

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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VOL. V. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,} PUBLISHERS. NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,} Payable in Advance. NO. 16.

THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.

Written for the Banner of Light.

REFINEST;

OR, THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST.

BY GEO. F. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER I. THE EYRIE.

High up on one of the loftiest bluffs that overlook the Bay of Torres, upon the westerly coast of Portugal, there is a narrow defile in the rocks, a sort of chasm, that may have been caused at some early period by a revolution or convulsion in Nature, or it might be that out of man had originally cleft it and scooped it out, for some purposes unknown. Be this as it may, the passage to it, from below, is tortuous and perilous; and it is approached with the greatest difficulty even by the initiated.

The Sierra d'Estrella, a long range of mountains, extends along the northeasterly bank of the Tagus, from the Atlantic coast to the great passes on the westerly extremities of the Castilian mountains, and terminates at this point, along the sea, as far south as Cintra and Lisbon.

A rare retreat is this region, and especially above Torres, to the northward, for the numerous bands of smugglers that are associated with the low bandits of the mountains referred to, there, and who for many a long year—at the period when our story dates—had held almost undisputed sway and possession of the region described, for several leagues northward and inland. In vain had the local authorities and the then imbecile government of Portugal endeavored to ensnare, dislodge or rout the bands of hardy men who inhabited these barbarian districts. The banditti were constantly well armed and powerful in numbers, and the smugglers were cunning, shrewd in their operations; and so "packed" in their associations and interests, that they were able to cope successfully with diplomacy, or to resist opposition, at all times, in all the positions they assumed.

At the apex of the elevation first alluded to was located the abiding place of the chief of the smuggler tribe—Antonio Ostrello, so called—a noble looking fellow, of stalwart proportions and indomitable courage, who was not a native of that country, but who had long dwelt among the gangs of reckless men who inhabited or visited that local, and who had been looked upon as the worthy leader, and acknowledged without scruple by his associates as the head and front of the clique and cliques of seamen or landmen there. This spot was known as the "Eyrie," and from its secret recesses and seldom frequented privacy—save by those most intimately the confidants of Ostrello—issued the directions and plans of its chief for the various expeditions and enterprises which he controlled and guided for gain.

From the westerly front of the "lookout," which was located at the very pinnacle of the great bluff, by means of the superior telescope always in use, the horizon could be constantly watched; and it was by no means an uncommon occurrence, during a twelve months' term, that a well freighted prize was seized at sea, and her most valuable contents summarily disposed of, by some one of the choice armed cutters continually under Ostrello's supervision and control. The retreat of the pirates could not be found, however. The defenceless but well-laden vessels that suffered from these attacks and robberies, were usually permitted to proceed upon their way after the sudden and unwelcome visits of these peremptory cormorants, and their subsequent complaints were never heard by those who committed the outrages upon them. The booty was borne to the "Eyrie" by a circuitous route, after being landed by night; a division of the plunder was immediately made—under the auspices of the chief and director of all their affairs, Ostrello, to whom, by right of leadership, the lion's share was cheerfully accorded—and the men who served him, and themselves, thus advantageously and with curious alacrity, separated only to return, at an early season, with more plunder and richer stores.

Below the surface of the main rock or bluff we have described, and distant several rods from the lookout, there was a narrow passage, lined on either side by a ledge, which ran along upon a gentle slope for a considerable distance, and apparently terminated at a spot within the very heart of the rock. The intruder who chanced to find himself at this point, saw before him a ragged, craggy wall, lighted but dimly from the crevices overhead, and solid, apparently, from base to top. As this seemed to be the final terminus of the passage, he turned back, weary with clambering to reach this gulch, which he found only a walled opening, that led him—nowhere.

Upon returning to the light, or rather as he turned back to retrace his way to the light once more, he proceeded but a brief distance when a similar wall, at the opposite end of the passage, met his view! This could hardly be possible, he would argue to himself; for, within a few minutes, he had entered this passage and had only turned a little to the right or left, through the windings of this darkened path; but he must have lost his way; and so he would go forward and begin to return anew. This was utterly futile, however. Ostrello was no

dabbler in human blood; and his universal orders were to make prisoners, if necessary, but never to take human life, save either in self-defence or in the extreme emergency. The "Eyrie" was always effectually guarded, day and night, and its interior and exterior arrangements—its traps and chasms, its entrances and exits—were most curiously but thoroughly arranged for its entire protection from without. The straggler or the intruder who thus chanced to find himself within the private passage leading to its entrance, never returned into the open air again without an interview with its lord and master! A rough mass of rock, that turned upon concealed machinery, at the outer end of the lane, slid noiselessly back and forth, (at the will of the outer guard,) and the unfortunate and adventurous stranger there was sure to find himself a prisoner—he knew not how or why.

Within the cavern that lay below this passage and beyond it, surrounded by all the luxury that ill-gotten wealth could command, dwelt the chief we have spoken of, when he was not occupied in some more daring and important enterprise than he was disposed to trust in the hands of his subordinates. His mind was active, however, and he loved the perils and dangers attendant upon his precarious occupation. He feared no hardships, and when the best of his men were worn out with fatigue and excitement, at his side, whether upon the deck of his little brigantine, or abroad among the mountain passes of his temporary home, he was on the *qui vive* while they slept, ever ready for the chase or the attack.

He was enjoying his sip of claret one afternoon, and a favorite attendant, a Spaniard by birth, was near him.

"Malech!" he said, suddenly.

"Captain, I am here," replied the attendant.

"Malech, I have a mission of some importance that I will entrust to your charge, if you can manage it."

"I will endeavor to obey, captain."

"You can be silent, I suppose?"

"I can be whatever you direct, captain."

"Yes, I remember, Malech. You are fortunate in your disguises, ordinarily."

"I have been a faithful student in that class, captain," said the attendant.

"Try me."

"Go, then. Your appearance must be such that your friends—our friends, here—cannot know you. Within the next hour let me see how you can aid me in this respect."

The attendant bowed and retired. He instantly returned, however, and said in a low tone—

"Captain—we are surprised, here!"

"What? My pistols, Malech. The Guard—hail them!"

"Don't see, captain—ah! He is alone and unarmed. I fear. He has found his way—a crippled stranger—into the outer passage, and the Guard have closed the wall."

"Is he alone, say you?"

"Yes, captain."

"Present him, then."

Malech glistened through the curtained passage, opened the outer door of the next apartment, and was heard to say—

"Come in, senior—this way. The captain would confer with you."

The outer door was then heard to close, and the curtains were slowly put aside as a lame and crooked young man crossed the threshold of the inner apartment, and stood before the powerful and august Antonio Ostrello.

CHAPTER II. THE TRANSFORMATION.

The mind of the captain was for an instant excited, for he thought it possible that a certain person whom he had in his remembrance might possibly have sought out the route which led to his private quarters; but he quickly recovered himself, and said in an authoritative tone—

"Who are you, senior?"

"A poor peasant, captain, from the mountains, who seeks to make favor with the world-renowned Ostrello."

"Favor with me! For what purpose?"

"To help me to live, captain."

"How can I aid you?"

"I would join your band."

"Are you not aware that we know no strangers here—that we acknowledge no authority but our own laws—and that a prisoner within the limits of our province fares but poorly?"

"You will be lenient, captain, when you know how a poor peasant may be of service to you and your clan."

"Well—what can you do?"

"Anything."

"That is nothing, fellow."

"I can cheat and lie and deceive—with the foremost of your adepts in the arts of your profession."

"That is something," said the captain with a smile.

"But you have a poor opinion of our fraternity, I see."

"I will join you, nevertheless. I possess talent, but I lack the facilities for displaying it. Your calling will supply this. Can I be enrolled?"

"First give me a taste of your quality, and then I will decide."

The stranger hobbled into the next room, and quickly returned, to the utter astonishment of the captain, so changed that he could not suspect him as the same being. He was in a neat undress uniform of the French Chasseurs, (over which he had just worn the poor peasant's garb, which he flung

off in an instant,) and his straight form, commanding person and address, and his soldier-like bearing pleased the captain greatly.

"Ah, Monsieur!" shouted Ostrello, "this is admirable! *Avez vous soif, Monsieur?* Come! join me in a glass of wine."

The soldier declined.

"No? What will you have? What is your wish?"

"*Parler au capitaine,*" said the soldier, in French.

"*Je suis le capitaine, Monsieur—allez!*"

Drawing his sword, the soldier instantly went through the exercises of his calling with such precision and promptness that Ostrello was delighted, and the mock Chasseur disappeared behind the curtain.

Before his astonishment at this dexterity had had time to subside, a hooded old woman, staff in hand, hobbled before him, with squeaking voice and trembling limbs, beseeching charity.

"This is not the same?" cried Ostrello. "Whence come all these disguises?"

"Ah, senior captain," mumbled the old woman, "charity, for the love of heaven!"

"Who are you, woman?"

"Charity, captain—a real only, for poor old Mag."

"Your name, then," demanded the captain.

"Poor Mag is very dear, more 'the pity!"' continued the old crone, with admirable emphasis, "and she cannot hear anything the good man says. Give her a coin, to buy bread."

"That will do—that will do!" replied the captain.

"Now let me see you in your real character, if you have any," continued Ostrello, "and I will determine what service you may be placed in."

The mock old woman threw off her cloak and owl, and the captain sprang from his chair at beholding his attendant, Malech, before him!

"What!" exclaimed Ostrello, "is it you?"

"Your humble Malech, only, captain, who is now ready to serve you."

"And the first one—the stranger; where is he?"

"He stands before you, captain."

"Have n't you been away, at all?"

"A false alarm, captain. I have not been outside of the two inner rooms, as yet."

"Excellent! Malech, I will entrust this mission to you, and I am sure you will acquit yourself to my satisfaction."

"I will endeavor to perform whatever you may desire," said Malech, respectfully.

"At sunset, then, be ready with horse to depart for Lisbon. In the meanwhile, leave me, and I will get ready your despatch."

In conformity with this order, Malech retired to prepare his mission. This band was one of the oldest subdivisions in the man that was attached immediately to the person of Ostrello, and had been one of his intimate body attendants for several years. He was shrewd, careful, faithful to his master, and one of those upon whom the captain knew he could rely at all times and under all emergencies. The business he now had in hand for him was but an apparent trivial errand; but the result that depended on its faithful and judicious execution was a matter of importance to his master—who rarely entered into unnecessary details regarding the orders he wished to have executed—though he was always prompt, explicit, and exacting in the matter of their fulfillment.

"Are you ready?" asked the captain, as Malech reappeared at the close of the day.

"Jennie champs her bit unceasingly, captain, at the gate of the lower pass," said Malech, respectfully; "and he would be swift of foot who can overtake us, when Malech occupies her saddle."

"Go then—to Lisbon. Here, take this packet. On the road to the city, less than half a league from the Cathedral, on the right as you approach the town, stands a small inn, which you will remember."

Malech nodded assent.

"Halt at this house, and enter the public room. You should find a common looking peasant there, in green tunic and slouched hat, who will assist you. When you meet him say simply, 'What's o'clock?' If he answers 'Past sunrise, senior,' say no more, but watch his movements. He will pass you thrice, without further comment; and depart. Follow him at once, see what he does, and do the same thing yourself. You will find a parcel similar to this in his possession. He will finally point his finger upward, thus; you will take this as the signal that your mission is accomplished, and make all speed on your return hither, without another word. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly well, captain."

"Away, then! And, for your life, remember—no one word else to any being living, save the exchange of passwords, till we meet again. Both these packets are of value—see to it. Away!"

"You may trust me, captain; I will be cautious."

He was furnished with the secret countersign to pass the various sentinels in the ravine and adjacent passes, and in a few minutes his favorite Jennie was dashing down the side of the ragged mountain with her intrepid rider.

"Who goes there?" shouted a man at the base of the hill, as he galloped along on his mission.

Malech reined up, whispered "Erfinest," and went forward without further molestation.

After a hard drive, which put even the indomitable Jennie to her mettle, Malech reached the little inn spoken of; and throwing his bridle over the doorpost, he quietly entered the main room, where a plainly attired peasant sat alone.

"Friend, what's o'clock?" said Malech, indifferently.

The stranger looked at the rider an instant, and answered in a low tone, "Past sunrise, senior;" and, after passing him three times, immediately went out, and mounted his Spanish donkey, near by the inn.

The peasant rode out as fast as his pony could carry him, to a spot half a league from the public house; when he suddenly turned into a narrow path leading to a piece of woods, where he finally halted, secured his donkey, and went forward some distance on foot—closely followed by Malech, who, in conformity with his instructions, had been dumb up to this moment.

The peasant went up to an old tree, looked carefully about, to satisfy himself that no one was observing him and his follower, and drawing forth a small package, thrust it into the hollow of the tree. Malech approached, deposited his own parcel in the same place, took out the other, and looked at the peasant again. The fore finger of his right hand pointed upward, Malech touched his hat to him, and the two dumb men separated, immediately, each going the way he had come to the inn.

In a few hours afterwards Jennie came clattering back with the faithful servant, who bore in his breast the parcel that Ostrello so coveted. He appeared before his master instantly.

"Did you meet the peasant, Malech?"

"I did, captain."

"And you delivered the packet?"

"Yes, senior; and here is the exchange I made."

"Good! You did well, and your promptness I will not forget. Get some sleep now. I shall need your services again soon," continued the captain, "and as you pass, send Orson hither."

Malech retired, and Ostrello hastily broke the seal of the mysterious parcel he had received.

The missive was covered with a piece of common rough parchment, upon the outside of which there was no address, no indication of the name of the party for whom it was intended. It covered a letter only, which was without date or signature; but, judging from the smile of satisfaction that lighted up the handsome features of the captain, it was clear that the letter was by no means an unwelcome one; and, though it was not signed, it was also pretty plain that he knew from whom it came.

CHAPTER III. THE CORRESPONDENCE.

The package which Malech had so carefully obtained, and which he exchanged for the parcel he bore so mysteriously to the hollow tree, contained only the letter, which Ostrello now pored over attentively, and which ran as follows:—

"Yes! if you be the true knight I believe you to be, Antonio, how much do I venture! Our meetings have been the result only of accident and stealth, thus far, and now your Eugenie is a prisoner within the walls of the castle, under the surveillance of the priest and his satellites, who watch every breath she breathes with lynx-eyed alacrity. But one attendant remains in my confidence—the poor peasant—who will bear this to its hiding place, and return when he can do so safely, with your expected and wished-for letter. Do not think of violence for an instant. You say you will come with your tenants and followers, and force my guardian to retract his promise to Alberto. That you will punish the padre, and release your lover with your clan. Do not, I beseech you, entertain the thought a moment. The shedding of blood, Antonio, of innocent blood, must follow such a course; and even you—Eugenie and I—are you are—might fall! Where is Eugenie then? No—trust me, and wait with patience. Some means may be devised to cheat my oppressors, and give me the liberty which yourself and the prisoner so ardently crave. In the meantime we may confer in this manner—but not too often, lest the peasant be watched; and time will bring about a state of things more favorable to our wishes. Let me pray for your happiness, and believe me, under all circumstances, ever faithfully your own."

"And I have waited and watched with patience for a twelvemonth," said Ostrello to himself, as he closed this communication, and deposited it in his bosom. "I have been very patient, for me. If I but say the word, the walls of the Castle d'Esilrone are not strong enough to hold out an hour against the force I could bring against it. Its cringing, lying, miserable lord should bite the dust—ay, long ago, but for her gentleness and prayers in his behalf. Be it so; I will wait at present," he continued; "but Alberto must be provided for. He is getting importunate and troublesome. The padre, too—a reverend rascal, who, under his garb of outward holiness, seeks to poison the ear of her guardian, and hopes to aid my rival in his suit—his case requires attention. We must be busy. Who waits?" he continued peremptorily, as he heard approaching footsteps in the midst of his reverie.

"Orson, captain," replied the attendant, entering the apartment.

"It is well. I sent for you, Orson, and had business for you; but you may wait. I will mature my plan, by and by, and confer with you again. In the meantime, Orson, ascertain how many men and horse can be spared, and put in readiness for marching at an hour's notice, by the setting of to-morrow's sun."

The attendant retired, and Ostrello continued to reflect upon his future schemes.

While this was passing in the mountains, there sat alone in a large square room of the Castle d'Esilrone—a short distance west of the town of Cintra—a delicate looking maiden, a child, apparently, in years, who, from some cause or other, was evidently ill. Her clear, white forehead was unusually pale, and her lips lacked the fresh color of health that was common to her in other days. She was

some sixteen or seventeen years old, only, but care had begun to write its traces upon her face and features. She had no parents, and was the ward of the lordly owner of the castle where she now tarried. To his care she had been entrusted ten years previously, by her then dying patron; and, up to within a few months, he had well provided for her ordinary wants. It was said that a considerable amount of valuable property belonged to her, of right, but she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the fortune, or whether any such thing existed at all. Her governess and the Abbe Dugarre, both her constant attendants at the castle, pretended to know nothing except what they learned through his lordship; and thus the young girl was deprived of the knowledge of her real pecuniary situation, though she had latterly pressed the subject upon her tutor's attention with considerable importunity.

She was of late restricted in the limits of her exercise. She had been wont to ride in the open air, and run and walk when and where she elected, until within three or four weeks; but the reverend padre had conferred with his lordship, for reasons of his own, latterly, and the fair girl was suddenly required to confine her rambles to narrower bounds, and under the supervision of an attendant chosen by her guardian, at the monk's suggestion.

The watchful eye of her religious counsellor had accidentally fallen upon the retreating form of a young huntsman, at the outskirts of his lordship's preserve, one evening when the lady tarried out later than was her custom; and this was the sudden cause of the curtailment of her liberty. She was now in her own private apartment, however, and she held in her hand an open letter, which she had just finished reading, and which had found its way into her hands through an unsuspected and unknown channel, arranged by herself and her present correspondent. The letter was a pleasing one, evidently, for her pale cheek flushed a little as she devoured its contents:

"EUGENIE—You are now the light of all my earthly hopes. I look upon your favor as the bright star of my existence; your frown would blast my ambition, my expectations, my desire for life. Destiny has decreed that I can never love but once. Upon you are centred all my affections, all my hopes in the future. Do you believe this? Will you entrust your heart and your peace in my keeping? Will you not fly from the annoyances and the restrictions that surround you, and find a happy home in the bosom, and amid the wealth which fortune has showered upon him who adores you? If you answer 'yes,' I will fly to your side. With my own chosen hand I will cross the moat and batter down the gates of the castle that imprisons you. I will come with a troop of men who know no law but what I utter, and who never can know what it is to fear. I will rescue you and possess you. You shall come to my mountain retreat, and we will be happy—ah! how happy, dear Eugenie, loving and loved, in the midst of the pleasures and joys of a chosen home.

Come, then, permit me to fly to your succor, and to bear you away from the perils that surround you. I am impatient of this wretched delay. Our meetings have been interdicted, and even this poor means of communicating with you will be cut off, we cannot say how soon. Let me come, then, and take you from your bondage; and once under my protection, all the world cannot disturb or harm you. Will you not fly from your oppression? Will you not respond to the call of your ardent, your devoted, your faithful lover?"

The sweet girl smiled, and a tear fell from her dark eyelid upon the letter before her. Had Antonio been a witness of that little scene, the Castle d'Esilrone would not have held its beautiful captive to see another sun descend upon it. But "Antonio" was far away from the weeping beauty, and other eyes were at that moment secretly gazing upon her, and upon the letter she held so unconsciously in her hand. A sigh escaped her, and then she sprang quickly to her feet and thrust the missive into her bosom, for she thought she heard a curious but subdued noise, indescribable in her own mind, but unnatural and novel, as if some one were near her, or present in the vicinity of her person. She could see nothing, and though she listened until the throbbing of her own heart was audible, almost, in the still and lonely room, yet she discovered nothing at present.

The Abbe Dugarre had just seen the letter in Eugenie's hand, and he was on his way to report the fact to her guardian. The means he employed to penetrate into the privacy of the young lady's apartment were peculiar, and will be explained in due course of time.

We have seen how Eugenie implored her lover not to make use of any force to carry out his plans, at present, and we shall soon see how he profited by the advice.

CHAPTER IV. ARREST OF THE ABBE DUGARRE.

The captain had been busy during the day succeeding that upon which his messenger had returned, from Cintra with the little package. Orson reported to him that nearly two hundred men could be mounted and in readiness to follow him whenever he issued the call.

"It is well, Orson. I do not need so great a force now. But bring me half a score of chosen men at nightfall, and bid Malech attend me instantly."

Malech appeared, and the captain said to him: "Now, Malech, do you remember the uniform of the King's Guards, such as they were at Oporto, when we met them there on a certain occasion?"

"Perfectly well, captain. I have had the opportunity to see the same dress several times since, twice at least, on state occasions."

"Yes, I recollect—you are right. How long will it take, Malech, to furnish me with a dozen of the King's Guards, equipped, and in uniform, complete?"

Malech was quick in his perceptions, and saw

what his master wanted, probably—though he had no hint of the actual service to be performed. He reflected an instant, and said, "The Guards can be furnished—duly caparisoned and mounted—in five days, at five times, captain."

"Five days is a long while to wait, Malch, ventured Ostrello.

"Three days, then, captain. It will necessarily require a little time, you know. But I may expedite matters, if you are urgent."

"Present the Guards to me, at our rendezvous, at nightfall, on the third day hence, Malch, and an hundred soldores will be added to your private purse," said Ostrello.

"Who will command the expedition?" asked Malch, modestly.

"Yes, yes, Malch, I will think of that. You are a brave fellow, and shall stand upon my right. It is an enterprize of hazard."

"What of that!" exclaimed Malch, proudly, and stretching himself to his full height, as he spoke—"what of that, captain? Your orders will be obeyed, and if—"

"I shall command the Guards in person, Malch. You shall accompany me."

Malch was satisfied with this promise, and withdrew at once to prepare for the duty assigned him.

The resources of the storehouse of the Eryie were ample. A long series of successful adventures on sea and land had furnished the apartments of Ostrello's private quarters with every variety of materials, from the finest India and Italian silks and velvets, to the commonest French and Spanish cloths—and there were bullion and fringe, and golden tassels and lace—epaulettes and plumes and beavers and military equipments of all descriptions, to select from, at a moment's notice. Malch went to work with a will, and having chosen his dozen men, as directed, they were forthwith uniformed, equipped and armed cap-a-pie, on the day designated.

At early sunset on the evening proposed by Ostrello, they sallied forth, each man being mounted upon his favorite horse; and Malch reported himself before the door of the rendezvous, in readiness for further orders.

His promptness and faithfulness was duly appreciated by his captain, who came forward to inspect the detachment.

"Admirable, Malch—well done!" said Ostrello.

"Upon my word, the King himself would be gratified with such an array as this. Here"—he continued, handing Malch a heavy purse of gold, "take this; you have done nobly, I will join you, instantly, and you shall be my 'lieutenant' on this occasion."

Half an hour afterwards the little band, led by Ostrello himself, emerged from the forest and then disappeared below among the fastnesses of the Sierra d' Estrella.

At the expiration of a forced march (or rather a hard gallop) of nearly two days, the captain called his band to a halt, as they were about to emerge from a deep forest, a mile or more to the northward of the Castle d' Esilrone.

"Our business to-day," he said, in a commanding tone, "is but a matter of diplomacy, gentlemen. We shall require no service save the observance of implicit obedience to orders, and the observance of a soldierly and determined dignity—on this occasion—and I rely upon the firmness and spirit of each man to carry out the character he has now assumed, in order to effect my object with certainty and without bloodshed."

The men responded satisfactorily to this little speech, and Ostrello then continued—

"We are now a detachment of His Majesty's Guards. Yonder lies the Castle of Esilrone, and within its walls there is a man whose presence is desired at Court, gentlemen. There will be no need of quarrel, and least of all must we shed blood, there, remember. Beneath my saddle bow I carry the King's warrant for this man's arrest. He is a priest, by pretension, but he is a knave and a coward, both. Such a wretch commands our pity, and he must not be abused. My object is to remove him from the castle without tumult or unnecessary display, and hence our present form of disguise. Before the inmates of the castle shall have had time to discover whether we are the King's Guards, or not, I propose to have this lying, false-hearted priest safely domiciled at our head-quarters. Are you ready, men?"

"All ready—all ready, captain!" they answered.

"Be firm and respectful, then; prompt, dignified and lynx-eyed, lest something adverse may transpire. I anticipate success, and with little delay. Forward!"

For further effect, a somewhat circuitous route was taken, after leaving the great forest, in the approach of the gang toward the castle. There was still sufficient daylight to permit the residents of the castle to see the men as they came towards the gates; and, as they neared their destination Eugenie chanced to be standing at one of the tower windows which looked out upon the path they had chosen. By her side leaned the Abbe Dugarre and her governess.

"Look, father!" cried Eugenie, suddenly, "what causes the cloud of dust yonder?"

"The priest took a glass from within the recess, and turned it upon the approaching objects.

"F. faith," said the abbe, "they are well-mounted, and in dashing uniform."

"Who can they be, father?"

"I wot not, child, upon my faith."

"They are of gallant bearing, surely, I added Eugenie, whose heart beat fearfully in her breast, as she began to suspect what she so much dreaded.

"I will go below," said the abbe. "They are here; and if I remember rightly—from the dress they wear—they come from the Palace of his Royal Majesty."

The band of soldiers dashed up to the bridge that crossed the moat, and Ostrello instantly shouted in a loud tone—

"Open! open the gates in the name of the King!"

There was a pause, a brief consultation within the castle, and the ponderous gate swung back upon its swivel.

"Forward!" cried Ostrello to his men; and the band galloped instantly within the spacious courtyard, with drawn sabres.

The leader of the detachment, whose uniform was at once recognized as belonging to the King's Guards, held in his hand a piece of parchment, attached to which was a huge green seal and ribbon, evidently emanating from high authority. Holding this document before him, as the chief attendants of the lord of d' Esilrone appeared, he read, in a clear voice, the following warrant:

"IN THE NAME OF THE KING:

Whereas, one Philippe Dugarre, a reputed priest and abbe of the order of Saint Christina, has abused

the holy privileges accorded to his fraternity, by falsely and impudently deposing himself, and whereas, the said Dugarre is charged with infamance, hyperboly and other high and heinous crimes, unbecoming the true Christian and pastor, and whereas said Dugarre is now a resident of the Castle of Esilrone—against whom and which, for our own good purposes, this warrant is now especially directed—

Now, therefore, we command you, Sebastian Delmonte, commander, for the time being, of our Guard, to seize the person of the said Dugarre, and him ensly keep and bring before the Justices of our King's Bench, forthwith; that he, the said Dugarre, may there answer in propria persona to the allegations herein made, &c., &c. Fail not, at your peril!"

After reading this warrant, Ostrello instantly reiterated his demand, in the name of the King, that the abbe be forthwith delivered into his custody.

There was no chance here for evasion or argument, and no opportunity was afforded for unnecessary parley. The sun was setting, and the captain of the "Guard" was in haste to make good his return.

All explanation was interdicted, and he said his mission was at an end, if the abbe were not forthcoming, immediately.

"You must depart!" said the lord of Esilrone Castle. "There is no appeal here—it is his Majesty who commands. Your blessing, abbe, and adieu!"

"Are we not safe in the hands of our King, my lord?" muttered the abbe, with a pretension to submission and confiding humility.

"Yes—go, father; and confound the abusers of his Majesty's confidence," said his lordship.

A horse was saddled, the abbe mounted, and flanked by half a dozen of Ostrello's men, he left the castle in custody of the disguised "Guard of the King of Portugal."

Eugenie had been a close observant of all that passed, from a station she took on the balcony near the scene; and her confidant (the peasant who had aided her before, and who was among his lordship's household,) approached her stealthily as the soldiers rode away with their prize.

He dropped an envelop into her extended hand, without a word of explanation, and retired.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE ABBE WAS ASSHAMED.

The band of Guards, who so carefully surrounded the abbe, rode considerably harder than his reverence was accustomed to do, and the exercise was anything but agreeable to him. However, at midnight, they halted at a small and isolated dwelling upon the way, where Ostrello proposed to wait for refreshment and a little rest for his men and horses. A brace of sentinels were posted at the door of the little room where the abbe slept, and a few hours' repose greatly relieved himself and his guard. At daybreak, after a cup of wine and a dish of fruit, supplied by the host, who seemed to be well acquainted with the captain, the party set out again for the mountains.

Up to this time, though the abbe could not comprehend the reason why his escort traveled thus rapidly, and through the woods and forests in preference to the more convenient roads or paths, yet he went on, almost in silence, believing himself in charge of the King's officers and soldiers. But his doubts gave way to fears, at length, and fear gave utterance to his suspicions. He had already passed the Rubicon, however! The Abbe Dugarre was safely beyond the limits of "civilization," and he was now within trumpet-call of the head quarters of Ostrello, chief of the smuggler tribes of the mountains beyond Torres.

"This is not the road to the capitol, surely," said the abbe, suddenly reining up his steed.

"Forward!" shouted the captain, peremptorily.

"I will proceed no further, until I know your purpose," he added, addressing Ostrello, firmly.

"Forward, I say!" repeated the captain, in a loud tone.

The abbe persisted, and fell back, closely pressed by the horses of the Guards near him.

"Will your reverence go on peaceably, or will you give us the trouble to compel your obedience to orders?" said Ostrello, quikely.

"Answer me—whither are we bound," replied the priest, "or I refuse to proceed, determinately."

"We answer no questions, here," responded the captain. Then, turning to his men, he added, "Seize the knave, and bear him to the cavern. Secure him, and report to head-quarters, forthwith."

Saying this, Ostrello put spurs to his horse, and scrambled along the ravine. The party was already close by the foot of the hill, upon the summit of which stood the Eryie; and the prisoner, after loudly protesting against the abduction and deceit he had been made the victim of, was placed where he could do no further harm for the present. Malch set a watch over him, and immediately repaired to the apartments of his commander.

When the Guards left the castle with their prisoner, and, as they turned, at the gate, Ostrello gave a sign to the disturbed and anxious Eugenie which she quickly appreciated. As soon as they passed beneath the walls of Esilrone, her faithful "peasant" placed in her possession the note to which we have alluded, and which came from the hand of her lover. As soon as she found herself alone, a few moments afterwards, she broke the seal and read as follows:—

"DEAR EUGENIE—Have no fears for the result of this bold step. In the name of the King, much may be done peaceably, that would otherwise require controversy and trouble. Rely on my discretion. I shall have removed from the castle—when this finds you—at least one powerful oppressor of yourself, and an enemy of my own. I will see that he annoys neither you nor myself, henceforth."

"I have read your last epistle with joy. Find means to absent yourself from the castle, if possible, at an early day—if but for a single hour; and we will fly, safely, from further interference or persecution. Let me hear again from you, through our late means of communication, and believe me devotedly, as ever. Yours."

In vain did Eugenie strive to manage to absent herself from the espionage to which she was subjected. By day and by night her every movement was closely watched, and she was not permitted now to be alone at all. Her rambles were confined to the walks within sight of the castle, and it was impossible for her to plan a successful chance for elopement.

It will not be forgotten that, but a little time previously, while Eugenie was reading one of the letters of her lover in the privacy of her own room, she thought she heard a slight noise, and felt that an intruder was near her. A secret spring in the wall of her apartment—known only to her guardian and

the abbe—had been sprung by the latter personage, on that occasion, and after he discovered the young lady in the act of perusing that communication, he hastened to the lord of the castle, and made known his discovery with all possible dispatch.

"Is it possible?" cried her guardian.

"Even, as I tell your lordship."

"A letter? Whence comes it?"

"That I am unable to answer, my lord."

"I will see to it," said the guardian of Eugenie. And, true to his promise, he had now taken all requisite precautions to retain his ward directly under the supervision of his own eyes, or subject to the control and surveillance of those whom he placed to watch over her every movement. She was so closely dogged, that she was unable to write or to send any sort of favor to her lover. And thus time passed wearily away.

On the morning succeeding the return of Ostrello to his haunt, the Abbe Dugarre was suddenly summoned to appear before the tribunal that was to judge and pronounce sentence upon him. He followed the guide who came to conduct him into the presence of his accuser, and his heart smote him as he passed from his cell to the trial room. The abbe was now destined to be more astonished than he had hitherto imagined.

He soon came to the apartments of Ostrello, which he entered, followed by a portion of the Guard. A magnificent and beautifully furnished room opened before him, at last—and he entered it with becoming grace and dignity, crossing his breast as he passed the threshold and stood, alone, in the presence of his judge and his captor!

As soon as the attendants and soldiers had closed the partition doors behind them, Ostrello commenced to interrogate him; the "abbe" standing, and replying as he thought proper.

"You are the Abbe Dugarre," said the captain, looking into his face, earnestly. But the priest did not reply.

"You are not the so-called Abbe Dugarre?" repeated Ostrello, again gazing intently at his prisoner.

"First you so assert," responded the priest, impudently, "and then you question if it be so."

"Your answer!" said Ostrello, firmly.

"Then I answer yes; and I claim the right to ask, in return, who is it that accuses me? Why am I here? And to whom am I called upon, thus extrajudicially, to answer?"

"You are here by my orders, Dugarre. I am your accuser. You are called upon to answer to me, for your offences and your knavery."

"Are you the Abbe Dugarre, I repeat," said the captain, once more.

"I have answered, yes."

"Then I say you are a bold liar, Dugarre!"

"How?"

"You are a bolder liar than I took you for, upon my word! You are not the Abbe Dugarre."

"Who are you, that thus presumes to insult and throw contumely upon a servant of the Church?" said the prisoner, boldly.

"I am both church and state, in this province, as you will find, at your leisure. I know you, Dugarre, and I propose to give you a lesson in experience that I hope will profit you, in the end. You are a deceiver, an impostor, and a villain. I am Ostrello, the captain of the brave bands of the Sierra d' Estrella. You have probably heard of me ere this, before!" said the chief of the smugglers, in a tone of authority not to be questioned.

The "Abbe" Dugarre (for once in his life) was sincerely astonished; and this threatening announcement, for the moment, greatly disturbed his temper and his equanimity!

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXAMINATION AND THE VERDICT.

The prisoner was at first disposed to be insolent, but he soon changed his tactics. He found that Ostrello was an even match for him, at least, to say nothing of the advantage his captor enjoyed in point of his position and present relations to him.

"And do you dare thus to insult and annoy a servant of his Catholic Majesty, and a supporter of the Church?" demanded the abbe, indignantly. "What if I call down upon your guilty head the punishment you have so justly merited?"

"I repeat to you, Dugarre, I am not here to submit to your vaunted superiority of character, and least of all to listen, for a moment, to your pretended show of holiness. I tell you you are a polished knave, and I know it. You are no abbe, but by assumption. You have chosen the cloak of virtue and religion to serve the devil in, and you have already carried your deceit and bigotry too far for the safety of those whom Fate has placed in your care, of late. You will now have ample leisure to repent and to reform, I am certain; for your stay in this mountain will unquestionably be somewhat protracted!"

The pretended "abbe" was greatly alarmed at this speech from the lips of Ostrello, whom he plainly saw was high in authority, here, at any rate, and who he was satisfied—from the manner and adroitness with which he had contrived his arrest—was no mean adversary to contend with.

Besides this, the captain had touched him upon a point where he was evidently tender. He was far distant from the scenes of his earlier years, and the days long passed he did not care to recall! His captor knew him! If so, he had no chance for defence, and but little hope of escape. He yielded, however, but slowly, and the captain continued—

"Listen to me, Philippe Dugarre!" said Ostrello firmly, as he looked intently into the eyes of his prisoner.

The false priest had not heard his name so familiarly pronounced for many years—and the sound of it, in that lonely cavern, under the peculiar circumstances of his case, really startled him.

"I see," continued Ostrello, "that you begin to believe me, though I doubt what you have asserted."

"Me? I—I believe—believe nothing; nothing that you say can effect the Abbe Dugarre."

"Ah! Philippe! Let me point you far back to the days when you were a boy at school. Do you remember one Anthony Leclaire? Do you forget the daughter of Bertier? Can you not turn back the leaves of your memory, and see the playful, charming, bright-eyed Charlotte Debrisse? And Elverton, the noble Henri Elverton, and Dosque, and Chandler, and Ivis? Ah! I see you do remember your old mates," continued the captain, watching the effect of his words upon the mind of his victim.

"I recollect—"

"I know you do!" added Ostrello, interrupting him.

"I say I remember nothing of the kind. This

nummery is naught to me. Why am I here? I command you—I demand of you to bring me before my accuser. If I have done ought to injure you, or him, or any one—"

"Peace, Philippe! Have I not already assured you of the fact that I am your accuser? So am I your judge, at present, Philippe Dugarre!"

"Then I protest—"

"There is no appeal here, Philippe. Hear me! Your further attempts to deceive me are futile; and, since you are thus stubborn and foolish—as well as guilty—I will refresh your recollection; but I must not be interrupted. Intention to what I have to say, then, without further interrogation, or our conference is at an end, and you will find that there are apartments in this cave not so agreeable or so pleasant as that in which you occupy at this moment."

Philippe had had, already, evidence of the captain's power, and he believed what he said. The culprit was silent.

"More than a score of years ago," said Ostrello, "I was here, as there was an old man residing upon the banks of a quiet river in the South of Europe, whom sickness had laid in his heavy hand on, and who was lying, finally, near the door of death. His estate was valuable, and he had a steward whom he had confided in for many years, but who had continued, from year to year, to rob him of his means, until at last, when the dread destroyer called him away from his long sufferings and pain, he had rendered penniless, from that steward's treachery."

A sigh escaped the breast of the abbe; but Ostrello did not seem to notice it.

"This dying man, of all his once happy family, had but a single child then living—a tender boy—whom he loved most devotedly. As the vital spark was just departing, he grasped the flinty hand of his attendant and confidant, and said—'Take the child, husband my lands and means, be faithful to my boy, and heaven will not forget you!' The old man died, and the steward took possession of the estate."

"You are certain of this?" asked the abbe, unexpectedly.

"So runs the story, as I have heard it," replied the captain. "The man in whom this kind old parent had placed his hope, whom he would have trusted—whom he had entrusted—with gold and lands untold in value; the miscreant into whose custody he placed the fortune and well-being of his only darling child—a child who had no other friend on earth, at that moment to look up to—for succor, for counsel, and for advice—proved faithless to the mission thus confided to him, and robbed the heir of lands and gold, and all that he should otherwise in right and justice have possessed!"

The abbe would have replied, but Ostrello continued.

"The grave had scarcely closed upon the poor remains of that fond parent, ere his steward contrived to trammel this estate and distort a will—forged for the purpose—so as forever to exclude from all chance of redemption, the rights of the parentless child. The boy was cast adrift, and in the midst of temptations and sin, he only found a precarious subsistence, for years, thereafter. He soon became a reckless, daring youth, and then found those who were his seniors in age and crime, who gathered round him and pushed him forward in iniquity."

"This was his choice of fortune," said the abbe.

"It was no choice of his. He was pushed into associations with crime, by his adversity, before he knew or realized the perils and the heinousness of his acts. When he would have reformed, the finger of scorn had come to be pointed at him; and he looked for sympathy, for friendship, for worthier companions—but it was too late!"

He was driven from his home, at last, and the law proclaimed him an outcast! A price was set upon his head—he was hunted by the hounds of legal justice, and he fled—far from pursuit and further present persecution.

The ill-gotten gold thus obtained by the faithless steward I have spoken of, was quickly squandered by that robber, in riotous dissipation. The lands which he had stolen from the helpless child soon followed. Mortgage after mortgage was piled upon the estate, until at last the thief had neither money nor rental to his name—all had vanished, and he was a pauper. This was his fate, and he awoke to its realization when all was beyond his reach forever!

But he was cunning, shrewd in his vocation, and of a plausible exterior. He could not dwell longer in the neighborhood where his crimes had been committed, and he, too, fled from among his former fellows. He disavowed his name and calling, foreswore the country that gave him birth, and for ten long years he was a lying, cheating, swindling wanderer."

The priest was deeply disturbed by this recital, but Ostrello did not suffer him to utter a syllable.

"The effects of time had changed the appearance of this man, and he at length put on a hood and cowl. His head was shorn, and his appearance of sanctity gained him new friends. At last he met with a nobleman who sought his acquaintance because he believed him honest and austere in his religion; and he brought the scoundrel into his household, and placed in his charge another child, more innocent than the one he had first ruined! What might have been her fate, but for a lucky turn of fortune's wheel in her behalf, time and opportunity alone could have told. You have heard the story, Dugarre. Is it a romance?" asked the captain, with deep feeling.

"I do not know—I am a—"

"You are Philippe Dugarre, the cheating, lying, guilty knave I have described, and I am Antonio, that fatherless boy!" shouted Ostrello. "Look in my face, Philippe!" he added; but this was unheard by the false priest, who lay at his feet, senseless, upon the stony cavern floor!

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAVEN.

About an hour after the scene described in the last chapter had closed between the captain and Philippe Dugarre, a sail was reported from the lookout, bearing down toward the bluff from the northwest. The priest had been duly disposed of in the meantime. Upon coming to his senses, he begged that Ostrello would not take his life, and, if he could so far forget his injuries as to permit him to depart, he promised, by all the solemn oaths he could muster, never to molest either the captain or any one whom he coveted or cared for.

"Never," he cried, piteously, "never will I divulge your secret, Antonio, if you but spare me!"

"I do not intend that you shall have the opportunity, at present," said the captain; and calling his guard, the pretended abbe, now fairly unmasked, was placed in close confinement.

"Do not injure him," said Ostrello to his men,

but see that he is secured beyond the possibility of present escape. He is a desperate villain, and I will settle his account at my leisure. Afford him food and comfort—but keep him quiet and a close prisoner, until further orders. Away!"

The abbe found himself alone, a few minutes afterwards, and all his appeals, his protestations, his promises and his threats, were received alike with contempt by those to whose care he had been entrusted. Wreathed, at last, with chafing and raving, he fell weeping upon the floor of his cell.

Just after sunset, the dark hulled vessel that had been in sight from the bluff some hours, settled down toward the promontory, and finally she tacked, run up by the reef, and a signal appeared suddenly, as she passed, from her peak. It was instantly answered from the shore.

"Who is it?" asked one of the sentinels, of his comrade.

"A new comer, surely," was the reply. "I have never seen her before, at any rate in that rig."

As they spoke, a beautiful little schooner, with coal-black hull and masts of the same color, rounded up toward the cove that skirted the base of the bluff; and as her mainsail swung down, she came to anchor, close to the rocky shore.

Upon a nearer view, it appeared that her masts and tapering spars—like the hull—were all of the same deep hue, and as her nose swung upward to the current, her name was discovered in a line beneath the small cabin windows. It was the "RAVEN, BALTIMORE."

She was a clipper schooner, of about a hundred tons burden; and though not so sharp and narrow as the clipper craft of the present day, she was narrow enough and sharp enough to outvail most of the vessels of that time. Her cargo was valuable, and consisted entirely of contraband articles, which were to be landed and concealed, forthwith.

The master of the schooner immediately came ashore, and was recognized by several of the band. He was soon in communication with Ostrello, who received him kindly, and they proceeded to business.

"You are here earlier than I anticipated," said the latter. "I am glad you had so fine a passage. The Raven is a glorious sailer, and we have had good winds and fine weather from the start."

"And your freight?"

"As usual. I hope to clear the hold in the next four-and-twenty hours."

"We are all ready, then. Shall we commence directly?"

"Immediately after night-fall, I will haul in, and we will go at it with a will."

The requisite orders were given, at once, and a squad of men was furnished from the headquarters of Ostrello to aid in discharging the clipper of her choice cargo. In the course of two hours, the Raven had been hauled alongside the inner cove, under the shadow of the high bluff, and a small basin, within the shelter of this rock, afforded a convenient and safe landing-place for the goods that were secreted on board her. There was no respite, day or night, until everything had been got out in safety, and the smuggled merchandise was finally stowed away, out of the reach of further present peril. The Raven's topmasts had been housed, and she was finally dismantled altogether, for a time. Her masts were taken out; she was safely secured, fore and aft, away from danger of chafing, and she finally rode quietly and safely at anchor, out of sight except from the inner shore.

The master of the Raven soon after started off, for the interior, for the purpose of arranging for the future disposal of the smuggled property, and Ostrello now had a little leisure to reflect upon his plans for the release of Eugenie.

"If," said he to himself, after a little reflection, "if it were possible for me once more to entice her out of the reach of those who encompass her, and who now watch her movements so intently, I would very quickly manage to arrange it so that she would never again return to the bondage she suffers. She is right, in her wish to avoid violence, however. I do not desire this; though, if she were but to utter the wish, I would remove her, at the head of a regiment of undaunted men, were it necessary. But Eugenie is discreet beyond her years."

"This abbe, too! He will answer nothing, he says, except upon promise of his liberty. He even boasts that he knows a secret in my history that will yet confound me! He insists that I cannot dream of the import of it, too. Ha, ha! Philippe Dugarre, you are an old deceiver, and I have you where you can do me no harm. So, be quiet—if you will—and your boasted 'secret' will keep, I warrant me!"

"Sweet, innocent, beautiful Eugenie!" he continued, as his thoughts turned again to the captive of Esilrone, "how artless in your affections, how inexperienced in your amours! Your chance meetings with the galli-attired hunter have been but few and very brief. You have scarcely noted that care and hardships have already traced their lines unmistakably upon his features! You are young, tender, lovely to look upon. Your lover is your senior more than a score of years, too. You are not discerning in your taste, or you are quick to love. So much

him, for evil, as he pretended. Yet she saw that he must have wealth and retainers at his bidding, for he constantly had attendants whom he could call up, from the plain or the forest, whenever he chose to do so, in her presence. Then he had come with a guard from the King himself—at last—and borne away her oppressor without opposition.

Eugenie was but a child, comparatively. Yet her nature and temperament was ardent, and she had tired of the dull and irksome routine of her duty and occupation within the walls of the castle. Any change from this imprisonment, to her mind, would be improvement. She would have fled with Antonio in a moment; but she was still a prisoner—the well guarded ward of the lordly proprietor of Esilrone.

She had but an indistinct knowledge of her origin. All she knew was the story she had been taught from her early years, that she was the daughter of a poor cousin of her guardian—who deceased in her infancy, and who left her to his charge, when on his death bed. Nevertheless, a picture hung upon the wall of her sleeping-room that constantly reminded her of the face and features of one whom she never could forget, and whom she was also taught was her mother. The soft and gentle eyes bent upon her a look of seeming tenderness—even from the silent canvases—that she vividly remembered in the original, who had nursed her and petted her, as far back as memory served her at all! But this lady had departed, too—and Eugenie was under the protection of a heartless, mercenary nobleman, who cared but little for aught in life save his own personal comfort and almost idle enjoyment within his castle walls.

There was very little resemblance between the mother and the daughter, but Eugenie treasured the portrait above all things within her control. The being thus represented had been her friend and protector, and she had known but little kindness and affection since she had been parted from her—she knew not when or why. But the hour of her deliverance from the custody of those who could neither love nor respect, was near at hand. She felt not the slightest scruples in tearing herself away from the bitter associations of the castle, for she had been latterly annoyed by the attentions of a young nephew of his lordship, whom the owner of Esilrone designed should marry her, at a fitting opportunity. But his plans in this, and in other particulars, had suddenly been interrupted by the arrest of his 'abbé'—Philippe Dugarra.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REPLY.

BY GEO. D. FRENCH.

Yes, dear one, I am dying. Hope at times Has whispered to me, in her sweet tones, But now, alas! I feel the tide of life Ebbing from my heart, I know that soon The green and luscious dews of dawn Will close as softly round my fading form As the calm sludges of the evening hour Close o'er the falling stream.

Oh! there are times When my heart's tears gush wildly at the thought That, in the fresh, young morning-dew of life, I must resign my breath. To me the earth Is very beautiful. I love its flowers, Its birds, its dews, its rainbows, its glad streams, Its valleys, its mountains, its green, wooing woods, Its moonlight dells, its meads, and its soft, And dewy twilight; and I needs must mourn To think that I shall pass away, And see them overgrown.

But thou, the loved And fondly cherished child of my life, Thou dost to the spirit's deathless soul, "I will be the keener anguish of my heart To part from thee. True, we have never loved With the wild passion that fills heart and brain With flame and madness, yet my love for thee Has never life's life. A deeper, holier love Has never shined upon the cheek beneath the stars, Or glowed within the bosom of a saint in heaven. It does not seem a passion of my heart; It is a portion of my soul. I feel That I am but a portion of thy own, And that my spirit, parted from thine own, Might glide and perish from the universe Like a star-shower when the stars have fled. It hidden by the gentle music-tone, Dear heaven itself, though filled with love and God, Will be to me all desolate, if thou, Dear spirit, art not there. I've often prayed That I might do before thee, for I felt I could not dwell without thee on the earth, And now my heart is breaking at the thought Of dying while thou livest, for I feel, My life's dear idol, that I cannot dwell Without thee in the sky. Yet well I know That love like ours, so holy, pure and high, So far above the passions of the earth, Can perish not with mortal life. It will be brighten to a lovely star, and glow In the far ages of eternity. More beautiful and radiant than when first "I was kindled into glory. Oh! I love, I dearly love thee—these will be my last. My dying words upon the altar of my life, Will be my first when we shall meet in heaven; And when ten thousand myriads of years Shall glide into the past eternity, My soul will breathe the same dear words to thine, I love thee, oh! I love thee!

And dear love My pulse of life is fluttering at my heart, And soon 't will cease forever. These faint words Are the last echoes of the spirit's chords, Struck by the breath of memory. Bear me, love, I pray thee, to thy open window now, That I may look once more upon thy face And listen to thy gentle music-tone. How holy voices of love. How beautiful How very beautiful, are earth and sea, And the o'erarching sky to one whose eyes Are soon to close upon the scenes of time! Xon blue lake sleeps beneath the flower-crowned hill With its sweet picture on the water's white And rose clouds are floating through the air Like ears of happy spirits; every leaf And flower are colored by the crimson hues Of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged By thoughts of Paradise; and the far trees Boom as if leaning like departed souls, Upon the holy heavens. And look! Oh look! You lovely star, the glorious evening star, Is shining there, far, far above the mists And dews of earth, like the bright star of faith, Above our mortal tears! I never heard Behold the earth so green, the sky so blue, The sunset and the star of eve so bright, And soft, and beautiful; I never felt The dewy twilight breeze so calm and fresh Upon my cheek and brow; I never heard The melodies of wind, and bird, and wave, Fall with such sweetness on the ear. I know That heaven is full of glory, but a God Of love and mercy will forgive the tears, Wrung from the fountain of my frail young heart, By the sad thought of parting with the bright And lovely things of earth.

And dear one, now I feel that my poor heart must bid farewell To thine. Oh! no, no, dearest! not farewell, For oft I will be with thee on the earth, Although my home be heaven. At eventide, When thou art wandering by the silent stream To muse upon the sweet and merry past, I will walk with thee, hand in hand, and share Thy gentle thoughts and fancies; I will try, When all seems dark and desolate around, Thy bleak and lonely pathway, I will glide Like a bright shadow o'er thy soul, and charm Away thy sorrow in the quiet. Of the deep night, when thy dear head is laid Upon thy pillow, and thy spirit craves Communion with my spirit, I will come To nerve thy heart with strength, and gently lay My lip upon thy forehead with a touch Like the soft kisses of the southern breeze. Sealing o'er my bowers of roses; when the wild, Dark storms of life beat fiercely on thy head, Thou wilt behold my semblance on the cloud, A rainbow to thy spirit; I will bend, At times above the water, and with my soul, Like the soft kisses of the southern breeze, Sealing o'er my bowers of roses; when the wild, Dark storms of life beat fiercely on thy head, Thou wilt behold my semblance on the cloud, A rainbow to thy spirit; I will bend, At times above the water, and with my soul, Like the soft kisses of the southern breeze, Sealing o'er my bowers of roses. Loving in heaven as we have loved here on earth.

Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness. Frogs cease their croaking when a light is brought to the water-side.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, July 24, 1850.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY DUER AND LOND.

Text.—"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," 2 Cor. iii, 17.

The emphatic word in this sentence will to-morrow be upon many lips, and with more or less truth of conception will be represented in many minds. It may be well for us, then, to-day, to get at the moral and religious significance of the term, the noblest meaning which we can attach to the word, and the indication of all that is really precious in the thing. The apostle is speaking here of the law as contrasted with the Gospel—the spirit with the letter. A veil, he says, is upon the heart of the Jew, as a veil is upon his face when the law is read in the synagogue, as was the custom in Paul's time—as is the custom even now. But when the Jew shall turn to Christ, that veil shall be taken away. He shall pass from the shadow into the light; he shall see through the symbol to the reality; he shall be delivered from the bondage of the letter into the freedom of the spirit. "Now the Lord is that spirit; and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

This is a very broad and general truth, full of meaning, admitting of various applications, very suggestive of joy and nobleness, of glory and power, and the highest elements of all true life. The word "spirit" itself is pervaded with the idea of liberty, as being that which is unlimited, which moves freely, which goes where it will. We attach this idea always to the word "spirit"; we think of something unbounded, unconfined, roaming according to its desire, according to its aspirations; and the word itself, I say, is pervaded with the idea of liberty. "Where the spirit of the Lord is,"—in other words, where the spirit of Christ—"is, there is liberty."

In the first place, the spirit of Christ works within, where is the spring, the essence of all genuine freedom. Freedom, I hardly need say, does not radically consist in free maxims, in free institutions, but in free men. Those maxims, those institutions, may constitute conditions of freedom; they may exist as the framework of its expansion, and its development, but they derive their significance and their value, the freedom of human minds and human souls. Alas! we all know how, amid prevalent forms of democracy, and sounding mottoes of liberty, there may exist the veriest despotism, and the most abject slavery, based standards of action, blind party spirit and rampant demagogues. When such is the case, of what avail are technicalities of freedom, and theories on parchment? These are valuable only as they furnish conditions and inspirations of that liberty which consists in harmonious development and uplifting of personal sentiments and faculties. Without this, all such forms and signs of freedom are but fossil symbols in which the spirit of past achievement is petrified, and which lie around us in the strata of tradition. A declaration of independence is not freedom; a constitution is not freedom; universal suffrage is not freedom. The right to elect our rulers, or legislators, the right to worship according to the dictates of our consciences, and to vote in this freedom, when the elector smothers his conscience in his ballot, and the worshiper sacrifices his reason in his pew?

I repeat, then, the standard of true freedom is the inward condition of man, or of men. In order to build free institutions, the builders must themselves be free; and men themselves are free just in proportion as they are conquerors over vice inclinations, mental hindrances, moral slavery, over all that degrades the affections or chains the will. If we were able to take the spiritual census of any community, there would be a new classification of freemen and slaves. Men who brag of their liberty would be found to be loaded with shackles, and shut up in narrow dungeons, where they can hardly turn round or stand up straight; walking under God's broad heaven, breathing his own free air, boasting that they may do what they please, and yet slaves to the meanest masters; for they are in the thrall of wilful ignorance, and of vice to their own lusts. Here, distinct and unobscured, call you this freedom, when the elector smothers his conscience in his ballot, and the worshiper sacrifices his reason in his pew?

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Here is another—a free-born citizen of the United States—who has a right to do as he pleases, and to do as he likes, but who is not long in finding out that what he has a mind to do, and you see what that very condition of mind is—a condition of bondage. He is the bondman of his own lusts, the instrument of his own passions. It is a terrible thing—a dreadful state—when a man is in this way; instead of being the master of the powers and the impulses within him, he is their instrument. When a man is driven by the powers that God gave him to rein and to guide, there is a terrible state of bondage and slavery. That is the case with this man; he feels his burden very often; he feels that he is degraded; he knows the sacrifices he has to make—not merely outward sacrifices, the loss of his fortune, of his position in society, of his character—but he sacrifices his very affections, all upon the altar of this one burning appetite. He will do things under its dictation, that would freeze his blood with horror in a sober hour; he will violate the highest sanctities of nature which God has implanted within him under the driving lash of a sensual appetite. It is not that man a slave, yet his master does not let him have any rest; he torments him continually. There are cool, quiet hours, when the most brutalized slave on a plantation may creep, with his raw, bleeding back, into a corner and find a little rest, and feel that God is around him, and find some solace in the simple piety which lifts his spirit to the Father of all. But this man has no such resource. Go where he will, this burning, tormenting appetite is with him. Is not that a terrible slavery? Is any outward slavery more than a symbol, and a very imperfect symbol at that, of such a condition?

And then you will find a young man, like enough, who has got his liberty, as he tells you. Is there anything more degrading, anything more mournful, when you look at it in a right view, than to see a young man letting loose all the floodgates of passion, exhibiting to the world a ridiculous spectacle of an unguided will and an uncultivated mind, all swept by the impulse of appetite and—explosion of a pistol, or the cracker of a whip—like that, next, now, yet you will hear him boasting of his liberty. Boasting of his liberty to do what he pleases! You will find hundreds and thousands to-morrow free, perfectly free, a great many freemen of this glorious nation, showing their liberty, about six o'clock in the afternoon, by staggering under their burden. Every day we see such instances as this. Inward liberty, that is the great thing that we need. But we find men with all the forms of outward freedom, with all its privileges, swept and controlled by some burning appetite; and the difficulty, with a great many of them, is that not only are they thus under the mastery of their own appetites and passions, but there are agents lurking in the world without them to minister to this terrible despotism within them; and when they themselves would endeavor to resist the tyranny that reigns over them, would endeavor to get the better of these appetites and passions, you find all sorts of impediments and temptations thrown in their way. Why, our great city, with its church steeples and plate-glass civilization, can't afford a few fountains of water for the thirsty to drink from, and so in this indirect way, it aids the tempter in drawing men to that very evil which they begin to fear, and from which they would be free. You spread out your ships; you roll your wheels of traffic; you boast of the glory of your great city; but you cannot give to some poor child of God, to some poor fellow creature of Christ, a cup of cold water by the way. It is no wonder that a great many men with no outward resources, with nothing to fall back upon within, with nothing but temptation before them, and all about them, continue slaves in this way to loose appetites.

afraid of than anything else. They are afraid of truth; they dread lest they should jar down their little confidence in their faith. And in many things they do not dare to ask whether they are right, but whether they are popular. I know a good many people, I think, who are bigots, and who know they are bigots, and are sorry for it, but they do not do anything else than to have the liberty of the liberal. This is a terrible slavery; not to have the freedom of our minds, of our judgments—freedom to express what we think. If our judgment our constitution allows us to do so—that is not enough; it is not that it says no man shall be persecuted for his religious or political opinions. Thank God for that statement; but that is not enough. It is that you should dare to speak your opinions, and utter your truth, and have no fear of any man in the utterance of them. We move too much in platoons; we march by sections; we do not live in our vital individuality enough; we are slaves to fashion, in mind and in heart, if not to our passions and appetites.

I repeat, then, if you take a spiritual census, you would see a great change in your estimate of what constitutes freemen and slaves in the community. The spirit of Christ delivers us from this kind of bondage, because it is a spirit. It comes in among the spiritual springs which are the sources of all this evil. It does not immediately work outwardly; it comes in among the faculties of the mind and motives of the heart, and when it does its work there with a man, then there is liberty.

But I proceed to observe, in the next place, that the spirit of Christ is the spirit of true liberty, because it enables us to do what we will. Now this, you know, is the crudest conception, the rudest definition, the obtusest idea of liberty—the power of doing what we will. Ask the boy who finds some restraint, perhaps, put upon his actions to-morrow—bring his crackers, or otherwise celebrating the day—what he thinks of liberty, and he will tell you it is a free country, and he has a right to do as he has a mind to. This is the first definition people get—the first idea of liberty—to do what they please. It is the crudest, and yet it is the same time the highest and noblest definition of liberty; for true liberty is the right to do just as we have a mind to. The strict meaning of the Greek word for liberty, in the text, is, "power to walk where one likes." That is the meaning of etymology; and "liberty" is, and it is strictly true, that where the spirit of the Lord is in the heart and soul of man, he can walk where he likes. You may say that this seems to be the exact opposite of the Christian consumption in the soul of man; you may suppose the Christian act consists essentially in giving up our own will; you may say that it appears to be the radical character of sin to do just what a man pleases. He pleases to violate the laws of society, and does it; he pleases to serve his own appetites, and does it. You may say that the very centre and core of sin is self-will. So it is; and yet I say to you that the highest Christian liberty is doing what a man pleases. I say that the Christian result in the soul of man is, that he shall be enabled to do what he likes. And surely, my friends, it is so, because the spirit of the Lord in the heart of a man makes him like to do God's will, and he will become his will, his will is God's will, and he will do God's will, and he will do it makes him like to do God's will, and he will do it does what he likes. And there you have the foundation, after all, of the crudest conception of liberty which floats before the childish, unthinking man, and its harmony with the highest practical result of liberty. It is the noblest transformation that can take place in a man, when he has been brought to harmonize his will with God's will, to make God's will his will, and to do that will because he likes to do it. That is the great result at which God aims in man. It is the great work which Christ came to do—the highest transformation and consummation of the human soul.

This is the peculiarity of Jesus Christ—is it not?—that he did God's will. I do not know that any expression was more often on his lips than this: "I came to do the will of him that sent me." "I came not to do my own will, but the will of my Father." All through he exhibits to us a definition, a spectacle, of perfect freedom in complete self-surrender to the Divine purpose. Even the last hour, when his spirit has had been more overborne than at any other time, when it seemed as though he could not himself become reconciled to his fate; in that dark hour of Gethsemane, when before him rose the shadow of the cross, the spectacle of human desertion, of popular shame, of wounding thorns, of piercing nails; in the darkness of that moment when it would seem as if God's face was veiled from him; in that hour when, for a moment, he shrank back and prayed, "Oh, Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me"—a prayer that has gone up from ten thousand deathbeds, and upon the brink of ten thousand open graves, since then—when he lifted that prayer of agony to God amid the night dews of the garden, then, even then, he says, "Not my will, but thine be done." Ah, that is the sublime condition into which a man can come, when he perfectly surrenders to God, and does what he likes, because he likes to do God's will.

It is a man who does what he likes. The great element in this whole process is love and attraction; the inspiration, the inducement, is love, not force. The spirit of the Lord is the spirit of love to God in the heart of man, and without that there is no doing the will of God. The majesty of God appears in this: that he will not force the will of man. Indeed no earthly creature, no man who has self-respect, will force another man's will. In proportion as he has self-respect, he respects the will of others, and says, "If you cannot give me this of your own free will, do it not; if you cannot be my friend by the warm instincts and impulses of your heart, do not be my friend." He cannot bear to receive anything grudgingly in the way of affection and action coming from another. From his own self-respect he respects the will of another, and if the friendship of another does not come from the impulse of the affections, he does not want it at all. That is the feeling which every true heart has for there is a noble indignation and a noble indignation in not that man a slave, yet his master does not let him have any rest; he torments him continually. There are cool, quiet hours, when the most brutalized slave on a plantation may creep, with his raw, bleeding back, into a corner and find a little rest, and feel that God is around him, and find some solace in the simple piety which lifts his spirit to the Father of all. But this man has no such resource. Go where he will, this burning, tormenting appetite is with him. Is not that a terrible slavery? Is any outward slavery more than a symbol, and a very imperfect symbol at that, of such a condition?

My friends, to every one of us God gives this terrible, yet glorious privilege of doing what we like. Do what you like in this world; you are perfectly at liberty in this respect, so far, at least, as God immediately acts upon you. Human institutions may balk you, earthly conditions may prevent your doing what you like, but, so far as God himself stands in the way, you may do what you like. The world is before you; God has not removed the sources of evil from it; He has made your will to be free, and it is good for nothing unless it has the experience of facing evil. A man can no more be a Christian without facing evil and conquering it, than he can be a soldier without going to battle, facing the cannon's mouth, and encountering the enemy on the field. So far as God has placed man in the world, where good and evil are mixed together, and says, "Do what you like, and take the consequence; do it, if you will, and receive the reward or punishment which appertains to it in the nature of things." Perhaps, after awhile, from constantly doing evil, you will lose the power of doing well; that is the consequence; that cannot be helped. A man follows an evil course, and does what he likes, and, by and by he finds himself in such a predicament that he cannot help himself, so to speak; he almost loses the power of doing better. He has misused and abused his faculties, and that is the consequence. He did what he liked.

God, I say, gives to every human soul that privilege; and if we do his will, we must do it because we like to do it, not because he forces us to do it; and when the spirit of Christ takes possession of a man, he loves God, and likes to do his will; God's will is his will, and so he does what he likes. And here freedom is harmonious and orderly; here law and order come together. The divine laws of God are mixed together by the loving soul, because these divine laws are simply that will of God with which the loving soul is in communion. Freedom is liberty, love and law, combined in the highest state of the human soul, and in its communion with God the Father. This is the crudest definition of liberty, I repeat, and yet it is the truest and noblest definition—doing what we like. What a transformation, what a distinction between the two conditions! It is the very zenith and nadir of the two things—a crude conception of doing what we please, that comes to the uncultivated, selfish man, and the Christian conception of doing what we please, that consists in harmonizing our will with God's will.

It is so with nations as with individuals. They are free to do what they will. The national conception too often is this: freedom to do what we like—to acquire vast territory, to gain great power. "Now let us do what we please," says the nation, and it comes to the heart of the people, and it is in the heart of the people—a liberty that consists in doing what we like, rather than in doing God's will. Oh, if there were a real freedom, that comes from the doing of God's will in this land, how the dry bones would begin to shake, how corrupt institutions would begin to tremble, how the chains would snap, how the abominations that make us a hissing and a by-word would pass away! For where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and not merely fourth-of-July talk about it. See, too, what a positive and active power there is in this condition. This is the characteristic of all liberty, and, so far as it prevails, this is the manifesta-

tion of it. It gives positive and active power. It is not mere deliverance. Liberty is something more than setting free. I have shown you, under the first head, that man is set free by the spirit of Christ, from the thrall of his appetites, lusts and passions; but I say that the idea of liberty is something more than mere deliverance—it is a positive and active power. Not a man freed from a single vice, and how much good do you do to him, unless he has energy to go further? Suppose he is intemperate, and is prevailed upon to abandon that vice; what good does it do him, if he lacks a more, poor, useless piece of lumber, satisfied with reforming one vice, but perhaps with the root of all other vices in him, or at least without any energy to go forward and do something to make himself a man.

Set a nation free; strike off its outward fetters; give it a constitution and free institutions; what good do you do it, unless there is spirit and life in that nation to develop the idea of freedom? That was the case with our own nation; we were not only set free, but set upon a course of active, positive power. There is the glory of so much liberty as there is among us. In fact, a positive and active power may be said to have produced our liberty. We were thrown in a broad land; we had to oppose nature; we had to contend with obstacles; muscles of body, mind and soul were developed. Such a people would swell by and by and chafe against any restraint, and could not be kept in bondage. Active power is the source of liberty. It is a great blessing that we were not only set free, but that we were set upon a course of active, positive power.

See what an active and positive power always dwells in the soul where the spirit of Christ, which is liberty, dwells. I said a man can do what he likes, if he has that power, and it is true; he can do what he likes. There is scope enough, because he likes to do good, and there is no end to the means of goodness. They are not measured by a man's talents, or even by his opportunities; if he is disposed to bless and help others, there is no end to the ways he will find to do it. It is wonderful with what a little word or look, sometimes, we can bless others. I think the things that really make men happy and do them good, are not the great things that come from other people. Go out in the course of the day, a little chafed in spirit; some one meets you kindly, sends you a friendly word, and chafes upon you, and you feel better all day long. A little word, a slight manifestation of goodness, adds there is great blessing in that. If a man, I say, has Christ's disposition in his heart to do good, there is no end to his opportunities, and no bound to them. And who can estimate the goodness that spirit has inspired—the power it has given to the philanthropist and the reformer to help and succeed? Where is the end? A man that has the spirit of Christ in him, has the spring and energy of all positive power; and all truth, for he loves truth and seeks it; he learns to prize it and practice it. There is no limit to the positive power inspired by the spirit of Christ, which is liberty in the soul of man.

I say a man can do what he will, if he likes to do God's will. He has regard, of course, to the limitations which God ordains. He does not seek to do that which God has shown cannot be done, or ought not to be done. Therefore, there is no chafing against restraints you kindly, sends you a friendly word, and chafes upon you, and you feel better all day long. A little word, a slight manifestation of goodness, adds there is great blessing in that. If a man, I say, has Christ's disposition in his heart to do good, there is no end to his opportunities, and no bound to them. And who can estimate the goodness that spirit has inspired—the power it has given to the philanthropist and the reformer to help and succeed? Where is the end? A man that has the spirit of Christ in him, has the spring and energy of all positive power; and all truth, for he loves truth and seeks it; he learns to prize it and practice it. There is no limit to the positive power inspired by the spirit of Christ, which is liberty in the soul of man.

So not only does he do God's will in all the positive ways I have spoken of, but he likes to do it by submission as much as by effort; and there is a great deal of God's will to be done in that way in this world, and a great deal of energy required to do it. I do not think the strongest men, after all, are upon the field of active conflict—in politics, trade and literature, and known in general life. I think the strongest men are those who are doing God's will in submission—bowing down, because they will to do God's will. Oh, what battles are fought, what conquests achieved, what crowns of glory are won in sorrow, what a confinement upon sick beds, all day long, patiently to the end, suffering, saying, "Thy will, oh! not mine, be done." For the man who is really in harmony with God's will, likes even to do that. Oh, what a vast and mighty power is in the heart of man who is one with God and has the spirit of Christ. He does what he likes. See what a power he has; if he has no positive energy, no work to do out of doors, what a power he has by submission and by prayer. He moves clear beyond the limits of time and space; he has a power that pierces through the ranks of angels that surround the throne; he has a power that touches the heart and moves the arm of God Almighty himself. Is not that power enough? I tell you, that out of the spirit of the Lord, enabling a man to do such things, is not only an entire deliverance, but an inspiration of active power; and where that spirit is, there, in the noblest sense, is liberty.

One of the objects of the spirit of the Lord is the element of true liberty, because it transfers us from the bondage of the letter. Being spirit, it brings us into the freedom and glory of the spirit. The letter, the spirit; these are the two words that Paul sets in opposition in this chapter. It is the contrast that he is unfolding, and upon which he brings the text to bear. He says we are delivered by the free spirit of Christ from the bondage of the letter. The letter of the Mosaic law is what he refers to, which the Jews read, and at which they looked, but not beyond. There was a veil upon their hearts, and it would rest there until they looked through the letter to the spirit, and touched the substantial truth in Christ Jesus, and then it would be removed. And it is the truth and spirit of Christ Jesus that delivers us from the bondage of the letter of the law—not merely the Mosaic law—we are delivered from that—Christ has delivered us; the general prevalence of Christian truth delivers men from the practicing of the rites and ceremonies of the law, and from the bondage of the letter, which is liberty. We are delivered from the bondage of the letter of the law, because we are let into the essence of the law. Not that a man is free to violate any law; that is not the point, for he is subject to it. If I enter into the dominions of the Emperor of Austria, I am subject to his laws and to the action of his police, and I ought to be. If I go there and violate his laws, I must suffer the penalty he imposes; but if I do not meddle with those laws, they will not trouble me. If I do not meddle with any penalty that any man or set of men have imposed, it does not trouble me. I am free from the law, if I love God, and my neighbor as myself. When I have the spirit of Christ, I get into the essence of all law. Christ is the essence of all law, and when we have his spirit, there is no trouble about the penalties of the law. It is no bondage to you, my hearers, is it, that there is a statute against murder on our statute book? No, it is not a bondage to you. There is no noble citizenship until men rise into that Christian condition in which the spirit, rather than the letter of the law, is in their hearts; and they get it from the essence of that divine love of God and man, which is the source of all good, and the only sure guaranty against all evil.

But the letter means more than the mere law—it means whatever is formal, whatever is conventional. How many men are slaves, for instance, to custom. They are free themselves, perhaps, in many respects, in the noblest sense in which I have been unfolding it—free from appetite and from gross influences within. They, perhaps, in many instances, do the right thing; and have a great deal of the active energy that comes from liberty; but at the same time they are a little afraid of certain conventionalities; they refer to certain miserable, foolish customs. When a man becomes free in Christ Jesus, while he observes all the proprieties of society, while he violates no laws of decency and respectability, you may be sure you will find in him no mere adherence to custom and fashion, no anxiety to think as other people think, or to look as other people look. He does not care about what is said. He occupies the true ground of self-respect and order; but he is delivered from that terrible bondage of custom. There are people in this city now, sweating and groaning under the bondage of fashion. It is a tyrant to them, and they do a thousand things that are shabby and mean, which they would not do for the world if it were not for what people would say if they did not do it. The Christian spirit delivers from that bondage, and especially does it deliver us from anything

like bondage to the mere law in the glorious life of religion. It makes religion to us something more than tradition, something more than ceremony, something more than a creed; it makes it life and spirit; it gives us the spirit of deity. We do the work of religion; we live the life of religion; and though we may not always be able to define the abstract truth of it, though we may not always fully comprehend the form of it, we are in the spirit of it—Christ—the free spirit; and the true life and true results of religion appear. And the spirit of Christ, the spirit of the Lord, which is liberty, delivers us from the bondage of the senses. It is not a terrible thing to be in slavery—a slave to the senses? I have spoken of this slavery to some extent; but look, for instance, how many there are who are really in bondage to the aspects of the natural world, who are in bondage to those terrible forces that whirl and spin, they know not for what. They see around them only calm order and austere law. They see sun rise and set, leaves bud and fall, moons wax and wane. Man lives and dies, sorrow follows joy, and if they look merely at the natural aspect of the thing they are in bondage to it. Sometimes they are in bondage to terrible superstition, to vague, dark shadows—from the mystery round about them. They are all their lifetime subject to bondage. They build up schemes of Christ and of God, and human destiny; they put man into a position which renders him at once the blind fool of fate. They deem punishment a terrible retribution, and the world grows dark and perplexed about them. Oh, how glorious it is to have the sun-burst of this spiritual revelation which comes through Jesus Christ! How glorious it is to see in him the face of the Father, and to interpret all this symbolism of nature, all these perplexing problems, all these changeable phenomena, by that unchanging, boundless love!

Are there not some here who have had that experience; who, perhaps, have stumbled in the darkness of tradition and creeds, or in the more terrible darkness and blackness of skeptical despair; who at some particular moment, some crisis in their lives, have had it revealed to them that God is a Father, and have seen the truth as it is in Jesus? And are there not some to whom that truth has come in its full glory of deliverance? Is that freedom? Is any worldly bondage which we may escape from, any political thralldom we may feel, to be compared with that despair, that fear, that darkness which is dispelled before the full burst of that revelation which comes in the face of Jesus Christ? Oh, where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and where the spirit of Christ's truth enters a man's heart, illuminates his soul, and dispels the thick darkness that has settled upon it, there indeed is liberty—there is truth, happiness, hope, joy, faith and love.

My friends, I ask you what other liberty, what else that can be called liberty, can be compared to this? And with this, what other liberty is not possible, may, even certain? Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty—liberty for nations; for in proportion as the spirit of Christ penetrates human hearts, it will penetrate institutions, and transform them into the true ideal of Christian liberty. It may not come in your form or mine; it may not come in this kind of government, or that; for the essence of it can exist in various forms; but it will be sure to come in some way. And it indicates this: that liberty, in some form, is the highest social good. Do not let that anything else is the end to which nations should aim; liberty in some way—liberty to think, liberty to live, liberty to do, liberty to develop, liberty to grow to the broadness and perfection of their manhood—that is the right of every nation and of every man on the face of the earth. No matter what the race, the color, the condition—they have that right; and whatever compromises you may think necessary, whatever expedients you may think proper, whatever difficulties you see standing in the way, remember this: Where liberty is not, there the spirit of Christ is not. I care not what the institution may be; you may bind it around with ligatures of parchment; you may prop it up with bayonets; you may call men property, and invoke God and alarm the fears of man to protect it; you may say it is necessary—I will not discuss that—but I say the spirit of the Lord is not there; for where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and until there is liberty in all nations and in all lands, the triumph of the spirit of the Lord has not come.

The spirit of the Lord delivers us from all bondage; it quickens us with all noble inspirations. In Jesus Christ there is the essence of all liberty; out of Christianity, liberty, public and private, will not grow. In him are all good institutions—all charters—the noblest interpretation of man's birthright.

Oh, would you be free from error, truly free—free, not only in the political, but in the moral sense—free from the passions that triumph over you, free from the fears that get the better of you, free from the darkness and sorrow that sometimes make life too heavy to be borne? would you be in that condition where you can say, "Come joy, come sorrow, come life, come death, come action or suffering, I am willing, I am resigned, I am triumphant, I look beyond, I have something better?" would you be in this condition?—and what would not? everybody desires liberty, but their ideas of liberty are but dim symbols of this true liberty—would you have that true spiritual liberty and communion with Christ Jesus?—enter into the fullness of his spirit; and when you are made one with him and through him, one with the Father, the spirit of the Lord will be in you, and there is liberty.

Written for the Banner of Light, FAME'S MANNERS. BY GEORGE STEARNS. Man can never willingly Die to human memory. He may turn away from mirth, He may shut his eyes to Earth, Will to go where thought is not, Still he dreads to be forgot, Never was a suicide Lost to Hope, or Love, or Pride. One who leaps into a gulf Of unknowing nothingness, Dies for Hope and Pride's salvation— More doth crave Than to hide disreputation In the grave.

This is all that's in a name— Here's the witchery of Fame Every man and woman tries For the grace of others' eyes. Each the soul of self would slight Somehow for Approval's sight. Turned here, some make a fuss, As one Erasmus, Just to hear the world complain What a scoundrel writ the fane. But, when men whose wit or knowledge Can't be seen, Stick their names upon a college, 'Tis n't so green. Piffal and tedious ways Foolish anglers take for praise; Nor to Patch the only gump That has made a falling jump. How the little wits presume On the titles they assume! Some as Venuses in paint, Some by verses very quaint, And a few expect success By enormous wickedness. First with blood, and then with toddy In a bowl, Alexander drowned his body And his soul. But the way to Fame is Use, With no heartless aim or ruse. All of merit, none of vote, Is the gratefulness of note. Some by study, some by tact, Some by one heroic act, Some by excellence in Art— None that plays an idler's part— Each by earning talents the crown Of a permanent renown. Go to, then, to something clever. Give your name, Sure to find by true endeavor More than Fame. West Action, Mass. "Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants, and minister to them. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart." Boasters are cousins to liars.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BUITMAN, CHAPTER V.

INFLUENCE OF THE PASSIONS ON THE SECRETIONS.

The faculties and passions of the human mind, like the organs of the body and their functions, depend on suitable modes of exercise and discipline for the measure of their strength, and the capacity to perform their normal operations.

In the earlier stages of human development we find the most powerful incentives to action in the excitements peculiar to the emotional nature. Philosophers have entertained different opinions respecting the source of those strong and impetuous mental emotions which we denominate the Passions.

The Passions may be defined to be those strong exercises or movements of the spirit which are often rendered abnormal and dangerous by their suddenness, irregularity, or intensity, and which are chiefly caused by the contemplation of outward objects and the occurrence of unexpected events.

The Passions have been variously classified by different authors. Plato comprehended all under love and hatred; while Aristotle, by maintaining that each one of the passions is productive of either pleasure or pain, thus virtually reduced them to two general classes.

The substances or varieties of animal matter, chiefly separated and combined from the elements of the blood, in the processes of secretion, are, according to Bostock, aqueous, mucous, albuminous, gelatinous, fibrinous, oleaginous, resinous and saline; all of which are comprised and classified by Magendie as exhalations, follicular and glandular secretion.

The influence of mental emotions on these processes in animal chemistry now demand our attention. No matter how many passions may be embraced and named in a precise classification, they are comprehended in desire, love, joy—fear, hatred, sorrow—all others being compounded of such as are included in this specification.

The domination of a single passion over the mind and character—especially when it stimulates the secretions in a particular part of the body—is liable to interrupt the proper action of the glandular system, and thus to prevent the appropriate distribution of the fluids.

sets matter of the body is liable to be deposited at the points of electrical convergence, producing a variety of morbid states and affections. When the processes of secretion are thus deranged, the proper elimination of the several forms of animal matter is rendered impossible.

It must be sufficiently obvious to every observer of vital phenomena, that the passions act directly on the nervous forces, or the animal electricity of the body; and hence all the delicate and mysterious processes of secretion must be immediately and powerfully influenced by the passions.

Jealousy, by its tendency to increase the biliary secretion, is liable to overburden the hepatic duct and its tributaries; grief so acts on the lachrymal gland that tears are secreted and profusely discharged; while excessive joy, and other strong mental emotions, sometimes produce the same or similar effects.

In the light of the foregoing observations, the importance of restraining the Passions, and giving them a wise direction, cannot be too highly estimated. If, in this respect, we fail in the government of ourselves, we may extinguish the vital flame with a flood; we may dissipate the life-fluids and be consumed by inward fires; or, at least, the tempest of uncontrollable passion is left to break the essential harmony of our being.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE HUMAN HEAVEN.—No. 6.

BY GEORGE STRAENS.

LOVE THE RIGHT.

The extant history of human wrong precludes all further need of experiments in evil; yet the multitude are still bent on "seeing the folly of it too." Have we not had both experience and observation enough to satisfy all sober minds that the heart's desire can be attained without alcohol? yet when were men more possessed by the vile spirits of intoxication than now?

There are misers who will starve themselves for very love of gold. There are men who will rob a maiden of her most precious jewel, and then, like Judas, go and hang themselves. Sultans there are who carry daggers sheathed in jealousy, to murder hearts they little hope to win.

There is a boundary to folly's license—a certain bourne beyond which villains cannot pass. That is Hell; and ere a knave or fool has gone to that extreme, he finds conviction of wrong and cure of his depravity. Hell is a contravention of Heaven—a fullness of anguish in all the powers and aptitudes of conscious being: a state, not of punishment, in any vindictive sense, but of natural suffering consequent on a choice of wrong.

There is a hard saying for our young world at present. It is an easy thing to preach—to tell the sinners what they must do to be saved; but not so easy to show them, by example, and harder still for such as need the teaching, to evidence their docility by their works.

LIVE THE RIGHT.

How many have some charming, cheating habit, which one has kept so long it seems like a loving covey or a fondling pug. But the creature grows sassy at length, and gives its keeper trouble; and in a trice he says, "Get out!" or even threatens to kill "the mischievous thing." Tut! Passion, you mean not what you say. The dear rogue is in no danger from you.

A father tells his son, "Don't follow my example; if I had known the evil of tobacco-chewing and smoking when I was young, I would have avoided these bad habits; but it is too late for me to reform."

"Tea is n't good for children," says an old lady to her daughters, whom she governs somewhat better than herself.

I know a man who was, for once, surprised into profane language, about six weeks after joining a church; yet he was a good Christian, all but the force of habit; and that, I am glad to say, he has subsequently turned, to the credit of his religious character.

How many inebriates, some years ago, tried to be "Washingtonians," but failed. When the famous Gough arose to meet the Saviour of that day, "the evil one tare him and rent him sore," as in the case of another we read of; and "thrice he fell in the way" before he could master "the foul spirit."

Many admire the life of Jesus; but where are his followers? The Sermon on the Mount is cherished by many a heart that only longs to personate its spirit. To love our enemies, to render good for evil, blessing for cursing, and pity for provocation, is it possible? To love our neighbor as ourself, to be more willing to give than receive, to seek Truth with all the heart, and live the Right as well as we know it, who seems, or seems to try? And yet none else have found the Human Heaven.

West Acton, Mass.

Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

PUBLICATION OFFICES:

3 1-2 BRATTLE ST., BOSTON; 143 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

All letters must be addressed, BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, LUTHER COLBY, J. R. M. SQUIRE.

THOS. GALTS FORSTER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copies per year, \$2 00

Six months, 1 00

Three months, 50

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of which due notice will be given.

CLUB RATES.—Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates:

One year, \$1 50

Six months, 75

Persons sending us clubs may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their town, or any other place.

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Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

Address, "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS. Berry, Colby & Co.

DIVERSITIES.

We have reason to thank God that no two of us are made exactly alike. If such a state of things could for a moment but be imagined as that all men and women looked at the same purpose, or object, at just the same moment. In just the same way—and, further, that all of them set about the attainment of the same object, or purpose, at the same moment, and in the same way—it might be readily understood how difficult it would be for the world to get on at all.

An uniformity either of gifts or conditions would not be desirable. There would, in such a case, ensue a complete stagnation. Circumstances vary, that men may have their various qualities called out. Conditions differ so essentially, that endless newness may be the order of Nature. What is sustenance to one man, would be poison to another. One will thrive where another would starve. Strength depends more on the power of assimilation than upon the observance of any set mechanical rules.

The stars differ in glory, and so do we. But it is important that we understand what glory really is. If it is riding in an elegant carriage, and deluding ourselves with the notion that the gazers envy us when they simply hate us because we possess what they do not possess, then it is of little consequence whether we are—most of us—shut out of the possession of glory or not. But those whose names are indeed glorious, and live longest in the heart of the world, were not men possessed of horses or men in livery, plate or palaces. Socrates rolled up and down the public streets on no velvet cushions; and Plato walked about the public ways, talking incessantly of his lofty doctrines to whomsoever would linger on the corner and listen. Davy and Fulton, and Franklin, and Channing, were not known on the public promenade as men of fashion, but, being great and simple souls, found only that way of life which best comported with their natures.

Now to compare such men with men of mere money, is to compare what cannot, by any law of nature, be brought in juxtaposition. Whoever benefits the world most truly and permanently, is the last one to seek any selfish benefits for himself; he does what he does, because Nature inspires him, and he cannot help it—it is the easiest thing in the world for him to do. In thus laboring for others, and freely spending himself for them, he is only developing himself, and growing stronger, and greater every day. The compensating force attends the whole of his movements; if he works for the world, he works with a thousand fold greater energy for himself; but he who selfishly sits down to calculate only on aggrandizing himself, will find, in the end, that he has been growing insensibly poorer every day.

Hasty observers, and of course superficial thinkers, conclude that all this variety in the world is but proof of inharmonious, and so seek to reduce matters to a smooth proportion. Poor simpletons! the trouble only

lies in their own vision. They do not see things rightly. They have not yet got their eyes open. The usual nine days are not yet spent. Too many of us are of opinion that we could help on the Almighty Worker with his plans, if he would but give us a chance. We would have fair weather when the clouds drop rain; or we would see fruit hanging on the boughs, when Nature only fringes them with icicles. The fault is, as we said before, with ourselves; instead of seeking to penetrate into the vast depths of spiritual meaning which these things all contain, we busy ourselves with idly criticising the externalities; we pick like children at the shell, heedless of the rich meat that lies hidden within.

Did you ever pause to reflect, sir, that, after all, this is the same sky over your head which canopies mine also? and that the sun, and moon, and stars you look at are the same lights that blaze and twinkle for me? and that the mornings bring as fresh and grateful an incense out of the gates of the East to my nostrils as to yours?—and that the sea is the same sea, the meadow and brooks that lace them are the same, and the trees and flowers and grass are all the same to us both? Yet though nature thus offers each of us but the same object to study and enjoy, the world is in no sense the same world to you, sir, that it is to me. We may as well be on two distinct planets as to live as we do, for our experiences are so widely dissimilar. We apprehend differently. We do not, for we cannot, see after the same way. Your angle of vision is not my angle of vision. You see beauty as I do not see it; we may agree to call it by the same name, and still it is in no real sense the same thing to both of us.

And here lies the secret—a simple, yet a most profound one, and ever eluding the apprehension of all who have not spiritual eyes to behold. The outward world is all one world, made of the same texture, and offering the same suggestions to the touch; but the important secret is, that we make that world just what it is by the way in which we look at it. And our vision comes of the nature we possess, and its culture and development. Hence what looks beautiful to one, may be all clouds and melancholy to another. The jaundiced man cannot say that the sun is bright and happy, while the man in health will bless God in his heart for the brilliancy of the day. And so with the spirit; the unhealthy and unhappy spirit, straitened by a false mode of education, and cramped by the meaningless formalities of a gloomy faith, finds no buoyancy for itself in the view, but only a prospect of heaven or hell, and more particularly of the latter; while the soul that has been left free to the reception of all truly high and spiritual influences, and never been overlaid with a series or system of beliefs that deaden its finer sensibilities, will revel in the glories which the world without presents, and declare that the delight and invigoration of a drizzling November rain is as great as that of a June morning right out of heaven.

We are all unlike, and still the law of likeness runs through the mass. Disguise ourselves as we may, there is forever a strong family resemblance. It is in the nature—in the spirit. The same divinity possesses us all. It speaks from the lips—it looks out of the eyes—it betrays itself in the gestures and the carriage. We are all brothers and sisters—all members of one great family. And this very diversity is what helps make each one more interesting to the other. It may begin with exciting curiosity only, and arousing inquiry—but it was meant to end with sympathy and a kindling love.

We mourn over that man, however, who wastes himself in wishing that he was, or that he had what somebody else is, or has. He has no adequate idea of the extent of his self-inflicted torture. It is well, and even necessary, that we should never be satisfied with that we have, or are; but that feeling should spring from the wish to compass, or possess, some purpose or object worthy of the soul, and altogether needful to its advancement. But this miserable habit of throwing one's life away because one is not as wealthy as his neighbor, is meaner than any debasing practices of idolatry for the cure of which Christians send out missionaries among the heathen. If there should be vigorous and unintermitted preaching against any sin and wickedness under the heavens, it should be against this very sin of unhappiness because we are not as rich as others. We have a perfect right to be rich, if we can; we are not of that order of bilious moralists that confound contentment with a sulky and sullen resignation, giving up what we aimed at only because we could not reach it; but we should labor for riches only because they can aid us in securing still better things, and not because we are anxious to outshine our neighbor. When riches engender nothing but a low spirit of rivalry, a man would do better by himself to let them go altogether, than to throw away his life in their pursuit.

If those of us, too, who desire money above everything else, and for its own sake only, could but open the windows and blinds, and look into the heart of the mere accumulator, it is doubtful if we should not regard these possessions in a very different and a much truer light. Who can rehearse the toils and trials, the perplexities and harassments, the disappointments and mortifications, the compromises and enslavements, that have been, willingly or unwillingly, endured by the man of worldly fortune, in order to secure what is now within his grasp? And who can tell, again, how many sleepless hours that same man passes through from one week's end to another, how little repose and calmness of thought he ever enjoys, how few and brief are the opportunities, if not the inclinations, for him to turn his soul in upon itself, and give it a chance to feed and grow upon the strength of its own accumulated resources? No one can know of these things but he who himself suffers from them; and all the betrayal he makes of his condition is by that meagre and uninviting side of his life which he thinks fit to show to the world.

Nor Nature knew too well what she meant when she endowed us so variously, and gave to each of us an individual power of looking at life and the world. If we accept her precious hint, and seek the steady and healthy development of the individual nature, instead of gadding about after others, then we shall all be the men and women we ought; but if we ape, and mimic and imitate, and conform, we go to our graves unacquainted with ourselves, and but superficially intimate even with those after whom we have blindly patterned. We should stay at home, and not wander abroad. Instead of going about begging a drink of water from others, we should bravely plunge into that vast ocean whose heaving tides will never cease to give the largest life to our individual being.

Spiritualists' Picnic at Abington.

Dr. Gardner announces that a Picnic will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, July 12th, the date of issue of this paper. Notice should have been given in our last, but as the anniversary of "Independence" came on Monday, our usual day of going to press, we were obliged to go to press on Friday night, so early a date that Dr. G. did not get notice to us in season.

Cars start from the Old Colony Depot at 8:45, A. M., and return at 5:15, P. M. Tickets 50 cents for adults; 25 cents for children.

Mrs. Hatch in Boston.

It is hoped that Mrs. Hatch will visit this city the latter part of July or the very first of August and speak on the Sabbath in the latter month. Nothing, however, is definitely settled at present. We shall probably be able to speak positively in reference to the matter in our next issue.

Mr. Cluer at Foxboro'.

John C. Cluer will speak at Foxboro', Mass., on Sunday, July 17th. His daughter Susie will accompany him. The friends at the above place have opened free meetings, for which they deserve praise.

N. E. Union University Association.

This Association held a Convention at Lowell on the 5th and 6th of this month, for the express purpose of locating their University. The required amount of stock was subscribed to warrant the call of the Convention; a portion of which was found to be conditional. In consequence of this, the location of the University was postponed, the Convention adjourned to meet in Lowell on the first Tuesday in October next.

The printed proceedings of the Convention at Marlow which contains the Constitution of the Association—in pamphlet form—was by vote accepted, and is for sale at this office, and by J. L. D. Otis, Lowell, Mass., at ten cents each, and \$1.00 per dozen.

The Convention was well attended, there being present stockholders from all parts of New England. Little business, if any, was done to advance the progress of the University. Committees were appointed to investigate past proceedings of the Association, who reported that, in their opinion, some transactions had taken place that would not stand the test of law, but which were not intentionally wrong. These reports were accepted and laid on the table.

A Committee was appointed to consider the present state of the affairs of the Association; any recommend future proceedings; which Committee recommended the appointment of a second Committee of five, to revise the Constitution, and report at the next Convention. This report was accepted and adopted.

During the Convention, speeches were made by Miss E. E. Gibson, H. P. Fairfield, Miss Lizzie Doten, and A. E. Newton, on the subject of Education, which were listened to, with deep interest.

On the afternoon of the second day of the Convention, Prof. J. L. D. Otis was taken severely and dangerously ill with spasms, from which he has before suffered. Much anxiety is felt for him on account of the precarious condition of his health. It is ardently hoped that he will be spared to the Association with health and strength to carry out the noble, unselfish purposes by which he has thus far been governed. Mr. Otis has been the instrument through whom the whole scheme of this proposed University has had its birth. It is a great and noble work; he has labored long and hard, faithfully, justly, and truly; his motives will bear the test of severe criticism; he has been unselfish in this work; he has worked for the welfare of humanity in generations yet to come. He is a man with noble aims and honest purposes. It is the prayer of the BANNER OF LIGHT that, through his continued efforts and instrumentality, assisted by his useful associates—the stockholders—that the plan of this beautiful work may be fully executed.

The plan of this University is original, and for this reason it is not strange that it should meet opposition; for every new thing meets with terrific opposition. Opposition to the plans of this University, wherein it may, as it does, differ from the plans of the conservative forms of other Universities, would be likely to fall against Mr. Otis, which would cause the existence of flying calumny and unprofitable gossip.

Mr. Otis, physically, is frail and feeble; he needs the sympathy, the favor and the support of the Association. After the long and laborious efforts in preparing the Constitution and obtaining nearly six hundred stockholders—which no one can count a small work—he is worn and weary. His spirit is alive; he is sensitive to words of kindness, and to words of unkindness—to words of approval, and to words of blame. This Association has our warmest wishes for success, and our strongest convictions are, that the continuance of Mr. Otis's voice and efforts in it is absolutely essential to this end, guided and advised by those who have been chosen for this work.

The BANNER is the only paper that has shown this Association favor, and lent a helping hand to its aims. It will continue so to do, while its original plans are unselfishly supported by the able and philanthropic men and women who have been first and foremost in it. It is no small effort which in these times is enabled to bring together so much money in aid of an educational movement; and while Mr. Otis is at all times advised by such men as compose the officers and trustees of this Association, the stockholders have ample guaranty that their funds will be appropriated to their legitimate use; and Mr. Otis should in justice receive all the credit due to his persevering efforts in its behalf.

In connection with this report of the Convention, and the expression of our kind sympathies for Mr. Otis, we give place to the following letter from one of the trustees:

DEAR BANNER—Allow me to give my opinion of the cause of the present condition of affairs connected with the N. E. Union University. And in what I say, I would not be understood as casting any reflections upon the character or motives of any one connected with it. The great error which has been committed seems to me to have been of the head rather than of the heart. The principles upon which this institution is to be founded being freedom, it is important, that this idea should not for a moment be lost sight of by those who are engaged in presenting its claims before the people. It seems to me that here was all the difficulty. The General Agent, in his anxiety for its immediate establishment, made his drafts upon the pockets, through the pride and selfishness of the people, rather than through their hearts, by which he would have found an almost inexhaustible supply, by accepting conditional subscriptions. In this way it has been admitted a element which cannot be made to blend with that of the unconditional ones. By accepting only the latter, the location of the institution will be left to the decision of the Convention, unbiassed by any pecuniary considerations, other than those which can be shown to be for its best good.

Since the above was in type, Dr. Child has received a letter from Mrs. Otis, dated at Lowell, July 9th, from which we make the following extracts: Mr. Otis is still lingering, though for the most part of the time in an unconscious state. As yet there seems to be no real improvement, and his physicians give but little encouragement of his recovery. When conscious, he expresses not only a willingness, but a desire, to depart, though he believes it seems to me that here was all the difficulty. The great work which he has undertaken. His disease is an inflammation of the brain, caused by intense nervous excitement. Of the cause of this excitement you are perhaps as well aware as myself. I hope I shall harbor no unkind feelings toward any one, but I cannot forget the many unkind, unjust aspersions and insinuations which were cast upon my husband in the late Convention, which have prostrated him in agony, if not in death. And when I reflect that all this pain has been caused by those with whom my husband has had no connection, and who could not therefore, have been bound to do what he has done, I am almost led to conclude in the innate goodness of humanity. But truth will triumph. We are now assured that my husband has not only acted honorably in calling this Convention, but artfully in accordance with the letter of the terms of subscription, and that more than five thousand dollars which was upon the Lecturer's subscription to do what was declared to be done, is an unconditional subscription, making more than six thousand four hundred dollars subscribed, when the Convention was called.

It certainly was not wise in any one to decide upon the character of any document, or any transaction, or any book, upon five minutes' investigation. To me it looked like a prodigious amount to do what was declared to be done, and, in fact, to "rip up the whole thing," merely because it had originated with my husband. May God forgive them for all the pain they have caused me and mine, even though they may have made me a destitute widow. But I believe that the right will prevail, and that an institution will be founded and built, under our present Constitution (which, on the whole, I believe to be the best we could have, though it may need some correction) and upon our principles. I hope we shall now be united; and should my husband, or any other man, take the field, let no man or man be permitted to hinder us in our great work.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer speaks in Boston next Sabbath.

This celebrated Pictic Improvisatrice and able exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, will lecture in Ordway Hall, on Sunday, July 17th, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M., and 8 o'clock P. M. Admittance 10 cents.

Mrs. Hyzer has spoken in Boston heretofore, but always under very unfavorable conditions or circumstances; and it is claimed that she has never received that attention which her merits as a medium, when brought before the people in a proper manner, would be sure to gain. We know that in Philadelphia, where the Spiritualists have an excellent hall, Mrs. Hyzer draws as good houses as any other speaker, and is as well liked. She is also very popular as a woman. The same is true of her in Buffalo, and many other places.

Now that she is to speak in a suitable hall, she will appear to us as good advantage as in the other places we have mentioned, and we trust the friends will cheer her with a full house, in order that whatever powers she may have, may be brought out in their full richness. The cold and cheerless aspect of the Melodeon, combined with the impure air which one breathed there, was enough to hinder any medium from making a respectable effort; and we do not wonder that a poetic temperament like that of Mrs. Hyzer did not create so good an impression as she has in other places where the people are as competent judges, probably, as in Boston.

Tiffany's Monthly for July

Is before us. It is well filled and interesting. An article on "Entrancement and Obsession" shows that Mr. Tiffany is in contact with and is troubled by cases of obsession. We have in hand some remarks from Dr. Child on the alleged cause and prevention of obsession, as given by Mr. Tiffany, which we shall publish next week.

Iron, metals of all kinds, have ever been in existence; but it was required thought to drive them from the rocks, or to understand where they exist, to form them into all the vast machines which exist now, to mould them to the purposes of commerce and civilization; to bring them forth from the bowels of the earth, and make them conform to the conditions of life; to take the ore from its bed in the earth, and make it into all the beautiful forms of construction that you see around you every day. Iron, which once was known only as a useless metal, scarcely discovered, now is the great arm of commerce. Iron! Why, almost everything is made of iron—iron some man's heart. In this age, you live in iron houses, you have iron implements, iron carriages, iron roads, iron machines, iron ships, iron everything. It is the great agency, the great power, the great material form of mental, modern commerce. Thought has done all that for you. Iron has always existed—at least as long as the earth has—and, excepting by mind and the absolute advancement of thought over matter, nothing could have been constructed from the crude, uncouth metal that existed beneath the surface of the earth.

We have seen, or somewhere discovered, an illustration which was used by one of your renowned orators in favor of iron, representing that it was like the bones and sinews of society—like the poor and laboring classes, who delve and delve forever, and who are, after all, the great motor-power of society. The illustration was a watch; though the outside casing may be gold, and though the next casing may be brass, the interior construction, though set with diamonds, is nothing but iron; iron performs its labor; that alone will do. Brass may assist to beautify; gold may burnish in the case; diamonds may be set to the outside to add brilliancy and beauty to its form; but iron must do the work. Again, every development of thought, and every illustration of the mind, before it can be called a science, must be absolutely demonstrated. This is why no system of mental philosophy can ever be arranged, because the mind is subservient to no arbitrary laws. Mind will not be controlled by science, but will control science; and mind will start off in search of new discoveries, even when the old ones are almost proven to be true. This is why facts in astronomy can never be permanent; why geology can never be fixed. This is why no system of absolute material science can be positive, because the world of mind must act first, must understand first, must demonstrate first, must illustrate first what it sees, before a science can be instituted. Philosophy, therefore, must precede science; and as all philosophies originate in the mind, and as all mind is the working of absolute thought, every science, every achievement of science, must belong to the sphere and world of thought. What is religion? Not science, but simply philosophy. What is art? It is nothing which you can prove. You may see a picture, you may feel the canvas; there is no life there—there is no breath there—it does not move nor speak. You cannot touch it, yet it conveys thought to your mind. Why? Simply because some other thought has conceived of a picture as a picture, not as mind, and represents it on canvas. That is not the picture, not the image, which you see there, but it is simply a representation of an image which really and only existed in the mind of the artist, and which can never be understood as the artist did, and which he could never paint as he conceived it.

What is this marble statue which you see and admire so much? Why, it is nothing but stone, and stone is lifeless, and cannot speak, nor move, nor think, nor breathe. But thought has been doing work there. Mind, with its majesty and power, has represented something which it has created within itself. That is not the ideal. That is not what he intended to do, but what he must do to represent his ideal. You do not see a statue there—it is only a stone. A statue was in the mind of the artist, and you must think as he thought, and feel as he felt, and be an artist yourself, before you can understand the beauty and symmetry of that structure. You may read poetry, and think you understand it. None but the poet who wrote what you read understands the meaning of what he wrote. You may understand what you think he meant; you may conceive even higher thoughts than he intended to convey, but your own mind originates them, and you seek expression in what the poet has written. That is simply the form of an idea which grew and burned in his mind, and was fanned into a living flame, and it speaks upon a cold and lifeless page, and conveys the thought and mind of the poet. It is not the soul—not the thought itself. It is only the representation of the thought; and if you could not, by process of reasoning and thinking—by what is called imagination, which is simply but another name for reasoning—if you could not conceive through absolute reasoning what that poet meant, by understanding the arbitrary laws of language, by being enabled to trace those words which he has written there, and understand their distinctive meaning in the manner which they were placed together, you could not understand what the poet meant. And even then not thoroughly, because that page is cold and lifeless, because language is, in itself, arbitrary, because it is simply a method of expressing, very feebly, some of the thoughts which the mind conceives of; but the living, breathing soul can never be understood or exchanged through language.

Language is a science, and thought is a philosophy. Poetry is a science, but a poet's mind is a philosophy. Carving statues is a science, but originating them is a philosophy. Painting a picture is a science, but to conceive of one is a philosophy, and belongs to the world of mind. Building a steam engine, and understanding how to control and use it, is one of the sciences. To originate a steam engine requires philosophy. Music is a science, an arbitrary, absolute, positive, mathematical science. By numbers alone can music be understood—by absolute, mathematical construction, by arbitrary laws alone can musical instruments be formed. Through a combination of mathematical principles alone can they be fashioned. But music is the very soul of life, and thought lives in the soul, seeking expression in some form or other. The mechanical process of singing is very simple and very absurd, but the result, the origin, the conception, is beautiful. The science of singing is simply the contraction of the glottis and the epiglottis in the throat. But the idea of singing is all that the soul can conceive of as being divine. The philosophy is all that the mind can understand of heaven. Constructing a musical instrument, like the deep-toned organ or the merry-voiced violin, has in its composition very crude elements—wood and wires, iron and strings; but the performer thinks not of the wood, not of the strings, not of the brass, not of the keys, but of the music. That is a distinct and positive thought, and belongs to the world of mind, and cannot be expressed, but must be absolutely originated. You have never seen a strictly mechanical musician who was any musician at all. It is he whose soul is filled with music, who originates music, who understands music—not from the instrument, but makes the instrument speak it from his soul—that is the musician. You see the difference between soul science and philosophy, between science and the mind, between those things which are arbitrary, mechanical, superficial, material, and those which are mental, positive, self-existent, and true.

Again, in matter, although material philosophers sometimes profess to say that laws of nature are unchanging and unchangeable, we have to disagree with them because every possible conception of a change that can occur, occurs in matter, not in mind. Mind is always true, and always steadfast, always reasons from the same grounds; always possesses the same power of argument, always understands by the same rules, what the natural inferences must be. Mind is self-reliant, is positive, is creative. Matter is dependent, changing, deceiving. Mind is absolute, undying, perfect. Mind always lives, always conquers, always surpasses matter—controls nations, kingdoms, and crowns, and men, and thrones, and empires. Matter falls, decays, is trodden under foot, forgotten. Mind dictates, guides, performs. Matter is deflected, guided and directed, and must be acted upon. But mind constructs, invents, originates, perfects. Matter is a machine that may be used in construction; invention, or to exemplify that which the mind has originated and perfected. Another thing; mind is proven to be superior to matter, from this very fact; that no effort of the mind to demonstrate its thought through material substance over results in entire satisfaction. If matter controlled mind, there would never be improvement in art, science, or any of the mechanics, because at the first demonstration or illustration of any science, the mind would be satisfied, and there would stand still. But, it does not do that. If a machine is formed, an improvement is at once conceived of, and an improvement upon an improvement, until at last a new machine is constructed. The inventor, or some other mind, conceives another improvement upon that, until, improvement after improvement, the mind itself fails to satisfy its own conception of perfection. Is not mind superior to matter? Does not mental philosophy originate all other philosophies? and would there be any science except that philosophy preceded it? and would there be any other philosophy if the mind had nothing to do with science, or matter, or life? No; mental philosophers and material philosophers, and any kind of logician, may reason as they will upon the relation of mind to matter, or upon the relation of mind to

science, to the absolute, positive abstract sciences. But there is no science if there is no thought; there is no life if there is no mind; there is no mathematics if there is no reason in the human brain; and there is nothing in all that you know, or feel, or think, or hear, excepting that mind is absolute, supreme, divine and perfect. Who is God? He is mind. Who is the ruler of the universe? Mind. What constructs suns and systems and universes? Intelligence. What causes the orb planets to revolve in their spheres? Mind. What makes the tiny leaflet grow, and the flower bloom, extracting from the sun's rays heat, light, and its own individual growth and purpose? Mind? Why, if we were to conceive of a universe of chance, or of a material world without an intelligence to guide it, it would so clearly represent our ideal of discord, chaos, that conception would lose itself in endeavoring so to conceive. And if we could understand that there was a God whose mind was not absolute, omnipresent, ubiquitous, everywhere, our confidence in the material structure of the universe would very soon vanish, and to-morrow you might expect to see no sunshine, no earth, nothing, and we ourselves in oblivion. Therefore, as we have said before, the world of mind must originate and construct and exemplify all science. And mental philosophy, before science can be clearly understood, must be placed foremost in the catalogue of all sciences. And when man can understand thoroughly the laws controlling the sun and moon, he will have the key to unlock the mysteries of the whole universe—nor geology, nor astronomy, nor chemistry, nor geometry, nor even mathematics in its arbitrary matter form, can yield him any information that is not relative, can show him any discovery that is not fallible, until he understands the science of the mind; for upon that, and that alone depends the great structure of all science; and to that, and that alone, may be traced the present prosperity of nations and of worlds, commercially, religiously and politically.

"Thou shalt not steal."—BIBLE. I wish to send to Frank Lee, Norway, Me., the poetic gem which he so unexpectantly discovered, marked and claimed! In the last BANNER OF LIGHT. D. O. R.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD. It is a beautiful belief, That ever round our head Are hovering, on noiseless wings, The spirits of the dead. It is a beautiful belief, When finished our career, That it will be our destiny To watch o'er others here; To lend a moral to the flower, Breathe wisdom on the wind, To hold communion, at night's pure noon, With the imprisoned mind; To bid the erring cease to err, The trembling be forgiven, To bear away from ill clay The infant to its Heaven. Ah! when delight was found in life, And joy in every breath, I cannot tell how terrible The mystery of death. But now the past is bright to me, And all the future clear, For 'tis my faith that after death We still shall linger here. T. H. FRANKS.

Correspondence.

To Correspondents. One correspondent, without name, place, or date, writes that the BANNER is so good, and the reading of it so beneficial in its effects upon all who read it, that it should, after perusal, never be tucked away, or laid on the shelf, or bound, but be handed from one to another. "Carry them with you," says the writer, "when you travel; drop them by the way-side; throw them out of the car window; for thousands will read about Spiritualism who will not talk about it. Let every one have this richest gift of heaven to man—Spiritualism."

Experiences of an Investigator.—No. 3. MESSRS. EDITORS.—The intelligence, as I stated in my previous letter to you, intimated that they knew the contents of the epistle I had that day received, and that they did not wish me to reply to it at present, as they desired to impress the answer, when necessary, concluding the communication in these words: "My dear son, this shadow of gloom and disappointment shall not lour upon you. Look for bright and sunny days." I received two communications of a similar signification, but of different style, showing two different or distinct powers. One message purported to be from my father; the other from a sister. The number of letters used exceeded five hundred, and three-fourths were selected by the raps, in the usual way. This strange coincidence, showing fore-knowledge and an evident desire to interfere in worldly affairs, determined me to reflect, and examine with an unbiased mind so mysterious a subject. I therefore made several visits to the Fox Family, testing their mediumship in a variety of ways. Upon one evening, the medium was reluctantly compelled to give me nearly the whole of the specified time for visitors in answering test questions. When she attempted to gratify any other of the guests, the alphabet was imperatively called for, and she had to resume her labor with me, to our mutual surprise. Among the cross-questions I put that evening, unknown by her, was the following important one,—as I believed then, and do now, that the aim and duty of this intelligence is, to prepare us for the life to come by convincing us of the true motive of its existence, and not to demonstrate its power in aiding a worldly ambition or desire:—

Question.—Is not the duty of Spirits confined to spiritual matters? Answer.—My dear son—I see you spiritually, and it is my desire to see you progress both spiritually and temporally; but the laws that govern Spirits prohibit actual interference in the affairs of earth, otherwise than to influence when we can approach our friends. For example, you, my son, can be influenced by me when you are convinced who you are in communication with; but were you surrounded by opposing influences, I could not sway sufficient power, or influence, to control your mind at the time. There is an under-current of new working, which, if properly managed, will turn in your favor. May justice be done, and blessings attend you, my son.

I thus became daily more interested; and, though this communication may be in part considered at variance with the experience described, I decided to postpone answering the letter; and I do now rejoice at that conclusion; for at this time I entertain for the writer of that epistle respect and affection, that I hope and feel persuaded will extend beyond the grave. The letter was referred to by the Spirits some months after, but no communicated answer given me to forward. The change produced was mental, and beneficial to both parties.

At this period, Edmonds and Dexter's first volume appeared. I purchased it the day of issue, and read it with astonishment, wondering if such things could be so, or was it a book ingeniously devised for money-making? The position attained by Judge Edmonds, based, as such appointments are, more upon political or party feeling than a selection earned by acknowledged legal talent or forensic power, added not to its value, but rather lessened its importance. I therefore inquired carefully into the standing and character of these gentlemen, which resulted in my addressing the Judge, as I felt convinced that he was in principle far above adding or countenancing an act of deception or charlatanism. His candid and independent letter to the Herald, on the subject of his re-election as Judge, was proof of his truthfulness, and his claim to a respectful hearing from his fellow-men. I received, in reply, an invitation to visit his home, which I availed myself of on several occasions, receiving from him and his interesting family the courtesy and patience for which they are noted and respected. During these visits, I saw many manifestations of this singular power, but they were more of an interesting than striking nature—better adapted for believers, than those in my condition at that time. I held several conversations with the Judge, describing my experiences; but he declined to aid me, by suggesting a particular line of investigation, but encouraged me to persevere, as opportunely offered, volunteering a promise which has never been fulfilled, owing, I presume, to the multiplicity of his labors. It had been intimated to me that the Judge was accustomed to the use of opium, and that to its influence his peculiar views were traceable, and my feelings were to an extent biased accordingly; but during my visits, I saw no evidence whatever of this tendency, though I did observe a very strong partiality for tobacco—a taste too common to occasion surprise. I noted carefully and quietly every motion and occurrence.

As I am not by nature a talkative man, I always avoid discussions and arguments upon subjects of a purely speculative nature, as incapable of affording profitable employment of time; preferring to judge the matter from the evidence of deeds rather than words—the latter being extensively used

in this country as a cloak to hide the true intent of the man. After considerable observation, I was convinced of the sincerity of the writers of this book, but could see no satisfactory evidence that they were in communication with the Spirits of Swedenborg or Deane. The published messages are far below the standard works of these noted characters, while the profanes of the compilers of the volume are in advance of its contents. Such were my impressions of this volume; and the subsequent events connected with Dr. Dexter weakened my confidence, and induced the question, that if this mysterious power was so strong as to lift the Doctor from his bed, and remove him to another part of the town, why did it not befriended him in the hour of necessity, when its influence would have been most potent and beneficial, and more in accordance with the life of Swedenborg and the professions of the Spirits whose medium he was—surrendering unto those guidelines his frame, to be used as an instrument to convey their ideas or teachings? Surely his obedience merited aid; and why was this not used, so as to preserve his usefulness in the sphere of utility he moved in among men? Can Judge Edmonds satisfactorily explain this, and inform us why mediums are used for the purpose of giving certain evidences of power to please the Spirits, even with the mind of the medium antagonistic to their desire, and they do not arrest the erroneous action of a medium in his earthly duties, so as to do good among men, and convey a useful, practical lesson to us all?

Partly in consequence of the following incidents, my investigations were removed into another—and more important field of observation, where I had the opportunity of witnessing certain physical manifestations, and receiving various interesting proofs of this wonderful phenomena, and I began to be developed as a medium, which led to those experiences, that it is your desire I should pen as a useful intimation to other inquirers: I was selected to take a stranger from the West Indies to hear the rappings, by a lady friend of my family's. Prior to complying with the request, I gave the gentleman a sketch of my experiments, and we then visited a lady medium, in whom I had full confidence. We were the only visitors that evening, and sat at the table opposite to her. The raps were very weak, and the conditions evidently unfavorable for manifestations, she affirmed; but no explanation therefor was given. After a delay of a half hour, my friend said he felt something touching his knee under the table. I objected to manifestations in the dark, preferring light to darkness. The medium, imagining that I suspected a trick, invited me to sit beside her, on the opposite side of the table to that I occupied, and she would place her feet under mine. I of course complied, so as to face my friend, and the lady placed her two feet under my right foot, but in a very modest or timid manner. In a few moments, I felt her right foot gently withdrawn, and I, on the watch, immediately extended my left leg, so as to cover the approach to the knees of my friend, and I became the recipient of the touches in the dark, and thus saved my friend's experience. I took no notice until this exhibition had been performed three times, when the medium inquired of the gentleman if he had felt any more touchings. In reply, in the negative, I smiled, when the lady remarked, "It is queer;" and turning sharply to me, she used the following expression: "I think, sir, you must be of a positive nature." To which I replied, in a significant manner, "Yes, madam, I am very positive." We took leave of the lady. I felt grieved and mortified that one who did possess medium powers should have introduced a new order of experiences, when conditions were unfavorable for the raps. My investigations through were ended. W. New York, June, 1850.

Spiritualism One Hundred Years Ago.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—My attention has often been called to the highly spiritual power underlying the whole movement of Wesleyan Methodism, particularly in its earlier stages; and, indeed, you can scarcely be acquainted with a good Methodist, without finding some singular psychological fact in his or her experience. The wine of a divine life was poured into the cups of the early founders of Methodism as full as they were able to hold it, and for our measures are larger, and we are more willing to receive, to receive frankly and fearlessly, we shall never be stunted; and provided our heads are properly balanced, and our feet firmly planted, the rich wine of the kingdom will not intoxicate us, but only invigorate us.

Amongst the pioneers in the stirring times of early Methodist history, was a young woman of the name of Sarah Mallet. The spirit of the Lord striving within her, had commanded her to preach to the people; and it was strongly impressed upon her that she ought to call sinners to repentance. This impression she vehemently resisted, believing herself to be quite unqualified, till it was suggested, "If you do it not willingly, you shall do it, whether you will or not."

It is an experience very similar to that of many mediums of the present day; but we have the great advantage of knowing the philosophy of these things, and being better prepared to treat them. Her uncle's account to Mr. Wesley is as follows: "My niece, Sarah Mallet, came to live with me, January 30, 1780, she being then in the sixteenth year of her age. On the 10th she found peace with the Lord, by the aid of Long Stratton, Norfolk. On the 27th May following she went to Mr. Lamb's, at Hadderton. The next morning at breakfast, she was suddenly struck, went into another room, and laid herself down on the bed. She immediately lost her senses, and lay as if dead for some time. When she came to herself, she said she had seen two angels, who told her who she had a full view of the torments of the damned, and afterwards of the happiness of the blessed. She asked if she might enter the regions of happiness, and was answered, 'Not yet; you have work to do upon earth.' She then said, 'I wish to live with the Lord.' In September following, she was taken very ill, and grew worse and worse, till we had little hope of her life; but she was wholly resigned to the will of God, choosing neither life nor death. She grew weaker and weaker till the 16th December, when she was seized with an uncommon fit. From that time all her other complaints ceased; but her fits returned every twenty-four hours, and often continued four hours at a time.

On the 25th, Mr. Byron came to my house, who, on entering the room and seeing her in her chair, and looking like one dead, was so struck that he thought he should not be able to preach. He went to the house, and he went to the preaching house at Lovestoft, before a large congregation, and took for her text—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock!" This discourse she preached in Mr. Byron's hearing. She continued to preach in every following fit, speaking clear and loud, though she was utterly senseless. From December 25th, she continued to preach, and on January 30, every third day. I then called in some of the society to hear her. She spoke from Mark 16, 14. More came to hear her on the 18th, and still more on the 21st. The matter being now known abroad, many were desirous of hearing her, and she was called to preach at several places. On January 30, she was seized with an uncommon fit. From that time all her other complaints ceased; but her fits returned every twenty-four hours, and often continued four hours at a time.

She afterwards married a Mr. Boyce, who was a local preacher. She says, very simply and very beautifully, "he was a local preacher thirty-two years, and finished his work and his life well." How much there is in those few words of the sublime strength of a true and loving soul! I will insert two letters from the venerable John Wesley, then in his eighty-fifth year, addressed to Sarah, which are copied, as well as the foregoing facts, from the Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism, and are worthy to be written in letters of gold as facts for mediums of the present day. "Dear Sally—I do not wonder that you should have trials. You may expect them from every quarter. You tread daily on dangers, snares and death; but they cannot hurt you, while your heart cleaves to God. Towards pride; beware of flatterers; beware of dejection; but above all, beware of the other complaint. Those who profit by you, will be apt to love you more than enough; and will not this naturally lead you into the same temptation? Nay, Sally, is not this the case already? Is your heart wholly filled with God? Is it clear of idols? Is He still your sole and true desire, no other end of your heart? Considering your sex and situation, what but Omnipotence can keep you in the midst of the fire? You will not take it amiss if I ask you another question. I know that neither your father nor uncle is rich, and that in traveling up and down you will want a little money; but let me know how you get on, and what anything that is in the power of yours, affectionately. J. WESLEY."

In what an amiable light does this exhibit the grand old man. I do not think I ever read anything that has made my heart warm to him so much as this. That intimate and

delicately expressed knowledge of a woman's heart, so true, and loving, and self-sacrificing, and yet so easily swayed by the affections, and the kind, fatherly hint with which it closes. How it must have cheered the heart of the young girl, strong in faith and having to contend with difficulties which at that time made the profession, and, above all, the preaching of Methodism, a stern task for a strong man. I will add one more of his letters:— "My dear Sally—It gives me pleasure to hear that prejudice away, and that our preachers believe in a friendly manner. What is now more wanting to recover your health, you yourself finally see. Do not at every one's call. Never continue the service above an hour—singing, preaching, prayer and all. Never speak above the natural pitch of your voice; it is dangerous to the hearers; it gives them pain, not pleasure; and it is destroying yourself. Only follow these three advices, and you will have a large share in the regard of yours, affectionately. J. WESLEY."

Thinking that the above relation would be useful and encouraging to many minds I send it to the BANNER. Respectfully yours, E. D. WILLIAMS. Saratoga, N. Y., June 8, 1850.

A Few Brief Hints.

1. Matrimonial Affairs and Legitimacy of all Children. It has fallen to my lot to pioneer or pre-announce many things connected with the uprising of spiritual and human relations into their appropriate dignity and "higher unfolding." In fact, the brotherhood system, which I have been engaged from early youth in elaborating and developing, has been, in itself, a prophecy, and a direct pre-affirmation and teaching of various important elements and measures of reform, which are now beginning to attract public attention. Some of these points I have repeatedly asserted in advance of any other public expression of them, several of which remain yet to be fully appreciated or considered by the mass of minds. Sometime hereafter I may think it advisable to furnish a special article on this particular subject. But, in the meantime, there are several topics which I have held in reserve, (though fully written out, and suggested or read to valued acquaintances or friends here and there.) I have been waiting to see when and how other minds would get hold of these same ideas; and just now there is one of them which begins to take a strong hold of some intelligent and vigorous intellects, and that idea is, that all children, whether born in wedlock, or not, should be legitimate; or, in other words, that children called "illegitimate," or "bastard," should be entitled to all the rights and privileges (in provision, property, &c.) that other children have.

Mrs. Maria A. Branch of New York, (name since changed by marriage, I believe) was the first vigorous enunciator of this idea, a year or two ago, at the Free Convention in Vermont. Others have since taken it up and advocated it; among them, our well-beloved fellow-laborer, Warren Chase, in a recent BANNER OF LIGHT. How far they agree with me, in an idea which was long ago systematized for public use, you can readily perceive by the following, from the preliminary, or experimental "Constitution of Universal Unity and Brotherhood," written several years ago, and laid by all the public mind was ripe for broader reformatory action:— "Sacrament, Sec. 4.—Birth, in the light of these superior and fraternal institutions, shall be deemed and held a sacred thing, under whatever aspect or relation it may take place; and any human being who may be born out of wedlock, shall not be considered personally liable to any reproach therefor, more legitimately born of the same, or other parents; and shall be entitled to all the rights (with other offspring, in all privileges, emoluments, or property flowing from, or bequeathed by or to their parents, one or both."

The important principle involved in this great question of children's rights, is too obvious to escape attention, and will recommend itself to all humane thinkers. The question involves no difficulties which foresight and wisdom cannot obviate; and the principle rests, with other great principles, for the consideration and ultimate acceptance of the entire people.

But, on some other points lately broached—on subjects matrimonial and anti-matrimonial—I beg leave to dissent from the mass of those who seem inclined to adopt the above important principle relative to the rights of children in their parents. Thus, when Warren Chase, (in his recent article on "Divorce," &c.) suggests that marriage should be "regulated under the general laws of parties in civil contract," I must express my most unqualified disapproval. I expect never to see the time when the public system of any truly enlightened nation will treat marriage, or institute or uphold it, as a mere "civil contract." The holiest of all earthly associations deserves not to be sunk to a level with common business transactions, however much impulsive or depraved individuals may desire to render such matters as insecure and shifting as any simple, every day affair. And I have yet to learn that the prompt relief of any ill-matched parties requires any such public dissolution of marriage.

For the same reason I object to the expression of friend Chase, where he says that "Woman must be protected from, and not by her husband." For marriage, truly considered, is decidedly not only mutually "protective," but also helpful; and the object of any enactment or institution bearing in that direction, ought to be to encourage and aid the husband and wife to mutually protect and aid each other. No "husband" or "wife" will ever fail to protect or bless, one the other, in all their earthly relations; and if either party to a marriage connection falls off, and pursues a course diametrically opposite, then he or she is recreant to the character and title of "husband" or "wife," as the case may be, and takes on a new character, against which the law can provide without entering to the low element of distrust in connection with the most sacred associations of life.

Now—"The Universal Unity and Brotherhood of Man," from the preparatory "constitution," of which an extract has been given above, is an institution for the union of all true hearts, in their beneficent and efficient relations with all classes around them and throughout the world. It is designed to concentrate the energies of all true reform—to encourage and sustain every human interest, much more fully than can be done by the partisan, one-idea methods heretofore employed. It embraces measures for human relief far beyond anything in the past or present of human experience; and, aided by the special "spirit" counsels of those who, when on earth, labored and suffered for humanity, its lofty principles will be, as far as possible, applied to the redemption and regulation of our own nation during the present generation; while in all after periods it will be steadily and increasingly perfecting the mutual relations of earth and heaven, presenting an effulgent example of that true system and concord which the world unmistakably needs.

Many Spiritualists and others, ere long will learn that there is no great use in undertaking spiritual communion, or any other gift or improvement, outside of the connective effort and quickening principles which are involved in the systematized "Unity and Brotherhood" of which we have spoken. D. J. MANDELL. Atiol Depot, Mass.

Merit and Demerit.

D. W. HAMILTON, LEVISTON, ME.—"I have just finished a thorough perusal of an article in your paper, from your St. Louis correspondent, on 'Merit and Demerit.' It finds a hearty response from my inmost, and doubtless will find that of many others. It is an idea or doctrine which I have for some time past incultivated; but the cry, even from Spiritualists, has been, 'too fast! too fast!' as though truth needed a guardian—as though the sun should not shine for fear of hurting weak eyes. I am glad there is one Spiritualist organ that dares speak out on this important subject."

Spirit Communion.

E. B. H.—"Since the first human form was separated from the spiritual, and the first spirit entered on its eternal mission, all spirits have continually and constantly been in communication with the people of this earth, and have ever inspired the soul in the body with all the truths and intelligence which as spirits possessed. And as the human family multiplied and advanced in goodness, spirits also have progressed in a greater ratio than the people of earth, for they not only have the experience of life, but they, after becoming separated from the mortal body, and being released from the fetters of matter, have their eyes spiritually opened, and can more clearly see the film that kept the true knowledge from earth. And in the continual multiplying of spirits, knowledge and truth is presented more clearly to each individual soul—there being no church creeds in this delightful and eternal existence to mar the onward progress of the soul. Nature, in the operation of her beautiful and unchangeable laws, prepares the way, and allows the separation of the soul from the body to take place.

None can escape the fact of his life, of having been a chosen one. Truth and virtue, wisdom and love to mankind, are the true elements to predominate in the true soul of progress. Nature has in this century developed for the human race a great means of advancing the cause of true progress, and now nothing in nature can stop the rolling wave of onward progression. By preparation to the eternal and beautiful laws of nature, which have always existed, advancement and progress may be made much easier. Nature tends ever upward, and leads us to truth and goodness."

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Concord, Mass., July 13th and 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 15th and 16th; Rochester, N. Y., July 18th; Rome, N. Y., August 4th, 6th, 8th and 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 14th; Lowell, Mass., the four Sundays of September; October he will speak in Vermont, if the friends wish his services, and let him know by letter at Buffalo or Utica at the above dates. He would like to spend a week or six weeks in Vermont, giving six or seven lectures, which may be paid for with \$25. If the month is mostly spent in the State; address for September will be Lowell, Mass.; from Aug. 14th to Sept. 1st, Newport, N. H.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER is to speak in Ashland, Ohio, July 17th. Post-office address, Ashland, Ohio. H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Mystic, Conn., Sunday, July 17th; Chichester, Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Newbury, Mass., July 31st; Grand Work, Me., August 7th. He expects to spend the month of August in Maine. Friends in that State wishing to engage his services, will address him early at Greenwell Village, Mass.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Willimantic, Conn., July 17th; Northampton, Mass., July 24th; Springfield, Mass., July 31st and August 7th; Utica, N. Y., August 14th; Syracuse, N. Y., August 28th; Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named places at the time designated. Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Norwich, Conn., on Sundays, July 17th and 24th. Address Willard Barnes, Union, Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. SARAH A. MACOMBS will answer calls to lecture in the trace state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 83 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture at Providence, R. I., on the 17th, 24th and 31st of July, and at Willimantic, Conn., on the 7th and 14th of August. Invitations for her to lecture in the towns adjoining Providence and Willimantic during the above days, may be directed to her at either of the places during the above period. She will answer calls to lecture, week evenings, in adjoining places.

Dr. JOHN MATHEW will attend to the wishes of various friends on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit, from July 14th to August 31st. Mrs. J. W. CURTIS will answer calls to lecture. Address, Lowell, Mass. She will speak as follows: Willimantic, N. H., July 17th; East Stoughton, Mass., July 24th; Foxboro', July 31st; Waterbury, Ct., August 7th and 14th; Chichester, Trace August 21st and 28th. She will answer calls to lecture, week evenings, in adjoining places.

LORING MOODY will answer calls to lecture anywhere on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass. He will speak as follows:—West Bridgewater, Wednesday, July 15th; Raynham, Thursday and Friday, 14th and 16th; East Taunton or Middleboro', Sunday, July 17th; Dartmouth, Massachusetts, Wednesday, July 24th; East Taunton, Thursday and Friday, July 21st and 22nd; New Bedford, Saturday, July 24th; Tremont, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20th and 27th; Abington, Sunday, July 31st.

J. H. CONRAN will speak in Cambridgeport, Sunday, July 17th. Miss ROSA T. AMEY will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Friends desiring her services are requested to address her as speedily as possible at No. 32 Allan street, Boston, Mass. She will speak in Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 17th; Foxboro', Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Laconia, N. H., July 31st.

H. A. TUCKER, trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Foxboro', Mass. He will speak in Randolph, July 17th; Stoughton, July 24th; Norton, July 31st; East Stoughton, August 7th.

Mrs. EMMA HADWICK will conclude her Summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Oswego, Schenectady, &c. In September she starts for the West, North and South; speaking in October at St. Louis; in November at Memphis; and in December at New Orleans. She will return to Philadelphia in March, 1850. Address till October to No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BENJ. DAWSON will answer calls to preach on ancient and modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ, as he understands it. Address Boston, Mass. Miss LIZZIE DORRIS may be addressed at Plymouth, Mass. She will speak in that town the remaining Sundays in July and the month of August.

Dr. E. L. LLOYD will attend to calls to lecture, Sundays, on subjects connected with the Spiritual Philosophy; and on other subjects his services in this capacity will address him at Providence, R. I.

Prof. J. L. D. ORIN having completed the subscription list to the New England University, is now prepared to address the friends of reform upon other subjects connected with Spiritualism. His addresses are mainly in the trace or impressionist state. He will examine the sick free of charge, and will also receive subscription and form clubs for the BANNER. Address, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. H. E. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, Editor of the Agitator, may be addressed at Boston, care of Bela Marsh. Mrs. A. W. SPROUSE, through the months of July and August, will be in Oswego, N. Y.

Mrs. ALVINA P. THOMPSON, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt. GEORGE ATKINS, trance speaker, will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address No. 22 La Grange Place, Boston.

Dr. W. BARTHOLOMEW is engaged to lecture in Lyons, Mich., every Sunday till August 1st. All letters for him should be addressed there until that date. Miss EMMA HOUSTON, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture Sundays, or week evenings. Address at Fountain House, Boston.

Mr. CHARLES W. BURROUGHS will answer calls to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever his friends may desire. Address West Killington, Conn. LOVELL BRIDGE, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends of reform may require his services. Address North Ridgelyville, Ohio.

C. T. INISH, trance-speaking medium, wishes to travel West this summer, and those Western friends who desire his services as a lecturer may address him at Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq. Rev. JOHN PERROT will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

GEO. M. JACKSON would inform his friends in the East that, should they desire his services, they will address him till further notice at Prattsburgh, N. Y., as all communications will reach him from this point. Miss A. F. FEASE has engagements to lecture till the first of September.

Mrs. BERTHA B. CHASE will answer calls to speak in the trace state. Address West Hartford, Mass. E. R. YOUNG, trance medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath. Address Box 85, Quincy, Mass. H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition, for such compensation, as may be desired, and references may be prompt. He will lecture in Randolph, Mass., July 24th.

Mrs. ANA L. COAN may be addressed at Boston, Mass. Prof. J. E. CHURCHILL can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia, to lecture on Reform in Belgium, Politics, and Socialism.

Mrs. M. M. MACOMBS, trance speaking edium, will answer calls to lecture in any direction the friends of progress may desire. Address Chelmsford, R. I. Mrs. J. B. SMITH, clairvoyant, test, and trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at Concord, N. H., for the present.

Dr. C. O. YORK will answer calls to lecture in the trace state. Address Boston, Mass. Mrs. F. O. HYZEN may be addressed, in care of J. H. Blood, Box 10, Prattsburgh, N. Y., St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. SARAH M. JOYNSON will receive calls to speak on Sundays. Address, North Abington, Mass. ELIZAH WOODWORTH will discourse on the "Spiritual" philosophy, history unfolded, as written in symbolical narratives, expressed through the personification of words and names in the Hebrew and Christian oracles." He may be addressed

