

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT,
BY A. R. CHILDS, M. D.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.
ARCA OF NATURE,
BY
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Price \$1.00.
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BY
CORA L. V. HAYDEN.
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Written for the Banner of Light.
THE DEATH OF THESEUS.
BY C. L. HUNTER.

On a lone crag of the blue Aegean sea,
The whippers of the lone, rejecting waves,
Have left their influence on my memory
Like the receding of its thousand caves.
Give me thy love, Theseus; I will elope
A song of other days to soothe thy soul;
While round my head the flitting swallows wing,
And from the shore the evening shadows roll.
Great me with smiles and sunshine, lonely one;
I have a charm to welcome thee to rest.
Give me a love-note from thy last pen,
To ease the anguish of thy tortured breast.
Send forth the anthem to the listening waves;
Let it ring out upon the heaving deep;
The shades of heroes will invoke their end,
Who will not answer to the music's leap.
Sound the long march; let it swell to heaven;
Give all the air the ringing of its sweep,
Such as young Artus brought from the Egean
To the full blowing of the peaceful deep.
Where is thy cottage by the dark blue sea?
Where are the windows that welcomed thee to her
Who left the world to follow only thee?
Once like the swallows flitting round the air,
Where are the friends of all thy early years—
The young companions of the youthful chase?
They are too happy to regard thy face,
Or wipe the dew of death from off thy face.
Had as the evening breeze that sweeps the plain
When the unending life of summer comes;
Certain as that which in the evening's train
Brings the far-flying stars to their high homes.
Answer me all the questions that I ask:
Are there no friends to call thee back once more
To the unending service of the task
That greeted thee in light upon the shore?
When to the ancient straits that I have named,
Comes the quick response of thy latest breath,
It shall endure the mither that I clung
To the last vestige of thy soul in death.
I have been born too late to leave thee now;
I will not write a tear from out thy heart.
Give me the welcome of an earnest vow
Ere to the shades of Cyprus I depart.
He said; and from his quiver drew a dart;
And to his guide, the partner of his fray,
Bent forth the throbbing murmurs of his heart,
And gave the winds this last, unthought lay.
Give me thy love, Theseus! I'll stand round
Through the long branches of the lonely fir;
And with a pleasing melody respond,
Like that alone which welcomed thee to her.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TEMPESTUOUS LOVE;
OR,
WORLD STRIFE.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER I.
He is gone, yet I love him still,
With wild emotion words my pulses thrill,
With wild words.
He is gone! There has the world's soul
Sunk to rise no more;
The stars have all their courses run,
And time stands on its shore.
"Mother! mother!"
"Call not my name, dishonored girl! Mother is
far too sacred to tremble on such lips. Little thought
I, that you, who nestled in my heart like an angel,
should thus lose your sense of honor, and not only
degrade yourself, but throw such an indelible stain
on the character of your family. Think of the De
Orsay name transmitted to such posterity—a name
boasting of dukes and lords! What mean you, girl?"
"Mother! mother!" again burst from lips of
sundered coral, when, now, from intense anguish,
What heart-pressure looked from those azure eyes
with fringing lashes, dry and parched in their fountain
by the fire of delirium; what suffering in that firm
chiseled mouth, and how like the leaves of the
aspen quivered that dimpled chin!
Her mother stood in front of her. The lines of
her hard face were deepened by the sharp, chisel
of pride torn and trampled, gray locks clustered on her
high brow; her lips were compressed, and her hands
clenched; every line of her contour spoke determi-
ed energy, self-will, pride. She, in appearance,
was mistress of a domain. But appearance did for her
what it does for a great many others—told a tre-
mendous lie; for her home was the plainest cottage,
far away in the seclusion of a western State, where
men yet combated with the trees. Stern pioneers
had built it of unhewn logs, where the red man
shaded the brown deer, and were nightly encircled
by the dusky wolf and the puma. But it was not
so humble to remain unaltered by misery. It is
ubiquitous, and goes everywhere. Though it dearly
loves the corrupt walks of the city, it stalks into
the country, to the quiet farm house, sleeping valleys
and densest wilderness, for it has a keen scent, and
can trace a human heart around the world.
It did not relent as it came up the walk, shaded
by moss-grown oaks of the forest, and saw with
what delicate care somebody's hands had trained the
wild vine, and cherished the wild violets transplanted
from their green home by the brook side; it re-
flected not when it passed the door, shaded by the
wild gladiolus, the pride of the forest; no, for its
heart is steel, its nerves iron, its blood ice. It went
in, and smote the white lily; it watered its roots
with wormwood, and its nestars became filled with
gall. It went in disguised as love, and Dora gave
herself for the pledge of what she trustingly be-
lieved a noble heart.
"I love him, mother. He is true and noble."
"True? Has he not left you to bear the scorn
and contumely of the world? Noble? Is he a dog,
or a man?"
"He loved me—loves me still. I know he does,
and if he knew of my suffering, no chains would

strong enough to hold him from me; no dungeon
walls could restrain him."
"Deluded Dora, how little you know of mankind.
You should read the Bible and your catkins more,
and dream less. They teach that man is a fallen
and totally depraved being, and corrupt till nothing
good remains in him. Alibion has deserted you; you
have nothing to hope from him."
"Yes, I can hope, I will hope. I must hope. He
will come back. He is not depraved or vile. Man-
kind are not all bad. He is not or else he would
not have attended the poor so generously last winter,
giving this one word, and that one meal, when he
expected no reward."
"Nonsense! what did it mean—mere twattle, child.
Giving to the poor is a thing of course, and has no
relation to the heart."
"I must talk. I grow strong by talking. I feel
relieved. Men are good, not bad, else the poor would
all starve, and earth would freeze, robbed as it would
be of the warmth of charity and affection."
"Dora, stop! I will not allow you to feed your
already boyant hopes on such baubles. Disgrace
has involved you. There is no escape. What would
your father say were he alive, when he heard of the
dishonor of his daughter—this stain on his name?"
"If he lives in the bright realm of the angels,
my conduct must disturb his rest. Father, father!
how I have wronged the dead! My infancy effects
not only the living, but the silent dead also. They
fix on me reproachful eyes—I die of shame!"
"Go to your father's grave, and kneeling by that
sacred mound, ask God to forgive you. Go, away—
away!"
It was evening. Myriad stars filled the chambers
of night. Swiftly fled the despairing Dora; one
moment buoyed by the illusions of hope, another
drowned in despair. She sought the mound where
reposed the ashes of her father. A year had broken
on the shores of the past, since she had sat on his
knee and he caressed her. Now, where he slept,
solitude reigned, deep and undisturbed, except by
the hollow wail of the winds, and the cry of the
night-bird. How strange, how awful is death!
She fled swiftly. The moon, full-orbed, rolled
above the tree tops of the eastern horizon, casting
long and ghastly shadows; the shrill cry of the night
bird rang through the forest arches, but she was ob-
livious. The tornado raged with its whirlwinds and
keen lightnings in her breast, and external nature
was unheeded. Oh, how like a caged bird
beet that heart against the condoning bars, and strove
to free itself from its earthly prison. But the chains
were tightly forged, every bar was bolted, and it
only lacerated itself with every fresh attempt. How
it fluttered, how moaned in agony!
On, on swiftly, Dora. The night winds fan the
flames of hell in your bosom, they scorch and
burn. Let them scorch and burn. The spirit can
bear a vast weight of grief unscathed.
On yonder swell, white slabs sepulchral, half re-
vealed, loom among the trees, silent sentinels of the
dead, who, restless on earth, in its bosom profoundly
sleep—for the old mother gives a cordial alike potent
for all.
Dora sat down by a slab bedded in roses and violets
reverence and love for her father had planted, and
which had been nourished by her tears. Tender she
had done now to shed, for they fell like hot lava on
her blistered heart. She rested her feverish brow in
her hand, and closed her eyes. Wildly her brain
whirled, and thoughts strange and fearful came, but
staid not. The blood shot through her veins only to
probe to her pulsating temples and drive her to
frenzy.
"Father! father!" she cried, "what say you to
me? Have I disturbed your rest? Oh, do you know
my error—do you suffer for me? Tell, oh, tell me!"
The world melted. The place of skulls no longer
appeared, but in a great light her spirit father came.
She knelt; she felt his thin breath, and the touch of
his airy lips, as he whispered:
"Have hope, dear Dora; I am with you. You
erred—have suffered—and now will be restored.
Your Alibion, from the other side of the sea, will seek
you, and you will be happy."
He went as he came. The gray monuments of bu-
ried hopes, ambition and folly, again encircled the
remains of the dead. The winds kissed her tem-
ple, and toyed with her tresses. Her heart was
light, her eye sparkling, her step elastic, as she re-
turned to her home.

And lingered long the parting word—
A word alone in sorrow heard—
And as though a heart stilling centered,
Good-bye upon her senses centered.

He was gone, and could be seen no more for a
term of years. She returned to the desolate home,
heart-broken and oppressed, for he took with him
her only confidant, and left her like a blasted tree.
He was sorrowful, but sustained by ambitious hopes,
took his way to the great cities of the east; he knew
not, nor cared in which he first sought his fortune.
New York, as the great commercial metropolis, first
attracted him. He found himself hedged in by brick
walls and stone pavements. He was jostled this way
and that in the surging throng. Then indeed he
was lonely. There, surrounded by thousands, the
solitude of the cell prevailed. They were all stran-
gers. They knew him not, and by action said they
did not wish to. They pushed by him with clenched
hands and averted faces; they crowded him from the
pavement, or against the brick walls.

As he passed from street to street, he over re-
volved the question: "What shall I do in this great
city. I am an intruder, and unless I do something,
I will probably be stung to death."

His funds were exhausted by his journey, and con-
sequently he had every reason to regard all the
world as sworn foes. What was to be done? He
inquired for the cheapest hotel, the prices even of
which appeared to him enormous. Dismitted in his
dingy front parlor he could observe the throng be-
neath. But this did not advantage him. He must
evert himself, or he would become a beggar. For
three days he walked until exhausted, making count-
less inquiries, and meeting rebuffs. At the end of
this time his landlord demanded payment, and ob-
servant the consumptive aspect of his lodger's purse,
briefly told him that he could stay no longer.

That night, for the first time in his life, Alibion
Hayden lodged in the street. A dry goods box was
his bed, and his satchel his pillow. Early morn
found him traversing the streets toward the wharves.
In his search for employment he had overlooked this
great metropolis; he would become a sailor, anything.
"Better become sailor," he soliloquized, "than
starve in the city. It will open up a fine prospect
for adventure, and perhaps by advancement lead to
the fortune I seek."

Alibion Hayden stood on the deck of his merchant
ship. He was a fine built, athletic man, who had
been born on the ocean and nursed into hardiness.
A square mouth, down-turned at the corners, deep
gray eyes, and broad shoulders composed his
physiognomy. He had little affinity or respect for
landsmen, or "lubbers," as he sailor-like called
them, and it was his usual custom to abuse them
whenever chance offered. Otherwise he was cour-
teous, kind, and affable, and he had but to state when
his ship would leave port, to secure an abundance of
hands.

It was a bright morning in early June. Stanley
promenaded the deck of the Ocean Bird, which
he loved with almost devotion, and fondly boasted
was the dearest and staunchest ship on the Atlantic.
Her swelling sides sank hoarsely beneath an immense
freight, and her prow seemed to swing impatiently
for a fresh combat with the waves. At this moment
the Captain was accosted by a care-worn traveler,
who had ascended the gangway. The intruder was
a tall, athletic youth, very pale and worn, but he had
a keen, restless blue eye, and that determined cast
of features which spoke a man of more than ordi-
nary mold.

"Good morning, friend," said the intruder with a
slight bow, when the reader undoubtedly recognized
as Alibion Hayden.

"How are you?" was the gruff response of Stanley,
who continued his promenade back and forth across
the deck.

"I called to inquire if you wished to ship more
hands."

"Yes, one more, and then for the ocean."
"When do you sail?"
"In an hour."

"I desire to engage my services to you?"
"You? You? Why, here in port you can't keep
your balance for the slight swing of the deck. Ever
sail?"

"Never, but I desire to now, and there must be a
first time."

"Yes, but I don't want your first. Your drooping
form, delivering to Neptune the diondres I
give you, staining my decks, and other lubberly ex-
ploits. But a hand I must have, and if you promise
to do your best, go below."

Stanley eyed the stranger keenly, for he had not a
doubt that some guilt rested heavily on him, and he
took this method to escape justice. It was all one
to him, however, for he had small respect for the
justice of law, and out on the sea acknowledged no
superior.

Alibion waited a moment.
"What more?" demanded the Captain.
"Where is our destination?"
"Cuba, and from thence to Spain."

Satisfied that he had at least a field of adventure
open to him, he went below.

Why detail the departure of the ship—the setting
off of the ropes, the spreading of the sails, the
musical halloo of the seamen, the loud and impera-
tive commands of the captain. Such things are of
every day. Obedient to the will of her commander the
Ocean Bird swung round to the sea. The wind filled
her sails, the water sang around her prow a divine
chant, and many hearts beat high with excitement.
The sea spread before her, veiled with the garb of
mysterious sublimity; and as she passed from the
Narrows into its expanse she gracefully bowed in sal-
utation. The red sun that night plunged directly
into the bosom of the ocean, but before he sank he
illuminated the faint outlines of the shore. The Ocean
Bird was no outlier; she belied in illimitability,
freedom, and sea room. Day after day, as they sailed
southward, the air grew balmy, with the ascending
sun. Wind and current bore them onward without
interruption. Nothing interfered with their pros-
perous voyage; several times land dimly appeared
in the west, as they passed some projecting promon-

tory, and now the Keys of Florida came out in bold
relief.

Alibion, by his daring, and obedience to the com-
mands of his superior, had won the regards of the
incurable captain, and saw himself on the high
road to preferment.

It was an excessively stormy day in July. Not a
breath filled the idly flapping sails. The sailors
gathered in groups on deck, directed of all but their
indispensable garments.

"Captain Stanley," cried the mate, "a swim would
be delicious. You are always boasting of your fleet-
ness in the water; that you are a duck, a fish, but
swifter than either. Come, there is a green tree
floating yonder; I dare you to the race. He who first
plucks a twig from it, shall compel the other to treat
the crew."

"Agreed," cried Captain Stanley, eager for the
race.

In a twinkling he stood on the taffrail prepared
for the adventure. When the second mate counted
three they were both to plunge off. "One—two—
three!" A simultaneous plunge, and two best swim-
mers arose on the calm water and took a direct line
for the tree, some half mile distant. Stanley gained
on the mate at every effort, and reached the tree some
rods in advance of him, plucked a branch, and with-
out pausing to rest, turned back toward the ship.

At this moment a loud buzz rang from his faithful
crew, who, with intense interest, had watched
the strife. It died, however, in a moment, and
was followed by a cry of distress. Hayden's keen
eye had detected the dorsal fin of a huge shark
cutting the water on the right of the devoted cap-
tain. Not a moment was to be lost. He pointed to
the terrible object and jumped into the yawl, which
was soon hauled and manned by men who were in-
tense on saving the life of their officer.

The ears pulled by the iron arms of the excited
crew, bent as they dashed the spray. Like an arrow
the frail thing sped, seemingly endowed with life,
and knowing the price of its errand. At this mo-
ment the mate saw his perilous position, and instead
of returning, clung to the tree. The captain also be-
came aware of his peril, and redoubled his efforts.

A white groove of foam marked the track of the
boat, and the voices of his men came to him as they
cheered each other. They were very near, but the
white shark, the swiftest fish of the swift fish of
the ocean, was nearer. His sides flashed like light as
he shot onward. He came—turned on his side to
seize his prey. The bold captain yielded in affright,
but death came not. A heavy oar, wielded by Hay-
den, broke in splinters over the head of the monster;
his strong hand seized the captain's arm just as he
was sinking into the abyss, and dragged him into
the boat, lifeless from his intense exertion. After
plucking up the mate, they returned to the ship.

For several hours Captain Stanley was delirious,
and at times his life was despaired of. Intense and
protracted exertion, combined with fright, com-
pletely prostrated his iron system; and though his efforts
were great to regain the lost equilibrium, they were
abortive. Hayden watched at his bedside with all
the assiduity of a child. The simple remedies at
hand were administered with skill, and slowly the
captain's mind regained its repose. Until midnight
he lay quiet. The heavy tread of the watch had
ceased. Alibion was his only attendant. The cap-
tain suddenly raised himself on his elbow.

"Where is Hayden, my precursor?" asked he.

"Waiting your orders," was the response.

"Come here," said Stanley, in a low, thrilling
voice. "Come here. I have a subject of deep con-
cern to reveal. Come close. I must whisper, soft.
No one hears?"

"No."

"I have a dark history to reveal. I have been a
pirate. At heart, I am one now; but for five years
I have sailed under lawful colors. While a pirate, I
accumulated a vast fortune, a small part of which I
scooped. I have dreamed to-night. My mate, who
killed the shark, came to me to-morrow. You are
a noble fellow, and should you survive the disaster
of to-morrow, you will need the little I give you. I
buried a jar of money on Florida Reef, at the point
of a rugged rock. You must coast southward until
a large oak on the shore ranges with a pine far in-
land, then sail to the shore. A huge rock arises at
the water's edge, thirty feet south of which lies the
treasure which I make you."

"You have had very bad dreams, my dear captain.
A few days more, and these illusions will be dis-
sipated."

"Never! My cable is run out. There is no
hope. I shall die to-morrow. If you do not, you
must receive the gift."

Thinking to allay, by granting the whims of Stan-
ley, as he deemed them, Alibion replied:

"With many thanks; but I hope you may your-
self enjoy it."

"Never. When a ghost howls in the rigging the
death-song of a hundred walking the plank, and I
see him—ah, him, with that great out—ghastly out-
—dripping blood—oozing blood—and trickling down;
him with a skull all bare, the white bone plain—! I
shudder. Oh God, this is the penalty! Criminal
crime! My hands are red, bloody—wipo it off be-
fore they come! Don't let him see it!"

He raved on, and vain were Hayden's efforts to
calm him. At noon he sank into a disturbed slum-
ber. An assistant came to take Hayden's place, and
he slept on deck. The calm southern sea spread
dreadfully around, and over it came soft and balmy
breezes. Not a sail dotted the illimitable blue, calm
mirror of the great Eternal Soul. Alibion seated
himself on the rail, forward. The waves sang a re-
verie melody beneath his feet, lulling him to reverie.
His fancy engaged, with great energy, in air-casting,
Alibion pressed Dora to his bosom, beneath the
great oak, and repeated his vows, and listened to her
murmured reply. Again he told her his plans for
the future; how, when gold crowned his efforts, in a
sacred home should nestle their devoted hearts, and
years of happiness repay the grief of their separation.
While most oblivious of surrounding things, like a

mad courier his fancy was rained in suddenly by the
sharp cry of the lookout, "Sail ahoy!"

"Where away?" demanded the mate.

"Off the weather bow."

The mate took the glass, and long and carefully
surveyed the stranger.

"A suspicious looking customer," said he, with a
perplexed air, as he handed the instrument to his
companion.

"Ay, ay, sir," exclaimed the latter, after a long
survey. "She intends to cross our bow, and she
comes down on the wind. What a rakish craft, and
ocean of canvas! A pirate, or there's none in these
seas."

"Well, pirate or not," mirthfully returned the
mate, the Ocean Bird is a match for anything on these
waters. Give us a fair race, and the horizon will
drink that craft in three hours. Helmsman, give
her the wind; a fair race. There—so."

At this juncture, the captain, aroused by the cries,
staggered on deck.

"What's the fuss?" asked he, gruffly.

"A pirate is giving chase," answered the mate.

"And who gave orders to fly?" asked he, in great
rage. "Luff, luff, I say. Keep on your course. I
won't fly an inch. Take down the sails. I'll show
them I am no lubber."

Some of the men hastened to execute the orders
from which they never knew an appeal. Others
stood irresolute. The mate was a keen sighted man,
of quick perception. He knew life or death depend-
ed on a moment's delay. He sprang to the side of
Stanley, exclaiming:

"Men, do your duty; he is delirious." Then,
turning to the captain, he said, "Come, sir, let me
conduct you to the cabin. You are too unwell to be
on duty. Your orders shall be obeyed."

Half persuasively, half forcibly, he conducted Cap-
tain Stanley to the cabin. A delay, however, result-
ed—a fatal delay. The ship's course was altered,
the yards were again trimmed, and with the wind
quartering, the ship again bounded on her way.
But like a swift hound the pursuer came.

"What shall we do?" asked the second mate.

"All we can. We can but die. I'll not die
tame. If they take me, they'll take a tiger. Clear
away that long tow."

"Huzzar for our mate!" shouted the excited crew.
The old gun was brought out, dusted, and loaded
with spikes.

"There is a box of pikes and sabres on board.
Who has the nerve to use them?"

"All!" was the response. And they were dis-
tributed, each man taking such a weapon as he
pleased.

By this time the craft was close at hand, suffi-
ciently so to hazard a shot. A blue volume arose on her
deck, and a cannon ball skimmed the water close
alongside. The mate again took the glass. He no
sooner glanced through it, than, with a look of sur-
prise, he ejaculated, "The Shark!"

He uttered the name of the craft which bore the
most daring and bloody crew of all daring and
bloody pirates. For a moment his men were, but
their courage arose.

"Let us die together!" they bravely responded.
"So be it. Keep on our course."

Another thunder boomed over the wave, and the
iron messenger, true this time to its mark, parted
the weather-maine braces.

"Ay, ay, my hearties!" cried a tar; "you are
excellent mariners!"

Another came, as the ship arose on the crest of a
long swell, struck the main-topmast, which quivered
for a moment and then plunged into the sea.

Down with the colors!" cried the mate.

The pirate vessel, now plainly showing the picture
of that ravenous monster, the shark, on her bows,
bore to, and manned a boat, which soon sped over
the sea. As it came near, the mate lighted a match,
and brought his only gun to bear on it. When al-
most under the bow, he took a true aim. The ship
quivered. He looked for his mark, to see it a shat-
tered thing upon the ocean. A hearty cheer from
his crew greeted this feat of cool bravery.

Vile oaths and dreadful threats came to their ears
from the pirate. The Shark squared her fore-topmast,
gained headway, and bore for the ship. In a moment
she rushed alongside the Ocean Bird. A score of
sneaking men, who lay along the main-yard of the
Shark, sprang to her deck. Sabres glared, pikes
crossed. Groans and cries, oaths and imprecations
arose. The mate fell at the first blow, just as his
match would have fired the fatal gun. Hayden
fought like a lion. He stood backed against the
foremast, and by well directed blows kept a crowd of
foes at bay. But courage was weak against overwel-
ming numbers. A blow from behind felled him to the
deck; an iron band clutched his throat; a sabre
glanced before his eyes, and he felt its keen point
at his heart.

CHAPTER III.
THE DEED OF DARKNESS.

Albion who can fathom the human heart?

As soon as Dora departed to weep at her father's
grave, her unforgotten mother sought an interview with
her bosom friend in the adjacent cottage. We will
accompany her. The house into which we are usher-
ed is like the one we have left. The same decayed
elegance of style reveals itself. That the occupant
has been degraded, is the obvious inference. We are
met at the door very blandly by an old French-
ified lady.

"My dear Madame De Orsay! Walk in—be seat-
ed. What can I do for you?"

"I came to pass a pleasant hour with you, I was
so very lonely."

"Ah, you must be. Only a year since, De Orsay
died, and the sight of his vacant arm chair must be
distressing. But you must remember that the Lord
gives and the Lord taketh away. We are poor crea-
tures."

"All poor creatures," piped a tremulous voice
from a dark corner beyond the chimney. But for
that voice, the evening would have passed and no one

have dreamed of a presence. If observed, he would
have been considered a fixture, an image, a clothes
rack, anything but a man. The voice proceeded from
Madame De Vergy's "man," who was in perfect sub-
jection. He was attached to her by that strong mag-
netism which crushes the weaker by the stronger
mind; and when he came in contact with this wo-
man, he felt himself annihilated, and from the hour
became a vassal. He now was her echo.

"Poor fallible creature! We should read the
Bible more, and pray more. I never lay me down to
rest without a long prayer. I never eat or drink with-
out uttering a blessing."

"You are very pious and goodly, dear madam. I
know of no one more sure of peace hereafter than
yourself."

"I try to merit the eternal crown by righteous-
ness," complacently answered Madame De Vergy.
"To change the subject, however, for a moment,
I have called to consult with you concerning Dora."

"Dora! Bless me, what of Dora?"

"Enough, enough. Can you not infer?"

"Surprising! What can I do for you?"

"You know what you have done for others. I
want you to do the same for me."

"Ah, this is fearful business. I could do it well
enough for another; but I love Dora, and that puts
another aspect to affairs."

"You must. Friendship should rather induce
than restrain you."

"I can't think of it. Let her live. The disgrace
is nothing. I will not murder her."

"You must. Think of the world, shouting, exult-
ing, and jesting her, poor, crushed violet, trampled
on by March winds to sea no more."

"What a mother! what a mother!"

"Will you not lead your aid?"

"I love Dora too well."

"Not for friendship?"

"No."

"Nor gold—all you ask?"

"No, not for all you can bring. You thought ad-
versity had degraded me. Sure, I've done bad things
for bread; but I'll not murder or jeopardize a trust-
ing friend."

"She may not die."

"She may not; but I'll not risk it."

"Then she is lost. My only hope is gone."

"I have a better plan than yours. Tell your
neighbors she has gone to visit relatives in the east;
but send her to me. She will remain a few months
with me. When she goes back into the world all
will be well."

"Dear madame, receive my eternal gratitude.
She shall come to-morrow. I hasten home to relieve
her grief."

affects them. They live as though not another bird existed in the world, so oblivious to their lot. Why must I endure so much? What a strange thing is life; hung by so brittle a thread, so easily broken, yet retaining us with the grasp of a giant. I must live—disgraced, dishonored and despaired!

She sat on a mossy log, for some time before she dared approach the tent, at which she had a dim foreboding that some disastrous event would occur.

She gained the door and her gentle rap met the response of Madame De Veray.

"Ah! is it you Dora, so early? Why, the sun has scarcely got above the tree-tops, and you have already arrived."

"Mother desired me to call on you early, and hand you this note. I have had a long walk, for she for some reason unexpressed, desired me to take the most unfrequented pathway."

"I understand, child; your mother wishes you to abide with me for a time. You must consider this your home for a few months. You must remain very close. It is seldom visited, but should it be, you must confine yourself to your room, which I shall prepare in the loft."

Dora heard this announcement with amazement. The truth flashed on her mind. She wept.

"Do not cry, darling; nothing shall harm you. Do not cry. I'll make a clean heart to you. Your mother will report to the inquisitive neighbors that you are visiting in an Eastern city. After awhile you will return, and the wise world be for once convinced."

"The world having nothing to provoke its enmity, will make a fool of you," cried a voice behind the banisters.

"Oh, father! father! how would your heart burn did you know how vile a thing your daughter had become? Subterfuge, lies, falsehoods are fabricated to cloak her enormities!"

Tears fell fast as summer rain.

"Ah, Dora, this reminds me of my dream. Your father came and entreated me to use you as an own child; but if I did not, he threatened awful vengeance. I declare my blood runs cold when I think of the terrible aspect he assumed!"

"Ah, my blood is cold when I think of how I did not see the spirit!"

"Oh, John, do not lay crowning there, you slaggard," cried De Veray, as she proceeded to rattle the dishes and platters on the table, moan in the manner a whirling would do, striking the pantry, and landing its contents on the table.

Here we drop the veil.

Months have passed on in their accustomed course. Dora is a mother. Her babe is three days old. Her mother and Madame De Veray stand by the bedside of the patient girl. The attic is cold and sided by the low roof. It appears to be a lumber room for useless articles. Rags and boxes, old baskets and worn clothing are scattered promiscuously about. Six small panes in the gable reveal the dust of the dim apartment.

"I must leave you a short time," said her mother. "I will return in the morning. You must rest. You are in the hands of the best of nurses. Obey her commands. Good by."

Mrs. De Veray followed her down the ladder, by which access to this loft was gained.

"A pretty grandson, dear De Orsay; one who, if legitimate, you would be proud of. It has already awoke in my heart a strange love for it."

"Awoke your love? Awoke your love?" exclaimed the inhuman mother in astonishment.

"Is it then so surprising that I yet have some feeling—that I yet can love?"

"No, you misunderstand. I fear the result. Why have you not fulfilled your contract before?"

"I could not—I dared not. Life is life. Its blue eyes looked so pleadingly into mine, I dared not destroy so perfect a being."

"What can be done," almost gasped the wretched mother.

"I have a better plan than any you have proposed. A company of Gipsies have made their home this winter in the woods near by, as you already well know. They remove hence in a few days. I will give the child to them. I know they will accept it, it is so beautiful and perfect. If no other consideration will answer, gold will soften their hearts to mercy."

"I do not like this as well. Dead men tell no tales; but it will do. You must do it soon, or your heart will fall even in this task. Love will take root quickly, and strike so deeply that it tears the heart out to uproot it; and you know this child must not be loved, but put out of the way."

"I have already, in these three days, learned to love it."

"So do I love it; but our family name—the name we have lost, but hope to assume—shall not be scandalized. Remember, delay is dangerous. Take this purse, and purchase the Gipsy aid."

"Rest assured, dear De Orsay, this very night I ally your fears."

The door closed. Madame De Veray ascended the ladder. Noiselessly she glided into the room. Dora sat upright in her humble cot, contemplating the placid features of her slumbering treasure.

"Dear mother," she exclaimed, "is he not a perfect image of his father? Every line of his face is his. I love the little darling so much."

She bent down and kissed it. De Veray turned aside, for she shuddered at the part she was about to act, and feared her purpose would fail.

"Ah, yes, it is a beauty," she replied in a gay tone; "but it worries you, love, and you must rest. I will wrap it in this blanket, and take the best care of it until morning."

"No, no, mother; it does not fatigue me. I desire it to remain," she said, pleadingly.

"I can't permit it. It must weary you. I'll take better care of it than you possibly can." So saying, she wrapped the blanket around it, and descended the ladder.

Leaving the exhausted Dora in a listless state, unconscious of her dawning wretchedness, she shall follow the tormentor, who acted under the influence of a mistaken friendship.

She slowly descended the ladder, noiselessly opened the door, and passed out into the night—moonless, but hung with innumerable star lamps. The air, mild and balmy, was rich as wine; the earth was bedewed with fragrance. She felt not the delights of nature; for her errand, like a black moth, shut out the surrounding beauties. The Gipsy camp lay more than a mile to the north, and to gain it she had to pursue a by-path, scarcely distinguishable in the shades of night. She hurried on. She dared not think, for thoughts, when black as demons, frighten those in whose brain they nestle.

The Gipsies are a strange, nomadic race, who, since the sixth century, have dwelt as rude savages, tenting in the woods and fields in the midst of civilization. They tarry but a short time in a place. The men are tinkers; the women, fortune-tellers; all are drones.

To these roving savages, these homeless women were to consign the unwelcome babe. They were about to tear it from tender arms, that nestled it to

a bosom throbbing with love; from maternal influence that would guide its young steps to nobleness and manliness, and consign it to the care of wolves, who would compel it to be a slave and drudge. Better murder it, tender, conscientious De Veray—better murder it, than consign it to a tortured life. She would not relent. She enters the enclosure. A dozen dogs of every variety, from tudding poodle to growling bull, greet her with vociferous howling and snorting. Several horses are tethered around the main tent. A group of lounging men are discussing their various merits. This tent was oblong and of large size. It was covered with old cloth and skins. It had a long passage-way on one side, at the entrance of which a blanket was suspended as a door. Throwing this one side, she passed into the interior. Around a fire kindled in the middle of the tent, a group of women were engaged in conversation. Her sudden appearance interrupted its flow. One of them arose and greeted her. She laid down her bundle, and seated herself.

"Want your fortune told?" inquired the dark-eyed and intelligent woman who first saluted her, advancing and seating herself by Madame De Veray's side.

"Not to-day. I am too old. It would do me no good. We cannot overt the decrees of fate."

"I can tell you many things that will be of use to you; who your friends are, and who your enemies, and how you can know them, and guard against the latter, if you'll have your fortune told."

"I do not think any great advantage would arise from such knowledge. My friends are few, my enemies many—what care I?"

"I can tell you whether you will become rich by death of friends or your own labor, and many other things which will be of use to you, if you will have your fortune told."

"I shall never be wealthy."

"You may be; I will read the stars and tell you, if you will have your fortune told."

"If you can tell how many children I have, and where are they?"

"Give me your hand. Your line is crossed. You have seen a great deal of trouble. One, two, three children; Mercury rules, and the three lines are all crossed—they all were beheaded at once!"

At this revelation, Madame De Veray turned deadly pale, and almost shrieked:

"My God! my God! who is the traitor?"

"No one is traitor, dear madam. I am permitted to read the secrets of fate, and this is revealed to me. The planets cannot be mistaken. The three lines in your hand show it. No, I cannot be mistaken. What now do you wish to know?"

"Is my husband living?"

"Madam, trace this line. It ends in fog. He was shot in a duel, the cause of which you best know."

"Oh, heavens!" she articulated, livid with fear.

"Do not be frightened, madam; the ocean separates you from your foe. Your star rises—now—ah, it plunges in gloom; an awful fate awaits you."

"Enough, enough; no more of your silly gossip! I come on business. I want to leave this bundle with you. Here is a purse of gold. Do you agree to these terms?"

"Yes, I will adopt it as my own," replied the fortune-teller. "It will make a fine Gipsy, perhaps our king."

"Then my business is complete. I leave you." She hastily withdrew, to conceal the strong emotions under which her frame quivered. She passed again into the bosom of the night. How she shivered with fear in its presence.

"Curse them," she muttered, "who has revealed my secret, and told this crowd of ruffians who I am; a secret I have sought so faithfully to conceal!"

The wind came laden with fear. She increased her steps. She paused to listen, for she thought she heard footsteps behind her; nothing but the murmuring breeze. She walked faster. Again she paused. Certainly something approached her along the path. Nothing. Now she ran, slowly stopping often to look back. Then a voice, cold and piercing as an iceberg's breath, freezing its way to the heart, came down from the starry vault:

"The child—the child—what have you done?"

Then she fled in terror. The fleetest bound could not have overtaken her. She bounded through her cabin-door, and bolted it after her.

"What is the matter, Jessie?" came in a weak voice from behind the banisters.

The infernal Gipsy woman told me all I ever knew; and then to kill me, sent a villain to frighten me."

"A villain to frighten you?"

"What an awfully wicked world we live in. It is ten times worse than Sodom and Gomorrah."

"A wicked world?"

"These Gipsies should be tarred and feathered, if I were a man; they are all thieves and child-stealers."

"Yes, all the world, but we, are thieves and child-stealers."

Thus for an hour she continued to converse, as was her wont, apparently to hear the echo of her words, very much as travelers among the Alps shout, to hear their words return.

[CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.]

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said.

"Only just a child's dead,"

And so they carelessly turned away

From the mound the spade had made that day.

And they did not know how deep a shadow

That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small,

One yard would have served for an ample pall;

And one man in his arms could have borne away

The reposed and its freight of clay.

But I know that darling hopes were hid

Beneath that little coffin lid.

I know that mother stood that day

With folded hands by that form of clay;

I know that burning tears were hid

'Neath the drooping lash and chilling lid.

And I know her lip, and cheek, and brow

Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away

The crimson frock, and wrappings gay;

The little sock, and the half worn shoe,

The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;

And an empty crib, with its covers spread,

As white as the face of the sleeping dead.

'Tis a little grave; but, oh, I have care!

For world-wide hope are buried there;

May see, like her, through blinding tears,

How much of light, how much of joy,

Is buried up with an only boy!

Written for the Banner of Light. THE DESOLATE HARBOR.

BY MARY L. WILKS.

"Roses that bloom to fade,
Flowers whose bright hues are washed in storm and chill;
Lights that are quenched in tears or midnight shade—
All these are round me still."—[Edith M. Morgan.]

The kiss is burning on my lips
No gave me when we parted,
As from his tender soulful eyes
The shining tear-drops started.

The moon looked down—her silver beam
Full pale across his brow—
And the words he spoke were wild and sweet,
I seem to hear them now.

He told me of his earliest love,
With deep and tender feelings;
I looked into his burning eyes
And read the soul's revealing.

He took a white rose from my hand
And said that it should be
An emblem of the pure, true love
Which he gave unto me.

A faint, cold chill stole o'er my heart—
It came I know not whither—
And I thought, perhaps his love for me,
Like the rose, would fade and wither.

Was it you, oh moon! that sent the chill
To tell me that his love
Ere you had waxed and waned again,
From me would far remove?

Was it you, oh place! with your meaning sighs,
That whispered to my heart
That the love I had so trusted then,
From me would soon depart?

Oh! awake my soul from this haunting dream;
Let not his memory be
With his bright bowdlering voice and smile,
Linked with my memory.

For the love which once he said was mine,
He soon gave to another;
But asked to be remembered still,
Remembered as a brother!

To-day I met him on the street,
With his proud and stately stride;
But he had no smile or word for me,
For she was by his side.

Shall I still have with folded hands,
And muse upon the past—
And mourn the joys forever lost,
The joys too bright to last?

No! I will wear a meek of smiles,
And mingle with the gay;
And never shed a sigh or tear
My broken heart betray.

Chloro, V.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

When the Roman Dictator, Sulla, who was mediating to visions of the night, and other spiritual portents, as in contemporary Holmwood, removed Julius Caesar from the sacerdotal office, as non-conformist to the behests of Sulla, Caesar, considered as an enemy to the existing government, was obliged to ascend; but by the impetuosity of Caesar's friends, the Dictator granted him a pardon, though with an ominous foreboding of what was to accrue to the Roman State from the Cæsarean eventualities which cast their shadows upon the vision of the Dictator: "for, better me," he exclaimed, "there are many Mariuses in that Caesar whom ye are anxious to save."

Caesar himself, says Suetonius, "was never discouraged from any enterprise, nor retarded in the prosecution of it, by any ill omen." And yet the same author almost immediately admits that the interpretations of soothsayers dominated Caesar's mind. Says Suetonius, "He rode a very remarkable horse, with feet almost like those of a man, his hoofs being divided in such a manner as to have some resemblance to toes. This horse he had bred himself, and took particular care of, because the soothsayers interpreted these circumstances into an omen, that the possessor of him would be master of the world. He backed him, too, himself, for the horse would suffer no other rider." Like Alexander, however, when a spiritual knot could not be untied, he cut it, thus giving a new significance to the "Cæsarean operation," as the directest cut to the entrails of a victim opened for sacrifice; and when the soothsayer or priest of the Lord brought him word that the sacrifice was ominous of evil, he replied, "The entrails will be more favorable when I please; and it ought not to be regarded as an ill omen if a beast should be destitute of a heart." This, it must be confessed, was dealing quite summarily with the Lord of the sacrifices. Mahomet, more reverent, would have exclaimed, "God is great. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the mountain."

A prophetic record, significant of the fate of Caesar, on a table of brass, was found in a tomb, in which Cæsar, the founder of Capua, was said to be buried, bearing an inscription in the Greek language to this effect: "Whenever the bones of Capua come to be discovered, a descendant of Julius will be slain by the hands of his relations, and his death revenged by dreadful devastations throughout Italy."

"The soothsayer Spurina, upon the credit of some ominous appearances in a sacrifice which he was offering, advised him to beware of danger; otherwise that some mischief would befall him before the Ides of March were over." But Caesar cared for none of these things, and when the Ides of March had come, "entered the house laughing at Spurina as a false prophet, because the Ides of March had come without any mischief having befallen him." To which the soothsayer replied, "They are come, indeed, but not past." Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet: According to Plutarch, there were also presages of birds, of strange noises heard in various quarters by night, and spectres seen hovering about at the same time. The philosopher, Strabo, is cited as recording the appearance of aerial men of fire encountering each other, analogous to things recorded in Cotton Mather's Magnalia.

Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, had warning in a dream of the impending crisis. "At night, as he was in bed with his wife, the doors and windows of the room suddenly flew open. Calpurnia, in a deep sleep, uttered broken words and inarticulate groans, dreaming that she was weeping over him as he held him murdered in her arms. The next morning she conjured him not to go out that day, but to adjourn the Senate; and if he paid no regard to her visions of the night, to inquire by some other species of divination. This gave him suspicion and alarm; for he had never before observed in Calpurnia, though now so deeply affected, anything of the weakness or superstition of her sex." This is equivalent to the dream of Pilate's wife presaging the crucifixion of Jesus.

Caesar then offered a number of sacrifices, but the Diviners found no auspicious tokens in any of them—probably as many sacrifices as Balaam offered for Halaak—and though Caesar would have been willing to give his "house full of gold and silver," yet the Roman Diviners, no more than the Hebrew, could obtain from the sacrificial victim, favorable responses from the Lord. Therefore Caesar "sent Antony to dismiss the senate." But the conspirators laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and had Caesar in derision for wishing to wait till Calpurnia should happen to have better dreams, or the Diviners emerge from the clouds.

When the spiritual had failed, there came warnings of a more material character. A slave had the secret of the plot, and desired to make it known, but feared. Then Artemidorus approached Caesar, on the way to the senate, with a paper, explaining what he had to discover. Observing that he gave the papers as fast as he received them, to his officers, he approached him as close as possible, and said—

"Caesar, read this to yourself, and quickly; for it contains matter of great consequence and of the utmost concern to you." He took it and frequently attempted to read it, but was always prevented by an application or another. He therefore kept that paper, and that only, when he entered the house.

There appears to have been, to a very noticeable extent, a tangled network of favorable and adverse providences surrounding him. In these, he was embroiled; yet moving onward to his preponderant doom, he reached the statue of Pompey, "as if some deity," says Plutarch, "conducted the whole business, and directed the execution of it to that very spot. Even Cassius himself, though inclined to the doctrines of Epicurus, who taught that the Gods took no concern in subhuman affairs, turned his eyes to Pompey's statue, and secretly invoked his aid before the great attempt."

In this, as in all the events of life, we shall find the various phases of the spirit-world parallel to the corresponding plane in the natural. We see Caesar himself, the paramount ingredient in the Cæsarean plot, fumbled along by a power that seals his doom; though, says Plutarch, the conspirators "had entered into no oath of secrecy, and though the Gods themselves denounced the event by visions and a variety of other prodigies, no one would give any credit to it, as if some God were bringing Caesar to Pompey's statue to avenge upon him Pompey's death." Thus making the whilful of time embrace both worlds in its revenges. Though Caesar had scouted the omens in his earlier days, yet now the presages are so heavy upon him, the *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, and foremost man in all the world, becomes as weak in his knees as the inhabitants of Noah's Ark without seals, represented in the book of *Woe* as tossed about "like potage in a cauldron." "Though the day was far spent, still Caesar did not arrive at the senate, being detained by his wife and the soothsayers on account of the defects in the sacrifices." At length it is reported that Caesar is "coming on a litter. The ill omen of his sacrifices had deterred him from entering upon business of importance, and he proposed to defer it under a pretence of indisposition." In the meantime the wife of Brutus, Portia, admitted to the secret by her loving husband, becomes "like one of the frantic priestesses of Delphi," as if the very Gods would press her to the discovery of the plot. On all sides there was ominous confusion, and the coming event, though it had no tongue, yet spoke with miscellaneous organs. But above all was the foregone conclusion of a more supreme omen. Caesar is bowed to pieces before the statue of Pompey. His blood sprinkles and atones it; but though divorced from flesh and blood, Caesar does not cease to be. He becomes, it would appear, in turn, the evil genius to Brutus to meet, defeat, and require his blood at Philippi.

Pompey was put to death on the counsel of Horatius, who clinched his advice with the proverb, "that dead men do not bite." We have the same adage, in modern civilization, that "dead men tell no tales." There never was a greater mistake. We do not kill the real man, or soul, when we do but kill the body. Our old Church and State have not yet opened their eyes to the results of offering delinquent victims to their God. The halter and the altar are yet consecrated sacrificial appendages in the very heart of the old theologies. Instead of provision being kindly made for obliquity of state, and thus overcoming evil with good, they divorce misdeeds from bodies, and turn them loose in air to work their dark revenge, or whatever their estate, upon the spheres of flesh and blood. None so unfit to leave the earthly form as they. This is the more legitimate sphere for them to work indolently for the past, and security for the future. If the violent disturbing of the soul

"Could trammel upon the consequence, and catch the life as the earthen vessel, this but this little might be the result and the end of time. We jump the life to come. But in these cases, we still have judgment here; that we but took blood for blood, which being taught, return to plague the inventor. This even-handed Justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips."

Did Caesar return to Brutus? Alone in his tent, at midnight, Brutus says he was confronted by a horrible apparition. "Art thou God or man, and what is thy business with me?" asked Brutus, boldly; to whom the Spirit replied, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." "I will meet thee there," answered Brutus. Such was this "Footfall on the boundary of another world."

When Brutus told Cassius of the visit of this un-fleshed soul, the latter replied, "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." A reply not unlike what we hear from our Epicureans of the present day. But even "Cassius, with all his Epicurean philosophy," began to stagger at the many ominous "Footfalls" in his way; "and the soldiers were extremely disheartened." Augustus, of the opposite camp, had been saved "in consequence of a vision of his friend Arius," while Cassius, misled in his natural senses, flounders about in utter confusion, and commands his own head to be smote off by his armor bearer, which is done.

The Sadduceism of our own times is being permeated more powerfully than ever before. We have caught the interesting links between the two worlds, adjusted them, and now along the chain there is intercommunication which gives us insight to the ancient Gods, angels, spirits, demons, who, whether symbolized in God-stones, or in the starry hosts, were yet, in personality of being, behind the veil, and in various ways did manifest to mortals. Electricity, magnetism, odium, within our grasp, never again will it be possible to shut out spiritual beings by Epicurean formulae. There may be weak spiritual receptivity, from phrenologic conformation of brain; for the brain is the medium for the ordinary embodied spirit's vision; or there may be preponderant marvellous organism over intellectual ballast, and thus too receptive of "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire." But the soul duly trimmed, and under easy sail, plows gloriously the spiritual ocean; and in the boundless all, beholds the dark and turbid as what shall be the luminous ether of the Holy Ghost.

However various the relations, they must have reference to a unitary whole. We cannot build in isolation with missioned fragments which cannot

adhere. "Another error," says Bacon, "men have abandoned universally, or philosophia prima, which cannot but cease and stop all progression."

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will to content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties. "God to proceed to that which is next in order, from God to spirits, we find, as far as credit is to be given to the celestial hierarchy of that supposed Dionysus, the Senator of Athens, the first place or degree is given to the angels of love, which are termed cherubim; the second to the angels of light, which are termed cherubim," &c.

Bacon would have spiritual claims as rigidly canvassed as any other claims, though living three hundred years ago; but he was not free of the authoritative bondage of his times. With fifteen hundred years of Christianity, and with all he could gather from scientific lore, he is not yet able to shut out these mystical phenomena on which have been reared all the religions that have ever been. He says, "Neither am I of opinion, in this history of marvels, that superstitious narrations of sorceries, witchcrafts, dreams, divinations, and the like, where there is an assurance and clear evidence of the fact, be altogether excluded. For it is not yet known in what cases, and how far, effects attributed to superstition do participate of natural causes; and therefore, however the practice of such things is to be condemned, yet from the speculation and consideration of them, light may be taken, not only for the discerning of the offences, but for the further disclosing of nature. Neither ought a man to make sample of entering into these things for inquisition."

But as for the narration touching the prodigies and miracles of religions, they are either true or not natural, and therefore impertinent for the story of nature." The modern unfoldings in the further disclosure of nature have proved these things to be both true and natural, and therefore pertinent "for the story of nature."

Bacon may sometimes utter himself in much of bated breath, within the pressure of old Church and State. It is difficult even for a giant to walk continuously with head and shoulders above the dense level of a submerged humanity; but himself off ducks in necessity of surroundings, to keep himself in grace. Bacon is rather inclined to duck to the Bible as a paramount "Thus saith the Lord," in spirit intercourse. But we are to remember that at Bacon's time, light was just beginning to shine into the fifteen hundred years of Christian civilization. It was a bold vision then that ventured to peep beyond the range of the Biblical page. Even in this, our nineteenth century, many have to whistle to keep their courage up when they would take a larger view than the fossilized Jewry of their nursery plans. Bacon speaks of the nature of angels and spirits as an appendix of theology, both divine and natural, and is neither incurable nor interdicted; for although the Scripture says, "Let no man deceive you in divine discourse touching the worship of angels, pressing into that he knoweth not," &c., yet notwithstanding, if you observe well that precept, it may appear thereby that there be two things only forbidden, adoration of them, and opinion fantastical of them, either to extol them further than appertaineth to the degree of a creature, or to extol a man's knowledge of them further than he hath ground. But the contemplation or science of their nature, their power, their illusions, either by Scripture or reason, is a part of spiritual wisdom." Further along, Bacon raises a dream he had in Paris, prefiguring his father's death in London, and of spiritual telegraphing. He relates that "Pine Quince, at the very time when that memorable victory was won by the Christians against the Turks, at the naval battle of Lepanto, being then hearing of causes in consistency, broke off suddenly, and said to those about him, 'It is now more time we should give thanks to God for the great victory he hath granted us against the Turks.' It may be," continues Bacon, "that revelation was divine; but what shall we say, then, to a number of examples amongst the Greeks and Romans, where the people, being in theaters at plays, have had news of victories and overthrow, some few days before any messenger could come."

Bacon thought these things not unworthy to be recorded in his "Natural History," while our modern writers of natural history strive to shut out the magnetic, odium, or spiritual modes of being of the imponderable world. When our physicians shall come into a more open vision than that which pertains to their exclusive material formulae, they will understand, better than they now do, the laws of contagion, infection and transmission. Medicine has never been an exact science, nor ought else than confusion were confounded, because they have ignored the physical laws of health, and also the spiritual plane of physiology, pathology, and therapeutics.

the natural. I find a manifestation as profound as that given to apostle Paul, and to the man Christ Jesus. That I do not find the corresponding natural and spiritual inspiration which at least Christ manifested, if his apostles did not.

How does religion manifest itself? Through faith and aspiration, and, in its ultimate, through love to man.

The use of religion is to unfold the elements, and what, morally. But I would say especially, that the use of religion is to subjectivize man—to make him feel that he is a dependent being. Man is not absolutely independent. Science independentizes him, but religion subjectivizes him—gives him a consciousness of his correlation to divine beings. How can man be felt, without being a submissive recipient? How can he be a progressive being, without submissiveness? As he feels his dependence, he bows before the divine methods, to which he has naturally an inherent affinity. The pure scientist bows down on those who are affectionate, and who have not the strong individuality which science imparts. But who may be in affinity with celestial planes. These who have progressed through higher states, stand forth broadly individualized, while within them dwells a substance which responds to higher and diviner planes, to which they are attached. Plane rises on plane, sphere above sphere, and forever their souls respond with submissiveness to the divine and the higher.

Again, through religious culture man becomes centralized. What gave the apostles and early martyrs the strength to pass through their tribulations? Not their false theology, but their profound religious life. Making due allowance for fanaticism, the religious of the past have saved many. In this age of reason and inspiration, men have come to demand a religion in harmony with reason and nature; so they are stimulated to come out of forms, as strait-laced things, and to thunder against the religions which have kept the soul in bondage. There may be no exemption of the harmonious blending of natural, spiritual and celestial religion now, but there will be by and by. I cannot see that man can do without the use of anything in its legitimate sphere; and as he is a social, political and religious being, there must be consolation, organization, and institutionalism, from which shall come strength, unity, consolation and harmony. And so, at last, man will stand forth, through slow growth, a harmonious being, beautifully naturalized, highly spiritualized, and gloriously celestialized, age after age growing stronger and nobler. Then in him will be exemplified the harmonious blending of religion and science.

PURE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION.

BY A. D. CHILD, M. D.

"Thousands of sons beyond each other man;
Each is a world well formed in every part."

Still on, and on, beyond the boundaries of thought
Unconscious worlds exist—And further, further—
Deeper, deeper—wider, wider still,
With wild outstretched imagination
The soul has scarcely stopped
From the threshold of its universe,
Made up of suns uncounted.

Each one of which is a revolving world;
Peopled, we think, with souls of men,
Like our little world, called Earth.
Unnumbered spheres live on each just as designed,
In perfect order, in perfect government.
In every trace of ocean, earth and skies,
Myriads of creatures ceaseless rise.
Beetles buds a leaf, or springs the wildest weed,
But flits upon its verdant field;
No fruit or palate cloy, or flower or smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nature dwells.
All are formed with beauty, and wisdom,
The daily beauties of their Maker's care.
The love of God, in nature, are displayed,
And every law, in nature, is obeyed."

We sail on life's undulating sea without a compass of our own. We tell in life as children play, without a plan. We run to catch the brilliant colors of creation, and when we think we have grasped them, they are nothing. Black and white stand side by side; day and night succeed each other; pain and pleasure run over the same nerves; joy and agony are inmates of the same bosom; communion ruffles the waters on which we sail, or peace booms them in sweet repose. But lights and shadows blend; white and black paint the face of creation with varied tints of beauty; acid poison mingles with bland innocence, and both united produce the healthful stimuli for existence. Behind these lights and shadows, behind this joy and woe, behind all life that we can see, there is a cause, there is a power, there is a wisdom, too, that eliminates and holds all existence. There is an unseen compass that guides each mariner on the sea of life. But faintly we begin to recognize this spirit power that produced creation and sustains it. Only infants yet, are the wisest. All human beings are but babies, fondly nursed by unseen wisdom, and rocked in the cradle of nature. In spirit, we are all infants, and less; we are not yet born from the dark world of physical existence, of earthly love, into the light of spiritual life. How feeble yet are our souls—all the souls of human life! We play with the bubbles of life in earnest zeal, often with sober thoughts and sober countenances, thinking them to be real and momentous, while they are only the bubbles of time, that break and are gone forever. We think that the purity of matter is the purity of the spirit; that what the soul casts off is to gain food for it; that the polish of matter is the polish of the soul; that clean linen is undefiled existence. In this early condition of our life; in this helpless, dependent condition of spiritual infancy; in this darkness of nature's physical world, our souls begin to pulsate with throbs of conscious real existence, and with these pulsations come desires and longings for light, for truth, for life continued; and we ask, What are these desires and these longings? What are these pulsations of unseen life that we feel? These desires and these longings of our spiritual infancy we will call, and justly, too, call religion. But are all these desires and longings pure and undefiled? Are all the desires of human beings—infants in spirit, striving for a while, lawfully, in the darkness of material love—are all these desires and these longings of humanity pure and undefiled? Here is the rub. Human desires, of whatever cast or character, make the unseen religion of the soul that produces them. Each and every desire in existence is above and beyond the control of the soul's volition. The infant child has spontaneous desires, and mature manhood has desires no less spontaneous. The nursing child obeys the instinctive desires of its nature, which desires it had no control in producing or governing; and all men and women in mature life obey desires incident to their development the same. Every desire of every human being is above and beyond the reach and control of human interposition; and it is these desires that make religion. And is this religion pure and undefiled? Sincerely and unhesitatingly I affirm that all human desires make the religion of humanity, and all religion that humanity knows is pure and undefiled, for the reason that it comes from the unseen fountain of Infinite Wisdom, from which dwelt our creation, our life and its continuance. Are not the streams that run out from the fountain of God's eternal truth, to feed his own children, pure and undefiled? Is nature impure and defiled? Is not every law in nature as pure and perfect in itself as the God who ordained each? And do the laws of nature ever let go of a human being? Did any body ever fall out of the cradle of nature? If so, where did he fall? Did anybody ever travel off from the province of God? If so, on whose territories did he land? Does the nursing infant have impure desires? Is innocent childhood defiled?

Is God any less the guardian and governor of the middle ages of life, and of old men and old women, than he is of infants and children? Can forty-seven years of my life make the pure streams of God's love that flowed to my infant soul, run impure and defiled? Does time make turbid the streams of God's eternal love? Do nature's laws, corrupt the indestructible soul? Do the dews and the darkness of the night defile vegetation? Do the sufferings of life make the soul impure? Can the damp, cold earth, dim the brilliancy that glitters in the diamond of immortal existence? Can the garments that the soul wears, painted with whatever color they chance to be, tinge its eternal destiny? Can the soul wander, which ever way it may chance to go, away from God, when God is everywhere? Is our God, that fills all space and matter, all time and eternity, impure and defiled in anything? Does the power that governs, and the wisdom that directs our lives, send forth streams of love that make our religion impure and defiled?

To all these questions the latent intelligence of creation, limitless in mightiness, answers, No! And the echo reverberates in the deep recesses of every human heart, and answers, No! Common sense catches the echo, and answers, No! And Reason finds a basis in God's power, whereon she sits at ease.

And now we begin to relax the grasp, the childish grasp of toys and baubles. What we called religion is but a toy made out of dirt and dust of matter. What we called evil is but a bauble that every child of spiritual existence held with unfinching grasp, behind him, to hide it. In the light of God's truth, when it is seen by us, all these cherished toys and baubles dissolve in our grasp, and go back to earth—dust to dust, ashes to ashes—and time obliterated all the footprints that the innocent spirit in childhood has made in the dust of earth.

The new eyes of the soul begin to be opened—The beautiful soul, that lives through all time, and then has barely begun its existence. It is the soul that sees and recognizes every desire produced, as being a running rill of God's affection—as being pure and undefiled.

"The thinking soul
Cannot terrestrial or material be;
But claims by nature immortality."

Immortality is not made of impure stuff. The beautiful soul of man is immortality, is ever pure and undefiled.

There is not a desire in the bosom of a single immortal soul in all existence that is not for happiness and for heaven. And there is not a desire in all creation that is not spontaneous; that is not God-given. There is not a desire that is not an emanation from the pure soul, all of which desires constitute pure and undefiled religion. The desires of infancy are pure; the desires of childhood are pure; the desires of manhood are pure, and the desires of old age are pure. The desires of wantonness and waywardness are pure; the desires of naughtiness and cruelty are pure; the desires of condemnation and oppression are pure; the desires of fear and love are pure; the desires of rectitude and virtue, of justice, holiness, and happiness, are pure. All these desires are for happiness. The drunkard and the courtesan have unalloyed desires for happiness; the malefactor and the criminal have the same. The self-righteous man has no less pure desires for happiness than the man without self-righteousness, who is in consequence called infidel and infamous. The scolding matron has pure desires and so has the loving mother. The world-hater has pure desires for happiness, and so has the philanthropist, no more, nor less. The man who makes war desires happiness, and so does the man who makes peace. All men have desires that are the immediate production of their souls, and it is God's love flowing through the peculiar organism of each that produces the various desires of human life that make up the sum of pure undefiled religion in humanity. Every body loves God. The wickedest and the wickedest love something, unbidden, and all love is the love of God, for God is all in all.

Good and bad—holly and wicked, are distinctions of the material world, not of the spiritual; are distinctions of our material existence—not of the soul. Impure and defiled are words not needed in a spiritual dictionary; are not adjectives that belong to the soul's religion. They are for the earth, and for our external religion that belongs only to the earth; a religion that does not above the love of matter. The soul is always pure, and so are all its efforts, and when the soul shall see, it will see all that exists in the material world as being pure and undefiled, as being beautiful and lovely. Virtue and vice; the pure and the impure; the defiled and the undefiled; the holy and the wicked, are only baubles of the hazy world of our spirits, that belong to matter. The impure and the defiled are only unmeaning terms that designate the relations which toys and baubles possess—not the soul or its productions. The soul is good and pure, so are all its apperceptions and productions. Virtue and vice are childish words that reach not over the limits of material love, of selfish love; of the manifestations of self-righteousness, and the transitory nonsense of human distinctions. It is a label on the soul, the beautiful, indestructible soul, to say that impurity can exist in it, or be produced by it; to say that it can be defiled or that it can produce a religion that is filthy.

You may ask by what authority I make these strange affirmations, that seem so opposite to all the religious teachings of humanity, hitherto. I will tell you. The answer lies in the simple fact of the soul's immortality; of the soul's positive indestructibility; of the soul's non-susceptibility to influences of that which it produces, or any influence of the material world that passeth away.

The man or the woman who thinks that to have a religion were pure and undefiled than other men and women, indulges in the veriest nonsense of self-conceit. Every desire of every human soul is pure and undefiled religion—with no more than with another, for the streams of God's love make every human desire, and human desires make true religion.

Every one who thinks that his religion is more pure or undefiled than the religion of another—who thinks that others don't act so good as he does, has the inspiration of self-righteousness, which, if devils don't level, death will.

There is a level brotherhood of humanity to be recognized sometime; and this will come after the bubbles of self-righteousness are broken; after the nonsense of being better, purer and holier than somebody else is, has gone to a swan grave, with no monument to tell where it was buried.

Defiled religion and impure religion will be no longer known when the silly fiction of human distinctions ceases to cloud the pure vision of the soul. How beautiful are all the works of Deity! How infinite in magnitude—how infinite in minuteness! And God's infinite wisdom and love run through the whole creation. There is not an atom of matter, however small—there is not a world, however large, where the wisdom and the power of God exists not. In the freshness of every fragrant flower, and in the fear of all decay and dissolution; in vigorous health and in ghastly disease; in virtue and in vice; in deeds of honest, useful labor, and in all criminal deeds; in deeds of love and in deeds of

hated; in all the joy, and in all suffering of human life, exist the wisdom and love of that same Love that holds the infinite of starry worlds revolving in perfect harmony.

God is good, and he is wise and mighty. He sends forth his streams of love for us. God made our organizations which demand the food with which he feeds us. Our desires are God-given, and the food that satisfies them is God-given. Every child of earth is God's child, and every one of God's children has religion, and all the religion of humanity is pure and undefiled.

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WOMEN AND MEN.

We apprehend that the discussion of the relative virtues of men and women will not come to a head very soon, unless a closer investigation is made into the laws of human nature, and especially of those divine statutes that fix the relationship of the two sexes. A great deal has been said, and said very loosely and thoughtlessly, whenever a case of domestic infidelity is brought to the public attention, as to the fault of one party and the other party, which wronged the other; and which was wronged, and persevering attempts are made to visit each side with his or her deserts, whether of sympathy or condemnation. But all the while not much more than a betrayal is made, to the effect that all judgments are wrong, simply because they are not founded upon the nature of things, but rather echo the impulses and prejudices of an artificial arrangement called Society.

The trouble is, then, that the instincts of either party are not sufficiently understood. "Women," says the Springfield Republican, speaking quite sensibly of a case of domestic wretchedness not long since on the public carpet—"women are not beasts, whatever men may be. They want love more than they want anything else—genuine, demonstrative affection—and the life of a wife is utterly tasteless without it. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases in a thousand, the man who wins the love of a woman is to blame if he fails to keep it. It is not to the wives of true and affectionate husbands that libertinism is attracted. A loyal, loving husband is the sure safeguard of a wife's virtue. So we declare that when a woman demonstrates, by any act, that she has ceased to love a husband whom she has once honestly loved, her husband's blame-worthiness is demonstrated, and he can only spread his wings before society with shame."

Man's beastliness, greed for gain, overbearing passion and strong will, are placed over against woman's loneliness, weakness, and yearning for affection. We do not believe there is one case in a thousand of fall from virtue, in married life or out of it, in which the man is not primarily and mainly to blame.

Nor do we, either. Men pretend to the right of roaming up and down the world, and doing pretty much as they please; while women, by the very restraints that their own instincts impose upon them, to say nothing of the restraints of the standing social arrangement, are compelled to abide with themselves; and in the dreary loneliness in which they are left, feeling more more keenly and deeply than man can the want of a fervent and all-sufficient love that shall remain a perpetual inspiration, valuing turning this way and that for the sustenance and support which nothing but another heart can furnish, it is not to be wondered at that they rashly commit themselves to experiments whose wretched results they could not have foreseen.

This impresses us the more profoundly, however, with the truth that the heart and nature of woman is but little understood. Our society, when it handles her at all, does it only to defy her, to give her the credit of gifts which she herself knows she does not possess. It places her on a pedestal to be admired, to receive empty word worship, and to be gazed at as much too fine for contact. Such an idol woman is not, by nature; and such a blind and senseless admiration is offered her only at the expense of her trust and highest qualities. A civilized woman is not a doll. A Christianized woman is not a barbaric lady, to be bribed with jewels and vain shows, and to be flattered till her head is turned, so that she neither understands herself nor anybody else. We boast that in this age woman has become the equal of man, a position to which she was not admitted in the past. Yet we set her up as an image to be adored, not a being to be made a close companion of—or else we degrade her to a level with our coarsest beastliness and lust. Thus we belittle all our vaunted professions on her behalf. We would be thought her special champion; but we simply betray ourselves to be her false adorer, on the one hand, or her tyrant, on the other.

Woman has heart, as well as man, and a great deal more of it than man, too. Her feelings are warmer and quicker; her sensibilities are finer; she requires genuine and abiding love more than he; the atmosphere in which she dwells is such an atmosphere as he knows little about, but whose rare deliciousness and purity he is able to heighten by the simple act of his steadfastness and devotion. Of this he appears to think nothing. So selfish has he become from the force of habit, being bound up in his alternating pursuits and pleasures, he knows not of and cares not for the one soul whose life it is within his power to make altogether happy, and so these miserable results are reached which make so wretched a record in the public prints of the time. Unquestionably there is occasional fault on both sides; but the views above expressed suggest that, as a general thing, the fault is with man, and that it goes with his selfishness and his coarser ignorance.

Then, again, even when man professes most loudly his idolatry of woman, he means but a worship that comes of animal excitement, not one that is rooted in profound spiritual appreciation. If woman was indeed Heaven's "last, best gift to man," he certainly testifies to but a low and unworthy appreciation of such a gift by his offering her the meanness part of his nature. Man is not yet aware of the debt he owes to woman as a refining agent upon his nature; he thinks he understands it all, but he has hardly got to the alphabet of it yet. He so

much requires the inspiration of devotion and truth to develop her fullest and freest influences, and that is as yet so little understood by man, it cannot be expected that she can dispense her noblest gifts. A plant cannot live except it have light, and air, and moisture to feed and develop it; without these it droops and dies. Neither is a woman what she is capable of being, and what she was destined to be, without the developing and inspiring influences of man's deepest and truest love. She can no more live without love than a plant can without air.

Hence, it is plain that the more generously man offers that gift for her acceptance, the more profoundly he is benefited himself. "It blesses him that gives, and him that takes." Knowing his power, and that it becomes greater with its constant purification, he is induced to subject it to such a discipline constantly; he is all the while making himself more worthy of the divine soul that draws its inspiration from him; this divine process of imparting spiritual life and health does not so much plique as it inspires him; he seems to feel the whole dignity and value of his existence in a moment. Every man loves to understand his real worth, and there is no surer way of his ascertaining it than this. He errs, never in misplacing his affection so much as in withholding it almost entirely. If he cultivated that, he would make the woman more worthy, in spite of herself; for there is no woman who consents to marry a man who knows she does not truly love, rather than undergo that profound appreciation of the divine gift of love which is the crowning glory of her nature. In these matters of love, man does not trust—he has little or no faith; woman, on the contrary, throws her whole existence into that trust, and when she discovers that it is only a delusion, she is a wreck from that time forward, for she has lost all. There is scarcely ever any earthly recovery for such a disappointment.

The Springfield paper is right. Where these troubles arise in domestic life, and the husband drags his infidelities before the public eye, ten to one that he is the sole cause of the misery himself. He selfishly expects to reap without planting—to receive happiness without conferring it. He forgets the reflex character of these things, and all the varied laws of compensation. He would have a human soul entirely devoted to his service, but does not move a thought to inspire such a devotion. Here is the place where the canker eats with such destroying rapidity. Let the man first recognize the woman, and from the very necessity of her nature, he may trust without end that he will never be forgotten. No true woman can despise love; she cannot even treat it lightly; it is far too sacred a thing, and she would feel, in the act, that she was outraging and degrading all her own divine nature. Let man but think of this, and lay it to heart, and he will have little enough cause to complain of the results. The truth is, the world has never yet tried the power of love. When it connects to making that experiment, with profound faith in its power, many and many a sorrow will vanish, as the clouds grow bright and sail away in the morning, against whose removal we now direct the power of an ingenious social machinery in vain.

Nicaragua.

We have not done with this uneasy little Republic yet. We thought, some time ago, that we should see this in the enjoyment of a friendly in-and-in treaty with her; but Yriarte has gone, some how, to the dogs. The British government has recently formed a treaty with Nicaragua, which, according to a synopsis in the New York Times, the latter grants to British subjects and property the right of transit between the Atlantic and the Pacific, through the territories of the republic, by any route which may now or hereafter exist, reserving, however, its full right of sovereignty over the same. Great Britain extends her protection to all such routes and guarantees their neutrality. Nicaragua engages to maintain peace and order on the route, and upon failure to do so, Great Britain may, with the consent of the republic, employ her own forces for that purpose. But in case of unforeseen or imminent danger to British subjects or property, the British forces are authorized to act without waiting for such consent.

Crops in the West.

The South, or certainly some portions of it, is described as in a very straitened condition for field products; especially corn and fodder. Grass, too, has suffered severely from the prolonged drought of the summer. But their neighbors at the West are seeing the other side of the story. For the past three dark and gloomy years the West has been poor indeed, and now it is about having its turn. The crops in that section are enormous. Such a yield of corn never has been known before; nor of wheat. The West has raised, grain enough, this year, to feed us all, and not feel what she gives away. And if, as the news has it, Europe is likely to come short, the grain trade and the shipping business for the next eight or twelve months must be as active as could be desired. A correspondent at Holst, Wis., writes us that "there never was a more bountiful harvest in this section of the country than the one just gathered. The yield of wheat, where threshed, is from twenty to forty bushels to the acre; oats about fifty, and corn promises better than for years past."

Grand Regatta.

We do not cease to hear about boats and boating. The next step is, a grand national Regatta is to take place on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, on Wednesday and Thursday, September 6th and 7th. Prizes amounting to upwards of \$500 are offered, and the entrance to all the races is free. On the first day there are to be three races; the first between single scull working boats, the second between double scull shell boats, and the third between six oared boats. The second day's programme also comprises three races, the first between double scull working boats, the second between single scull shell boats, and the third between four oared shell boats. The New Yorkers are anxious to have some of the Boston oarsmen compete with the Empire State for the honors of the championship. Probably they will be gratified.

The Gulf Squadron.

The following vessels of war have been ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, in view of the unsettled state of affairs in that quarter: Susequahanna, Powhatan, Ponchartraine, Savannah, Sabine, St. Louis, Supply, and two or three others of the home squadron. Since the intelligence of a proposed combination of foreign powers for the purpose of settling poor Mexico right, the United States Government has thought it worth its while to open an eye to that quarter. It is perfectly necessary and proper.

The Spiritualist Picnic.

Thousands of our readers in Boston and vicinity will be happy to know that another picnic of Spiritualists will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Wednesday, Sept. 14th, under the direction of Dr. Gardner. The arrangements of trains, fares, etc., will be found in a notice on our fifth page.

A Menace as Menage.

The newspapers—and those that style themselves "respectable"—tell a story that, not many evenings ago, the gas company which supplies the village of Saratoga with light, failed to manufacture a sufficient quantity to last all night, and the result was that at about 11 o'clock p.m. a sudden and total eclipse came over the place. At Congress Hall, when the light went out, the guests were in the midst of a quadrille, and the total darkness created a lively time. The clapping of hands and the sudden buzz of astonishment was all that was visible to the senses. Then came the rapid ringing of bells for candles, etc. The flitting about of the "dips" was a curious contrast to the gorgeous scene of a few moments before. While candles were being procured, the band struck up a popular air in the dark, and the *News* of that place is inclined to the opinion that had the light been re-lit as suddenly as it was extinguished, some singular developments might have been brought to light. If the gas company were responsible for all the gentle pressures, hand-squeezes and—and—those sounds resembling the pulling of a horse's hoof out of the mud, that must have occurred when the gas gave out, their land must be heavily indeed. Suppose, now, for a moment, that the above described assembly had been a company of "Spiritualists," dancing as above, too—what a dreadful do would not have been made about the gross, and even nasty, immorality of such matters by these same "respectable" papers! Now, however, it is all right; just because fashion and numbers have it on their side. On the opposite side, it would suddenly be all wrong. So much for names and appearances.

More Zouaves.

The Chicago Zouaves stirred up a fever of feeling in certain places which they honored with their company this summer, and New York chanced to be one of those places. The New York Zouaves, an independent corps, has now eighty men on its roll, and has completed its organization. By the rules adopted, no member while in uniform shall frequent drinking saloons or improper places, and when sick will receive a stipulated sum in addition to the bill for medical attendance. There will be four lectures delivered a year, and four drills every week, two of which the members are obliged to attend. No officer will be elected until the roll numbers one hundred men. They have resolved to adopt the same style of uniform as worn by the French Zouaves of the Guard. The color of the dress has not yet been decided upon. By and by, we conclude, they will go a-soldiering over the country, too.

Mrs. U. Clark in New England.

Mrs. U. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., will lecture in Newburyport, Mass., on Sundays the 8th and 10th, and will remain a season in New England, addressed in care of Dr. J. H. Morse, Lawrence, Mass. The rank Mrs. Clark takes among the most brilliant inspirational speakers, will doubtless insure her a cordial welcome on the most eligible platforms.

Boston Spiritual Conference.

On the eighth page of the BANNER we print a full report of the remarks at the Conference, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Hereafter the meetings of the Conference will be held on Tuesday evenings, at the same place.

LITERATURE.

THE HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN: For the use of Families, Planners, Seamen, and Travellers. Being a brief description, in plain language, of all the Diseases of Man, Women, and Children, with the newest and most approved methods of curing them. By J. W. WARD, M. D., F.R.S. Fellow of the Medical Society of London. Illustrated by thirty six figures on eight splendid colored lithographic plates, and two hundred and thirty-six engravings. Boston, Bradley, Dayton & Co.

This portable volume is exactly what it purports to be. It is a real materia medica for family and individual use. The world has been queaked and fooled long enough; it is high time people looked to the laws of physiology a little for themselves. The authorship of this volume would alone sufficiently commend its character to the public. Dr. Warren is well known to be eminent and highly skilled in his chosen profession, having brought to it the enthusiastic devotion of a lifetime. He gives us nothing that is strictly theoretical, but what all of us demand to know is practical and safe. He brings forward no pet doctrines on the art of cure, nor does he flinch from saying the bold word at the right time in reference to the assumptions of medical practitioners. His language is perfectly comprehensible to the common mind, being commendably free from the Latin lingo with which pedantic physicians, who are at best but first cousins to quacks, love to interlard their speech and writings.

A reliable and perfectly safe compilation of medical science for family use, has always been a great desideratum. We have had such things offered in days past, but there was no more than the usual uncertainty about the methods, the prescriptions, the cures, and the presentation of physiological laws, that they are looked upon in this day with entire distrust, if not with direct condemnation. Dr. Warren, in the volume before us, has brought down the experience of medical practitioners to the present time. He abounds with receipts, prescriptions, and advice, aiming all the while to lay down such general laws and principles of practice as all persons can readily understand, because they command themselves to their common sense. This book tells the man with a cut, a bruise, a fracture, a puncture, just what to do and how to do it. All the sores, ailments, and accidents to which suffering human nature is liable, we find a history of and a remedy for in these valuable pages. A study of this volume will soon give a person a clear and complete knowledge of his physical structure, and acquaint him with the surest methods of preserving his health. A perfect knowledge of practical physiology is to be got from its carefully-weighted pages. If all this is not ten thousand times better than running for a doctor whenever one happens to feel a little out of sorts, or dragging and dosing with the blind idea that health lies only in that direction, then we are at a loss to divine where the truth lies, any way.

There is an appropriate space devoted to the mystery of the sexual functions, which every man and woman of sense and true religion will be glad to find so well employed. It is time that people were properly educated in reference to matters that from sheer ignorance alone, which is the fruit of a false and immodest modesty, have made, and are still making, such a world of mischief.

We can add no more than an emphatic recommendation of this most full and useful volume to the attention of our readers, believing it will aid them in solving problems of health and happiness for themselves, which have too long been trusted to the hands of bunglers and quacks. In particular, we speak of this book as invaluable in the family, being a perfect repository of medical science and knowledge. Its value is best proved by the fact that it has already passed into its tenth edition.

The Washington Light Guard of Boston, are practicing the Zouave drill.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A. E. Newton will lecture in Haverhill, Sunday, Sept. 10th, at three and seven and a half p. m.

Dr. L. K. Conoley will lecture in Bridgewater, Vt., Sunday, Sept. 10th. Present address, Woodstock, Vt. A new edition of the *Lily Wreath*, and *Harvest of Spiritual Pleasures*, is now issued by us, and is for sale at our office, at seventy-five cents each volume. These books consist of a series of very beautiful spiritual communications given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams, addressed to A. B. Child, M. D., and by him written down and put in book form.

Dr. Randolph's last book, "The Unfolding," is for sale at this office. The book excites much comment, and is worthy a careful and attentive reading. Dr. R. has reduced its price to thirty-seven cents, wishing not so much to make money from its sale, as to have it generally read, that he may be better understood in the position he holds toward Modern Spiritualism.

Oliver Dison's music store, 217 Washington street, is the place where we can recommend all our readers to go for every kind and sort of printed music.

Whatever *Is, Is Right*, is supplying thousands with food for their souls. Ministers, that are popular, buy it, and everybody will sometime read it.

Mrs. L. P. Hyde, writing and trance medium, has returned to her home, No. 48 Wall street, where she will receive the calls of investigation of spiritual phenomena. Mrs. H. is said to be a good test medium.

"The Voice of the Prophets," is the title of a new Advent organ lately established in Boston, by Rev. J. V. Himes. It is a handsome sheet, and conducted with signal ability.

Andrew Jackson Davis's "Great Harmonies" is being translated into German by Gregor Constantine Wiggitt, of Breslau.

Mr. William Greenough, one of the oldest printers in this part of the country, died at his residence in Boston, last week, at the age of eighty-eight years and seven months.

The Governor of Massachusetts has nominated Hon. George T. Bigelow, now Associate Justice, to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Chief Justice Shaw.

John A. Andrew, Esq., the Republican Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is forty years old. He has never held any political office except that of Representative from Boston in the Legislature, and that only for one term. No wonder he is called "Honest John."

The Democrats of the Second District, (Adrian, Mich.) have nominated Salsbush C. Coffinberry for Congress. Judge O. is an occasional contributor to the *Banner* or *Light*, and is one of the most prominent Spiritualists of that section of country.

The Government of French Guinea has imposed a tax on a license to dance. The tax will bring a large income.

An Irish emigrant hearing the sunset gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor, "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

"The clouds begin to break," said Harriet, doring rain. "Just so," was the answer, "they look bad enough, to be sure."

The new stock company at the Boston Museum is one of the best that ever "trod the boards" in Boston. It embraces many star actors, and old favorites. E. F. Keach is manager. The "Colleen Bawn" is to be brought out next week.

The Chicago Zouaves have disbanded, and their Captain has gone to studying law with Hon. Abraham Lincoln.

It is said that ex-Maryer Tiemann, of New York, has accidentally made a discovery that threatens to revolutionize horticulture. One of the hands at his plant factory having thrown some liquid green paint of a particular kind on a flower-bed occupied by white anemones, the flowers have since made their appearance with petals as green as grass. The point has in it a peculiar and very penetrative chemical mixture, which Mr. Tiemann has since applied with various other colors, to other plants, annual, biennial, and of the shrub kind—the result being invariably that the flowers so treated took the hue of the liquid deposited at their roots.

A German and a Frenchman, walking together, were attracted by a pig, whose cries reminded out. "Listen," said the German, "the pig is a countryman of yours—the species French." The Frenchman replied, "Ah! yes, indeed, but he speaks it with a villanous German accent."

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

