

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 4.

## THE ANGEL GUESTS.

BY PHRANQUE FURANTIQUE.

The big rain-drops jump incessantly  
Against my chamber-window valvety;  
And I hear the passers splashing,  
Through the mud and darkness dashing;  
And can watch the street-lamps twinkling.  
On this night, so dark and dreary,  
I am sitting, calmly thinking,  
In my cozy little bier,  
Of those angels who adore me  
With their love!  
And they seem to come before me,  
Shedding perfumed fancies o'er me  
From above:  
And I feel no longer human,  
But have changed into a new man,  
And have burst the feeble shackles which have held  
me down to earth.  
And am boldly upward soaring  
Far above the tempest's roaring.  
To the haunts of Heaven's blessed who have passed  
the second birth!  
I can feel dear mortals grasping  
Me, and to their bosoms clasping,  
While their hearts are wildly throbbing,  
And their tones are choked with sobbing,  
As my spirit they would pluck  
Once again to bone and muscle.  
And would hold me sense's minion,  
While I hear the soothing rustle  
Of the spirit-maid who fan me  
With their wings;  
But among the holy thrills  
(Not unmingled with tender chidings)  
Many bringings,  
She assures me that the vision  
Of the hapless Elysian,  
Though it stands a living picture in the chamber of my  
brain,  
Is to me but an ideal,  
Of what Time may render real,  
When I've studied all the lessons taught by grief and  
joy and pain.

I stretched forth my arms to hold them,  
And unto my spirit fold them,  
That they never more should wander  
Toward the blessed heaven yonder.  
Without leading my soul nearer  
To the bosom of Jehovah.  
But the struggle left me drearer,  
And the dizzy dream was over:  
For the angel-train had vanished  
From my soul!  
I was like a lost one banished,  
For my selfishness craved  
Heaven's goal!  
I came very near forgetting  
That I still am only sitting  
In my chamber, whose bright window now and then a  
footstep nears.  
But the rain has stopped its tinkling,  
And the moon bright clouds are crinkling,  
For Nature smiles the sweetest after weeping heaviest  
tears!

The Elysian. Evening Star Oct., 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES.

A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELKANAH STRANGE.

### CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

Gertrude closely studied every changing expression  
of his countenance, and almost held her breath with  
sudden fear. Her heart beat so that she was certain  
she could hear it all over the cave.  
"The steps came nearer."  
"We may have been tracked!" whispered Gertrude,  
fearing the worst.  
"It may be old Mahala," suggested Bernard.  
Another moment undecided they both, and laid  
their hands on the wall. She came crouching  
along into the cavern through its low entrance,  
thrilling out her head, and resting her hands upon  
her knees.  
"Ah, mother Mahala!" exclaimed Bernard, with  
great apparent cheerfulness. "We have got here  
before you—that is all."  
"So I see—so I see!" answered the old woman,  
coming and taking her position right before the  
crouching form of Gertrude.  
"Here you are, then, humming-bird, hey!" she  
spoke, in a voice whose rough and most peculiar  
tones it would be impossible to describe. "So you've  
got out of yer cage at last, hey? But what a night  
for such a pretty creature, sure! Alack, my sweet  
little maid—but I know a story or two. I have seen  
your father, this blessed night; and he mustn't  
think he can frighten me—no, not he! But I guess  
he won't again. He was raving, though. I reckoned  
he'd missed you. How did you get out of that high  
chamber, sweetie?"  
"By a rope," answered Bernard for her.  
The old hag was amazed, and betrayed her wonder  
by silently gazing upon, first Bernard, and then  
herself.  
"Let yourself down from that window—from the top  
of that tower?" said she, after her scrutinizing look  
was over.  
Gertrude merely nodded a yes.  
"Wal, that is beyond all that ever came to mind  
in my time! Why, my pretty chick, you're a hero-  
ine! Why, I should ha' thought you'd ha' fell and  
dashed out your brains on the rocks below you!  
Who told you to try a trick so full of hazard as that?  
Who showed you how? Did you ever try it before?  
Did your little white hands clench the rope like any  
sailor's that comes from over the sea? Ah, you  
proud young miss!" and here she laid her skinny  
hand on the young girl's head, as if she would dis-  
pense her personal blessing on such an act of hero-  
ism. "Ah, ye proud young miss," said she; "you're

of the blood of your own father, sure, who has a  
heart that'll never flinch, and can endure like a  
lock, or like iron! I know that none but one who  
came from his stout loins could ever bear up under  
what you have. And to think of that sweet face out  
in this terrible storm, with the wind beating upon  
it, and the rains, and the lightning threatening to  
scorch it up with its awful blaze! It's not myself  
who likes to think of you in such a situation, and so I  
went. Well, well, I'm rejoiced to find you're safe  
here, my pretty maid. You're highly welcome.  
The young man knew where you'd be safe, didn't he?  
Ah, yes indeed; nobody ever comes here;  
nobody knows of the place; Old Mahala never has  
any company—you're the first; even your own  
father never heard that this little cavern covers my  
poor old head and keeps off the lightning and the  
storms. If I let a soul know where I kept my old  
body, don't you see the charm would at once be  
broken?—don't you understand that I could n't stay  
here in this forest, for they would root me out? He  
—he—he! and so you're safe out of the tyrant's  
clutches, hey? Well, he is a tyrant, and that I  
know; if he was anything else, would he ever have  
shut you up so in that cold and cruel tower—and  
your father, too? How many times, my little girl,  
have I come over to the castle and looked into your  
eyes—yes, even when you was nothing but a little  
baby! And didn't I know your mother, too, and  
all about her? Of course I did. I know—alack, my  
little one—I know a mass more than I ever told, or  
mayhap ever shall. Do n't I remember all about the  
wedding, and the other folks that made the trouble,  
and the quarrels afterwards, and when you was  
born, too? And do you think I don't know your  
father better than he knows himself? Certainly I  
do. He thinks I don't see much of him; but I can  
tell him a good many things he never would fancy I  
know of! I have talked with him about them, only  
this very night."

"What! to-night?" exclaimed Gertrude, breasting  
in because she was no longer able to control her  
surprise.  
"Yes, my sweet; I have met your father, this  
very night, in the forest; he was raving over your  
escape; he had missed you, and knew not whither  
you had gone. I believe he would have been glad to  
ask me some questions on the subject, but I never  
would give him a chance. His heart—alack! how  
full of misery it must be! For he knows that I  
have seen what no other person living has seen. He  
feels the stains that rest on his conscience. He can-  
not get rid of the pricks of his conscience! Oh, my  
pretty duckling, if I could but tell you what I know,  
what I've seen, I do believe your very hair would  
stand up on end!"

The poor innocent shuddered to hear the old hag  
run on in this way; but she ascribed it to her semi-  
insanity, and let it pass out of her mind with no  
further thought.

Bernard was as much overpowered with wonder as  
Gertrude, and perhaps more.

"Now, Miss Gertrude," said the witch, "tell me  
how I am to help you. I have told your fortune  
many a time over at the castle, you know; but, dogs  
on it, I never said, I guess, that luck like this would  
come to me. I declare, I don't know just how to  
account for't!"

"Will you let me stay here?" modestly asked  
Gertrude, looking up imploringly into her face.

"Ah, of course—shall be too glad to do that, my  
good little lady; but can you make yourself com-  
fortable here? That is the chief question, you  
know."  
"You will have to trust me for that," answered  
Gertrude. "This is a great deal better, at any rate,  
than what I have recently had at home."  
"I warrant you! warrant you!" responded the hag.  
"Well, then, spite of your great, proud father, make  
yourself as easy as you can here, and let us all wait  
upon heaven! For, God knows, we do n't any of us  
see what is to be beforehand. I have seen changes  
that I never would have dreamed of. God bless me!  
when I saw your mother married to your father, do  
you think I could have dreamed of what I behold to-  
night? Do you think I could have seen your mother's  
only child—and she in her cold grave—compelled to  
escape from a prison in the castle where she was  
born in, and driven out on a night like this, and  
forced to get sheltered in a poor, miserable cave like  
this? Ah! how little we know, my dear little  
creature, of the kind of people that surrounds us!  
We don't understand even our own friends; we do  
n't know so much as our own relations!"

him, and I must speak out just what lays so heavy  
here," laying her hand on her heart.

Gertrude only sighed; and Bernard regarded the  
woman with fresh wonder.

"Now, my chick, if you will but keep yourself  
still," she continued, "I can make out to conceal  
you. But you must promise me that you won't run  
out and make yourself known. You see, that jest as  
quick as the castle folk understand that I am herea-  
bout, and can follow me to my secret den, that  
minute ends my way over every body! Now please  
to understand that, will you? I must keep myself  
secret, or my power is forever gone! And then poor  
Old Mahala—alack! alack! what do you think, my  
little dear, will become of her?"

The old hag really betrayed a large share of senti-  
ment at this juncture, and seemed scarcely able to  
keep herself from weeping. She was inclined to be-  
come a little maudlin, on occasions, and this was one  
of these times when, in the sweep of her feelings  
she was next to powerless over her own rude nature.

And thus they all three sat around the fire, Maha-  
la looking with close scrutiny into the face of Ger-  
trude, and the latter hardly knowing whether she  
was in the world or out. It was indeed a wonder, not  
less to herself than to Gertrude, how that single mo-  
mentous night had contrived to throw the three to-  
gether in such strange companionship.

### CHAPTER X.

FACE TO FACE.

Not many days afterwards, the old witch of the  
woods stood inside of the walls of Rosenheim castle,  
confronting its master.

"Ah!" he chuckled; "whence came you now,  
my old lady?" You're a rare bit for me to pick,  
I'm really rejoiced to get a hold of ye! Come, come;  
follow me into my room here; I want to see ye; I  
want to talk with ye; there's a little matter that is  
not yet quite settled between us. Come—come along  
with me!"

Rather than betray fear, she would have risked  
her life. So along she went with the angry Lord of  
Rosenheim, hardly caring whether she was going to  
her death or not.

He conducted her to his own private apartment  
up the stone stairs.

"La!" said she, as she entered, speaking with  
the utmost possible unconcern, "is this anything  
like the room ye shut up Miss Gertrude in?"

His cheek blanched.

"Woman! hag! fiend!" he shouted back at her;  
"what do you mean?"

"Oh, la! I did n't mean anything! I do n't know  
anything! How should I?"

"Ah, but you did! You are in a secret! Now  
just tell me what it is! Answer me, or I will throw  
you out of that window yonder into the river, and  
nobody will ever know what has become of you! You  
see I'm not afraid to do such a thing as that!"

"No," sneered the old woman, "I very well know  
you're not. You've done too many such things  
before."

He could not reply to her at once, for his excite-  
ment. He sat in his chair and glowered at her, as  
if by his very eyes he might overcome her.

She stood perfectly still, and returned the gaze  
with a defiant aspect that was quite a match for  
his.

"You vile hag!" finally broke forth from his lips,  
"do you accuse me of anything?"

"Just as you please; I've nothing further to say"  
—was her perfectly cold reply.

"Now see here, you piece of hideousness," he went  
on, extending his arm in angry gesture toward her,  
"you will either disclose to me forthwith the whole  
of what you mean, or I'll—I'll—"

"Hold!" shouted the old woman, with a fierce  
gesture, and at the top of a voice so shrill that it  
pierced to his very soul—"offer me none of your  
threats, you naughty Lord! I care nothing for one  
of them! Before me, you are powerless! I can in a  
moment humble you to the dust! I can make you  
kiss the very hem of my garments! Now be careful  
what you say to me! I am not to be covered with  
empty threats! You may think you have power  
over me, but I tell you to beware—beware!"

A snake-like lithe figure betrayed itself throughout  
her entire form, as she writhed and twisted before  
the awestruck man; in the answer she made him.  
Even he was unaccustomed to behold her in such an  
attitude, with so fierce an expression on her face, such  
flame darting from her eyes, and her whole figure,  
while fixed and firm, yet trembling with ill-suppressed  
rage. He half averted his head for a moment,  
and then looked back at her again, to be certain he  
had not been imposed upon and some other than old  
Mahala stood before him.

Recovering himself, he grasped his chair by the  
arm, and was about to rise and go over to her.

She seemed to catch his purpose at a glance.

"Keep far away from me," she said, in that sort  
of sepulchral shriek which had already produced  
such an effect upon him. "Don't come near me, or I  
shall tell you of something more than I have told you  
of already!"

"You know too much about me even now," an-  
swered he, under his breath, and with an air of de-  
termined desperation. "It were best that you should  
be put where you can make no further use of your  
knowledge."

And, with that, he approached her.

"Madman! fool!" she screamed and hissed into  
his ears; "know that I have your life in my hands!  
If I go through that window—"

"You certainly will," said he, grinding his teeth  
together.

"Then you will go, too!"

"We will see how that is," answered he.

So saying, he laid his hands on her, and even be-  
fore she could be aware of how quickly it was done,  
had dragged her straight across the floor to the win-

dow. The issue was at hand. Time was short. If  
old Mahala was to save her life at all, she must do it  
quickly.

But how? By tearing out his eyes, as he began  
lifting her up to the embrasure. That would be the  
first act of defence naturally thought of.

Not thus, however, did she do. She had certain  
words—charmed words they must have been, such  
was their potency—which she proceeded to hoarsely  
whisper in the ruthless tyrant's ear.

The instant he caught their significance, his eyes  
assumed an entirely new expression, the tension of  
his features relaxed, and he gradually let down his  
prisoner to her feet on the floor.

Still holding on by her, however, he paused now  
and searched her face with a most intense look of in-  
quiry for the details of her meaning.

The secret power lay in something the old witch  
had spoken respecting Gertrude.

"Where is she?" demanded the father, seeing  
that the woman was disinclined to go on with what  
she had begun. "Where is she? Do you know?"

Tell me before I make an end of you!"

"I never shall tell," responded Mahala; "but I  
know, and it's my own secret. Now if you are so  
mad as to destroy me, my secret dies with me, and  
you may be sure you will never see your daughter  
more."

"Ha! do you threaten again, then? But I must  
know where the girl has gone! I cannot live here  
alone without her. She must be brought back to me,  
at any cost!"

"If you visit your violence upon me, she never will  
come back; for too well will she understand from  
this that it will not be safe for her. She will never  
—no, never throw her slender shadow across those  
grounds again!"

"Tell me where she is, then!" he thundered forth.  
She merely shook her head, negatively.

"Do you hear?"

She nodded an affirmative, keeping her lips close,  
as if fearful of losing her secret.

"Then, I swear by all the powers above and be-  
low, you shall reveal this secret to me! You shall  
die, if you do not!"

"If I die, monster," said she, "then I am sure I  
shall not tell you!"

"Will you tell me, if I let you live?"

"Take my life at your own peril! That's all I  
have got to say to that! If I am not heard of again,  
I make up your mind that Gertrude never will be!  
Alack, but did n't I know my little Gertrude's  
mother, quite as well, as you know her yourself?  
And did n't I know, too—alack! alack! but I'm sure  
I'm not going to tell!"

The monster was, for once at least, completely  
nonplussed. What to make of the woman, or of her  
talk, passed his comprehension.

But he felt certain that she was in possession of a  
most important secret, and that held his arm from  
doing her violence, as if it were held by physical  
power. If he slew her, her secret would perish with  
her; and he knew very well, as she had herself said,  
that, wherever Gertrude might be, unless this woman  
returned safe to her again, she would never return  
to his castle.

Here he faltered. True enough, the old hag had  
him in her power, and that he could not deny. He  
dared not kill her, for thus he would greatly endan-  
ger himself at his own castle.

This divided in his mind, he seemed unable for a  
few minutes to say a word, but gazed upon her face  
as if spell-bound. At length he recovered himself,  
and again addressed her. But his tone was wonder-  
fully changed. He thought he would try a new  
method of influencing her.

"Now, look here, old woman," said he; "you  
know certain things—I don't deny that you do—  
which nobody but my own self knows; and they must  
be kept secret forever."

"Did old Mahala ever blab?" she broke in.

"Never mind. Why can we not agree between  
ourselves, now? You keep a secret that I must  
possess myself of. Look here, now, old woman—"

"It was 'hag,' 'fiend,' but a little while ago.  
Ha! ha!"

"Let that all pass. I say, here is gold; will you  
help yourself to it? Will you be richer than your  
father was in all your life before? Then just let me  
know where Gertrude is!"

She shook her head deprecatingly.

"What?" he exclaimed.

"You must not urge me. I cannot tell you. You  
may perhaps see her again, but let all be easy.  
Don't hurry me, nor crowd me."

Again he felt that he was baffled.

"Well," he continued, still keeping his temper-  
down, "how much do you say I shall give you?"

"Nothing—nothing; if you ever see her again,  
it must be when you are at peace with her—when  
you have conquered this passion of your wicked  
heart against her."

"Do you talk to me so? But suppose I promise  
not to harm her?"

"You have got to promise as much as that, at  
least."

"Then can I see her?"

"She will certainly return to this castle as soon  
as she is welcome here," answered the firm but  
shrewd old woman.

"Assure her of that at once, then," spoke the  
father, whose pride had thus been rapidly humbled.  
Mahala answered by merely looking with great  
steadiness into his eye.

The father felt the power of that almost inhuman  
gaze, and forthwith commenced striding up and  
down the floor. He muttered as he went.

"Have I not released you from my iron gripe?"  
said he, pausing once more and confronting the  
woman.

"Have I not offered you liberty? You may go—  
you are perfectly free!"

"I know all that," said she, still following every  
motion of his eye with her own, which was now as  
bright as that of the basilisk.

"I might have destroyed you, and sent your  
worthless corpse drifting down the swift running  
Rhine. I might have sent you out of existence in a  
moment, and no one would have known what had  
become of you. But I held my hand. I stayed my  
power."

"What did you do that for?" she asked, taunt-  
ingly.

"Because I would hear you tell me of my daugh-  
ter. And now you refuse me!"

"No; I promise you that you shall see her again;  
but I must feel sure, and so must she, of her  
safety."

"How can you be satisfied? Who can put your  
mind at rest on that subject, then?"

"Leave something, at least, to time, answered she.  
He became impatient.

"Mahala," said he, "are you trifling with me?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"And I am to put faith in what you say, that  
you know where my child is at this present time?"

"You can or not, as you choose."

"Ah, but I granted you your life but now, simply  
because I did put faith in what you told me!"

"Yes, but I did not ask you to; you never can  
say to a living person that old Mahala begged her  
life of you!"

"No, I cannot."

"And you never will!"

She spoke it with marked force.

He threw up his head muscledly, and made a hum-  
ming sound with his voice.

"Woman," said he, after a time, "you are a clear  
puzzle to me. It is very strange, though—I never  
had a person in this castle before, who did exactly  
as she wished, who defied me in such a way as you do!"

She uttered a low, chuckling laugh.

"Why do you laugh thus at me?" he abruptly  
demanded.

"Because I was thinking."

"Of what? Tell me!"

"Oh, thinking how that you never have such a  
valiant here in your castle as I am, and so of course  
none ever talk to you as I do."

And she laughed again, to conclude the perfect  
frankness of her observation.

The Lord of Rosenheim went, and threw himself  
down in his chair again. His thoughts were ex-  
ceedingly active for a few moments. He knew that  
he could crush the inconspicuous creature before  
him, almost with a motion of his hand; but what  
then? He also knew that if he spared her, permit-  
ting her to believe that her life was preserved her  
by himself as a sort of special favor, or kindness,  
there would be a much greater likelihood of her re-  
dempting it. There was little doubt in his mind  
that she knew all about Gertrude, where she was, and  
where she was likely to be; and it forcibly occurred  
to him, too, that if Gertrude had manifested the de-  
sperate courage to make her escape by the way she  
did, she would never hesitate at any course which  
would secure her still further safety.

He must needs make up with his daring and de-  
termined daughter, therefore. Through what in-  
strumentality could he hope so well, and so quickly,  
to do this, as through that of the famous old witch,  
who was in constant contact with her?

Thus revolving in his mind, he felt that it was  
better to leave old Mahala just where she was.  
Threats would have no further effect on her. Those  
he had already tried, and tried in vain. Henceforth  
he would offer her nothing but friendly words, and  
betray only kind feelings for his lost daughter.

After the pause which all this thought cost him,  
he resumed with her again, but in a still more mod-  
ified tone.

"Well, Mahala," said he, "you have ever been  
welcome at this castle, and always will be. I hope  
you will count me still your friend. I was in a pas-  
sion, but a little time ago, and hardly knew what I  
did. But that is all over now. I bear you no ill  
will, Mahala, and I trust you do n't me. Let it be  
peace between us again, even as it ever has been."

"Yes, peace I say myself," she assented.

"Then come to me and give me your hand," said  
he, extending his own to her.

She instantly complied, standing up by the side of  
his chair. But it was a wonderfully shrewd expres-  
sion that crossed her haggish-looking countenance,  
at that moment, which of course the Lord of Rosen-  
heim did not observe, and which he must have failed  
to comprehend, if he had.

"There," said he, "now go whenever and wherever  
you choose. We are at peace. I have nothing but  
friendship for you. You may come in and go out  
just as freely as you always have."

But not a syllable further said he of Gertrude.

Mahala was not slow, by any means, to perceive  
this, and this she felt was her triumph.

She did go out from his presence very soon after-  
ward, and from the castle. Here had been a proud  
conquest for her.

Bernard was secreted not far distant without the  
walls, and to him she speedily confided the substance  
of the interview just terminated with Gertrude's  
father.

"Ah," secretly thought the young man, "he may  
truly mean all he says, but 't will never do to trust  
him too soon!"

### CHAPTER XI.

A NEW CHARACTER.

On their way to the Holy Land, the army with  
which Wilhelm was joined stopped for a time in the  
great city of Constantinople; that vast and crowded  
mart of people from all nations on both the European



and Adonis continent, where summer and winter were strangely mingled, and all sorts of dresses and manners combined to make the scene hideous to the last degree.

This gave Wilhelm an excellent chance to gratify his natural curiosity in relation to the manners and customs of different people and nations. He went about now with his eyes open. He studied with the quick intuition of one who had come prepared to drink in all he heard and saw. The buildings of every kind had an imposing effect upon him, and gave a new play and lightness to his thoughts. All his life hitherto he had been accustomed only to the heavy architecture of stone castles, after Gothic designs, with frowning battlements and gloomy windows and entrances, whose towers and bastions inspired nothing but a vague and ill-defined feeling of awe. But here were entirely new pictures. Here he traced out a very different class of ideas and imaginations—so much more airy and fantastic, so much warmer and brighter, so much more light and attractive, and so thoroughly Eastern, rather than Western, in all their characteristics—that at once he felt the effect of the change upon his spirits, and half fancied to himself that he had become a resident in another world.

The streets were contracted and narrow, it was true; and they were likewise infested with lazaroni and dogs, the latter uniformly the companions of poverty and wretchedness. But then, the air was so different, coming straight from the Bosphorus and around the Golden Horn. And the skies that caupled the same were as clear and bright as the dream of Houris. Then the elegant and spacious bazaars—those long shopkeepers' halls, lighted from above, and ornamented with splendid rows of columns—where the buzzing of busy traders made every day inviting and gladness, raised altogether different sentiments within him from those excited by continual contact with the dark forest, the narrow, rushing torrent of a river, and the grim solitudes amid which he had been compelled to pass his life.

The new faces of such a new style of feature, too, gave him fresh impulses of feeling. The new costumes appealed constantly to his love of the picturesque and the graceful. These Turkish manners, that abounded on every side, started within him thoughts of new possibilities.

He wandered everywhere, with the relish of a delighted stranger. Among all classes, too—Greeks, Armenians, Turks and Jews—did he seek for the brief time of his sojourn to dwell himself, and feel quite at his ease. He certainly was growing cosmopolitan very fast. Through the bewildering labyrinth of streets, lanes and alleys he threaded his way, taken up at every turn with what he saw. The walls, the meat, and the thirty-seven city gates attracted him also with their wonders. And then those spires and crescents, the airy roofs of the mosques, that seemed to float and hang in the clear air, lent an additional glory to this most novel scene, whose impressions could not easily be effaced from the young man's mind. He had, in his early youth, perhaps, heard fabulous accounts of the magnificence and splendor of this unrivalled city of the East, but in his eyes the whole picture of his imagination had been realized, and much more, too.

But not to detain the reader longer with a sketch of those scenes that now for the first time presented themselves to Wilhelm's senses, it is enough to add that, in the midst of this occupation of gazing about, he fell in with people to whom he was disposed to proffer tokens of friendship. Where such an army was assembled to march forward in a cause they every one deemed holy, it would be difficult for a young man of mark, like Wilhelm, not to meet with some one, in some place or another, who would in an instant feel a secret bond of sympathy and fellowship.

Such an one was the Knight Templar whom he casually met while strolling along through one of the spacious bazaars, just as evening was setting in.

"I have seen you in too high company, sir," saluted the Knight, most courteously, "not to wish to make the personal acquaintance of one who is able to enrich my already large experience. May I beg to be accounted your friend, particularly as I am but just returning from an enterprise upon which you are only entering?"

"Most certainly," answered Wilhelm, quite as courteously, and with as knightly a mien as the other; "and let me ask you to what circumstance, Sir Knight, it is owing that you are not going forward with the army to which I have the honor to belong? When all faces are set outward, it must be an excellent reason that requires a brave Knight like yourself to tarry behind, or turn his face the other way?"

"So indeed it is," responded the Knight. "The reason is an unfortunate one, though so cogent. I have myself served in Palestine, with those of my own sacred order, and let me hope without discredit to the lance I hold in rest. But being sorely wounded in an assault we made against one of the towns held by the infidels, I found it imperatively necessary that I should return as far as this capital, and further, if needs be."

"And do you think you will still go on again, or further away?"

"I think I must return to Germany. In a certain number of days, I trust I shall ride my horse over the pavements of the good old city of Frankfurt."

"Your hand for that, Sir Knight!" exclaimed Wilhelm, in a sudden impulse, extending his own hand to his friend. "I have but recently come from there myself, and can but wish a hearty God-speed to all who think of resting their eyes upon that fair land."

The Knight grasped Wilhelm's proffered hand with much earnestness, and told him that he trusted he would not fail to do justice to the land from which he went forth, in his coming raid in Palestine.

Thus commenced the acquaintance between Wilhelm and the Knight—entirely accidental on the part of each, but fated to play an important part upon the destiny of both.

Let us stop and describe the Knight.

Belonging to an order whose very appellation was held sacred throughout Europe, he naturally found his way everywhere with readiness. Every one was proud to become personally acquainted with a man who had taken upon himself such great vows, whose life was devoted to such noble aims, and who daily employed his own right. Hence it was no such difficult matter for a Knight Templar to find his presence courted by ladies in every capital in which he appeared in the course of his travels, and in every castle to which his name alone was sufficient to give him admission.

This knight was a man much older than Wilhelm, and of course had seen much of the world. He affected, indeed, to guide, or lead, the youthful Lord of Grossenberg, almost as soon as he fell in his company; and, in order to do this the more successfully, he began with impressing him with a large idea of the experience he had gained, the various

lands he had traversed, the cities and towns he had seen, and the many familiar with, and the persons he knew, especially the fine ladies, and the men who bore high-sounding titles. In this way, while he had impressed unduly upon Wilhelm's credulity, and excited his imagination, he likewise ingratiated himself into his confidence, and found his quick way to his heart. That done, all was gained.

He had a countenance that showed the wear and tear of his experiences, though his natural years would not warrant the truth of the story his lineaments told. His skin was bronzed and swarthy with the exposure of travel. He had a quick, restless eye, an aquiline nose, and wore a moustache that gave rather a fierce than an inviting look to his face. The eye was dark and deep, but capable of a great deal of expression. Few men, apparently, could so readily change the phraseology it was trained to employ. Taken in connection with his smile, he was able to express either the softest, most gentle and womanly sentiments, or, on the contrary, those fierce, frowning, and altogether repulsive feelings that almost threatened every one who came near him with violence.

He wore, as a sort of undress, a tunic of purple velvet, thickly set about with the several ornaments proper to his order, whose slashed loose sleeves, bedight with buttons, showed a wrist and half arm well worthy to do the service to which he had voluntarily called himself. A belt, richly mounted with silver, and thickly studded with pearl and precious stones, confined the tunic around his waist, showing off his broad chest and square shoulders to excellent advantage. His sword was scathed to this belt, and continually dangled, clattering, at his side.

When he strode across the pavement, or the floor, up and down before the admiring eyes of Wilhelm, he presented the finest possible picture of a weather-hardened, hard-experienced, firm, and determined man; but as soon as he came and sat down by the side of his newly made young friend again, his look changed, as by magic, to one of peculiar softness, becoming almost feminine for its winning peculiarities, and as pleasant a smile broke over his face as ever gladdened the countenance of man. He held some potent witchery—some indiscreet spell in his hand, which seemed to delight his companion, while it likewise held control over him.

Seated on a bench in one of the bazaars, one day, and studying in listless mood the never-ending procession of people that passed them, with their varied and picturesque dresses, and the shifting play of their features, the two companions at length fell into a confidential mood—much more confidential, in fact, than ever before.

"I hear, too," remarked the Knight, "that you are in high favor with the Emperor, who heads this splendid army for the Holy Sepulchre. It is a fortunate thing for you that your courageous and lofty nature is properly appreciated in such quarters."

"I have, nevertheless, done nothing as yet to earn so great a favor," answered Wilhelm, modestly. "Yet I hope to prove myself worthy, when I reach the scene of battle."

"Bravely spoken, and modestly, too, my lad!" said the Knight, encouragingly. "It is just such as you, who win all the laurels and carry off the palm. Ah! I see well enough that you are no brag; if you were, I should not have the confidence in your future that I now have."

Wilhelm rather hung his head.

"I see," went on the Knight, with an adroit attempt at flattery, that even Wilhelm did not detect. "I see," said he, "that you are no braggadocio. Set that item down to your own credit. It will help you on a great way in the world. For although many persons imagine they can get on faster with the aid of high talk and loud promises, depend upon it, my young friend, that their advance is but a short one, however swift it may be. Will you be good enough to remember that, now, as coming from me?"

Wilhelm answered, in few words, that he would.

"Now," said the Knight again, "I would put you twenty times further ahead, for the matter of exploits, than almost any other man I have yet seen in this army. For though I confess there may be, and there ought to be, a great many brave fellows here, who have left their native land determined to accomplish all that their hearts panted for in this great strife, and though every one of them may have firmly resolved to do or die in the cause he has joined himself to, yet—let me not seem to flatter you at all, as I say it—I would place you—yes, yourself, before them all."

"Why?" suddenly inquired Wilhelm.

"Because, my friend, I see that in you which you cannot see yourself. Do you not know that every one of us makes a picture for every other one? and that we ought to ask others what they think of us, before we dare make up our own minds what we are ourselves?"

Wilhelm, to be sure, had never thought about that.

"Yes, you may reason faithfully on what I tell you. I see your future, as much as if I were a prophet. I can read it even now. It is a bright one. It is a glorious one. I can see what you are yet to accomplish in Palestine—better than you can see it for yourself."

The young man instinctively glanced round upon him.

"You do not believe me, then? Ah, let me but ask you to wait patiently, and every syllable of my words shall be fulfilled. See if what I say is not made true. You shall not leave Palestine, till you come back proudly, with worthy honors about your brow, laureled with the praises of your own Emperor. And is not that glory enough?"

"I fear it is much more than I shall honestly earn," answered Wilhelm.

"There you say it over again! It is just as I told you. You can never speak of yourself, unless you speak with a modesty that really disparages your own worth. But I would learn more from you on a subject with which you have not hitherto seemed inclined to make me very familiar. It is of your early history that I seek to know."

Wilhelm dropped his eyes to the ground.

"That is of no particular interest to any one," he answered.

"And yet I have just told you it is of the greatest interest to me!"

"I am but an orphan—no father and no mother," said Wilhelm, evidently answering because he had rather do that than be pursued with questions.

"Alas! I feel for you!" responded the Knight. "I am without parents myself!"

"I left my castle on the Rhine," said Wilhelm, "because I could not stay there; it was no place for me."

"Ah, then you are yourself the Lord of the Castle? But do you say that your own castle was no place for you? I am at a loss to know what you mean! I confess I never heard of a similar case."

"Perhaps mine is peculiar," remarked Wilhelm.

"Sir Knight, I am going to put you a very plain question, and then I shall learn the better answer yours."

"Well, so do."

"Were you ever in love, Sir Knight?"

The Knight fetched a long breath, which looked deep feelings on so sacred a subject, and possibly a great many more memories than he cared to reveal.

"Alas, my friend," responded he, throwing his eyes down intently upon the pavement, "my heart hourly makes confessions of that same experience to me!"

Wilhelm nodded, as if relieved.

"Then I need say but little more," he added. "You understand me?"

"Yes, perhaps I do. But, not to be at all inquisitive, and not to intrude, either, upon ground considered sacred and holy—I long to ask of you what sad experience it could have been, in connection with love, that forced you from the pleasant seat of your castle, to risk your life and your all in battling in a foreign land. There must be some secret history there, which a true friend would never be loth to become acquainted with, that thus he might be better able to proffer his sympathies."

"There is—there is!" quickly responded Wilhelm.

"And it is just that which I would be glad to know."

Wilhelm hesitated. All the past came rolling back upon his soul, like a huge wave, threatening to overwhelm him. He hesitated, because he did not know if he should be true both to himself and to his dear Gertrude whom he had so abruptly left behind, by publishing even to a single friend any fragment of this history of their two hearts.

But then the circumstances had suddenly changed, and very greatly, too. Now he was not at home, but far off in a foreign city, among strangers, and mixed up with an army. He was going to Palestine, and he had just made a friend of one who had been there himself. The case seemed altered, certainly.

"I need not give you any lengthened history of the affair," he broke forth, after a time. "You can understand me very well, if I indulge in but a few words."

The Knight nodded, meaning to imply that he would be satisfied to obtain from him whatever he might choose to communicate—be it much or little.

"I know that I ought to do no such thing, either," added Wilhelm.

"Pray, why not? What harm is done? Who is made better or worse by the narrative? And are you not yourself relieved, when you have in this way discharged your heart of what has thus imperilled its happiness?"

"True," answered Wilhelm. "Yet there are so many limits to these things."

"I know that too well," said the Knight. "And therefore I will not urge you further. I would let you go on as you will. Only continue to behold in me, however, a true friend, who wishes you peace and happiness wherever you are."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### AUTUMN.

BY SARAH B. JENNINGS.

Soon will Frost, the King,  
Like an archer, fling  
O'er the fields his whistling spear,  
And the mellow haze  
Of the Autumn days  
To our vision reappear.

And we fancy now  
That each forest bough  
Will look sadder for his blight—  
That the tints of gold  
Which his robe will hold,  
Will present no pleasing sight;

That the crimson hue  
Which we love to view,  
In its pristine beauty blent  
With the charming green,  
In the mellow scene  
Will no native charm present;

That the olden glare  
Where we love to range,  
And to gather from its store  
Of its fruitage here,  
Will no beauty wear,  
And its charms invite no more.

Yet we love the spell  
Mantling wood and dell,  
Of a hazy Autumn day,  
When the sapphire eyes  
Of the dreamy skies  
Are suffused with mellow grey.

When the mantling trail  
Of the Frost-King pale  
Spreads afar o'er vale and hill,  
And his piping horn  
With its notes forlorn,  
In the breezy depths is still.

So his icy tread  
We will no more dread,  
Though we know each whispering sigh  
Of his chilling breath,  
Like a note of death,  
Will proclaim bleak winter nigh.

Ay, we'll welcome him  
With his visage grim,  
Though he shake his ice-plumed crest  
With a proud smile  
At our doors awhile,  
Welcome him as Nature's guest.

For each yearly note  
From his chimerical throat  
Seems to say, "More bright will be  
Spring's adorning all  
For my ice-gemmed pall;"  
Seems a whispering prophecy

Of life's Autumn hour,  
When each conscious power  
Of ennobling manhood glows  
With rich tints of thought;  
And that death is naught  
But a season of repose.

Out of which the soul  
To its native goal  
On the wings of love ascends,  
As away it soars  
To the brighter shores,  
Where the spring-time never ends!

Miami, Ind., Sept. 20, 1890.

At the poet Helme's funeral, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased, no speeches were delivered. In a little poem, "Memento Mori," he expressed the wish somewhat thus:

"Oh, let no mass be sung,  
No ritual read,  
In silence by no down  
Amongst the dead.  
Enough, if when returns  
My burial day,  
Methinks, in morning clad,  
Shall come to pray.  
Enough, if whilst her cheeks  
The tear drops leave,  
With fresh immortals  
She shall deck my grave."

## Original Essays.

### THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STANNIS.

Tenth Paper.

THE CHARACTERISTICS—COMMUNION: THAT OF MARKING

WITH THE INSTANTANEOUS OF THE PRESENT WORLD.

"Henceforth ye shall see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending, in the days of the Son of Man."—JAMES.

It has been foolishly imagined that when a mortal dies the human spirit either perishes with the body's dissolution, or goes to an unknown region "from whose bourne no traveler returns," and that, in either event, the soul of the sensuously departed is completely isolated and far removed from the sphere of physical life, being cut off at once from all earthly sympathies, and becoming oblivious of former friendships—dead, if not to themselves, at least to us, and uninterested in all mundane affairs. Thus it is generally and even religiously presumed that there is no such thing as communion between the living and the dead, notwithstanding—standing not with but against the fact that such communion is to us exceedingly desirable. Widowed hearts have long sought to drown in Letho because there was no human hope for Love that cannot die. Surviving souls have watered the grassy grave of affection's perished body with tears of unmitigated grief, assured that what the memory keeps and heart embalms forever, is lost—is not, and will be never more.

Even the pious give their friends "to dust,"

With but a vague and superstitious trust.

That God himself their precious names will keep,

And keep their ashes, mingled as they must,

Till Gabriel's trumpet shall wake them out of sleep.

To meet their friends, blest; and for such faith they weep.

Notwithstanding the scriptural assertion that Jesus "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light," more than eighteen hundred years ago, the mass of mankind are as benighted as ever touching the truth of their own destiny. A great many otherwise intelligent men and women, as we learn from their honest lips, as atheists and seeming nothingness of various name, are not aware that there is any spirit-world, or other sphere of existence than that of sense. Having outgrown the swaddling clothes of old Authority before attaining a larger individuality than that which substitutes an egotistic disbelief for conventional faith, there are many avowed infidels who make themselves naked to their shame by assuming, with the anonymous writer of Ecclesiastes, that "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave," whither all the living go to be no more.

It is worthy of remark, also, that of those who profess to believe in a future state very few have any notion of communing with "departed spirits." Christians who stand upon hagiographical authority are generally well established in the opinion that "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and in all the orthodoxes whose creeds are strictly orthodox, where they dogmatize the trinity of "redeeming grace," they sometimes set the tune in a minor key to the psalm David's, of which the following fragment is as good as the whole:

"The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten be;  
Their memory and sense is gone,  
Alike unknown and unknown.

Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their every buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the Sun."

I know that orthodox now-a-days is somewhat less dismal than in the days of Watts, though a gold deal more shadowy. Perhaps most modern believers reject the scriptural notion of sepulchral sleep between death and the supposititious bodily resurrection; that ugly tenet being greatly superseded by the benigner sentiment that the blessed dead who "die in the Lord," like old Elijah, soar so high as to lose sight of Earth, besides being altogether too happy in their supernal abode to be any longer concerned or interested in what is going on below the skies. This thought is not always welcome to the heart that survives its human idol, and therefore I doubt not that many a Christian mourner has soliloquized at times—

"Since human love is ever constant here,  
Why should it not be in a higher sphere?  
Why should we think that our old friends of Earth  
Become unfeeling in their spirit-birth—  
Are all de-humanized by heavenly worth,  
And grow so heartless in their bliss above,  
As not to care for whom they used to love?"

Such as have come to query thus will not be long in reasoning themselves into a conviction of the moral probability that the spirit-born do indeed desire to commune with mortals no less earnestly than we with them. But there are many hindrances to this rational thinking, and even to the heart's intuition as above. The subject of spirit-life is too occult for common minds to study. There is ecclesiastical injunction against its discussion and practical investigation. There is a paucity of charm also in the very mystery with which ignorance envelops it. But what most prevents thought and suppresses desire in this direction, is a strange perversion of religious sentiment, or what I should call an irreligious whimsy, which causes a vulgar dread of all spirit-manifestations. Almost everybody is afraid of disembodied souls, except such as "don't believe in ghosts and hobgoblins." Whence to deduce the origin of this superstitious fear of the dead, I am at a loss. I only know it to be of very ancient development, to have been fostered through all the dark ages, and to be on the decline in the latter half of this nineteenth century of Christianization only in such minds as have become rationally illuminated. It is older than the religion of Paul, but will not long survive it. From the Book of Job, which is supposed to have been written before the time of Moses, we learn that a Tumanite was so frightened at the appearance of a spirit, that the hair of his flesh stood up. It is recorded of the Hebrew prophet Daniel, in a later age, who had the reputation of being the wisest man in old Babylon, that, even he, on being visited by a spirit with benevolent intentions and gentle manners, was yet so much a victim of fright as to fall upon his face—that he even fainted for fear and was "sick certain days." It is written also that Peter, James and

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John, intimate disciples of the Great Ser of Nazareth, were "dazzled" at the sight of Moses and Elijah. Indeed, all the faithful followers of Jesus are said to have been greatly "terrified" on the re-appearance of their own master and friend after his crucifixion, merely because he had become "a spirit." And all the way through the subsequent eighteen centuries, there are historic instances innumerable of full grown men and women fleeing with terror from the shadowy forms of their dearest earthly associates who have ceased to visit them after death. Confirmed skeptics, as well as learned men whose minds are supposed to be purged of superstition and fortified by materialistic science against all chimerical fancies and illusions of vulgar sense, are occasionally betrayed into an earnest apprehension of danger in the presence of ghosts and apocryphs when they unexpectedly appear.

The first ghost-seer of any special locality has rarely been known to speak to the strange visitant; and when a bold man has done so, it has been generally to admonish the intruder and bid him go his way. Out of the life of Swedenborg, and before the days of Modern Spiritualism, I think it would be difficult to find in all the annals of "demonology" an example of personal civility on the part of the living when visited by souls from the region of the dead. In general it has been taken for granted that a spirit once departed has no business to return; and their first salutation of old familiars has been rebuffed with distrust if not alarm, and usually in the person of a grave pastor with the Bible in his hands, demanding—"In the name of God, what do you want?" No wonder that angels' visits have been exceedingly rare in times when their approaches to mankind were held to be so ominous. Who can say how often our good friends in the other world have prudently forbore to manifest their presence, only for an unwillingness to frighten us out of our wits?

That the inhabitants of the spirit-world do really wish to commune with their relatives in this lower world, and that many of them are coupling will with endeavor to realize this worthy wish, there can be no longer a reasonable doubt. Superhuman phenomena purporting to originate with the resurrected souls of the nominal dead, have already occurred in sufficient number and variety of indication to convince all minds not hermetically sealed by prejudice against their notice, that they who once walked and talked with us here, and whose bodies we followed mournfully to the grave, still live in an eligible sphere of humanity, and are anxious to make known to us the fact. Nor are these phenomena essentially new. They belong to the history of all ages; and their increase in the last ten or twelve years does not imply that angels care more about communing with mortals now than formerly, only that they are becoming more successful in the attempt. For this communion between the dead and the living is not to be effected to mutual intelligence without an art which is not feasible to all nor facile to any. I know not that there are as yet any adepts in this art in either sphere. There certainly is none among my earthly acquaintances, and there are many reasons for thinking there is none above. On both sides of Jordan, probably all error more or less in their methods of inter-spherical communion.

Yet there is no evidence that angels are as unfamiliar with the ways of men as is commonly supposed. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe that the human emigrants from this to a brighter sphere, do often return to the theatre of their former lives, and find a sort of semi-intercourse with their old associates, though not always making themselves known. Death does not destroy the love and need of communion, which are just as natural between embodied and disembodied spirits as between the inhabitants of either sphere. The living manifest their desire to commune with the dead, in proportion as they are freed from a forbidding prejudice against it; and the few who in later years have come to realize its possibility, have found abundant evidence of the willingness of their spirit-friends to listen and reply. To me, the poetic saying, that

"Myriads of kindred spirits walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep,"

is in no wise fanciful. It is one of the staid realities of human development. Mortals may know as little of the other world as unborn infants do of this, and yet be as solicitously cared for by their invisible guardians and educators, into whose presence mankind are yet to be perceptibly born.

It is difficult to be so far of the impression that our spirit-friends are to be so far away as never to observe our earthly ways, and wants; yet there are many undeniable facts which go to demonstrate their frequent nearness with benignant interest and superior powers for our protection, guidance and edification. Volumes would be required for a mere statement of these facts, with the manner of their occurrence within a few years; but in this reference I must be very brief, and shall offer but two or three as specimens of the whole.

In a recent number of this journal (July 28, 1890), Paul Fry, whose worthy soul inhabits a ponderous body, testifies that once, in coming down the steps of a house on Twenty-third street, New York, he missed a step and fell, his length upon the pavement, expecting as he fell to be crippled for life, yet met the bricks gently and without personal injury, and got up with a query whether it was a special Providence, or an interposition of spirit-power, that saved him. But some months afterwards, having an interview with his son in the spirit-world, through the mediumship of Mr. Conklin, he was told that "Uncle Nathan, Cousin Jane and myself" were with him at the instant of his fall, intercepting it, and causing him to meet the sidewalk harmlessly.

A. J. Davis, in his autobiography, acknowledges a somewhat similar protection of his person by spirit-friends. In passing a building where some masons were at work upon a lofty staging, he was suddenly arrested by an invisible force and detained in an erect posture for a moment, while a brick fell directly in front of him, which, without this kindly interference of a superhuman intelligence, might have occasioned his death. This is but a circumstance, however, in the life of a man who may be said to have been literally "brought up" by spirit-agencies and endowed with higher degrees of learning than any earthly university can proffer.

Were these the only facts in the category of which in truth millions might be specified, they would not demonstrate less positively the power of certain

Perhaps the latest instance of this chivalric treatment of friendly spirits, in that of Dr. Conwell's recent interview with an old medical acquaintance in the Astor Library a few months since. For three successive nights this quondam citizen of New York was unconsciously turned out of the public establishment to which he had never voluntarily resigned his municipal right, being repulsed with the same address in these imperative terms: "You solemn, if you now when dead?" Whereat the spirit vanished, and no wonder. Such language would wound the feelings of any sensitive mind. Would Dr. Conwell thus blindly address any respectable living person who should so quietly visit his premises for the same worthy purpose of enlarging his information by such bibliotical helps as are therein obtainable?



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## 8

Organizations for practical and noble purposes like these are the only ones I care to see. Such would command the respect and admiration of a true men and women; while combinations for the



more purpose of advancing a theory, or combating existing error, would be fully preferable to the results they would combat.

And such organizations would find that the present lecture system, with all its expensiveness and other evils, could be easily dispensed with—that it is but a temporary necessity of a transition period. There would then be less demand for talk, and more for work; and what would sooner rid the field of self-seeking pretenders than this?

Such organizations, moreover, must begin, I judge, not in any grand national institution, to be heralded with public eclat, but in more private local nuclei, to grow from small beginnings into broad affiliated relations—to become at length, like the all-sheltering Babylon-tree of the East, a protection and a providence to the universal family of man.

A. E. NEWTON.

## Banner of Light.

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### INSPIRATIONS OF THE NIGHT.

Mental faculties not less than physical forces may be strengthened by concentration. To produce the most decisive results they must be withdrawn from the wide realm of outward observation and thought, and directed in a single channel and to a particular subject. When the mind is occupied with many things at the same time, its forces are of necessity widely diffused; and this dissipation of the mental energies renders their action feeble; at the same time great ideas and living thoughts are conceived, individualized, and illuminated in the foot of the mind. Whatever, therefore, serves to concentrate the faculties and give them a specific direction, also intensifies their action, and thus renders the forms of their outward expression—whether in the parts of speech or the works of art—more forcible and complete.

This mental concentration sometimes occurs in sleep, when only a part of the faculties find repose, and our slumbers are

"Not a continuance of enduring thought."

The more active powers of the mind are especially liable to be thus wakeful while the others may be entirely inactive. Moreover, their operations are frequently direct, forcible and orderly in an eminent degree. This convergence of mental forces has developed some surprising results, and the subject might be illustrated by striking examples derived from the experience of many persons. Men of genius are occasionally inspired in dreams, and original conceptions take form before the inward vision, or they may be embodied in appropriate words and imagery. Several works of art have originated in this way, without any previous thought or conscious effort on the part of the sleeper. A distinguished inventor informed the writer that all his discoveries—involving the application of mechanical laws to the construction of machinery—were made in dreams. Another mechanic, whose business it was to exercise a constant supervision over the machinery of a large factory, was at one time annoyed by the irregular motion of a machine used in shearing cloth. Several pieces of goods were damaged; and yet after repeated examinations of every part of the machine—separately and in its relations to the whole—he could discover no cause for the irregularity of the movement. After spending three or four days in fruitless attempts to detect the cause of the mischief, he one night retired, discouraged and mortified in view of his seeming inability to discharge the duties of the place assigned him. In the course of the night he had a dream that disclosed the whole secret, and on the following morning he was enabled to obviate the difficulty in fifteen minutes! The facts in the case of a little girl—who displayed remarkable originality and skill in embroidery—were recently communicated to the writer. She obtained all her patterns while asleep. The designs were various, unique and beautiful, and their execution remarkably perfect. Moreover, the mother of the child confirmed the statement that they were drawn from archetypal forms or images presented to the mind and impressed on the memory in dreams.

Grave and profound questions have been mysteriously answered in the mind of the dreamer; and the records of Psychology furnish illustrations of solenito instruction, legal wisdom and literary composition, resulting from the orderly exercises of the mind in sleep. It is alleged that Dr. Franklin obtained a solution of certain political problems in his dreams, and that impending events were foreshadowed in a similar manner. The late Dr. Gregory, Professor of Electricity and Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, often obtained important ideas, scientific illustrations, and even particular forms of expression, in his dreams, which were subsequently used in his lectures, before the classes in the University, and in his published works. Abercrombie mentions the case of an eminent lawyer who belonged to a distinguished family in Scotland. For several days he had been constantly occupied with a very tortuous case of great importance. One night he left his bed, and seating himself at a desk in his sleeping apartment, he commenced writing. His wife, who was a silent spectator of his movements, observed that he prepared a long paper which he deposited in the desk, and then returned to bed.

The next morning he related to his wife what he remembered of his nocturnal experience. He dreamed of preparing a very lucid and masterly legal opinion in the case which had so engrossed and perplexed his mind, and lamented that he could not recover the train of thought, which had only left obscure images in his memory. His wife thereupon directed him to the desk where he found his opinion written out in fine style and with surpassing accuracy. The same author refers to a literary gentleman in Edinburgh who in a dream composed a facetious parody on an epigram by Piron, which the latter had perpetrated at the expense of the French Academy. The late Rev. Messrs. Haynes—formerly and for many years a respected and able minister in the Episcopal and Universalist Churches—was on one occasion inspired with a complete sermon in a dream. In the morning the entire discourse was vividly impressed on his mind, and without any mental effort the mechanical labor of transcription was speedily performed. Mr. R. assured me that he had preached that sermon in many places, and that it was everywhere regarded as one of his best efforts. Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is an exquisite fragment of a dream. The poet being in ill health, had retired to a quiet place not far from Devonshire. While under the influence of an anodyne—which the nature of his indisposition had rendered necessary—his waking consciousness was gradually suspended, and in a quiet slumber his brain gave a graceful form and becoming drapery to the beautiful conception. Moonish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," also mentions the fact that Tartini, a celebrated violinist, once dreamed that the Devil came to him and challenged him to a trial of skill on his favorite instrument. The inspiration that immediately followed the proposal resulted in the production of his remarkable musical composition, entitled the "Devil's Sonata."

Without either affirming or denying the interpretation of foreign intelligent agents in the occurrence of the more extraordinary facts cited above, I may observe that the phenomena indicate that the particular faculties employed in their production were awake and organically active at the time, while the functions of other organs were suspended. Those powers of the mind which are most freely, constantly and vigorously employed, will always be most wakeful, and their orderly exercise will naturally continue some time after sleep has chained the weaker faculties, and closed up the avenues that connect the mind with the external world. The faculties that exhibit the greatest activity will be the last to find repose. Hence the Mechanic dreamed of machinery, and the Professor of the sciences to which he was chiefly devoted; at the same time the Lawyer, the Poet and the Musician each pursued a train of thought peculiar to himself, and clearly manifesting the continued normal action of the dominant faculties. Moreover, this psycho-physiological condition, like a state of voluntary abstraction, may render the powers that remain wakeful, preternaturally active and strong. This convergence of mental forces not only presents the particular subject in a strong light before the mental vision of the dreamer, but it may give to his conceptions sharp, bold outlines and an intense expression.

"Inquiries concerning Intellectual Powers, etc.," p. 234.

### A View of Politics.

Standing at the corner of our city streets, the other evening, to see a couple of opposing political processions pass, each accompanied with the music of trumpet and drum and the flaring flames of hundreds of burning torches, and witnessing the thoroughly good feeling manifested by each body toward the other at so critical a point of time, we could not but improve the occasion to ask ourselves what had brought about such a wonderful change in the spirit of our political conflicts. The question is well worth asking at every man's hand. Ten, and even six years ago, it would have been a perfect anomaly that a political organization, turning out at night to display its mustered forces to the best possible advantage, and accidentally meeting another of directly opposite sentiments and intentions, should actually cheer the latter as it passed; but we have seen that most welcome sight in these latter times with our own eyes, and no attentive reader of this paper need be told how much it gladdened them.

What does it mean? Simply that the human part of man is having a better chance to show itself; that old and narrow prejudices, such as used to disfigure not merely the occasional conduct but the entire character of friends, neighbors and acquaintances, have fallen away in their influences; that bigotry is not half as potent as benevolence is getting to be; that the better side of humanity is having a steady development, and the worse being kept down and properly subordinated to the good. All this is hopeful and encouraging. The masses have been so long at the beck and call of assumed leaders more selfish and narrow than themselves, that they have neither known the power that lies in benevolence nor in themselves. But they are fast finding out a great many things that have been hitherto concealed from them, both ignorantly and of purpose. They at least have found out that a good word is more effective than a hard one, and that a smile, even in a contest, is better for all sides than a scowl of scorn. The outworks of hatred and prejudice have been carried at last; we shall soon have possession of the entire fortress.

Much, if not the most, of this desirable state of things is due directly to the hallowing influence of pure spiritual truth over human souls. No man who is brought daily and weekly into personal contact with lofty sentiments and spiritual views, can possibly be a bad man; he hates himself, if he is so, and lives a life that, from first to last, is anything but healthy and normal. We declare, from actual acquaintance with the pleasant fact, that the preachings and teachings of Spiritualism for the past ten years, appealing to the general mind in the most powerful yet silent manner conceivable, have been instrumental in thus developing the better traits of men everywhere, liberalizing their views, humanizing their feelings, enlarging to the uttermost their charity, and kindling sentiments that warm but do not burn. This is to be seen in the churches just as clearly as it is in our political parties; it is an influence that acts silently, and often without the individual's knowledge, but radically and permanently always. None of us ever saw a political campaign of such moment carried on before, where there was so little bad blood, and such freedom from unhealthy excitement.

### Health in the Hands.

We learn Dr. Scott, of New York, is full of business, and his hands have lost none of their magnetism. The Infirmary in Bond street is a very pleasant home, and the Doctor himself is a vast locomotive battery whose electro-vital energies are inexhaustible. If any one desires to get rid of the kinks in his brains, his ribs or his limbs, he had better let Dr. Scott lay his hands on him. There is vitality enough in his body to quicken a regiment of dead men.

### WHAT A CHANGE!

It is now only seven years since a gentleman who occupied the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in New York, and who had gained much distinction in the place, was a candidate before the people for a reelection. He had then recently publicly avowed himself a believer in Spiritualism; and so profound was his belief in the public mind generally, and so prevalent was the idea that nothing but insanity could account for it, that he was by almost unanimous consent laid aside, and with all his experience and acknowledged fitness for the place, was allowed to retire into private life.

During that seven years he has been just as decided a believer in Spiritualism, and as active and firm a supporter of it, as he was before, and he has lived all that while among the people he was thus struck down amidst. And now, without solicitation on his part, and against his inclination, he is nominated to "the most important judicial position" in that State, and the best paid, and that under circumstances which render his election next to certain. He declines that, also, and we published his reasons for doing so in last week's BANNER. But the remarkable feature of the whole matter is, to see the manner in which the press of New York, of all hues and shades in politics, applaud the nomination—laud the individual, and deprecate his withdrawal. We make a few extracts from what they say on the subject, with the simple question, What is it that has wrought this great change in the public sentiment? Is it because the whole world is becoming as insane as Judge Edmonds was at one time said to be? or is it because, as time has rolled on, all have had a chance to see what are the marvels which Spiritualism works in the life and conduct of its followers?

The New York Evening Star says:—

"We very much regret that an honest man and a profound lawyer like Judge Edmonds should have found it necessary to decline the nomination for Recorder tendered to him by the Republican Judicial Convention. He is a most fitting man for that important office, and with him to administer its duties, the citizens of New York might look with confidence to see the office redeemed from that disgrace which its late incumbents have brought upon it. The force, however, of Judge Edmonds's reasons for declining cannot be gainsayed, for these reasons open to us the evils of an elective judiciary."

It is a most truthful picture, which Judge Edmonds draws, of the manner in which honest and capable men are restrained from taking the office of original judge, and of the manner in which honest and capable original judges are turned out of the office, if perchance they are elected, and undertake its duties. Is not this enough of itself to rouse all good citizens to the work of reform in this matter of an elective judiciary? Joined with that other picture, which we may daily see, of the administration of criminal justice by judges who have ever before them politics instead of duty; and it seems strange to us there is not at once a general rising of good citizens to wipe out an elective judiciary from the tables of our law.

The New York Evening Post of September 29th, says:

"It is with great regret that we find ourselves called upon to publish the declination by Judge Edmonds of the judicial nomination given him by the Republican party. Judge Edmonds's motives for the course he has taken are of a kind that must present themselves to the mind of every conscientious lawyer. The only reasons for making the sacrifice of private affairs for making the sacrifice of the office of Recorder, which the office much requires, are to be found in the possible good that might be done in the discharge of the duties of the office. But under our elective judiciary system the tenure of the place is too short and uncertain to allow of the introduction and completion of the needed reforms. By the time that the incumbent has fairly organized his court he is liable to be superseded. This view of the case adds another objection to those which we arrayed the other day against the present practice of electing judges. Nevertheless, we hope that Judge Edmonds may be induced to reconsider his determination. The three years for which he will be elected will give him time to correct the more flagrant abuses of the Recorder's Court, and to put it in the way of improvement. The evidence of this improvement would doubtless command him to a reelection, and though no former Recorder has been chosen a second time, we should still hope that under a better administration there would be better results."

The New York Times of October 1, says:

"We regret exceedingly that Judge Edmonds should have felt constrained to decline this nomination. If he persists in so doing, the Republicans will be under the necessity of making another selection; and we trust they will give due weight to the very just and important suggestions of the Judge's letter. Under no circumstances should they permit the office to fall into unworthy hands."

The World of October 2, says:

"Judge Edmonds's letter, declining the nomination for Recorder, will be read with regret. The chance to get a good civilian upon the bench in these deplorable elective judiciary times, is not to be lost without an effort."

Again:

"Nothing has yet occurred which is so well fitted to call attention to the great mistake of our State constitution, as the forcible letter of Judge Edmonds declining the Republican nomination for City Recorder, which we published yesterday morning. It is the sentiment of all intelligent circles that our experiment of an elective judiciary is working badly. It has been seen again and again that members of the legal profession have no such respect for the sacredness of their judicial office as prevents them from intruding for it by purely the same arts that are used by the vulgar herd of office-seekers in their pursuits of other offices. The first legal minds of the State have been effroned and disgusted by the spectacle of the judicial crime on men who have no title to it on the score of knowledge and character, and who would never have been elected to the bench but for their suppleness in accommodating themselves to the humor of political associates, and their skill in packing the party conventions by which they were nominated. But no one of these discreditable occurrences has attracted very general observation, and their aggregate has impressed close observers more than it has the community at large. But in the letter of Judge Edmonds we have the testimony of a competent and most trustworthy witness, delivered under circumstances that are calculated to make an impression on that part of the public who have not duly attended to the subject. We cannot allow the occasion to pass without expressing our sense of the service which Judge Edmonds has rendered to his fellow citizens in writing such a letter."

### A Poor Suicide.

A poor fellow, who could not obtain employment, shot a bullet through his heart on Boston Common, at 8-12 o'clock in the morning, on Wednesday of last week, and died instantly. He was nearly thirty years of age. He could bear his depression no longer, and took himself by violence out of the sight of those who had neither aid nor sympathy for him.

### Hammonston, N. J.

A postscript from this place says that "the Spiritualists hold regular meetings in Hammonston, Mrs. Robbins, inspirational medium, speaking every alternate Sunday. Much interest is taken upon the subject of Spiritualism here, and many seem to be forsaking the doctrines of the past and embracing the teachings of the higher life."

### A. B. C. F. M.

This considerable portion of the alphabet is generally taken to stand for an organization of very wide ramifications in this country, entitled the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It has just concluded its annual sitting in Boston. Fifty years ago, it was set on foot by five devoted and truly religious men, and this was the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. There are now five thousand members where, fifty years ago, there were only five; and their coming up in solid array to this feast of their tabernacles was indeed an event to be held long in affectionate remembrance by them, and admiration by outside and disinterested observers. Boston was full, so far as the sidewalks were concerned, all the time; the men and women who gathered at this festival thronging the streets at morning, noon, and evening. There were prayer meetings, sermons, speeches, congratulations, and contributions. And just so far as these things made people happier and better at heart, we are sincerely glad.

But it is time that this topic of foreign missions should receive a more thorough ventilation at the hands of the press. It has not been discussed hitherto, simply because the newspapers, shying about for popularity and coppers, have not dared to take the risk; the whole organization, with its aims and motives, has been considered a sort of sacred affair, whose salary drawing officers were not to have their titular broadcloth of D. D. brushed too hard against the homspun of common talk and common sense—a kind of church institution, established on some "rock of ages," which it was as counted sacrilegious and blasphemous to drill with the long drill of worldly criticism. But all this must be dispensed with, even at the cost of roughly laughing it down. When any society, or organization, determines to make an appeal to people who regularly go to church—as much because going to church is both respectable and profitable in a business way as for any other reason—when any society, we say, resolves to appeal to such people, well-inclined naturally, though terrible sinners by way of Adam, to raise funds to the amount of four hundred thousand dollars during the coming year, and devoutly proposes to clinch the resolve by singing a good old hymn, that money to be expended in the labor of inducing Hindus and Hottentots, Turks and Arabs, to throw aside the religious notions that have been drawn in with their mother's milk, and receive as vital and eternal the propositions (forever disputed by this side and that) of the Christian church—knowing, too, that such conversion amounts to nothing and results in nothing practical, it is high time these same generous people who are thus loudly appealed to for aid should open their eyes to the drift and real meaning of all this performance, and seriously ask themselves, in the language of the expressive French proverb, if the game is really worth the candle.

The American Board managed, by hard work and strenuous appeals to men and women all over the land, to wipe out a debt, last year, of some sixty thousand dollars; and now, they conscientiously believe they would be sinners in the sight of Heaven if they were to "stand still," as they express it, and not go on with their work, even at the cost of nearly half a million of dollars during the coming year. And what will they do? Why, perhaps change the religious notions—only nominally, at that—of a few score of heathen, and return home with their long reports of progress in Indian jungles and South Sea Islands, congratulating one another that "the Lord is in the work," and taking courage at the grand result they believe they have accomplished. But they find, after all, that every Ephraim they convert is still joined to his idols, and the instincts of a savage are his abiding instincts still. We cannot drive out nature, and the old Latin poet knew what he was about when he said so. Just to think, too—a single heathen convert at the cost of more than a thousand dollars! This is expensive proselytizing, indeed. If the American Board, or any other board, feel called upon to go into the project of civilizing foreign people, who show that ignorance and darkness are the worst enemies they have to encounter, let it go out among them with saw mills and printing presses, steam works, engines, agricultural and mechanical inventions, and all those other implements that express the true power and progress of human civilization; in these things the heathen will at once be interested, just as the Japanese were when they came to this country; but as for elevating them by laboring to supplant their superstitions by others, and teaching them that it is wrong to worship a wooden idol, but right to worship a printed book, it is the merest illudeness to which men who boast of sense and reason ever condescended. Eli Thayer alone is worth the whole American Board among these heathen, with his steam mills and coloring ideas; he would teach them by practical examples, and they would at once become interested and be converted. But spiritual and moral blindness is not to be removed except the reason and intellect be enlightened, too; else it is all an empty mummery of superstition, that has no significance, and of course can have no life.

We commend those thoughts, in all possible seriousness, to the managers and salaried officers of the A. B. C. F. M., and especially to the great body of the people whose contributions to aid such futile projects will be solicited with such importunity during the approaching year. They are truly worth turning over in every self-poised mind.

### The Day of Judgment.

The foreign intelligence continues to excite universal interest, and to inspire high hopes in every lover of mankind. Tyranny has had its day, and the Apostles of LIBERTY are now the principal characters in the great European drama, whose shifting scenes daily startle the World. History is tame, and even the spirit of Prophecy must hurry to overreach the current of events. Rejoice, O Earth! The great day of judgment has come; and the Angel of Revolution to pass without expressing our sense of the service which Judge Edmonds has rendered to his fellow citizens in writing such a letter."

"Armed with mailed lightnings and clothed with flame"—has gone forth to summon the political and spiritual despots of the world. Trembling and dumb they stand before the tribunal To-day.

The thunders of the Vatican fall dead, Geneva, Augsburg, Westminster, no more shall pour their dread artillery of wrath On the sweet flower-fields where the children play. On the glad homes where wedded lovers dwell. Break forth into thanksgiving all ye saints. Ye martyrs of Humanity, who wear In Heaven's pure light the palm-branch and the crown! The day of Freedom dawns upon the world; The liberating Eras rise and shine. And, like a millstone cast into the sea, Oppression rolls its brazen axle down. Oblivion's cliff, and razes not again."

### Somerville.

Mrs. L. H. Puffer, of North Hanson, will speak in the trance state, at Somerville, Sunday, Oct. 21st, at 3 and 7 p. m.

### The Connaught Disaster.

Once more we are delighted to chronicle an incident that does honor to human nature. Captain John Wilson, of the little brig Minnie Schuchler, of only some two hundred tons burden, took off about six hundred men, women and children, in safety from the burning steamer Connaught, when distant one hundred and twenty miles from Boston Light, and brought them all into this port without an accident. Another vessel passed the scene of disaster, but did not stop; these six hundred human beings, therefore, were packed for two days and nights, almost destitute of clothing and shelter, upon the deck of a little craft laden with fruit from Malaga, and landed in the best way possible. A crowd of our citizens greeted the little vessel, black with her human freight, as she approached the wharf, with hearty cheers, and our merchants have promptly come forward for the relief of all who were rescued by Capt. Wilson from the jaws of hungry Death. Our community has not felt such a thrill of true delight in a long time, as when it heard of the successful rescue of this steamer's passengers.

### Old Ralph Farnham.

This venerable gentleman, who "came down to us from former times," held his "love"—as it was called, in Boston, last week. From what was said in the daily papers, previous to his arrival, we supposed he was to have a great reception, at the hands of the military especially; likewise that he was to be escorted to Music Hall, and there receive the condensed expression of respect which the general public honestly feel for the old man; but no such occurrences were heard of. He simply received such visitors as chose to call on him at the Revere House, and what little money they had to give. As we understand, the funds raised for his benefit, and as a token of affectionate remembrance of his services in the Revolution, did not amount to much, although, only the week before, poor people sent in their five dollar notes for unknown beathen in Zanzibar, as freely as if the idea of universal brotherhood was not allowed to be questioned at home at all. On the whole, the visit of Ralph Farnham did not come up to what they said it would. But the Prince of Wales' Ball—ah! that's another thing!

### The Prince of Wales.

The reception in Boston of the grandson of old George the Third will be imposing, and worthy to be remembered by the young man, if not by those who were present. Royalty will be here on Republican soil, and our folks will pay it marked attention. The Prince will arrive on the 17th, and leave on Saturday, the 20th, making a very good time out of it, for himself, for lack of drivers, lace and shoes and glove dealers, musicians and decorators. He will be received by the military at the depot, serenaded in the evening, witness a grand review on the Common the next morning, a festival of the school children at Music Hall, the same afternoon, and attend a grand Ball at the Boston Theatre on that evening. On Friday, the young man will go over to Cambridge, and afterwards visit the Navy Yard, Bunker Hill and Mount Auburn. The stereotyped "big men" of Boston will be, of course, on hand. On Saturday he will leave for Portland, whence he will set sail, with the royal fleet, for his mother and his native land.

### Peace at Home.

Professor Hopes is not less a practical than he is a scientific man. In his valuable publication—the Working Farmer—he has some thoughts on the above topic that are worth reprinting. He thinks it as necessary to keep things straight indoors as outdoors; that "the duty of a man to his family is certainly to add to their happiness, and as he does not instruct them in all the minutiae of his business, and they are therefore incapable of assisting in its prosecution, he has no right to annoy them with his disappointments or outdoor cares. As a mere matter of policy toward himself, he should enjoy a respite from those cares which are especially his own. To the well-drilled mind, the stress is all that we, as inhabitants of earth, can know of heaven." And upon this theme the happy Professor philosophically enlarges. It is the plain truth, that unless a man can find happiness at home, he can find it nowhere; for home is the only foretaste of heaven we shall be likely to get in this life.

### Horrible.

Tom Kelley, a noted ruffian, has been terribly "showered" in Sing Sing Prison. He was kept under the bath until life became nearly extinct—congestion of the brain being feared by the physician. It is said that for the next forty days the same punishment will be meted out to him. Should he pass to the spirit world under this awful torture, his spirit will burn with deep revenge on all mortality, and the immense evil he will commit will be incalculable. When men have a perfect knowledge of spirit life, as they all will in time, they will fear to commit such barbarities, as they will know that a just retribution will surely follow.

### Business.

It rejoices us to state that business is lively all around us, and men are hopeful, and we trust, happy. Our merchants tell dizzy stories of the labors they have been called to go through, ever since October set in. Our streets are filled with the evidences of an awakened trade, and vessels are in constant demand, and not easy to be had, either. If this state of things continues, with such splendid crops as the rolling year has brought in, we shall all be back again, very soon, where we were before the panic of 1857, and on a much sounder basis.

### Reform School.

We observe, with pleasure, that our friend, President Felton, of Harvard College—who never found time to attend to that Report, though he seems to have time for almost everything else—delivered an address at the inauguration of the new buildings of the State Reform School for boys. Strange to say, he did not open his head to the boys and assembly on the topic of Spiritualism. We fear our ancient friend has become sane. But then, a man can't be expected to stay mad about a matter, all the time!

### Social Even.

The Spiritualists of Foxboro, will give a Social Party at the Town Hall, on Tuesday Evening, Oct. 16th. Good Music will be in attendance and the entertainment will be enlivened with speaking. Mrs. Spence will be present, and other speakers are expected. Refreshments will be served in the Hall. Dancing after 10 o'clock. Admission, 15 cents. Tickets for Dancing 50 cents. Should the weather be stormy, the entertainment will be postponed to the next fair evening.

L. Judd Pardee will lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday, Oct. 21.















