

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SUNDAY MORNING SERMONS OF Revs. 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.

## REFINEST; OR, THE SMUGGLER'S SECRET. A STORY OF THE PAST. BY GEO. F. BURNHAM. CHAPTER VIII. THE MONK OF ST. STEPHENS.

Agreeably with the last wish expressed by the notorious Dugarre, when he left the castle in custody of what was supposed to be the king's soldier, his lordship departed next day for the capital to learn the details of the charges that were to be brought against his friend, and to aid him as best he could, at court, in his emergency. His astonishment may well be conceived, upon his arrival there, to hear that no such arrest had been ordered, no such person as Dugarre was known by the government, and that the King's Guard had not been absent, at all, from the palace!

What all this fact contradiction signified his lordship was utterly unable to comprehend. The Guard of his majesty had been at his door, and in the name of the king they had demanded the delivery of the abbe's person. He was sure enough of this, and the denial of it greatly confused him. He met several officers of the Guard, and he was quite certain, that among the ranks, he recognized three or four of the very soldiers who formed a part of the detachment on that occasion.

The importunities of his lordship were at first received as the hallucinations of a lunatic. Eventually, however, he contrived to make the authorities believe that he was neither drunk nor crazy, and he effected an audience with those who entertained his complaint, for the time being. The interview resulted in convincing them that such an occurrence as he described had really taken place, and that an officer of the Church had actually been taken away by a military force, who were plainly disguised, for the purpose, in the uniform of his Majesty's Guards.

When this fact was at length established to the satisfaction of the Portuguese authorities, active measures were at once put on foot to investigate the singular affair, and to bring the perpetrators of the outrage to punishment—if they could be found! This latter proviso, however, was a very serious qualification to their promise given to his lordship. For, while the complainant was passing four or five days at the capital, investigating the subject, and trying to afford information, as far as it was possible for him to do, in reference to this curious incident, the captors of the "abbe" had made good their retreat, and Dugarre was a solitary prisoner, far beyond the reach either of his friends or the authorities of the province. At this same time, also, another descent upon the Castle of Esilrone, for another purpose, was well nigh consummated—of the details of which his lordship was not only entirely ignorant, but of which he did not entertain the slightest suspicion.

One day had passed, after the arrest of Dugarre, before his lordship started from home. His journey to the capital occupied two days more. He tarried there nearly five days, occupied by his efforts to obtain a hearing, and to explain matters, subsequently, and it required two days more for his return journey home again: Thus upwards of ten days had expired during his absence, and since his friend, the "abbe," had been thus scandalously stolen from beneath the walls of Esilrone by an armed mob, or a clan of bandits, yet to be discovered. His lordship was deeply chagrined at this mortifying affair, but he was destined to be still more deeply annoyed and alarmed, on his return to the castle, after his visit to the city.

As soon as the cargo of the Raven had been taken care of Ostrello sent for his confidante.

"Malech," he said, "I desire to communicate with the inmates of the castle to visit a day or two since. Can you gain entrance there?"

"I can try, captain. I do not know what may prevent; but if it can be done, I will execute your orders."

"How will you obtain admittance?"

"I cannot say, captain," replied Malech; "but," he continued, on reflection, "I think I can manage it; perhaps disguised as a confessor. This good 'abbe' is now absent, and they may be glad of the opportunity to meet a priest among them, within the castle walls, even temporarily."

"Excellent—excellent, Malech!" ejaculated Ostrello, at once perceiving the aptness of this proposal. "That is just the thing, Malech. Go and prepare for an immediate journey thither. Capital! Upon my word it could not have been better," continued the captain, highly pleased with this apparently feasible scheme.

In a brief space of time Malech appeared again before his master, who laughed outright, as he beheld him enter the apartment in his monk's disguise.

"Ha, ha! very good—very good!" exclaimed Ostrello. "Verily, Malech, you are skilled in transformations. Now to business."

His attendant was attired in a plain dress of black, his head had been shaved close about the

temples, his hair was cut very short, and his cowl and girdle, cross and bands, were all complete. He looked his character perfectly.

"What are my son's wishes?" said Malech, with mock reverence.

The captain smiled, and said, "go to the Castle d' Esilrone as rapidly as horse can bear you. Find entrance to the inner court, or by some means communicate with the household. Learn what has become of your friend, 'Father Dugarre,' the 'good abbe,' as they call him. Ascertain how his arrest is understood and received there, and learn whatever else may be of interest to me in that locality. Find your way back as quickly as you go, good Malech, and tell me how I may reward your promptness and fidelity."

"I will return forthwith," said Malech; and he was soon dashing across the country, at full speed, upon his important errand. He reached the castle grounds at an early hour on the following day, and having left his horse behind him, two miles distant in the forest, he arranged his dress again, and started on foot, in his priestly robe, to gain admittance to the premises.

At about ten o'clock the attendant at the outer gate reported that a confessor from Saint Stephens craved admittance to the castle, and inquired for his worthy brother, the good Abbe Dugarre. He was admitted at once to the reception room, where he was met by the steward, the governess and Eugenie, who came to crave the blessing of their ghostly friend. After partaking of a generous goblet of rare wine, he again inquired for Dugarre, and smiled within himself as he listened to the story of the valiant and brave-hearted steward.

He learned, from this well-fed menial, that Father Dugarre had just been called away from the castle by a summons from his Majesty, the King, who sent a handsome escort for him, (to use the steward's version,) selected from his own private Guards. This "escort," he continued, consisted of about two hundred soldiers, and was commanded by brave and gallant officers. The abbe, he said, was loth to leave the castle, even for the brief space of time that his Majesty desired his attendance; but he would very soon return.

He further learned that his lordship had been absent a few days, also, having gone to the capital to aid in expediting the abbe's return, etc.; all of which information was the more gratifying to the pretended monk, inasmuch as he knew exactly where Dugarre was at that moment, and how likely he was to be released from the imprisonment he did not doubt he richly deserved.

Eugenie listened to all that was said, but she felt very certain that the steward was entirely in the dark as to his knowledge of the fate of the abbe. She feared for the result, however. She knew the dogged and determined character of her guardian, and she was uneasy when he departed for the capital, for it was clear to her mind that Dugarre had been taken away elsewhere, and she was quite sure that the king had had very little to do with it. As soon as this should have been discovered, there was a prospect that other parties would be sought out, if possible, and the life of her lover and his friends, whoever they were, would instantly be periled.

The stray monk regretted that father Dugarre, his old friend and companion, as he described him, was thus absent; but he would come again, when his duties permitted, and meet him at the castle at a future day.

And having ascertained all that he could readily learn, he departed, as he came, retired on foot to the forest, threw aside his cowl and cap, mounted his steed, and pushed his favorite Jennie to her utmost speed to reach the cavern of his master with the least possible delay.

### CHAPTER IX. THE NEWS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The captain was sitting alone in his private apartment, anxiously awaiting the arrival of Malech, when the sound of hurried footsteps greeted his ear, in the outer passage. "Who comes?" demanded Ostrello, as the door opened, hastily.

"It is I, captain—your servant, Malech."

"Now—thanks for your speedy return—what news?"

"My mission was successful, captain."

"As usual, Malech. And what did you learn?"

"That our late ruse, in the arrest of Dugarre, completely mystified them all at Esilrone."

"Good!"

"They believed that his Majesty's guard escorted the abbe from the castle; and as yet they continue so to think. But an unexpected turn has occurred in the matter—at least, to my thinking," continued Malech.

"And what is that?"

"The lord of the castle has gone to the capital."

"To the capital! For what purpose?"

"To aid and counsel Father Dugarre in his dilemma—so I am informed."

"That will explode our disguise."

"Of course. And as soon as I heard this fact, I put spurs to Jennie and returned, presuming that this might interfere with some future arrangements that you might have in prospective, regarding your affairs at the castle."

"You did rightly, Malech. Now, tell me, how soon can his lordship return?"

"I have no means of knowing; but not under four days, probably," replied his attendant.

"So I think, Malech, so I think," continued the captain, thoughtfully. "What time does the moon rise to-night?"

"At quarter to nine."

"Collect the guard who accompanied us to the castle lately. Let them be thoroughly armed and well mounted. Procure a fresh horse for yourself, and be ready with your men at eight o'clock. I will lead them as before."

"I shall not fail, captain," said Malech, promptly.

"Now, then, my noble lord of Esilrone, we will see how far your power extends toward the further imprisonment and persecution of that gentle girl," exclaimed Ostrello, as his attendant closed the door. "I will rescue her. Now is the fitting opportunity. We shall reach the castle by nightfall on the morrow, and we will ascertain what a few brave hearts and stout hands—if need be—can do toward liberating a child of innocence from the oppression of avarice and cold-hearted selfishness. I will shed no blood, if it can be avoided. I will try stratagem once more; but I will not leave the castle, peacefully, without my prize," continued Ostrello, firmly.

He gave orders immediately that no communication whatever should be had with his prisoner, Dugarre, during his contemplated absence, except to furnish his food, as usual. He then attired himself in his green hunter's dress, placed his pistols in his breast, and anxiously awaited the moment when he should depart upon his newly-planned enterprise. He felt pretty well satisfied that if his lordship were still absent, he would have little trouble in carrying his point—to wit, the abduction of Eugenie; for he was convinced in his own mind that she would not hesitate to join him as soon as he had the opportunity to show her his intentions. If, unluckily, the lord of Esilrone had returned, before he could again reach the castle, he would first ascertain the fact, and avoid an altercation, relying upon his own address and management for a fortunate result in his undertaking. He felt assured, however, that his lordship would not reach the castle first, and thus he hoped to succeed without encountering serious opposition.

At eight o'clock, the sound of the well-known signal for starting was heard, and on the instant a dozen well-armed and resolute men sprang into their saddles, as Ostrello, impatient of any unnecessary delay, made his appearance and gave the order to "advance!" The clang of rapidly moving horses was heard down the ravine for a few minutes, and the spirited riders, led gallantly on by their intrepid commander, Ostrello, were quickly out of sight, on their way to Esilrone.

The ever ready and faithful Malech, attired as a lame and crooked mendicant, was sent forward to the vicinity of the castle to reconnoitre, immediately on the arrival of the band in sight of the premises. After an hour's absence he hobbled back, and reported that he had met with a servant belonging to his lordship's household, of whom he asked alms, but who referred him to those who had means to aid the poor, in higher places than he occupied. Upon further parley, he ascertained that the lord of the castle was still absent, but was hourly expected to arrive from his visit to the capital. The "King's Guard," led on by the gaily dressed hunter, then immediately emerged from the forest, and dashed boldly up to the bridge that crossed the moat. They met with no difficulty in gaining an entrance to the courtyard, Ostrello saying only, "In the name of the King!" as he dashed to the gate, which was thrown wide open to permit the ingress of his "Majesty's Guards."

As good fortune would seem to have ordered it, at the moment of their entrance in front, a young lady was seen advancing from the rear of the castle, mounted on a beautiful animal, with a single attendant near her. It was Eugenie and her trusty "penant." They were just about to leave for their morning's ride, which was limited to within the walls of the great park; and instantly the fair rider recognized, in the hunter, the person of her lover.

An exchange of glances seemed to satisfy both Ostrello and Eugenie that the contemplated plan was understood. While Malech spoke briefly with the steward, the gallant captain raised his cap to the approaching fair one, and said quickly, as she passed near him:

"Now?"

"Is it safe?" she replied, in a whisper.

"Certain," said Ostrello.

"Yes—yes," answered Eugenie.

"Guards—wheel!" shouted Ostrello, in a voice of thunder. Then seizing the bridle of the horse upon which Eugenie was mounted, he dashed boldly round, and leaving his attendants to cover his retreat, he darted through the gate, crossed the bridges, and flew across the country toward the forest, with Eugenie safely by his side.

There was no opportunity for altercation, explanations or apologies for this coup de main. The band of Ostrello followed close upon their master's tracks. The people at the castle were momentarily panicked and bewildered at this singular scene, and being unarmed, they could not recover until it was too late. The steward and his associates saw the flying horses for a few moments; they beheld their young mistress as she dashed over the ground, supported by the stranger in the green hunting dress; and when they found their tongues, and essayed to speak or act, the fugitives were far out of sight, still hurrying madly on, and followed closely up by the sturdy, faithful comrades of Ostrello.

"They have stolen Eugenie!" cried the governess.

"She has eloped," said the steward.

"They have arrested her," added the butler.

"Yes, they were the King's Guards," rejoined the groom.

"A willing prisoner," muttered a servant.

"Sound the alarm-bell!" shouted the steward.

"What for?" inquired the gatekeeper.

"We must pursue them. Hasten!"

"Bosh!" replied the armorer; "they are far beyond your reach, and you may save your powder and your horseflesh."

Regrets and orders and counter-orders were vain. The result of all was, that the drawbridge was secured, the gate was closed, and the faithful, shrewd and valiant defenders of the Castle of Esilrone retired to their respective quarters, to reflect upon what would probably be the result, to them, of this most unfortunate and astonishing piece of audacity, when his lordship should return.

In the very midst of their lamentations, and mutual charges against each other for neglect of duty and action in the premises, the bell sounded and his lordship arrived in hot haste.

"Up with the draw-bridge!" he shouted, as he passed it; "secure the gates—see to the castle doors—admit no person here without my special license; and see to it, on your lives, that no one passes out without my written order!" And then he sprang from his weary steed and entered his castle portal.

In a few minutes he summoned his confidantes around him, and informed them that Dugarre was the victim of treachery and deceit. The government knew nothing of the purported arrest; the "King's Guards" were personated only for the moment, and the gang who had borne the good abbe away were undoubtedly banditti. The authorities had proclaimed them robbers and outlaws, and a price had been set upon their heads.

"See to it," he continued, madly, "see to it, minions, that we are not thus surprised again! Look to your posts—guard well the parks and avenues—and, if you value your lives, I charge you suffer no repetition of this miserable outrage to disgrace the character of the defenders of Esilrone Castle. Away, and send Eugenie hither!" shouted his lordship, boiling with rage and chagrin as he thought of this discomfiture.

"Go, I repeat!" yelled the lord of Esilrone, "and bid my ward attend me!"

But no one went. One after another fell upon his knees, or prostrated at his feet; and his lordship stood confounded at the exhibition.

"What means all this?" he said, in a voice terrible from its sarcastic calmness. "Up, I say, and send Eugenie here!"

"She is—gone!" ventured the steward, at last.

"Gone!" repeated the nobleman. "Who—gone? and whither, man?"

"Carried off!" mumbled the steward.

"Eloped!" added another.

"Run away!"

"Stolen!" said the armorer.

"By whom?—and how—and when—or where?" screamed his lordship.

"The King's Guards came, this morning—"

"S death and confusion!" yelled the lord of Esilrone, as he clutched the speaker by the throat, and stopped his further utterance; "if you but speak the name of that reptile band again in my hearing, by all the saints, I'll strangle you! Tell me, where is my ward?"

But his ravings were all in vain. He learned the story, finally; and when he eventually concluded to attempt a pursuit of the fugitives, Eugenie was safely bestowed, out of the reach of his fury or his whims, forever!

### CHAPTER X. PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE.

At the period when our story dates, the road, or roads, from Torres and Cintra down the Tagus valley to Lisbon, were rude and irregular. The way passed over deep gulches, ragged mountains, and broken vales, at times; and civilization had not extended her protecting arm over that portion of the country lying to the west and northward of Esilrone. A few old castles only were scattered here and there, upon the broad space of rugged and unbroken country, and, except a single isolated vineyard or two, with its humble house under the broad hill-side, there were little signs of life among those wilds, save when the beasts of the forest, the bandits of the mountains, or the shore smugglers, moved about from their hiding places, from time to time.

At evening, the party of horsemen halted at the spot designated by their leader—Ostrello having some time previously fallen in the rear of his men, accompanied only by Malech and his prize. Turning aside into a path unknown to any of his comrades, and leading to a small hut, protected by a broad hill on the north, and so surrounded by dense foliage, and vines, and stalwart trees, as to be almost inaccessible, save to the initiated roamer in that region, he drew up before its humble door, and alighted.

"Come, Eugenie," he said, affectionately; "let us tarry here, and obtain refreshment—which you must feel the need of, surely. You'll find the good woman who dwells in this humble cot a friend of mine; and she will render you comfortable while we wait. To-morrow I will explain to you what I see you so much desire to know. Trust me, Eugenie; you shall have no cause to regret this day's work. Malech!"

"Yes, senor," replied his confidante.

"See to the horses, and obtain some rest. Answer no queries here, if any are propounded."

"I hear, and know no details of aught that transpires, captain, you know. But this is a new business for us, eh?"

"By-and-by, Malech, I will explain everything that you may desire to know. To bed, now, for I have business for you at early daybreak."

Upon entering the hut, a degree of neatness and nicety in the humble dwelling, by no means common under such homely exteriors, was apparent from the threshold. The matronly woman of the house conducted her suddenly arrived guests to another apartment, however, beyond the first one, that really surprised Eugenie, and made her feel more at ease at once, as they entered this well arranged and pretty room. She stepped upon a soft, rich carpet; the little low windows were shadowed with handsome curtains; the furniture was very good, though antique in style; and the entire apartment had an air of neatness and beauty that could not have been suspected from a glance at the outside of this small and sequestered dwelling, which was so isolated and remote from the world.

"Sit, my lady," said the woman, whom Ostrello called Moinette; "and remove your habit. We will have a meal prepared directly."

"Where is your husband, Moinette?" asked the captain.

"Gone to the lake, this morning; he will soon return."

"Be content, Eugenie," said Ostrello, a moment afterward, "and do not be anxious or nervous. Rely on me; all will be quickly explained."

He passed into the other room for a moment, and meeting the woman there, he said, "Call me Antonio here, and caution Otho, when he comes in, to do the same. We shall leave to-morrow. Let the lady have the best attendance, and ask no questions of any one."

Following upon the harsh exercise to which Eugenie had been subjected, notwithstanding her natural doubts and youthful fears at the precipitate and extraordinary step she had just taken, she slept in comparative quiet. She had become desperate from the restrictions she had been compelled to submit to at the castle, and she cared but little what might be her future fate, since she felt that she was no longer answerable to the caprice and dictation of the lord of Esilrone.

At sunrise, Malech was ready to depart again.

"Go forward, Malech, and overtake the men at our rendezvous. Bid them return to head quarters directly. I have rescued this young creature from the clutch of oppression; and I will quickly join you at the Eyrie. You hesitate. I see. Go on. I know the laws of our tribe, Malech! I am right; she will not interrupt our business, or intrude upon our premises. I have only offered our protecting hand against injustice and lordly might that threatened to crush and overwhelm an humble innocent. Go! I will account for my conduct, if necessary."

One of the first laws of the smuggler-band, and that which was observed with the strictest nicety among them, was the entire and constant prohibition of women amongst them. No member of the band was allowed to associate with the opposite sex, and the introduction of a female into the camp was punishable with death. Malech knew this, and Ostrello, of course, was not ignorant of the responsibility he had assumed in this matter. But he had made up his mind as to what would succeed the elopement, eventually; and he hardly dreamed that he should have succeeded in securing his prize so readily. He had had his arrangements all made for weeks, however; and he now found the lady upon his hands, to be disposed of agreeably with the requirements for her own comfort and his duty among his fellows.

Malech did as he was directed. Two wrongs could not make one right, he contended; and if the captain had erred, it was no part of his business to disobey; besides this, but for his respect for camp-rule, he was rather pleased at the captain's choice, and his rare good fortune. He proceeded to the halting place of the "Guards," sent them forward, and then returned again to the place where he had left his master.

Meantime, during Malech's absence, Ostrello had consoled the fair Eugenie with pleasant words and promises of future happiness. He gave her to understand that he resided at some distance to the north, but had been down to the vicinity of Esilrone, in search of amusement, when he first saw her, and had journeyed to meet her, a long distance, often times since. He induced her to receive him as a gentleman of leisure and of ample property, who was in no wise embarrassed, and who would be proud and happy only to serve her, and make her forget all the pains and the few pleasures that she was leaving behind her at the Castle of Esilrone. The innocent girl confided in him, hoped for the best, felt sure that she had forsaken no friends in her sudden leave-taking, and promised to follow his future fortunes. Ostrello proposed to start with her, in a few days, or as soon as the excitement which would naturally follow upon such an affair had had time to subside, and go to his estate in France, where, at the proper time, he would wed her, and they could thenceforth hope for quiet and happiness.

The captain left his young charge in the care of Moinette and her husband, promising to return for her in three or four days, and in company with Malech, departed for the camp once more. The immediate reappearance of Ostrello among his men allayed at once all feeling and doubt that might otherwise have arisen in their minds, after the late rescue of a female at the Castle; and his instant application to business, after his arrival, entirely re-assured them that he had entertained no idea of infringing upon their laws, to which he had so strenuously required obedience from others of the tribe.

But his activity at the cavern for the forty-eight hours next succeeding his return, had an object in it.

that his men, who aided in carrying out his schemes with such alacrity, had little idea of.

Ostello had nearly carried his point. He had enjoyed the society of Eugenie sufficiently long to begin to value her. He had felt the warm breath of her gentle and simple affection, he had heard her protestations, and he had sworn to protect and cherish her.

As soon as he returned, he commenced to gather his means together, with a view to quit his smuggler-haunt, forthwith. In this resolve he had no confidant whatever. For years, as he contrived to hoard up his gains, he had from time to time managed to invest his surplus in the hands of a friendly banker at Oporto, who paid him round interest, and furnished him with bills of credit and vouchers for his money or gold.

There was nothing unusual in his preparations, it being not uncommon often for him to accompany the smugglers when goods were removed from their secret places, up and down the coast. Thus—though his present plan was finally the result of but a few hours' reflection or notice, his comrades entertained not the slightest suspicion of his ultimate intentions.

He could with difficulty avoid the temptation to be avenged upon Dugarre—who was in his power—and, when everything had been got ready for his final departure—though no one living knew or suspected his design—he summoned the prisoner once more into his presence, resolved upon an interview that should afford the opportunity for him to give the pretended priest a valuable lesson.

CHAPTER XI.

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

In response to the summons of his capturer, the pretended priest immediately appeared before the man who now held his liberty—or his life—in his hands. Dugarre appeared not much the worse for his imprisonment, and Ostello was rather astonished to find him looking so well, and, moreover, so apparently unconcerned about himself.

"I appear," said Philippe, pompously, "at the summons of the august ruler of this realm, to answer to his whims, or to meet the fate which it may be his pleasure to accord me."

"We have no taste or desire for flowery speeches here," said the captain, promptly. "You have been a desperate scoundrel in your day, Philippe Dugarre, and you deserve a harsher punishment than it is my will to inflict upon you, bad as you are, and have been, so long."

"Is my noble and valiant captain disposed to be so very lenient, then? Will the brave officer who, at the head of a military corps, arrests and gags a harmless, unarmed man, and bears him to a wilderness like this, condescend to inform him, after so many weary days of imprisonment, that he does not choose to be his murderer, too? This is generous and noble conduct, of a truth!"

"Sit down, Philippe Dugarre," said Ostello, excited by this impudent bearing of the false priest—"sit down, and hear what I have to say to you." Dugarre did as he was directed, and for a time was a silent but scornful listener to the words of Ostello.

"I have already reminded you," Philippe Dugarre, briefly, of your past history, to which you have not entered either denial or attempt at defence. It is unnecessary for you to do this, because you must be satisfied that I know you, root and branch.

"That same Eugenie you have stolen from my lord's protection," replied Dugarre, in triumph. "But you have taken her away—you love her—you would marry her, or bring her to this dangerous camp, perhaps, without the rites of wedlock! You are equal to either, Antonio. She is fresh and gentle, like to her ruined mother when the stranger met her at her father's cottage. You write and chafe, Antonio! My life is in your hands, and you can seek your revenge upon my head, whenever you may will it!"

"Go!" yelled the captain—"depart—leave me! Stop—Dugarre—stop!" continued his captor, madly, "and tell me you have lied to me. Tell me that—show me that you have deceived me, again—this time—that, that Eugenie is—is some one else, Dugarre, and you go free on the instant—free—forgiven—loaded with riches—speak!"

"The arrow has gone home, Antonio! I do not lie—I will not, cannot deceive you, in this fearful emergency," replied Dugarre. "Crush me, if you will—I ask no favor for myself. But, on my oath, Antonio, you are the reckless being I have spoken of, and the sweet Eugenie is your daughter!"

"Liar!" screamed Antonio in a shriek of thunder; "ho! within there—guard!" and at the summons, half a dozen bearded men dashed into the room, and at the word seized the person of Dugarre, and held him, as the captain, gasping for breath, fell forward heavily upon his face.

"What have you done?" yelled Malech, as he raised his master up, and saw the blood trickling from his mouth and nostrils. "What have you done to him?"

"He is dying," said one. "Hold him up," said Dugarre; "it is rage and spleen, only. Hold him away. He is a liar and a bad man. I will not hurt him. You may respect his cloth, Malech. Put him in the scarlet room. Bring me some wine, and leave me alone. I am better—better, now. Go, Malech—take him off. Then come again, in an hour."

He waved his hand to his men; the prisoner was at once removed, and Ostello threw himself upon a lounge and buried his face in his hands, prostrated—overwhelmed with the most fearfully contending

and though you are now in my power, yet I will not visit upon your head the punishment you deserve."

"You are lenient, Antonio—very lenient. And now, since I have listened to you so peacefully, will you not suffer me to enlighten you upon one point that may be of interest to you in your present circumstances?"

"What have you to say, then?"

"Will you hear me?"

"Go on—briefly, for my time is precious. Even now Eugenie awaits my coming. I have removed her from the castle, and I purpose to provide for her, and place her beyond the reach of your arts, and far from the future control and embarrassment of the tyrant of Esirone. Go on!"

"By what means you have contrived to remove Eugenie from the care of her legal guardian, I know not, said Dugarre; "but I presume the same assumption of authority that inveigled me hither, has been employed to induce her to fly from the protection of her friends at Esirone. Be that as it may; if you have enticed or forced the child from the care of her noble ward, you have perilled her peace, and the end is yet to come—remember!"

"If you have sought to say in your defence, speak it quickly, Philippe Dugarre. I have no leisure, at present, to bandy words with you, nor do I feel any inclination to indulge you," said the captain, growing impatient.

"I have that to tell you, Antonio, which you must hear," said the priest, with singular emphasis. "Must!" retorted the captain, gazing upon his prisoner for a moment, and doubting if he had heard aright.

"I would speak to you upon a subject in which your weal or woe is now involved, Antonio, too deeply to permit even my enemy to remain in ignorance of its import. Will you listen?"

"Proceed—proceed with your harangue. But do not shape or coin your story with any hope to intimidate me, Philippe. Go on."

"You have spoken of the past, and you have dilated upon your imaginary wrongs; let me speak to you in a like strain, and I will point you to the dwelling of an humble woman, who lived, some score of years ago, or less, upon a quiet river's bank, in sunny Spain, within a few short leagues of the home where first you drew your breath. The gentle stream that gilded past that door was but the type of her unruffled life, up to the hour when first she met the youth whom destiny had formed to curse her, and destroy her future peace. He came at evening, and she saw in the wily manners of this youth—whose tongue was supple, and whose face was fair—the being she had pictured in her dreams, and whom she quickly learned to love."

He came again, and often afterwards was the welcome guest beneath her father's roof. He talked to her of his ample fortune, and of his fair estate and lands. He wooed her thus—deceived her from the outset—and followed up his vantage, until he accomplished her ruin—then forsook her, fled, and left her to her fate!"

"You are uneasy, Antonio," said the priest, who noticed that his captor did not relish this bit of romance. "But, I have not yet finished. Listen."

"I say this heartless youth departed, suddenly, and none know whither he had fled. But, ere a year had passed, his victim was a weeping mother. In dreary sadness she mourned over the base treachery of which she found herself the unhappy dupe, and in secret—protected by her fond old father—she nursed and reared her child, till it had seen some seven years, or more; when sickness fell upon her, and she died, Antonio, invoking Heaven's blessings on the father of her babe—forgiving, gentle, uncomplaining, to her last hour of life!"

"Stop—stop, Dugarre!" cried the smuggler chief, as the peroration burst from his forehead—"say no more—no more—I will not listen to your story."

"Not yet, Antonio; the sequel is to come, and it will entertain you, vastly. The child grew on in years and beauty. The grandparent quickly followed his daughter to the tomb, and the promising child was placed in charge of those who cared but very little for her. At length protection came. My noble lord of Esirone adopted her, and she became an inmate of his household."

"Eugenie!" screamed the captain.

"That same Eugenie you have stolen from my lord's protection," replied Dugarre, in triumph. "But you have taken her away—you love her—you would marry her, or bring her to this dangerous camp, perhaps, without the rites of wedlock! You are equal to either, Antonio. She is fresh and gentle, like to her ruined mother when the stranger met her at her father's cottage. You write and chafe, Antonio! My life is in your hands, and you can seek your revenge upon my head, whenever you may will it!"

"Go!" yelled the captain—"depart—leave me! Stop—Dugarre—stop!" continued his captor, madly, "and tell me you have lied to me. Tell me that—show me that you have deceived me, again—this time—that, that Eugenie is—is some one else, Dugarre, and you go free on the instant—free—forgiven—loaded with riches—speak!"

"The arrow has gone home, Antonio! I do not lie—I will not, cannot deceive you, in this fearful emergency," replied Dugarre. "Crush me, if you will—I ask no favor for myself. But, on my oath, Antonio, you are the reckless being I have spoken of, and the sweet Eugenie is your daughter!"

"Liar!" screamed Antonio in a shriek of thunder; "ho! within there—guard!" and at the summons, half a dozen bearded men dashed into the room, and at the word seized the person of Dugarre, and held him, as the captain, gasping for breath, fell forward heavily upon his face.

"What have you done?" yelled Malech, as he raised his master up, and saw the blood trickling from his mouth and nostrils. "What have you done to him?"

"He is dying," said one. "Hold him up," said Dugarre; "it is rage and spleen, only. Hold him away. He is a liar and a bad man. I will not hurt him. You may respect his cloth, Malech. Put him in the scarlet room. Bring me some wine, and leave me alone. I am better—better, now. Go, Malech—take him off. Then come again, in an hour."

He waved his hand to his men; the prisoner was at once removed, and Ostello threw himself upon a lounge and buried his face in his hands, prostrated—overwhelmed with the most fearfully contending

emotions of terror and astonishment at this frightful and sudden exposure!

CHAPTER XII.

THIS DEPARTED.

It will not be necessary to tarry long to dwell upon the sensations of disappointment, horror, doubt and anxiety which for the succeeding three or four hours hung over the almost crushed Antonio, as he tossed upon his restless pillow, shocked and despairing at this awful announcement.

But he would not—would not—bring his mind to believe what Dugarre had stated to him. He had no wish to acknowledge his faults—no desire to admit a syllable of truth in the mock-priest's assertions.

"Dugarre is a cunning, artful, unprincipled rogue," argued the captain, finally, "and he has coupled my boyish folly with this romance he has coined in reference to Eugenie, in order to deceive me again, and gain his liberty at cheap cost to himself. I will have proof—proof of her identity. If he lies," (which Antonio felt but too certain he did not, in this instance,) "if he has lied to me, I will have his life, as certain as I now live to speak it. Malech!"

"Here, captain."

"Where is the prisoner?"

"In the scarlet room, as you ordered."

"Bring him hither."

"Manacled?"

"No; he is harmless. Bring him in."

Malech departed to execute this order, and Antonio continued to reflect.

"This is frightful," continued Ostello. "If it be as Dugarre asserts, he has proof—proof of it, surely! He would not dare to state this—this, to me, without such evidence. I will probe him—he shall prove his words, or he shall die for his impudence and rashness. It cannot be! This is Dugarre's invention. I will believe nothing without the proof."

Thus did Antonio endeavor to argue, but he entertained little doubt as to the correctness of the priest's story—most of which he knew to be accurate!

Dugarre was brought into the captain's presence once more, and they were left alone together.

"I have no reason to believe a syllable of what you have lately related to me," said Ostello; "but I will give you another chance for your liberty, Dugarre, upon terms that will be liberal and easy to you. You are mistaken in your late assertions, regarding Eugenie's paternity; are you not in error, Philippe?"

"No, Antonio. Every word I have uttered to you is truth, as I hope for forgiveness here, or hereafter!" said the priest, reverently. "I know all the circumstances—I know all the details at the time—I watched the young girl's growth, and ample proof exists of her identity."

"Where are these proofs?"

"Her mother had a curious spot upon her shoulder. Did you ever note it?"

"And what of that?"

"Eugenie has a similar mark upon her right arm," said Dugarre.

"That is nothing."

"No, it is not important. But the daughter has a portrait of her mother, (whom she remembers well,) and who has always been spoken of, in her hearing, as the original of the picture."

"Where is this likeness?"

"At the Castle d'Esirone; it hangs within her own private apartment. This is her mother, on my oath. If you could see the picture, you will see the correctness of my assertions. But there is a copy of this face, in miniature, which Eugenie was extremely cautious of, and which she was wont to carry on her person, attached by a braided chain made from her mother's hair. She may have this picture with her, now. See either of them, Antonio, and then tell me if I am in error! As surely as your name is not Ostello, so surely is Eugenie your child!"

"Then will I see to it," continued the captain. "If you have cheated me in this, I will destroy you, as certainly as I ascertain that you have done so; if you are correct, you shall be benefitted for the information you have thus imparted, in goodly season. You can go hence, at an early day, if I find matters as you assert them to be. In the meantime, you must be patient."

Dugarre was remanded once more, and the captain set out for the temporary stopping place of Eugenie, in search of some proof to sustain the abbe's story. The delicate fugitive awaited Antonio's return with anxiety, and his arrival greatly relieved her.

As soon as the captain found himself alone with Eugenie, he commenced to question her.

"Dear Eugenie," he said, "you have pressed me for my history, and I have answered your queries. Tell me, now, what you know of your own early years—I mean, before you were a recipient of the hospitality of my lord of Esirone?"

"My story is a very humble one, I think, Antonio. I remember dwelling, long ago, in a small house, somewhere away from this vicinity, upon a river's margin, where I knew a mother's care—but it is indistinct to me, except that I recollect she was very kind to me. I left that place at an early age, and passed a year or two in another location, and from thence I came to dwell at the castle."

"Your mother's name, Eugenie?"

"Was Isabel."

"Isabel!" exclaimed Antonio, earnestly. "Yes—why do you tremble thus, and—"

"I do not tremble, dear—dearest—the room is warm, is it not? Let me open the lattice."

"I have her picture, here. See, Antonio; I loved her, dearly—and I have preserved this portrait of her, which I remember is her faithful counterpart. Look, Antonio—was she not beautiful?" said Eugenie, artlessly, as she drew the locket from her bosom, and placed it before the gaze of her protector.

The story was told! Antonio's heart was bursting, albeit he was not used to sentiment and tears. He feared to look at the picture, lest the truth should flash on his bewildered senses, and strike him fighless! He glanced at the locket, gazed in Eugenie's face, and shrieked out: "No! no—my God! this cannot be!"

"What is it, Antonio? Pray what is this rid-dle, here?" asked Eugenie, in deep alarm at her friend's actions and appearance.

dent that Antonio was suddenly attacked with some serious affection, which required prompt and careful attention. At his request, Eugenie retired from the apartment, when he turned to the husband of Moinette, and said:

"I am not so ill as you imagine. Bring my horse, directly."

"But you cannot venture to ride—"

"It is nothing unusual. Saddle my horse. It is nothing, I assure you; the lady is alarmed. I will return in a day or two. Keep her quiet; tell her I am not sick; I will be back again in a brief space of time. But I must leave at once for the camp. There I can procure medicine, and the aid I need. Go."

All this was curious and inexplicable to the mind of Eugenie, who was unskilled in the world's deceit, and who could not account for it.

"Within three days, dear Eugenie," said Antonio, affectionately, "I will return, and you shall then exchange this secluded retreat for brighter scenes that we will thenceforth enjoy together. Be of good cheer; Moinette will be kind to you. I am really not so ill as you supposed. See, do I not look better, even now?"

Eugenie smiled, resigned herself to the circumstances of the case, and Antonio kissed her fair cheek at parting, assuring her again of his speedy return.

"Do you comprehend all this business?" asked Moinette of her husband, at the earliest opportunity.

"Not I, faith! It is no affair of yours or mine however; and I ask no questions."

The matron was silent.

After a hard ride, Antonio reached the camp, completely recovered from the temporary shock which his nerves had encountered by the unmistakable confirmation of the truth of Dugarre's story, which he now felt assured was accurate throughout.

CHAPTER XIII.

OSTELLO'S LAST NIGHT AT THE "EYRIO."

The Chief of the Smugglers of the Sierra d'Estrella had determined upon his future course. As he dashed through the ravines and forests, to his home in the mountains, he had ample leisure to reflect upon the curious and not over-creditable events of his past life, and he felt that it was meet he repented of his dissolute career, and began to strive, in some measure, to atone for all his folly and shortcomings.

His last adventure—the casual meeting with Eugenie and its consequences—was the turning-point in his hitherto checkered experience! There was no longer any question in his mind in regard to the important facts of Dugarre's romance. He had deserted Isabel, who had forsaken everything for his sake, who forgot all, suffered all, concealed all—lest harm should reach her lover! The fruit of that clandestine intimacy had nearly matured, when he chanced to fall upon it, unaware of its existence. His Isabel had gone to her long home, and by a seeming Providential interference he had crossed the path of the lovely Eugenie, whom he now felt constrained to cherish and protect as a father, since it was impossible to do this as a lover!

But who was to break this intelligence to Eugenie! And how could this delicate task be performed, under the peculiar circumstances of the case? He would leave this for time and future reflection to determine. She would love him still, and while she was innocent of the facts, he could better manage his future intentions with regard to her. But he had resolved to quit the camp forthwith. His property had been secured on board the "Raven," and he had in his possession letters of credit upon London bankers for a large amount of ready cash. His jewels he secured about his person, and before midnight, everything was in complete readiness for his departure—when he summoned his prisoner to his apartment.

Dugarre responded promptly, and as soon as they were alone, Ostello thus addressed him:

"Philippe Dugarre, to your recklessness and double dealing I feel that my whole career of dissipation, crime and trouble are clearly traceable, from the beginning. You wronged me when I was a defenceless child, and left me to myself, when you should have been a second father to me. From the uncontrolled and frequent commission of petty crimes, I came to be inured to errors of a more serious nature, until I was driven from my home, and compelled to seek my fortune under disadvantages that few persons are cursed with. I have been what I have been—I am, now, what I am! Suffice it, the past is passed. You did not lie to me, as I supposed you did. Eugenie is my child!"

"I regret, Antonio—"

"There is no time for regrets, Philippe," said the smuggler, quickly interrupting him; "we must act! Your way lies in one direction, mine in another. When we separate, this night, we shall never meet again, in all probability, this side of another world! I cannot bear malice in my heart, and I am glad the opportunity is now afforded me to 'cry quits' with you, who have been at once my ruin, and my temporal salvation. You played the fool when you robbed me of my rightful patrimony, but you acted wisely in telling me who was Eugenie. For the first, you have had my curse; for the last, I retract the former, and thank you, oh! most earnestly! When standing, all unwittingly, upon the very outer brink of a frightful precipice, you put forth a hand to save me from—what I shudder to think of, Philippe!"

"You would scarcely have been so much to blame in this."

"Blame! She is my daughter, Philippe Dugarre."

"But you were ignorant—"

"No more—no more, Philippe, on this point. Let us part in peace. I say we shall never meet again. I forgive you, and you will shortly be set at liberty. I would not trust my fate in your hands, however, even though I am, frankly, thus disposed to forget the wrongs you have committed upon me and mine. And so—Philippe, I have directed that you be kept a prisoner here for ten days hence. I shall be absent during that time, and if I do not then return, an escort will be furnished you, for safe conduct out of the reach of those who might otherwise injure you. My trusty confidant, Malech, will attend to this, and in the meantime you will be treated with courtesy and respect. Return to the castle, or wherever you will—but repent of your past sins, and aim to be a better man. No more—adieu!"

The two men separated without another word, and Dugarre was confined as before, in accordance with Ostello's directions.

The captain then communicated with the officers of the "Raven," and at daylight the schooner got under weigh and set her course to the northward.

It was previously agreed that the vessel should make a harbor upon the west coast of Portugal, some thirty leagues distant from the chief depot of the fraternity—a spot well known to Ostello and the others—where the Haven was to await the captain's arrival, thence to proceed to the destination he would subsequently name. As soon as all these matters were arranged, and the Haven had sailed, Ostello called to his attendant.

"Malech," he said, "you have been faithful, and I have fully appreciated your devotedness and your services. I am now bound upon a more perilous enterprise than we are commonly called upon to embark in, and accidents may happen, you know, in such affairs."

"You will permit me to accompany you, captain?" asked Malech, respectfully.

"No, Malech, not this time. Tarry where you are. I prefer to meet the perils of this trip alone. At the expiration of ten days, if I do not return at that time, (and I cannot now say how long I shall be absent,) provide safe conduct for the abbe, yonder, out of our borders. Give him this purse, at parting, and tell him it is from Ostello. And, for yourself, take this. If we do not meet again, Malech, you will remember that we have been friends together, and I shall not forget our long and pleasant associations. Farewell!"

There was a tone of melancholy in all this that was so unusual with his master, that Malech was deeply moved by his words. He thought, however, that Ostello might be attributing more consequence to his present undertaking—whatever it was—than legitimately belonged to it; and so he did not dwell upon it. Morning advanced, however. The captain drank his final goblet of wine, and secretly pledging the health of his comrades, he mounted his horse and left the "Eyrio" forever.

During the last night that Ostello passed at his camp, he devoted a good portion of the hours to the preparation of a document relative to his own history, (which he designed, at some future opportune moment to place in the hands of Eugenie,) explanatory of his career, and the true relation he now bore to her. She was unexpecting, however, at present, and he did not speak to her upon the subject at all. This packet he enclosed in an envelop, with the simple direction, "To my Eugenie," upon it, and depositing it in his breast, he started to meet the object of all his present solicitude, whom he had been so strangely brought in contact with.

The gentle girl was rejoiced to greet Antonio again, and her doubts and fears were greatly relieved when she learned from him that he came to bear her to a pleasant home, where she would thenceforth find herself at leisure, amid enjoyments that she had never yet experienced. Her confidence was at once gained, and she took leave of Moinette and her husband with grateful tears, as she mounted her horse to join Antonio, and follow his future fortune.

They proceeded directly across the hills and reached the coast in safety. The horses were there disposed of, and Antonio escorted his delicate companion on board the Raven, which immediately put out to sea once more.

The skipper was now informed by Ostello that their destination was the coast of England. The weather, for a day or two, was propitious, and the sun smiled cheerfully upon them as they hied away to the westward, before a pleasant breeze. The novelty of the voyage was especially agreeable to Eugenie, who seemed to enjoy her new position most earnestly. But the passage of the Raven was destined to prove less fortunate than was anticipated; and on the third day out the wind howled and the sky gave evidence of an approaching storm.

Ostello was uneasy, and the threatening appearance in the atmosphere disturbed him. All day he had been obliged to remain below with Eugenie, who was ill from the effects of the rolling and pitching of the schooner. They were too far from the Spanish coast to make it feasible to put back, and the skipper advised that they should proceed, under easy sail, and trust to fortune for results.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE WRECK.

The forbidding weather continued, and the wind increased as night set in. After scudding before the gale for an hour or two, the schooner finally lay to, and Antonio approached his skipper, who stood at the wheel.

"How does she breast it, Merville?" he inquired.

"Thus far, well, captain," was the reply; "but I don't like the looks of the sky very much. We shall have a hard blow, before morning, or I shall be agreeably disappointed."

"We have rounded Finisterre, safely," continued Antonio, "and I had hoped to have left the Island Shoals, at the northward, before we took the worst of it."

"Yes; that would have been fortunate; but we have it now over the harbor beam, if we put away again, and we must lay to for safety."

"But we cannot but drift eastward, at best, I think."

"You are right," said the skipper, moodily. "If we had daylight I should feel easier. As it is, we will do our best; but the prospect is dark enough, unless the wind hauls."

"What is our danger, Merville?"

"That I cannot answer, captain. You know the coast here as well as I; but the shoals off Guernsey are not the most desirable place we could be in, in weather like this."

"Yes—I see. Could n't we claw off under a little canvas?"

"Canvas!" exclaimed the skipper—"how long do you suppose we could carry a yard of sail?"

"True; but if it be life or death, we should try it." The roaring of the wind continued, and the united warring of the elements prevented the crew from distinguishing what very soon after was familiar to the ears of both the skipper and the captain. They distinctly heard the rush of the surge upon the shoals they so much dreaded, and which they had been approaching, steadily, for some length of time. The skipper was attentive, but silent.

evidently suspecting that their superiors did not fancy the appearance of things.

The cry of "breakers!" was soon heard, and then all was consternation and terror.

"We must wear off, Meriville, at any hazard," cried Antonio, at the sound of this fearful word.

"Quick, then! or it will be too late!"

"Dear a hand, boys!" shouted the helmsman, at last; "we must look it in the face. Up with the jib—lively, now—up!"

But the thing was impossible. Scarcely had the sail been raised a yard from the bowsprit, when the gusts threw it clean out forward, and it was shot forward into ribbons by the violence of the gale.

"Breakers! breakers!" screamed the crew.

"Up with the foresail!" cried the helmsman; "if that goes, we must follow it. Away with it, boys!"

But all was useless. The hurricane tore the sail into shreds; and before the wreck could be cleared away, the schooner had hove off into the trough of the heavy, chopping sea, now entirely unmanageable.

It was the last moment of hope; for the raging gale now drifted the vessel rapidly in among the ragged shoals, and it was evident that she must very soon find "soundings" without the use of the lead.

Antonio now thought of his charge, Eugenie, who lay tossing from side to side of her cabin, bruised, sick, and terribly alarmed with the confusion that was passing on deck, and the violence of the storm.

The men, at the same moment, thought of the boat and themselves. While they rushed to secure this "last plank," Antonio suddenly presented himself before his child.

"Dear Eugenie," he cried, "we must trust ourselves to the mercy of heaven; we are in a critical position."

"I feared it, Antonio—what is that?" she added, with a desperate rush into Antonio's arms, as a loud crash was heard, that shook the schooner like a trembling aspen leaf.

"For your lives, below there—quick!" yelled the voice of the skipper, at this crisis. "Up, up, Antonio! To the boat!"

"To the boat!" responded the crew; and another terrific thumping succeeded this shout.

Then was heard the scrambling of feet, and then the scraping and tearing of the schooner's sides and keel, as she danced and tumbled over the rocks and shoals. For a moment she halted.

A huge wave struck her amidships, washing a part of the crew from her sides, and plunging her forward, head on, against the boulders. This last shock was the finishing stroke to the ill-fated "Raven." Her bows were badly stove, her foremast was broken, and she lay at the mercy of the waves.

"Take this, and this, Eugenie—and these—" exclaimed Antonio, hurriedly, as he passed into her hands several papers and envelopes. This parcel confine to your person; it is valuable and you may find use for it, if I should miss you. Now, quick—up! God, how she thumps!"

In a moment longer, the captain, the skipper, Eugenie, and three men took to the boat. Four of the crew had already been washed overboard, by the seas that branched completely over the ill-starred Raven, and with heavy hearts and excited minds they put away from the wreck.

Eugenie had no conception of the real danger of their situation, though she had ample cause for deep alarm. She therefore did, mechanically, just what Antonio bid her do. The packets were thrust into her bosom, and she secured the little box to her dress, as they sprang up the companion-way to the deck.

The boat rose and fell upon the caps of the great waves that rolled in shoreward, and the men laid to the oars with a hearty good will—for it was a dash for their lives. The quick eye of the helmsman, watched for the rocks and snags with which the shore was dotted, with a searching gaze—but he had small hope of reaching the beach, which was yet over two miles inland; and the sea was lashing the boulders with unabating fury.

"Cheerily, boys," he cried—"courage, my lady—we'll soon be safe now. Give way, lads; give way! So—so! Now, again. Steady, Louis; steady. We'll soon be there!" And thus did Meriville cheer and encourage the men and Eugenie, as they bounded on over the foaming billows; though he feared, every moment, that the tiny boat would either be stove or swamped.

Antonio clasped the almost lifeless form of the tender girl whom he had thus, unwittingly, brought to the door of death, and by every endearing sign and word, endeavored to soothe her fright and illness.

"Courage, dear Eugenie!" he cried, "it is a dreadful scene for your inexperience, but we know where we are. There is danger, girl, but cheer up! hope—hope for the best. Now, we'll quickly reach the beach. It is in sight! Careful, lads! Mind the stern oar, Meriville—now we go blithely. It's nearly over, Eugenie—steady, boys! So we go, again!"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

IF MEMORY ONLY LIVES.

Shine on fair moon, and pour thy tranquil light In silver floods through all the clouds of even; My soul is sad; and up the dooping night My spirit looks and sighs, and yearns for Heaven.

I gaze on thee, and bless the quiet hour Which follows close the day of toil and pain, When all alone, through retrospect's power, I tread the paths of other days again.

How sweet it is, when o'er the coming years Fall the dark shadows of some deeper grief, To turn within, despite our blinding tears, And bring the happy past to our relief.

Take from me every joy that life can give, Leave all the world a desolated scene, Yet I'll find peace, if memory only live, In musing o'er the joys that once have been.

Go where thou wilt, my heart is all thine own; Forget me, if thou canst, I still shall feel; That once thy love was mine, yet mine alone, And with a fervor thou couldst not conceal.

Forget me! thou canst not forget; in vain Thou strive'st to turn the crowded memories back; Some tender feeling bids the thought remain, To yield a joy its own surroundings lack.

And thus I live in hope, content my soul, That I, at least, remembered am by thee, And trust that time, in its unceasing roll, Ere many suns will bring thee back to me.

Its trust a true affection cannot lose, As true affection cannot fallness prove, And only hath its own truth to possess! To answer for the object of its love.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

At Broadway Church, N. Y., Sunday Morning, July 10th, 1869.

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

Text.—"Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace." Job xlii, 21.

These are the words of Eliphaz, and they are used by him in the course of an unfair argument; but, taken by themselves, we can hardly find so few words that mean so much; for they really set forth the ground of all religious effort, the substance of all spiritual life. The best thing we can do in this world is to acquaint ourselves with God. The best state which we can attain is that of peace. Surely, then, the exhortation of the text may profitably occupy the meditation of the hour.

Two things are here presented to our consideration: a process, and a result. In the first place, consider the process here urged; the process of becoming acquainted with God. "Acquainted"—that is the emphatic word in this clause of the sentence. Upon very little reflection it may strike us as strange, although quite a common-place fact, that men are most ignorant of things most near to them and most important. Thus, "know thyself" is a very ancient injunction; but how few men really heed and acted upon it. How few men really do know themselves. How few are acquainted with the economy of their own physical system, acquainted, I mean, even to the extent of accessible knowledge, because here, as everywhere else, we strike upon a cord of mystery which no man can penetrate. How few make any effort to know the laws of their own health and bodily welfare—this mechanism of the beating heart, heaving lungs, and complicated brain. They know more about the globe, in its most remote regions, than they do of the body which shields their own consciousness, and holds their own life. They know more of the distant rivers, in their source, in their course, and in their termination; they know more of the vast circulation of the waters, from their obscure head-springs to the mighty deep, and back again through the reservoirs of cloud and channels of rain, than of this circulation of the blood, this crimson river that flows through the aqueducts of their frame, and washes upon the very citadel of their life. They are more familiar with the catacombs of Egypt than with these veins and arteries, than with these wondrous telegraphs, the nerves of force and sensation, over which thought travels ceaselessly, and which receives signals from the planets and the sun.

And even more ignorant are they of their own souls, of the interior forces which control their action and influence their destiny, of the life enshrined within that shall never perish. And so, too, are they ignorant of him in whom they "live, and move, and have their being," who is nearer to them than the air they breathe, whose offspring they are, who besets them behind and before, and lays his hand upon them. There are many who might sit down to-day, and read that wonderful psalm of David, in which he speaks of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, and it would seem to them as if they ought to know him, as if it were a new and fresh revelation. The Apostle Paul might come to New York, with all its institutional Christianity and ostentatious theism, and might use the same text which he used in speaking to the heathen at Athens; he would find almost as many who would need his exposition of the "unknown God." Indeed, in this connection, I may say that ignorance of the one kind is intimately connected with ignorance of the other. We are ignorant of ourselves, because we are ignorant of God. We are unacquainted with him, because we do not know ourselves. Begin with knowing your own heart, knowing it thoroughly, with the thoroughness of accessible knowledge, and it would lead us to an acquaintance with him. Know yourself. Know the mystery which clothes this physical frame, know the marvelous workings of the phenomena of this spiritual nature, and it will lead you to apprehend God; not to comprehend him, for that is impossible to a finite nature, but to apprehend him, to feel acquainted with him, whom in our thoughtlessness, spiritual apathy, and sensual absorption, we do not know.

There is a vast meaning, therefore, in the text—"Acquaint thyself with him." Men may live here, and familiarly exercise the privilege of being, and yet remain ignorant of him who is the source of their existence, the inspirer of their thought. We crave a knowledge of a great and good man. We seek communion with him in history or biography, or, if he be still among us, we seek a personal contact. We are content with vague notions respecting them, with merely reading about them or hearing about them. We desire to know them. Yet many seem content with merely hearing about God. The name of God is but a word or a sound to them. It is a familiar term heard in the midst of a drowsy sermon, or perhaps used by them as an expletive to give force to their jest or anger. Or they call upon the divine name in their profane speech, in their guilty carelessness, forgetful of the awfulness they invoke, and the majesty they desecrate.

"Acquaint thyself with God" is the point of the exhortation. Look at the words. It implies a more intimate communion of our minds and hearts than a mere casual knowledge, a mere traditional copy of the name of God. Oh, how much that we know or think of God is of this kind, merely hearsay knowledge and traditional conception. I say that the word "acquaint" implies a more intimate action of the heart than this. Let any man examine his own consciousness, and his own feelings in his respect. Has this injunction, "Acquaint thyself with God," I ask, any power, or has it any suggestion, for you, my hearer? "Acquaint thyself with God." Some one may say, "I have known the name of God from my earliest years; it is the most familiar name of all; it is blended in my most youthful memories; I learned to speak it at my mother's knee; I may as often need it thoughtlessly and recklessly, but with the same familiarity, as I have known the name of God as a word. Oh, these words—words—words; we pile up the high heavens upon them. We pile them up in the vast abysses of our ignorance, mere rubbish and pebbles, and thereby we seek to hide our ignorance, to stuff it rather than to enlighten it. We use words as the counters to mark the great game of life. We use words to kill sense and meaning. They are mere words after all, signifying nothing, penetrating the essence of nothing. So it may be with the name of God. We may use it as a name or a word. But does that name or that word convey any of its real meaning into your mind, heart and soul?"

"Our Father who art in Heaven" the simple words of childhood; Christ's translation of God—"Our Father." You have used it often, but have you ever taken its meaning? Have you ever felt its majesty, fullness, tenderness, loveliness and beauty melted together in that word, and felt how much it means? I am sometimes called upon to visit people upon sick beds, when the enfeebled intellect is struggling with disease, and can take in but little even of the primary truths of religion; and I have said to those thus lying almost in the shadow of death, Take in the meaning of that word, if nothing else—God, our Father—and endeavor, in some way or another, to get a glimpse of the beauty and truth contained in it. And so I ask you, this name, our Father, Christ's synonym for God—do you comprehend that? Do you feel the fullness of the glory and the power of the truth contained in it? Do you know enough to be able to say you have known the name of God, to prove that you are acquainted with God. You may say you have known and believed in God as a father; there is no truth you hold more firmly. There is nothing which stands more solid in your conviction than that fact. Some men seem to be contented with this result. They have arrived at a demonstration of God. They have sat down coolly and deliberately, and they have found it to be consistent with reason that there should be a God—with reason, which by its very tendency to raise the question and gravitate toward the idea, proves a God. Reason has bridged the abyss, put the feet together, and they have come to the conclusion that there is a God. It stands before them as a necessary fact, as something we must admit. We cannot explain these things; we cannot get harmony, order and consistency in the universe without a God; and that is the end of it. It lies a cold demonstration in the brain. It exists as an ultimate fact, as the last clause of a syllogism. Do you call that being acquainted with God? Men know about God as effecting the universe—as a fact in history, for instance—they know about God as a particular manifestation operating away back in past ages, over some solemn mountain top, or shining with supernatural splendor before a people's desert march by night. He is the God of some remote, cloudy epoch, when form springs from chaos, and light from darkness. And now it is away off in some part of the wide immensity, we know not where; and we might be addressed as the prophet of old addressed the priests of Baal. Where is your God? Is he hunting or asleep, that you cannot find him? We gaze upon the stupendous machinery about us, and the maker, from our apathy, seems absent. We handle Nature's works with our probes and oracles, as though we knew not that every pulse is filled with the motion of life.

We know God as a historical fact. We know him as the God of the Bible. It is well to know him as

It is well to be familiar with that interesting narrative, like no other narrative of the world. The words of the books which were written, and of which the supernatural claims of the Bible, which so many make for it, it still stands distinct and peculiar. It is well to understand the ideas of God, of which the Bible is full; to look at the transactions, and be intimate with them, in which God is so strangely manifest. It is well to know God as he is peculiarly revealed and made known to us by the Bible. But, after all, what is the chief object and efficacy of that presentation of God in the Bible? Is it merely to fill the mind, to cover the records of our memory, to crown us with a sense of supernatural facts? No; the great object and efficacy of the revelation and manifestation of God in the Bible, and in special events, is that he may be understood and recognized as God in all events. The familiar presentation of God in the Bible has for its object, that we may see a familiar manifestation of God in all things. The Bible is not exclusively to define God; for revelation is limited, and the idea of God from revelation must be limited. Revelation is intended to lead us into the universal recognition of God in all things, and to make every fact divine. That is the great work the Bible will do.

God is not revealed exclusively in the Bible; he was not revealed first by the Bible. If he had not been revealed in something prior to the revelation of the Bible, the revelation of the Bible could not have been made known to us. If we had not some idea of God, the printed letters of his name would convey no meaning to us. If we had not some dim idea of our own, the description of God by the prophet and the psalmist, would not avail us much. There is something of which Paul himself speaks, when he accuses the heathen of having God manifested to them in the rain and fruitful seasons, so that the invisible things of him are clearly seen in the things that appear; and he complains that they could not see God more plainly, because their own vain imaginations were darkened, and their own foolish hearts hardened. The great object of the Bible is to enlighten this darkened vision; not to create, altogether, the idea of the substance and being of God, but to purge the idea that exists in our own darkened imaginations. That is the great object of the Old Testament. The great object of the New Testament is, to supply that which the Old Testament was left incomplete—to make full that which was limited. Thus we have in the Old Testament the Jewish or Hebrew conception of God; and in the New, the fullness of the conception of God as manifested through Jesus Christ. The very fact of a revelation of God, presupposes a capacity, however indistinct the conception, of knowing God—a capacity given to all men.

The capacity was not given by the revelation. It has existed in all ages; and it is manifested in all religions, and lies at the root of all religions. For all religions are based upon the idea of a God who creates. And because there are errors or absurdities in no grand truth in them? Our task is to bring these great religions of the world sprung? There is a clear, real, and true God in the world, however much of absurdity there may be in it, there is the great radical idea of God. And, therefore, when we are called upon to acquaint ourselves with the God of the Bible, we must remember that he is not exclusively the God of the Bible; that there is something in man that apprehends him as God, prior to the revelation of the Bible. If our consciousness of God is the God of the Bible alone, then the influence of the truth is limited in our thoughts and in our lives. When men find God only in the Bible, that is, in the letter of the Bible—only in such printed volumes as they can get, it is a very limited term, so far as all influence is concerned. When they shut up their Bible upon Sunday, and do not find him again until the next Sunday, it is to them a God exclusively revealed in the Bible, and a God limited to the Bible; and, therefore, while they see God in the transactions of the Bible, they do not see him in the events of every day life.

The great effect and influence which reading the Bible ought to produce in us is this, that seeing God in the special events recorded there we shall learn to see him in the events of every-day life. In the transactions of life, in the looming front and cloud of war, in the affairs of nations, in the developments of all events, in every motion in the least fibre of that which takes place around us daily in the world.

More than this, that the God in the Bible has specially visited the souls of others, apostles and psalmists and prophets; we ought not to suppose that he has limited his visitation to the souls of apostles, psalmists and prophets; but we ought to learn to feel him in our own souls; and that is the real influence which the Bible, if it does its true work, exerts over us. Do we find in the Old Testament remarkable narratives and statements of facts? Yet there is the book of Psalms letting us down to the depths of personal religion and spiritual life, which is never exhausted, which is just as fresh to-day as it was four thousand years ago. The book of Psalms tells us, not only of God working in events, in the great historical events of the world, but of God visiting the soul of man, and working it up to fresh spontaneous life. The Psalms of David to-day may be used as truly for the utterance of our own experience, as they were for the utterance of his. Should not this teach us not merely to know God as a historical fact, but to know God as David knew him, and as every righteous, devout soul may know him, not merely in the events of the Bible, but from our own personal contact with him, and the experience of that contact?

Again: there are those who know God through his works. No doubt that the works of God are behind all our knowledge of him. There have been many who, in walking through the line garden and magnificent grounds of a princely estate. You would say that these were the grounds of a great man; that there were evidences that he was a man of taste; that there were evidences that he was a man of culture and liberality. Thus we should see here some little intimation and some little exhibition of his spirit and character. We should see that he was a generous man and a good man. Going through his parks and his grounds and gardens, we should learn a great deal of him; but we should not know him, after all.

So men going through the vast fields of nature, from the splendor of the sky and the wonders of the depths of the earth, could read to us in the works of God's work. Passing through the manifestations of his power and glory and his goodness, we could know a great deal of him; but after all we could not know him. We stand outside the walls of his real dwelling, outside the consciousness of his real presence and character. Thus to be acquainted with God is something far more intimate and vital than to know about God—to know him by name, or to know of him as a fact in history and nature. The question is, are you familiar, not merely with the record or tradition of him, but with his own very presence and character? Do you know not only his works, but him? Is the suggestion of him with you not merely one of holy places, but one to make all places holy; not merely a momentary feeling from the grandeur of the outward world, the mountain and sea, and the sparkling constellations of heaven; but, so that you always feel him ever present in the depths of your consciousness; so that he comes down to you, and you know that he is coming down and takes up his abode with you? This is being acquainted with God.

There is such a fact as being acquainted with God, in distinction from merely knowing about God. "Acquainted with God." And how? Of course, not by the senses. Some might wish even for this. Some might limit their ideas of a revelation of God, to a merely sensuous revelation. Some may think that no revelation is possible, excepting a revelation to the senses. This is making a revelation of God, that they forget that with one fact more it is impossible that they should have a momentary flash upon us in its awful splendor. But suppose it could, who could stand before the intolerable glory? You cannot face the blaze of the lightning, the mere flickering of his presence. You cannot bear the full rays of the sun, which is but the symbol of his brightness. How could you stand before him, could his face, for a moment visible to the senses, be unveiled? But you know, from the very terms in which such a revelation is proposed, that it is impossible. How could you, a limited, finite being, take in and perceive the unlimited and the infinite?

But even if you could remove his absurdity, and could have a sight of God, by the senses, you could not know him merely by the senses. You would know only the appearance of God, not the depths

and essence of God's being. So far as he could make them known to us, so far as we are capable of seeing him, our knowledge of God, Jesus Christ has made him known to us. And why should we have occasion to say, not merely to his enemies, but to those who had opposed and rejected him, not to those who had kept aloof from him, but to his most intimate disciples? "Havé I been so long a time with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" This he said, after having lived, and labored with those men so closely and intimately. Even they did not know him. We often do not know our earthly friends. We know their forms, their usual manifestations and certain characteristics. But how often do they have occasion to say to us, as Christ said to his disciples, "Havé I been so long a time with thee, and yet hast thou not known me?" How often might they, in the very act of passing away from our earthly state forever, say this. How often, as they are recalled to us, are we constrained to say that we did not know them and comprehend them when they were with us, but that new revelations of them have been made to us in their departure, which did not appear in their presence. Our knowledge of them is not from the senses, although the senses help us to know them. Our senses may enable us to identify the man as a unit, but we do not know him by their teachings.

So we may be assisted to know God by nature, and by Christ, so as to identify and recognize the works of God by our external senses. But if we cannot even know a man by the senses, but by something deeper than can be revealed to the senses, how can we become acquainted with God, who cannot show himself to our senses.

Again: God cannot be known to the intellect. He cannot be recognized in definite proportions to the brain. God, the infinite, cannot show himself to the finite. The intellect is a defining power, a limiting power. Just in proportion as the mind sees clearly, it sees definitely. Imagination is the vague power, it shapes the dim outline. Indeed, in science, I think imagination as great a power as the sharpest intellect, because it goes before, and ploughs up new possibilities; it scares up, if I may use the expression, new problems, and new solutions to problems. It recognizes things and places them. It separates this and that; it analyzes; it works out rapidly. But the very nature of intellect is to define. Of course, God cannot be revealed to the intellect, because God cannot be defined. He is the infinite, the last term of the expanding series of science, the last term of knowledge. The intellect comprehends only what it can define. He is the indefinable, the surrounding and all-pervading God. We cannot know him, we cannot comprehend him. We can only apprehend him.

God cannot be made known to us any more by the intellect than by the senses. But, my friends, we may be acquainted with God in the assurance of sympathy and communion with our own spiritual nature. That stands as a fact. That is a reality. I am so much of a Spiritualist as this, that I believe in communion with one spirit, and that is God, the infinite spirit. And by this communion we may know him. I believe nothing else is necessary for real spiritual life. I do not deny the conditions of real life, but I do not say to the Catholics, "Because you want the virgin and the saints to stand between you and God, you are in a superior error. Perhaps you may need it." But, at the same time, I feel the need of only one being to interpret God to my mind, so that I can get hold of him; so to speak. That which I want is Christ's interpretation, the limited portraiture of God which comes through Jesus. Having that, I feel that it is enough for me to know that I have communion with God. And that fact is the great fact of the human soul. It cannot be defined. You cannot define the greatest things. You cannot define the most intimate things. You cannot give a definition of your love for those dearest to you. You cannot tell the price of a diamond to you, by a definition. That it is to be acquainted with God, more than this; that there is in every good heart, and in every right-minded soul, a consciousness of God, a feeling that he is near, a communion with him. It is a fact. It is the universal testimony. It lies in all creeds and sects. You find, under all the corrupting and jarring theologues, a common consciousness of this communion with God in every devout soul. The hymns of the church are full of it. You may take up a hymn and find in it a phraseology that you cannot agree with; but the sweet underflow we can all agree with. There is something deeper than our theologues and our creeds, and it flows through these hymns—a common consciousness of communion with God, of being acquainted with God, of rejoicing in that, for it shows us an abiding in Christian union; it shows that there is a communion in the true-hearted of all sects and denominations. We may not know them here. We may not approach them here. But I believe that when God shall sweep the scales from our eyes, we shall throw off the cumbersome armor of theological controversies, and shall know each other in the very common fact that we all know God. Even our hymns and our prayers meet, as it were, in the house of God, in a common acquaintance with him, amid our cold and crushing controversies, antagonisms, and even enmities. There is the great fact which must define it, you more than that. A God must be acquainted with God to see the full force of the exhortation.

"Acquaint thyself with God." It is a very solemn and a very tender exhortation; very solemn because it suggests this idea—have you lived so long and yet not known God? Has he spread your table with bounties and conferred daily benefits upon you, and yet have you not sought his acquaintance? Has he breathed into your soul the breath of life, and yet do you care nothing for him? Has he surrounded you, and blessed you, and upheld you by the fullness of his love in Jesus Christ, and have you turned away from him? It is very solemn that we should have this injunction to be acquainted with God; and yet it is very tender; in the fact that what we must do, that we must do, is to let us know him, that he poor and obscure may be lifted up to him, and glorified with his communion and acquaintance. You want to be acquainted with a great and good man, and cannot; but you can be acquainted with the Source of all greatness and goodness. You want to know God in his works, and have not seen him. But you can enter the palace; the poorest and most ignorant soul can enter the palace, and gaze at the magnificent grounds and splendid works.

I do not depreciate knowledge. The more we know, the greater is our capacity of knowing and enjoying God. But after all, the man who is acquainted with God, is acquainted with the essence of knowledge. What does it matter to him, in terms, but what does matter after all, is the avail of all knowledge; it means to us of knowing God, the source of knowledge. And when the poor and ignorant soul, by his prayer and faith is lifted up to an apprehension and consciousness of a communion with him, he is at the centre and essence of all knowledge in the universe.

It is not a great thing that I can stand up here to-day and say to you all, "Acquaint yourself with God." Is there not something very tender as well as very solemn in this? The essence of all religion is to be acquainted with God. "Getting religion," it is sometimes rather strangely called, means substantially getting acquainted with God. That is the essence of religion. The essence of religion is not in doing our duty, it is not in probing our own conversation and acting it is not in placing our heart, as it were, under a microscope and watching its emotions and motives; it is not in whipping up creeping and laggard souls. You need something behind all this. It is well to know our hearts, to spur up the soul with motives; it is right and necessary to do our duty; but that is not the essence of religion. We need something back of all this. We need to look out of ourselves, and up from ourselves, to the divine love and holiness. Religion is a "binding of ourselves to God," looking up to him. If you keep looking to yourself, you will have no religious life; you will have a morbid self-torture and possibly self-culture, but you will have no real love for duty, no real effort to do good; because you will see nothing in the weakness of your own heart to call you into life and action. Do not probe too much into your own heart; do not dig too much there; but look up to God, become acquainted with him, if you want a spring to incite to effort and duty. Look up to Christ; look up to the brightest ideals of life; and you will have an inspiration for duty and for life. When any great and good thing is done, it is wrought not only in the sense of our own weakness, but in the consciousness of God as the helping spring, the strength, and the first cause of life and hope to man.

A man thinks of himself as doing all, and as if the whole work of the world rested upon him. The minister thinks that the religious destiny of the people is in his hands, and that the whole responsibility is with him. I would not take that responsibility for anything. I must work. I must use all the means in my power; but the rest is left to you and your God. The reformer thinks that if his particular scheme does not succeed, the whole world will crack into pieces. All things are laid upon him. A man can do nothing with such a cumbersome, paralyzing thought upon his mind. God works with man and by him, and when he thinks that the Great Infinite is working with him, when he becomes acquainted with God, there is the inspiration to noble and successful effort.

So that branch of religion which consists in doing, consists essentially in becoming acquainted with God. And that other branch of religion which consists in enduring, in suffering, in bearing—that great part of

religion in this world, consists in being acquainted with God. Know God, mourner; know God, tried and disappointed heart; know the heart that deals with thee behind the cloud and through the storm. If you want to comprehend the meaning of your trial, if you want to know how to bear it. Grantly does the old apostle say, "I know him in whom I have believed." I have not heard; it does not mean to me merely from the traditions of others; but "I know him in whom I have believed." Let the world scorn; let them prepare their barbed arrows; let the thick waves of trouble flow over me; let imprisonment and torture and death come—*I know him in whom I have believed*; and he holds the pillars of the universe and guides all to good. I will take hold of his hand and walk through as a child clinging to his father's hand in the dreary desert, dark night, and polling storm, for he believes his father can bring him safely through. "I know in whom I have believed." The ship will shudder, tremble, and reel, but I know the pilot at the helm. Is there not the source of endurance and of strength? That I have an acquaintance with the everlasting, and the unchangeable, is the thought that comes up.

Oh, how good it is to have a friend. We all know how good it is to go with our troubles and trials to one who is a sincere, and not merely a conventional, a ceremonious and sunshine friend, but one whom we may see in the storm stronger and more firm than ever. How good it is to tell him our cares, and to reciprocate with his sympathy. But one day we go to him, and he finds that he is in trouble, too. He is a poor mortal like ourselves; and in his sorrow he has little time or power to help us in our desolation. Another day, we go for him, and he is gone; the place that once knew him now knows him no more. Shall we have no other friendships than these? Do we not want some friend whom we can go to at all times—an infinite, everlasting friend? Do we not want to be acquainted with God? When you have that friend, there is the spring of that other branch of religion which consists in endurance. Surely the best form for exhorting men to be religious, is to exhort them to become acquainted with God. This is what they need.

Yes, you say, but you must remind them that they are alienated from God; that they are sinners. There is something else to do than to look to God for an inspiration to action; they must feel that they are alienated and sinners. Yes, so they must. But let them become acquainted with God, and they will understand the whole truth, the grievousness of their alienation, and that it is not a hopeless alienation. It is not as though God were a party to your alienation. Become acquainted with God, and you will discover that whatever misery and darkness there may be in your state, it is from yourself, from your own obduracy and willfulness. Become acquainted with God, and you will know something of the love of God, which is the great essence of all salvation from sin. You will know what the love of God to you, a sinner, is. It will convince you of more than anything. It will convince you not merely of the greatness of your sin against God, but of the greatness of your sin against yourself. For you naturally come to ask, who are we that God cares so much for us? Who are we that God deprecates ourselves when we are so loved by him? We begin to look at it in this light.

I find in one of our papers a grievous complaint because some rumrunner has set up a portrait of Washington in his bar-room, and it is called a desecration. So it may be; but is there not a greater desecration there? Is there not a desecration of the image of God set up among those rum-casks and liquor-barrels? The image of God there becomes degraded, polluted, and cast down. He is a drunkard, and he is made so in spite of the love of God for him, and the love of God for him, and the love of God for him, and the love of God for him. The moment you become acquainted with God, and see the greatness of his love for you, you feel that there is something precious in you, and very soon you will find what is the real darkness and the real misery of all sin. It is the alienation from God. It is to be alienated from God, apart from him, out of communion with him. You see a friend sometimes who has turned from you for your evil courses; and you say, "Oh, that I could know him. Oh, that he would smile upon me again. Oh, that I could be in communion with him once more; it would be such a comfort to me. What I suffer in my sin is misery. What I suffer in my alienation from God is such a terrible thing. So it is, and that is the right feeling—suffering from the alienation of sin, suffering away from God, from the loss of sympathy with him, that is the real misery of sin, and it works for our good as it was intended, if we will only comprehend it. It is simply retribution for sin, but the consequence of the nature of sin, that it separates us from God."

"Acquaint now thyself with God." There is another emphatic word there—"now," not to-morrow, not at some distant time; but, oh man, acquaint now thyself with God.

The comes the other point—the result—to which I will just allude, because it is really included in the process. "Be at peace." I have shown you the peace. It is the peace that springs from harmonious action, the peace of patient trust, the peace of repentance. "Be at peace." Oh, how much there is in those words! It is wonderful how full the Bible is of the word "peace" used in this way. Christ uses it in the chapter I read this morning. [John xvi, 33.] It indicates something that man wants. It is the real thing man is after. When you come to the foundation of all his effort, all his suffering, all his aspirations and prayers, you will find it is for peace. Sometimes he takes hold of superficial means to reach the end; but the real thing desired is to reach the end, and he looks forward to the time when he shall not be hampered so by business, and perplexed by feverish cares, but shall be at rest. Men, properly enough, rush out of the city at this season of the year to seek rest. This is all symbolic of a deeper rest. Sleep to us is glorious, because full of rest. And even death, as Job, in this very book, describes it so gorgeously, so marvelously, has its crowning glory, as it were, in this peace. But the peace that we want is not the peace of inaction, of slumber, of death; but it is the highest condition of harmonious, active life. Peace remaining, all troubles flee away. It is a peace that we do not get in this world. It is an enduring peace, a peace as to our relationship, as to our defects, as to our own souls—a peace in God. It is the peace of perfect action and perfect repose—constant development, constant harmony. That is the peace that man wants, and that is the peace which we get more and more as we become acquainted with God.

This exhortation, then, while it is very solemn, is a very tender one. Do you not need this peace, my hearers? Are you perfectly at rest with everything? Is there no throbbing, deathless pulse of unrest? Are you satisfied with what you have? Are you satisfied with looking forward to more earthly rest? Are you satisfied with your sins, or satisfied with being unconscious of your sins? I can tell you that you need rest, you need peace; you need it now, not by-and-by. It will not do to say, I am going to get acquainted with God by-and-by; that, among other things, is in my plan of life. Your plan of life is in God's hands, and suddenly it may be altered. Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace now. There will be times when he alone will be with you, when none else can be. I do not know a more dreadful thing than, at a time of trouble, going out and calling in God as a stranger. There is no other help and we must call God in. Oh, that we could have him as a friend, that we could have him always with us, to go to him as to a near and intimate friend in the lonely times which must come with the disease and suffering that none can bear for us. In the time of death we shall want him. Oh, is it not well to know him now, not by-and-by, in that time of death. Catch hold of it, believe it, and act upon it. Hear the solemn and tender words come to you to-day. "Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace."

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

FONDLY DEDICATED TO MY SISTER LIZZIE.

Here Spring its softest airs doth breathe, And here doth shed its earliest showers; Here Flora curls her choicest wreath, From the most rare, most fragrant flowers; The skies here shed their purest beam Through Spring's gay smile, and Winter's gloom— Thou ever still doth lovelely seem, Our own, our own, dear Mountain Home.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

Is this earth the only planetary body in the Universe upon which man exists?

By MAN, we mean a being whose organization, physically and mentally, places him at the apex of all animated nature, asserting his supremacy in claiming to possess an immortal vitality, which may exist independently of the body through which it was first developed.

To a careless observer, who sees not beyond visible appearances, barely such as appeal to the perceptive faculties, unaided by reason, the solution of this question seems very simple—and the answer would be an unqualified affirmative.

From the earliest days until the present time, history and tradition afford us numerous examples of a struggle between reason and faith, and the battle is even yet as intense as ever. First, reason asserted that the sun, not the earth, was the centre of a great system of moving bodies; and from this assertion dates the most wonderful revelations in physical nature that it has been the privilege of man on this earth to enjoy.

Who that is acquainted with the teachings of reason, as developed through the various physical sciences—astronomy, geography, geology, chemistry, anatomy and zoology—cannot discover the numerous victories of reason over faith? And yet the traditions of faith which remain to be vanquished are a multitude, and hydro-like, when one head has been cut off, another and another grows in its place.

There are two kinds of faith. One is derived entirely from the sensuous impressions; the other is derived from the first, through an erroneous method of reasoning, aided by false assumptions. Practically, they amount to the same thing. The question as to whether the earth is the only inhabited planet in space, is at this time an important one to be considered, as the scientific world is not entirely sound upon it, and the world of faith is yet almost wholly bound up in its sensuous methods of thinking upon it.

But we have around us suggestive evidences, which are not to be disregarded, and which have an important bearing upon the question. These evidences present themselves most forcibly to the geologist, zoologist and chemist. We will only consider a few of them.

The observations of the zoologist point directly to this conclusion. All forms of life are adapted to the conditions by which they are surrounded; and this seems to be an invariable and fixed law of Nature, which must forcibly strike every observer.

The geologist finds in the various strata of the earth's surface evidences of the former existence of organized forms, adapted to conditions unlike those which prevail at the present time upon any portion of the earth's surface. And these conditions, again, have undergone numerous changes, involving the destruction of previously existing forms of life, and preparing for the development of other forms of life. That such changes have succeeded each other an untold number of times, from the commencement of the existence of living forms on this earth until the present era, is beyond dispute. At the present day, the zoologist discovers organic forms existing in every possible condition in which it seems possible life can be supported, and each form of life adapted to the conditions under which it exists; so that Nature seems to be fitted up with life, with scarcely a conceivable condition left unoccupied.

Such is our limited power of perception, we cannot discover what are the conditions of other planets, whether favorable to the existence of such forms of life as surround us, or not. But reason comes to the aid of the astronomer, and helps him to the conclusion that at least some of the few bodies which come within the powers of his telescope are surrounded by conditions in some respects analogous to those which surround our earth. But he cannot determine whether these conditions are the same as those which this earth now enjoys, or whether they are similar to what the earth has at some former period passed through, or at some future time will experience.

The comparative size of the different planets, their relative positions in the solar system, and various other things, suggest in the most conclusive manner that the earth, compared to some of them, is yet comparatively young as a home for living beings, while compared with others it may be considered as very mature. "The fullness of the earth," in all its various conditions favorable to the development of life, suggests that creative power which so active here cannot be less so elsewhere, where conditions are such as permit the development of life. And to presume that all the vast bodies in space are merely appendages to such an insignificant particle as earth is in comparison to them, is also to presume that creative power is a failure. When once we admit that other bodies in space may have forms of life upon them, and that these bodies may have passed through the various changes of conditions that earth has, or through analogous changes, it is impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that the culminating point of creative power working through vital forms, is the development of a being in whose organization is an epitome of all that has preceded him, endowed with the united intelligence of all other vital forms around him, to which is added that spiritual capacity which is the crown of the whole, and confirms its immortality. In arriving at this conclusion, it is not necessary that the perfection of creative power should always be produced in precisely the same forms, nor by precisely the same means or conditions. This earth, even, shows us that man is not everywhere the same, though not any the less MAN for all that. The white-skinned, blue-eyed European, is adapted to the conditions by which he is surrounded. Living in a climate where Nature is not prodigal of her productions for his support, with increasing numbers comes increasing intelligence, to enable him to secure, by the labor of his hands and ingenuity of his brain, that which is necessary for his subsistence. And the peculiar circumstances of his surroundings (conditions) have so organized his frame, that he perishes under the influence of those conditions to which the swarthy races of Africa are adapted.

Who has not read of the fatal fevers which await the white man on the coasts of Africa? The question as to the limit of man to one single orb in infinite space, is one of great interest, and certainly it is open to which all the knowledge of the various sciences of man on earth contribute something by way of answer. And such is the nature of the question, that it involves a question of the wisdom of God on the one hand, or our admiration of the harmony and beauty of all his creations on the other.

Mohawk, N. Y.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. A Glee Club for trance-speaking, &c. is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays, morning and evening at GOLD HALL, Winthrop street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Free free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Loyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall Speaking, by mediums and others.

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK. Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning. Preaching by Rev. Mr. Jones. Afternoon: Conference or Lecture. Evening: Circles for trance-speakers. There are at all times several present.

Banner of Light.

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NATURE IN THE HEART.

It would be very easy to say, as some are in the habit of saying, without much thought, that the man is to be profoundly pitied who has no love for nature, and natural objects, in his heart; but we are of those who believe that every man living has a love for nature implanted within him, and as deeply, too, as the religious sentiment—a part of that sentiment, in fact—but that it is not sufficiently developed for his recognition, on account of a faulty combination of circumstances, or a lack of the right opportunities. Every human soul being closely related to the outward world, it must be wanting in the natural attributes and qualities of soul, if it refuses to see and feel the relationship. The earth holds us all fast, let us soar as we will; and that is the healthiest and freest spirit which loves oftenest to draw its sustenance directly from the bosom of its mother.

Everybody loves to indulge in dreams of pastoral life. The stories of the patriarchs get a great deal of their simple beauty and impressiveness from the sweet pictures they sketch, incidentally, of life among flocks and herds upon the peaceful plains. Virgil distils honey from his verse, because he talks so pleasantly of country life in his Bucolics and Georgics. The Elegy of Gray is incomparable for beauty, tilling the soul into the quietest slumbers, because it lulls our ears on the still evening air of summer, and talks of folded flocks, droning beetles, owls hooting by moonlight from lonely church towers, ancient yews, and babbling brooks that twist themselves around their roots. Such verse, and such prose, wears in the popular heart forever, for it is woven of the same staple. And the poet, or essayist, who can most skillfully sketch these pictures of rural life, with which all love to refresh their wearied natures, is surest of an attentive hearing and the longest-lasting friends.

His is the simplest and most transparent nature, that is filled with the spirit of such sentiments and sounds. And natures of this character most readily extract the enjoyment life has to offer them. We would not give up the experiences a few years of lonely country life have enriched us with, for all the wealth there is to be got out of the reading they call "classical." We would not forget the breath of clover fields, the rustling sounds of corn, the purring of brooks in spring, and the glories of the woods in autumn. If we were forced to forget first all that we ever got from books of every sort and character. The barnyard and the haymow have associations for us, that reach into the very centre and core of our being. The thought of loads of big-bellied pumpkins and golden-eared corn, coming up from the distant fields in loaded carts, dragged by toiling oxen with spreading hoes, never fails to throw a strip of sunshine across the hearth of our heart, full as yellow and golden as the corn and the pumpkins themselves.

To a heart that is rightly attuned, and that has qualified itself to enjoy all the world has to offer, the country has treasures without name or number. But the vision that beholds this vaster than California wealth, must be a spiritual vision. It is not the eye that sees only cords of wood, water privileges, and number of acres. Looking out of optics of this kind, there is no computing what an extent and variety of forms nature everywhere presents; what beautiful suggestions she offers us; what sweet or splendid pictures she hangs up on her walls, and what a true divinity breathes from every part of her realm. And as the nature is, so is the vision itself. If the heart be foul and muddy with mean or impure thoughts, or filled with the strifes of selfishness and ambition, or heated hot with the fires of anger and malice, how can one expect to see visions of beauty dancing before him as he walks? How can he look for pictures of grace stretching out before him, as he wanders this way or that? How can he count on subtle and secret pleasures, such as the contemplation of truth, and beauty, and innocence is sure to bring?

We have many a time thought that if any class of men should be exalted men, and, therefore, supremely happy men, it is those who dwell all their lives among the sweet solitudes of nature. A farmer in a cornfield alone all day, and the woodchopper, without other company than his dog, in the heart of the woods—they seem to us to have the very associations and surroundings most to be desired. Solitude is theirs, with all the gifts it has to bestow. As the one stands apart, and listens with bated breath to the whisper of the south wind among the green leaves of the corn; and the other rests thoughtfully on his axe, and, in the patch of wintry sun that he has let in upon his clearing, silently feels the pressure of his fancies and his thoughts about his heart—it always seemed to us as if these men must come very, very near to nature and to God. But not so, necessarily. On the other hand, these same individuals are oftener further away from the Divine Presence than he who, pent in a crowded city, and dying, spiritually, for the lack of just such surroundings, can make known his want to no living soul, and goes through life still hungering and thirsting for what he cannot have.

There are so many phases of homely country life that are beautiful to the soul, and, above all, tend to exalt it and establish it in innocency, that we wonder men are not all the time secretly trying to find them out. We need none of us to be named Columbus in order to discover a new world. Let us each one sail his own ocean, stretching right before his gaze, and the fragrant isles and vine-fringed shores of the continent will in due course appear. The only trouble is, we do not trust; we have not the compass of faith on board; and so we go skirting the shores that belong to other men, making no new discoveries, awakening to no new knowledge, and ignorant, to the end, of those great continents of enjoyment that are still rolled up and hidden away on our maps.

What, for example, is fuller of delight than life at a farm-house, in winter? When we say farm-house, we mean, of course, something of that kind really worthy of the name. The snow has fallen deep without, muffling all the roofs; so that when the paths are shoveled out to the corn-house, the shed, the poultry-house, the barn, and the cattle-pens, it looks like a little hamlet, threaded with narrow, winding streets. The wood-pile is covered up; the axe-handle is only a

streak of white; rails and posts are ridged and capped with a covering as pure as pearl and as fleecy as down; the crow of the cocks on their perch sounds distant and muffled; the old horse puts his head out of the little window at his stall, and snuffs the fresh morning air with the relish of his younger days; the cows call impatiently from the stanchions in which their heads are secured, to be let out and trample down the pure field of snow in the cattle-yard; the old house-dog bays at the new sights and sounds, as if by this means he might better comprehend them; the smokes go up from the chimneys into the clear sky, and an awakened household greet the morning like a fresh gift from the hand of God.

And so the tutored and healthy heart may find delight for itself in every aspect of Nature, as she impresses herself upon domestic life and man; in every new way in which she is intertwined with the experiences of the soul; whether it be in the dear home-spot, with its uncounted relations of love to her, or in the forest, by the stream, or down long-stretching meadows; whether it be in perfect solitude, the heart holding audience with itself; or sustained and soothed by a companionship of souls, making even Nature herself all the while nearer and dearer.

Familiarity with Nature, of all other modes and means of instruction, certainly does teach a man to know more, and still more, of himself. It is depth within depth, and profundity after profundity. How it comes about that it is so, must yet remain to us a mystery. How the heart manages to become more closely acquainted with itself by knowing more of Nature, is still the deepest question of all. Yet nothing, happily, is more true. He who goes out most frequently into the still solitudes, ought to be most familiar with his own secret thoughts. There is that magic link, ever connecting us with our common mother, and drawing us more and more closely to her bosom. It is generally supposed that he is the greatest man who has indelibly impressed his own character upon that of those around him; but a good part of this comes from circumstance. Unless the opportunity shall offer, there can be no impression made; and there is not one who will not admit that the occasion resides entirely outside of the man. An individual like Daniel Boone—a hunter of the lonely forest hiding-places—is great, because all the elements within his soul are so; if they were not, such an one could never take up with the companionship of the winds and the seasons alone, wrapped in to the life which is begotten of pure thoughts and elevated sentiments. There can be no nobler or truer conquest than that which we secure over our own selves; and in the solitary hiding-places of Nature there is nothing to hinder that conquest from being complete.

Society would be many fold sweeter, if it were more savored with solitude. We talk more than we truly feel, and tell more than we actually know; solitude and silence would correct all this, by teaching us how to feel more truly and know more thoroughly. And no good mother ever enticed her children with more tender soliloquy than does Nature entice us away into her secret and silent retreats, where we may learn to know more deeply of ourselves by first familiarizing ourselves with her.

Let no man think that it is weak, but rather let him be assured that it is an element only of strength within him, that he has a sleepless love for Nature within his heart. If, amid the trials and temptations of life, anything will keep the character sweet and fresh always, it is the fully developed love of Nature. Affection, and dwelling over it, however, is not that; there is no certainty but in the real thing. No man can thus be a bad man, or forgetful, even temporarily, of what is due to himself and to those around him. We may all become pure by associating with only those objects that challenge the sentiment of purity. We shall all become sweet in character, when our love goes out, first of all, to those objects that are only sweet and clean—Nature.

THE DISAVOWAL OF MR. BEECHER.

For a week past, the newspapers have had more or less to say about an article written by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his connection with Spiritualism, which originally appeared in the columns of the Independent. The entire article was penned by Mr. Beecher in reply to charges that were never brought against him, which fact has already been stated in the columns of the BANNER, over the signature of the individual, Mr. Warren Chase, who is said to have set them in circulation. This is enough on that point.

Mr. Beecher neither affirms nor denies that he is a believer in the doctrine of direct spirit impressions, nor is it all necessary that he should. Practically considered, it is of little consequence whether he is willing to say that he has any personal faith in modern spirit manifestations, no; it would not necessarily increase his influence or his usefulness. But of the fact, the naked and absolute fact, that he, like other men of his large intellectual and moral power, is the regular recipient of swift, direct, and overwhelming spirit influence, there will be no reasonable question whatever. He does not deny the fact himself, though he would have the public suppose he is not conscious of being at any time the recipient of such impressions. Nor, in truth, need he be self-conscious of them; they come to him when and how he knows not, informing him with a power whose limits he never shall be able to transcend, exalting and elevating his soul into a heaven of ecstasy which is little less than inspiration itself, and invigorating his spirit with a subtle and all-pervading energy whose origin he may at present care little to know anything about.

But it is not necessary for a man like Mr. Beecher to spurn the powers by which his mission is made what it is. He need not turn his back, even in half-ridicule, upon those secret and sacred influences that have, all through his life, searched his soul daily, and made him the powerful spiritual agent he is. No man living knows better than himself, that, large as are his individual capacities, they are nevertheless of service to his fellow-man only as they are receptive of energy and power from superior sources; and if he had even larger capacities than he has, they would not serve him so well if they could not hold likewise the pure spiritual power necessary to impart action to them, and action in the right direction.

It was with unfeigned regret that we read, in Mr. Beecher's communication to the public, that not only was he not aware of being a medium between progressed spirits and mortals, but, if he could once be made conscious of such a fact, he would not hesitate to "cut the wires" of connection. In the first place, nothing good is gained by any such statement, while it really does aid in establishing popular prejudices for the mere prejudices' sake; and, in the second place, it is evident that he knew not whereof he affirmed when he said what he did. As a matter of course he must believe that the Father of all spirits is continually at our hand, and that the divine creative, sustaining power continually permeates every part of our being; would it be so hard for him also to suppose that disembodied spirits were very near to us, sympathizing closely with us, bending down in love and charity over us, impressing us all the time, when we are prepared to receive them, with hints and suggestions that shall work only to our ultimate happiness, and still interesting themselves, as messengers from those still their own superiors, in the welfare of God's children on this planet, as the one on which they were themselves ushered into existence? We should think if he could believe that we all floated in a sea of divine spirit, it would be the most natural thing to believe also that there were other spirits sailing that sea, as well as ourselves.

Would Mr. Beecher cut the link, the brighter than

golden link, that connects his soul with the souls already passed into a higher state? And would he do so, merely because those higher beings have not yet been able—so far as his observation extends—to speak through mediums of comparatively limited, and decidedly dissimilar capacities, in a style that shall not offend his own cultivated sense, or his conception of what the souls of those advanced beings were and now are? Would he cut this subtle, yet powerful connection, we ask, merely because there is something in it as yet undetected to him, or something that still wears in his eyes the garb of mystery? Let him ask himself such questions in all seriousness indeed. A deceased friend—a brother, a loved and revered mother—may be drawn continually to impress his or her thoughts upon the brain of Mr. Beecher. Will he not merely refuse to receive that influence, because he cannot comprehend its philosophy—but will he also scout it in public, deride it openly, hold it up to general ridicule, and ask the world—to whom himself helps to think on these very matters—to laugh scornfully at the person thus lovingly seeking to be heard? Will he convert what he, too, well feels in his heart to be his own blessed mother's teachings, into matter for popular jeers and scoffing? He should pause, as he searches his own soul in secret and asks for true answers to these questions. These answers, too, are nothing in respect of which he is to satisfy the world, but about which he is to seek to be at perfect harmony with himself alone.

With his large intellectual capacity, and his broad receptiveness to superior spiritual impressions, Mr. Beecher is doing a giant work in his generation, and future generations will hold his name in high remembrance. We wish him a sincere God-speed in all his labors, and cannot refrain from adding, likewise, that he cannot hope to increase his spiritual resources by affecting to ridicule, or even to underrate, the influences by whose powerful help he is carrying out his mission.

OBSESSION.

Mr. Joel Tiffany, in the last issue of his "Monthly," under the head of "Entrancement and Obsession," relates some very unpleasant cases of obsession, that occurred with three ladies, in whose company he had spent considerable time. In speaking of one of these obsessions, he says:—

"All this has arisen out of the practice of this medium, in allowing herself to be controlled by spirits. For some time she has been subject to their direction, obeying implicitly their requirements, without any will or judgment of her own. The medium is remarkable for the gentleness, mildness, amiability of her temper—a model of purity and sincerity, and such an one as we should least expect would become subject to evil influences. But the result is just what every one might expect who makes himself familiar with the principles of entrancement and obsession—which we purpose to consider in this article.

As a condition of entrancement or obsession, the first thing is to yield unresistingly to the control of another, the mind and body. Individual judgment is suspended; reason is silenced and thus overthrown, and the individual becomes the subject of authority. No matter how foolish or absurd may be their requirements, according to human understanding, those requirements must be obeyed without question. The medium must trust implicitly in the wisdom and integrity of the spirit, and then a mighty work will be accomplished. This seems to be the first lesson the obsessing spirit teaches the medium. And to this condition do they come when they become willing mediums.

This is itself an unnatural and false condition; one that strips the individual of every prerogative constituting him or her a true and proper individuality, consisting of perception, affection and volition; a condition that must be put off, or the true destiny can never be attained. Man's sense of perfect individuality in thought, feeling and volition, must not be interfered with. If it is, his sense of responsibility is destroyed; and with that lost, away goes the true dignity of individual immortality. Man, as an individual, might as well be at all, as to be only an attachment, or dependence upon a mighty will, with none of his own; a mere "reed shaken in the wind." Man's sense of freedom and individual independence, his sense of proprietorship of himself, and of the responsibilities incident thereto, are necessary to make him that which his highest demands. Anything less than this is akin to annihilation."

We cannot think that Mr. Tiffany has here given the true cause of obsession. The subject seems to be one of great importance. There is hardly a person, who has had much experience in Spiritualism, that has not witnessed the unpleasant effects of obsessions, which, in many cases, have proved very troublesome and painful. Hundreds and thousands of mediums have, in the course of their mediumship, encountered some of the sad experiences of obsession. None are free from the liability. Those who are called the purest, the highest and the holiest, in my experience, are more the subjects of obsession than those who are called less so. The best mediums have been oftenest and worst obsessed. There is a great aversion, on the part of mediums and their friends, to make public any cases of this kind, because it is and has been thought that they can exist only in a low spiritual development; so that of only one case in a hundred that have occurred, the public have any knowledge.

In relation to obsessions, the first and most important question to be answered is, What is the cause? In the cure of any "evil," or any disease, the cause must be first removed. A burn cannot be cured until it is removed from the fire that burns it. Mr. Tiffany thinks that obsessions are caused by yielding control to the spirits. Here is only the effect, the thing produced. The cause lies back of this. Entrancement has fallen upon humanity without will, desire, or invitation; and innumerable well attested instances will show that entrancement has been produced without any knowledge of trance or of spiritual manifestations. Little children and aged people have been seized with a trance, who never sat in a circle, or had any knowledge of a spiritual manifestation; and thousands of trances have been produced, contrary to the will of the medium, and in spite of all efforts to the contrary.

An instance of this kind I will relate, which took place in a Spiritualist Convention at Plymouth, last year. Miss Lizette Doten, one of our best and most prominent mediums, admitted publicly, that an angel from heaven should not control her organism independent of her own will. Subsequent to this, in the presence of many hundred persons, a spirit gained perfect control, and caused her to tear her collar in shreds, break her combs, and crush her nice bonnet into a ball not larger than a tea-cup. This work of the spirit proved excessively mortifying to Miss Doten, when her consciousness was restored. It was done, as the spirit declared, to show that mediums have no will independent of spirit-power. I am aware that the world might say Miss Doten deceived in this matter, and did the whole thing of her own volition. Miss Doten declares that there was no volition of her own in this act, and she is a lady of unquestioned veracity, integrity and truth; if there has been a life of spotless purity lived on earth, the past life of Miss Doten well merits that reputation. She was for years one of the best beloved sisters of a prominent sect, and contributed to their Journals. This instance of the superiority of spirit-power over the human will, is but one of many that has come within my limited observation.

My experience in Spiritualism forces the conclusion, daily, more and more, that mortals have intrinsically no control over spiritual influences that are ever acting upon humanity. Can a medium allow, or not allow, herself to be controlled by spirits? She may think she can, as did Miss Doten. She may will, and think her will is potent, when it is only spirit-power acting in concert with her desires. The general manifestations of Spiritualism contradict the assertion that a medium's will can control spirit-power. What is then the cause of obsession? The hidden truths that underlie the whole subject of Spiritualism we know but little of as yet; and the great and beautiful truth that shall reveal to us the fact, that all evil is a fruitful means of good, though it has been hidden in darkness, now stands up for human consideration in the light of spiritual development. Self-reliance is the cause of entrancement; but self-righteousness is the cause of obsession. Both self-reliance and self-righteousness are bred in the bones of humanity, and nature alone shall carry man from the development of self-reliance and self-righteousness, to a higher development, where men are conscious of the existence of, and shall rely upon, an unseen power; where they shall rest in confidence in the arms of an Infinite Goodness; where they shall have faith in God.

What shall be done when a medium is obsessed? Remove the cause. How? By natural growth. Obsessions are natural; they are the legitimate effect of a natural cause; which effect becomes a new cause for the destruction of self-righteousness, of self-reliance—being humanity to humanity—to a universal brotherhood—to a platform where all stand on one level. Greater good, and greater beauty shall be developed from out obsessions, than from Spiritual communications, called the highest, the purest, and the holiest.

sympathy fail to fill their destinies? Both love and sympathy can see through the phantom of self-excellence and self-righteousness, and reach out to naked souls the tendrils of affection; and this response is not antagonism, but affection. We have reason, too, to be exalted. Let us, in our feeble Spiritual development, be truthful to the Spirit obsessing, and not say to him, come up from the darkness that you are in, to the light that we are in; but rather let us be conscious of our own condition, and say to the Spirit, take our hands, and lead us from the darkness that surrounds us, to the light that you possess. Let us remember that it is folly to try to cast a mote from the Spirit's eye when we have a beam in our own. Meet an obsessing Spirit in the clouds of self-righteousness, and he will set very but, and do much mischief, and beset us; meet him on the platform of common sense and reason, and he will meet us as a man. Take off the airs and phantasms of self-superiority in religion and Spiritual goodness, and obsessions will cease forever.

A. B. CHILD.

If spirit-communion is proper, a legitimate growth of the powers of man, so is obsession a natural product of the past ages, in which Hate, Revenge, and Self-Righteousness have ruled the world. These principles, carried off by society in its dealings with the poor, and with the vicious or criminal, have sent millions to hell. They have gone into spirit life without ever having the love-chorus of the harp of a thousand strings struck; may, more—all the laser chords of that harp have been agitated by society. Hatred and Revenge have been fostered, until they glow with all the intensity of Evil. We have thought we should never be scorched by this fire of our own kindling; we have fancied that all this wrong society has done, all this revenge it has cultivated, is powerless, now that the erring brother's or sister's body lies in Potter's Field, or has been given to the surgeon's knife.

We have not known until now, and may do not now believe, that revenge burns as fiercely in the spirit after it has left the form, as it did when it animated its mortal body. We have thought that the poor soul whom we have swung into eternity, uttering curses upon his God and all humanity, would never have the power to satiate his revengeful desires. But these new manifestations have begun to set humanity right upon these points, and we begin to see that our own sins are visited upon us. We find that this class of spirits have the power to influence humanity for evil. That and through defects in our moral natures, and the mediocrity condition of humanity in this new age of the world, they can come into rapport with us, strengthening our evil desires and controlling us, and, through us, satisfy their revenge. Nature and God seem to will it so. It is for us to profit by what Nature thrusts upon us, and not rebel against her work.

Instead of regarding obsession as a great evil, we look upon it as a necessity, both to the development of Love and Truth and Heaven in the hell of spirit-life, and the casting off of Hatred, Revenge and Self-Righteousness in humanity.

Doubtless all the manifestations of obsession are unpleasant. It is not pleasant to hear those whom we know abhor profanity, uttering the most shocking curses and threats; nor is it pleasant to see violence enacted. But good may be brought out of the evil, we think, if, instead of opposing such a spirit with self-righteous horror, and exhibiting disgust toward him, or attempting to drive him "out" by force of will, we treat the spirits we ought to treat an erring brother, sister, father, mother, or child. Your case of obsession, which so terrified you, will assume the shape and glory of a blessing, and you will thank God that he cast in your path the erring spirit. He will leave you rejoicing, and return to you laden with blessings, bringing with him, perhaps, others who were bound by the same cords as he was, but who will meet you with far different feelings, because they will have learned that in you their brother found a friend, who did not seek to crush him for his spiritual poverty.

We have known of several cases of obsession which have been treated in this manner with such results, and we consider this one of the most interesting phases of spiritual intercourse.

What we have written is what we have gathered from our experience. We can lay down no rules of treatment to suit all cases perfectly. Passiveness is better than opposition; for the more we oppose, the more we call out the same element of the spirit. Love, and sympathy and kindness which are born of it, will subdue many a "demon," and convert him into a friend. But it must be love—inside and out. The outward expression is useless without the inward possession of the virtue; but when we can love the purveyor, the thief as a brother, truly, we believe there will be not only no danger from obsessions by entrancement, but that they will be hailed as blessings, because they may be converted into an avenue whereon a spirit in hell takes his first step to heaven.

There is a class of obsessions far more dangerous than those which manifest through entranced mediums. They are where the human being is by nature predisposed to any vice, and at the same time susceptible to spirit control, so that a spirit on the same plane may come into perfect rapport with the medium, while in possession of his or her normal faculties. The drunkard may be of this class. Many of the most startling crimes committed by persons in their normal states, who can assign no reason for their commission, but tell you they were impelled to commit them, owe their origin, undoubtedly, to spirits of this class. The first cause, however, exists in the low moral nature of the human being and of humanity, for by that alone can evil spirits come in rapport with us. So long as humanity is on the low moral and spiritual plane it now is, so long will it draw to itself such influences. And together must humanity and the spirit world progress, bearing each other's sins and the consequences thereof, until, by suffering, the evil is purged from both, and the kingdom of Love shall be set up in all hearts.

For these normal cases of obsession, we see no means of cure, except the gradual growth of humanity in knowledge of its own, and of spirit-life, and in the development of broader sympathies with the erring and the poor, and in the efforts of each of us to ameliorate their condition. So long as we neglect this class as we do, sending them into spirit life in ignorance, and with hatred of humanity the predominant passion of their souls, so long may we expect them to return to us, laden with the fruits thereof.

There is no such thing as stopping this spiritual influx; the two states of life are destined to come into closer rapport every year, each to affect the other more and more, both for good and evil. It is for us to learn in what way the evil may be turned to good, and labor for that result.

New Ideas.

A writer in the "Provincetown Banner," a sly, libelous, well-appearing paper, complains that spirits do not give us any new ideas. We think he is at fault. There are more new ideas of spirit life given every week in three columns of this paper, by all classes of spirits, from grave and gay, good, bad and indifferent, than the writer can digest in a year. The whole idea of spirit-life, as given by spirits, is so very new that people reject it, laugh at it, and get mad over it. But there is another work which spirits are doing, of not less value than giving us new ideas of spirit life. They are enforcing upon us the necessity of living up to certain old ideas which all are willing to worship with the lips, but which they are not so willing to worship in the only true way—in act. Men were told nearly two thousand years ago that, "What a man sows that shall he also reap;" something was said also about sowing to the wind and reaping the whirlwind; but mankind are going over the field of the heart sowing to the wind as busily as in the days of Jesus. If spirits do nothing more than reiterate these old truths, and show us the necessity of changing the seed we are planting, they do a mighty work. If they can drill these truths into the hearts of men, as deeply as they have been drilled into their heads, and cause them, by pictures of spirit-life, to truly realize the necessity of sowing to something beside the wind, they deserve our gratitude. We hear much said about love to all mankind and peace on earth, but we see little of either about us. The world has had given it by God more ideas than it seems to know what to do with. Perhaps it would be well for us to reduce to practice those we received from Jesus, and remodel all our customs and institutions so that they will accord with the great law of love he laid down. We fear there is more to be done in this way than humanity will be able to do in the next century, aided by all the practical illustrations given us in new ideas of spirit-life, and of the nature of the crops our present systems of trade, prison discipline, and other institutions equally rotten, bring us hereafter.

Grove Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Wilbraham and vicinity will hold a meeting on Sunday, July 24th, in the Grove owned by Mr. Baldwin, near the Collins Depot, and expect to continue similar meetings at this place for three or four Sundays following. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the cause of truth and progress to be present.

J. V. Mansfield

Will visit Saratoga in the month of August, and will probably travel in the South in the fall and winter.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

E. P. WHIPPLE AT MUSKIE HALL.

Edwin P. Whipple, Esq., read before Rev. Theodore Parker's Society, on Sunday, July 10th, a lecture on Joan of Arc. The substance of the lecture was as follows:— In the course of the revolutions, disunion, and confusion, in the State of France, which followed the partial insanity of Charles VI., both of the two great parties who disputed the ascendancy in the kingdom—the partisans of the Duke of Burgundy and of the Count of Armagnac—sought to strengthen their cause by alliance with Henry IV. of England, who gladly concerned himself in their civil broils by sending bodies of troops to the highest bidder. On the accession of Henry V. to the English throne, he resolved upon a war of conquest with France, at once to gratify his own people, who remembered that they had been driven from a strong foothold which they once possessed across the channel, and to gratify his own ambition. He made the most extravagant demands. The party in power offered everything not inconsistent with the national honor, to retain his friendship. But he insisted that the King of France should, by yielding to all his demands, become his vassal. Rejecting their proposals, he invaded France, defeated the French army at Agincourt, and by force of arms and intrigues with the Duke of Burgundy, finally obtained the daughter of the King in marriage, the regency of the throne of France, and the help which it when it should become vacant by the death of Charles. The Dauphin and his adherents, enemies to Burgundy, were to be hunted down by the united armies of Henry and Burgundy. In August, 1429, Henry died, and his son, Henry VI., was proclaimed King of France and England. At the same time Charles, the Dauphin, who held his hereditary rights, and to the independence of France, was crowned King at Reims. The Dauphin was driven to Orleans. He himself in his castle at Chinon, wrapped in luxurious pleasures, was visited by despondency by the probable fall of Orleans. Meanwhile, in the little village of Domremy, in the valley of the Meuse, a poor shepherd's daughter, with little education, tending her father's sheep among the hills, whose only marked characteristics seemed to be bashfulness and a warm devotion, but brooding in her heart over the wrongs of France, and the misfortunes of the Dauphin, began, at the age of thirteen, to see supernatural visions, bearing promise of the deliverance of France, and through her aid. She hid the secret in her heart, as well as her burning enthusiasm would permit. All the sad news of the siege of Orleans came to her. She sent her message to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, by her uncle; but her message was received with contemptuous scorn. Still, the persistence of common sense, must yield to the persistency of the sense that is not common. She was taken before the Dauphin, a weak-natured, but good-natured voluptuary. When the audience was given, the Dauphin stood plainly attired among his courtiers, one of whom was magnificently clad to represent him. But she singled out the King in a moment, and, walking up to him, said: "God give you good life, gentle King!" "I am not the King; he is there," said Charles. "In the name of God," she answered, "it is no other but yourself. Most noble Lord Dauphin, I am Joan, the maid sent on behalf of God to aid you and your kingdom; and by this command I announce to you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims, and shall become his lieutenant in the realm of France." He asked her to resolve the great doubts on his mind—the question whether he was indeed the true heir of France. She assured him, on behalf of God, that he was the real and true heir. At first, she was received by the court with great distrust; but her simple and brave enthusiasm, and her fair young face, lit with the expression of the mingled sweetness and power of her soul, carried conviction with them, and she was permitted to join the army of France. It was hard for the great French captain to obey the orders of this young peasant girl, unskilled in the theory or practice of war. But when a great soul appears, routine gives way; and Joan accordingly assumed the decided control of the councils of the chiefs. Her character infused strength and confidence into the souls of the people. These rare natures are great moral forces, which act where they are not present. Joan had put victory into the hearts of the defenders of Orleans, and had smitten the spirits of the English with defeat and dismay, long before she had arrived at the army. Her name and fame went before her. No resistance was offered by the English when she entered the city. She assured the citizens of speedy deliverance. She began her work by an attempt to reform the morals of the army. Her religion infused itself into all her conduct, and so into the conduct of the war. She allowed none to follow her to battle who had not first confessed. Her military talent seems to have consisted simply in resolution and decision. "I used," she said, "to tell my soldiers to rush on the English, and then to rush boldly on them myself." Her plan was, to take the French before their enthusiasm had subsided, and hurt them on the English strongholds, one after another. Thus far, success had been won without a blow. "But the English attacked the town. She was sleeping, but awoke, before the report of the battle reached her, and called her to arms. The news of the attack was brought to her. Springing on her horse, she galloped toward the fight. She passed a townsman, severely wounded. "Ah!" she cried, "the sight of French blood always makes my hair stand on end." When she arrived, the French were on the point of retreating; but, waving her sacred banner, she thrust herself into the thickest of the fight, roused the courage of the men by her words, and, at length, after three hours of sanguinary encounter, won the position. The following day was held as a festival. The next, she led an assault against a strong English position. At first, the French retreated; but the maid rallied them to the attack. Her eyes shone terrible in the fight; the courage of the English withered before the glance of the supposed sorceress, and they retreated, leaving the French in possession of the stronghold. The English now occupied but one fort, but that was strongly defended; and in a council of war, held the next day, the French decided not to attack it until they should be in stronger force. Joan said to them, "You have been to your counsel, and I to mine. Be assured that the counsel of God will hold good, and that the counsel of men will perish." In spite of their remonstrances, she determined on the desperate attack. Joan led on the French. In a couple of hours, however, their enthusiasm somewhat waning, she herself attempted to scale the wall. An arrow, shot with English vigor and English aim, pierced her neck and shoulder, and she fell into the ditch. The French rescued her, and laid her upon the grass, in great pain. But a sudden vision comforted her drooping spirits, and revived her rapturous courage. Plucking the arrow from her shoulder, she hurried back to the conflict, and the attack was renewed by the French soldiers, who now looked upon her as something more than human. Seeing her banner in the hands of a French soldier, she said that, as soon as that banner touched the wall, the victory would be won. The assailants, in paroxysm of inspiration, carried the English fortress. As Joan saw Sir William Glasdale, the English commander, on a tower, she cried, "Ah, Glasdale, you have fully wronged me; but I have pity on your soul. Surrender to the King of Heaven." But he went upon the draw-bridge, and a French cannon-ball, striking the bridge, threw him and his companions into the water, where they perished. Joan followed up her victories; and soon after Rheims opened its gates, and Charles entered in triumph. On the next day, he was solemnly crowned; and at his side, by the high altar, stood the peasant, Joan. Her task was now done, her mission accomplished, her angels obeyed. Her eyes, filled with happy and holy tears, and she said: "Gentle King, now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, who willed that you should come to Rheims and be anointed, showing that you are the true king, and he to whom the kingdom should belong." And then, "I wish that the gentle king would allow me to return toward my father and mother, keep my flocks and herds as before, and do all things as I was wont to do." She refused all reward, and asked only that her native village should not be taxed. That request was granted, and the privilege was held for three and a half centuries. But policy demanded that she who was the soul and inspiration of the army, should remain with it. She yielded; but in yielding she parted, perhaps, with some of the simplicity of her nature. War, undertaken as a duty, was fast becoming a taste. Like Murat, she participated in the tumult and the rapture, without sharing the slaughter of the battle—like him she consoled her humanity with the thought that she never killed any herself. She continued to lead the French arms. But the feeling of doing God's work was not so strong now; she began to doubt her inspiration. Wounded at St. Denis, she hung up her arms before the shrine of the saint, in the church, and renounced war. But Charles and his council insisted on her continuing with the army, and she obeyed, as a duty to the king. Letters of nobility were granted to her and her family. Charles had become tired of war; but she still fought with undiminished courage at the head of his troops. The fortress of Compeigne was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, and she set out to defend it. On the evening of her arrival she attacked his forces. Her men were outnumbered, and she ordered a retreat. She herself kept in the post of danger, the rear. As her troops entered

the town gate, it was closed, and she was shut out. She fought with great courage, but was taken, and surrendered. The triumph of the English was great. The witch who had so long mortified their pride was now in their hands, and they determined to revenge their defeat upon her. She was a prisoner of war, and as such entitled to exchange or ransom. But the English, by a monstrous fiction of law, assumed that she was a subject of their king; and they accordingly brought her before an ecclesiastical tribunal, and accused her of heresy and sorcery. The Bishop of Beauvais was the instigator of this prosecution. Church dignitaries were combined to commit a pious murder on a daughter of the church. Exposed to insult, and treated with the greatest harshness, she did not gratify her inhuman persecutors with any falling of spirit, nor did she lose her sweet communion with angels, nor her loyalty to the recent king who disregarded her danger. At last she was brought before the tribunal. Without counsel and without assistance, she was kept for fifteen days before her judges. All the resources of low cunning were brought to bear to entrap her into confession. To all this she triumphantly opposed her sincerity, sense, and innocence. Her answers to immediate questions startled even her persecutors by their innocence. She escaped from the theological nets in which she was sought to be entangled, with equal simplicity and force. "Do you know yourself to be in the grace of God?" she was asked. "If I am not," she replied, "may God be pleased to receive me in it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it." But now came the terrible question—"Do the saints, Margaret and Catharine, of your vision, hate the English nation?" If she said yes, it was a blasphemous heresy; if no, why had she sought with the English? "They love whatever God loves," she said, "and hate whatever he hates." The University of Paris listened to the accusations of her judges. Her troubles darkened her spirit, and a shadow of doubt lay along her sick and exhausted soul. A year after she was first taken prisoner, she was exhibited on a scaffold in the churchyard of St. Owen, and, in a moment of weakness or despair, or, as is more probable, from misunderstanding of the import of the words, she signed a confession. Her enemies, with great dignity, proceeded to pronounce the sentences of the wolf on the lamb, and condemned her to pass the rest of her life in prison. But her only relaxed heretics can be burned. It was now their Christ-like purpose to persecute her back again from a Catholic to a heretic. Grossly insulted in her prison by an English lord, she resumed her military dress, to protect her honor. Beauvais repaid immediately to her prison, and asked if she had again heard the voices. She replied that her saints had commanded her to resume her former dress. The bishop hastened to give the information. She was tried, with the same cunning and malice as before, and on her part with the same simplicity and sense, and was condemned to be burned. Her execution took place on the 30th of May—that great crime which, as it blazes on the eye across the interval of four crowded centuries, makes us shudder as though it had been done yesterday. The priest who attended her was in danger from the fire, and she begged him to leave her. "Bishop," said she to Beauvais, "I die through you." True to the faithless Charles, she declared that the king was blameless. Her mind, in that ecstasy of anguish, seemed to rush up into intense communion with her sweet sisters of heaven, and the last gasp in which she parted from life, was the name of the Saviour. Her ashes were collected, and cast into the river Seine. Her genius and sanctity are beyond the brutality of men; they partake of the immortal substance of the soul. Such was the great and sorrowful story of the peasant girl of France, who stood fearless among angels and peerless among women.

Mass Picnic at Abington.

On Tuesday, 12th inst., the Spiritualists of Boston and the surrounding country held a grand gathering in the beautiful grove at Abington. Although the morning was cloudy, and threatened more of "Nature's beverage" than even "water-drinkers" wish for at all times, about one thousand of the friends of progress left the Old Colony depot in twenty cars, for the place of meeting. Never did there a morrier or happier company leave the "Modern Athens" on a pleasure excursion. Several of the friends from the country had brought flowers to present to their city acquaintances; and it was quite refreshing to hear the remarks of the children as they received these natural, sweet-scented preachers of the gospel of beauty and goodness. On the arrival of the Boston delegation at the grove, the people assembled around the speakers' stand, and, after listening to a few prophetic remarks from Dr. Gardner, the meeting was organized. Dexter Dana, Esq., of Roxbury, was appointed chairman. Mr. Dana made an interesting speech, during which he remarked that the present gathering was an evidence that Spiritualism was not quite dead yet, although the Boston Courier and the Harvard Professors had been croaking its funeral sermon until they really thought somebody believed them. The chairman then introduced Susie C. Cluer, who recited a beautiful poetic gem, entitled "Listening Angels," in a very chaste and graceful style. John O. Cluer made one of his off-hand speeches. Speeches were also made by Lizzie Doten, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Currier, of Lawrence. At this time there were from four to five thousand people on the ground. A very large portion of them were around the stand listening to the speakers. Dinner time having arrived, the meeting adjourned to pay attention to material comfort. Large numbers took dinner in two saloons; a still greater number laid their cloths on the green sward, under the shade of the spreading trees, and at the conclusion of the repast we should judge there were more than twelve baskets full of fragments left. In the afternoon Mr. Wilson related a number of very wonderful facts. Dr. Gardner gave a very interesting account of the rise of Spiritualism in Naples, and its progress in Europe, which was listened to with deep attention, especially those parts of the account that referred to Louis Napoleon, and the conversion of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen. Miss Doten also spoke on Intolerance. Susie C. Cluer, by request, recited another poem, in a fine style, which produced a very good effect, and was received with a hearty round of applause. Mr. J. S. Loveland delivered an excellent practical speech on the Decline of Spiritualism. We hope his remarks will not be forgotten by those who heard them. Mr. John Benson, the venerable friend of the Indian, made an appeal on behalf of the red man. Little Ella Doluce recited a poem very prettily, and was well received. Mr. Loring Moody delivered an excellent practical speech, of considerable length, which was listened to with marked attention. At half-past 4 P. M., the vast concourse of people quietly made their way toward their several homes. It is worthy of remark that we did not hear of a single accident, nor witness any improper conduct. There were doubtless many on the ground who were there merely from curiosity, others for fun. We noticed quite a number of what are called "fast" people. They were treated kindly, and they manifested their gratitude by corresponding good behaviour. We arrived in Boston all safe and happy; and the inquiry in the cars was general, "When shall we have another picnic?"

Spiritualists' Convention at Plymouth.

This Convention will be held on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August next. Eminent speakers will be there from all parts of the United States. The Convention will meet at Davis's Hall; and if the weather be pleasant on Saturday, it will meet in a Grove near the village of Plymouth. The Old Colony Railroad Company will carry passengers to and from the Convention for half price, commencing on Friday, August 5th, and ending on Monday, August 8th. The following gentlemen, residing in Plymouth, Mass., are committee of arrangements:—Fred. W. Robbins, Geo. Simmons, Southworth Barnes, Putnam Kimball, Benjamin H. Orandon. Arrangements have been made to accommodate strangers with board, both at public and private houses, at reasonable prices.

The War.

Each steamer brings us further details of the War in Europe, every struggle of which seems to redound to the glory of the Third Napoleon. Those who have been so prompt to stigmatize him the "counterfeit Napoleon," in his former questionable struggles up to the notch of ambition, have learned before this that the old Napoleon-vigor lies back of him. As believers in the truths of spirit-communication, it is not hard for us to think that the thousands—hundreds of thousands of soldiers who rallied to the standard of, and marched on to victory under the lead of the Great Napoleon; whose blood has matured the grass on a hundred European battle-fields, even in death have not lost their ruling passion, but give their unseemly counsels to the cause France has espoused.

S. L. Welch.

Formerly agent at Ionia, Mich., will convey a favor by sending us the name of his present residence.

Old Forms are Breaking.

Not long since, says one of our exchanges, an Irishman rose up in a Catholic church during the solemn hours of divine worship and called the priest a liar, because he uttered what Patrick thought was not true. Patrick was put out. Other patriots will kick against the monopolies of pulpit dogmatism. The Living Age says: "There is scarcely a man of any intelligence in the country who has not, one time or another, denounced, with all the energy and impetuosity of a sufferer, the common strain of contemporary pulpit addresses; and concludes 'that the effect of pulpit eloquence is baneful to society, for the unfortunate hearers turn skeptics out of natural antagonism.'" So little respect is now shown in the hours of church worship, that in our exchanges of a single day, we read of three cases of contentious words, and blows, too, between preachers and interlopers, who stole a seat to hear the preaching, taking place during the hours of worship—in the church of God. The Presbyterians are now lamenting sadly for the want of a good commentary on the book that is so plain that a man, though a fool, may run and read, and err not in his understanding. Of nine hundred and fifty-three clergymen, says the Christian Register, who attended a recent anniversary, only seventy-three wore the white cravat. Many divines let the hair grow on their faces. These things are a sign that ministers are willing to stand as men among men. The clergy in England are discussing the question, Why it is good on Sunday to read about the *lilies of Judaea*, and wicked to look on the *buttercups of England*; and why a quick air has a more injurious effect on the soul on Sunday than it has on Monday? "Simplicity of truth," says the American Democrat, "needs not much effort to set it forward." No man of clear vision and of experience, will deny that religious opinions darken the perception of truth.

Lydia Maria Child, and Spiritualism.

This lady, in a letter to the yearly meeting of Progressive Friends, says:—"Inside of Christendom, the mixing and mingling of sects has become more and more obvious. The influence of Swedenborg's writings, especially those portions which embody his views of another world, have had a more pervasive influence than people are generally aware of. Whoever compares the sermons of fifty years ago with those of to-day, will be struck with their difference of tone on this subject. I think much of this progress may be justly attributed to the influence of Swedenborg's writings, which have become more or less infused into the general atmosphere of thought and feeling, so that men often inhale it who are quite unconscious of its presence. The phenomena of Modern Spiritualism have done a great work of preparation; by everywhere removing old landmarks from minds that would not have yielded them to any purely mental process."

More Excommunications.

The Congregational Church in Lee, Mass., have excommunicated seven persons "from its watch and fellowship," for the reason, summed up in a word, because they are Spiritualists. The names of the unfortunate, or fortunate ones, are—Chauncey Tuttle, Phoebe Tuttle, Charles S. Thacher, Amos B. Thacher, Lucy E. Thacher, (a writing medium,) Sophia Peck, and Henry E. Ball. We have received a pamphlet containing the facts of the whole affair, presented by Charles S. Thacher. It is able and interesting, and in our opinion the seven persons turned out of the church support the true Christ-principle in a much higher and deeper sense than do the members of the church who turned them out of their "watch and fellowship." We should republish the substance of the pamphlet if we had room.

Lecturers.

S. B. BRITTON will lecture in North Princeton, Mass., Sunday, 24th inst.; also at Milford, N. H., Sunday, 31st inst. Miss M. MUNSON—after a prosperous sojourn in Philadelphia—purpose to spend a few weeks at her home in New Hampshire. She desires us to say that she will speak in New Bedford, August 21st and 28th, and at Cambridgeport Sept. 4th. Letters may be addressed to her at this office, as she requests. GEORGE ATKINS will speak in Lowell, Mass., July 24th; Milford, Mass., July 31st; Orleans, Mass., August 7th. [For a full list of Movements of Lecturers, see seventh page.]

Kindness.

The Belvidere standard tells a story about the treatment of kindness and forgiveness exercised by a broker to his boy who stole money. The boy's love of theft was lost in the love of his employer's kindness. He left off stealing, and has now risen to an honorable and responsible position in business.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

On our sixth page we have placed a well-written article, from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled "THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE." The views there contained will be new to the denomination of which she is a member. Our readers will be struck with the similarity of her ideas to those entertained by modern Spiritualists.

See sixth and seventh pages for Mrs. Hatch's fifth lecture, of the series of ten, delivered at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday morning, June 12th. Subject: "The Religion of the Medes and Persians."

A letter in the New York Post says Theodore Parker goes to Nonthal, in Switzerland, where he will be the guest of Desor, a Swiss naturalist, who may be remembered as the companion of Agassiz when he first came to the United States. He was then poor; since, by the decease of his brother, he has come into the possession of a handsome fortune, and now lives as such a prince as a servant can in the mountains of republican Switzerland. He has promised to geologize, botanize, or philosophize with his sick friend, as he may desire, and Mr. Parker's friends in Paris anticipate for him great things from the trip.

The Paris Monitor says:—The Emperor Napoleon was in some degree superior to himself; he was soon everywhere, always directing the battle. Every one around trembled at the dangers which unceasingly threatened him; he alone seemed to be ignorant of them. The protection with which God shielded him was extended to his staff; only one Cent Gard near his Majesty was wounded. Several horses of the staff and the escort were killed or wounded.

"AUTOMATIC ACTION OF THE BRAIN."—We saw by an article in the last number of the Christian Register, that a writer attributes the answering of sealed letters by Mr. Mansfield to the automatic action of the brain! We were present the other day when Mr. M. answered a sealed letter in Spanish, the writer of which himself was present, and pronounced the answer correct. Now, as Mr. Mansfield does not understand the Spanish language, and was not aware that the gentleman understood it, how could the automatic action of Mr. M.'s brain have had anything to do with it? It is preposterous to suppose any such thing.

It is said that the American brigade for Mexico is now nearly completed, and will probably be ready for motion in about two months. Two regiments are to be raised, one in New York State, and one in California. J. H. Ward, ex-Commissioner General of New York, will be Colonel of the New York regiment. The whole force will be under command of Brigadier General Wheat. The regiments will leave New York and San Francisco simultaneously, to meet at a point in New Mexico, fully prepared to sustain Juarez.

Friend Mendum, the poetry printed in the last number of the Investigator—"The Noblest Man"—sent to you by a Pennsylvania correspondent, originally appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT. It was written by J. B. Wiggin, [not Wiggin] of Cambridgeport, March 20, 1859, and published by us on the 6th of April following. Consequently, as it was cut from the Saugerties Telegraph, June 24th, 1859, (according to the note preceding it,) it must have been published in that paper as original. The "country papers" are a little too liberal, sometimes, in appropriating things to their own use that don't belong to them.

The most deformed human being to the material vision may be the most perfectly developed in spirit.

THE DAVEPORT BOYS have published an excellent letter in the Sunbeam, dated at the jail in Oswego, N. Y.

EVANSTON OF VESUVIUS.—Amidst the excitement and configuration of war, Vesuvius will urge its claims on public attention. A letter from Naples informs us that its forces are more active than those of the nations united which are now applying the resources of science to the construction of weapons for human destruction. The mountain beats them all; and, with the quiet assurance of undisputed power, hourly it is laying waste rich lands growing with all the promise of harvest. Any one who looks at it from Naples, observes a large

river of fire actually flowing, but apparently arrested and attached to the side of Vesuvius. Within the last three months it has increased wonderfully in proportion; it is no longer a fill, it is a sheet of fire; it has risen and overflowed its banks, and God help the poor small proprietors who have invested their all in little portions of land now increased with lava.

DEATH OF HON. BUREAU ORATE.—On the 20th ult., Mr. Ghast took passage in the steamer Europa for England, for the benefit of his health; but the voyage to Halifax proving unfavorable to him, he gave up the idea of proceeding on, and decided to remain in the latter place until he should feel well enough to return home. He continued to improve until Tuesday, the 12th inst., when at 2 o'clock P. M., he was taken suddenly ill, and expired at 8 o'clock on the following morning, in the 60th year of his age.

Verbatim.—Teachers of photography ought to know enough not to get into debate in the "composing room" of a printing establishment. It is a very great error—out of which grow many other errors—especially when the matter being composed must go to press in a few hours, thus requiring the strictest attention of the printer. Compositors don't like "longues and sounds" in a printing-office, that's certain. The Yarmouth Register contains an article headed "Frauds in Fish." It is very natural there should be frauds in fish taken from the Banks.

When is a tired man like a thief? When he needs a resting.

Austria is composed of seventeen provinces, each governed by special laws. The army, on a war footing, is seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand, divided into twelve army corps. The navy numbers twelve thousand men, and one thousand guns.

The more wise a man drinks the more he whines. Children with large heads should not be put to school until they are eight years of age. If they are, it retards the physical development of their bodies, thereby producing disease and death. That is why this class of children almost always die very young.

SCANDALOUS.—President Buchanan's organ, the Constitution, announces that hereafter its Sunday edition will be dated Saturday evening so as not to "offend the sensibilities of Christian friends," and "avoid even the appearance of evil." This is quite as cautious as the magistrate who dated a marriage certificate back "to cover accidents."

Kossuth left Parma on the 28th ult. for Napoleon's headquarters. He had enthusiastic receptions at all the places he passed through from Turin to Parma, and delivered many addresses. At Piacenza the horses were taken from the carriage, and it was dragged by the people.

The organization of the Hungarian Legion advances rapidly. BROKEN, from our sanctum, a cotton umbrella—cost, 75 cents. The owner's initials are somewhat rudely cut upon the handle, which handle is of a yellowish color. Whoever will return the said umbrella, or give information where it may be had, or who has it, shall receive for their trouble: two pen-holders, with pens to match—one box of wafers—a pair of scissors, somewhat rusty—two empty ink bottles, and any quantity of "country exchanges."

The Traveller tries the Courier "Bodlam's organ," "a crazy itinerant in a state of intoxication," which is "blowing six times a week to a score of readers." Very "naughty" of you, Mr. Traveller. How dare you berate the Oracle thus? You'll have the "Professor" after you, forthwith. Where's that "Report?"

THE NELLY BAKER STRAMER will for the future leave Boston for Nahant at 9:14, 2:12, 5, 7:14. Returning, will leave Nahant for Boston at 7:34, 10:12, 3:34, 6:14, and on Sunday at 5:4, instead of 5:12.

"War is a scaly business, at best," said a Nahant fisherman recently to *Digit*. "Yes," sobbed *Digit*. "It is indeed scaly, and not only so, but melancholy." "Because it makes many 'widders,' I suppose," said the fisherman. "No, not that—it is melancholy because the French Zouaves scale the Austrian ramparts in tiers," (tears) replied *Digit*.

The Investigator has donned a new heading. It is a very neat design.

GOD BLESS YOU. How simply fall those simple words Upon the human heart, When friends long bound in strongest ties Are called upon to part! You sadly press the hand of those Who thus in love are cast, And soul responsive beats to soul, In breathing out, "God bless you!"

Humboldt is said to have left a manuscript-treatise on Geography more perfect than any yet known.

A kind word, in answer to an unkind word, is worth more than a mint of money.

The controversy between the High and Low Churches in England is becoming very violent. At the Church of St. George's in the East on a recent Sunday, the new rector, Rev. Ryan King, being a Puseyite, was received with a storm of hisses and cries of "No Popery!" and the service was completely broken up.

"REVIVAL PREACHERS."—Doctor Murray—Kilwan—writes an article in the New York Observer, June 18th, two columns long, against "Revival Preachers."

Some of our contemporaries are a little crabbed at the immense success of the BANNER. Can't help it, gentlemen—people will get their food—whether mental or otherwise—where it is placed before them in the best style.

In Somerville the rate of taxation this year is \$8.30. In this city it is expected that it will exceed \$9.

The latest news from the Pike's Peak Humbug Mines was brought to Leavenworth, K. T., by Mr. McCoy, who says that only eight or ten claims have yet been discovered that pay. These are on the Gregory road, the rest being all a desert. He says that the reports of the richness of other claims are absolutely false, and that the miners were leaving in large numbers. Some three thousand wagons are now on a return trip. Mr. McCoy estimates that there are now about the mines from 25,000 to 30,000 persons, most of whom are doing nothing, or working for their board. He says the mines will not support more than 5000 people, and advises everybody to stay at home.

There will be great difficulty in the "Gorman Diet" if *Zung(a)ry* should rise, we opine.

A retortive justice has decreed, that he who wraps himself up in his own selfish plans, and refuses to alleviate human suffering, shall not only lack the sympathy of his fellows when most in need of it, but shall find himself ultimately arraigned at the bar of a approving conscience.

During the late "cold snap," a cow out west is said to have caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but icecreams ever since.

It is reported that there was a duel recently at Napoleon, Ark., between a doctor and a tailor, in which the doctor shot the tailor through the leg, and the tailor shot the doctor through the lower extremity of his coat. They were made friends upon the ground—the doctor agreeing to dress the tailor's leg, and the tailor to mend the doctor's coat.

INDIAN DEPREDEATIONS AT SONORA.—The Times Washington correspondent writes: Judge Rose, the American Consul at Guaymas, Mexico, reached here this afternoon, and tendered his resignation to the government. He has made a thorough exploration of Sonora, and pronounces it the richest mineral country in the world. God. Peschlara is now absent in Sinaloa, and the Indians are devastating all the upper and western portions of Sonora. Murders and robberies are every day occurring.

We have received an account of the Spiritualist Picnic held at South Montville, Me., on the 4th; but it came too late for insertion in this issue. We shall print it in our next.

Miss E. Gibson's address is North Hanson, Mass., instead of 242 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

A good story is told in the Sport newspaper: A detachment of the Austrians was sent from Poeschlara by railway, to reinforce General Urban. The engineer, by accident or design, brought the train on to the quarters of the French army. The soldiers of the latter opened the doors, crying out, "Gentlemen, change carriages here for France, if you please."

Our exchange newspapers, almost without exception, note the promising appearances of the crops throughout the country.

EFFECTS OF THE WAR OF FASHION.—It has become almost dangerous for ladies to wear crinolines in the streets of Munich, the mode being considered a French one. The population are determined to extinguish, if not the French, at least their fashions.

Some descendants of Solomon has wisely remarked that those who go to law for damages are sure to get them.

"GETTING INTO THE WRONG F.W."—A hotel thief entered the room of a boarder recently in this city. The latter, awaking, asked the intruder what he wanted. Getting no reply he simply remarked "If you 'r after money, I have only to

say that I'm a printer, and very tired," and coolly turned over and went to sleep again. It is needless to add that the thief left, cursing his bad luck in having entered a printer's apartment.

An exchange says that a Yankee is exhibiting in Buffalo, N. Y., a new cannon, which is operated by steam. It will load, aim, fire, and swab itself out. No use for soldiers!

An English missionary, now in Sumatra, lately wrote home that he "had the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked."

Messrs. Brown, Taggart & Chase will publish Mrs. Partridge's "Knitting Work" on the 23d inst. The old lady has let some amusing stitches drop, like says, and Ac ought to know.

The "fellow" who seated himself in the lap of ages, has had the rheumatics ever since. No allusion to Harvard College.

THE DAILY HERALD, NEWBURYPORT, Mass., has a very sensible article on "Liberty in Religion." The article takes bold and manly ground; it knocks hard against the incrustations of old creeds, all of which are selfish.

UNIQUE.—The following inscription is to be seen on a gravestone in the "Old Granary Burying Ground," on Tremont street, Boston:— Here lies buried the body of John Downing, aged about 63 years. Dec'd April 28, 1864.

I bargained with Christ for room below. He grants a mansion in his upper stories. Thus God gives more than we do ask or know— Instead of grace, uninterrupted gloire.

Nothing but the artist's pencil could do justice to many of the monuments erected by religion and affection in our old graveyards.

THE OHIO CULTIVATOR, published semi-monthly, at Columbus, Ohio, contains twelve pages of valuable matter on agriculture. It is a valuable paper for anybody and everybody in the United States to read.

THE PUTNAM DEMOCRAT, PUTNAM, N. Y., has a long article in defence of Spiritualism. We guess that the editor aims at it, or he would not dare to publish it.

Here is a beautiful little paragraph, which we find in one of our exchanges: "If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth. It is caskered by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stamped by no blood."

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says the loss of the Austrians, in killed, wounded and missing, at the battle of Solferino, was estimated at Vienna to reach 20,000 men. It is believed that the French loss amounted to from 18,000 to 18,000 men.

Book Notices.

THE AMERICAN STAIRBUILDER, by Wm. P. Esterbrook and Jas. H. Monkton, architects and builders. New York: Baker & Goodwin, Tribune Building.

This book contains a complete exposition of the whole subject of planning and constructing staircases and handrails, together with designs for staircases, handrails, newels, and balusters. Illustrated by eighteen large plates, embracing two hundred and forty-two distinct figures, with full, detailed explanations, for the use of architects, builders, stairbuilders, and carpenters, in such a manner that the most inexperienced may readily acquire a thorough knowledge of the art and science of stairbuilding and handrailing. It is the result of the experience of more than a quarter of a century. It is not a theoretical work, but entirely practical; every principle contained therein has been tested by the authors in their daily business for a long period. Many of the finest staircases in the city of New York, and vicinity, have been executed by them. The mode of illustrating this science is altogether original, and so simple that no one of ordinary capacity can fail to acquire a knowledge of the art without other aid.

The book is a large oblong quarto—size 12 by 16 inches—got up in the best style, on thick paper, handsomely printed and engraved. Bound in thick boards, cloth, stamped, price, six dollars. Copies sent by mail, free of postage, upon receipt of the price.

SEALOFF, ON THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERVELTS, BY J. W. De Forest, author of "Oriental Acquaintance," "European Acquaintance," etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1859.

This book contains nearly 500 pages 12mo, neatly executed. It is a well written, interesting story.

OBITUARY.

In Lowell, Mass., on the 13th of June, Mrs. Sarah, wife of James Tower, Esq., aged sixty years, died, after a long illness. In the death of Mrs. T. her family have sustained an irreparable loss. A devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a kind friend, is gone. Quiet and unobtrusive in her manners, she yet possessed great energy and decision of character. Her practical common sense inspired confidence in her counsel; and the writer of this slight tribute to departed worth was accustomed, from childhood, in the occasional interviews it was our privilege to have with her, to defer to and respect her judgment. In her death we have lost, to our external joy, a dear friend; and, while under the shadow of a deeper bereavement, we sincerely sympathize with the afflicted family in this sad dispensation. M. E. Mrs. Tower was a Spiritualist, and we do not hesitate to say, a true Christian. Her belief in Spiritualism, to the last moment of her earthly existence, was firm and steadfast; it was



the governmental and religious administration. Thus we may account, in some degree, for the zeal and fervor of the warriors...

In speaking of the emblems of the sun, which were carried to the battle-field, especially emblazoned and beautified with burnished gold and gems...

While we are viewing, then, the history of a country at once so great, brilliant and glorious in physical prosperity...

Without the downfall of the Persian Empire, Christianity could never have been as it now is. Had another Xerxes, or had another Darius...

We may here, without digression, justly compare the religion of the ancient Persians with that of the present Christians...

No religion can last, can be made to subserv to the purposes of the mind and soul, that has not an idea beyond the material which it represents it.

The introduction of the Mahometan religion was the closing defeat—the last drop which weighed Persia down to the bottom...

Imagine, if you please, that you were a Persian, gifted with that intensity of imagination which the climate and country of their empire would give...

though demonstrated by mind, and concentrated in one form of government, is still the controlling and absolute idea of the nation...

We may regret that among all the ancient religions no roll has been preserved of this one, greatest of all—the Persian religion...

Mahometanism, with its dull, destroying tread, has stalked in and taken up the sword of the ancient Persians, and crushed the implements of truth and power...

Without the downfall of the Persian Empire, Christianity could never have been as it now is. Had another Xerxes, or had another Darius...

We have but one more remark, and then we close. We cannot expect in so brief a record of the religion of any nation to give all the details...

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Imagine, if you please, that you were a Persian, gifted with that intensity of imagination which the climate and country of their empire would give...

Is not what surrounds your souls and lives, it is not the home you live in, it is not the clothes you wear, it is not the words you speak...

The lowest hell, where true Christian religion shines as its sun, whose walls may not protect its inmates against the cold, wintry blast...

Cultivate, then, that which shines more radiant than the morning sun, which is more perfect than the evening stars...

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY W. G. BRYANT.

A mighty realm is the land of dreams, With steep that hang in the twilight sky, And watered oceans, and trailing streams...

Correspondence.

To Correspondents.

J. O. P. MEMORABLE FALLS, Wis.—The "Dream" is inadmissible. We have no objection to the sentiment, but the rhythm is very faulty.

L. K. COOLEY, HARVARD, Ct.—Write to Winfield S. Ripley, Oxford, Me. You will see a communication from him in another column.

FRANCIS G. BISHOP, NORWICH, Ct., writes that, he is slowly recovering from a severe illness, and hopes to soon resume his labors in the lecture field.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—A correspondent writing from this place, states that regular meetings are held weekly in Hampton Hall, and are well attended.

WILLIAM A. LUDDEN, NEW YORK.—"Early Training" will be published in our next issue.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS, Church Proceedings, &c. J. H. COOK, PORTLAND, Me.—It has been about eighteen months since I became interested in the investigation...

DAVID H. SHAYER, CINCINNATI, Ohio.—We have had excellent spiritual lectures in this place, by Miss Mary Thonias, L. K. Cooley, Warren Chase, and Wm. Denton.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend. M. S. TOWNSEND, LEHMAN, N. H.—Now my good friend BANNER, if you will be mouthpiece to the people for me...

First, then, I was visited about six months ago by a standing committee, consisting of three individuals, and called in regard to my views, which I gave freely.

In writing, to be answered yes or no; such as the non-tenement, the incarnation and conception, the original sin, &c.

I enclose with this article written by William P. Merrill, pastor of the said church, which may give some clue to their proceedings.

It is presumed that Mr. M. has seen his mistake ere this, in hoping too much from Mr. Grimes's aid in putting down Spiritualism...

What is Carbon?—No. 2. Messrs. Editors—Your correspondent, James Lewis, disputes the doctrine that carbon is a compound...

If friend Lewis will appeal from the arbitrary authority of dogmatic science, and test with me the question, tried by the rules and teachings of common sense...

Common sense and materialism agree that nitrogen is a something, and cannot be annihilated. Science says it is the main constituent of air, hence must be inquired after.

When we can get beyond the domain of arbitrary science, to reason on the economy of nature, we will find the concealed fact that two forms of motion-power, or life...

I have offered a definite explanation, referring it to the reason and common sense of my readers for consideration.

Lectures in Cincinnati. DAVID H. SHAYER, CINCINNATI, Ohio.—We have had excellent spiritual lectures in this place...

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The same committee afterwards proposed twelve questions

Handall, wife of Deacon Randall, of Windsor, Vt., at the Unitarian church in that place. Her age I did not ascertain, but she was in the bloom of womanhood...

A New Music Book.

WINFIELD S. RIPLEY, OXFORD, Me.—Again I write my thoughts to you, Messrs. Editors. Among the cheering words in your paper of July 23, I find a communication from P. S. Robbins, Waterbury, Ct.

I am collecting manuscripts and poetry for the purpose of one day publishing a singing book adapted to all progressive friends and unprejudiced societies.

I will say to F. S. Robbins, Waterbury, Ct.; whose kind and loving words came to the tired heart like the refreshing shade to the sunburnt and weary traveler...

We should, to behold the beauty of materiality, look beneath the surface and become acquainted with the great principles of life that there exist as the moving and sustaining power.

When all they merited, oh my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love and praise.

J. H. Randall's Medium Powers.

E. D. HOUGHORN, BOWNEVILLE, Ct.—Through the mediumship of J. H. Randall, we have light given us in this place direct from the higher spheres.

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.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

LORENE MOONEY will answer calls to lecture anywhere, on Sundays and week day evenings. Address Malden, Mass.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday, July 24th; Rochester, N. Y., July 25th; Rome, N. Y., August 1st and 2d; Utica, N. Y., August 14th.

H. F. FAIRFIELD will speak in Chicopee, Mass., Sunday, July 24th; Quincy, Mass., Sunday, July 31st; Great Work, Mass., August 7th.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCER will lecture at Providence, R. I., on the 24th and 31st of July, and at Williamstown, Conn., on the 7th and 14th of August.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell: box 815. She will speak as follows: East Stoughton, Mass., July 24th; Foxboro, July 31st; Waterbury, Ct., August 7th and 14th; Chicopee, Mass., August 21st and 28th.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELSON will lecture in Norwich, Conn., Sunday, July 24th. Address Willard Barnes Felson, Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. SARAH A. MAGOON will answer calls to lecture in the trancé state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. 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 Allen street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON will lecture at Jericho Centre, Vt., Sunday, July 24th; at East Cambridge, Vt., Sunday, July 31st. Address Cambridge, Vt., till further notice.

Mrs. MARY MACOMBER, trance speaking medium, will lecture at Putnam, Conn., Sundays, August 14th and 21st, at the usual hours of religious services.

GEORGE M. JACKSON will speak in Wolcott, Sunday, July 24th; in Lowell, Sunday, July 25th; in Waterbury, Sunday, July 31st; and go thence to the Convention in Plymouth, Mass., and speak in Taunton the 2d and 3d Sundays in August.

Mrs. EMMA HANCOCK will conclude her Summer engagements at Oswego, Buffalo, Oswego, Schenectady, etc. 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.

Prof. J. L. D. ORS having completed the subscription list for the New England University, is now prepared to address the friends of reform upon other subjects connected with Spiritualism.

