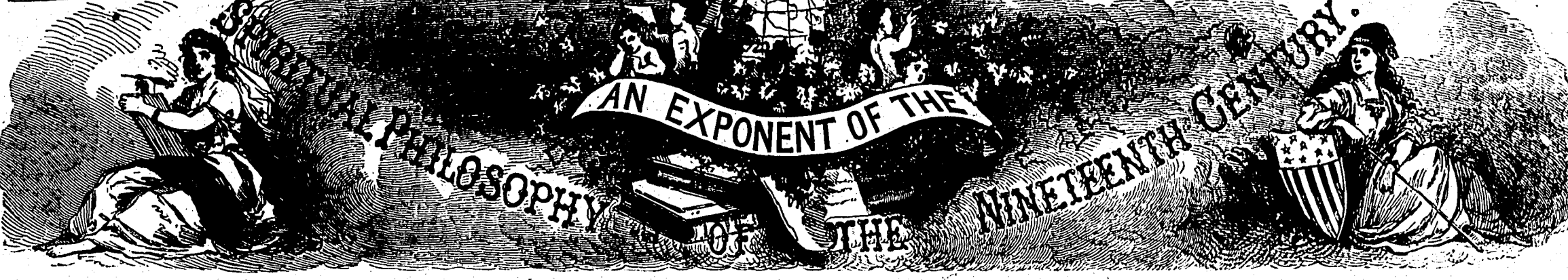


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

BEAUTY UNVEILED;

OR THE
ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER,
The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and
the Lover.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER II.

After the separation, Edward received the following letter from Louise:

NEW YORK, Oct. 2d, 1831.

DEAR EDWARD—I take the present occasion to inform you of my situation here, and to inquire, also, of your affairs. I am at present at No. 40 Broome street. My husband, I believe, is in New Orleans. He went there to engage in business, being compelled to leave New York for his intemperance, and otherwise dissolute habits. I threw myself away, when I might have known better, but it is too late to repent. I am married, but what mockery in the name! My love blinded and ruined me. I am living here with no friend in the world who can assist me, but my brother, and he is a fashionable man of the world. I am obliged to work with my own hands from morning to night, to eke out the necessary support, and the world now is dark and dreary before me. Yet I cannot think that I am quite forsaken. Dear Edward, I want very much to see you. If I should send you money, which I will try to procure from my brother, will you come on here? You constitute the only near tie I have in the world, and when I think of our dear intercourse in Boston with sister, I almost sigh in despair of ever seeing so much happiness again. My husband is now nothing to me, yet I am doomed to be his wife. I want to see you, and talk over these and some other matters. Do you think you could not be persuaded to live here? Now that sister has gone to New Orleans, what greater happiness could we have than to live in one another's company? Please answer this letter as soon as you can, and believe me your true friend,

LOUISE CUSHING.

"There it is!" exclaimed Edward, "the strife and strength of these human affections! What would she say if she knew of my connection with her sister?"

But he answered the letter in the following form:

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 10th, 1831.

MY GOOD FRIEND—I hardly know what to say to you. As for going to New York that is impossible. I am engaged in a store here now, where I hope to continue. It would give me pleasure to see you here; but I must inform you that what I saw of your sister before she left, strengthened very much my good opinion of her. I cannot believe that she erred very deeply in the matters you mentioned, but if she did it is no more than human, and to forgive is divine. I do sincerely pray, and if I could I would labor, for her prosperity. I commiserate you in your so-called married life, and when, too, I think of a similar fate suffered by your sister, I have sometimes hardly any patience left for the dreadful and discordant unions of this world. And what do you think of me? I find new faculties and affections developing in me every day. I feel more than ever, the want of a congenial mate or partner, to whom I can unbosom all my soul, and with whom I can share the joys and sorrows of life. Oh! I cannot be that God has bestowed upon us these deep and eternally flooding affections without providing for their full and proper gratification! But I must not indulge too much in sentiment here. You will see sufficient excuse for my defining your proposition; though, should a favorable opportunity offer, I should be highly gratified with a visit to New York, and with the renewal of a portion of our intercourse.

With much respect, yours truly,

EDWARD FOSTER.

The tone of this letter somewhat affected the heart of Louise, and she thought she discovered in it some evidences of what might perhaps be, should fortune ever throw them again into personal contact. She regretted sincerely ever having said anything against her sister, and now she was gone it was really a pain of conscience to her.

Edward continued steadfast to his business. Overwhelmed, however, by what he deemed a sore misfortune—the absence of the dear friend whom he could not help loving—and compelled to remain in business that was uncongenial, and which frequently required a sacrifice of his truth and honesty, he became somewhat melancholy. Till now he had never known what it was to be much cast down. But the spirits of the blue regions now fairly had him in their power. The more he gave up to them the more they triumphed over him. It was noticed in his boarding-house.

"Friend," said a companion of his, "what's the matter?"

"My dear fellow, matter enough. I never knew till now what it was to suffer in spirit."

"But are you really mentally distressed?"

"I am; and who hath power to minister to a mind diseased?"

"Come with me," said his friend, with sudden animation, "and I will show you the proper remedy."

It was now Sunday, and his friend proposed taking him to church.

"But I fear," said Edward, "you do not understand the nature of my trouble."

"It is enough for me," said his friend, "that you are cast down in spirit. Now, I have some knowledge and some experience of the human heart. I am older than you by a dozen years. I

have suffered and been comforted; been cast down and raised up. I know what it is to be disappointed, and how the triumphs of successful ambition invigorate and lift up the soul. I have even loved, and been disappointed in that. I have been poor, and again made comfortable with a decent competency. I have lost friends and relatives. I have endured miseries; ay, secret miseries, which I dare not reveal to my nearest friend. But from all these I have been greatly delivered; and I have one secret which I can commit to you, and it shall be a relief to your broken spirit."

"Pray, my good friend, what is that?"

"Come with me to church and you shall know."

"I honor religion, indeed; but I fear lest your remedy will not reach my present case."

"We shall see. Come with me."

And so saying he took his friend by the arm, and led him confidently to the old church in Salem street, then occupied by Rev. Mr. Stowe. I well remember the text: "For through him we both have access, by one spirit, to the Father." It was an earnest, eloquent sermon, but there seemed to be nothing in it particularly suited to the case of our young sufferer. After the services he was accosted by his friend.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I must say," replied he, "that the mere effect of a religious service, especially so serious and impressive a sermon as that, has a soothing influence upon one's mind; but my troubles remain."

"But you feel better for the time?"

"Of course I do."

"I knew you would. And now I'll tell you a piece of my own history. I was once a miserable man like yourself. My father was an atheist and my mother was an infidel. I was brought up to hear religion ridiculed, and the clergy denounced as a set of impostors. Somehow—I suppose it was a part of the constitution of my spirit—I always did have a secret suspicion that what I was taught at school and at other places—I mean the common faith—had a bright spark of reality in it. But my great trouble was to make it appear rational. I never could believe anything that seemed unreasonable. My father was always harping on common sense and the reason of things; always asking what the soul was, and how anybody knew anything of another world; and I was compelled to listen, and many and many a time to come under the unconscious influence of his unbelieving example. My mother, who in her earlier years was quite religiously inclined, had imbibed the principles of my unbelieving father, and so we had it—every day, almost, in the family; a regular run upon all that was sacred—all, I mean, that pertained particularly to the church and clergy, except the morals of the Bible, and such good living as it was profitable to observe, chiefly for our interest in this life. Never a greater moralist than my father. I never knew a more honest man. He was, indeed, a very particular—a very scrupulous man. He used to keep a seaman's clothing store in the town of my nativity, and many a time I've seen him run a good piece of a mile after a poor sailor, against whom he had made a mistake of a few cents, to restore to him what half the traders in the world would never have troubled themselves about. He always made a practice, too, of giving away the half cent in making change. I could tell you a hundred stories of his remarkable honesty, but let that pass."

Now I suppose it was this that saved me. It was this remnant of virtue, uninjured by the fall of our common humanity, which was kept pure and bright in the bosom of my father, and which, in spite of all his unbelief, was transmitted by law of hereditary descent to his son. I am not boasting, for how could I help being born as I am? And the virtue is not originally mine, but His who gave it.

Now one day when I had been tempted to steal by a band of boys with whom I associated, I revolted; I protested I would have nothing to do with the miserable plot; at which they all turned against me, called me traitor, and, fearing exposure, began berating me to their other associates as a mean and cowardly puppy, and warned them to have nothing to do with me. There happened to be one of these boys who knew better. He was acquainted with me and my parents. He knew of the reputation which the whole family bore, notwithstanding their unpopular unbelief, for honesty and uprightness. This youngster immediately informed some of the notables of the plot they had for robbing a very worthy and poor man who kept a small shop in the outskirts of the town. This brought me at once into notice. I was sent for to make my revelations of the plot, which I did with all particularity; and for the honorable part I acted I was immediately rewarded with one of the best situations the town afforded, in the retail dry goods business. I remained but two years, when my employer failed, and I came to Boston. So far my experience is something like yours. But I soon afterwards procured another situation in an extensive wholesale establishment. I was soon introduced into fashionable company, and soon—ah, how soon was I enthralled in the delightful fetters of love. Hadst thou ever been, thou wouldst know something more of the miseries of this life, perhaps. I loved a beautiful girl, and good as beautiful, and intelligent as good. But—she died! It was that which sent me a stricken mourner through this earth. For a time I was well nigh bereft of my reason. I shunned all society, and was a perfect recluse. I wandered up and down the paths, which we used to frequent in the summer time, in the delightful town of her nativity, and my heart sank within me. I could have done anything then—anything which would have made me most effectually alive to the memories of her life. Many thought me, from some of my acts, bordering on derangement. I have lain by her green grave and wept like a child. And oh, sacredness of mystery! once when I lay there I fancied—if it

was not more than fancy—that I heard her voice speak to me as clear and distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life. I listened, but heard no more. I became lost in reverie, and, in the quietness and stupor following my emotions, I fell asleep by the side of her grave. It was broad day, but late in the afternoon; and, during that sleep, I dreamed that I saw this beloved creature in more than all her earthly beauty; and, as she looked lovingly and softly upon me, she spoke to me, as near as I can remember, in these words: "Dear Horace, thy father's teachings are a bitter falsehood. There is another life—forever, forever." The last word seemed to die away in the distance.

The dream awoke me, and I felt as though a new life thrilled through every fibre of my being. At first I know not that I had dreamed, so like reality it was. When I came to myself I lingered for a while at the consecrated spot, then slowly and thoughtfully paced my way to the churchyard gate, and, as it was Saturday, I determined the next day to go to some church, and, if possible, find that which my soul craved. I wanted deliverance from the cold faith of my parents. I wanted, if possible, some assurance that love was immortal, though every other faculty and sense of man should perish with the dust. Could two love as we loved, and yet be eternally separated? It was too much! I kept that dream and the sound of that voice in my heart.

On the morrow I went to the same church to which I have led you to-day. I heard the same preacher. I felt, as you say, the better for it. But there is yet another secret that I must now tell you, and I think you will then conclude that I have the proper medicine for a mind diseased. I kept on going to that church. At first I felt my doubts of a future life begin to vanish. I know not how it was, but the more I listened, although some of his doctrines seemed to me the blindest absurdities, and some of his arguments the merest sophistry, yet it was all in such an excellent spirit, and there was such an air of sacredness about the place, that I became irresistibly affected, whether with the "Holy Spirit," I will not say, but with some spirit that made me a happier and a better man, and finally, as I hope, a sincere follower of the Saviour. Now, my good friend, I commend to you that religion. It will do for your troubled spirit what no reasoning, no earthly influence can."

"I thought," said Edward, "you were going to end so; and really I must commend your earnestness. But your other experience most interests me. We can sympathize. You have loved. And now I must own to you that the dearest object of my affections is separated from me at a more hopeless distance than yours. Your dream, my friend, I take to be a revelation of the spirit. I have, perhaps, more faith in it than you have. But my dear one is distant from me thousands of miles."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, simply, that, being in the body, I have no access to her at all."

"That is strange, that you should think so much more of a spiritual presence and utter death than of a life still in the world. What is love made for?"

"It may seem strange to you, but to me it is not so. If I could commune with my love—if I could hear her voice I should not so realize the separation."

"But you talk wildly."

"You may think it wild."

"But have you really any faith in dreams?"

"I have, and think there is a profound philosophy in them."

"Why, then, not dream yourself? Why not dream of your absent friend?"

"I do dream of her. But, come, let me now, my friend, confide to you a secret. This love is so erratic, and breaks out frequently under such questionable circumstances, and burns at times with such suspicious fire, and is so dazzled and taken with exterior beauty, and frequently, after being enjoyed to the full, goes out into such horrible coldness, that I scarcely know when to trust it. I honor it in all its manifestations. It is the richest jewel in this dark world of selfishness and hatred. I honor it, even in its errors, for these are only the perversions of what, in a true state, is the truest wealth of the soul. But I tell you I suspect it, nevertheless. I do, however, believe there is a true, immortal, genuine love, such, when it once exists between two souls, neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come can by any means extinguish. Now yours would seem to have been something of that kind. You heard her voice sounding pleasantly from the high dwellings of eternity, and the notes of it were, 'forever! forever!' I wish that I could have such testimony. I tell you I suspect it."

"But do you suspect your own love?"

"Yes, I have a reason to. I am, perhaps, peculiarly constituted. When first I thought of love, I seemed to sound it to its depths. I had a dim and distant prophecy of its truth. I loved almost invisible things. Before I ever had an acquaintance with any of the sex in particular, I felt a deep, a lonely, an interior craving after some one to whom I could reveal myself—completely surrender myself—with whom I could be so entirely at one as to impart all the secrets of my heart, and unfold, without reservation, the whole story of my life. I understood not the full significance of the feeling then; now I think I understand it better. But look you, now—what has been my experience? I am but a youth, but already there is one lady, besides the one already referred to—dear, good soul as ever lived—who is married, and yet prefers me to any other being in the world. She loved another, and married him. But even before her marriage, in the midst of her engagement, she yearned with an affection for me; and immediately after her marriage, confessed that I was the one who most of all interested her. To be sure it was an unfortunate marriage, but that alters not the facts in the case. Again; this dear friend whom I have spoken of

more particularly, is also a married woman. She is but twenty-five or six, and she, too, loves me better than any other human being. True, she was unfortunately united also; it is a roundabout tale that I am telling. What makes the case still more surprising is, they are sisters. But why, I would ask, should love be subject to such revolutions? And what is to be said of such marriages? Is there any reality or permanency in them? And now, I confess, my own love is true for one of these sisters; but how do I know that it is at the foundations true? How do I know it is of that genuine and heavenly order that shall last through eternal ages, and grow more and more perfect and delightful as our souls unfold to each other more, and we become revealed to each other in our inmost depths? Nay, how do I know but that, on further acquaintance, enmity may not break out from it? Think a moment, how these loves and connections are formed. One is born and lives in a certain town, or travels there, by which he contracts an acquaintance with a certain lady who has also had the fortune to be born or to live in the same place; and by these means we are brought together, begin to like each other, become friends, then lovers, and finally persuade ourselves, each of the other, that he is the very man, and she the very woman, who of all creation (at least a very large creation) is the one to consummate the fullness of our joys. No one else within all this amplitude of the feminine world, at least, would do. It certainly seems so. How wonderful—how opportune the providence! There is a fate—a romance in it. But if either the man or the woman had happened to be born or to live in the next town, or in some more distant part of the world, or not to have traveled to the place aforesaid, then somebody else would have been found, and would have answered just as well or better, yet, would come to be thought the very one. What am I to make of such love as this? It is true, I acknowledge, as far as it goes. But how far will it go? How long will it last? How high and how constantly will the flame burn after marriage? Will it survive death? Will it live even through misfortune and misery? Will it survive even the ravages of time upon the face of beauty? And when I think with what superficial things we are taken with—how an eye, or a cheek, or a beautiful form, or a bewitching smile will 'entrap the hearts of men faster than goats in cobwebs,' what reason have I not to suspect my own love? When I think how I am situated—that two now love me, and I love one of them, and both of them have loved and been loved by others, even to the consequence of marriage, I confess I am somewhat embarrassed. Surely there cannot be but one of these loves true—that is, thorough-going and permanent; perhaps none of them. And yet I am satisfied that there is such a thing as 'the very one.' I congratulate you, my friend, upon your vision; I wish that I had the same evidence of a love surviving all the changes of this world, and rising triumphant over death itself."

"My dear friend," responded the astonished man, "I am glad I have been thrown into your acquaintance. You are a most singular personage. I undertook to give consolation to you, but you bid fair to out-pace me. And do you really have so much faith in these human affections—in the love between the sexes, and is your opinion of my experience worth so much to you? Would to heaven I could believe it myself. I laid in the grave the fairest angel that these eyes ever saw. At least, I laid her form there. 'Tis true, my doubts of immortality have since been scattered, but could I believe that she still loves me, is with me, is perhaps waiting for me, will be re-united with me—oh! it is too much."

"No, it is not too much. Is not God himself love? And is he not omnipotent? And is he not, therefore, able to do the utmost possible things for the creatures he has formed? You say you wanted a reason for your faith. Was there ever anything more reasonable?"

"The hand has sung, God never formed a soul without its own peculiar mate, to meet its wandering half."

Now I believe it. I wish I could quote the whole passage. Why, does not everything in Nature tell of marriage? An inevitable dualism bleats Nature. Each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole. Nature is a system of nuptials! Two and two—two and two, is the march of creation, from the merest atoms that join themselves in positive and negative existence, to the vast double suns that wheel in stupendous waltz through the void immense. Every thing is paired. Male and female, active and re-active, fit for fit, through all the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. Nothing is alone and single. 'Behold,' saith the son of Sirach, 'all things are double one against another, and God hath made nothing imperfect.' Now, is it reasonable to suppose that immortal man, the very crown of the Creator's works, is to be left without his peculiar counterpart? I cannot tell you why it is, but my intuitions tell me, and always have, that there is something in this marriage of human pairs which is more than can possibly be imagined by the sensual beings of this world. It is plain, too, that the very principle of sex is in the spirit, as well as in the body. The female is such in all her mind—in all her feelings, tastes, susceptibilities, faculties and motions. Who has not noticed it? Every drop of a man's blood is masculine, and a woman's feminine. I refer not to the chemist's crucible, but to the psychology. 'The intelligence of women,' says a famous writer, 'in itself is modest, elegant, pacific, yielding, soft, tender; and the intelligence of men in itself is grave, harsh, hard, high-spirited, fond of licentiousness.' In short, everything about a woman is feminine; everything about a man is masculine. Certainly, the grave does not annihilate this distinction. The soul does not unsex itself by passing out of the body. And can it be possible, then, that this peculiar love, so radical, absorbing, essential and all-controlling,

is all to die out with sixty or seventy years of time, or to be scattered indiscriminately among many? We love one here, and only one, with that peculiar affection which, while it lasts, can be shared by no other. This would seem to indicate some more radical and eternal principle that will apply to spirits beyond. Christ's words with regard to marriage in the future world remain in all their force, and offer no objection to this view. But when we see how often the instinct of our love in this world is mistaken, and how it is bestowed upon unworthy objects, far too insufficient to satisfy its inmost cravings, yet that the feeling does not die out, it still seeks for one—the one, with whom it can claim the most total affinity—who can think that the marriages of this world have ever generally realized the high, sweet trust most worthy of divinity?"

"But pray, my good friend, with thoughts like these, how can you so distrust yourself? Why should not your own high views and intuitions shield you from any very serious blunder?"

"Ah! my friend, did you ever think seriously of this wondrous double nature that we have? Did you ever reflect deeply upon that terrible struggle of Paul? how the flesh lusts against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these two were so contrary to each other that he could not do the things that he would? Now, I confess to something of this weakness. I have the theory of this subject, but how to practice it at all times I find not. I am so passionately fond of beauty, and so liable to be struck by a pair of eyes, or a fine face; and I have such a dread of anything vulgar; I must have intellect too, and accomplishments, and, in short, a wife of interior as well as exterior grace and finish—that I fear every moment of my life. Would to heaven that I could realize all my bright ideal!"

"You are a most singular person, I must confess. But can you not forego beauty of face for beauty of mind—beauty of heart—beauty immortal and un fading?"

"That is fine talk. I can talk just so. Yes, I may say, perhaps, that I can. But did it ever strike you how abominably Nature had fixed up these things? Why is it that faces and characters are so different? Why do we see, in an inferior, yea, in a positively forbidding, disagreeable, shockingly deformed countenance, such angel traits of character; and in a noble, glorious, really beautiful creature, the characteristics of the very devil? There is something here, I confess, that puzzles all my philosophy. I can't be reconciled to it—I declare I cannot. There is something in me, away down in my mind's depths, that tells me that beautiful people ought to be good; and unbeautiful, disagreeable-looking people ought to be unhandsome in character. Why it is that so much of heaven in appearance—so much of the Creator's art and skill are lavished upon the forms and countenances of the commonality and even of the bad of this world, to make them very Apollos and Venuses in the sculpturing and coloring of human nature, while at the same time it would seem that the Divine Artist had forsaken his work on the real saints and the genuine excellence of mankind, I declare to you I cannot imagine. To be sure, there is something visible in the countenances of the good, that is in harmony with their character; and as a very general rule, there is a certain nobleness and prepossessing exterior in the better sort of people, and a decidedly piratical and sordid look on the countenances of desperadoes and villains. I succumb to Physiognomy; I would trust it further than I would Phrenology, any day. But it's no use o' talking. You know as well as I do that what we call beauty is often seen—far more frequently than otherwise, I think—on the faces of the indolent and vicious; not, I admit, on the most vicious; for, go to Five Points, or North street, and we shall find what ought to be the true philosophy prevailing even there; but we shall find, also, more frequently than otherwise, very passable, and sometimes very superior beauties among the selfish, vain, immoral and empty of mankind, while downright homeliness, and sometimes decidedly ugly features, prevail among the best specimens of human nature. Now, what avails it to say that in all cases of genuine goodness there is something of the beauty of the spirit that shines through? I acknowledge it; and I acknowledge that, always, after an acquaintance with such persons, we soon forget their homely exterior in the presence of so much beauty of mind and heart. But why—oh! why has Nature so blundered on the outside? Why not harmony all through? Why not a beautiful spirit always encased in a beautiful form—as we see that all the richest things of human art are generally made with a corresponding costly exterior; and when the worker at marble, or on canvas, would portray a saint, or a pattern of excellence, the fairest forms and richest colors are always put in requisition? Can you tell—can you give any light at all on this dark problem?"

"My good fellow, this does not trouble you, I hope."

"Yes, it does trouble me. I confess myself an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful. I could fall in love a thousand times with it. Indeed, I doubt whether I could love, at first sight, or very rapturously (and it is so that true love frequently commences), any but a beautiful being. To be sure, I could not love a vicious person, if she was ever so beautiful; I am not a stranger to goodness; I can appreciate, admire, and love it. But I fear very much whether there would not be something, in the most perfect saint you could bring me, which would prevent that ardent, enthusiastic, self-satisfying love, which would glow so strongly toward beauty and goodness combined."

"You have a touch of human nature about you, my friend."

"Do not mention it; how can anybody help it?"

"But you give such an importance to it."

"But don't you sympathize with me?"

"Well, I confess it seems so. But when we put the case in the extreme, and suppose all goodness,

all purity, angelic qualities enshrouded in what is called a lovely or a very disagreeable form, (for I think we shall never find them in the very worst of forms, then if we say we could love the person still better if the *mere outside* was beautiful, what is this but saying that that extra amount of feeling is nothing but love for the external—so much shape, and color, and expression?)

"To be sure—and that's bringing the matter to a point. I admire your discrimination. But now that shape and color and expression are, in my opinion, not only legitimate objects of love, but connect with something more. We may say, indeed, that there is no moral quality in them—that a man who falls in love with an eye, or a fine feature, or a generally fair countenance, is a lover of mere outlines and colors, and is rather an intellectual or artistic lover; but why is it, all the while, that these mere outlines affect the heart so much? What in the name of reality is it that has such power over a man? Oh, Horace, I tell you this is a matter not to be put off in that way. Is there any thing that will stir the blood so much—warm up the nature—fire the passions, and transform a cold and indifferent man into an enthusiast, as these fair outlines that you speak of?"

"But, my good sir, when it is so it is a mere *animal* love, pertaining to the lower passions altogether."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it is already confessed that it is an intellectual, artistic love. Does this pertain particularly to animals?"

"True, but there is something very superficial in it; it comes very near being only skin-deep; and these qualities, it is well known, do, more than anything else, excite the passions, and lead frequently to ruin."

"Now I have you," said Edward, with an emphatic brevity. "If these qualities excite the animal passions, that is proof that they go still further than the intellect. They go to the heart. But if to a sensual, evil heart, then why not, with an opposite character, to the good and virtuous heart? This is precisely my position. I contend that external beauty of person does affect even the good heart; not that a man can love, so to speak, the abstract qualities of goodness, purity, gentleness, truth, any better for being enshrouded in a beautiful form; but that somehow there is a connection between the interior and exterior that is felt, and in fact needs to be felt, in order to that full and perfect love of the person which human nature is capable of cherishing. I speak of persons, I do not speak of mere statues. I could not love a mere doll—so much sculpture and paint, and harmony of outline—any more than you can. But when I see angelic qualities—when, in short, I see a spirit of beauty enshrouded in an appropriate external form of beauty, I confess to no weakness of nature at all in being able to feel an intense glow, a more rapturous admiration and affection for the lady of my heart, than though she was enshrouded in an uncouth, disagreeable, deformed and forbidding exterior. And it is not for the mere form that I feel this extra amount of enthusiasm; it is for what seems to me to be conjoined with it. Somehow, the two things are greatly connected in my mind; and I think, in a true state, or among a true order of beings, they should be connected, so that, while the separate and abstract qualities of goodness cannot be loved any better for being contained in a beautiful form, yet the fact is they cannot be fully abstracted; we have a fine sense within us that tells that they belong to each other, and one does in truth help the other; the external is a *conductor*, as it were—an aid or guide to the corresponding qualities within, and is a powerful means of inspiration for all the Godlike faculties that enliven the heart in admiration of them. Just as mere physical beauty will tire the heart of the sensualist, so will it, in a pure and good man or woman, move it to the warmth of all the gentle affections, which now glow as with fire from heaven."

"But, my friend, what have you to say of all these monstrous *assumptions* to so fine a theory? That is, why are beauty and goodness so fearfully divorced, so frequently?"

"That is a question, sir, which needs some further discussion. I think, however, that the principle is very clearly indicated. It strikes me that *sin* must have had very much to do in deforming the faces and bodies of mankind. Sure I am, that if we had finer eyes, and could pierce to the depth and reality of things, we should discover beauty in everything that is good, and deformity in everything that is evil. But we are here so covered up with fleshly appendages, that perhaps we cannot see into the beauty of certain forms that exist even with the spirit. I should suppose, for instance, that the angels in heaven were of exceeding beauty; the highest of them the most transcendently so, while the demons of hell might be forms of the utmost malignity. There are many intimations in Scripture that this is the case. Even the scenery of the good spirit in heaven is represented as beautiful; and the scenery of the evil spirit in hell is invariably represented as dark, forbidding and ugly. So, also, the very forms and faces of the angels that appeared on various occasions. At the transfiguration of Christ 'his face did shine as the sun, and his garment was white as the light.' The 'redeemed' were seen as 'clothed in white.' On the contrary, we read of 'outer darkness,' the 'bottomless pit,' and various huge and misshapen appearances connected with the evil in the visions of the Apocalypse. Now, if we may only suppose that the spirit of man has a form, as well as his body, (and surely it must be so,) why may it not be that the good, seen in spirit, are beautiful, and the evil deformed? And so it may be with all of us, when we put off the body and make our appearance in the spiritual world. But as the outward face is derived not from the spirit altogether but from the parentage of the flesh, why may it not be that these bodily features, at first deformed in our ancestry by the sin that has entered into the world, and blasted, more or less, everything it has touched, have been transmitted to the offspring, when at the same time these offspring have not been guilty of the original defection? And so it may have come to pass that every child that is born into the world has a face and body more or less unbeautiful, which is entailed upon him by the parentage of previous generations. At the same time, if, by careful culture and regenerating grace, a child should grow up in goodness and purity, its spirit would not partake of the deformed features which pertain only to the body, and which frequently belie the wearer of them. Nor could the body change itself, during one life of a few years only, to conform entirely to the spirit within. It is only necessary to suppose the spirit has a form, in order, so far as I can see, to admit this philosophy to its utmost extent. And if this be adopted, then the problem is solved, of all the disparity or disagreement which exists between the faces and characters of mankind. All we have to do, then, is to make allowance for the different styles of beauty, and the different standards of different individuals, and everything is clear."

"I must confess, my friend, to your ingenuity, and even give it credit for a large share of reason. But if this is so, then let it operate as a guard upon you. Let it restrain you somewhat in your

intense love of the beautiful. It may be, frequently, only external beauty. And if you had those finer eyes which you speak of, and could look upon the spirit, you might always see beauty wherever you saw goodness. Do not, then, I entreat you, fall in love with more beautiful faces."

"I hope I may not be so deceived. But shut up in the dark as we are here, not being able to look upon the forms of spiritual things, and yet having eyes for so much of the glory and beauty of Nature, how perilous it is to risk one's self, as we all have to do, trusting more or less to appearances!"

"But are you really afraid of getting caught in that way?"

"I tell you I am."

"Strange! In a youth of so much common sense and philosophy."

"But I remind you again of our double nature. While we are in the world we are, in a great measure, of the world. And I confess my intense love of refinement, perfection, finish and exterior grace, may lead me astray."

"You are the most singular mortal I ever knew. I never met a person of such contrary tendencies. You seem to be almost the perfect representation of Paul's double-minded man."

"Extremes always meet, sir; and though I do not profess to be remarkably spiritual, yet I do confess that beauty of mind and heart, with me, is so at one with beauty of person, that if ever I am married I must have both—I must, at least, to a good degree."

"Ha! ha! ha! this is really laughable, though so serious a matter. Well, my young friend, I shall watch you. I consider you in a somewhat dangerous condition. Were it not for the fear of being superstitious, I should almost be tempted to consider it as a premonition of your future destiny—this intense, this almost intoxicated love of the beautiful, and yet such fear of it. Never, never, my friend, marry for mere beauty."

"Oh no, not for mere beauty. But I have revealed myself to you. Judge now how it will go with me."

"I do judge; and I tell you I fear."

"But hold. Before we part, consider that we are friends. I met you when in trouble, and you tried to comfort me; but it seems I have rather comforted you. For your religious counsel I thank you. I honor religion, and I charge you to cherish that beautiful vision you had. I, too, have been made the subject of preternatural experiences, more than I dare tell. It seems to me, sometimes, that I live in an interior world, and that the partition that divides this world from eternity is very thin, and I almost dread to think myself the mysterious compound of spirit and matter that I am. But, sir, let me commend to you my faith. It may not be so rich as yours in some respects; but for immortality, for love, for that peculiar love which God has undoubtedly designed to exist forever between the sexes, I do earnestly say to you, believe and rejoice. We will remember this discussion for future times. It may bring forth some fruits for both of us. In the meantime, let us make the best of our way through this dark world, and remember, whatever happens to us is of a wise and beneficent Providence, tending—we cannot tell to what far-reaching consequences. I honor your acquaintance, sir; I deem it one of the happiest events in my life. We shall meet, undoubtedly, again. I leave you now for a few days, as I am contemplating a visit to the country. Farewell, sir, and remember the discussion."

"Farewell, my young friend, and don't think too much of the superficial beauty of the world. And—hold! guard well the lower passions and tendencies of your nature."

"Ah! yes, yes, yes. I can't help laughing, but let those laugh that win."

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

AN INVOCATION.

BY KATHERINE AYLET.

Dear music, bending low I kneel
At thy fair shrine, adoring;
Oh soul of sound! thy power reveal,
I beg of thee, implicitly;
Incompass with a sacred spell
The life of one I love, ah! well.

Woe him with sounds like angels' wings
To angel heights, enchantingly;
To banish grief, sweep from the strings
Your noblest notes, undauntingly;
Fire his sad soul, be thou his pride;
Charm his lone heart, be thou his bride.

With low, ecstatic, quivering chords,
Caress his fingers, thrillingly;
Whisper sweet secrets from your hoards,
Which I would tell, ah! willingly;
In longing, ling'ring sounds, say this:
She lays upon your lips a kiss.

With dreamy, dulcet, tender tone,
Of pure, impassioned mystery,
Say that my heart for him, alone,
Keeps its unwritten history;
Tell him I love; I beg of thee
Be to him all that I would be.

And should he strive against the fate
Which rears us up, defiantly,
Teach him to fight her, strangling hate,
Till the smiles comply;
Ring out with a resonant roll,
That "patient waiting crowns the soul."

With clarion notes exclude despair,
Win for him hope, untriflingly;
Speak in a pure, persuasive air,
The truths that he, as aspiringly,
May win, mounting, with eagle eye,
The ladder joining earth and sky.

Until, its starry summit gained,
Master of fate, victoriously,
He gazes as the warrior trained,
O'er battles fought, most gloriously;
And list'ning 'mid the silence hears
The mighty music of the spheres.

Which smaller souls, untired, untaught,
Can never know discerningly;
A giant truth is only bought
By that heart's coin which, yearningly,
(Rainbowing with a smile each tear)
Holds fast on God through every fear.

Then last and best, in a grand burst
Of boundless bliss, transcendently,
Breathe the echoes of the song rehearsed
By angel lips, unendingly;
The music of the lyre which waits
His hand of praise at Heaven's gates.

Where, its pale shroud of pain flung down,
His spirit shall, supernally,
Possess the radiant robe and crown
Of happiness; eternally
To chant, with raptured choir above,
That matchless music—God is Love.

Every good act is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer on the right road is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does to his fellow-men.—Mahomet.

GOVERNMENT.—The early settlers of Connecticut proclaimed that the colony should be governed by the laws of God, until they had time to make better.—Washington Irving.

Free Thought.

REVIEW OF KARDEC'S RE-INCARNATION DOCTRINE.

In the *Banner of Light*, Aug. 20th, is published a translation from a French production, Kardec's pamphlet, "*Le Spiritisme a sa plus simple expression*," (Spiritism in its most simple expression.)

It is headed, "Short Exposition of the doctrine of Spirits"—though it consists of thirty-four separate expositions, occupying nearly two columns. Most or all of the views seem to be unexceptionable in their spirit; the author presents his particular and rather peculiar impressions of God, angels and spirits, with descriptions. The writer has not studied this interesting paper with any intention to criticize it in an adverse spirit; it is obviously the production of a mind more than usually endowed mentally, and possessed of some peculiar experiences; yet it is merely an exposition of the special ideas of an intelligent individual, and many persons will be unable to comprehend or agree with all the views it contains. A glance at some of these will serve to show my meaning. Paragraphs one to four describe very well God, spirit, and spirits. He then says, "We only know that they [spirits] were created simple and ignorant, that is, without science and without knowledge of good and evil." Yet in truth we know nothing whatever concerning their creation, or the degree or kind of knowledge that they may have accompanied it. The author previously states that "the origin and mode of their creation is unrevealed to us," which is true; but has anything been distinctly revealed or made known to warrant the other statement above? Do we know, or is this not merely the opinion of the author?

In the seventh paragraph he states that "God did not create evil; he instituted laws." * * * The institution of law, by an omnipotent, omniscient Creator, the author of the subjects of moral law, necessarily implies his foreknowledge of the future action of those beings, which necessarily involves evil as well as good actions. God, being omnipotent, could have created beings free from what we call evil; that he did not, should be proof that he designed the human race with free will, and arranged the moral world exactly suited to both good and evil human actions, as we term them.

Paragraphs from eight to fifteen contain the author's explication of the nature and work of spirits, including incarnation, alleging that "man's soul is the incarnate spirit."

Paragraph sixteen avers that the spirit wanders about, and paragraph seventeen states that sinful spirits are punished in the spirit's world, &c.

Paragraph eighteen says, that "there are worlds adapted to different stages of the spirit's progress." "Earth is not the first nor the last of them, but it is the one that is least advanced." If not the first, why the least advanced?

The nineteenth paragraph makes our world a purgatory. In one sense it is to vast numbers of mankind.

The twentieth paragraph is an argument against eternal punishment—though the author still claims that punishment would be eternal in the case of those who should eternally remain in the evil way; but it is reasonable to imagine that God created any one of his creatures to be eternally evil? No.

Paragraph twenty-one undertakes to define how spirits on their "incarnation bring with them all that they have acquired during their preceding existences," alleging that this is the cause why "men instinctively show particular capacities, &c." and finally he introduces a new version of the old theological original sin dogma, which the world in general fancies had already been ventilated in every conceivable manner.

Paragraph twenty-two does not accord very well with the ideas inculcated in preceding explications, for it states that, "By a benevolent dispensation of God we forget our former existences." This upsets the theory of progression, with identity, and if true, would put an end to all religion, and all necessity of religion of any sort. The three next paragraphs are merely a further elimination of the same idea, with an attempt to reconcile theological "original sin" with reason.

The twenty-sixth paragraph intimates that "the soul of an idiot, &c., is a spirit under punishment, placed in a body unable to express its thoughts, &c." This will hardly stand examination. Punishment! punishment! this old, orthodox idea that God is ever contriving ways of punishing his own creatures has surely existed long enough; why should intelligent writers seek to revive or perpetuate it? It is puerile and derogatory to a true estimate of the dignity of God.

The twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth paragraphs labor to combine Spiritualism, Spiritism, or common sense with the Old Testament religion, and the new dispensation religion of modern Orthodox Christians; three perfectly incongruous things.

The thirtieth paragraph is sound—though the closing line may not be admitted by everybody.

Paragraph thirty-one is sound, as a homily. Paragraph thirty-two contains the statement: "Selfishness and pride exist in man's heart because men are spirits that have from the beginning followed evil, and have been banished to earth to punish them for their vices; this constitutes their original sin, from which many are not yet delivered." We cannot assent to such a proposition, because of our belief that God is good and just, as well as omnipotent, and we cannot believe that he ever created beings in order that he might have something to punish. This excellent French Spiritist is yet bound up in the clothes of that horrid religion which presents our heavenly father as a tyrant. He is attempting an impossibility. When he can discard ancient errors, instead of tampering with them and striving to weave them into a reasonable view of God and religion, he will not have to labor so hard to such a little purpose.

Paragraph thirty-three is an assumption which cannot be proved. It is not in conformity with sound reason to assume that the earth has done anything of the kind, nor that mankind is, in any essential particular, different in regard to human faculties from what they have always been and always will be. Their knowledge is different, that is all. There is not the slightest ground for the assertion that "the earth has now arrived at the period destined for it to become the abode of happiness and peace." The fact that human communication with invisible intelligences is on the increase, and may soon become much more general than it is now, does not necessarily betoken the arrival of any such millennial period as the French author indicates. At the conclusion of this fanciful paragraph the author takes one last, long, lingering look at the old theological purgatory and hell; he cannot make up his mind to leave them altogether; he therefore likens this world to purgatory, and the next, for some men, to hell. If any one will take the trouble to investigate the origin of the idea of the Christian hell, they will not treat it with much respect.

The concluding paragraph, or explication, is in

these words: "While the doomed race is about to disappear, a new one arises, whose faith is based on Christian Spiritism. We in our days participate in the transition which is going on, the forerunner of that moral revolution indicated at its outset by Spiritism, the essential aim of which is the improvement of mankind."

It is impossible to reconcile the peculiar theological doctrines of Christian religions with new religious conceptions, derived through recent personal experiences of those who have been favored with certain knowledge of the existence and mental action of invisible intelligences. No experience of mankind throughout all future time can alter in the slightest degree the fundamental principles of justice, which is part of the essence of divinity; and therefore any religion, however beautiful, which includes manifest injustice to a single created being, is so far erroneous. Therefore the dogma of Christianity embracing eternal punishment for a finite offense, or for the sin or guilt of some other person, or for ignorance of a law, and the dogma of atonement, as exemplified in the Old Testament history, at a period when men did not understand the true nature of God, are fond imaginings of no further account.

A religious doctrine which claims that any divine principle or law was ever abrogated or changed, on account of any action of human beings, is so far defective. It is entirely subversive of a correct sense of Deity to imagine that the Divine Economy, instead of regulating, should be regulated by human conduct. Such so-called laws of Moses, or of any other historical law-giver, as theologians claim to have been the direct work of God at the time, and to have been abrogated since by Divine action, really and obviously belong only to human arrangements of the respective periods. Those who framed those ancient, unnatural, brutish laws of the Jews, may have fancied that they were the inspired work of God, but it appears to have been only a God of the Hebrews, not the God whom intelligent men of the present age naturally worship.

There is good enough in the precepts of Christ to make good spiritual Christians, without trying to force those precepts to sustain and carry all the theological incongruities which have appeared in the world since the death of Christ.

OBSCURUS.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

NO. V.

BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—How to escape the wrath and vengeance, and secure the love and forgiveness of God, is the one great question which all the religions of mankind have attempted and are now attempting to answer. They all have thus far given one and the same answer: i. e., by ritual worship and bloody sacrifices. Hindus and Egyptians, Chinese and Arabians, and all the ancient tribes, states and nations of the continents of Asia and Africa, sought to propitiate an angry God and escape hell and attain heaven by bloody offerings, by "the blood of atonement," and by an outward, formal, ceremonial worship. So the ancient Greeks, Romans, Goths, Huns, Franks, Britons, Germans, and all the tribes and nations of Europe, without one known exception, sought to escape "the wrath of God and the pains of hell forever," and secure to themselves a heaven of rest after they had left the body, by "the blood of atonement" and propitiatory offerings, prayers and ceremonies, by an observance of days and times, and the consecration of houses, temples, groves and other places. The same is true of all the tribes and peoples on the American continent down to its discovery by Columbus, so far as their histories are known.

The blood of animals was generally thought sufficient to appease the wrath of God and save from hell. But for some offences, and when the wrath of God waxed very hot, and his indignation became very fiery, nothing would appease that angry God but the taste and smell of human blood.

The corner-stone of Judaism was "the blood of atonement," the consecration of times and places, and a ritual worship composed of puerile, insignificant and utterly worthless ceremonies, having no end in view but to propitiate the wrath of God and sustain an ambitious, tyrannical and most corrupt priesthood. No other pretence is offered in the Jewish code for those bloody offerings, those puerile, selfish prayers, and those burdensome and intolerable rites and ceremonies, except to save the people from "the hot wrath and fiery vengeance" of an angry God. But the whole system culminated in this one thought, as Paul says, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." In Judaism, the altar of God stood in a pool of blood, which pool must be kept fresh and full by a constant supply—all shed simply to *shun hell and win heaven*, i. e., to appease the wrath of God and make him good-natured.

Christianity, as represented in Christendom, has for its basis the same blood of atonement, accompanied by consecrated times and places, and by the most nonsensical and worthless rites and ceremonies, no priest nor layman pretending that they are of the least use to man, but designed only to propitiate the "hot wrath and fiery vengeance" of an angry God, and escape "the pains of an eternal hell."

I repeat, Christianity, as represented by its churches and priesthood, rests solely on the "blood of atonement"—differing from all other religions only in this one thing: all other religions admit that the blood of beasts may appease God's hot wrath and atone for sin, but Christianity asserts that *only* the blood of an innocent man—and that man the only well-beloved son of God—yes, that only the blood of God himself, can atone for sin and save from hell.

AN INFALLIBLE REVELATION.

BY T. L. WAUGH.

No sacred books have any just claim to infallibility, though they all contain truths beautiful and impressive. The claims made by theologians are simply absurd and unreasonable—to the effect that if one rejects any part of the Bible, one may as well reject the whole. They thus assume that it is based on divine authority, and set themselves up as the expounders of God's revealed will. The greatest injustice has prevailed, because "The Scriptures" were considered an infallible revelation; and so intolerance and persecution existed in the dark ages, as they still exist, to a greater or less degree, in one form or another at the present time.

Nature's revelations are the only infallible revelations we can have. God speaks to us through his works. We cannot find him out by searching. When we take a survey of the beauties of our world, and note the myriad forms of animated existences, we there see the handwork of Divinity.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

And when we behold the stellar universe with its mighty worlds wheeling through space, we have a revelation worthy of an Infinite Creator. But our conceptions of a future life would be vague and uncertain without the knowledge

which Spiritualism gives us. The certainty of immortality beyond the grave is demonstrated to us in such a manner that there need no longer remain room for doubt. This old theology has never given. It has steadily fought against the dearest instincts of humanity, until it has driven many to more rational views.

It is pursuing a suicidal course which will end in its destruction. It need not boast of its revelations as long as it denies those of the present or ascribes them to satanic agency. Spiritualism is a grand truth that many are being convinced of, and embracing to the joy of their souls. But there are those who are *so* bigoted they declare that they know nothing about this system, neither wish to.

The war of ideas will continue as long as truth and error conflict. Believing that the Harmonical Philosophy will finally be triumphant, we need not fear the results. The spirit-world will lend a helping hand in overthrowing error and false religion. All systems will be "weighed in the balance," and, if found wanting, be doomed to dissolution.

This, then, is the coming of Christ symbolically foretold by the revelator. Spiritualism is the herald of his approach. We regard the judgment day as taking place, for are not all being judged in the divine light of truth?

All hail! thou dawn of this new light!
Come thou with healing on thy wings;
Dispel the gloom of error's night,
And all the darkness which it brings.

Father Hyacinthe on Papal Infallibility.

Father Hyacinthe has written a letter fearlessly expressing his dissent with the dogma of Papal Infallibility. He thinks the promulgation of the doctrine raises a serious question for Catholics, viz: Whether they ought to adhere to the definition of infallibility of the Pope, or whether they are free to withhold their submission to it. "Without doubt," says the Father, "authority is the very character of our Church, and the principle which governs our faith; but for that very reason it is important that we should distinguish between an apparent and a real authority, between a blind and a reasoning and a reflecting submission—*Rationalis obsequium vestrum*." He then propounds these queries: "Is the authority of the Council of the Vatican lawful? or, in other words, does the present Council possess the essential characteristics of an Ecumenical Council?"

The Father remarks on the secrecy sought to be observed in the Council, "as though it were of the nature of those of which the gospel speaks, which possess an affinity with darkness, and which avoid the light from fear of being judged *ut non arguantur opera ejus*," yet he says light has been cast upon it. "The repeated protests of so many illustrious prelates are known, 'as is also their recent letter, at once firm and respectful, in which, while maintaining their negative votes, they have explained their reasons for retiring from the dishonorable battle-field.' And the Father further remarks that the world cannot be unaware of the absence of dignity and serious consideration with which 'the high interests of the Faith have been treated by a majority which would not have been tolerated in the ancient Councils, both on account of its factitious and illusive composition and its audacious oppression.'"

From this bold, strong language the Father proceeds to state another condition "not less important than the ecumenicity of a Council, viz: that it should be recognized as such by the Church. The Council had no mission to impose new beliefs, but to maintain and, if needful, to define the ancient creeds." Enforcing this point, the Father says:

"The Bishops are, above all others, witnesses of the traditional and historic faith of their respective churches and of the Universal Church, and their sentence, as judges, limited in advance by the very nature of this testimony, can only be pronounced upon truths which have been accepted from the beginning, everywhere and always, as revealed—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. If, then, they should happen to overstep their powers, the Church would not recognize its faith in the arbitrary work which they had accomplished, and the Council would remain without authority. Such cases are not unexampled, and to cite only one, history has recorded the names of Soterius and Rimini, and the almost universal defection under which, to use the words of St. Jerome, the world groaned and was astonished to find itself Arian. The danger is no less at the present time, and if one of the most important members of the Council (Monsieur Kenrick) is to be believed, the Church has never known so great a peril. At such times, it behooves even the humblest of Christians to uplift his voice in defence of his faith and the faith of all. For myself I feel myself inwardly compelled to fulfill the duty, and as the prophet said—*tu autem animam tuam liberaisti*."

We quote the remainder of this remarkable letter in full:

"I protest, therefore, against the pretended dogma of the Pope's Infallibility, as it is contained in the decrees of the Council of Rome. It is because I am a Catholic, and wish to remain such, that I refuse to admit a doctrine which is the death of the faithful doctrine unknown to all ecclesiastical antiquity, which is disputed even now by numerous and eminent theologians, and which implies not a regular development but a radical change in the constitution of the Church and in the immutable rule of its faith. It is because I am a Christian, and wish to remain such, that I protest with all my soul against these almost divine attributes to a man who is presented to our faith—I was about to say to our worship—as uniting in his person both the domination which is opposed to the spirit of that Gospel of which he is the minister, and to the infallibility which is requisite to the clay from which he is made. I am a Christian, and wish to remain such, that I protest with all my soul against these almost divine attributes to a man who is presented to our faith—I was about to say to our worship—as uniting in his person both the domination which is opposed to the spirit of that Gospel of which he is the minister, and to the infallibility which is requisite to the clay from which he is made. I am a Christian, and wish to remain such, that I protest with all my soul against these almost divine attributes to a man who is presented to our faith—I was about to say to our worship—as uniting in his person both the domination which is opposed to the spirit of that Gospel of which he is the minister, and to the infallibility which is requisite to the clay from which he is made. 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The Banner of Light is issued on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, EDITOR. LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT.

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The New Era in Europe.

We may look for complications in the situation in Europe, and some of them very strange ones; as, for instance, that King William refuses to treat for peace with any one but a person representing the Emperor Napoleon, whom he will not consider dethroned though a prisoner. This, too, in the face of his original proclamation when setting out upon this war, that his sole purpose was to overthrow both Napoleon and his Empire. And so we may be prepared for a marvelous exhibition of backing-and-filling on the part of England, in respect to the official recognition of republican France. The real truth is, among the European monarchies, that they prefer almost anything on the continent but the spread of popular liberty; and so it will come out before long, in the case of King William and Bismarck. The former implicitly holds to "the divine right of kings," while the latter is guided on by the voice of his untiring ambition. For all that, the elements—social and political and spiritual—are doing their work steadily in Europe, and none of the rulers can successfully restrain them. They may hold as many Vienna Congresses as they please, and tie up the hands of the people in as many knots as their ingenuity can invent, but the march of liberty continues onward still. The nine waves of the ocean may make no perceptible headway, but the inrolling tenth secures an advance to which its predecessors every one contributed their powerful aid. So with the revolutions on the side of popular liberty in Europe: the two, or three, that have already taken place in France, are only putting fresh vigor into the present one; and it cannot fail to result more favorably for the people than any of its predecessors. And in Germany, too, the great wave of '48 cannot be beaten wholly back by King William or Bismarck, though they did what they could in that way once. It will only gather strength by having tried it under the lead of Prussia; and when summoned by a king to hunt that strength against a sister republic, the probabilities are that the collision will generate fraternity rather than hatred.

In such a way do events move. But the great difficulty with the writers of the day who seek to forecast them by the ordinary and Orthodox methods is, that the spiritual powers that actually operate in them are not taken into the reckoning. The very forces that inspire, combine, and overrule the great events of the period are left out of the account. Correct an error so flagrant as that, and results travel on straight and open roads again, which any person of fair spiritual sight can readily see. And one thing above all others, viz.: that the unseen intelligences more frequently use those who would refuse to do their work than those who are eager to receive their directions. By the fears of rulers results are wrought which they never would approach in a direct way. If King William persists in reinstating Napoleon, for example, he may by that very means drive Germany from his side, and thus force an open sympathy with republican France which he could bring on in no more sure and effective way. Then down would come his throne, and up would go the people. With France and Germany republican, and Switzerland already being so, Spain and Italy could not help breaking forth in the same strain, and soon all Europe, from Finisterre to Warsaw, would be ablaze with the flames of freedom.

If the present ruler of Germany is wise at this crisis, he will stay his hand in the day of victory and power, and disband his armies again. This would be proclaiming to Europe that the day of standing armies had gone by, and the time of peace had come to stay. It would fitly introduce a new era in civilization. But monarchs are invariably selfish, having an eye to the continuation of their dynasty rather than to the strengthening of justice. Therefore it will not do to expect much directly from King William. But he will be just as faithfully used by overruling intelligences as if he worked with his own consent.

Paying it Back Again.

The will of a recently deceased millionaire of this city, in which he makes a munificent bequest of a million and a half dollars for the founding of a female college bearing the founder's name, is so very suggestive of a few reflections that it would seem absolutely wrong to withhold them at the present time. The individual referred to amassed his wealth in the ready-made clothing business, and according to the practices notoriously common in that business, many and many a poor girl who helped him to roll up that mountain of money of course went pinched with hunger and blue with cold by the month, living in wretched lodgings and deprived of all social improvement, because of the pitifully scanty wages paid her for her work. It is but right and just that such money should return again, with the roughest interest, to assist and bless the helpless sex that had so much to do with its original accumulation. The only pity is that those who were the sufferers could not be the identical ones to receive the recompense. But it so happens that earthly injustice is thus set right. The day may come—we firmly believe we are all on the road to meet and greet it—when the wrong shall become right on the very spot where it was committed; but the sequel of a fortune accumulated as this one was contains a sufficiently pointed moral for all to read. Some sort of an influence—can anybody say precisely what it was—operated on the mind of this rich man to make him undo the wrongs of a system that ought not to stand.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The meetings in this city in the above hall will be resumed Sunday after next, Oct. 23. The ablest lecturers in our ranks have been engaged for the course. Prof. Denton will be the first speaker.

Subscribers who have not obtained their season tickets can do so at once by calling at this office. There are good seats still remaining for those who desire. A liberal feeling should be manifested in this respect, that the meetings may be better sustained.

Spiritual Communion—Verification of Spirit Messages.

A number of letters will be found below, giving information as to the recognition, by parties distant from and in many cases strangers to us, of certain messages published at various times in the special department of the *Banner of Light*. In our last series of verifications we gave the message in full of Joel Nason, (published in the *Banner of Light* for June 25, 1870), with two gentlemen's names, who corroborated many points in his statement—having known him in earth-life. We give, this week, in continuation, another letter from one who also knew him while on earth:

MESSES. EDITORS—I want to say a few words about Joel Nason. I became acquainted with him in 1841. I rented seats in his pew in Father Hall's church, and we kept up the acquaintance probably ten years or thereabouts. We were back and forth in each other's place of business often. I knew him to be an excellent disinterested, letter-cutter and colner of medals, tokens and other trinkets, among the rest dollars and half-dollars, having stamped several barrels for the Mexican government—he having a powerful screw press and good tools. He tried to persuade me to buy him out; I was not able. He afterwards sold to a company in New York, and went there to set them going; was arrested by the government for counterfeiting, got out of that scrape very easy, as the coin they made, instead of being milled on the edge was smooth, and bore this inscription: "Buttons good for nothing without eyes." A very shrewd move. I had this all from his own mouth, beside a eulogy on his good wife, who came to him in prison and stood by him till his release; and I have no more doubt that the communication, purporting to come from him in the *Banner of Light* was from him than I have that I am alive now to write this note.

Yours in the faith, CHARLES CLEAVER, Berkeley street, Somerville, Mass.

At the conclusion of a séance held Dec. 31st, 1867, the following communication was written through the hand of Mrs. Conant, and published in the *Banner of Light* March 28th, 1868:

G. W. RICE.

One word to the dear friends I have in Wisconsin and elsewhere. That I am not dead you already know; but the reason for not meeting with my good father-in-law in Boston, according to my appointment, you do not so well know. The fact was, I could not come at any time that might please me, as I had supposed, but I was obliged to wait until to-day, much to my discontent and disappointment; and now I have so many things to say that I am not before long to begin. I am still engaged as medium for the new gospel, and am happy in the work, for it is good pay on this side. I hope to do all I promised to, and much more in good time. I am at home often with my loved ones, and my joy often consists in their peace of mind. I shall come again soon, and then I hope to do better.

G. W. RICE, Brooklyn, Wis.

This communication was verified soon after (as seen by the date) by the letter given below:

MESSES. EDITORS—Our hearts were made glad when we received and read the communication from G. W. Rice, on the 7th page of the *Banner of Light*, March 28th. It was truly refreshing to hear in so direct a way from our physically departed son-in-law.

Not long before he left the earth-life he was speaking of his strong belief that he should be able to return to his friends in the communication with us; at this time I was expecting to visit my friends in the vicinity of Boston; he said if it were possible he would meet me at the *Banner of Light* circle room, and there communicate through Mrs. J. H. Conant.

Yours for truth and progression, J. H. CONANT.

Cairville, Wis., April 24th, 1868.

In the *Banner of Light* message department, Jan. 25th, 1868, was printed a message from Jesse Rogers, which we here reprint, together with a letter from his son acknowledging the facts, and offering any information desired to such persons as might feel curious to know more concerning the matter:

JESSE ROGERS. Yes, it is all right. Spiritualism is a glorious truth. It is but one month since I was here—not here in Boston, but in my own body, a body in which I passed fifty-nine years. I promised the dear ones I have left that I would return—for I was quite sure that I could—but I would come to them at home, that I would come here, that I would manifest wherever I could, and I have gained permission to visit this place sooner than I expected, for from what I was able to learn from the experience of others, I thought I might not be able to get here for some months to come. But I am here, and I report that all is well in the spirit-world. My expectations are more than realized, and I am happy and satisfied, and shall meet those dear ones that are so soon to come to me. They need have no fear, for death is not so grim a messenger as old theology would have us to suppose. On the contrary, it is simply an angel that opens the door to heaven. I am Jesse Rogers, from Palmyra, Michigan.

SON'S LETTER. EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I learn that a letter has been sent to the post-master of this place, concerning a message from Jesse Rogers, printed in the *Banner*, Jan. 25th—said letter bearing the name of Justin Yates. I would say that a man did die in this place by that name, and that he was my father. Any information concerning deceased will be answered with pleasure by writing to me. C. W. ROGERS.

Palmyra, Mich., March, 1868.

Acting upon the hint of a correspondent not long since, we have, by aid of a friend at the State House, examined the soldiers' records in the office of the Adjutant General, and find the following messages published at various times in the *Banner* verified by the archives of the State, which are open to all:

Patrick Farrell, Bolton, Co. G. 23d Mass. Vols. died at Newport News, Aug. 14, 1864. Aged 35 years.

Robert McCulloch, Chelsea, Carpenter, Co. C. 35th Regt. Mass. Vols.; killed by falling of a tree, Oct. 1st, 1864.

Herbert D. Beckwith, Fitchburg, Co. F. 57th Regt. Mass. Vols.; 22 years old. Died at Petersburg, Va., Jan. 18, 1865.

STATE HOUSE, Boston, Sept. 9, 1870.

TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT—The above records are as I find them in the office of our Adjutant General. Truly Yours, D. WILDER.

The Summer Campaign.

In the spiritual picnic groves and camping grounds, a great deal of pure pleasure has been received during the season just ended. We have good reason to believe that all have been profited with these brief but impressive outdoor experiences. The summer is over, and the harvest for us is ended; but the work will still go on in the heart, at home, in the office and workshop, on the roads, and wherever human activities call any of our now scattered companies. These outdoor summer gatherings are undeniably growing into large and positive influences for our sacred cause. They take the place of churches, obediently to the poet's verse that tells us "the groves were God's first temples." In the beautiful woods, and among the half-lighted shadows, all the influences are supremely spiritual, and the soul can be reached with a new and strange power. The quickening influences of the spirit are there felt far more keenly and searchingly than anywhere else. The memories one carries away are sacred, and when pressed and dried, like beautiful wild flowers, between the leaves of retrospective thought, they give forth a fragrance that becomes a new power, though of an old origin. The grove and camp meetings of the Spiritualists are to be reckoned among the most effective influences for the growth and spread of the cause.

"The Fountain with Jets of New Meaning."

The above is the title of a new book now in press, by Andrew Jackson Davis, the renowned seer and philosopher. The following introduction to the work tells why it was written:

"One bright morning last May, as I was idly sleeping at the foot of a grand mountain, the voice of a revered instructor said: 'Arise! Go up to the very top; survey the ways of wisdom; observe the needs of the world; be healthful and hopeful, and perform thy work.'"

After journeying through a mass of chilly clouds, which clung to the steep sides of the mountain, I gained the glorious summit. With serene joy and grateful admiration, I gazed upon the magnificence of the heavens, and upon the loveliness of the earth, which were unfolded and displayed in every direction. And observing no human being near me, and feeling myself alone in the lofty solitudes of the mountain, I turned toward mankind, and said: 'O world! Here am I, after a slow and toilsome progress, far away from you, yet ready to work for you. What will you accept from me?'

And suddenly there appeared in the beautiful landscape, not far from the foot of the mountain, A FOUNTAIN! It was exceedingly beautiful in its strength and simplicity. The sparkling water was flowing and jetting incessantly. And the waters of that Fountain seemed to be compounded of the needs and wishes of multitudes, yes, hundreds of thousands, of warm living human hearts!

And in the beautiful light above the fount, a friendly voice said: 'Write a book, with thoughts for men and pictures for children, which the young as well as the matured can peruse with pleasure and profit.' After a silence, the voice said: 'Teach Love, Peace, Mercy, Wisdom, Labor, Education, Religion, Admonition. Hope—these streams, with occasional jets and clear intimations of new meanings, must flow from the FOUNTAIN. To this end employ little things. With pure affections and familiar illustrations you must appeal to the understanding and the heart. To improve the human mind, and to aid and enlighten the world's mothers and fathers and educators, you must amuse while you instruct.' Accordingly, in obedience to the voice of wisdom, I proceeded to 'write,' and the present volume is the result.

Employing every aid at my command, I have attempted with the utmost sincerity of motive to relieve the grave profundities and the dazzling magnitude of the Harmonical Ideas, by the introduction of pleasing simplicities which may attract and instruct persons of every age and in all states of feeling. And all deficiencies, as well as the omission of many deeply important subjects, must be attributed to the limited time and space designed to be simply the first of a short series of like import. In this book there is no effort to sound the very deep in the treatment of any question. The wish to attract and enlighten young persons—in short, to reach the entire family group—is paramount to the desire to impart original ideas to the uninitiated thinker.

I have often thought, remarks a scholarly writer, 'if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of a wise man, and that of a fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances and a succession of vanities which pass through each man's mind, and which, if they were all laid open, and our young folks the same reflection seems to be not less applicable. Whatever is truly attractive, pleasing and instructive to one is likely to be equally entertaining and profitable to the other. It has thus far been observed that, among the hundreds of thousands of clearly persons who grow up and down, and of the little children and our young folks the same reflection seems to be not less applicable. Whatever is truly attractive, pleasing and instructive to one is likely to be equally entertaining and profitable to the other. 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