time I had beheld her, it
was as "the admired of all admirers," the object of
the enraptured, wandering gaze of thousands—
young, beautiful, full of genius and inspiration—and
now! . . . I went home, and read *William
Miller's Lehrjahre*, and thought poor Marianne's
fate was to be envied.

It was a May morning; the birds were singing
from every bush and tree; the scents of the opening
flowers diffused themselves prodigally around; the
air was light and mild, with enough of freshness to
nerve the indolent, and enough of balminess to still
the unquiet. Oh, the beauty of the garden! the lil-
acs and laburnums, the ever-blooming roses, the
pear and apple blossoms, the soft, bright green grass,
the sky of faint blue above, and the light white
clouds, drifting with every breeze across the face of
heaven, as though the universe were frozen into a
species of dignified composure during the winter,
braced up and laced "cabin'd, cribb'd, confus'd,"
and that spring were nature's first burst of heart-
felt sentiment! Groups of youthful beings were play-
ing and sporting through the garden; young crea-
tures, whose ideas of happiness were comprised in a

whole day's holiday, and whose notions of crime con-
sisted in a torn garment, or a wetted foot. But there
was one amongst them! . . . She might
perhaps have seen nine summers—a very Titania!
with the figure of a sylph, but prouder; the eyes of
a gazelle, but wilder; and the grace of a greyhound,
but more restless. The smallest hands, the tiniest
feet, the reddest lips, the silkiest hair, the loudest
laugh, the quickest frown, the sharpest tongue, and
the air of a princess! She evidently either was, or
right, he would be by usurpation, the queen of the
fete. I saw her in the midst of her companions,
dancing with them in a ring, and then giving them
the signal to follow her in a mimic chase; they pre-
pared to start, when a large copper-colored viper
was suddenly perceived by one of them darting
through the grass; shrieks and cries rung through
the air, and the whole group was scattered. I sprang
forward to save my little fairy, but she escaped my
hold, and on looking for her, I saw the wild pass
swinging on the branch of a cherry tree, (whether
she climbed for refuge, tossing back her wayward
head, laughing heartily at the alarm of her com-
panions, and her own singular position. In a second
she deserted her aerial seat, and with one leap
reached the ground; but she sank down and a slight
ray of pain escaped her. I raised her up, she was
pale, and pointed to her foot. I examined it and
found a large nail, (on which she had alighted,) driven
into it. She did not complain, but compressed
her lips, as I drew it out. The wound at the mo-
ment did not bleed much, and she enjoined silence
on me, declaring she felt no pain. I attempted to
lead her steps, but she almost indignantly repulsed
me, and infused so small portion of disdain into her
voice and smile, as she said—
"Look, see whether I need your help!" With one
bound, light as a roe, she cleared a basket bed
of flowers, and was out of my sight in a moment.

In a few hours I saw her again. She looked
prouder and more regal than ever; her cheeks burnt
with the color of the Tuscan rose, her eyes flashed
with childish pleasure, her dark hair hung all un-
curled about her face. She looked at me and laugh-
ed. She had just gained all the prizes from her
young companions in dancing, leaping, climbing,
riding and running. "What," thought I, "a sense
of triumph and ambition, in so young, so fragile a
creature." I spoke to her; the others were gone, and
she stood alone. I asked her if her wound gave her
no pain. She looked at me prouder than ever, and
taking off a shoe of which at her age Cinderella
might have been vain, she pointed to her foot. I
started, for it was swollen, and the sole of the shoe
was saturated with blood. Perceiving that I was
about to admonish her on her giddiness, she held
her tiny finger to her lips.
"Hush," said she, "to-day is my birthday, and I
will have no suffering; besides," she added, drawing
close to me, "did you not hear Colonel—say
the other day, that girls could not bear pain?"
I let go my hold, and she disappeared; but I could
not forget saying to myself, "That child is either
the vainest of her sex, or has the elements of a Por-
cia in her; she will either be very great or very un-
happy—perhaps both." "Such is the lot of the fair
upon earth," said Schiller.

CHAPTER II.

"Noni dicens des chastes innocentes et de nos romances
tout d'un. La petite fille est devenue jeune fille."—
Victor Hugo.
Under the lime trees of the Schloss-Platz of O—
in the middle of the sweet-scented, sunny month of
June, was assembled a group of young girls, under
the guidance of some half-dozen dames of mature
age and demure bearing; just such a group as
would have delighted the eye of a Don Juan, or af-
forded matter for reflection to a Rousseau; a very
picturesque nature's choicest flowers.

There were laughing blue eyes, and flaxen locks,
with the complexion of a hawthorn bud; wild, wa-
ter-lily, moonlight faces, with a veil of night-
bird, shadowy eyes of jet; pride, softness, grace,
mirth, every variety of expression was there, (even
those that were not prepossessing; but all was
lovely, because all was young. The tolets, too, the
blue, pink, and green ribbons, waving at each turn
of the pretty heads; the light draperies of their
dresses, and then the whole scene the orange trees,
the long-leaved, graceful elms, the sparkling foun-
tains, the joyful hum of bees and human beings, the
inspiring sound of military music, the blue sky, the
warm air, the shining sun. Oh, it was a dream of
enchantment—like the first dreams of Fancy, who
waking, turns to hope.

Our group had not strolled far, when a beautiful
female figure passed, magnificently dressed, leaning
on the arm of a fine-looking, rather elderly man.
She was nodding at and warmly welcomed by the
whole party.

"Who is that?" asked one of the fair ones, evi-
dently a foreigner by her accent.

"That is Madame de—," answered a lively,
coquettish-looking little person, "who prides herself
most absurdly on having a pretty hand, as if," ad-
ded she, looking at a pebble before her, and thereby
displaying the prettiest foot imaginable, "as if any
one minded what hands were like!"

"For my part," said a handsome, supercilious
brunette, whose father had been raised by Napoleon
from the rank of a common soldier to that of a
Count and a General, "I know nothing of Madame
de—, she is not of good family, so we never
visit her."

"She is a horrid creature, and married her hus-
band only for his money; I quite hate her. I could
never marry a man I did not love, for his money."
remarked a young lady with upturned eyes and a
sentimental air, who had fallen some six months be-
fore in the plans she laid to catch a millionaire
of sixty, with but one eye.

A slight escaped the fair foreigner who had asked
the question; her lips opened as if about to speak,
when the tramp of a horse's hoof and the clank of
a sabre against a spur, cut short the enumeration
of poor Madame de—'s faults and misfortunes.
The rider sprang into the midst of the little group

with his bridle rein on his arm. He was at the side
of one of the fair letterers in a second, and who
had sighed, now looked down, and the color rose
o'er her temples. The intruder, attired
in a simple dress uniform, was a young man
somewhere about the age of two or three-and-twenty
—at that privileged period of life when whatever
he may do which is right is foolishly applauded, and
whatever he may do which is wrong is sure to be
forgiven with the same injustice; when he expects
to find more heart in others and less of it him-
self than at any other time of his existence; when
he prizes a virtue, not for its own sake, but in
proportion only to the excess to which it happens to be
carried; when generosity becomes prodigality, that
it may not be denominated avarice; courage, senseless
foolhardiness, under pain of being taxed as coward-
ice; love, a madness, hurrying its very object to
destruction, in order to escape the charge of cold-
ness. That dangerous age at which the faults of
the boy have not yet subsided, and the virtues of the
man not yet commenced. But, a splendidly turned
head, eyes that beamed with apparent tenderness
and truth, and a figure whose every motion combined
dignity and ease, have too often obtained pardon for
more faults than those above-mentioned; and what-
ever may be the crimes of that particular period of
life, falsehood, ingratitude, and cold calculation are
scarcely ever to be reckoned amongst them, unless
indeed in disposition instinctively depraved.

"I hold in my hand the excuse for my sudden
appearance," said the new comer, displaying a bow
of azure-colored ribbon, which had been tastefully
twisted by some Parisian *modiste* into a shape very
much resembling that of a large butterfly; "It has
most unparadoxically flown away from some fair flower
here to go and taste the sweets of the orange-
blossoms around." After attentively surveying a
bouquet of jasmine and moss-roses that adorned the
hat of the young foreigner by whose side he stood—
"I think," added he, "that I have discovered the
home of the capricious flutterer; may I not be per-
mitted to bring the wanderer back, and fix him so
he may not get loose and go roaming about again?"
"Pray, do you mean, by giving that butterfly to
mademoiselle, to make us all imagine that you are
obligingly laying yourself at her feet?" said a
sprightly-looking girl, with black eyes, a wicked
mouth, and a dimpled chin.

"Many a moth, pretty lady, flies round the light
a long while, and at last gets his wings burnt," re-
plied the object of this pert attack, who had all the
while been busily employed in fastening his emblem
(as his fair tormentor had been pleased to designate
it) in the hat of the young lady at whose side he
stood. Very slowly and very awkwardly he did it;
but at length, after pulling it about at least a dozen
times in order to make it set better, and pricking
his fingers by way of proving his wish to be remark-
ably quick, he looked at his work with considerable
self-complacency, and pronounced it to be perfect.

The person to whom these little attentions were
addressed, was a young girl who might be about
seventeen; exquisitely dressed, and in every point
showing birth, high breeding, and tasteful elegance.
Her figure would have served as a model for that of
a Hebe or an Aurora. As for her face, it was one of
these statuesque demure plain, a portrait-
painter take a bad likeness of, and a poet can
divine. The features were nothing; the counten-
ance was everything. It was the soul, the variety,
the genius, the *fantaisie* (if the expression may
be allowed) of the whole, that made it so irresistible.
Her complexion was, perhaps, not so brilliantly red
and white as that of many of her companions; but
then, as she spoke, the color went and came so
quickly—sometimes subsiding into the pallidness of
a marble statue, at others, rising into the flush of a
carnation. Every change was so perfectly in har-
mony with what she said, that the very blood in her
cheeks and brow seemed impregnated with thought.
Her mouth was neither so small nor so finely
curled as that of some others; but when she
smiled, it was like the breaking of the morning sun
upon the ripples of the ocean, tipping and gilding
each wave with its light. Her eyes, too, were in-
comparably beautiful. Few could tell their color,
but all felt their power; they were too full of fire
for blue eyes, and too full of softness for black ones;
but their effect was such that it left no time to ex-
amine of what particular or precise shade they
might be. She had, during the conversation we
have referred to, appeared somewhat embarrassed,
which embarrassment she principally showed by
looking very unnecessarily angry, and assuring the
"gallant, gay, Lothario" at her side that he need
not trouble himself to adjust her head-gear—a cir-
cumstance of which, notwithstanding her repeated
assurances, he did not seem likely to be easily
convinced. At length, however, a few words were
exchanged between them in a tone so low as to have
rendered it impossible to distinguish one syllable
from another, (although some ears will pretend to
have caught the words "*ball to night*," and "*ca-
dillac*,") during which time he discovered that her
bracelet wanted clasp. Assuredly the most ob-
stinate spring in the world could scarcely have re-
sisted the forcible pressure of his fingers, although
some who were very near, say that the pressure was
applied to the hand instead of the bracelet—
however, blue and looked down. He uttered a
hurried adieu to the whole party, vaulted on his
horse, and, after performing divers evolutions, to his
appearance frightfully dangerous, dashed at full
gallop out of sight. All eyes were on him. On a
check the blush was gone, but her eyelids were not
raised. She still looked down, but whether at the
bracelet, or the thousand little pebbles at her feet,
was not known.

"How exquisitely the Baron de— rides!" ex-
claimed the fair one who had previously jesting upon
his butterfly qualifications; "whenever I see him on
that black horse of his, he always appears to me a
model for a young Alexander; only I am afraid, for
my parallel's sake, that Ducephalus has been, from
these days down to these, decided to be milk-white."
"I never much noticed his riding," rejoined the

haughty paragoness brunette; "but, for myself, I be-
lieve him to be the most complete *roue* in existence;
and," pursued she, with a malicious glance at the
newly reinstated ribbon on her companion's hat, "I
would strongly advise all those who are acquainted
with him, never to believe one word he may say, for
his heart's delight is only to deceive."
"How long have you found that out?" asked a
little witch, who seemed hardly able to suppress a
loud laugh.

A glance of affected disdain and real embarrass-
ment was the only answer.

"For my part," replied she who had likened him
to Alexander, and who (except for her eyes and
mouth) was the least handsome and the most good-
natured looking of the whole set, "I never could
find the same faults in him that others pretend to
have discovered. I like to banter him a little—but
we are otherwise the best friends in the world; and
I believe for no other reason than that he never once
took it into his head to fall in love with me."
"I should think not," whispered she of the dis-
dainfully curled lip; "she never was handsome
enough for him."

"As to what regards his dissipation or incontin-
ency," pursued his good natured defender, "I do
not remember his having yet been proved that the
fault was entirely his; or whether" (and she cast a
glance at the proud brunette) "he has not pretty
generally found that the object of his attentions was
unworthily a lasting attachment. Of one thing I am
convinced," continued she, her eyes this time taking
another direction, "that where a man finds that he
is really loved with pure and ardent devotion, and
not a semblance of it put on by coquetry; where he
sees that he is himself believed and confided in;
and, above all, where he cannot discover the wish to
play with his feelings, or to disguise the extent to
which he is loved—in short, I must be mistaken, or
where a man like the Baron de— meets with
truth in the object of his affection, he will not de-
ceive. In fact, who who feels in her own heart the
right to possess his, need have no fear."

During all this discussion the pretty stranger had
never once raised her eyes. As the last words were
met her ear, she suddenly looked up at the speaker,
and in a hurried tone, and with a cheek as pale as a
magnolia flower—
"Are you quite sure of that?" said she.

The words had hardly passed her lips when her
whole face was suffused with one deep, burning tint
of crimson. The answer was not heard; but as the
group proceeded homewards, the interesting foreigner
was leaning on the arm of her whose want of beauty
had preserved her from deception and regret.

The most perfectly organized orchestra imaginable
was just in the middle of its execution of Strauss's
imperial "*Schwanseele*." Hundreds of the
light of heart, and still lighter foot, were gliding
round in many rings to the sounds of its delicious
melody.

"The most superb pair in the room," said the
Countess de H—, to her neighbor, "are Mademoi-
selle— and Baron de—. Look at them as
they pass. They seem made to be partners; it al-
ways appears to me a pity when they dance with any
one else but each other. He never waltzes with any
one as he does with her; and she never looks so
well as when she waltzes with him."

The pair in question passed; and certainly nothing
could be more perfectly true than the countess's re-
mark. They were made for one another. He might
have stood for an Apollo; she was something between
a Minerva and a Melpomene. In the pauses of the
dance her height, and the graceful symmetry of her
figure, gave her such dignity, in her demeanor was
such modest consciousness of worth, about her face
such soft intelligence and such sweet wisdom, that
she wanted but the enque upon her classically turned
head to have given one every idea of Jore's "blue-
eyed daughter," but before the eye could rest one
second on the picture, it always changed. The quick-
ness of her motions, the waving of her dark, silken
hair, the readiness of her ringing laugh, the
lightning-like changes of her color, and a certain
wildness in her large eyes, left nothing wanting to
Goth's portrait of the passionate and unhappy
Italiana. Her dancing, too, was something very re-
markable. Light as a piece of shuttle down on a
summer's day, she seemed to float upon the air, and
flow around the room with the playfulness of a Will-
o'-the-wisp.

Your heart her not; her step fell soft as the
pattering of April rain; you scarcely saw her, so
quick, so wild, and yet so sure, were her serpentine
movements through the crowding dancers. From
time to time the light draperies of her dress were
wafted so as to discover the little, sharp, fine ankle,
that looked as though it would snap with a touch of
one's finger and thumb, and her tiny feet that skipped
and twined themselves round and round, as fast, as
glittering, and as capriciously entangling and extri-
cating themselves, as the needles of a German lady
busy over her knitting.

"*S'il a' prachiti madi!*" exclaimed an old Vien-
nese, rubbing his hands for very delight.

Her companion looked a living personification of
pride and poetry. In his aristocratic there was ro-
mance; in his romance, aristocracy. The smallest
shape of his foot and hand, and the fine chisel-
ing of the slightly aquiline nose, showed plainly
what, while the expression of the eyes, the openness
of the brow, and the curve of the lip, marked what
he was. His hair, of the softest golden brown, like
autumn foliage tinted by the evening sun, seemed to
allow every passing wind to be his confidant, so little
did he and so much of nature did it display in the many
curls and waves with which it clustered round a
forehead white as the Parian stone. The long, care-
fully-trimmed moustache, which fringed the upper
lip, took off from it a slight expression of haughti-
ness that seemed to characterize his whole person,
and instead of adding fierceness, as in many in-
stances, in this only served partially to conceal the
vivid redness of the lips, as the moss does round the
leaves of the opening moss-rose.

"You are surely going to night to the Tricocene
de—?" said the handsome, though somewhat
faded Madame de—, as she entered the drawing-
room dressed for conquest. "Mademoiselle—
will be there; and has, I believe, promised to sing.
I hear her voice is wonderful, and her style quite
enchanting."

"You know I care little for music," answered the
person addressed; "and if I go to night, it will be
solely for the pleasure of being with you, my dear
aunt. Assuredly," continued he, bending to kiss
her hand, "for those who see you at this moment—
the slightly oddities of such a child as Mademoiselle
— can have no charms."

"Indeed I do," replied the nephew. "It would be
the very thing for you."

"Put on my shawl, *ma chère sœur*!" said she, to
change the conversation.

The shawl was put on, and some rough taken off
by a most enterprising kiss, which was at the
same time quickly imprinted on her cheek. The
lady frowned.

He was, altogether, one of those who are very prop-
erly termed *dangerous*, and who really are so to hearts
older, too, than those of seventeen, uniting qualities
and opposites few of which the other sex can resist,
or even try to combat against; the daring courage of a
Cœur de lion, but so much discretion that prudence
was never alarmed; the softest, most persuasive
tenderness, without, at the same time, ever allowing
vanity to lull itself into perfect obscurity, or giving
conquest a hope of being able to tyrannize. His
manners to the many were those of a man conscious,
but wishing others to suppose him ignorant, of his
own merits; to the one, they were those of a person
who is devoted, and enthusiastic because that devo-
tion is to a being he believes to be his.

Her manners to him were those of a creature liv-
ing in another—seeing nothing but him, and feeling
too much over to think. He evidently loved her, but
did not lose sight of himself; she loved him, and
ceased to remember her own individuality.

In that ball-room was the tall man that the un-
thinking and the unhappy equally require and seek—
excitement. Under the high marble columns
wandered pair after pair and group after group of
the brilliant and the beautiful. The light of the
brightest lamps and the brightest eyes were reflected
in innumerable mirrors on gilded frames; there
were the perfumes of the choicest exotics, the glitter
of the richest jewels, the sound of animating music,
and sweet voices tremulously murmuring sweet
words; the impatience, the anxiety, the beating
hearts, the trembling hands, the restless glances, the
hopes, the fears, the wishes, the jealousies, the quar-
rels, the reconciliations—in short all the mixture of
feeling which makes a ball-room a hot-house for the
pleasures and passions of so many young heads,
from fifteen to twenty-five.

It was late, and the cotillon had just commenced,
when, at the end of the first *tour de valse*, a bouquet
of choice and exquisitely-scented flowers, that had all
the evening adorned the bosom of the *Algonquin*-like
calzon, dropped from its nest to the ground. Quick
as thought, and before others had seen them fall, she
raised them up, and turning round to a rather good-
looking but heavily built dragoon-officer, who had all
the night watched her graceful evolutions with sin-
gularly obvious glances—
"There!" she cried; "now they are faded you
may have them."

His hand was anxiously stretched forth to receive
them; but he was not destined to obtain the proffered
censure. He looked disconcerted, she looked sur-
prised, when, on turning round to her partner, she
perceived her flowers rapidly disappearing beneath
his uniform.

"They are mine!" exclaimed he, with an air of
triumph, "and mine they shall forever remain!"
"Remember at the same time," said his partner,
very wickily, "that they were not given, but
stolen."

The remark seemed to have told. He was silent,
if not serious. Again they waltzed, and she was more
playful, more brilliant, more enchanting than ever.
The last tone of the music was hushed; the dance
was done; the crowd moved from the saloon, and
the handsome pair were arm-in-arm. The steps
were descended, the vestibule was crossed, the car-
riage door was open—a moment—and—
"Stay but one second," said he, and they were the
first words he had uttered since her somewhat sharp
reply to him in the dance; "here are your flowers—
stolen, I will not keep them; if you will not give
them to me, take them back."

The door closed with a harsh, grating sound, and
the carriage rolled on. The sound of the carriage
wheels was lost in the distance—but as still stood
there, and in his right hand he held, pressed to his
lips, the bouquet!

"You are surely going to night to the Tricocene
de—?" said the handsome, though somewhat
faded Madame de—, as she entered the drawing-
room dressed for conquest. "Mademoiselle—
will be there; and has, I believe, promised to sing.
I hear her voice is wonderful, and her style quite
enchanting."

"You know I care little for music," answered the
person addressed; "and if I go to night, it will be
solely for the pleasure of being with you, my dear
aunt. Assuredly," continued he, bending to kiss
her hand, "for those who see you at this moment—
the slightly oddities of such a child as Mademoiselle
— can have no charms."

"Indeed I do," replied the nephew. "It would be
the very thing for you."

"Put on my shawl, *ma chère sœur*!" said she, to
change the conversation.

The shawl was put on, and some rough taken off
by a most enterprising kiss, which was at the
same time quickly imprinted on her cheek. The
lady frowned.

"Forgive me, dearest aunt," interceded the grace-
less youth; "a saint could not have helped it."
He handed her to her carriage.

"And about the Count's horse?" insinuated he.

"*Laissez moi faire; cela s'arrangera*," said the faded
beauty, as she gave him her hand and a seat beside
her.

She too was there—the hour of the hyacinthine
hair and Andalusian feet—fluttering about from
group to group, careering some, tormenting others,
laughing at many, speaking some to a few, amusing
all, and thinking of but one. She yielded at length
to the entreaties of those around her, and the next
moment saw her seated at the piano forte.

Her white, rose-tipped fingers flew over the keys
with a sweetness, a rapidity, a force and an ease that
seemed as though they held in themselves the music
they produced.

All was silence. She sang, and all were breath-
less.

"For never had it there been given
To lips of any mortal woman,
To utter words so fresh from heaven!"

There was a *thought* in every tone, a feeling in
every inflection. It was more than music alone—it
was the very essential soul of music. It was not the
singer's power of executing every difficulty a com-
poser could write, but her art of bringing forth in
moldy every inspiration a poet could conceive, that
rendered her singing so irresistible, so entrancing.
It was thus the symphony must have sung; but not
thus a syren could have looked. If she were fasci-
nating before, how was each charmed doubled now! It
was the pencil-drawing suddenly colored by the
brush of a Titian; the recital in prose magically
transformed into glowing verse; the bursting of the
bud into the blossom; in short, the perfection of
everything, the promise of which was before scarce-
ly guessed. Those who had seen her hitherto, thought
she had been in a species of trance, and was now
first awakened. Her countenance was a mirror, in
which every feeling she described, every passion she
sang, each change, each thought, was instantaneously
and clearly reflected. She was proof of the insepara-
ble connection of the sister arts—Music, Painting,
and Poetry. Her music was a painting to the ear.
Around her was such a breathing atmosphere of mu-
sic, she was so harmony exhaled, that the eye, in
gazing on her, seemed to hear. Every opposite ap-
peared united in her white she sang: passion with
purity, profundity with playfulness, grandeur with
guile, depth with delicacy, sublimity with softness,
and wildness with simplicity.

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose chords harmonized the whole."

There was one who appreciated her fully, for a
voice exclaimed:

"Had Sappho been thus, the Lesbian leap had
never been celebrated."

"I thought you did not care for music?" said the
lady near him, in rather a sharp tone.

"Forgive me, dear aunt," replied he; "I never
knew till now what music was."

The sweet songstress sang for the last hour be-
delighting her insatiable auditors with a delicious
collection of French romances, Italian *cantatas*, Span-
ish *boleros*, German *lieder*, and Scotch ballads, (all of
which languages appeared perfectly easy and familiar
to her), when some one earnestly entreated to hear
the final duet from Bellini's "*Norma*." "*Qual cor
tradisti*."

"Who will sing it with me?" asked the lovely
music, looking as though she expected the answer.

"I will, if you will accept me for your second,"
replied a voice from behind her.

orange-trees, tuberoses, and oleanders with which the balcony was filled, appeared a female figure robed in white. As she stepped forth in the moonlight, she looked like the spirit of purity waiting down from above to sanctify the ardor of passion. By her careful stillness, it was natural to suppose that she wished to enjoy undisturbed the sound of music by night. The voice continued as she appeared:

"On regard, o Chasteline,
Your attitude is just as you."

But, notwithstanding all her precautions, it would seem that her presence was acknowledged. Probably the singer had no wish to be overheard; for he suddenly ceased, and no tone of music was heard after. In a few seconds, partly concealed by a thickly overhanging branch, there stood two beings in the balcony. The moon shone in all her splendor, silencing every object around—the deep blue sky above, the stillness of the earth below—all was harmony, while like a queen—

The moon, Madonna of the night's repose,
Touched with her silver hand the hills and streams,
And clapt the woods in tremulous folds of light.

It was a scene, it was an hour, when two hearts
Were drawn together most sweet in union.

They sat long side by side; her hand was on his shoulder, his arm was round her waist, their hands were clasped in each other's. They did not speak much, but the few words he uttered were so whispered as quite unobtrusively to force his lips upon her cheek. They needed no words; to them, and such as them, there is a voice in nature; the pale moonlight, the twinkling stars, the secrets of the flowers, the breath of the night breeze, the stillness of the scene, the distant bell of the Cathedral—all speak to them, and interpret what they only feel.

He held in his hand two small bouquets—one was faded, the other but just plucked. He had that moment gathered, with the down of the night yet upon them, the pearly orange-flower, the opening rose bud, the delicate jessamine, the eglantine carnation, and the sacred myrtle, to bind together into what the old bard quaintly termed a "pay," which he placed in the bosom of the fair seraph by his side.

"Look, dearest," said he, "have I not made you a dainty bouquet, in return for the one you gave me at the ball?"

"She took the flowers in her hand, and smiling,
"How long will you keep yours?" said she.

"As long as you will promise to keep mine," was the reply.

"Then say forever!" And she looked at him with all the confidence, all the innocence, all the truth, of first love and seventeen.

Vows were exchanged. He swore—and he did not deceive her, for he believed what he swore. (How many deceivers there are in deceiving themselves!)

"Take care," said she; "there is an ancient superstition recording that vows made beneath the moon's light are always broken."

As midnight struck she stood alone in the moonlight; receding steps were heard in the distance. She leaned over the balcony, and with an upturned look of hope and confidence, pressed the flowers to her bosom. Her hand was on the window; she turned round once more; the rays of the moon illumined her placid face and graceful form; and, as she vanished, her lips parted, and repeated, "Forever, forever—"

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CLOUDS.

[The mystery of the weather is noted by the spirit in the following lines.—G. E. D.]

A fleet of clouds came up into the blue,
And alternate with each other, like
The fishes' scales that float upon the sea,
And turn a flaky side toward the air.
They come to greet us; trumpet me the winds,
And I will make a blast that will not blow
The clouds from out their places; for they come
As exulting fleets from out the realm
Of chaos and confusion, and the storms
Of other atmospheres. I come to them
And say: Be calm! A calmness comes on them;
And they are there, a floating pyramid
Of fleecy armaments, and all the air
Is filled with floating fragments of the wreck
Of other storms that waited time to this
Heaven of quiet. Where are all your hosts
Marched in banners full of the tone
Of spectral music, harmony without,
And in ye all the music of the air
They waited ye to the port of youthful dreams?
Why are ye drawn up in battle array
If no more storms are to come upon
The cloudy firmament?

I attempt it all!

As an unhelped task to answer it:
Because the winds are whispering: "Tell them not
Whence ye come; for they are all abroad
The same fleet; and if ye fill the sails
With babbling forebodings of the future fate
Of all of them, the winds will give the life
To the whole of it, and then their road
To the uncomprehended depths of ether
Where they will wait into unlooked-for tanks.
And take the earth with other storms that come
From whence the babbling winds have no account."

None before.

She is gone, that beautiful child, the life of fond parents, the hope and the joy of their souls. Why did not death choose that aged man, with tottering limbs, whose life is well spent, and whose vigor of manhood has departed? There, in the place of poverty, where the midnight toller carries a scanty pittance to keep soul and body together, where disease and suffering weigh heavily upon one who waits the summons to a land of rest—why not there, grim messenger, why? Because his ways are not as our ways, and the land of souls is radiant with happy, innocent children, that the web of this changing life may be broken, and our gems rest in immortality. The aged and suffering are left to walk with trembling steps to the tomb, while youth and beauty are called before, that they may brighten their future homes, and welcome them to its repose.

Once upon a desert hot and dreary there traveled an aged couple, with three fair daughters. Woe would have been the way oftentimes without the cheering words and happy smiles of these youthful companions. But the days grew hotter, the valley, rich in fruit and waters closed. "Now, on before us," said the aged father; "we can spare you from our sight awhile, because we know that beyond the meadow lies a fruitful rich and smiling land of branches." So from sight the daughters fled, far from sight of eyes that loved them. On before, to give the welcome, to prepare the fruits and branches. When over the hill-top the sun rested, two weary forms were seen approaching the rich, green meadows, where the true, brave daughters had spread the green boughs, and shed their cups from springs all sparkling, for the aged parents who had tarried, and in faith had sent their loved ones on before.

So, in life, as our desert grew weary,
And the best ones of the desert grew weary,
Knew we not that to our life to parched and ferns so weary,
They will raise the cup and spread the branches evermore?

Twilight.

A farmer out West, when importuned to take shares in some stock company, said that plow shares and Devon stock were the only ones that farmers could meddle with.

SPRIT WHISPERS.

BY BRILL.

There are hours in all lives, when the shadows seem
To shroud the heart like a darksome dream;
When life grows dark, and the weary soul
Lings for rest and peace at some bright goal.
The present fades from our streaming eyes,
And the past comes back, in its mystical guise,
Fearless and silent, to walk again
Its old-time course of joy and pain.

My life was long, though its years were few,
And friends were constant, and kind, and true;
But a wearisome, thorough path did I tread
To win my place 'mong the quiet dead;
And you mourned for me long—and you miss me still,
In the summer bright or the winter chill.
But the Father in Heaven had work for me;
From earth and earth's pain I was glad to be free—
I knew I could rest on the unknown shore,
Where sorrow and suffering come no more.

My Mother—she felt it was hard to part
From the idol shrouded in her lonely heart;
I had been her joy—her summer flower—
Her pride and support in each darker hour;
But angel-hands beckoned my spirit away;
And I joined their band calmly, that bright Sabbath day.

And now I look down from the twilight skies
To wipe the tears from her weary eyes,
Or pause in the quiet, deserted room,
To raise your heart from its gathering gloom,
While the light of love bendeth low to bless
Your sorrowing heart in its loneliness.

Edward, farewell! Though you see me not,
I know in your home I am ne'er forgot.
I thank you for all the kind words you have said,
For the tribute of love to my memory paid;
I have watched you through changes of darkness and light.

I have stood by your side on your bridal night,
And true to our friendship—when life is o'er,
I will welcome you all to this heavenly shore.

EMMA HARDINGE

On Living Spirits and Dying Spiritualism.

Messrs. Editors.—Observing a general feeling of antipathy toward the repulsive subject of non-mortality as recently discussed in your paper, I should not intrude any further remarks on a readers' concerning a theme so unappealing, had I not noticed the singular absence of that peculiar kind of testimony in these discussions, which is more calculated to rebut groundless and fantastic theories, than all that reason and logic can adduce—namely, facts.

When it is remembered that, in this nineteenth century, thousands of the noblest minds of civilized lands are professed materialists, despite of reason and logic, theories and religion to boot; and that within ten years a few stubborn facts have brought conviction of the immortality of the soul to many of those thousands, whom the theoretical teachings of all past ages had failed to convince, it seems somewhat remarkable that your numerous correspondents should waste their time and your readers' patience over volumes of theory, which the relation of one well-attested fact would confirm or rebut in fact.

Somewhat more remarkable still does it appear to me, that a theory so hideous that nothing but the most unequivocal testimony or the most unanswerable arguments could justify its agitation, should be advanced by professed believers in that very spirit communion whose test facts must, if reliable at all, settle the whole question.

If I can put faith in any of my senses, they assure me conclusively of the fact of spirit communion, as of the ordinary objects appealing to sight, sound, taste, &c.—and if I believe in one class of facts ranging under the general appellation of spirit-communion, how am I to separate them from another class, quite as reliable with evidence concerning the existence in the hereafter, of all instead of a PART of the race?

In the illustrations which follow, I have selected a few extreme cases, the character of which will speak for themselves.

In Greensboro, Henry County, Ind., lives one whom I have never seen; but from report, and a limited correspondence, together with impressions derived from a psychometrical reading through my own spirit, I please myself by having this dear and venerable friend, my father in spirit. In his house are a large collection of portraits of deceased persons, executed by Mr. George Walcutt, of Columbus, Ohio, who himself an entire stranger to my respected friend, Beth Hinchaw, painted, some of them blindfolded, and others at his written request; without having the smallest chance of becoming familiar either with the family or connections of those for whom he worked. A very interesting account of these portraits, and their wonderful mode of execution, appeared in one of the last numbers of Mr. Partridge's glorious old Telegraph (dead in body, but as immortal in soul as our dear spirit friends themselves), written by Mr. G. B. Robbins, from my respected friend's house, in which he describes their pictures, representing persons, many of whom had long since passed away, and all of whom (except the last) were total strangers to the great wizard of the palette. Now if the wife, sisters and friends present a resemblance in the minutest particulars to extraordinary as to form proofs of the immortality of those persons, which none but knaves or fools could deny, why should not the same evidence be placed to the account of the portraits of "two children, who showed no signs of life, and in giving birth to whom the mother died." Those who deny the existence of these children, their presence, then, to a total stranger for sittings, their appearance as growing girls, and the resemblance of one of them to their mother, must also invalidate the manifestation of that mother herself, who sat for the same artist, enabling him to send a likeness "which was readily recognized, though she had been gone thirty-five years." "Also three sons of present wife, one still a boy—two died in a few hours." No mere vague phantasm of dead or imperfect infants, good people, who are anxious to snuff out other people's children, (your own, of course, being in the full light of immortality), but real living, growing boys and girls. Besides these, there is a goodly array of sweet young granddaughters removed at different periods of extreme youth, but obstinately persisting in living; and although growing, retaining a sufficient amount of identity to make these wonderful pictures perfect portraits, and proving conclusively that though by virtue of certain learned theories of today, they ought, by this time, to be little puffs of hydrogen or nitrogen gas, or it may be a globe of intensely rarified atmosphere, yet in God's good providence the power that was able to design them, has managed to keep them in existence, and there they peep out from George Walcutt's magic paintings, smiling their saucy defiance upon pen and ink theories, to put them out of life.

One of my earliest experiences as a test medium in New York, was to present to a lady who called on me, (a total stranger), two very remarkable portraits of deceased relatives so vividly portrayed, that her skepticism was entirely conquered in that one sitting; just as the was about to go, I was compelled to present her in writing with a communica-

tion from a young daughter, of whose existence she had "no knowledge," so she said, until the little spirit reminded her of the birth of a still-born child, occurring in connection with circumstances so remarkable that they formed one of the strongest tests in the whole sitting. On another occasion a girl of eighteen, beautiful as a seraph, appeared to me, and insisted that she was the daughter of a lady for whom I was then sitting, but who denied having any such child, until the fair spirit reminded her that she had lived one hour only, and in the little box that had been made for her, had been rolled up in a certain piece of delicate muslin, which the spirit described most graphically. This manifestation is strongly imprinted on my mind, first from the do, light I experienced in gazing at so beautiful an apparition, and next from the grief which the young daughter expressed and made me feel by sympathy, when the cold mother declared she felt no interest in such a child; "she had never known her, and did not even think she had lived." That mother often came to me, and was always accompanied by that tender girl, who in one sitting, pitiously lamented her mother's indifference, declaring that all young children were brought up in the parental sphere, and in such gentle affection for their earthly life, that it often cruelly pained them to observe the indifference manifested toward them. "They deem me dead, or nothing," wrote this bright being, "but they would not think thus of spirit, did they but know that it is imperishable. Death only dissolves matter, spirit it cannot touch, and affection is the undying attribute of spirit." I could go on, enumerating scores of cases in which infants, very young children, and sometimes—though rarely—embryonic births formed the array of test facts in which my own experience as a test medium was passed; enough for me to add that two-thirds of my spiritual experiences (generally occurring in the presence of numerous living and reliable witnesses), were, and are still, from children under twelve years of age, and in fact, in the present crude understanding of the laws of death, by which the chief of the freight of human souls that crosses the beautiful river, are the youngest and fairest of earth's blossoms—if these perish, not only is creation a miserable failure, and spirit-land a desert, to which the blooming, teeming, child-peopled villages of earth are paradises, but as a shroud Yankee lately observed to me, when commenting on this notable non-mortality theory, "The Lord was a poor trader, and would never grow rich in souls, if he created such an awful waste of raw material."

I shall close these few fragmentary illustrations from a page which I feel quite sure any of our reliable test mediums might well swell into a quarto volume, with a case that has very recently come under my observation. The narrators was a sweet Quaker lady, equally respected for her purity of life, unimpeachable veracity and respectability. "How can I help being a Spiritualist?" she said, when entertaining me last April, "when I remember such facts as these." I cannot quote her words, but the sum of the communication was as follows: Mrs. — had at one time in her service a girl who proved to be a remarkable rapping and physical force medium. Her mistress and her friends held frequent sittings with her, obtaining any quantity of excellent communications from dear departed ones. On one occasion the spirit of a young man reported himself, calling himself the lady's son. She "had no son in the spirit-world," she said; "there must be some mistake." Still the spirit persisted, and to deepen the mystery, added that he was one of a pair of twins, and then had a beautiful sister in the spirit world, who was anxious to take advantage of the modern manifestations, and become acquainted with their mother. And now the lady was confident there was a mistake! The spirit son was far from the truth—but a pair of twins! "The thing was absurd," until the youth reminded her how, twenty-one years ago, in the early years of her married life, she had lost, by premature birth, a pair of twins, in whom she could not remember any manifestation even of life. Certain graphic details were added, which brought forcibly to the happy mother's mind the memory of what she then deemed her misfortune, now her inexpressible delight. Commenting on the remarkable accuracy of the tests, she observed that she had not imagined they could have had any life, and she had never even named them, when the spirit rapped out, "That is true. These were our names, as they call me now, and my sister Beauty. Will these names be true to you?" The lady replied she would think of some names for them, and christen them the next evening, at a circle, if they would meet her. In the night following she reflected on the strange meeting with her "angel-born," and mentally decided on the names to call them; but long before the evening and the promised circle came, the mistress and maid being engaged in household avocations, heard loud raps calling their attention, and demanding the alphabet, where was spelled out: "Mother, I have come to say we like the names thou hast thought of for us, very much." Knowing that she had not communicated those names to any mortal, she demanded, as the concluding test, that the spirit should rap them out, which he did, through an ignorant girl, who in all probability had never heard such names before as Angelo and Angela. And precious, darling Angelo and Angela (who described themselves as very beautiful, with all the childlike simplicity that rebukes our pharisaic earthly humanity), brought the convolutions of the immortality, even, of the soul's case, to that mother, with a force which no idle speculations or visionary theories can sweep away.

My venerable father in spirit, Beth Hinchaw, and valued friend to whom the above little fact relates, your eyes will undoubtedly meet these lines; and if they should grow very wide with astonishment at the liberty I have taken with these portions of your family history, forgive me for the sake of the happiness which your highly respected testimony may bring to the heart of some bereaved mother, whose wounds have been torn open afresh by the horrible and groundless theory that blank annihilation can ever be the doom of that divine spark that shines through the eye of life everywhere, and even marks itself in characters as immortal as the Designer from whence it came, on the unobscured but not wasted frame-work, meant to enclose life, when in the fullness of time (in this sphere, or some other equally radiantly), the design should be perfected to the point of that consciousness which in itself is immortality.

It was my intention to add to these illustrations some of the curious phenomena which we term the manifestation of "living spirits"; but I have already exceeded the limits within which I ought to trespass on your columns, and will reserve these illustrations for another paper, together with a few remarks concerning the "dying" condition of Spiritualism in the places where my wandering feet find temporary rest. I can only say, in brief, whilst reserving the details for the foregoing future article, that if faith is the substance of things unseen," then must modern theology and conservatism take especial delight in the contemplation of Spiritualism, through the visionary spectacles of faith; for to find it in the dy-

ing condition which said theology is so fond of representing it, requires a stretch of faith no larger that it truly becomes a "thing unseen," to the material eyes of —

EMMA HARDINGE.

Quebec, N. Y., July 10th, 1860.

GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER TWO.

VALE OF AVONCA AND GLENDAUGH.

We made our readers a promise to take them with us through the Vale of Avonca and Glendaugh, and it is only to that promise that they must be indebted for the trip, for, did we not fear to break it, we should long ago have been roving in the pleasures to be reaped from the reproduction of the vividly remembered scenery of the Lakes of Killarney—pleasures won by much effort, we must admit.

We left our readers at Wicklow—beautiful Wicklow. Come, follow us to Arklow. We go by Glenageary, Rathfarnham, Arklow—then on to Castle Howard and "the Meeting of the Waters" by Avoca and Shelton Abbey. There is a shorter way than this, which leads by the coast. It is not without its attractions, affording at intervals some very fine glimpses of the shore and some bold sea scenery. But let us forget our national love for rapidity, and the utter annihilation of time, and see as much of the world as we can. We shall say little of Arklow, although it is the largest town in the county.

Long ago it was the scene of many a stout contest. Its castle, the chief object of its assailants, was built in the reign of King John, and the operation of unbuilding was pretty successfully performed by Oliver Cromwell. Of the castle there is now but a mere fragment left standing at the end of the town near the barracks. To the west of Arklow rises Croagh Kinsella, nearly 2000 feet above the sea, lifting its head proudly above its neighbors for miles around. From its summit, reached with no little labor, is commanded a view as magnificent and sublime.

We pass on by Tinnahilly, which has nothing to lead the wayfarer aside. We reach Aughrim, a quiet mountain village, poor and rude, but very picturesque—being a collection of stone and clay cabins by the side of the river and backed by the mountains. Glen Aughrim commences here. In its way, its scenery is fine, without any of the soft, cultivated slopes; there stretches away a genuine wild mountain glen—along its bottom leaps and tumbles a swift stream, making music all the year around, and high in front rises the vast mass of Croagh Moin. One road continues along the Aughrim river to Aughavanagh Barracks. Luganquilla, the lofty giant of the Wicklow mountains, for the last five miles has been staring us directly in the face, and here its huge form blocks further progress. Let us verge to the right, toward Drumgoff Bridge, where is another barrack—one of the overlooking many that sprang up, after the insurrection, like toad-stools in an Irish fairy drole.

Drumgoff Bridge crosses the river Avonbeg, which rises far up among the mountains, and after flowing through Glendalough, unites with the Avonmore at the celebrated meeting of the waters. That part of the glen which is above Drumgoff is wonderfully enchanting. But not that grandeur most pleasing—without any of that softness which is universally appreciated. It struck us as more the grandeur arising from the most savage majesty of nature. It has nothing of the placid and beautiful; it is sterile and desolate—we cannot say forbidding—though it seems to have been so to the presence of man. Yet man has placed into the very heart of these mountains. Here the lead mines are most extensive, as the name Glendalough would suggest to the uninitiated—glen of much ore. High up, the Avonbeg precipitately flows over a long, rocky shelf, and forms the Eas Waterfall. The glen is not less grand below Drumgoff, while it is generally much more attractive, assuming, as it descends, a gentler character. The route we have indicated has its attractions for the lover of grand and majestic and wilder scenery—but let us speak of that which is sure to delight every one—the Vale of Avonca, the Stanglough of Ireland.

The best scenery from Arklow, for the traveler who desires scenery alone, lies through the demesne of Shelton Abbey. We might have kept the high road, which is not destitute of beauties; but as the Earl of Wicklow very generously permits strangers either to ride or walk through his grounds, we found ourselves repaid in taking advantage of this privilege, not to speak of having saved seven miles or more of travel. Shelton Abbey is the most justly celebrated mansion at this end of Wicklow. It is a modern Gothic structure of a very ornate character, with the disadvantage of a low situation. Much praise is due for the skill displayed in making the most of its capabilities. The grounds are very extensive, and of great beauty, but are not by any means kept as nicely as are most of English parks. The roads on the outskirts of the estate are beautifully bordered by lines of beeches, forming leafy avenues, with many a pleasant view between.

From Shelton Abbey grounds we pass to those of Ballytharbar. These are exceedingly well worth a visit. The house is after the style of common old English manor-houses. The walks are shady, affording exquisite prospects. In fact, it is one of those spots where the most imaginative might desire to dwell; and for ourselves, we can only say that, ever since we saw it, we have had strange fancies about transformations, and wished ourselves other than we are—perhaps we had possessed Fortunatus's cap—and made many a promise silently to ourselves, that if such were the case, we know where we should spend the remainder of our days. But these were day-dreams, and the reader who over knew the fairy tale, knows how much their realization depended on the above mentioned cap.

By Ballytharbar we pass into the famous vale. There is no land, where the English language is read, where the beauties of the Vale of Avonca are unknown, and so long as music, married to sweet verse, finds admirers, so long will its loveliness be fresh in the memory of the world.

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As this vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

The Vale of Avonca is indeed extremely enchanting—perhaps not remarkably so to the casual observer, or to one who has no marked affection—if I may use such a term—for scenery. A pleasant open valley, many miles long, nowhere closing into, or approaching the character of a glen, neither so broad as to leave its opposite sides unconnected, but gently widening as it descends, it comprehends so much of effect with its sinuous attractions, as to afford continued gratification to him who lingers in its quiet realm. With a quick current, but never sufficiently noisy to disturb its calm, sequestered character, the Avonca glides along its centre, a dividing line to the contrasting beauties, that assume a gentle, barely perceptible change of character on either side. The hills on either hand, lofty, and exquisitely varied in surface, form and outline, present new and pleasing combinations at almost every turn. Here the valley is rich with dark, thickly clustering masses of the most enticing foliage, while away its

unobscured surface is spread out before the eye like a lawn, save here and there a single tree, or a detached clump, of light, feathery form. Here long lines of trees climb far up the mountain's side, while another turn gives us the slopes covered only with bright verdure, or abruptly assuming a bare, rugged and precipitous character. But the stranger, bearing this vale for the first time, is apt to anticipate much more from it, if he have become familiar with the description of Moore, than he will be likely to derive from a cursory glance at it. He may be disposed to question its anticipations of its fame. But linger in it until the objects which go to make up its general attractiveness become so familiar that each assumes an individual beauty, and then it is that the spot begins in a measure to recall all that has ever been said of it. It is true that the bard of Erin has stamped on it the title to such supreme loveliness, that the visions we are apt to form of it can hardly be realized unless we have in us something of an influence akin to his own. We must not forget that he was speaking of his native land, and that, as an Irishman, he saw more readily, and appreciated with a national enthusiasm, the beauties of the Emerald Isle. Again, with its natural attractions, it must not be forgotten, he has associated a moral claim to his admiration:

"'Tis not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of smiles, her brightest of green;
Nor that her soft magic charmed our sight;
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still."

"'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we sit close reflected from looks that we love."

Therefore, when we take this view of the poet's admiration, the reader cannot fail to acknowledge that, with such associations and feelings to lead a new charm to nature's beauties, there is no spot in the wide world but what would receive from him or her the title to pre-eminence. The scene becomes charming indeed, near the "second meeting of the waters," sometimes said to have been celebrated by Moore, but without doubt an error, as the poet himself explains his allusion to be to the confluence of "the rivers Avon and Avonca," whereas this is the meeting of the Avonca and the Aughrim; and even Moore was mistaken in speaking of the meeting of "the rivers Avon and Avonca," which were in reality the Avonbeg and the Avonmore, as they have always been, and are now called, the name Avonca applying to the river immediately after the confluence of the Avonbeg and the Avonmore.

Not alone have we here the meeting of the rivers, but of the glens also, many and lovely. The views up and down the vale at this point are exquisite—crowded with beauty. Let us rest a little, then, alight the rugged heights of Knocknamokill. Here the prospect is wonderful—wide and impressive. Not only does it afford an entire view down to the extreme end of the vale, but towering above its neighbors, it gives us the beautiful effect of light and shade, made by the sunlight trembling upon the points of the splintered heights which surround us, and losing itself in the dark gorges below. But looking onward, far away beyond and over Arklow, we catch a glimpse of the blue sea.

Ascending the vale some way from the foot of Knocknamokill, having passed Newbridge, quite a new feature opens in the landscape. Here the mountain sides are completely ridged for some distance with the works of the copper mines. The Ballymurrigh and Cronbane mines are the most extensive and valuable in Wicklow, the latter of which has yielded as high as 2800 tons of copper ore in one year. The quantity has now somewhat diminished, notwithstanding which the two mines employ above a thousand men. It cannot be said that these works add any beauty to the scene, or much of an attractive nature to its picturesque quality; still the strange conformation of the mountain, the almost impenetrable places in which some of the working gear is stationed, and the enormous slow-moving water-wheels, lend a peculiarity to the whole which is not without its gratifying effect upon the observer.

The first meeting of the waters, that of which Moore really sang, is by far more beautiful than the second, and the prospect of the vale from this point far more impressive. The Avonbeg pours down from Glendalough a swift mountain stream; the Avonmore is like a smooth, lowland river. The one, the impetuous, brave lover—the other, the gentle, trusting maiden; the one curbing his fierceness to the mildness of his mate—the other in union timidly as springing to the grandeur of its companion—united they glide on together, in safe companionship, between the frowning hills, widening and widening, until, having finished their pilgrimage, they blend with the sea. What a sublime lesson for humanity in its pilgrimage to eternity!

All along the valley, in the water, far up on the heights, springs the most luxuriant foliage. Bold and lofty rise the hills, their uneven sides clad with trees, with many a gray orang towering up from green canopies, or soft, sunny slopes of the greenest verdure. Far away beyond the opening of the valley are seen the beauties of the country immediately surrounding the vale. Mountains beyond lift their summits far into the sky, until they are clad in aerial hues, affording the most delightful combinations imaginable. To the right, high upon the summit of a hill, is seen a castellated mansion, known as Castle Howard, the seat of Sir Ralph Howard. It is a modern structure, more remarkable for its noble site than for any architectural beauty. The view from it, as the reader will readily imagine, are surpassingly beautiful. Our way now lies through the Vale of Avonca, a beautiful spot, though in no way to be compared with the Vale of Avonca. To the left lies Avonbeg, an estate stretching away about three miles—a charming spot—through the whole distance of which winds the Avonmore in its most beautiful forms. Thence we pass by Rathdrum, and taking the road above the Avonmore, we reach Larch, and find ourselves not far distant from Glendalough.

The first glimpse of Glendalough is remarkable. It is reached by a mountainous road from Larch, which, as you toil up it, appears to have no outlet save by a narrow pass through which just streams a line of light at the very top, but you pass on by a few miserable huts which a slight turn in the road brings before you, then a round tower which rears its tall form beyond; this is surrounded by several ruined buildings, perhaps the remains of some castle—the picture has for its background a dark, hollowed comb, formed by rocks which rise perpendicular to a great altitude and then fall back into the mountain slopes. It is not till you are much nearer that the lakes become visible; unless, perhaps, you turn just beyond the round tower, and climb the side of the mountain, which affords a fine view, and as good a conception of the whole glen, its lakes and antiquities in a general way, as can be elsewhere obtained.

Sweet Erin is the home of beggars—and in saying this we do not mean to be at all general—neither do we wish to convey the idea that she is more unfortunate in this respect than other countries; perhaps it were better to say, "the school of beggars," for they are adepts in the art; in other and more com-

Little River.

Great River.

mon words—"they know how to do it." Even Dublin has its beggars' flow, and Kilfinny its beggars' lane—does this not argue something? Long before you reach the ruins a crowd of beggars meet you, and play upon your feelings by the most touching recitals of every imaginable distress; they display fragments of rock or crystal, to which they attach a mysterious value by making them subjects of as many tales of the doings of the Saints in the region from whence they came, as would, if collected, supply every nursery in creation with wonderful stories. Then come the guides, rough, unsmooth looking fellows, who each assures you that he is the best guide in the Glen, that there is no't any to begin with him, and besides "it is n't him, at all, at all, as makes a blain to be tellin' lies to gentlemen." The only escape is to take one—give yourself into his hands—he will show you all the sights, tell you all the legends; he will take you to St. Kevin's bed, and greatly add to your enjoyment by his untiring efforts to persuade you that you are the best walker he ever topped a hill with, and the most knowledgeable gentleman he ever seen since he was a guide." This is a dose which you must take patiently, well knowing it is not intended so much for your information as to sound the depths of your pocket; betoken yourself to pay off your guide, and then you will be left to yourself to see things for yourself. There are generally three guides on hand—the guide books recommend sometimes one, sometimes another—but the guides themselves boast of the great men and fair writers they have shown about. "It's myself, sir, as was after taking Mr. Willis, yer own countryman, bless him, sir, over the Glen." One claimed Edwin Forrest, while another, with the most innocent look assured us it was only last year that he took Sir Walter Scott all over the hill; but there is little choice between the three. We tried two for the sake of their tongues, and chatted with the other—and beside, we climbed into St. Kevin's bed, and can speak with some authority. We are constrained to say we accord as much credit to one as the other; their power in the Munchausen line being to all appearances about equal; the older of course having a larger fund of experience and a longer string of tales, but the younger was much more ambitious and vivacious.

Glendalough—the name very nearly suggests the character of the place. Glendalough, being the glen of two lakes. The lakes lie in a deep gully between immense mountains, whose rugged and bare slopes rise precipitous to the height of some four, or five hundred feet. The upper end seems entirely closed in, and in point of fact is so, save a deep, dark, narrow and almost impassable ravine, down whose extremely rugged glen, the Glendalough—the principal supplier of the lakes, forces its way—tossing and leaping into all imaginable shapes—and falling near the rim of the lakes as white as the driven snow.

There is another stream, which, before it reaches the lakes, takes a tremendous leap over a huge wall of rock, lofty and jagged, forming a splendid waterfall, called the Poolmans. The glen is perhaps between two or three miles long; the upper lough is nearly a mile long, and quite a quarter of a mile wide. Around this lough the wilder features of the glen are seen. Imagine yourself floating on its bosom as night sets in, and heavy storm-clouds are clustering around the summits of the mountains, when the thin gray mist gradually creeps along the sides of the black cliffs which rise at once frowning from the water—listen to the deep, purple waves curling up and menacingly lashing against the boat as the wind sweeps along in a hollow, prolonged sigh. Can anything be finer or more sublime than this, surrounded by echoing hills, which proudly natter back the music of the storm, lifting high their shattered pinnacles where from cliff to cliff the lightning leaps along? Here, also, a little way up the rock, is the famous Bed of St. Kevin. It consists of a hole running into the rock far enough and large enough to admit two persons at a time, comfortably—three may enter. Here St. Kevin is said to have retreated in order to escape the persecutions of the love and the allurements of the world.

The legend is doubtless known to every one—Moore has told it—and does not the world know it? He told, how

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sighs and wailings warble o'er;
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin made to sleep.
'Here at least,' he calmly said,
'Woman's woe shall find my bed.'
All that good saint little knew
What that woe was, and how true."

The rest is known, and we need not proceed in the repetition. Since the good saint, so ungalantly threw the fair Kathleen from his chamber into the deep waters below—now over fourteen hundred years ago—every lady who ventures there, it is said, bears away a charmed life; for such, in his remorse, St. Kevin prayed might be. Many—and a fair lady has tested the charm by scrambling into the bed, and all have, we believe, with no exception, returned unharmed. Neither is the desire to test it over. Many a beautiful woman, in Erin, with a touch of poetic superstition, such as they all have, climbs for the charm to day. But besides the immunity purchased at such a fearful price by that Kathleen, there is a living Kathleen here, as guardian angel of the rock, whose care is to avert any chance of a mishap in the matter of climbing into the bed. She is unobtainable to any who near as lovely as we have, of course, every reason to believe of her namesake. But what is of more importance here, she has a firm, strong hand, and a steady foot. She lives in a miserable cabin in among the rocks, and subsists on what she gets for assisting the adventurous into St. Kevin's bed. She has been here, she says, upwards of thirty years.

echo, gives it back again clear as a bell to the last syllable. Then it opens with a little nonsense, calls the echo a few darling names, such as "ye murdering thief ye," etc., and generally winds up with a true liberalian "Oh, arrah!" This is buried back again, and so admirably was the Irish done, that we instantly favored the idea that that echo was a native.

The ruins, which at first we imagined to have been those of a castle, are called the Bawn Church, (the whole place is known by this name) lie at the bottom of the glen. They comprehend what is called the Cathedral; the Chapel of the Virgin; a church, with a turret at the end, which is commonly called St. Kevin's Kitchen; these, with some other remains of buildings, and the vestiges of several stone crosses, are, with a round tower, contained in an enclosure still used as a graveyard. Many other ruins, and without doubt those of churches, are to be seen in the distance.

It is a matter of much surprise why such buildings and so many of them should have been erected in such a spot as this; but there is evidence sufficient that an ecclesiastical establishment was here in the fifth and sixth centuries, and that it was many times devastated and plundered in succeeding years. Glendalough was constituted a bishopric at an early period, and continued so until it was united with the see of Dublin, and even now the metropolitan title is that of Archbishop of Dublin and Glendalough.

These ruins have been the subject of much inquiry, being, though not unlike many of a similar character in Ireland, strikingly remarkable. We do not intend to enter into an examination of them; it would be out of place in a descriptive paper, and again it would involve an amount of antiquarian detail, that we respectfully beg to acknowledge ourselves unable to master, at least in such a manner as would repay the reader the perusal. But perhaps a short notice of the Round Tower will not be out of place; this kind of structure, and in Ireland especially, being regarded with no little curiosity; and beside, during our stay in Ireland, we chanced to meet with a copy of Mr. Petrie's "Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland," which afforded us much pleasure, and a great deal of new and valuable information. This tower, to which allusion has been made, is about fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and tapers very gradually to the summit. It is over one hundred feet high. Its original conical roof has disappeared. It has for its entrance a narrow arched doorway, the lower part of which is nearly twelve feet from the ground. Its windows are extremely narrow. Its material is rubble stone, consisting of different sizes, but arranged in regular courses. The question as to why these towers were built has been a problem for antiquaries for many years. Of all the solutions proposed, no one as yet is admitted as demonstrable. That they were beacons, sepulchres, dwellings for anchorites, and many other stranger things than these, have been suggested; until some probably have arrived at the conclusion that they were erected merely—if not to bother Irishmen—to puzzle posterity. The opinion that they were "fire-towers," where the sacred fire was kept alive, is not at all unpopular, and it is advanced that this opinion is countenanced by vague traditions, not yet quite extinct among some of the peasantry. But since Mr. Petrie's essay that opinion is not so strongly maintained, and there is an increasing belief that they were built by the Christian ecclesiastics who settled in Ireland at a very early period. Mr. Petrie assumes that they were either beacons or places of security for marauders. Their position being most always in connection with religious structures, would seem to indicate that they were intended as places of refuge for ecclesiastics. Their character and style of construction Mr. Petrie thinks clearly proves them to have been of a later date than the worship of Baal. His labors in research have been extraordinary, and pursued with the greatest assiduity, and he is convinced that they are beacons; and his opinion is entitled to great respect.

Let us insist upon the reader's spending a night in this locality if he or she ever chance to visit it. The gloomy lake, grand as it appears by daylight, becomes infinitely more so as the sun is sinking behind the hills, just trembling upon their summits, as the twilight slowly spreads its veil over the scene, shading in deepest gloom the glen and the lakes. We lingered in the glen to see the gradual withdrawal of the sun, and beautiful, indeed, was the effect of his going; seemingly unwilling to depart, he tossed himself, as it were, in a not of light, and tangled his drooping ends in the trees that clustered about the head of Slieve Bawn, and in among the broken peaks of time-worn Knocknagholm, and there it hung, pulsing and growing paler, before the approach of the night, that came rapidly on, leaping from hill to hill, telling over the distant heights of Wicklow mountains, until it heated above Glenmalur; here the sun buried his arrows, but one by one they sank noiselessly into the bosom of the night, who, unharmed, again resumed his course—one still glare, and Sol swung down behind the heights, and left the glen in the deepest midnight gloom, and we made our way to the little inn behind the church, resolving to be up betimes to see the glen by the earliest dawn. Long before the sun we were there, and of all the spectacles, of all the imaginary scenes, truly this was the most gorgeous and the most glorious. Low and dense, far down the glen, was settled a thick haze, which charged all the atmosphere; and on came the sun, towering here and there the loftier peaks with a straggling ray; and then as he rose higher, and hurled his lances down the glen, the mist sank into the gloomy hollow, and a darker, heavier shadow seemed to rest on the valley; the mists soon stowed upward, just catching, as they rose, a momentary gleam of the sun, and then vanishing; the tops of the precipices became softly illuminated, and then, as if by magic, a rainbow spanned the glen, lingered a moment, and then seemed to melt into the tinted haze that clung about it, and on which it seemed to rest. The whole scene was pictured in it; the hills, and cliffs, and lakes, were there, but all evanescent. It was a magical reproduction of one of the marvelous masterpieces of Turner—the wondrous conception changed into reality. The visitor may not be fortunate enough to see it thus; but, even under the usual effect of sun and shadow, it is almost equally grand.

Be ready, kind reader, to take the train in our next with us from Dublin to the Lakes of Killarney.

A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.—A few years ago, a young man from just across the Connecticut, who was attending the village academy, became sadly infected with the notion that all the maidens were in love with him. While in this state of mind it fell to his lot one evening to see Miss H.—sister to her father's domestic. On arriving at the door, the lady invited him to enter. He did so. After a few moments' conversation, he arose to leave, and as Miss H. was showing him to the door, she innocently remarked that that would be pleased to see him again. There was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's courage and moral principle. Expanding himself to his tallest height, with a graceful but determined inclination of the head, he replied, "I should be happy, Miss, to call as a friend, but not as a lover!"

A VISIT TO THE OCEAN.

BY HENSON TUTTLE.

I stood upon the ocean's shore,
A sublime madness filled my breast;
In awe I listened to its roar,
And gazed off on its billowy crest.
I, with my littleness oppressed,
In vain tried back the solitude
Whose shadow filled my home-sick soul;
Recalling back, the loneliness
In deeper volumes on me rolled,
As stormy clouds at night unfold.

Behind me waved the wood of pine,
Responding to the sea's deep moan.
Echoing in a mournful chime,
The cadence of its solemn tone:
Beneath my feet the speaking foam
In thunder beat the crazy rocks;
While high in air the snowy spray
At each convulsive heave was thrown,
And cranes and rainbows gay
Were painted on the cloudy spray.

Above me spread an azure sky?
Beneath me spread the vasty deep,
While sea-birds wildly screamed on high:
And far on the horizon's steep,
I saw a bark the billows leap.
Wakened when first I viewed the flood,
At length I bathed in waking dreams,
And reverie, in fancies strange,
Through all my being threw her beams.

As sunlight through a lattice gleams,
Ereapt in fancies strange and wild,
I noticed not the rolling swell,
Which on its bosom bore its child,
A ruffled ocean shell,
A murmured tale of ocean lore,
From whence art thou a wanderer?
You'll tell me tales of ocean's halls,
And sea-nymphs' crystal homes I know,
For long thou'st traced their money walls,
Where ne'er a ray of sunlight falls.

Have ever seen their starry eyes,
As they among the sea-flowers peep?
Or have you heard their tiny feet,
Dance light on ocean's golden floor,
In cadence with the upper roar?
Have seen them sit on mossy rocks,
And comb their flowing, glossy hair,
And gem their brows with wreaths they twine
With coral buds, and sea-flowers fair,
With gold bespoken, and diamonds rare?

Can't tell me of the caverns huge,
Far down in the reposing deep,
Wherein their water-curtained halls,
The storm gods their tribunal keep,
And the storm wearied maidens sleep?
Thou hast no tongue, poor shell, to speak,
Yet I can something learn of thee,
As wise as sippant tongue could teach:
Though loath I am on life's great sea,
Steadfast I will remain, and free.

Near by its side there lay a wreck
Of splashed plank and oaken spar,
Torn from its place in gallant bark—
By sunken rock or treacherous bar—
Returning freight from olives afar,
It told a dismal tale of woe—
Of wreck upon a stormy night,
Of freezing sighs and gurgling groans,
Of struggling mortals' puny might,
When upit upward took their flight.

Forever thus, I said, great deep,
Thy intercourses with vanishing man,
Who boasts long days upon thy main,
In childhood's happy hand,
And blinks on thee his bold command,
Ah! rising thou dost shake them off,
As Xerxes' chains were cast on shore,
And roll on in grandeur proud,
Above the wrecks which strow thy floor,
Conquering, unconquered ever more.

A blushing shell or seaweed green,
Or pebble from thy shore, grand sea,
Memento I shall ever keep,
As souvenir from thee to me,
In all that I will ask of thee.
The ocean sullen answer growled,
As I threw upon the wave-washed strand
A lock of aegle hair,
And a sea-pen's curious wand,
Rejeweled o'er with ruby sand.

Walsall Grove Farm, 1860.

SEBASTIAN YARD-STICKS!

Once upon a time—not long ago—we chanced to be at a certain store, in this city, where are sold the various publications of spiritual literature, when a gentleman entered and inquired for books touching upon ghost-ology which should be after the most approved order of Methodical Orthodoxy. He was shown the various publications of Davis, Edmonds, Tallmadge, Hale, and sundry others, all of which he deemed, on the ground of their being "infidel," "no wanted books on Spiritualism which could be put upon the same shelf with those incalculating 'ding from grace,' without their begotting disc." He extended his examinations through a variety of works, but his selections, like a connoisseur, being hard to suit, he discarded them all.

As we sat a spectator to his goings-on, we were forcibly reminded of an anecdote told us once by an artist who had a trying experience in endeavoring to suit a young lady with a picture of herself, which she wished to bestow on her lover as a memento of the golden link between them, which it was her desire might not be weakened by the necessities of delay and separation.

Conscious of being unbelieved in respect to an over-throw of personal attraction, the successful efforts of the artist, in some twenty attempts at giving her a faithful reflex of herself, failed in his to give her satisfaction. At length, eyeing among the specimen pictures about the room, one of a celebrated beauty, who, as he had just heard, had been married, he exclaimed, "There! I want my picture to look like that!" The artist informed her that he would sell her that particular picture if she desired, but gently reminded her that it would be a copy of a lady dead for years. "I don't want to buy it, but I want mine to look like it," was her reply. "I think you had better try some other artist—perhaps he could suit you better," uttered the despairing knight of photography, and departed from further attempts at realizing to his fastidious patron, the ideal of her personal charms.

Being a stranger, we felt not at liberty to impart any advice to our Methodical friend as to his better course in obtaining a supply for his spiritual wants; but had we been applied to, though, we should have sketched something like the following programme for his benefit: To seek out a brother or sister of mediumistic capabilities, and open a circle in the centre of an active, stirring *Lovesday*, calling for importations of truth and wisdom (?) from such only (on the other side of Jordan) as departed life in the strictest bonds of Methodical faith: and, last but not least, on such also as had but recently migrated to the invisible world, and who had not consequently become tainted with any non-fangled notions of *progression* or other "infidel" tenets.

Were opinions such, the world would indeed be blessed with a happy abundance of them, and that too without the single drawback in the case, that the too-ensemble of any given formula would present the variety of coloring that Joseph's coat did; yet, strange to say, the very diversity of opinions entertained as the supposed truth of a thing, occasion no suspicion as to its actual verity, nor does it suggest to the individual cherishing an opinion that several propositions of a diverse nature, all purporting to be the exponents of a given truth, necessarily denote the possibility that, among those which must be false, *his own*—as likely as any other—may be erroneous.

If some accommodating medium would set up and advertise "Truths from the spiritual world received upon order to suit inquirers," we doubt not the business would prove satisfactorily remunerative; as it would seem that the great majority of spiritual investigators (?) want only such revelations from the other world as tally with their individual predilections. For our own part, we have never been an advocate for either disguising or diluting truth. The receptivity of minds—it is true—admits of the appropriation of but small measures of it at a time; but whatever amount can find a lodgment in the mind, for the time being, should be, so far as we are capable of apprehending it—"The truth, and nothing but the truth."

SEBASTIAN.

SPECTRES.

There are those," says Plutarch, "who say that no man in his senses ever saw a spectre; that these are the delusive visions of women and children, or of men whose intellects are affected by some infirmity of the body, and who believe that their absurd imaginations are of Divine inspiration. But of Dion and Brutus, men of firm and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity—if such men could pay so much credit to the appearance of spectres as to give an account of them to their friends, I see no reason why we should depart from the opinion of the ancients, that men had their evil geniuses, who disturbed them with fears, and distressed their virtue, lest by a steady and uniform pursuit of it they should hereafter obtain a happier allotment than themselves." Both these men are declared to have seen frightful spectres not long previous to their death. Plutarch wrote about the latter part of the first century of our era. Brutus flourished about forty or fifty years, and Dion about three hundred and sixty years, before Christ.

While a conspiracy was impending over Dion, he was visited by a monstrous and dreadful apparition. As he was meditating one evening alone in the portico before his house, he heard a sudden noise, and turning about, perceived (for it was not yet dark) a woman of gigantic size at the end of the portico, in the form of one of the Furies—as they are represented on the theatre—sweeping the floor with a broom. In his terror and amazement he sent for some of his friends, and, informing them of this prodigy, desired they would stay with him during the night. His mind was in the utmost disorder, and he was apprehensive that if they left him, the spectre would appear again; but he saw it no more.

While Brutus was sitting alone in his tent, by a dim light, at a late hour, he thought he perceived something on the promenade. Turning toward the door, he saw a horrible and monstrous spectre standing silently by his side. "What art thou?" said he boldly. "Art thou God or man?" and what is thy business with me?" The spectre answered: "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." To which he calmly replied, "I will meet thee there." When the apparition was gone, he called his servants, who told him they had neither heard any noise, nor had seen any vision. That night he did not go to rest; but repaired early in the morning to Cassius, and told him what had happened. Cassius, who was of the school of Epicurus, while Brutus was of Plato, and used to dispute with Brutus on these subjects, thus replied to the latter: "It is the opinion of our sect, that not everything we see is real; for matter is evasive, and sense deceitful. Besides, the impressions it receives, are, by the quick and subtle influence of imagination, thrown into a variety of forms, many of which have no archetypes in nature; and this imagination affects us easily as we may make an impression on wax. The mind of man, having itself the plastic powers, and the component parts, can fashion and vary its objects at pleasure. When the body, as in your case, is fatigued with labor, it naturally suspends or perverts the regular functions of the mind. Upon the whole, it is highly improbable that there should be any such beings as demons, or spirits; or that, if there were such, they should assume a human shape or voice, or have any power to affect us." Such were the arguments he used to satisfy Brutus.

We now leap over a number of centuries, to Wednesday morning, July 31, 1836. It was at that time Ignatius Loyola breathed his last. We transcribe from a biography of him which was written over a hundred years ago. Indeed, it was translated from the French language into English as late as to be published in London in the year 1754; and of course, its original was prepared before that date—how long, we have no means of determining. At any rate, the narrative refers to an occurrence over three centuries ago, and is itself obviously over a hundred years old; so that it does not exactly belong to modern manifestations. "A moment after Ignatius expired, he appeared at Bologna to a lady of quality greatly attached to the society, a great admirer, and continually employed in works of charity in the hospitals and prayers in the churches. This pious lady, Marguerita Gigli, sleeping tranquilly on the morning of July 31, was suddenly awakened by a terrible noise which shook her whole chamber. She had no sooner opened her eyes than in the midst of bright moonlight, she saw the saint shine with brighter rays, who said to her, 'Marguerita, let me go, I am going as you see; I recommend my children to you.' So she said, he disappeared, and Marguerita immediately related to what she had seen to father Francis Palmis, her confessor. Though she had never seen her blessed founder, she gave so exact a description of his features, that those who had longest conversed with him could not have described him better. Meantime, as they were ignorant at Bologna of the danger he was in, and even knew not that he was sick, the fathers of the society to whom the confessor related this admirable vision of his penitent, suspected it for a falsehood. But, a few days after, news of the saint's death arrived; and the precise moment when he expired agreed so well with that of his apparition, that the fathers no longer doubted but Lady Gigli had seen Saint Ignatius." He died at Rome, distant from Bologna some hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and in an age when the modes of conveyance were not so speedy as they now are.

So much for the historical record, profane, as it is styled, without trespassing on the noise which accompanied the sudden apparition upon the rock of the revived Nazarene's sepulchre, or on that which shook the prison when Paul and Silas were released, or on the re-appearance of Samuel at the conjuration of the Endor medium, or any other part of the sacred page.

Let us simply detail the outlines of what was seen by a lady in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, some ten years ago. While in the pasture for some strawberries, she unexpectedly glanced at a distance of a few rods ahead, her youngest sister's duplicate, whom she had but a few moments before left in the house at work. The phenomenon startled her after she had approached the spot and found it had vanished. She returned forthwith and found the little girl sitting where and as busy as she had left her. Both parties enjoyed excellent health, and knew nothing of spiritual manifestations. Within a year, another young lady, just as she had put out her light and was in bed, saw suddenly arise from behind the footboard a tall man, evidently a Scotch filcher, with Scotch cap on his head and a bagpipe under his arm. She closely scanned his features, and was about to raise an alarm when he faded from sight. In less than a week she was walking in the street one evening, and was met by a man who asked to be directed to a certain house, and said that he was a stranger in town. As she looked at his face she recognized the prototype of the shadowy personage who had so abruptly appeared in her chamber. The features, the cap, the clothes, the pipes, all answered their pioneer representatives. This was in one of our reports. In another of our reports resided an elderly maiden lady, some few years since. She was a member of the Orthodox church, and privately claimed to have disappeared and often seen the spirit of her departed sister. She communicated the fact to a member of the Baptist church, who recited the idea of such illusion. Subsequently, however, while making a call on the latter, the departed sister's duplicate appeared and seated herself upon the sofa by their side. The maiden lady,

looking significantly toward the figure to direct her neighbor's attention thitherward, asked, "Well, now, what do you think of it?" She yielded, and declared it was so, and there could certainly be no mistake of the reality. This is now confidentially whispered about among the professedly unbelieving sisters of the Baptist and Orthodox churches in Gloucester. In this State, about three months since, a citizen of one of our adjoining towns was suddenly aroused by a shock at midnight from his sleep. His eyes rested upon the features of a rough looking man, who seemed silently to implore his aid, but seemed unable to communicate his wants. The next morning, he accidentally stepped into a house in the city, and was accosted by a lady, "Well, you had a visitor last night." She correctly described his appearance, stating also that he had appeared to her about an hour before midnight, and mentioned that he was in pursuit of this gentleman for his assistance. To corroborate the existence of such a principle as this last occurrence involves, we will adduce an instance which transpired about fifteen or twenty miles from us, some four or five years ago.

A young lady announced herself by name to a circle sitting in M—on one evening. She stated the time she left this life, her age, the disease occasioning her decease, the residence and name of her parents. She also requested some one to inquire of her father, if these items were correct. One of the party personally repaired to the city of her former home, and ascertained that it was all true; discovered that the father had no faith in such phenomena; and that he had also received a letter from a town distant about ten miles from M—, inquiring concerning the same particulars, and stating that the same individual had also visited a circle in that town, during the same evening, narrated the same items, and made the same request for identification. All these parties, too, were at the time in the enjoyment of good health.

We will close this succinct sketch by relating a similar phenomenon which happened to the writer of this, in the year 1833, while residing in the State of Maine. Having retired to my bedroom one evening for the night, and while lying with my face to the wall, all at once a chalky-looking head seemed to be so permanently in the partition, and directly before me. It startled me at first, but, on a second thought, I began to wonder how any one's head could get into that solid wall. My curiosity impelled me to scrutinize the apparition. Presently, I began to recognize the familiar features of a phrenological bust of plaster of Paris which was stationed upon a shelf on my high desk in the adjoining room. No sooner did I detect the imposition than my inquiring eyes wandered over it for some seconds, tracing out the lines, circumscribing the localities of the various organs, and thoroughly satisfying myself of the identity of the image. That was not a subject of study with me at that time, so that no drilled impress of its outlines on my mind occasioned the spectral appearance. I had observed it only casually, as I did the desk, or any other object in the room; and yet its spectre was very vivid to my natural eye. Readers of the above enumerated and equally well authenticated accounts will, of course, arrive at their own conclusions. They seem to me to fall under both the Platonic and the Epicurean categories. Each system appears to be susceptible of verification. At any rate, these facts are worthy of record for future reference and comparison.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

BY ZANA.

Oh, wondrous mystery of life—of thought! Oh, soul! thou vitalized point of consciousness—thou art the gem of God's creation—all the vast aggregate of seen, material things, is but the setting. Who yet hath found the limit of thy far-reaching radiance, and will how strangely bound thou art. A shining, indestructible atom, reflecting in miniature strange images, not of this life, in whose prophetic light a blessed immortality is shadowed forth. This art thou, and yet frail, perishing clay, which every movement of time is crumbling, bath through some hidden force the power to hold thee to itself. Lights and shadows as grand mysterious as the eternity "glimpsed which they play, envelop our personality, at once flitting it with every act, and dividing it from all. Complete in itself, like a star in the sky, it is separate, but in its very completeness, revealing fixed laws of reciprocal pre-arrangement, and "ad infinitum" to which it is forever related! Who shall compile in human language that lexicon which might assist translation in the hieroglyphic book of life? Our furthest sight is only the fact that a man may measure of an infinite circle—our highest knowledge—the broken fragments written there—with hardly ever two interpreters agreeing altogether.

The streets of time are never still. On, on, forever march the earthly pilgrims toward an unknown eternal city. Children of the fleeting shadow, how they bleed in meanness, fold thy hands in resignation over thy throbbing heart—for neither brain, nor hands, nor heart shall avail thee in thy pilgrimage. If one faintly wishes, stronger, go not by thy side. "Our Father who art in Heaven." All deep and sustained feeling will express itself at last in this appeal. In whatever words it may be spoken, it is in some kind or degree the absorbing cry of spirit everywhere, in every time. We may be as far apart as the antipodes in name of creed or party, but the language of the soul when its deep latent capacities are roused is one. As Martineau has beautifully said, "Beneath all the moving ideas of Christian thought there are still depths, which supply them all; and a centre of equilibrium round which they sweep." There are times when the soul is very near these "still depths"—when the terrible uncertainty, the distorted, conflicting images of the "moving ideas," play like harmless foam far away. In this sweet rest, how condescendingly we look up to our Father, how sure we are of his protection and his love.

Of what account is every finite happiness or good, if, reigning over all, there be not some great personality, whose love and wisdom are both infinite, whose will is not only creative, but all-controlling? What other sure foundation have we on which to build our hopes of immortality? The grand forces of nature—the subtle principles of life may sometime be expended, with no creative, all-controlling personality. Then what reliance can there be on their duration? Ah! in the very midst of all the ills that flesh is heir to, there is something always truly ennobling—thy Father in heaven shall save thee "by the power of an endless life." Worship is so natural a condition of mind—the capability of worship so essential to humanity—that even those who never ponder upon eternal things, to satisfy that want, have made unto themselves some ideal where all this adoration may be lavished. They fly to this refuge when their souls are stormy—they fancy it a strong support, and go to it for rest—they kneel imploring for its protection in their hours of need. It may be a gifted intellect; it may be great possessions—pride of place—ambition, fame; but do they find the refuge, rest, protection, that they dreamed, in any one of these? The painful lesson daily learned, needs daily repetition: false lights which "dazzle but to lead astray." Twofold unhappy are they who, with nature capable of such exaltation, so misplace their highest action. Others, again, pay the wealth of their devotion at the shrine of some glorified ideal—and with the strong desire of the soul, to realize in actual existence its beautiful abstractions—some clothe with its halo some friend, some pursuit, some study, perhaps something nameless to all others—and by-and-by they fall into worshipping the mere clay-image, which at first was only representative. Ah! life here, full of mistakes, errors in judgment, false ethics, materials; but for a soul which can create such gorgeous ideals of the beautiful and true, there must surely be a golden reality somewhere, a fitting life and a fitting object of that life's worship. Soon shall "time, the great leonoclast," crumble all these material idols to their native dust. Then, if not till then, shall they who do them reverence be awakened to a truly spiritual worship.

Goethe once said, "To believe in God, that is well; but to recognize God in all his works, that is the true religion." There is a world of meaning in that word "recognition" when applied to spiritual things. It tells of an imperishable bond of union between the great Father and his children—woven from the very capacity, and impossible in any other way. To recognize our Father in him who said, "Let there be light," and to be recognized of him—a life that has once grasped this glorious idea must be thenceforth deep, pure and still. An infinite presence of love and purity has revealed itself, ennobling that soul, as the atmosphere the earth. It tells not alone of this, but it speaks of friendships, loves, whose silver cords are never loosed—of deep answering depths—of souls reading each other always, as sometimes for an instant, here.

Oh, never till the hymns and faces of the other life shall unveil our spiritual scenes, may we know all this "recognition" means! But we look forward to it all with a sure confidence. The time between us and that future lesson hourly; of how peacefully it goes, our faith in God must be the measure, for "this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." The sublimity of faith, whose strong uplifting beams the soul so early up! Sure refuge! The happiest earthly homes have not one hour's security against invasion of their peace, where this faith is not. Evil and wrath and bitterness are ever standing at the door, seeking to enter. The flood-gates of sorrow may be opened; its merciless waves dash down, and beating on that home, and on the shifting sand whereon it stands, may leave it there a wreck, and surging back to silence, make no pitying sign; the solemn darkness of mortality's last foe may gather there; and with no anchors cast within the vale, who—what shall stay it then?

Well might the apostle say, "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then are we of all men most miserable." The life that had just passed out of their sight, incarnating such exalted spiritual possibilities, this life, with all its promises, a failure—the rock of their firm trust annihilated at last by the little stone at the door of the sepulchre—that stone which for ages clogged the blessed radiance beyond. Their nature had been educated along faith in any other system, and with this forsaken, where was a refuge from the desolation that would surely come? No antidote of sophistry, or subtle argument, could tell their souls asleep again, no mythologic tales could give them rest. They had outgrown their power. With all the mighty forces of their awakened beings in such fearful action, what earthly sorrow could be like it? But, thank Heaven, the Galilean fishermen gloried not in vain. We, of eighteen centuries since them, find in our nature the same great needs, and their "physician" and their "balm" is ours. We have traveled a long way in science and philosophy, but the little hills of spiritual truth on which they ventured, all have proven their divine source by expanding with the mind and spirit of the race. Now they are deep and mighty rivers, unearthing as surely with all our keener insight, added knowledge, as they bore those few disciples then. The dark immensity of things and events grows suddenly transcendent, as looking upward through them—tangled of Christ—our spirits see the veiled face of our Father shining down. True refuge, rest, protection, strong, eternal trust. The universe of mind and soul—its past, its present, its to come—is safe immortally, in the everlasting arms of "Our Father who art in Heaven!"

Waukegan, Ill.

WOMAN.

Who understands her nature? Most assuredly man does not. If he did, he would award her her proper place in life, in society, in all and every relation pertaining to her present and future. Woman, not understood by man, is most frequently cast off to become an outcast in society. And why is she thus cast off? Let us briefly answer—First, she is sold and bargained or given to man as chattel and property, or a plaything, to be toyed with for a little season, and then to be cast aside, that another may fill her place. And this bargaining, selling and giving away of woman is frequent, by without her consent—transacted and carried out by maneuvering mamma, or older sisters, and other female relations, who have passed through the same ordeal, who have been burned by the scathing fire of false opinion, false fashions and customs. They take malicious delight in bringing these daughters, sisters, and female relations generally, into the belting cauldron of matrimonial woe.

Woman as a wife, politically speaking, has no rights, save strict obedience to the will of her master, lord and husband. Woman in all ages of the world, religiously, has been *subdita*. Under the Mosaic law, she was sold by her relatives, as goods and chattels, or taken by force as the concubine or leman of some lecherous old patriarch, for purposes that to-day would not be countenanced, save in some Mormon community. Woman has no control over her person. Maternity is forced upon her by her lord and master, and that, too, when her soul, nature, and health, rebel against the legal rape, sanctioned by the sacerdotal mummeries of a rotten theology, and approved of by a bigoted, narrow-minded priesthood, who teach "that whom God joins together let no man put asunder." Trash, vagaries, drawn from the dead past, and continued with us through a speciality for purposes self-evident to every thinking mind—viz., the entailment of all manner of hereditary difficulties, such as deformity, insanity, apoplexy, and premature old age, or an early death.

One of the great reasons which man must pay for his own elevation, for his future progress, for truth and the future welfare of his descendants, must be the privilege to woman to accept or reject maternity. God has so constituted the sexes that man is ever ready to plant the seed of our physical nature whenever the spirit-world is ready, through its permeating forces, to move and quicken woman to accept of maternity. And that man who solicits sexual intercourse, or more womanly by entreaty, persuasion, false promises of marriage, magnetism, or through gold, seeketh to entail on society a false condition, is, in the sight of God and the spirit-world, guilty of adultery. Be it under cover of the marriage law, in the bridal chamber, or at the house of assignation, it matters not; the act is an adulterous one, and a sin against the holy law of reproduction, and that beautiful element and principle known to earth spirits as paternity and maternity. What man would not be proud of being called the father of a sweet, beautiful, angel child, perfect in its physical formation, beautiful in its facial presentation, and with a spirit that God will be proud to admit into the royal road of progress? Fathers, men, and brothers! if you would have these little ones about you, in all their beautiful perfection and heavenly love, you must respect the rights of woman, leaving her to decide when she will become a mother. Oh, have no fear for her truth and virtue. Married men, she will not leave her bridal couch for another if you use her well. She will not take to her embrace a second love if you, oh man, are true as her first choice. She will stand by you in sorrow and joy, and when the cloud of adversity darkens lovers over your present and future, she will be your guiding star to future prosperity. In sickness she will care the good Samaritan, and teach your soul to rise above the groveling things of earth and the animal in man. And when the scroll that separates the soul from its future shall be rolled up, she will meet you at the portals of God's great land of promise, and guide you to an arbor of sweet love in your Father's home, where there are many mansions, and balm to your soul in seas of heavenly love.

A Hog on Two Feet.

The Baltimore American tells a story of a colored man who died recently in that city, named Thomas Thomas. Well known in the eastern section of the city as Eating Tom. He died at his home, on Fippenby-street, near Eden, north of Baltimore street. He had partaken the previous evening of a large quantity of cucumbers, and on rising early on Wednesday morning, drank immoderately of ice water. In consequence he was seized with violent pain from colic, and notwithstanding the efforts of Dr. Healey, expired in two hours. He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age, having been born in 1772, four years before the

declaration of Independence. In his early life he was engaged as a stevedore, counting that occupation until his advanced age compelled him to quit it. He has been known to eat a moderate-sized ham, with vegetables, &c., in proportion, at one meal. Six large loaves of bread, with more than a quart of coffee or tea, would scarcely suffice for his breakfast or supper. A good-sized goose or turkey would disappear from sight in a short space of time. His daughter would prepare a plum pudding at stated periods, and cook it in a bushel bag. This would serve him and two others as a dessert. A number of instances where, in his voracious appetite has been noted, have occurred. At other times he would be content with a more moderate share of edibles.

A SPIRITUAL APPARITION TO A BAPTIST CHRISTIAN IN HALLOWELL, ME.

MY DEAR BANNER.—The following fact occurred in this place this spring. I received it from a mutual friend, who had the statement from the party who saw the spirit. A gentleman buried his wife not long ago. Prior to her death, he was talking with her on the all-absorbing subject of spirit-life, and the power of the spirit to return and visit the friends of earth after it had thrown off the mortal form. After some conversation on the subject, it was agreed between them that the one who died first should return and manifest to the other as soon as possible under the law of spirit control. At the time this conversation took place, the wife was well, and in the full confidence of a long and happy life. A few weeks after, she suddenly died, leaving her husband and children to mourn her loss.

A few days after her death, her husband one evening saw the spirit of his wife for a few moments floating through the room, as if resting on air, and then it disappeared. Nothing was said of this vision, for fear of ridicule from the world and his brothers in the church, and also from the fact that he might have been deceived. Two or three nights after this occurrence, when the husband had retired to sleep, having in bed with him a little child, his hand was sharply pulled, as by another hand, waking him up out of a sound slumber, and that, too, when a good light was burning in the room. Mr. — looked about him, wondering what had produced the singular phenomenon that had wakened him out of a sound sleep. He noticed that his child was asleep. He looked carefully about the room, and found no evidence of any other presence in the room. He then turned his attention to his hand, which lay on the outside of the bed. At this moment, he noticed a hand come up from the side, as if from under the bed. This hand approached his, took hold of it, and pulled it several times very tightly. Mr. — states that he saw the hand, fingers, and forearm up to the elbow, and that he was not mistaken. After this, the hand left his. Then his clothes, which lay near the bed, on a chair, got up and stood erect, as if on a person.

After a little while there appeared a mist, or cloud, in the room, of a lightish cast, out of which there gradually appeared the form, face and features of his once loved wife. There she stood, as natural as when in the form, looking directly at him. Soon she began to move around the room, and finally went to her child, and laid her hand on its head, and with the fingers of the other hand pointed up toward heaven. After this, she gradually disappeared, the clothes assuming their place on the chair, the cloud vanishing, and all was still.

Mr. — states that he was not asleep, nor was he frightened; that he got up and examined the room, handled his clothes—in fact, did everything that a sane man would or could do, to satisfy himself that that which he saw was not a delusion, but a reality, happening before his waking senses, and with a full light burning in the room. Mr. — is a printer by trade, a member of the Baptist Church, belongs to a respectable family, and is not a Spiritualist. Mr. — is responsible for anything that he says, and is considered by my informant to be a man of truth. I tried to see him myself, but could not, on account of the sickness of his child—the one that the spirit put her hand on—who is not expected to live.

Truly, God is no respecter of persons, and to-day, as of old, manifests the power of spirit control alike with the Spiritualists and the opponents of Spiritualism. Formerly he wrote before Balaazar and his drunken court and concubines, as well as the prophets of the Jews; to-day he shows his hand to the bigoted theologians, as well as the reformer and Spiritualist. What will the church do with these facts in their midst? Will they set them outside of their theology, as their ancestors did the book of Thomas, which they pronounced non-canonical, because it had a few plain, matter-of-fact spirit communications in it? Oh! ye churches! ye make clean the outside of the plaster, and leave the inner part full of all manner of unclean things.

Hallowell, Me., July 6, 1860.

MY FALL, AND HOW MUCH I WAS INJURED.

In October, 1858, in coming down the stone steps of a house on

Banner of Light.

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ONE MORNING.

The spirit of Nature is, of course, all there is worth finding out. It is the soul's desire to see it in outward things, or inward. We could not so much delight in a hill, a stream, a tree, or a landscape, unless we felt the spiritual personality of these things so keenly. All is of association. A brook is of itself nothing; but it may send its liquid way into any conceivable and truly poetic heart. A tree stands out stateliness in the landscape, simply a tree; but we go many times and sit under it. We whisper our joys and sorrows, our disappointments and our desires to the leaves that reach the green roof it makes above our heads, and thence the tree takes its living part of ourselves. Sir Walter Scott always walked in a favorite strip of wood land, which was at length streaked by his footsteps; every tree and rock he met and passed was clothed upon with the thoughts, fancies and emotions that were originally born near them; and to his soul they were therefore sacred and living things, from this mere power of association. Our own Cooper had just the same sort of experiences in his lifetime, the associations that grew up about the objects he learned to love forming a very essential part of his spiritual existence. And still coarser natures, because they can of course know no better, fear at these things, as if they were the very least of all, or even had no real existence. But when these same profound spiritual experiences, which can be more truly and entirely real?

June and October are our favorite months out of all the year. Perhaps October is the fullest of deep delight, because the very atmosphere itself has an infusion, even as the hills overhead have a coloring, of that genuinely spiritual strain which feeds the soul with its truest nourishment. The sights and sounds of June—sky, earth, waters, birds, trees, bougas, colors—all are bursting with the emphasis of promise; that excites the heart, through the senses, and makes it leap at times with a very overflow of joy; but it is a question, after all, if the delight is not more sensuous than spiritual, by reason of its tarrying on its way over the very telegraph by which Nature loves to forward her impressions to the soul. Nor, indeed, could this be entirely avoided. June is so essentially distinct, as a poem in the Calendar, from October, that the experience it offers must be entirely distinct also. Nature delights in contrasts. June is the eastern, as October is the western gate of the year. She comes in over a carpet of verdure, with the poets and pillars and arches at the entrance reeling with vine and clustered with roses; she goes out with pomp and gorgeous hues, all the green having been mysteriously transmuted to scarlet, and purple, and orange, and gold. And it is these very associations of color, and sounds, and atmosphere, and skies—that make the grand whole of the influence that, because of its very purity and spirituality, does its way over the same telegraphic wires, unobstructed, to the soul.

But June only makes October still more delightful. Having been so long in the habit of coupling these heavenly months, we never enjoy the one without thinking of the other. In our heart, they are twinned. Their names alone are dear. We moderns will never surpass the myth-loving ancients in the bestowal of poetic nomenclatures. One particular morning was born to us, on only this last June, of which we know we have dreamed dreams before for many a year. It was ours the moment it dawned; and our spirit laid claim to it as its own property. Even then all things in nature belong to us, if we can trace the divine right of possession and use. We awake with the earliest note of the earliest bird; an honest voice of a domestic robin, whose little heart was glowing with joy close by the nest where nestled his treasure of a family. With that first thrill of song our whole soul awoke. While yet it was in the morning's gray, and all about the rustic household slept the sleep of an innocent care, we deliberately proceeded to put on our little attire and creep silently down stairs. Having disposed of a cold bite, with a copious draught of sweet milk with the cream at the top, we equipped ourselves with "angle-dogs" and fishing-rod, and set forth for a little trout-brook whose every twist and turn is familiar.

It was a walk of a mile or more. The dust lay a little matted and heavy in the old country roads, and we caught the sound of lowing cattle from the pastures, on this side and that, impatient for their milky companions that had been driven home to the yards, on the night before. There was not the slightest breath of a breeze stirring. Now and then a bird flitted across our way from one roadside covert to another, as if to extend us welcome for our morning fellowship. The east was fast becoming glorified with the colors that began to pile themselves there in such splendid display. As we trudged on, feeling more thoroughly alone than if it were midnight even, we could not but reflect how much those lost who never rose from their beds out of the accustomed hours: this little jaunt was of itself worth many times its trouble, for it acquainted us incessantly with new experiences. We were always in the habit of beholding the sun after it had fairly begun his race, and then the landscape was brought out in all its beauty; but to see the same sights even before the sun, was indeed to awaken to new and delicious experiences.

In half an hour we were at the brookside. Near by was a strip of woods, into the twilight of which we plunged for a moment, that we might taste all that lay on our morning table. In there, the birds seemed to be just getting up; they were calling from one leafy chamber to another, and their piping voices sounded in every alley and along every corridor. The moss and short grass under foot were scarcely wet with the night-dew, so dense and protecting were the leaves overhead. We caught, in the heart and mystery of the morning silence, the sound of young cattle that were roving at random through the wood, breaking down the tender boughs with their brawny sides, and advancing with an eager and so unexpected an intruder. Their eyes gleamed like the very dew themselves in the grass.

Again we emerged, and stily cast our line into the little twinkling stream. Where we stood, it was hardly bigger than our body, and seemed modestly trying to hide itself in the sedges and long coarse grasses. We stood knee-deep in the lush jungle of the grass; among the forests of whose slender stems insects without number sported away their brief summer existence. And while we were thus disposed, the yellow sun came up over the eastern hills, pouring out its glory into the basin of the meadow. As we tramped slowly on, leaving a single trail through the heavy grass behind us, each step revealed to our open eyes new and larger beauties. For the first time in our life, as it then appeared to us, did we really understand what the glory and the delight of the morning was. The splendor had swung long and slender ropes of a fairy texture from the tip of one grass-stem to another, and each rope, like a true suspension bridge, was strong with pebbly drops that seemed to be venturesome passengers.

We frightened a yellow-bird out of his hiding-place

down in the grass, where he was waiting for his breakfast from his attentive mother. Instantly, the voice of birds could be heard over against the hillsides, shouting a sturdy "go along!" to the cows that moved too slowly for their temper. Then the hissing sound of scythes grinding for the work of the day. Next, a cart rattling over the stony road. And the cattle every where lowing now, and calves bleating, and the whole day finally awake with its sounds of life and activity. Still in the meadow basin we continued to slowly tramp, twisting our way along by the side of the tortuous little brook, that kept whispering and smiling, prattling and laughing to us, till we fairly came to know what the picture of a world of which we were in memory like the picture of a world of which we feel that, in some previous existence perhaps, we may have dreamed. It was all itself, and nothing could be like it. It was what a material world would call a cheap pleasure, because it cost no money to go out and claim its possession; but it is just this sort of pleasure that is forever afterwards referred to as worth all the rest together. Nothing of a spiritual nature can be bought and sold with money. It is all open and free, and may be taken by any who have the perception to see and know what is their own.

Commencement at Harvard.

It was a glorious occasion for Old Harvard, last week. Commencement Day came on Wednesday; the annual meeting of the Alumni, on Thursday; and, on the same day, the inauguration of a new President. The Commencement exercises passed off with great eclat, the event being dignified by the presence of more than the usual number of distinguished men, four ex-presidents of the College among them. The Alumni had a rather warm discussion, on Thursday, relative to the propriety of appointing an inauguration Day for the same time with their own meeting, and many quite emphatic sentiments referred expression concerning it. Our old friend, Professor Felt, was inducted into the office of President, by Gov. Banks. The latter gave utterance to one of the most eloquent, graceful, dignified, and appropriate speeches we remember to have ever read. It commanded the attention of all present. Mr. Felt's address was good, rather learned if not pedantic, with a decided tinge of scholarly classicism, well-meaning, good-hearted, and altogether manly. We always considered the Professor (now President) a clever fellow, the only difficulty being that he would put the wrong side outward.

The speeches by the young gentlemen graduating were about up to the standard of such anniversary efforts, and were gone through—thirty-six of them—without wearing out the patience of the audience. It has become the fashion for young graduates, averaging twenty years of age, to undertake disquisitions on the state of public affairs, the public men of the day, &c., &c. Of course they knew how to gain a capital of applause for the performance in different localities, and it may be that some applause that spoils them forever afterwards. We have but a slim opinion of the capacity of such youngsters to grapple with the great questions of the age as yet, if indeed, that is what they attempt; and as for pandering to any particular party feeling, whether at their own suggestion or that of their fathers, it is all nonsense. A witness at twenty may be a very decent fellow before he comes to forty; and it would be just as sensible for graduates to talk upon topics which they have been adduced to for four years past, than of those which they can have no sort of acquaintance. Our remarks concern no particular side, but are made for the general benefit only.

Good and Evil.

In the midst of the discussions about the reality of Evil in the Broadfield St. Conference, where so much has been uttered by those who thought they said much, too, we are tempted to go back to the pages of Emerson—that greatest and loftiest of Spiritualists—and quote out of them a single passage expressing all that has been said, and more too. It is, in fact, the pithy summary of the whole matter. Says the Concord Philosopher:

"Thus do all things preach the indifference of creatures. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifference. The thoughtful say, on hearing these representations: 'What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil: if I gain any good, I must pay for it; if I lose any good, I gain some other: all actions are indifferent.' There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation—to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation to a life. The soul is, under all this running sea of circumstance, the water itself and flow with perfect balance. Here the abolition of real being, here, or there, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and lines, within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the higher from thence. Vice is the absence, or departure of the same. Nothing, falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night, or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe points itself forth; but a background is begotten by it; it cannot work for it; it is not. It cannot work for good; it cannot work for evil. It is harm, unarm, as it is worse not to be than to be."

Politics in Boston.

The arrival of Senator Douglas, with his beautiful wife, in Boston, last week, created one of the most decided stir in our city. It was his first visit to this long time. Since Webster packed Bowdoin Square with eager people, to listen to his sonorous sentences from the balcony of the Rotunda House, we do not remember to have seen quite so much excitement on the appearance of any of our public men. They all say, however, that any one of the other candidates would create as great a furor as did Mr. Senator Douglas, on his arrival. It may indeed be so—we trust it is; for nothing augurs better for the heart and mind of the community than to find them fully awake to the great issues that are discussed, from time to time, and on which hang the destinies of the nation. And their enthusiastic recognition of the representative of such issues, on the one side and the other, only show that they do not pass ignorantly over those questions which concern us all, and concern the world's welfare itself.

The Eclipse.

This wonder came to Boston, agreeably to astronomical announcement, and quite punctually. Although but about one quarter of the sun's bright disk was shaded by the heavy passage of the moon across it, even that limited sight was a most welcome one to the many gazers who crowded their noses against smoked glasses. The moon behaved very well, under all circumstances. Not very many centuries ago, when the world lay asleep in its superstitions, such an event was attended to with all the mysterious awe imaginable; as if it proved the sudden arrest of the great laws of nature, and that what they called a miracle was in process of enactment. And the men of those same days are appealed to by the wise theologians of our day, having been gifted with better spiritual knowledge than we can claim in our time, and deserving to be styled the Fathers. We are told that we must not think more than they thought, and that their childish conceptions of Hell, the Devil, a Trinity, Christ, and all other points of religion, are worthy to be followed by thinkers of all time!

No Sort of Faith.

Mr. W. C. Prime delivered an address at Princeton (N. J.) College Commencement, recently, the purpose of which was to question if the present age is as progressive as people think. He argued that neither the press (the printed word) nor the pulpit (the spoken word) could be depended upon to ensure the triumph of truth; the first, because it is essentially a commercial institution, selfish, and ready to supply a bad literature if a good one failed to pay; the second, because reason is subverting faith, and great errors are creeping into the character of the age. He further argued that there was no inherent power in Truth in this world, from which any one might take any confidence

for the future. The old proverb, "Truth is great and will prevail," the speaker said might be true as a prophecy relating to some distant future, but as a statement of fact that there was a prevailing power in Truth in the battles of the world, he pronounced it a falsehood, and proceeded to show from history that Error, mainly or almost invariably, has triumphed over Truth. Because the dogmas are decaying, therefore Truth itself cannot stand. He looks through the green spectacles he learned to use in college—that's all.

Higgin and Housekeeping.

Archbishop Hughes has recently looked out in a new place. Although a confirmed bachelor, as in daily bound according to the rules, he nevertheless goes to the usefulness and beauty of his housekeeping. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and plainly known what he is about. At the recent anniversary of a young ladies' seminary, in New York, he wound up some very excellent advice to the graduating misses in the following style. It is in relation to the science of cooking, and we commend it to the careful attention of all mothers and daughters:

"Although it is of the utmost importance, young ladies, that you should have a good education, should be accomplished, cultivated, graceful and refined, yet there are other things that cannot be lost sight of. Before another year rolls around, I propose to arrange with the Sisters for a new branch of study in the Academy. That branch of study, which the French call the science of cooking. It is the science of keeping house, and that you all know commence with the kitchen. Every young lady, I don't care if she be a queen's daughter, ought to understand that department of life. She should be able to cook, and to make it so that all the girls over thirteen years of age should be enabled to spend a portion of their time in the kitchen, and become acquainted with cooking and house-keeping. Here will be a new branch of education. (Laughter.) We shall then have the theory and some practice."

Another point and I will close. At the end of another year, if living, and my purse is long enough, I am going to give a gold medal, of not less than \$50 in value, to the young lady who will write the best essay, not only upon this subject, but upon the subject of science I have spoken of." (Laughter and applause.)

Amusements and Recreations.

Under this head we find contributed to a recent number of the "JERUSALEM"—the Cincinnati organ of the American Jews—a well written article. We make a few extracts.

If we should judge from the efforts which are now made in the Christian Church to improve the present state of religion, then it would be reasonable to suppose its wholesome influence should be visible everywhere. The Christian Church, which has been the enemy of Ahab and his idolatry spread everywhere and snatch away many, who had been active and zealous church members. But is this to be wondered at? When we candidly and rationally investigate the peculiar doctrine of the Church, we find that it strives to arrest every progress, and to obtain the self-government over the mind of man—then it is only a matter of surprise why the number of unbelievers is not actually greater, and how that church can sustain itself in this enlightened age. I only wish to say, that I dwell long upon this subject, and to detail why so many measures which the Christian Church proposes cannot promulgate true religion. I shall pass only a mere glance upon the subject; how far should true religion tolerate measures and measures which qualify him to distinguish true from false religions.

In examining the proceedings of the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Rochester, we find that this body passed the following resolution:—"Resolved, that no member of this church should permit dancing or keep up social dances where the same are prohibited, and that every member who violates this provision should be subject to the censure of the church." Now let every enlightened man think for himself and answer the question: What is the result of this consequence of this? Can such a similar measure be calculated to improve true religion? By no means; it can only lead to indifference and retrogression. True religion cannot have the design to deprive man of innocent pleasures and amusements which qualify him to distinguish true from false religions.

The youth seek pleasure, and will have it either with or without permission of the parents. Thus it comes that many of the tender youth have been thrown into society, where they become accustomed with all the bad habits of depraved life, but could have been kept at home if they were permitted to practice some innocent amusements. The church or any human authority cannot change the nature of man; he is created as he is, and will be so to the end of his days. It is the duty of the church to enlighten the mind, and to lead him to the true path of life. The church should be a school of instruction, and should be a school of instruction, and should be a school of instruction. The church should be a school of instruction, and should be a school of instruction, and should be a school of instruction.

The President and the Queen.

Notwithstanding the two wars, and the constancy of the abuse of Americans and the institutions of America by the press of England, there is still a "fellow feeling" between the two nations. Jonathan is too mighty a man to be affected by the slanders of the cockneys of London; and although he often suffers himself to be irritated upon reflection he owns that he likes England. The following correspondence interprets the true sentiments of America and England:

PRESIDENT DOUGLASS TO QUEEN VICTORIA. I have learned from the public press that you are about to visit the United States. I am sure that you will find the American people in a manner as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their admiration of your public life as a wise, patriotic and constitutional sovereign.

Your Majesty's most obedient servant.

JAMES DOUGLASS.

Washington, June 4, 1860.

QUEEN VICTORIA TO PRESIDENT DOUGLASS. Buckingham Palace, June 22, 1860. My Good Friend: I have been much gratified at the feeling which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to America. He is intended to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the chief magistrate of a great and friendly state and kindred nation.

The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my domain, and will be under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when traveling on the continent of Europe.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

I know a little angel,
Dressed in a form of clay,
And she is the evangel
I worship every day.

Why should I not adore her,
Whom God has sent to earth
A fitting representative
Of the second birth?

When the tempter would enthrall me,
My angel doth appear;
And she bids me "look up higher,"
And I have naught to fear.

And then I kiss her tiny lips,
And breathe a fervent vow
That I will ever cherish her
As faithfully as bow.

L. C.

[Specified for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 12.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Broadfield street every Wednesday evening.

QUESTIONS—Should we cultivate for Good, and resist Evil?

Mr. EDSON.—It has been said that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." I cannot accept this assertion as the highest practically, without qualifications. Resistance may be productive of great good; contention and strife may develop lesser goods, or comparative evils which must be obtained and passed as means to accomplish the great object of life which culminates in a passive, receptive, aspirational condition. Resistance and contention are in accordance with external nature. Nature is God's mode of operation. Contention and resistance are in obedience to laws which differ (as demonstrated by the phenomena) in the more external forms, or first and lowest manifestations, which the discretions of nature or spheres of action express. From this view of the subject, we are enabled to look "through nature's laws up to nature's God," and perceive in a finite sense that the law of the Lord is perfect, and that the perfect God, being omnipresent, governs matter in all its various comings, and conditions, by laws; and controls nature, in all their complex conditions and complicated circumstances, through laws, by motives the purest, most interior, or spiritual, that could be conceived, then and there, thus converting the real with out affecting its accountability as a responsible instrument or agent acting for the eternal, omnipresent and omniscient principle of life.

When we contemplate the scheme of life, and question the fountain of causation, the senses of the soul concentrating, blend together interiorly. The concentrated sensation is a consciousness of divine presence in which we see, hear, and know, that the Divine Father is at the helm of church and state, as well as of our own frail bark which is tossed upon the sea of life by the following currents of its unbalanced reins. Though we have neither instinct to control, or sufficient reason to direct, we feel that there is an overruling providence, a compensating principle, that guides us through the changing scenes of time, that unfolds the different spheres of thought and perceptions of goods and evils, that will eventually bring us back to the Eden beyond the shores of time, where the rivers, (Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates), blend in (Piscon) the eternal ocean of unbounded good, where "the first is last, and the last first." Though the storming may now howl around and about us, we feel that there is no occasion for the weakest souls or daughters of Adam to fear, content or resist, if they will but knock in a receptive, aspirational state, and permit the fuller word to enter the internal nature. Speaking authoritatively it will say, "Peace be still—it is I, I am not afraid."

Man is a dual being, embodying two natures—the internal or spiritual in connection with the external, animal or selfish. The internal or spiritual allies us to the Father, God, and angelic influences; the external allies us to mother earth, external nature, and animal propensities. These natures, cohabiting in one body, conceive and develop a third and superior nature, begotten and unfolded through a passive aspirational receptivity by means of a series of distinct births that distinguished his being individualized into existence. This new principle is not a development of the animal nature, its mentally, desires, or propensities. It is a regenerated state or progressed condition of the affectional nature or love element beyond the culminating point in the animal kingdom. It is a resurrected condition of the Christ principle that stands forth the quickened spirit or new creation. It is conscious that "God is love," that love is to the soul what blood is to the body or sap is to the tree—the life force. Consequently it does not conform to the contentious habits of animal men, but is renewed in its affectional nature or love element, day by day, through the Christ principle that allies to the Father God and angelic influences. In the unregenerated soul there is a continued warfare going on. Each department of the dual nature is contending for the mastery. The soul cannot serve two masters. The external or animal must serve the internal or spiritual, or this latter will continue to resist and contend until it consumes its power to contend with. This would be the death of the worm, the annihilation of its interior being, which seems impossible. The divine can never die. Consciousness may cease for a time, but the fires of an infernal pit will kindle the divine spark within the worm into a fire that shall never be quenched, but burn on and on until there is nothing left or corruptible to be consumed. Such an everlasting burning we call an evil, a positive evil, though it may be overruled so as to bring about the greatest possible good. Here important questions suggest themselves, upon which we might speculate, which nothing but time, and, in some cases, a bitter experience, will fully answer. Can a soul be so finally incorrigible as to continue to combat, contend and resist its interior self until it is entirely consumed, leaving the divine individualized, it never having been born within? If so, is it not just and right? May not the soul, by rebellion, contentions, and passionate gratifications, consume some of its interior properties, and ruin or annihilate a part of its functions? Is there not internal criminality that cannot be forgiven, outgrown or forgiven? If there is, what is it, and how can it be avoided? Will resistance and contention help the matter?

Dr. CHILDS.—A man in England has for his motto, *Frangere non cedeo*—you may break but shall not bend me. A man in Ireland has for his motto, *Frangere non frangi*—to be bent, not broken. The former is like a pipe-stem, stiff and brittle. The latter is like a silken cord, flexible and yielding. The pipe-stem may only be useful in a straight line. The silken cord may be useful in a straight line and in a crooked line too. To be bent and not broken, is to resist evil; to be bent, but broken, is to resist evil. The Englishman in his motto, puts on airs, and the Irishman in his motto takes life in a more common-sense way, and thereby shows his superiority in usefulness and in goodness too. All wars are based on the resistance of what is thought to be evil. All duels are the prompt and immediate resistance of what the challenger takes to be evil. Gallowses and the executions made upon them speak in the motto of the Englishman—*you may break but shall not bend me*. The pipe-stem of self righteousness? What is it worth except for smoking? The silken, flexible cord of love, that draws soul to heaven, is better.

The man that bends, and yields even his right to others, has ten-fold restored to him. No man, however savage he might be, would ever "kick" Mr. Edson "across this hall," because Mr. Edson is flexible, yielding, kind and forgiving. The savage will yield to such a man, and do his bidding. The murderer would yield his conquest to such a man. Mr. Edson would never build a scaffold for human execution. Why? Because he needs none. His kindness and his forgiveness, his charity and his love, are infinitely more powerful for good than scaffolds on which an exhibition of the resistance of evil is made by the high-handed crime of murder committed by our legislative and executive bodies of "Christian" men. *Frangere non frangi*, (to be bent, not broken.) This is not only the Irishman's motto, but it must be my brother Edson's, too. Mr. Edson, in his position, cannot be broken, but he may be bent. The coarsest granite is the most friable, the most easily broken; the finest gold is the most flexible and yielding. The Englishman's motto is like coarse, friable granite, while the Irishman's motto is like fine, ductile gold; but both the Englishman and the Irishman are right to their place and condition.

It is from Mr. Edson's remarks on this floor one week ago that I am led to this present him, not from his metaphysical reasoning to-night. I must confess that my affections run out to him with Mr. Edson's non-resistance of evil, with his peaceful flow of love, kindness and forgiveness, rather than resistance of evil, which makes men set like the devil, and fight like bull-dogs. I would be bent rather than broken; I would be a flexible, silken cord of love, rather than a brittle pipe-stem of self-righteousness. I would choose the peace of heaven, and its forgiveness, and its love, over the contention and war of hell, where evil, or what is foolishly called evil, is resisted, without any effect save that of magnifying its existence. In both Church and State we have been taught, and are taught, to kick a man when he kicks us; to strike a man when he strikes us; to kill a man when he kills us. Christ taught no such doctrine of hell as this; but forces did—and our churches and States have gone and got for Moses, not Christ. It seems as if two thousand years in the progressive development of humanity might bring us to the practical acceptance of the flexible, forgiving love of Christ. It seems as if humanity had fought long enough, had resisted evil long enough, to become child-like, and lamb-like, like Christ. But if fight we must, fight we shall; hell comes to us before heaven. But the peace of heaven will surely come to us all, sometime.

Dr. RANDOLPH.—Sir, I am surprised at the tone of gentlemen here, who lay claim to the possession of cultivated logical faculties, and whose philosophic acumen is generally thought to be far beyond the average. I concede them all due homage; but when they affirm that evil is a mere negation of good, that evil is good in any way, I must and do dissent. I have a toothache; that is positively bad to me. There is no good about it at all. Evil and good journey together, always fighting, and good gets the worst of it in the majority of cases.

Evil is an absolute, positive power in the universe of matter. Its evils and effects are in a myriad ways. It is the very opposite of good, and has nothing excellent or conducive to human happiness or well-being, it, not even in germ. It is a wall of fire, a sea of horror, agony and woe, against which we are constantly running, and through which we are awaking, and in which so many of us sink.

A Voice.—"Why, you are a regular Orthodox, Dr. Randolph."

Dr. RANDOLPH.—If in calling evil an absolute principle, and contending that we must resist it, I am "Orthodox," then set me down as such. If to declare the duty of all men to be the continual warfare against evil, is ground for dubbing me "Orthodox," "why set me down as being 'blue'" as I might say. I have just been treating a case of evil, where the party was an innocent person, but who had fallen under influences dark as night, and made to contemplate the commission of deeds black as the hideous gulf. I account for evil on the ground that we live in a spiritual atmosphere, charged alternately with the auras of heaven and the malarial of hell. Nothing but the much ridiculed "Religion," the genuine, unmistakable grasp of God in a man or woman's soul, will render them impervious to this field of evil. I use these terms, not as actualities, but as similes expressive of evil, in whatever form it appears. Evil is a concomitant of man's existence here below. I believe it to be confined to the material universe only, hence that it is not co-eternal with good. It will end one day, but still within its sphere it is as real and positive as figures themselves, or rather that which figures express. Guardian spirits can help us to resist evil. To them, but, above all, to the Eternal One, should we go for aid and comfort in the dark trial hours which we all, more or less, pass through.

A current philosophy lays it down that bad is but undeveloped good, embryonic excellence, and so on. It is the greatest fallacy of the age. Evil cannot be its own opposite. We must take things as we find them, not as we wish them to be. If we do so, and examine ourselves in the light of common sense, we shall not fall to credit much of our experiences to the action of a principle absolutely evil. If the results of a given action, or series of actions, rebound to the good of the actor, and to others, also, I conclude the thing is good. If the results on the individual and others be bad, then the thing is evil; and in the latter case the pains are even more positive than are the good results, and affect us more deeply. This is my final position in this great question. I am driven to it, not by love of argumentation, but because experience has demonstrated the existence of a power antagonistic to good; and this subtle power we must resist and overcome, else it will assuredly overcome us, and destroy every lot of human happiness.

Mr. BROWN.—The opponents of the doctrine that whatever is, is right, think it is inconsistent for persons who believe in that ground to resist evil and contend for good. I do not see that that follows at all. Our consciousness perceives a source of all things, and the real source who regulates the universe. If we admit that the Author of all things can see to the end of all things, we have no need to inquire if whatever is, is right. But we have a very short vision, and are able to see only a short distance before our eyes. The man who has but a momentary view of machinery in motion, and does not see the results, declares it to be nothing more than confusion and violence. But let him see the result, and he sees nothing but beauty and order. So I conceive it to be of things in the universe. Supposing God's creation a machine, under his control, and direction. If we could see from the beginning to the end of its operations, we should doubtless see that all, which now appears like disorder and violence, is really order and beauty, because we should see the results achieved by it. We have but to assume that God has done right in giving us the nature he has. The question then is, how shall these natures be improved? It is obvious they cannot be improved without the agency of suffering. And the improvement resulting from the suffering, compensates for that suffering. Is there a man in this room who would not rather have met all the injustice that ever has been his lot, than not know and feel the difference between justice and injustice? Is there a man who does not feel compensated for all the injustice he ever was the victim of? Experience is the compensation of injustice, pain and suffering. Taking it for granted that we live hereafter, I wish to know if we are not repaid for all our outlays of pain and toil, either in this world or the other. I feel that it will be so. I feel that all I have ever suffered has been for my advancement in knowledge; the pain was only temporary, while the knowledge gained is eternal. If a child was to come into the world, and never suffer any pain, it would inevitably be an idiot. It would never learn anything, and never could. It would not even take the nourishment necessary for its sustenance, for it would never feel the pangs of hunger.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—The child would eat because the food would taste good.

Mr. BROWN.—Then he would go on eating till he killed himself; for pain would not tell him when to stop.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—Men of common sense would not eat till they distressed themselves.

Mr. SPOONER.—But a child would, and some men do. There is no such thing as pain and suffering, we would have no incentive to know anything.

Mr. PRINCE.—We are so constituted that we cannot help feeling moral distinctions. However our principles may be, our moral sense discriminates over us. It invariably prompts us in the right, or chides us when we follow the wrong. The growth of every thing is by the law of conflict. In every soul we find conflict and development, growth and struggle, going hand in hand. The question is, is there such a necessity for evil? Mr. Spooner realizes evil as real, and gives it great importance in the affairs of the soul. He uses the words pain and pleasure as opposite sensations, and holds that pain intensifies pleasure, and makes us appreciate it. Now I ask it is essential that man should feel pain in order to know what pleasure is? I cannot accept my friend's position as tenable. Does he think it is necessary for me to listen to discord first in order to appreciate music? I do not deem it essential for me to know the horrors of Intemperance by experience—or in other words, I do not think it necessary for me to first go down into Hell in order to reach Heaven. Hell is discord, while Heaven is another name for harmony.

Mr. TRASK.—I had not intended to speak to-night, but since I have listened to the orthodoxy of Dr. Ran-

than broken; I would be a flexible, silken cord of love, rather than a brittle pipe-stem of self-righteousness. I would choose the peace of heaven, and its forgiveness, and its love, over the contention and war of hell, where evil, or what is foolishly called evil, is resisted, without any effect save that of magnifying its existence. In both Church and State we have been taught, and are taught, to kick a man when he kicks us; to strike a man when he strikes us; to kill a man when he kills us. Christ taught no such doctrine of hell as this; but forces did—and our churches and States have gone and got for Moses, not Christ. It seems as if two thousand years in the progressive development of humanity might bring us to the practical acceptance of the flexible, forgiving love of Christ. It seems as if humanity had fought long enough, had resisted evil long enough, to become child-like, and lamb-like, like Christ. But if fight we must, fight we shall; hell comes to us before heaven. But the peace of heaven will surely come to us all, sometime.

Dr. RANDOLPH.—Sir, I am surprised at the tone of gentlemen here, who lay claim to the possession of cultivated logical faculties, and whose philosophic acumen is generally thought to be far beyond the average. I concede them all due homage; but when they affirm that evil is a mere negation of good, that evil is good in any way, I must and do dissent. I have a toothache; that is positively bad to me. There is no good about it at all. Evil and good journey together, always fighting, and good gets the worst of it in the majority of cases.

Evil is an absolute, positive power in the universe of matter. Its evils and effects are in a myriad ways. It is the very opposite of good, and has nothing excellent or conducive to human happiness or well-being, it, not even in germ. It is a wall of fire, a sea of horror, agony and woe, against which we are constantly running, and through which we are awaking, and in which so many of us sink.

A Voice.—"Why, you are a regular Orthodox, Dr. Randolph."

Dr. RANDOLPH.—If in calling evil an absolute principle, and contending that we must resist it, I am "Orthodox," then set me down as such. If to declare the duty of all men to be the continual warfare against evil, is ground for dubbing me "Orthodox," "why set me down as being 'blue'" as I might say. I have just been treating a case of evil, where the party was an innocent person, but who had fallen under influences dark as night, and made to contemplate the commission of deeds black as the hideous gulf. I account for evil on the ground that we live in a spiritual atmosphere, charged alternately with the auras of heaven and the malarial of hell. Nothing but the much ridiculed "Religion," the genuine, unmistakable grasp of God in a man or woman's soul, will render them impervious to this field of evil. I use these terms, not as actualities, but as similes expressive of evil, in whatever form it appears. Evil is a concomitant of man's existence here below. I believe it to be confined to the material universe only, hence that it is not co-eternal with good. It will end one day, but still within its sphere it is as real and positive as figures themselves, or rather that

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