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## MY AFFINITY.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

### CHAPTER I. I SEEK AND FIND.

I am now a man full sixty years of age, but when I look back upon the eventful past, I feel that I ought much, rather to say a hundred. My experience possesses little of romance or thrilling interest, and yet, because of its significance, and to save others from falling into a like pit-fall of delusion with myself, I claim the privilege of relating it.

When a young man of eighteen I wrote poetry for the papers; I parted my hair in the middle, and let it fall in long, flowing curls upon my shoulders; I also wore a "turn over collar," which won for me from some of my unsympathizing neighbors the undignified title of "goose-neck;" and I was seldom without a rosebud, or some other flower, in the upper button-hole of my waistcoat. My first poem, published in a weekly, known as "Cupid's Courier," was a "Sonnet to the Moon;" my second was entitled, "The Love-Lover's Lament," in which I poured forth all my passionate longings for that companion ship which, at that period, seemed the grand desideratum of life. It was quickly responded to by another contributor, who signed her name as "Myra Myrtle;" and soon after I received a sweetly sympathizing letter, traced in fairy-like characters, with this same name placed at the conclusion.

Of course I answered without delay, praying for a continuation of the correspondence. This favor was granted in a sweet note, which came soon after, written on pink, embossed paper, scented with musk, and sealed with two hearts cruelly thrust through with a murderous dart. I felt that this device was exceedingly apropos, for I was sensible that the corresponding organ in my own breast was effectively pierced by the arrow of the "blind god;" and if my fair unknown was in the same case, I deeply sympathized with her.

We exchanged letters many weeks, and I completely exhausted my brains for delicate expressions and endearing terms in which to address her. Finally I could endure suspense no longer, and I besought the lady most passionately for an interview, but she seemed unwilling to grant it. I became almost frantic for the ideal image of the fair face that beamed above those sweetly scented musk-scented, and the hand that traced those delicate lines, was before my vision night and day. I placed my petitions in every form of speech which human ingenuity could invent, and finally threatened suicide, which seemed to have the desired effect, for the next note informed me that she would meet me upon the following evening at a place called "The Lover's Retreat;"—a secluded spot, and well calculated for such an interview.

How long that day seemed! I watched the sun, as it slowly sank in the west, with feelings of an unmingled impatience. Then the great, full moon rose gloriously from behind the distant hill tops, pouring a flood of silvery radiance over the face of all nature, and paling the light of the evening star, which had shone forth so brightly amid the crimson glories of the sunset. The clock upon the village church struck eight, and the appointed hour had arrived.

With a palpitating heart in my bosom and a tongue in my hand I started for the hallowed spot. A few moments hasty walk by a rippling stream and through winding wood paths, brought me into the presence of my beloved. She sat with her head leaned upon her hand, and her face turned from me but the white dress, the gracefully disposed shawl and the gypsy hat suited my taste perfectly.

"Myra, dear Myra!" I murmured, as I stood beside her.

"Barnest!" she exclaimed, and, springing up, she threw her arms about me, and almost suffocated me with kisses. I was surprised at such a cordial reception, and it was some time before I could recover myself—for her embrace greatly resembled that ascribed to a Greenland bear. When I did regain my composure, however, the first thing I observed, by the tell-tale light of the moon, was, that my sweet Myra wore whiskers, and a second glance revealed to my astonished gaze the well known features of my cousin, Billy Wentworth—a very sensible fellow, but a most incorrigible wag, and the greatest practical joker in the village. I felt for a moment as if my head was a wind mill and was grinding my heart to powder.

"Billy," I gasped, as soon as I could take a long breath, "are you my Myra Myrtle?"

"You're ill! death do us part!" replied Billy, with a dramatic air.

"Did you write that poem for the paper, in answer to 'The Lover's Lament?'"

"Ask the editor and publisher," he said, "for they both had my true name."

"And have you kept up the correspondence ever since?"

"Yes, with the help of sister Kate, who did the copying, and if you had not been as blind as a bat you would have recognized her hand!"

"Here," he continued, drawing a large packet of letters from beneath his shawl, "are the answers—they are capital!" And a glance confirmed his words; they were indeed the affectionate missives which I had sent my fair unknown.

Reader, if I had been a boa-constrictor at that moment I should certainly have swallowed Billy Wentworth, hat, frock and all, but nature having denied me the capability, I refrained from the attempt. I made several very months in the way of laughing, but there was no mirth at heart, for I was cruelly disappointed.

"Billy," said I, at last, with a tolerable degree of composure, "it's a good joke, but I think you have been rather hard upon me."

"Not at all!" replied he, "for just think what in all probability I have saved you from. If it had been really a lady who had answered your letters, she could have been none other than a bold, designing person; for no true lady would ever have adopted such a method of urging herself upon a

gentleman's attention; neither would she have followed it up, even if he made the first advances, without becoming previously and personally acquainted with her correspondent. You, however, was too blind to consider this, and committed yourself beyond recall. Suppose, now, that when you came here to night, instead of your affectionate cousin you had met with a homely, disagreeable old maid, who had victimized you for her own interest, without the least regard to your happiness, what then? Why, you would have been obliged either to submit quietly to your fate, or to beat a most dishonorable retreat. Now, instead of putting on such a rufous countenance about it, cousin Earnest, thank heaven that it is no worse, and learn wisdom for the future."

I had a sufficient degree of common sense left to feel the force of Billy's remarks, although I was at the same time very ungrateful for the lesson he had taught me. It was several years older than my self, possessed of much genius, and engaged to a beautiful and accomplished lady. Upon reflection, I felt that he could not sympathize with me, and I turned silently and coldly away.

"Look here, Earnest," said he, in his winning, good natured way, as he laid his hand upon my arm, "I can't have you offended with me, for I intended no wrong. It is true, I think you are somewhat of a simpleton, but at heart I know you to be a good fellow, therefore I cannot bear to see you make a fool of yourself. This finding of one's own true counterpart is no light or trifling matter. If you once get your head into the matrimonial noose, and find you do not like it, the harder you pull the closer it will draw, and the more painfully it will choke. Therefore be very careful, in the first place, how you get into the difficulty. Take my advice. Apply your mind to some definite course of study, which will bring out the talents that are in you, ripen your judgment, and establish you as a man. Then you will be fitted to choose wisely and well, and I have no doubt that, acting under such influences, you will find the future Mrs. Maywood all that you could desire her."

I felt convinced of the truth of his reasoning. Somehow, a broader and deeper view of life was unfolded to me at that very moment, and notwithstanding my disappointment, his words inspired nobler purposes and brighter hopes in my heart.

"You are right, Billy," said I, with much sincerity. "In return for your compliment to me, I will say to you, I consider you an earnest rogue, but will give you credit for much practical good sense. And now, my dear Myra," I continued, as I politely offered my arm, "shall I have the pleasure of waiting upon you home?"

"Not in this plight, beloved Barnest," replied Billy, and quickly divesting himself of his foolish apparel, he rolled up the dress and shawl, and stuffed them into the hat, tying the strings tightly over them. Hanging the novel work basket on his arm, he drew his own much worn and shabby coat from a neighboring bush, and taking my arm, we walked home in friendly converse together.

Acting from the new impulse which I had received, I soon took my departure for New York, where I commenced a course of solid reading and study, which soon led me to look with shame and contempt upon my former frivolous pursuits. About this time, however, I became acquainted with a young man, by the name of Jasper Vassalvane, who was making no small stir in society, on account of his peculiar views, and his originality in thought and expression. He was what is properly termed a "leading mind," for before his interested listener was aware, he would induce him into his own train of thought, and by a species of psychological sympathy make him see things in the same light with himself. The definition which "Novella" has given of a character, as being "a completely fashioned will," found its true application in him. He was also transcendental in the highest sense of the word—delighted in abstract thought and metaphysical reasoning, and devoured with intellectual eagerness, the most abstruse works of the German philosophers. My mortal nature craved precisely such an associate, and after a few weeks acquaintance, I followed him as closely as ever a dog followed his master.

It was from him that I first learned the doctrine of "affinities," which has since become quite popular, and my mind was soon laboring under a sense of my helplessness—the incompleteness of my being, without that counterpart of myself which was to make up the sum-total of a compound individuality, and form an indissoluble union throughout the ages of eternity. Whether that concerned being, who, according to my theory, Divine Providence had destined for me and none other, was yet living upon the face of the earth, or had been removed by some of the accidents which flesh is heir to, to a higher sphere, I could not tell. Moreover, important as it would seem that every true seeker should find his own affinity—that he should not "ask a miser" in his innocence and ignorance, and when his prayer was granted, find it a mistake, (forgive me reader for this accidental pun upon a serious subject) yet Providence for once seemed to have made an important oversight, in not affording a sure test for deciding this momentous question.

In the midst of my doubts and difficulties, I applied to my friend, and he informed me, after some reflection, that he had an impression that my affinity was still living, and that I should meet her accidentally in the streets of the city. So great was the influence he had gained over me, that I had as much faith in this impression, as if it were a divine revelation, and inspired by the confidence which it gave me, I sallied forth several times a day, and after walking through a number of the principal streets, I would turn into courts, alleys, by-ways, and all sorts of out-of-the-way places. I also intruded my head like a reconnoitering thief, in at shop doors of confectioners, milliners, ice cream saloons, and dry goods merchants—took numberless rides in crazy omnibuses and crowded street cars—frequented various places of evening amusement, and attended a different place of worship every Sabbath, but all in

vain. If, at any time I had met my affinity, she did not seem to be governed by the usual law of attraction, for not one of the innumerable host of females which I had encountered, seemed in the least magnetically influenced toward me.

It did occur to me at times, that perhaps my personal appearance might act as a preventive, for I had become a "mannerist" in dress and externals, and from the consideration that human eyes were upon me, affected a thousand moods which I did not really feel. Thus I became artificial and unnatural, and lost that ease and dignity which so truly becomes an intellectual, independent man. I allowed my beard and hair to grow in any way which nature in her frankness would have them. After infinite trouble among sensible and conscientious tailors, I managed to get my garments cut in the oddest of fashions, and I never went into the street, without giving my hat an extra poke in the side, and pinch at the top, by way of finishing touches. I put myself to no small trouble to dress and conduct thus, for three particular reasons—first, I wished people to know that I paid not the least attention to externals; second, that an extraordinary man could not be ordinary in appearance; and third, as I afterwards discovered, I unconsciously desired to attract attention and admiration by my eccentricities. I knew that others before me had succeeded by such a course, and I asked myself—why should not I? I did not reflect, however, that the peculiarities of those individuals whom I strove to imitate, had their foundation in character and natural proclivity, while with me it was a mere affectation, and lacked that charm which genius and originality ever give to such things.

It happened one morning as I was rushing up Broadway with my cane under one arm and a volume of philosophy under the other, as if in pursuit of a fugitive idea, that I encountered an old friend of mine—Nicholas Fairfax—who had long been a resident in the city, but whom I had not seen for something more than a year. He was a middle-aged man—very philanthropic, calm, and dignified. He seldom used any extravagant forms of speech or excess of language, but always spoke his mind with a plainness, which did not admit of the slightest misunderstanding. He did not appear to recognize me, and was about passing when I exclaimed,

"Gracious! goodness!" he exclaimed, stopping short and contemplating me with unfeigned astonishment—"Maywood, is that you? Why, I should much sooner have taken you for a German professor of music, or a returned Californian! What is the name of common sense has induced you to make such an appearance? Have you become a Jew, or made a solemn vow not to be shaven or shorn till you find the future Mrs. Maywood?"

"Look here, my dear boy," he continued, as he took me by the beard and looked me directly in the face—"there is not a sensible woman in the whole universe, who would be willing to marry such a nondescript as you are at present. Why you look more like a baboon, or a horned owl, than a sensible human being. If you have any regard for yourself or friends, or desire the love and companionship of any respectable woman, go and make yourself look more like a rational man, directly."

After a few more words of friendly conversation we separated, but he had thrown out a suggestion I could not forget, and I came to the conclusion at last, that the appearance of my outer man had really hindered my success in seeking for my affinity. I acted upon the conviction immediately. Dropping into a fashionable barber's, I engaged him to cut and arrange my hair in the latest and most approved style. Also to take off the larger portion of my beard, leaving only a respectable pair of whiskers and a modest moustache. Next, I arrayed myself in a new suit from top to toe, and purchased a hat perfectly faultless as far as form and fashion were concerned. This metamorphosis, I surveyed myself before the mirror, and although of a nervous temperament, small in vanity, and by no means plump in person, I had the vanity to think that I was quite a good looking fellow.

Toward evening I sallied forth again upon another affinity-hunting expedition. Feeling that I could pursue no definite course with such an object in view, I sauntered leisurely onward till I came to the Battery. It was a most glorious sunset, and the harbor seemed literally alive with the various craft which were gliding over the crimson and golden waves. A gilded merchant ship was just coming into port, and formed a prominent object in the scene. I leaned over the railing, and watched her progress with interest. Not far from me stood a young woman, holding a little girl in her arms, who also seemed to be observing the ship. As the child was large, she relieved the lady of a part of her weight, by resting her feet upon the top of the railing.

"You, aunt," said the observant little one, "whose great ship is that yonder?"

"Oh, I do not know," replied the lady, carelessly, "it belongs to some man, I suppose."

The child seemed unwilling to give up the question, and stretching out her little hand toward me, called out, "You, man, is that your ship?"

"No little one," I replied, "all the ships I own, sail in the air, and get wrecked against every passing cloud."

The child turned her large blue eyes upon me with a questioning glance, and the lady smiled—a sweet smile, such as only visits the faces of those who have been disciplined by sorrow and a trying experience.

"Is that one of your ships, up there?" asked the child, pointing to a light cloud which was floating through the ether, all radiant with the crimson glory of the sunset.

"Hush, Minnie!" said the lady, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You are troublesome to the gentleman with your questions."

"Not at all," I replied. "The thoughts of such little ones, however simply expressed, are full of freshness and originality. Music, flowers and little

children are a divinely appointed trinity, to remind man of the peace, beauty and innocence of his eternal home."

"Thank you, sir, for that sentiment," replied the lady, with modest aloofness; "you have spoken my thought precisely—a thought for which I have ever looked suitable words of expression."

Once more we turned our attention to the ship, and then, how it happened I cannot tell, but by an unguarded movement on the part of the little one, her feet slipped, and she fell directly into the yielding flood. A simultaneous shriek burst from the lips of the lady. Without a moment's reflection, I sprang quickly over the railing—for which my early excursions had well qualified me—and as the child rose to the surface, I caught hold of her. Assistance from every quarter was immediately extended to me, and in a few moments I had the pleasure of restoring the little one again to her relative. Beyond being thoroughly drenched and frightened, the little one was in other respects unharmed. I procured her a hook immediately, and after receiving an invitation from the lady to call and see the mother of her little charge, together with a card on which was written the street and number of her residence, I returned to my own lodgings.

Here, as I reflected upon my singular adventure, I came to the decided conclusion that I had, at length met with the long sought for object. I looked at the card. The name upon it was Faith Anderson. It was peculiar, but I did not object to it. Why should I? Was the question I asked myself. If she proves to be a true Faith—one that will not fail me either in joy or sorrow, and upon which I can find my fairest hope of happiness, her name will be possessed of such significance that it will ever be harmonious in my ears.

I could not wait for the morrow. That very evening, at eight o'clock, I rang at the door of the dwelling where so many hopes of my heart were already centered. I gave my card to the servant, and was ushered into a pleasant, neatly furnished parlor. Faith herself rose from the piano to welcome me, and I was introduced to the parents of the precious little one. I was so cordially received that I felt myself at home directly, and as time passed on, what with the animated and interesting conversation, Faith's playing and singing, and the cheerful influences which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of the room—I felt that I had never passed a more delightful evening. When I parted with them, it was with regret that my visit was so soon over, and they too seemed to feel the same, for they urged me, most earnestly, to call again.

Of course I availed myself of the invitation, hardly waiting for a proper interval of time to elapse. About this time I procured a bottle of hair oil, with which I plentifully deluged my hair and whiskers—carried a white silk handkerchief, perfumed with the odor of roses—purchased a pair of light kid gloves and a gold watch key—became very particular about the appearance of my linen—wore gold studs and sleeve buttons—well, to tell the truth, I was in imminent danger of falling quickly over from "mannerism," into the opposite extreme of dandyism. At every succeeding visit, I became more interested in Faith who seemed the perfect incarnation of my hitherto ideal counterpart. Her quiet grace and gentle dignity of manner were wholly unaffected, and the serene expression of her countenance attested the fulfilment of my heart, and exerted a peaceful influence over my whole being.

Suffice it to say that I wooed her with all the passionate ardor of my nature, for I had not the slightest shadow of a doubt that she was my true affinity. I wooed and won her. Six months after our first interview, Faith Anderson became my wife. My friend Vassalvane was present at the bridal, and at the first opportunity I asked him what his impressions were concerning my affinity, and more particularly if he thought our union would endure throughout eternity. He said that, as far as he could see, he thought it would, and in my infatuation I fondly believed that my friend Vassalvane's vision was without limitation.

### CHAPTER II. I DISCOVER MY MISTAKE.

Thus far I have been quite minute in detail, from a desire to give the reader a fair understanding of my aims and character. Allow me now to pass over a period of some ten years from the time of my marriage. The small but comfortable fortune which my father left me had long since been expended, in my endeavors to do all, and a little more, than my wife desired. At last I was obliged to seek employment, and soon obtained an excellent situation as a clerk in a dry goods store. The salary was sufficient for our needs, if we practiced economy, but the employment was so little suited to my taste, that I bo disgusted with it. Nevertheless I was obliged to persevere, for our family was becoming large and expensive. Twice, heaven had blessed us with a pair of twins, and at the end of the ten years I counted seven little ones around my table. I will confess, as far as my children were concerned, that what I gained in quantity, I lost in quality, for they were all fretful, sickly, nervous creatures. As we could not afford to hire help, my wife was all worn out with domestic duties. She was low spirited, and her health miserable. In fact, she was burdened more heavily than her human nature could bear, and was sinking slowly beneath it. My light employment in the store did not weary me much through the day, and at night, as my wife had no leisure time to interest or entertain me as she had done formerly, I went away to some literary or scientific lecture, to a reading room or a concert, and thus managed, not only to refresh myself, but to improve my mind, and to keep up with the progressive spirit of the times.

Often when I went home at ten or eleven o'clock at night, I would find Faith sitting upon some old garment which was much the worse for wear, or holding a crying child in her arms. It was true, that under the circumstances she was very patient and uncomplaining, but then she did not smile as formerly, and was not as interesting in conversation. In

fact, she began to betray very sensibly that lack of general information which I could so easily obtain, but from which she was hindered by the multiplicity of her cares. I did not consider this, however, but began to grow discontented, more especially when some one of the children cried all night with an ache or ail, as often happened, or perhaps two or three of them had the whooping cough. I proposed sleeping up stairs, to which Faith readily assented, and thus I secured to myself comfortable rest, nights, while she kept her wearisome vigils below.

As matters continued thus, we became still more dissatisfied in feeling. At length Faith, in the loneliness and desolation of her heart, sought the only refuge which was open to her, save the grave itself. To use a common expression, she "experienced religion," and joined a church. She previously asked my consent, and as I did not wish to play the traitor I gave it, but my friend Vassalvane did not believe in such things, therefore I did not. The secret suspicion which I had long entertained, now deepened into a conviction. I felt certain that I had been laboring under a great mistake, and that when I married Faith Anderson, I had not found my true affinity. It was exceedingly unfortunate, for now, what could I do?

At this juncture, my friend Vassalvane returned from a lecturing tour, and as usual I applied to him in my difficulty. After hearing my partial and one-sided statement of the case, he shook his head wisely.

"I see how it is," he said, "although I would hardly have believed it, yet circumstances have proved that you are certainly mismatched, otherwise she could not thus have grown apart from you."

"But what can I do?" I asked.

"Do?" he replied; "I shall not advise you. You can readily see, however, that by leaving matters as they are, you are not only keeping yourself from your true affinity, but Faith, also, from the one for whom Providence designed her, which is an evident injustice."

"But the children?" I suggested.

"Ah!" he continued, "that is unfortunate,—but then they are the offspring of error, and therefore will be of but little account in the world; as harmonious children only come of true affinities. You must dispose of them in the best advantage, and leave it to the All-wise Father to provide as he may see fit, for their temporal and eternal happiness."

I went away perfectly contented with this piece of plain advice, but did not find it easy to put it in practice. My conscience smote me as I looked in Faith's pale, wasted countenance, and when I saw how tenderly she cared for the little ones, and how they clung to her as though she alone was the grand centre of their hopes and childish joys, I felt that would break her heart, should I dare make such a monstrous proposition to her as I was then revolving in my mind. Yet what erring mortal is there that cannot understand me, when I say that, with my treacherous inclination at heart, I looked the error in the face so long that finally it seemed like the right itself, and I felt that it was my painful duty to carry it into practice. A trifling matter at length decided me.

One day, while waiting upon the customers, as usual, two ladies entered the store, and the personal appearance of one attracted my attention immediately. She was not handsome, but there was a peculiar charm in the continued light and shadow of feeling which played over her expressive countenance, and beamed from her large, dark eyes. Never had I looked upon a face which spoke such volumes in itself. Her bearing and movement betrayed at once, to my searching eye, a decided and original character. While I was attending to other customers, the two ladies seated themselves, and continued their conversation. I listened attentively to every word. Her voice was firm and sweet, and her remarks clear and forcible. Moreover when she addressed me, in order to make her purchases, I discovered in her a most praiseworthy virtue, which all women do not possess,—that of knowing precisely what she wanted, and desiring nothing else. Before they left, another lady entered, and the moment she beheld the countenance of my fair unknown, she exclaimed, "Why, Grace Thorndale! I am delighted to see you! How long have you been in the city?"

"Only a few weeks," was the reply, "and I return to H— to-morrow."

"Then you are still residing in H—?"

"Oh, yes! and I see no good reason why I should not continue there the rest of my days."

"Unless you should chance to get married," laughingly returned her friend.

"Of which there is not the slightest danger," was the immediate reply.

"Oh, don't be so sure of that, Grace!" said her friend. "You ought to hear what Vassalvane says on that subject. He tells us that every one has his or her affinity, and that sooner or later, in the course of Time or Eternity, they will be united."

"Then I shall wait till mine comes to me," was the reply, and they all went out.

"Ah!" I said within myself, "and what if I should prove to be to your affinity, Grace Thorndale, and a mysterious providence had sent you hither to inspire my soul to action?"

Her last words seemed to me like the speech of an oracle. "Will she indeed wait till I come?" I asked, and I revolved this question in my mind night and day. I became a complete monomaniac on the subject, and my Faith seemed more distant from me than ever. She, poor soul, read her Bible and prayed, and to her it was an infinite consolation, while I moped at it, for, as I before said, my friend Vassalvane did not believe in such things.

Finally, I became so wearied and oppressed by my contending emotions, that I applied to Vassalvane for advice, and he told me "to follow my impressions of right," which was quite equal to telling me to follow my nose, for my "sense of right" had become entirely subjected to my inclinations. After going through with the farce of consulting my conscience, I determined to take advantage of my approaching vacation—a generous period of six weeks

—to visit H—, and look up Grace Thorndale. When the time arrived, I informed my wife that I intended taking a journey, and she, in the kindness of her heart, believing that my health required it, assented at once, although I should leave her with scarce money enough to supply her necessities till my return. She worked early and late to prepare my wardrobe, and at last bade me farewell with the tears of affection in her eyes.

My heart sickens as I reflect upon the insane course of conduct I pursued, after arriving at H—, in order to make the acquaintance of this strange lady. It is enough for me to say that I did so without exciting her suspicions, and became a visitor at her house. She seemed to be living in very easy circumstances, with her mother and sister. Her father was absent on a tour in Europe. Grace Thorndale, I found, was the sister of the circle in which she moved, and as I was of an ambitious turn, I felt that to win such a prize, would be no small honor. I exerted every power of my nature, and soon found that I had interested her. I was possessed of an oily tongue—when I chose had a pleasing address, and felt a certain confidence in my own ability, which is one of the essentials to success. I resolved, however, not to offer myself to her, before conferring with my wife, and if Faith consented to a divorce, I would state to Grace Thorndale the case precisely as it was, leaving her then to act from her own judgment.

At the end of the six weeks, I took my departure from H— with a most decided conviction that I had only to offer myself in order to be accepted. I promised, in answer to the entreaties of the whole family, that I would return again in the course of three months, as I hoped, by that time, to have matters all arranged with Faith; I was several weeks, though, before I could look my wife in the face, and make that selfish proposition.

One evening, however, when the little ones were all asleep, I summoned courage. I first laid before her the whole doctrine of "affinities," and discoursed, at some length, upon the awful consequences which resulted to parents and children, and society in general, from mistaken marriages. She listened to me patiently, only venturing one remark, which, at the time, I considered trivial and childish in the extreme.

"Strange!" she said, "that the Lord should not have arranged matters so as to prevent the world from ever getting into such a mess."

Since that time I have concluded that there was some slight sarcasm in her words, although I did not then detect it.

After having thus prefaced the main proposition, I told her I had at length come to the conclusion, that we were not true affinities, and that for our sakes, and for the sake of the little ones, I felt it was best we should separate. I turned my face from her as I said this, for I feared she might weep, and I wished to spare myself, for it always made me feel unpleasantly. I waited for her to reply, but she did not.

After a few moments of silence I told her what I proposed doing with the children, which was, to scatter the youngest among our relatives, and put out the two eldest (twins, sisters) into separate, wealthy families, where they could take care of the smaller children, in return for their board.

"Barnest!" she exclaimed, with an energy I never knew was in her composition, "if you want to leave me and our children, go! But as for me, so long as these little ones, who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, are in existence, I will stand by them at all events, and never leave! never! forsake them!"

### CHAPTER III. "A LION IN THE WAY."

For some weeks after my conversation with Faith, I did not allude again to the subject, for her vehemence upon that evening alarmed me; but as the time approached for my second visit to H—, I became anxious, and finally laid the proposition again before my wife.

"Barnest," she answered, with a pale face but a firm voice, "I have told you that if you wished to go, you could. The Lord will be my helper, and if the father of my little ones will not provide for them, I will appeal to the charities of the world."

I saw at once that I could not expect a calm and rational consideration of the subject from her, and therefore applied to the oracle—Vassalvane. After considering the matter long and carefully, he told me that "if I felt there was a strong reason why I should stay, to stay." I was greatly obliged to him, for I took the first part of his advice into consideration, and found it so forcible, that I wholly overlooked the last, and accordingly started for H— without saying anything further to my wife.

My reception by the Thorndale family was as cordial as I could have expected, although not exactly what I wished. I had resolved, at the first favorable opportunity, to throw myself entirely upon the womanly sympathies of Grace, and plead my cause upon the very ground of my unfortunate circumstances.

A convenient season soon offered itself, for upon calling one evening, I found her at home alone. I immediately seated myself by her side, and telling her that I wished to have a conversation with her, I took her hand. She instantly withdrew it, and, like a discreet woman remarked, "That if I had anything to say, I could do so without personal contact." As I had previously done with Faith, I unfolded to Grace the doctrine of affinities—explained my unfortunate situation—assured her that I was quite certain she was my true affinity, and ended by making her a formal offer of my hand and heart. As for fortune, I humbly informed her I had none.

Through the whole of my speech she did not make one word of reply, but sat with folded arms, listening attentively. I never shall forget the singular



expression of her eyes, as she regarded me. They did not smile or look angry, but there was something very peculiar in them. She sat motionless, with her head bent forward, and her eyelids slightly drooping, leaving only a sharp, black line of sight, from which she regarded me, like an old woman observing her enemy from the loopholes in a watch-tower. Even after I had been silent several moments, she did not speak, and I began to feel greatly embarrassed.

"Grace," said I at length, in order to relieve myself, "what do you say to all this?"

"Upon what grounds could you procure a divorce?" she asked, as if carefully considering the subject.

"I do not know exactly," I replied, "and in the present undeveloped state of society, I may not succeed in that undertaking at all; but if I do not, I shall feel that we have a right to throw ourselves back upon the higher law of our being, and regardless of that civil code which has so long restrained the God-given liberties of the human soul, according to the dictates of Nature and our own intuitions."

"By that means," she said, "we should render ourselves liable to a legal process upon an accusation which would not be very complimentary to the character of either of us."

"That is true," I replied, "and therefore the best course for us to pursue, would be to depart immediately to some distant portion of the country, where we shall be safe from such troublesome interference."

"To Salt Lake?" she briefly suggested.

I glanced at her sharply, but I saw nothing in her countenance which seemed to oppose my proposition.

"No," I answered; "I should not fancy that, for, like Abraham of old, I might be compelled to call you my sister, lest some of those old Mormon saints or elders should say me, in order to take you at once into their harem."

"Does your wife freely consent to your present course of conduct?" she inquired.

"Not entirely," I replied, "but I think she objects chiefly on account of the children. She has the natural feelings of a mother, which no consideration for a high philosophical principle can teach her to overcome. Her mind has not parted from the progressive spirit of the age, and therefore she will not consent to a separation from them. I think, however, that if matters could be so arranged that she could remain with them, and at some suitable employment be able to maintain them, that she would be tolerably well contented."

"Then she does not object at all that you should follow your inclinations. Is it because she has found her own affinity, and therefore will not feel the loss?"

"Well—no—but gradually her feelings have become estranged from me."

"Ah!" said Grace, with a deprecating shake of her head, "that does not speak well for a woman who has a kind, affectionate husband; one who is willing, not only to share the mutual burdens, but to relieve her as far as possible of her particular weight of responsibility. If you had been neglectful and inconsiderate, and sought your own interest apart from hers, one could not wonder. But then I am not to suppose that of you."

My conscience irritated very strongly, that she might suppose it with justice, but I did not think it advisable to say so. I felt, however, that it would be good policy to bring our conference to a speedy termination as possible, for I feared every moment that I should betray some inconsistency in my reasoning.

"Well, my dear Grace, I said at length, somewhat abruptly, "what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Am I to hope or am I not?"

"Oh!" she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "I have already decided, and I refer you at once to my father. He has returned from Europe, but has been absent for the last few days in the city. He will be at home to-morrow, however, and then if you will call at night, you can see him. You will find him to be a just, upright and high-principled man, with a clear intellect, sound judgment, and an uncorrupted heart. Please state your case to him precisely as you have done to me. He will give you an attentive hearing—will take your well-being and mine into consideration; and I have sufficient confidence in him to say, that whatever his decision may be, I shall consider it as best, and abide by it entirely."

"You will please excuse me," she continued, "for saying, moreover, that at present I have an engagement, which I must fulfill, and therefore our conversation must come to an end."

I felt loth to depart, especially when such a great hope was kindled within me, but with the usual ease and dignity which were so becoming to her, she arose, and passed me my hat.

"Dear girl!" I exclaimed, as I pressed her hand warmly upon the forehead, "not thus shall we part to-morrow night! The day shall be one of sweet anticipation, but the 'dewy eve' shall bring with it a blissful certainty."

She did not respond to my rhapsody, but I considered this freedom from all enthusiasm and excitement, as one of her most beautiful characteristics. It is true, that while pursuing my way to my lodgings, I had some misgivings about presenting my singular plea to her father, for I knew that men, and especially those who were old and experienced, were not apt to look upon matters and things in the same light as a woman in love would, and therefore he might be more inclined to censure than to aid my suit. I did not let this thought dampen my ardor, however, but the next evening, at a proper hour, started for the Thorndale mansion.

Upon being ushered into the parlor I found Grace there alone. She received me with her usual courtesy and kindness, and then stepping into the next room, returned immediately with a very tall, elderly gentleman, of the regular General Jackson stamp, or "Old Hickory" order, whom she introduced as her father. Being extremely sensitive, the spheres of certain people influence me greatly, and this gentleman's approach completely overwhelmed me. I felt like a pigmy in the presence of a giant, or more like a puppet in a hand-organ, and longed that some one should pull the wires, or wind up the machinery, in order to set me in motion. Grace immediately left the room.

"Be seated, sir," said Mr. Thorndale, courteously, but with great dignity.

I sat down like an obedient schoolboy, and endeavored to collect my scattered senses. The father of my beloved placed his chair directly in front of me. After seating himself, he leaned back—put his thumbs in either arm-bolt of his vest, crossed his legs, and looking directly at me, he said in a polite, but straightforward manner—

"Well, sir, my daughter informs me that you desire a brief conversation with me; what have you to say?"

I was painfully aware just then that I had nothing to say. The words came up to my lips, but rolled back again like pebbles, and dropped heavily upon my heart. I made a mighty effort at self-control, and partially recovered myself.

"I am aware, sir," I commenced, "that the proposition which I have to make is somewhat extraordinary, but if you will first allow me to explain, you may see the whole subject in the same light as I do."

"Go on, sir,"

"Perhaps," I continued, "your daughter has already informed you concerning this matter."

"She has told me nothing, save that you desired to speak with me. Go on, sir."

I commenced at once upon the subject of affinities, and defined it as clearly and forcibly as possible; but when I came to the main proposition, I hesitated.

"Well, sir," he said, perceiving my embarrassment, and conjecturing the cause, "am I to consider this discourse upon affinities as a preface to a proposal for my daughter's hand?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, sheepishly. "I have already spoken with her, and she referred me to you, resting the whole matter upon your decision."

"Please, then," he said in the most direct manner possible, "to inform me concerning your family connections—your present position and circumstances, and your future prospects in life."

I fully gasped for breath, but commenced unfolding the true state of affairs to him as cautiously as possible. After much circumlocution, I at length concluded, and the facts of the case were before him. I glanced timidly up to see what effect my words had upon him, when I there was the same half-closed eyes and keenly searching gaze, which I had observed in his daughter the night preceding.

"You say, sir," he commenced, after a brief interval of silence, "that you have a wife and seven children now residing in the city of New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has this companion of yours, whom you call Faith, been indeed a faithful wife, and an affectionate mother to your children?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you say that in some way she has become estranged from you in feeling. Please mention in what way?"

"In a moral and intellectual way."

"Will you state first, sir, what you mean by a moral way?"

I hesitated, but finally managed to say, "She has experienced religion and joined a church, which, in these days of intellectual light and religious liberty, seems to be a retrogression, and a blind adherence to the forms of the past."

"Has she ever attended any of the reformatory lectures, or read the philosophical and metaphysical works of the times?"

"No, sir; her mind was so completely absorbed in domestic concerns, that she had no time for such things, even if she had the inclination. She only attended church now and then on the Sabbath, and to tell the truth, sir, her mind was not capable of receiving any higher influences than those of religion."

"Very well. Now for the intellectual way."

"In this, sir," I replied somewhat triumphantly, "her mental condition is truly lamentable. There are none of the popular scientific works, or poems by eminent writers, with which she is in the least acquainted. Moreover, she is entirely ignorant concerning the current news of the day. Railroad accidents, murders, a failure in crops, political movements and national disturbances, are all unknown to her, therefore she is unable to converse even upon these commonplace, every-day subjects."

"Do you ever sit down to read the papers to her, while she is busy with her needle?"

"No, sir; for it often happens that the children are troublesome, and would disturb me; therefore, I usually read my paper in some club-room or oyster saloon."

Mr. Thorndale sprang from his chair, and commenced walking the room with long and rapid strides.

"Look here, sir," he said at length, in a stern tone, as he stopped and regarded me with a look such as a school-master would fix upon an offending pupil. "If I had not studied human nature in all its phases, and therefore have learned to be charitable toward its weaknesses, I should give you a tremendous shaking, and toss you out of the window. You have come hither, a married man and the father of seven children, to ask for my daughter's hand, upon the ground that you have previously made a mistake, and now claim her as your affinity. Even supposing for one moment I could grant your request, how should I know but what, in less than one year from this time, you would find that you had made another mistake, and start once more in search of your affinity? No. If you have committed an error, all I can say is, in the name of all that is high and holy, go home and make the best of it. The fault was your own, therefore do not attempt to shirk the responsibility by shifting the burden over upon the shoulders of your much abused wife and innocent children. I would not so far forget my dignity as to injure your miserable body; but I verily believe, that if you remain much longer in my presence, I shall be tempted to visit you with a chastisement which a higher power can much more profitably bestow upon your cowardly soul. Therefore, in all courtesy, I pray you to depart."

"But your daughter's happiness," I ventured to suggest.

"My daughter's happiness!" he exclaimed. "Grace, come here!" And in a moment she stood by her father's side.

"Look me in the face, child," he said, "and tell me if your happiness depends in any way upon this miserable specimen of humanity?"

"Not in the least," she replied, calmly. "I only referred him to you, from the fear that I should not be able to do him or the subject justice."

"You have deceived me," I said, with much bitterness; "for your conduct certainly gave me reason to hope."

"There has indeed been deception in this matter," she replied, "but I shall not plead guilty to the charge. If you, upon our first acquaintance, informed me of your existing circumstances, and your intentions concerning myself, then I should have concluded accordingly. But you concealed those unfavorable circumstances from me, in order to first gain my affections, and then influence my better judgment through them. As far as my conduct toward you is concerned, I have always treated you as I would any gentleman who was polite and respectful in behavior, and against whose character I knew nothing."

"My rule has ever been to treat all people with confidence, till they prove themselves unworthy; and it matters not how many times I may be deceived, Christian charity still compels me to abide by it."

Mr. Thorndale took several more turns in the room, and again stopped before me.

"Look here," he said, after a few moments' reflection, "I have come to the conclusion—and you will excuse me for expressing myself so plainly—that you are less of a knave than a fool. This doctrine of affinities, which you have so eloquently and ingeniously advocated, is, at its foundation, true. Men and women who thus secretly unite their destinies for time—not to speak of eternity—should be harmoniously related in the most interior principles of

their being, or the physical evils and crimes of which that union may be productive, will, in counting these, also up in judgment against them. There is, however, no high principle or pure fact of philosophy introduced to the world, but what is subject to perversion; and there are never wanting individuals, with secret consciences and selfish hearts—such as you, sir, I mean—who will use their liberty as an occasion to the flesh, mistaking the wanderings of desire, or the caprices of their ill-balanced minds, for an attachment to principle. If you can show me, sir, that you are as zealous in your adherence to other philosophies, that do not suit your pleasure or convenience, I shall believe in your sincerity. Men and women about to enter upon such a relation, should make sure of the fitness and propriety of the act in the first place, and then nothing save personal abuse, or an abandonment to disgusting and ruinous vices, should break the holy bond. The only safe way is to qualify one's self early, by an adherence to high and virtuous principles, for the making of a choice upon which so much happiness depends, and when it is once made, to abide by it honestly and faithfully. That is all I have to say on the subject."

Whether I came at once under the psychological influence of this man's well balanced mind, or whether, by the power of conscience, I became convicted of sin, I cannot tell; but a sense of my own unworthiness came across me like an overwhelming flood. I did not speak, because I had nothing to say. Rising, I took my hat, and turned to depart.

"I hope, sir," said Mr. Thorndale, as he extended his hand to me with gentlemanly courtesy, "that you will learn to think rightly concerning this matter, and allow it to have a corresponding effect upon your future conduct."

"Thank you," was my brief reply.

Grace also offered her hand.

"Mr. Maywood," she said, seriously, and with evident sincerity, "tell me your love to your wife, as I feel interested in her. Tell her, also, that any time when she desires rest and enjoyment, she will be most welcome here, and that she can bring as many of the little ones as she pleases, for I am very fond of children."

No human pen could describe my feelings, when, a few moments after, I stood upon the lawn in front of that house, alone with my disappointment, shame and remorse. I looked up to the cloudless heavens, and the very stars seemed to accuse me with their pure eyes of light. I bowed my guilty face to the earth, and the night winds, sighing among the trees, seemed to bring to my ears the wailings of a deserted wife and suffering children. In my despair and anguish, I bent my breast and wept wildly. I believe, however, that those tears of penitence brought to me a compassionate messenger from the throne of Grace, for something whispered me, "thou art yet able to redeem the past, and by a patient continuance in well doing, to glorify thy whole future."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE CHASTENING HAND.

Early next morning, as I had previously resolved, I started for New York. I expected to reach home by nightfall, but an accident delayed the train several hours beyond the usual time. It was nearly eleven o'clock when we arrived. I left my baggage at the depot, and pursued my way home on foot. As I came in sight of my house, I observed quite a bright light in my wife's chamber, and upon approaching nearer, distinctly discerned the shadow of a man's head upon the curtain. It was unmistakably a male profile, for there were the short, curling hair, large features and whiskers, which could only belong to the "genius homo." I cannot describe the shock which this unexpected appearance gave me. Astonishment, jealousy, rage and revenge, all mingled in one tumultuous whirl in my bosom.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "so that hypocritical woman has been seeking out her affinity, and thinks that her guilty secret will remain undiscovered! But the just God, who judgeth in the earth, has revealed her wickedness. Shame on a wife, and the mother of seven children, who can thus disgrace her self!"

Reflection only increased my excitement, and prepared me for desperate deeds. Had my signet-ring been a revolver, and my jack-knife a dagger, I should have rushed in at once and done tremendous execution. But with these articles as they were, I could not effect much; and moreover, prudence suggested that my adversary might be a strong, powerful man, while I, on the contrary, was small, and possessed little muscular energy; therefore I felt it was best to proceed circumspectly. With my night-key I unlocked the door, and stepped in as noiselessly as possible. The light was burning very dimly in the hall, and I could distinctly hear voices at the top of the winding staircase. The first words I could distinguish, were those spoken by a male voice.

"Well, dear, I will just take a run home, to see how things are going on there, and then return immediately."

"If you do," I whispered to myself, "you will return a dead man." But his companion, who was evidently a female, wholly unconscious of the murderous purpose in the heart of him who stood below, replied in an affectionate tone:

"So do; and then you will remain here all night, won't you?"

"Yes," was the brief response. And then he began to descend the stairs. My heart beat like a drum at a military muster, as I watched him; but judge of my astonishment, when, upon a nearer view, I discovered him to be my old friend, Nicholas Fairfax. He started with surprise when he beheld me, which I construed into a certain evidence of guilt.

"Fifteen!" I exclaimed, with more energy than I had ever before spoken that word, "how dare you thus invade my domain at this late hour, with your infamous purpose?"

At the same time I sprang forward and seizing his arm, shook it violently, intending thereby to shake his whole body; but he stood as immovable as a Bunker Hill Monument.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Maywood!" exclaimed some one who ran quickly down stairs, "do not make such a noise, even if you are glad to see him."

Turning round quickly, I was surprised to behold Mrs. Fairfax herself, looking extremely indignant.

"What does this mean?" I asked, as I stepped back in the utmost confusion.

"It means, Maywood," said my friend, "that your wife is dangerously ill. The nurse and physician which you have procured for her, are now in her chamber. As she is somewhat deranged, my wife and I intended to have remained here also, but since you have returned, it is unnecessary. After you had so basely forsaken your Faith, leaving her and the little ones entirely unprotected for the care and responsibilities of her situation over to me, and she sank beneath them. A good Providence, however, sent my wife hither at the right time, and since then, your family has been wanting in nothing which human care and kindness could supply. I say not this boastfully, but I say it to your shame, for you have ruined the health and happiness of a true woman as God's sun ever shone upon, and

thus may perhaps prove that you are also her murderer."

His words went like poisoned arrows to my heart. Overcome by a sense of my guilt and utter worthlessness, I sank down upon my knees, and exclaimed:

"Oh my God, my God! be merciful to me a sinner!"

"I am glad to see," said Fairfax, coldly, "that you have some feeling left; but I advise you to leave praying with your lips at present, and go to praying with your feet and hands. You are needed in the chamber up above there, by the side of your sick wife. It may be that your presence can restore her to reason, and perhaps to health; but her lost hours of rest and happiness you can never bring back."

Bowed down with penitence and grief, I went up to my wife's chamber, and stood by her bed. As I took her hand in my own, I observed it was so wasted, that the flesh upon her slender fingers had shrunk away from the wedding-ring which she still wore, leaving an enormous space between her finger and the golden circle. I kissed her pale cheek and spoke to her with all my early tenderness, but she did not know me. Turning away her head with a piteous moan, she stretched out her arms, calling my name again and again.

"Oh," she said, "will he never, never come! I can bear to have my own heart broken, but God help my little children! When dear Katie fainted beneath her hunger pain, and little Faith looked up with her pale face, and said, 'Don't cry, dear mother, father will come soon to bring us bread,' then my sorrows crushed me. Oh God forgive him, for he knows not what he does."

Her words were too much for me. I buried my face in her pillow, and wept like a child.

All that night I sat by her bedside, only leaving her once, when a low wail from one of the little ones above, in the upper chamber, reached my ear. I took a light and went up to them. Six of my little ones were there, dispossessed of the room in their various cries and trouble-beds, as the space would admit. The infant—a child nearly a year old—the kind-hearted Mrs. Fairfax had wrapped in a blanket and taken away with her. Only one was awake, and that one was little Faith herself. I knelt down beside her bed to kiss her. The affectionate child, twined her slender arms around my neck, and pressing her pale cheek to mine, all wet with tears, she whispered:

"I know, dear father, you would come back again. God told me so in my heart, all the time."

A week passed on, during which period I divided my attention between Faith and my flock of little ones. I did not shrink from any labor which domestic duty required, but like "a maid-of-all-work," I set my house in order, ministered to the children's wants, and prepared all the food that was eaten. Sometimes, at night, after a particularly tedious day, I would experience such an overpowering feeling of weariness, that I would long to lie down and die. Then I wondered how it was that Faith had borne all this labor and care for so many years, added to the weakness, the pains and sicknesses of maternity. It seemed to me a superhuman work, and I marveled that soul and body had not yielded in despair.

At the end of the week, my wife could be safely pronounced better. The fever had left her—her brow was once more moist and cool, and though utterly prostrated by weakness, yet her mind was calm. I never shall forget how earnestly she regarded me as I sat by her side, or how the tears gushed from her eyes, when, kissing her pale lips, I promised never to leave her again. There seemed to be health and strength for her in my words, for she began to revive from that day, as a drooping flower is refreshed by a gentle summer rain.

It was a joyful day for my little ones when their mother came again into their midst, and as we sat down to our table together, I lifted up my voice and thanked God with a full heart, that we were once more united in harmony and love.

Since that time I have sought no further for my affinity. I have harmonized duty and desire, and the fruit of that union has been peace. My home is the centre of my joys, and my Faith, strengthened and cheered by the ministrations of true love, has become, not only the bond of unity to us all, but also the high and holy guiding-star of my heart.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE LELE.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

To-day he is coming! Fair Lele is coming! Her hair o'er her finger with exquisite care, Adjusting stray ringlets, and brightest braid twisting With care which seemed careless, half hid in their snare.

A year has been winging its days o'er the maiden, Since o'er the deep waters he floated away; Her lips are untouched, still her fresh heart is laden With love for him yet. He is coming to-day!

Coming to-day! Lele he gay! A rare word of splendor in tender arm Young Lele has on, like Spring's kindlings in May.

A stranger has come, a dark shadow hangs o'er him, And paler he turns as Lele looks on him. Oh, God! can he wither the beauty before him? Must Lele still the heart that is quivering with song?

"Bring thee, dear lady, a shell from the ocean, The treacherous ocean, the cannibal sea. A gift from Sir James, an emblem of devotion, Which, present or absent, went over to thee:

The pearls she'll wear, The pearls he'll tell, Of a pilgrim who went to an ocean dell, And never came back. God help thee—farewell!"

Lele took the shell, when from out its pink bosom A little note fluttered, and fell on the floor, And a low stem of ivy, devoid of a blessing, Shook out from her heart saying, "Hope never more! Sir James is at rest in a hall of the ocean."

Which lies 'neath the evening star far in the west; The voice which comes up from the trial of the ocean Is dirging forever above his brave breast.

Love is his hall; Gay is his hall, Of coral, and sea-dew, and bright pearl and amber. He dreams but of thee in that far, silent chamber."

A year has gone by with its wildness and anguish, And Lele again is arranging her hair; She clings to her pillow, but wears not the languish Of old—royal Hove makes her dread whitens fair.

To-day he is coming! With thin plaid fingers She wratches the green ivy, which lives on decay, Among her brown ringlets. "No longer I linger Away from the bride, he's coming to-day!"

The maiden pale Took a glory well, And passed from our sight like a pale beam of light, Leaving in the land which knows not any night, Wainst Green.

PORTRY AND BEER.—The cottage in which Dorcas first saw the light, and the house where Shelley lived, at Great Marlowe, have been converted into beer-shops; the spot on which Scott was ushered into the world is occupied by a public house; Moore's native abode is a tidy shop, and the cottage of Coleridge turned into an ale house.

## Original Essay.

### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

The clue to the mysterious and religious rites of old time, we have in the present, so far as we are aware and free enough to follow it. Hebraism and its ultimate—Spiritualism, with astronomical theories, afford in full, a nebulous basis for all accretions, concrete, or figurative, whose thick branches still overshadow us with fear and trembling. The mass of mankind have never known the why or the wherefore of their religious creeds. Educational ignorance has bound them to their earlier superstitions; and a priest, class, on salaries or tithes, in which they live and more, have their flocks, have never suffered their flocks to question the traditions of the elders. Hence, the flimsy shallows of the current religious mind; and hence the dark brood of superstition which make such shallow their abiding place.

Not apart from all educational and fossilized proclivities, there are true spiritual phenomena, and normal spiritual growths therefrom, reaching to all that appertains to man's spiritual nature. This may be a substantive and legitimate in larger causative unfolding, as what is daily before our more material eyes, not miraculously severing the links that bind the more consequent tangible places, but as parallel with them, as the more cognizant modes of being. Hence Mesmerism and Spiritualism afford us a consecutive and scientific way to the Jordan, without interposition of miracle. The spirit-world thus received or proved as a fixed fact, as it is with us, it only remains to learn the interrelations of the flesh-enumbered and unnumbered estates—of the action and reaction in the spiritual fluxes of the two worlds from the Godhead of all being.

In old time, the serpent sometimes symbolized the circle of all existence. In astronomical relations, he was sometimes seen to lead a third part of the heavens—sometimes he was seen to have a shyness at the Garden of Eden—sometimes Moses set him up for the healing of the people; and Esculapius and him twined around his rod of God for the raising of the dead. The Persians seemed to have divided him into two parts, with "head I win, tail you lose"—Ormuzd the good, Ahirman the evil principle. From the latter comes the Devil or Satan, the Babylonian captivity and the Dead Sea, all along shore to the wilderness of America, and finding here considerable growth as indispensable to the priest-caste in keeping their flocks timely within the fold.

This theory of good and evil, though it may answer for the groundlings, is very far from that higher wisdom which sees evil in ignorant overgrowth, and in undeveloped fruits of shade and darkness, but still a relative part of the universal whole, and leaves no standpoint for a superannuated, almighty Devil.

Devi, or Devil, has considerable variety of meaning. Maloom, in his "History of Persia," says that "Devi means Magician; and in the Sanscrit it means a Brahmin, perhaps from some of that tribe pretending to be sorcerers; but speaking generally, it is the term which barbarous men in all ages have applied to their enemies or neighbors who had more art or knowledge than themselves. The rude inhabitants of Tartary of the present day will gravely assure you that the Chinese are Devils, or Magicians."

We see how applicable this is to Moses when he applied these terms to his neighbors outside his own church. He says "they sacrificed unto devils, to gods that came newly up." Of the Elohism and Jehovism of the Bible, see De Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament—Dunlap and Mackay.

Much of the ancient conception of the Godhead had reference to the Sun and to the heavens at large. These were often personified. There were also personifications in statues, in persons and in spirits. The name of God of Lord was interchangeable for many things. The God-stones set up in old Jewry were supposed to be animated by the living Godhead, and representative thereof, as we have already seen. This was only one of the varieties, capable of far more elucidation than we offer now. Moses, at the very time of speaking against the sacrifices to the Gods newly up, rebukes his church for being unmindful of the Rock—sacrificial altar or God—that begot them, and asks, "How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them, and the Lord had shut them up? For their Rock is not our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges." That is, by worshipping another Rock, they were "Devi and Magicians," according to the ancient formulas. The Rock, or stone worship of old Jewry was more literal than spiritual or metaphorical. Jacob vowed his vow to a God of this cast, at Bethel. Moses sets up one and names it Jehovah-nissi. Joshua appeals to one as hearing the covenant he has made. Samuel sets up Ebenezer as a God-stone of help, and a Stone God was found by Antiochus in the temple at Jerusalem.

Heeren, in ancient Persia remains, finds "a remarkable figure in relief having the human shape and colossal proportions, twelve feet in height, and habited in a long robe with a peculiar head-dress; in addition to which it has four wings." The wings are remarkable, not only for their size, but their number, being four; and in that respect recalling to our recollection those of the Cherubim, as Porter has already remarked. Between two horizontal Ram's horns are disposed three vessel-like figures, on each of which is placed a white bull. Here we find within the Persian fold of bullies, a God twelve feet in height—our old friends, the Cherubim, and the Ram's horns of Jericho.

We also behold the common practice of the barbarous East, whether Jewry or Gentile, of multiplying the distance between the ruler and the ruled, the sovereign and the people. "Cyrus, the Lord, the King, the father of the world"—equivalent to "the Lord be God," in old Jewry; and when we behold the personification of the heavens, the "whole mythology of the Persians," says Heeren, "might be said to turn upon the ideas of Light and the Sun, their established symbols of wisdom, goodness, and excellence. The Sun, they always worshipped with a countenance directed toward that luminary, especially at his rising." Solomon with all his wisdom was a worshiper in this direction of the Lord God of hosts or the heavens—the Sun. "He built Baalath and Tadmor in the desert." "Baalath," says Heeren, "the temple of the Sun, is the same with Balbec, the valley of the Sun; which name has been given it because the city was built in a valley. The first name is also expressed by the Greek appellation, *Heliopolis*. Tadmor, Thadmora, is one of the common Syrian names of Palmyra."

As general of the armies of Persia, Cyrus assumed the name of deity by which he is constantly known and designated in history, and which betokens the Sun; his original name having been Agradates. These titles of Lord and God, were the common designations of prophet, priest, king, and familiar or tutelary spirit in Jewry. For the fuller setting forth of the universality of Sun worship, in antiquity, see Dunlap's "Vestiges," etc.

Persia is holy land as well as Judea. Says Heeren, "All men are accounted impure, who by thought, word, or deed, despise the laws of Zoroaster," the early lawgiver of the Persians, as Moses of the Jews. "In the country where the law of Zoroaster is revered, everything is pure, everything is holy; so that his precepts extend their influence not only over the human race, but even to the brute and inanimate creation. It is the duty of the servant of Ormuzd to foster everything in nature that is pure and holy, as such things are the creations of Ormuzd, at the same time that the duty of the man is to abstain from attacking and destroying all impure animals. On these principles Zoroaster built his laws for the improvement of the soil by means of agriculture, by tending of cattle, and gardening, which he perpetually inculcates, as if he could not sufficiently impress his disciples with a sense

of their importance." His commands are absolute and irrevocable, but the religion of Ormuzd forbids him to ordain anything but what is just and good."

To this we find that reference in our Bible which refers to the "law of the Medes and Persians which change not." It was Ahurman or Satan, who, among the sons of God, made his appearance in Jewry to try the patience of Job, and as severe was the trial, we do not marvel that the Persians resolved to be rid of so troublesome a creator of evils as Satan.

It would appear that the Persians were desirous of making conversions to their creed, that God was the author only of good, and Satan was the soul creator of evil. The obsession of Job by Satan



when he would gather camp and revival meetings as more genuine under the wing of mesmerism than that of the Holy Ghost. He admits, like (Hassan), the "spiritual media," and resultant phenomena; but then it is a "nervous principle" of an unknown law, not applicable to the shoddy phenomena of the Bible. Thus making confusion between his primates and ultimates when the Bible intervenes and breaks the connection. In that case, what was "nervous principle" suddenly transformed into God or spirit as the operative motive power. Mahan is another of this priest-caste who strives to reframe modern spiritual rays that shall not influence upon the Bible. Any Spiritualism outside of this is only "Old Force"; but he, like his clerical brethren, very easily transforms this "Old Force" into the Holy Ghost when alike manifested on Hebrew and on Christian ground, and recorded in the Bible.

Now here are three men of the priest-caste conflagrating the unknown God, giving it different names, and all declaring that it is not the manifestation of the spirit, though they cannot philosophically separate it from the same series of causation which includes their book of holy mysteries. These men, while talking about the natural law of Spiritual manifestations outside the Bible, are very quick to jump the track when this same law is about to take them over Judean ground. Natural law is, then, broken from the chain of causation, trampled down the embankment, and the mystery of godliness, with miracles, are thrust in to fill up the gap. Yet not more self-satisfying is this than if a musician should claim a scale of music unlike any other scale, having an original transcending natural law, and capable of emitting such sounds as could find no corresponding tones upon any scale of sub-natural capacity. But now search this scale in all its distance and chromatic revelations, and lo and behold! there would be discovered a very common-sense likeness of the natural to the supernatural scale, whatever variety of music there might be played. Just so it is with the Bible, when compared with other kindred mystical lore; the scale that would measure the source of one will equally as well measure the source of the other.

Dunlap, having traced to a common origin, the ancient religions, says, "This settles the question of the identity of the Hebrew, Phœnician, Egyptian and Chaldean philosophy." Not so would say our revelator of the priest-caste Judean wise. Looking upon said revelation, he would claim for his Hebrew scale an exclusive supernaturalism for the discarding of trans-natural music, and would make his claim somewhat on this wise. This scale was found secreted in the cave of Egeadit—had long been divinely preserved from the eyes of the vulgar as the one from which the sweet melody of Israel took its persons under the talisman of God, the Soor. It was found to transcend all principles of music, whether of contemporary Gentile or of modern times, in its divinely-inspired revelations—a music so ravishing in its nature, that, although it failed to charm the evil spirit from the Lord who sat upon Saul, it completely soothed the savage beasts of the four hundred freebooters whom David entertained in his cave, and speedily added two hundred more of like filibuster stamp. Then changing mysteriously from a minor to a major key, rang out a supernatural Marcelline, which so fired these filibusters of the Lord that they rushed, as if swept by a divine tornado or mighty, rushing wind, to storm a fort or take a nursery; but these not being at hand, they pounced upon Nabal, shearing his sheep, and but for Abigail, his wife, whose person David accepted, with five damsels in the train, and other cheer, the sweet psalmist declared, in a bold, oriental figure of speech, that "there had not been left unto Nabal by the morning light any that—against the wall."

Now we do not see that this scale is any more supernatural than corymboidism, revivalism, or camp-meetingdom, with Elder Knapp as Lord or Devil, according to the party he performs upon the scale. Though in all these there are often, as in the better estate of David, beautiful strains of music, and "harp-seem touched by fairy fingers," yet the basic principle of them all is the same, through infinite variety of parts. In Hebrewdom, the Caleb Quotem of all these things is the Lord. So David "blessed the Lord God of Israel" for sending Abigail to meet him; but Nabal was not quite so well pleased that David had accepted the person of his wife, so "the Lord smote Nabal that he died."

Indeed much of the Biblical scale, so far from being supernaturally divine above other scales, and having nothing in common with them, is rather early in an older scale, if not shockingly blasphemous in the light of more highly developed or spiritual scales; and not quite the best of training to teach the young idea how to shoot. But we are quite willing it should stand at its true worth as well as gentle counterparts. As scale as both Hebrew and Gentiledom may appear in their more ethereal shades, yet from the same beds a filly-growth may be seen putting forth with most exquisite fragrance and purity of spotless white, receptive of highest spiritual morning.

"Zoroaster, who effected this change in the religion of his country," says Malcoun in his history of Persia. "He termed a prophet or impostor, as the events of his life happen to be drawn from Polio or Mahomedan annals. The former pretend that he was everything that was holy, and enlightened; while the latter assert that he was only a good astrologer, who was himself deceived by the devil into becoming the teacher of a new and insidious doctrine. All seem agreed that he lived in the time of Quisnapp, and that he led that monarch, either by his arts or his miracles, to become a zealous and powerful propagator of the faith which he had adopted. Forsooth informs us, that the devil spoke to Zoroaster from the midst of a flame."

"The Bible informs us that God spoke to Moses from the midst of a like flame or burning bush; but had Fordost, or some other person of opposite religion to Moses, related the flaming account, it would have been not God but the Devil who had fired up for Moses. It must ever be borne in mind that the Bible account, in all it relates, is from its own interested household, and that if we had the opposite accounts of neighbors and rival sects, the Jewish relations might appear under very different aspects. In searching records antiquity, it is very difficult to hear both sides sufficiently to determine. If we had the ancient archives of Canaan or Phœnicia, old Jewry might appear far more shady than even now in her profile as given by the members of her own house. It is never well to make up judgments upon one-sided testimony. There is against the Persian Langlever a charge of hypocrisy which has come down to us. There may have been many such not reached Moses, though the record of the same has not reached us. Probably when the earth opened and swallowed Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, their documents went with them—so that not having their record, we cannot refer to it for the matter in dispute between them and Moses. But of the Moses of Persia, Zoroaster, "the following extract from the Shah-Namah," says Malcoun, will show the feelings excited at the Court of Tarsary, by the change of the national religion of Persia.

"Know ye," said Arjasy to his assembled chiefs, "that glory, wisdom, and the pure religion, have fled from Persia. A certain sorcerer, styling himself a prophet, hath appeared in that region, and introduced a new form of worship among the people; to whom he hath said—I am come from above; I am come from the God of the world; I have seen the Lord in heaven; and lo! here are the Zand and the Usta, as written by himself. I also saw Ardaman in the midst of hell, but was unable to compass the circle that enclosed him. And behold! I am deputed by the Almighty to preach the true faith to the king of the earth; and now all the most renowned warriors of Persia, (continued the Sovereign of China), with the son of Sohrasp at their head, have fallen into his snare; the brother, too, of Gush-tasp, that valiant cavalier and champion of Persia, Zoroaster, may all have embraced his doctrines; all have wondrously sacrificed their eternal happiness to the old Magician, whose pernicious precepts threaten to pervade the whole world. He rules already over Persia as a prophet."

Let us for a moment take a shy at Greece and Rome, not forgetting apt glimpses at old Jewry by the way.

Through all there was manifestation of spirit, whether by candle-light, familiar spirit, or all the limits of heaven—that being heretical and damnable which questioned the prevailing superstition. The first part and stayed by the interposition of the Lord for the people whom he led to pass through. The Phœnician Sea receded by the interposition of the Lord (the Gods) to make a new path for Alexander and his army. An oracle had pronounced that to the person who should untie the Gordian Knot, the Empire of Asia was destined. Alexander met the demand of the oracle by cutting the Knot, and this was ratified by the Gods in a storm of thunder and lightning, as demonstrative as that which flamed Moses and his oracles in the thunder and lightning of Mount Sinai. The Grecian chiefdom claimed to be a Son of God and Lord of Asia, though this would include the dominion for which the Hebrew Lord had thundered and lightning and thrown down great stones from heaven, which, in church faith he would only do for his beloved Jewry. "The prophet Aristander had predicted," says Grote, "that Alexander should receive a severe wound through the shield and the breast-plate," which came to pass as foretold, as well as other predictions. The Gods were consulted, and favorable responses obtained by Alexander for building Alexandria in Egypt, the same as old Jewry got responses for building the Lord a house at Jerusalem. He consulted the Infinitesimal oracle of Jupiter Ammon to learn whether he was one of those sons of God so common in title when applied to barbarous chieftains in old time. "He was," says Grote, "distinguished by manifest evidences of the favor of the Gods. Unexpected rain fell just when the thirty soldiers required water. Two ravens appeared, preceding the march and indicating the right direction." These and kindred matters are attested by Ptolemy, Aristobolus, Kalisthenes, and others. Surely there are as credible as kindred marvels in old Jewry. Who shall say that these Gentile marvels which plumed this army were not akin to the one which helped Elijah? Who shall say that this water from heaven for the multitude of Alexander, would not quench thirst equal to that which gushed from the rock by the dividing rod of Moses? Alexander also on one occasion proved himself equal to Moses or Joshua, in executing the wrath of the Lord upon a people for sins committed by their forefathers—equal to Samuel, who, in the name of the Lord, doomed a people to destruction four hundred and thirty years after the sin of the forefathers, because the Lord had sworn that he would have war with Amalek forever.

Baye Mr. Grote, "In his onward march, Alexander approached a small town, inhabited by the Brauchim, descendants of those Brauchim near Memphis, on the coast of Ionia, who had administered the great temple and oracle of Apollo on Cape Pædon, and who had yielded up the treasures of that temple to the Persian King, Xerxes, one hundred and fifty years before. This surrender had brought upon them so much odium, that when the dominion of Xerxes was overthrown on the coast, they retired with him into the interior of Asia. He assigned to them lands in the distant region of Sogdiana, where their descendants had ever since remained; bilingual and partially disheveled, yet still attached to their traditions and origin. Delighted to find themselves once more in commerce with Greeks, they poured forth to meet and welcome the army, tendering all they possessed. Alexander, when he heard who they were and what was their parentage, desired the Milesians in his army to determine how they should be treated. But as these Milesians were neither decided nor unanimous, Alexander announced that he would determine for himself. Having first occupied the city in person with a select detachment, he posted his army all round the walls, and then gave orders not only to plunder it, but to massacre the entire population—men, women and children. They were slain without arms or attempt at resistance, resorting to nothing but prayers and suppliant manifestations. Alexander next ordered the walls to be leveled, and the sacred groves to be cut down, so that no habitable site might remain, nor anything except solitude and sterility. Such was the revenge taken upon these unhappy people for the deeds of their ancestors in the fourth or fifth generation before. Alexander doubtless considered himself to be executing the wrath of Apollo against an accused race who had robbed the temple of the God. The Macedonian expedition had been proclaimed to be undertaken originally for the purpose of revenge upon the contemporary Persians the ancient wrongs done to Greece by Xerxes; so that Alexander would follow out the same sentiment in revenge upon the contemporary Brauchim the acts of their ancestors—yet more guilty than Xerxes, in his belief. The massacre of this unfortunate population was in fact an example of human sacrifice on the largest scale offered to the Gods by the religious impulses of Alexander, and worthy to be compared to that of the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, when he sacrificed three thousand Grecian prisoners on the field of Himera, where his grandfather, Hamilcar, had been slain twenty years before."

This piece sacrifice of Alexander is well worthy to be classed with those of like bloody spirit in old Jewry, when Moses, Joshua, Samuel and David, would propitiate the Palestine God by heaving men, women and children with cattle, to pieces, before the Lord, and leaving nothing to breathe. See Mackay's fuller setting forth of the sanguinary, sacrificial infidelity of Judæan barbarism, yet consecrated in our churches, as present still offerings to the Most High. There never were more frightful immolations of human victims than in the Jehovahism of Israel. Long have these been cloaked in mystery by our priest-caste, but triply damnable do they now appear, as the veil concealing them is rent away.

Whatever served to illustrate and confirm the truth of prophecy, had peculiar interest in the eyes of the pious Greek. The Chaldean Soothsayers, in their clairvoyant or spiritual vision, foresaw and announced the impending crisis to Alexander if he entered Babylon. "At first," says Grote, "he was inclined to obey the oracle, but his sceptre was overruled by the Greek sophist, Anaxarchus, and other influences; thus leaving him grappled to his fate; and this God, who would be Lord of all, ignominiously divorced his soul from body by measuring himself in the cap of Hercules."

Now in Rome more than in Greece and in Jewry were portions of the Cædron pots, Godstones moving of the Winds, and all the hosts of heaven less significant of the powers of the air, as may be read from "Tully's voice and Virgil's lay."

So, too, from Tibullus—  
"When stormy tempests fell, when comets glared,  
Intestate were their Oracles declared!  
The sacred groves (our ancestors relate)  
Foretold the changes of the Roman State;  
To charge, the clatter sounded in the sky;  
Arms clashed, blood ran, and warriors began to die;  
With monstrous prodigies the year began,  
And annual destined the whole globe to storm;  
Apollo shone of every beamy ray,  
Gleams shone, but none in vain to light the day;  
The stations of the Gods were laid bare;  
And speaking omen BIRD mankind with fears."  
See the counterpart of this in the Infinitesimal Word of Jewish and Christian scriptures, and all along the ages of European civilization—in Cotton Mather's Magnalia, or great and wonderful things in early New England—also an excellent tract on Witchcraft and Miracle in connection with Mesmerism, by Allen Patnam. The early Christian teachers appear so to have read the signs of the times as if all things portended the rolling together of the heavens as a scroll. The sun is about to be darkened, and the moon turned to blood—sea and waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear—some calling upon the rocks to fall upon them, others gathering up their torgery to be caught up in the clouds, to be thrust down again by the prince of the power of the air, because flesh and blood cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven. A divine soothsayer saw horrible portents at Patmos. The astronomical serpent, or dragon-satan, the Ahirman of Persian astrology, leading the third part of heaven down to hell, or to the winter solstice. From the Patmos observatory was also seen winged and horned animals, as also a scarlet lady at Babylon. Stewart's Hieroglyph affords a sketch of the ancient visions in

this direction. Mackay, Dunlap, and many others, who are not theological telescopes of somewhat Roman dimensions, for catching each "far-off light of comet," and refusing it to order, while Billon has set Chosen and old Night to music in such painfully as striches to utmost vigils of orthodox theology.

Contemporary with Milton was the learned Dr. Henry More, who, in his "Antidote against Atheism," thanks himself with manifestations from the spirit-world, showing, as all along the ages, that unbelieved humanity, or spiritual beings, could return in identity and individuality of being, after their shells or bodies had mingled with kindred dust. Our modern unfoldings have more tangibly proved all this from the earliest stage of individualization in conception by masculine and feminine conjunction; and so through all, directly trace our lineage to the Great Spirit, or Infinite fount of all being. This was the Luminous Ether, or Light, or Word—the transcendent or unknown (God of the heathen philosophers—the same whom Paul adopts when he cites the heathen poets as setting forth the God head in whom "we live, move, and have our being." The same as the overlying "Principle," personified by Swedenborg, and often by the ancients; and though Agassiz would seem to rest the world upon a turtle, he does not fall to set forth the "Supreme Spiritual Principle" as the evolving source of every variety of individual life, and is even receptive of the correspondential, transmundane, counterpart of the same, as may be seen in his Natural History of Turtle-dove. We, too, see no escape from a boundless spiritual programme. Having proved the transmundane identity of angels, and of some who were created a little lower, with whom we once walked in flesh and blood, we shall not stand upon the order of non-consecutive prunings—particularly we do not see where we can top our human infamy from any stage of its individuality of being.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

TRYEPHON.

BY G. L. SWANSON, MEDIC.

Tryephon, the sea is calm to-night;  
My bark is gliding on the Tuccan wave;  
The shore is falling in the hazy light,  
And I have come to find my watery grave.  
Give me thy hand, Tryephon, I will go.  
To the lone chamber where the carols grow.  
The world is strong in its unholy might;  
Its laugh is ringing in my tortured ear;  
The sea is calm as I, this holy night,  
And I will make its wave my watery bier.  
To wait me to the caverns of the deep,  
Where I will find the long and welcome sleep.  
I have been lingering in a troubled dream—  
I have been thinking of thy coming fate;  
The world will be too strong for thy esteem,  
And shut upon thee its relentless gate.  
Where are thy early dreams of earthly fame?  
Gone like the whisper of a lover's name.  
In the still night my spirit will be near,  
And with its soothing dream inspire thy rest;  
I will not want the solace of a tear,  
Nor lack the grace of a welcome guest.  
When from the shores of Thénis I shall come  
To the far shadows of thy woodland home.  
I will come to thee in the silent night;  
I will engrave my being into thine—  
Give me thy hand, this lovely Tuccan night;  
The shore is sparkling like Faberian wine.  
I will entreat the muses for thy sake,  
That they will not their promise to thee break.

#### GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

NO. 1.

By Our Journal.

DUBLIN AND ITS ENVIRONS.  
London, on a Sunday, is a dull, lifeless day, save when its streets are crowded by the going or returning of its millions to the various places of worship. And on a Sunday evening, when the great city was as quiet, as a noiseless sea in a lull, we took our departure for Holyhead. The train bore us from Eastern Station precisely at 8 P. M. Away we rolled, sometimes at the rate of forty, sometimes at sixty miles an hour, leaving behind us the fading lights of the town, its empty, close atmosphere, far out into the beautiful country, over whose choice scenery—biding slowly from our view all its minute beauties—the shadows of the night were slowly lengthening. On past Stafford and Rugby—two Rugby, the picturesque scene of "Tom Brown's School Days,"—until the puffing engine, like a weary horse, came to a halt at Crewe. Here we were joined by our Dublin friend, and soon after the usual greetings and conversation, entered by the express of an English rail carriage, we fell into a sleep, which, with one or two drowsy starts, lasted until we woke to find the morning with us, Holyhead near, and an enchanting view of the Irish Sea stretching far away to our left.

We were soon on board the small, but stout, safe-looking steamer Llewellyn, and at 8 A. M. we steamed off, and were soon lost in the dense fog which hid from our view the craggy heights of the Welsh mountains. We reached Kingston in four and a half hours, during which time we saw scarcely beyond the length of the steamer; and as our course formed almost a direct line from the point of a triangle made by the course of different steamers to Dublin, from Bristol, Liverpool and Holyhead, we found ourselves asking if accident, collision, &c., were frequent. As it was, we finally got lost in the fog, and had recourse to the cannon, which, after having been fired half a dozen times, brought a reply from H. M. ship Ajax, lying in Kingston harbor, and the bell of the lighthouse tower, which, when we first heard, to our surprise we found the pier not over five lengths off. On handing, her majesty's mails took precedence, and after their departure, we disembarked, and were soon seated, for the first time, on an Irish jaunting "char," which set us down, in about twenty minutes, at Glendalough, at the top of Killiney Hill.

Here we were, then, in Ireland, a country of which we have had many dreams, perhaps thought more of, within the last year, than even of our own native land. But we are dreaming. Let us away to Dublin, a city not unlike our own, as far as regards the plan upon which it is built. One does not expect to encounter architectural beauty in Ireland—for what reason, we are not informed, save that it seems to be universally connected with ideas of poverty and desolation; hence Dublin challenges admiration, and a higher respect for Ireland and her people. Some of the best views of Dublin may be had from the bridges of the Liffey—perhaps from Carlisle Bridge. Turn whichever way you will, the view is hardly to be surpassed by any urban scenery we have ever met. To the north, Sackville street—the Broadway of Dublin, where may be seen her fashion and her beauty—stretches away with its vast width. The view is, however, interrupted by Nelson Pillar, a tall Doric column of some hundred and twenty feet in height, which stands somewhere about the centre of the street. The shaft rises from a square foundation, on either side of which is the name of one of the hero's most remarkable victories, viz., Copenhagen, Trafalgar, Nile, St. Vincent; and on the anniversary of each a flag is unfurled from the top. A spiral stair takes you to the top, where the statue is placed. From this height may be had the most magnificent view of Dublin and its surroundings. Further to the north reaches the grand vista of Sackville street, closed on the left, at almost the extreme end, by the foliage of the Rotunda Gardens; while far away, outlined against the sky, towering high above the residences of Cavendish Row, is seen the symmetrical spire of St. George's.

Looking away to the southward, the view, though not so expansive, is nevertheless equally interesting. O'Connell and Westmoreland streets are perhaps as beautifully planned and built as any streets in the city. Down the latter you catch a glimpse at the side of Trinity College and a portion of the Provost's Garden, while the former affords a view of the facade of the College, on the one hand, and a segment of the majestic colonnade of the Bank of Ireland on the other. Away to the east rolls the Liffey, and beyond the countless masts of the shipping is seen the dome of the Custom House. To the west the eye follows the river, slowly rippling along between its low stone walls, which form the quays, spanned by its graceful bridges of stone and iron. The winding of the river shows off its course, leaving us unable to trace it further with the eye; but how gratifying, how splendid, is the panorama thus afforded us from the Nelson Column! We shall not soon forget it. Further to the west still is seen the new Presbyterian church, of Norman gothic architecture. Let us walk along Ormond's Quay, and we reach "The Four Courts," which occupies a large frontage, facing the Liffey, crowned with a majestic dome, and is without doubt one among the noblest structures of the kind in the world. Its front occupies four hundred and fifty feet, consisting of a centric building, flanked on either side by a spacious quadrangle, with the various law offices around forming the wings, enclosed by arcades of red stone, surmounted by a rich balustrade, each wing having a majestic gateway, with emblematical designs. In front of the centre is a fine portico of six Corinthian pillars, with corresponding pilasters in the rear, supporting a rich pediment surmounted by allegorical statues; the apex of the pediment crowned by a figure of the great Moses law-giver; at either side Justice and Mercy. At each extremity of the front are Wisdom and Authority, reembodying figures. The square formed by the centre is about one hundred and forty feet in diameter, the four principal courts radiating to the angles of the square, the intervals between being occupied as chambers for judges. The interior hall has long been the theme of a just admiration. The front of the building, which had become somewhat dilapidated from the friable nature of the stone, has been renewed, and extensive additions have been made, with a view to the completion of the building, and the concentration of the various courts and law offices in one spot.

The splendid quays extend on, the one side from the north wall light-house to Phoenix Park, above three miles, while on the other they reach for six miles. In the palmier days of Dublin's commercial prosperity the houses on this line of quays were in great demand and obtained high rents, but the value of such along the Liffey has depreciated by reason of the effluvia from the river at low water, and are held in as bad repute by the citizens as are the houses nearest the Thames. The post-office, on Sackville street, is a fine building, but its aspect is so nearly the same as that of post-offices in general, and it has been so often represented in pictures of this part of the city, that it needs no description. The custom house, which was built at a cost of five hundred and forty-six thousand pounds, is an extensive and universally admired structure. Its river front is upward of three hundred and seventy-five feet, with Doric portico, its dome one hundred and twenty-five feet high, crowned with a statue of Hope. The commercial decline of Dublin has caused it to be almost deserted from its original purposes. It is now the Somerset House of Dublin—a depot of government communications.

The City Hall, or the Royal Exchange, Cork Hill, which stands near the upper end of Parliament street, is a fine structure; but its fine hall, which is universally admired, has lost much of its charm, its beauty having been sacrificed to economy and convenience, and marred by the closing up of the spaces between its pillars supporting the dome, to form offices for municipal purposes. By this course, its graceful proportions have been very materially destroyed. A pleasant view is afforded from this place.

We return back through the handsome thoroughfare of Dame street, hesitate for a moment—only for a moment—before the store with the clock, look into its attractive windows, see a milliner face, and pass on to the centre of College Green, where stands the equestrian statue of William III., the scene of many an exhibition of practical bigotry in the time of the Orange ascendancy. The Bank of Ireland stands to the left—formerly the Irish Parliament. On the passing of the Union Bill, it was converted into a bank, for which it is unique in the extreme. Its front is somewhat irregular, being so constructed from its site being the corner of a street. Its exterior is very fine, but its interior presents many incongruities.

Fronting College Green, is Trinity College, forming three spacious quadrangles, comprising the chapel, refectory and library. The second contains many portraits of eminent Irishmen, amongst which are Flood and Grattan. The library is perhaps as fine a room of its kind as any in Europe, containing upwards of 100,000 volumes, having in addition a celebrated Holford collection, the Pagan Library, (18,000 volumes). The manuscript room is crowded with records of all sorts, the most highly valued, of course, being those which relate particularly to Irish history, including a copy of the Breton Laws; Mary, Queen of Scots' Salutation, of the century, with her autograph therein; the Book of Kells, one of the most ancient MSS. of Western Europe; some of Wickliffe's MSS.; the oak harp of Brian Boro, Brian Boroghmo, Brian Bourghmo, as the name is variously spelt, the more popular or more Irish being the second spelling and the first pronunciation. The museum erected in the College Park is open to strangers presenting cards. Amongst many other rarities it boasts of three perfect skeletons of the great fossil deer of Ireland, two males and one female, and a series of antlers of this mighty mammal, from an early growth to the mammoth size.

A little to the left, opposite the Bank, stands a statue of Thomas Moore, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." It was erected by Christopher Moore, the poet's namesake; the likeness is regarded as a success, not with the figure, though its proportions are by no means bad. The statue represents the poet with a long cloak falling gracefully from his shoulders, in his left hand a small scribbling book, his right extended before him holding a pencil, while his attitude is that of one either waiting for the inspiration of a new thought, or making the greatest use of the present idea which demands the choicest use of language to properly express it.

The house where the poet was born still stands in Angler street. All of us who have read his sweet songs, know how vividly he portrays his emotions on revealing his humble birth-place, after his name had become a household word in European literature. We know too, with what enthusiastic ardor the then occupant of the small grocer's shop, "showed the illustrious stranger over the premises," and called on his family, and neighbors, to look upon the man who had made art shop immortal.

Dublin Castle, now occupied by the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, consists of two courts containing public offices and the apartments of state. We were shown through the stately room, long corridors, and vast halls of the Castle. The apartments are elegant, in keeping with the taste of the last century, but not remarkably conspicuous for grandeur. In the front hall we saw the portraits of some dozen or more of the Lord Lieutenants, and the original portrait of Lord Cornwallis which I could not help observing looked remarkably like his picture in certain engravings when he is represented as fleeing George Washington. Here we saw also a bust of Chesterfield who was Lord Lieutenant in 1745. The Ball Room, St. Patrick's Hall—is spacious, the ceiling handsome, ornamented with allegorical pictures, while on the coxes above the cornices are a fine series of pictures by Mahony, representing the four seasons, a Feast, a Bridal Procession, &c. The ceiling has three large lunettes, of which "St. Patrick converting the native Irish," and the "Coronation of George III." are very fine productions.

In the lower court stands the Gothic chapel, the most beautifully constructed edifice of its kind in Ireland, the whole materials of which are of Irish production. It cost upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. The light streams in through stained glass windows, and is reflected back by the beautifully carved

of oak panels on the polished marble floor, all of which, combined with the beauty and taste of its construction, make it compare favorably with anything of its kind in the three kingdoms. Ecclesiastical structures in Ireland are not so noticeable for beauty as curious for their antiquity. Thus St. Patrick's and Christ Church, the two cathedrals of Dublin, appear to be dismantled. In St. Patrick's, the interior of its choir is impressive from its lofty proportions, its solemn monuments, dark statues and niches, surmounted by the helmets and banners of the knights of St. Patrick. But the first thing is of Swift. We look for his dwelling as we approach, for his tomb as we enter. The desecrated site exists in St. Kevin street, containing the portrait from which the engraved likenesses have been derived. The streets immediately surrounding St. Patrick's are the least attractive of any in the city. The lovers of Gothic art will be struck by the new churches in Dombick and Meath streets, and by the Missionary College at All Hallows.

At the western extremity of north of the river, is Phoenix Park, containing fourteen hundred acres. It is a beautiful uninclosed, containing fine old timber and beautiful shrubbery—amidst which gleam the summer residences of the Lord Lieutenant and other principal officers, and above which towers an unlighted, unadorned obelisk, in the honor of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Its beauty of landscape, its clumps of wood, its verdant roads, its stretches of turf, dotted with equine parties, slowly trotting or cantering along, or rushing away at headlong speed as if a second Derby were being enacted, better shelter, leaping hedges and miniature fences, graceful and fearless horse-women riding as if the saddle had been their cradle, are scenes which attract and enchant.

Of the aspect of Dublin, Sir F. Head has written:—"What I most admire are its magnificent lungs. In a four mile belt would inevitably beat any metropolis in the world. One lung has not less than seventeen acres; the other composed of large healthy squares, from twelve to ten, eight and six acres each. There may be a want of trade, want of unanimity, want of brotherly love between this crowd and that—even a want of potatoes; but there is no want and never can be, of good pure wholesome air." And such is true, indeed, of Dublin; to the purity of its air and the excellent climate its women are indebted for the most beautiful complexion in the world. Thackeray has made Phoenix Park, in his comic ballads, the arena of the flirtations of the young snobs of the garrison—

"On their Kyras, like Mars,  
Smoking their pipes and cigars."

The Zoological Gardens add to its attractions, and though not quite so extensive as those of London, are not the less worth a visit from those who like to make the acquaintance of the brute creation. From the Zoological Gardens we found our way to Glasnevin Cemetery, a beautiful realm for the quiet dead. Here we made our way to the monument of the patriot Dan O'Connell—known to every Irish heart as "our Dan." In the tomb his coffin is exposed upon a tier constantly kept wreathed with flowers and shrubbery. His monument towers far above the trees in the grounds, and is visible on approaching Glasnevin. Here, too, we saw a large square block of granite, with nothing on it but the name, age and time of death of Corran—a name of which Ireland may be justly proud. Beyond Glasnevin are the Botanical Gardens under the care of Mr. Moore, to whom we are very grateful for his kind attentions, and his still forgotten remarks about the convent, whose twining walls loom on the opposite of the little stream which separates the Gardens from the convent grounds. From the Gardens we took our way back to Glendalough again, from which place began our glimpse of suburban and rural scenery such as we are forced to say we never encountered elsewhere. Ireland by no means excels in sublime scenery, but in those striking sudden contrasts of quiet valley and lofty mountain peculiar to America, but in exquisite softness and quiet beauty of landscape it surpasses perhaps every England.

The view from Killiney Hill, stretching toward the Wicklow Mountains, forms an exquisite picture—a picture of which we never weary. But found some new feature revealing itself as we look on it each day, touched with the dusky light of the coming twilight, or strongly outlined in the ruddy glow of the morning sun.

To the left lay the Irish Sea, the masts of its fleet constantly on the ear; far away in the eye could see, glimpsed the white sails of some ship, perhaps headed to the Western world, or curled up the rocky moor from some steamer straining up the Channel to Liverpool or Holyhead. Near to the land lay countless fishing craft, tossing and dancing like feathers on the restless waves. To the right once we lay the beautiful vale of Glendalough (Glen of Lead) with its richly cultivated fields, its hedged and white cottages—further on the vale of Shanagassy gently rises to the base of Bray-head and the two Sugar Loaves, with its beautiful combination of light and shade, while the framework formed by the line of hills which entirely encircle the view from the far right to the sea on the left made an enchanting picture indeed. To the east lay quiet Kingston and Harlow, formerly a little fishing village known as Dunlany, until George IV. visited it in 1821, which resulted in its present name, as the Queen's villa to the Cove of Cork gave it the new name of Queenstown. Where George IV. first set his foot on his arrival stands an obelisk, an Irish bell stone, a square tapering monument bearing a cushion and a crown—or rather the stone, which was part of the quay, was taken out and formed part of the monument. Beyond this the Hill of Howth and Ireland's Eye, where are still to be seen the ruins of St. Mary's and the Abbey by the Sea, said to have been built in 1038 by Liffie, the Dane, when his countrymen committed such terrible ravages on that coast. Killiney Hill is worth ascending—not five hundred feet above the sea, yet with a prospect that might lead us to fancy we were a thousand. Its recollection raises visions of soft, blue skies, of Arcadian scenes, and recalls such poetic fancies, that had we dreamed of such a longing as this, even while we write, we might have cried, "Let Sorrento be unscanned." How beautiful from its height is that glorious Dublin Bay! Majestically Howth stands out in the serene ocean, and from it the varying coast ever and anon in splendid curve to the base of the hill of which we write. Streams of silver flash across the dark blue water as the light breeze plays gently over it. While sails glitter in the sunshine, one and another dark bulk moves steadily along, leaving behind its widening, tripping track what hopes and fears! How many weary hearts beating and quivering over bright prospects, or leaping with young imaginations, borne under tall-masted emigrant ships, slowly working out to sea. Let us look another way—our musings brings before us the memories of some such scene as this, in which a star, the memory of whose brightness shall never set, was radiant then, not with the now of blighted hopes and checked fate, but radiant with a promise to which the future did not rise to give the lie. How enchanting this view of soft, smiling valleys, and woody slopes, of rich demences, handsome villas, cultivated fields, indeed there are enough to charm away gloomy fancies.

Eleven o'clock on a bright day found a lazy, lounging party, of which, after having spoken as we have, we are a good mind not to acknowledge ourselves one, arrived at Hunter's Hotel—immortalized less by Hunter than by Hunter himself—driven there on a jaunting car by a jolly Pat, who was as full of fun as he could conveniently be. And who contrived the party? We think we hear our fair reader exclaim. We will be just, even though the picture may be faulty. Waterhouse, he of goodly figure, put up in such style as surely to convey the idea of a valuable fellow in his way, because of an adage—"Valuable as is small," &c.; the Queen's Jeweller—that's something in itself; our host—that's more; Savell—better known as "Ned," one you could not put on dignity, either with or to, because it always went against the grain—did not comport with the geniality which always was prominent in him. He might have been a native Yankee, for certain trading propensities which are sure to take a tale of their own in the future; Wiseheart—a good name—a quiet man, whose non-commu-

nicative tendencies naturally led you to wonder if his wisdom had really struck in, and that had anything to do with his name. I asked his trade, (a dangerous thing to do in an aristocratic country.) His bland reply was, "that he did not know," and then I knew the quality had not made any great headway. We made the best and the fourth. Of course our readers do not find any new description of one for whom has bowed the fates of Harvard, and has been wielded the pen of Melrose House's lone refrain.

Hunter remembered Edwin Forrest and his wife, who made some stay with him; also Emerson and Willis. Imagine a man about five feet ten in height, and not quite so much in circumference, with laughing eyes, twinkling with a fringe of ready Irish wit, full, gray beard and moustache thickly around a jolly, full, red face, that looks the very region where good Port would find impartial judgment—the whole face, a picture, a first snow about a cluster of natural peepers; and then the slightest brogue upon the tongue, a musical voice, and a never failing good nature, and you see Hunter before you.

The chief attraction about Newarth Bridge is the Devil's Glen, through which, after some permission, we, as an individual, were induced to go by the rest of the party—a long walk over a rough country not being the exact thing for one not used to the trick to relish. However we did ten miles, and were fully rewarded for our efforts.

The Devil's Glen is a long, narrow pass, or rather a deep dell, formed, as we might almost imagine, by the stern assunder of the living rock. The scenery is stern and somber in its character. Down the ravine a streamlet breaks along—dancing here into shimmering ripples as the sun's gleaming glances upon its surface; sighing away under the rugged banks, or leaping into little jets over the jagged rocks that form its bed; sparkling and foaming as if impatient of the hindrances to its progress. The sides of the glen rise up rugged and precipitous. On the one hand an insurmountable hanging wall; the other is comparatively low, but the more pleasing from the contrast afforded of its grey crags to the verdure opposite. We walked on up the gradual rise of the glen, and about midway ascended its rugged side to a little view-house, which affords a fine view either up or down the glen. Here we ruined a good knife in the unskilled art of sinking our name into the dead table in front. It was almost entirely covered in a similar way, but at last we found an unoccupied space immediately under the name of the famous Gulla Gull. On, after a rest, we turned our steps to reach the top of the glen. At the end of the glen is a beautiful waterfall, the water pouring over the black rock in one sheet, and falling at once into the pool below. This fall, from the comparatively good side of the valley, is always a striking feature in the glen, and none the less so from the immediate absence of foliage about it. When the river is swollen, the fall must be exceedingly grand.

While wading of the Devil's Glen, that it was better named the Glen of the Gods; but its weird scenery, its striking views, its high banks, between which the night must reign with interior gloom, are alone sufficient to suggest at least to the Irish mind, tinged with not an unpleasant superstition, something more of the Demon than of the Gods. Nature has indeed been lavish of her favors here. Here long spaces lay in deepest shade, but there are broad, open dells where the bright sun sends down its rays through the leafy screens, and lights up the depths of the hollow, glancing hither and thither, from rock to rock—just by a touch gliding one mossy fragment, and casting its neighbor into a deeper shade—making the waterfalls, to glitter as countless gems, and in a word producing, in that sunny spot, a picture just such as a fairy might have wrought, who, having seen one of Cranwick's paintings, was tempted to try how such another would appear if executed with nature's own materials. We view the waterfall to the best advantage either from the Devil's Glen or the Lover's Leap.

The former is a massive rock standing erect, so split, as to leave midway a flat, three-cornered jet, where the party from whom it derives its name was wont to sit, and with a scale with an extravagantly long handle, to suit his whim for such a lofty seat, arise from the pool which receives the waterfall below. The basin of this pool is of stone, and circular. The great fall of the water into it keeps the pool in a constant foam. From this it is called the Der, H's Punch Bowl; and the fire, built by him for his first punch there made, is supposed never to have been quenched, but still burning underneath the bowl, which very logically accounts for the foam, or peculiar appearance of boiling which the fall gives the water.

The Lover's Leap, a rock which towers up from far below like a rugged unscathed monument, and leaps at the top to within a safe jump from the steep hillside, received its name from—but we promise not to give the legend, as many a one has promised before. A good legend is like a good political speech which some superficial might have worried out of a friend, with thirty to retail it as original—it suffers from being reported. So our fair readers must trust their imaginations for the legend—in which, of course, are a gentle lay, and a brave and tender love that does not run smooth, and a great deal more that we acknowledge we have forgotten, which no doubt imagination will supply. We make no doubt such a version would be as correct as that



CONFERENCES AT THE MELODEON,  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 20.

### QUESTIONS—What is the Mission of Evil?

Dr. Gardner in the chair.  
Dr. CHILDS.—This age develops religious truths that are new to our perceptions. The world is now ready and waiting for a revolution in religion. The souls of men want something fresh, something new. Old truths do not answer for progressive souls to feed upon. Paths trodden by the millions for ages are not the paths for souls of rapid progress to go in; they long for and desire something fresh and new to feed upon. The progressive soul trends upon untrodden ground, not in the footsteps of those who go behind. To turn back and measure the tracks that others have made, is history, not discovery—is old, not new—is retrogression, rather than progression. The progressive soul strikes out to find new avenues in the limitless provinces of God's creation, where uncounted truths are provided for the souls of men forever and ever. Each soul may wander at its own pleasure in the garden of God's beneficent provision, independent of other souls, to gather in fresh flowers of unfolding truth. There is room enough, and the ways and the means are without limits. This age tells us that we want no men to go before and make tracks for us to tread in; we want no leaders to guide us, and gather in food for our souls; we want no history to call us back; we want no philosophy to bother us; we want no mechanical religion to chain us; we want no material forms and ceremonies for pretence; but that we have free, untrammelled, spontaneous desires; and these God-given desires shall lead us forth, unobscured by human tongues, to explore the fountain of hidden truths. These desires are in nature, are in spirit, are in God, are the necessities of our existence, which our perceptions just now begin to recognize as our leaders and our governors. The hearts of all men are in love with new truths, while their lips sometimes rebel and curse them. Every body that has lived has fought with evil—and has fought with a phantom. Now, in the present stage of human progress, involuntarily comes up this question, Does evil exist? If so, what is its mission? It must be for something. Is it for good? This question calls forth thoughts that are new to this age. The question, in itself, involves a new truth. And it is humanity that develops new thoughts—not an individual. What matters it if Brother Thayer, Cushman, and a thousand others do say that ground trodden by humanity is devilish ground? What else can they say, who walk in old well-beaten paths? What is the mission of evil? For what is pain, want and sorrow? For what is poverty, degradation, disease and death? For what is contention and war, conflict and affliction? For what is inhumanity, fault-finding and dissimulation, restless longing, mental agony and heartache? For what are all these things that we call evil, administered to human souls? These questions may all be answered in one word—*evil*. For good. To many, yes to all, this answer is *not* satisfactory, and it will require a long time for the waves of progress to carry our souls on, where we shall see that every evil is an effect of goodness. And faith and hope are given to us for substitutes, till the soul's unfolding shall see and know that, that evil is good. For what are evils that dim the bright sun of goodness and darken our earthly existence? In answer to this, let us ask for what is the smoke that ascends from the fire that burns on our soul's hearth? For what are the snows and frosts of winter, and the heats and dews of summer? For what are clouds and vapors, storms and hurricanes? For what does the darkness of the night succeed the pleasant, beautiful daylight? For what are weeds and refuse matter? For what are deserts and barren fields? For what are ravines and precipices? For what are lions and serpents, worms and stinging insects? In some of these we can already see the effects of good—not in all. So we can already see good producing some of the evils of human life—not producing all.

All these things are the products of nature; and though we may not be able to understand what the good is that produces such, this want of understanding does not disprove the truth that in each and in all, exists a purpose of goodness. All that we call evil in human action, is no less the product of nature's laws than are those things existing in the natural world, that are pleasant to our senses and apparently useless to human existence; that positively conflict and war against the perfection and beauty of material things. Evil may have mission in material things. It is the mission of what we call evil to break our love of earthly things, which is an effect of the soul. This love of earth is lawful; it exists for a while, and then, like the perishable things of the earth, dies, and evil is its murderer. What we call evil is the lawful agent of an over-riding Wisdom that kills earthly love.

When earthly love is dead, the soul becomes conscious of a richer love, a more satisfying love, a broader and a deeper love; a purer and a holier love, the love of spiritual realities that fade not, but endure with an increasing fervor forever.

To the soul, what is the mission of evil? Why, evil is only an effect of life in spirit. We might as well ask what is the mission of the leaves of autumn to the trees from which they fall to the ground and go to decay; or what is the mission of the epidemics that is shed by animal life; of the coat of hair that is shed annually by the beasts of the fields and forest; of the scales and shells that are yearly dropped by the inhabitants of seas and rivers? We may as well ask what is the mission of matter that falls off from real life, and is no longer useful; matter reformed, rejuvenated and re-animated? Evil is to the soul what a torn and ragged garment is to the body from which it is falling, and is but an imperative demand for a new and better garment—a garment better adapted to the size and condition of that which it is to cover. What is the mission of evil? To the soul, it is about the same as nothing. What we call evils are only tracks in matter, that the soul leaves behind, made by its steps in progression. Evils are only the ripples of the water on the sea of life, made by the bark of the soul's progression, in which the soul sails heavenward. Evils are the effects of the soul's progression—only an agitation of the waters of life that bear us on, which agitation is left for the moment, and all is calm again—no trace is left behind.

What is the mission of evil to the soul of man? In answer, I would ask, what is the mission of the wake made by the sailing ship in its onward course. It has no mission to the ship. Evil has no mission to the soul of man. The mighty, the powerful, the indestructible soul, with its innate faculties, with its God-given direction, sails on the great sea of infinite wisdom, ever onward to its destination, unobscured by the ripples that its sailing makes, uninfluenced by the deeds that agitate the waters of our material life, that we call evil. What is the mission of evil to this beautiful soul of man? I tell you, Dr. Gardner, it has no mission. It is but the off of human existence; it is not the disintegrating particles of matter that fall off from real life, and by the laws of nature find a common level. Evil is a mighty fabric of time, visible to senseless eyes, having its existence alone in the clouds and darkness of the material world. By the vision of the soul it was never seen, except a phantom of spiritual infancy. And like the baseless fabric of a vision, it is left to the soul's consciousness—gone away forever—leaving no trace behind, in the pathway of the soul's eternal progress.

Mr. WILSON.—Many of the expressions just uttered by my friend Dr. Childs I adopt, and some I must object to. Evil to me has a mission. Poverty is an evil, and to me it has performed its mission. It has made me active and industrious; it has been a means to lead me to truth and to a better state of existence, in a spiritual sense. Drunkenness is an evil, but it has done a great and noble work; it has served humanity to action in the efforts to reformance, which efforts have made men better, wiser and nobler. Theology has trammelled humanity; it has been an evil, and the mission of this evil has called forth argument and reform, in the exercise of human reason. I do not agree with Dr. Childs, that history is useless to the

development of our souls. To me it is of great use. The world is full of evils, which I believe are for the purpose of raising humanity to a more lofty elevation. Evil has a mission, and its mission is to develop and draw out truth. It redeems the fallen, and places them on a higher plane of development; it brings up those who are in a low condition in life to become bright lights shedding their lustre on those around them.

Rev. Mr. THAYER.—Dr. Childs claims that new truths are necessary for progressive souls, and concludes in his remarks that evil has no mission. In these two things I must differ from him. I claim that there is no such thing as a new truth, for every truth is as eternal as God. And progressive souls need truths rather than new, for the plain reason that there is no such thing as a new truth. There are no new truths created more than there are new planets created. It has been the mission of the church to cover up truth. Ministers are paid for concealing truths that they dare not utter. Dr. Childs claims that evil has no mission in this world.

A voice.—Dr. Childs said that evil had no mission for the soul; that it was only a privation of the soul. I believe that evil has a mission. The Saviour of the world was subject to evil influences; he was tempted of the devil forty days, and like a Christian he went through it. Through the influences of evil the Saviour was prepared for his work. And his sufferings and temptation, and his triumph over them, are examples for us. Our robes of righteousness are to be washed and made white through the temptation, and the resistance of evil.

Mr. PLACER.—I cannot agree with any theory that has been started. I think we should aim at principles rather than at persons and opinions. We are conscious that in suffering there is development, and evil always produces suffering. Everywhere, in all nature, suffering is to be found, and without suffering there is no development. In all life we see task, effort, and conflict, the result of which is development. Where there is no conflict there is no growth. When I see growth, I know there has been conflict. In physical nature we have a type of human life. The earth has passed through many convulsions to produce its present condition. These convulsions may be called evil, but they were necessary. So it must be in the growth of man—he must pass through many convulsions and conflicts that are called evil to produce his growth and development. All these forces that apparently war with good are ever moving in the direction for progression. Whether we have any control over those powers that we call evil, may be a question. I claim that we have.

Mr. BOURNE.—I believe that evil has a mission; that may exist which is to an individual a positive evil, while it is a positive good to the people; so a positive evil in one, may work out a positive good for many. In this sense we say that evil has a mission, and it will apply to the various conditions of life, moral and political—mental and social. The origin of evil, no man has yet defined. Individuals die, man kind lives; what is positive evil to a man, may be good to mankind; labor is said to be an evil, no doubt in many aspects it is; too much labor is trouble, and man groans under his burden, but for all that labor, though an evil in some cases, is still a positive good; for through it and by it man progresses toward wisdom and happiness, therefore a positive evil to some is but a positive good to the whole, is the foundation of all the progress, aggregating to the human race.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—Whatever was injurious or detrimental to a man or to mankind in general, was an evil; evil was opposite to good. None could deny its premises, and the definition was also unrefutable. Whatever helped to advance the race in happiness, in holiness, was good. The reverse was evil or sin, and sin had its mission, and that was to degrade the intellect and the body; the mission of sin or evil was the degradation of the race. Cease then to do evil—learn to do well. There was another view of it—evil was providential; famine and pestilence are reformatory, mentally and morally. Intemperance has been mentioned. What is its mission? I have yet to learn whether to be a drunkard benefits a sober man. To be baptized in evil, and to know good, was, in his judgment, false philosophy.

E. V. WILSON AT THE MELODEON,  
Sunday, July 1st, 1860.

Mr. Wilson gave another lecture and demonstration of psychometry, or soul reading powers, at the Melodeon, on Sunday evening, July 1st.

He spoke upon the question of "Who are Spiritualists?" He claimed that those were not Spiritualists who were simply believers in the tangible facts of physical manifestation, but those who carried out in their words and deeds the teachings of the good Jesus of Nazareth. They who have not sympathy with the unfortunate and sinning, who are deaf to the appeals of charity, are not Spiritualists. Belief in a hereafter is a proposition of Spiritualism, but belief is nothing without works of kindness and love in every-day business and social life.

Spiritualism discards fear; it makes its professor walk up boldly to the altar of God. It makes all men and women brothers and sisters. It makes them unselfish and honest. It banishes jealousy, unkindness, and irritability, from the heart of the true believer.

Spiritualism, to the lecturer, presented a beautiful problem: It is a garden of beautiful flowers—a temple of beauty and chastity. It is God on earth and God in heaven. It makes man approach his enemy with sympathy in his heart, and makes him extend his hand to those he has offended. It makes him the enemy of slavery, drunkenness, and everything that tends to degrade mankind. It is to be the liberator of the soul from the bondage of the ecclesiastical forms of society; will result in the abolition of chattel slavery from the land of America, and redeem men from the appetite for intemperance and the passion of sensuality.

There are two great religious primates in the world—Catholicism and Spiritualism. Protestant sects are wandering between the two, and, as they sprang from the Church of Rome, they have got to take their place in the ranks of Spiritualism, or go back to the bosom of mother church.

Spiritualism requires for its ranks men who are willing to brave the world—who are firm in the truth, and yet liberal and generous to their opponents. These are the men who have tried to make Spiritualism a profitable pecuniary transaction, but they have always gone under, and become warnings to others to keep off the shoals of speculation. So soon as Spiritualism is made a traffic, the soul becomes corroded, and the temple for the angel visitors is defaced.

If you have charity, in the fullest acceptance of the term, you are Spiritualists. There is no better test. The physical manifestations are helps in the development of the soul, but they are not the ultimate. The ultimate is the truth, in its fullest sense. Men false to the truth are not Spiritualists, and never can be, till they have grown from their state of moral deformity.

Your deeds are recorded on the brain as firmly as the statutes of the Hebrews are written in the Bible, or the laws of the Commonwealth in the Revised Statutes. You have got to answer to that record. You must be your own judge—you could not have a sterner one.

To be Spiritualists, then, you must cultivate a high-toned religious sentiment—sentiments of kindness toward all mankind. Curb your untrifling and lower passions. Do not afraid to take the poor, sinning and tempted of this world by the hand. Such, and only such, are Spiritualists.

After Mr. Wilson had finished his remarks, he, after a few words in explanation, proceeded to the delineation of character. His subjects were selected at random from the audience. Even individuals underwent his examination. In the main points he was pronounced strikingly correct, though there were now and then trifling inaccuracies in his delineations.

License.—This consists in having the privilege to exercise our bodies and minds as we please, without incurring any inconveniences therefor, provided we do not trespass on the rights of others.

## Banner of Light.

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### THE NEWSPAPER.

Those who have faith in the co-operating power of intelligence with morality to establish the highest possible character for a nation, are quite prepared to admit the influence of the Newspaper. A man who has been in the daily habit of consulting his particular newspaper for a faithful record of the world's doings each twenty-four hours, is well enough satisfied that he cannot get along, even for a single day, without his regular supply; he feels lost unless he is informed on what is doing around him, and would miss a meal less than the would the visit of his news companion, and when we come to add to this omnivorous, and not always healthy, appetite for news merely the influence silently but potentially exercised over the same reader's mind by the comments editorially offered upon such a record—how that the well-informed and sagacious journalist's opinion exerts its way into his thoughts, gently aiding in the formation and regular growth and accretion of his opinions—how that frank and rational discussion, so far as it is consistent with national decorum, is actually challenged by the editor's pen, and that the reader's mind is actually challenged by the editor's pen, and that the reader's mind is actually challenged by the editor's pen.

There are exceptions, however; even of those who admit the power and yet increasing influence of the press in this country, there are many who are afraid to yield to it the same right of reason and free discussion with that which they claim for themselves, and they aver, with gloomy countenances and melancholy hearts, that this familiar and often indecorous mode employed by the public journal to discuss questions of religious faith, and its cognate topics, is much too irreverent for good results to the common morals, and deserves general censure, if not condemnation. For example: at the association of Congregational Ministers recently held in the town of Holliston, in this State, the "Reverend Doctor Todd"—for our extreme lay plow friends among the Orthodox will insist on investing their favorite clergy with high-sounding and worldly titles, unknown entirely in the simple times of Jesus of Nazareth, and probably of trifling consideration any way in the eyes of the Almighty Father—the "Reverend Doctor Todd," we say, rose to assure the younger members of the ministry who were present, that the longer they preached, the less they would know about it! With rather mysterious observation at once induced a fit of raucous laughter, as we should honestly think it might. And the "Reverend Doctor" proceeded to say still further, that it seemed to him that the pulpit of New England, at present, was too much under the power of the secular press. Every magazine, and almost every newspaper, assumed to instruct the clergy, and he thought there was danger of an undue influence from this source. How many times, he asked his brethren—and here is where the hard bit comes upon the power of the "secular press"—had they preached, during the year, on the eternal soul of the lost, and on what are usually termed the stern doctrines?

Al, there is the rub! This wicked "secular press" makes fun of these eternal woes of the lost—reasons the superstition out of sight and bearing—tells the people there are better and higher things to think about—shows up the utter savagery and barbarism of such mythic nonsense, and the absolute evil that accrues from holding the doctrines—asserts openly and with unflinching confidence that one man may understand all about these mysteries of the human soul and its destinies as well as another, especially if the question relates to his own soul—aims to dispel the fear that grows, like a dreadful shadow, out of the body of a superstitious and wholly unreasonable belief—labors to awaken the public mind to just the point where the limited education, the timid conservatism, and the hereditary superstition of the priesthood beseeches it not to go, and threatens it with all sorts of wraithful results if it does go there—and, in fine, stands at all times ready to encourage those who would fain give over everything, supports the timid and shrinking, and educates with its endless array of ever newly discovered facts the popular mind in a habit of investigating for itself, comparing, weighing and judging for itself, and trusting always to its own God-given intuitions rather than to the far less reliable edicts and sayings of priests, however well schooled in the gentleness of tenets and dogmas.

The trouble with the class of men who are represented by the very candid remarks of Doctor Todd, lies in the fact that the age of superstitious faith is fast passing away; the light is rapidly revealing what is superstitious and the product of a low state of intelligence, and what is true and enduring; and hence it is that, because there men see the old canopy of clouds enrolling and moving away, they stand agast, and believe the blue heaven beyond are already, as predicted in John's Revelation, shivering up like a scroll in the fire of a final judgment. Accustomed to see spiritual things only as they are associated in their minds with external circumstance, or with a doctrine whose mysteries and miseries they could not pretend to fathom, they shrink, with actual horror depicted on their countenances, when they hear the people told, without a single reverential thunderbolt of God to prevent the sacrilegious proclamation, that all men may learn and know for themselves that there is no mechanically contrived ark of safety or receptacle like that of the All-Father, and that, to-day, the honest disciple may honestly enter into his own heart and with the ministry of living angels to assist him, worship God there in spirit and in truth.

It is the mission of the newspaper in this age and the one that shall come after it, to enlighten the minds of men, and free them from the yoke of every error. Nothing is to stand, that cannot stand alone. All this old trumpery of machinery that has been operated so long as a go-between to introduce the people to the character and attributes of their Maker, has become worn out and needless. What the world continually wants is, as Goethe said, "More Light—more light." By whatever means or method, therefore, this much needed light is made to shine into the minds and hearts

of men, those means and methods are to be welcomed as above all other things precious. No matter whether by speech or printed word, whether by eye or tongue, by the communication of angels or the ministry of men by the way of the sun in its pulpit, in the mart or in the home, by daily and as well as experience, or in the still and holy hours of reflection—the work is to go on, and all who sincerely pray for the intellectual elevation and spiritual purification of the human race, will be the last to stop and ask if the means used and the method followed are approved by ecclesiastical or any other organizations, or to cavil at any such question of the regularity or irregularity, what is strictly divine and what is purely human.

In such a work, the independent press of this country—soon, we have faith, to become more truly independent than even its present managers dream of—exerts, and will continue to exert, a vast influence. Its power has not yet begun to be estimated. No machine, whether of ecclesiastical schools or philosophical bodies, can possibly be devised that shall come within range of its capacity for good. It gathers up and disseminates truth as no other instrument can. The art of printing, contemporaries in its birth with the discovery of America, is destined, on the soil of America, to achieve its most wonderful triumphs in the moral world. There was a Providence in the close relationship of these two most important events. In the immediate future, the press is to acquire greater power as it becomes more free, and only as it becomes more free. It must put off all slavishness, refuse to lend its aid as a paid watch dog for any sort of institutions, fearlessly and cordially address itself to the development of every great truth into the range of whose light the world gradually comes, have an unshaken faith in the reality of spiritual things, and put forth a ceaseless effort for the exaltation of nothing but the right and the good, let what may threaten to intercept. And in this way we believe the newspaper will very soon overtop pulpits and pulpits, and, instead of the *Journal*, become the *first estate* throughout the world for power and for good.

### LIBERTY, ITS MEANING AND OBJECT.

To the patriot who burns with love of his country—to the philosopher who would know himself and his relations to the Creator and his works—to the philanthropist and social reformer lifting up the downtrodden—to the noble woman, bending over the sick, the wounded, the dying, on the battle-field, in the hospital, in prison—to all who would raise and support suffering humanity, no word is fraught with higher meanings. To the mean and vulgar throughout all grades of society, from the dullest mud-brab to the loftiest palace, no word so abominably abused, both in theory and practice. Like all other words and phrases, expressive of lofty ideas, it is susceptible of every possible variety and shade of meaning, according to the degree of mental, moral or spiritual culture. To the pure-hearted, noble, brave well-wisher, the liberty to grow and develop the man in the most orderly and natural method possible—that condition of things, political, social, moral, physical, religious, outside of himself, which best comports with this high end—is the best liberty for him. Give him this, and he will not quarrel with forms of government or religion.

The half-educated, mean, coarse, groveling aspirant to place and power, without fitness for the one and impatient for the other—ask him his highest ideal of liberty, and he will tell you, "Give me that government and religion which best administers to my estate, that which leaves me the best opportunities to carry out my life purposes, that which gives me power to use my fellow men for my own personal aggrandizement; give me a government which defines in strong lines the difference between the rules and the ruled—myself, of course, having a place in the former class; give me a government which shall make laws for the protection of my claim against the other. Make the law strong to punish the poor and weak; make them lenient toward me and mine; the "base" sort, the "groundlings," work, beat, tax and hang for us and ours; and then give me a God for my spiritual necessities, if there be such, as much like myself as may be. For the protection of my property, give me armies and navies, led on by the representatives of my class, and manned by picked men from the multitude I so heartily hate—this, is liberty—this is the highest state of society, and the God who reigns over all, the God of wealth and of battles."

Ask the poor filled laborer, the victim, in most respects, of false social and financial systems—his idea of liberty. True to the logic of adversity, he would have the liberty first to sweep from the earth all such tyrants as are herein described, and then fair pay for a fair day's work, and a religion which points hereafter to a place of rest.

These three ideas of liberty are by no means exaggerations. Such men with such ideas are but representative men. The history of the past, be it political or ecclesiastical, is but the record of the growth or decay, the expansion or contraction, of the thought lying within the word *liberty*. Men war and fight for the liberty of which they are capable of conceiving. The best condition for individual development and harmonious adjustment to society and to God, is the great problem, after all, underlying all we name history. All effort at civilization, armies and navies are but the instruments hitherto used in its solution.

Noble, disinterested, God-like men, the shining lights scattered along the pathway of ages, tyrants to give rule and form, the ignorant and degraded, their wrongs and oppressions are the burden of history. Man, hemmed in by conditions adverse to development, struggling with the "powers that be" for a chance to become what God and nature intended he should be.

Liberty, then, ends in placing us all, mortal and immortal as we are, in just such conditions, freed from extraneous influences which war against us, as shall be best for the unfolding of our whole nature.

A sacred respect for every man's individuality, a clear perception of right mental tendencies, with a firm purpose to respect those tendencies, and, when we can, to aid and help their growth, studiously avoiding interference. First, we give up the man, such as he is, in his full, free, untrammelled individuality, as the first condition of his progress, and then leave him as best he may to adjust himself, as he naturally will, to such as are especially and mentally inclined to, and generally, harmoniously, to his fellow men and to God, as far and as fast as the growth of his nature will allow.

Man as an individual, man as associated with man and the relation of all to God and his works, is and ever has been, in every age and in every stage of civilization, the only subject worthy the consideration of the most gifted, all other subjects being but partial, subsidiary, and illustrative. For the individual man, science and learning toil and labor, that they may lay their treasures at his feet—he is in turn, exalted by these gifts, turns the result of his own voluntary labor into the common stock, and the individual and society grow up in harmony. Generous culture, lofty aspirations after the good, the beautiful, and the true, exalted conceptions of the power, the intelligence, the wisdom and the goodness of the Infinite Author and Father of all. The highest liberty—the liberty to think aright. The direct slavery, the abuse of our God-given powers.

This is true, is but a picture, not of what has been, not of what can be attained to by masses of men in this age—it is only possible in the future. As yet, in spite of all our theological and religious systems, of rites, rituals and sacred books in civilized and heathen lands, the world has no tolerable appreciation of the mental and spiritual nature of man—and it is hardly granted in any rational sense that men even have souls. In the nineteenth century of ours, with all its boasted light, there are multitudes of honest inquirers who question the existence of the soul, and other multitudes who grant it, still question its immortality. Till these two questions are satisfactorily disposed of forever in the affirmative, we shall make but slow progress in that higher philosophy which deals in what is most substantial because most spiritual. The liberty, untrammelled by political systems and ecclesiasticalisms, to work out, by all the knowledge science can bring to bear, aided

by our higher reason or intuition, the great problems of our social well-being, our physical, mental and moral structure, and, above all, our future eternal modes and conditions in the spirit-land, is the highest liberty we can claim. This state of things, except when directed by the people, and devotes its energies to aid individual or associated labor in the development of the material comfort of man—in this setting alone, performs its most useful function, and confers upon us a practical liberty.

But above all, and independently of all external conditions, let us ever bear in mind that it devolves on each of us "to work out our own salvation"—not from a material or external hell, but salvation from that disorder and confusion which grow out of the violation of God's exact and beautiful laws. "Let us to ourselves be true, and it shall follow, as the night the day, that we cannot be false to any." True to the silent monitor within—that intuitive power—planted from the foundation of the world in the breasts of us all, to perceive, under all circumstances and at all times, the difference between the right and wrong, and to master all essential truth. This is the best liberty, and we are all able if we will to achieve it.

The above views suggested by the return of another anniversary of our National Independence naturally remind us of our duty as citizens of this great Republic. Thirty millions of people engaged in the great work of demonstrating the practicability of self-government, is a phenomenon of no little interest. The great and good men who laid the foundation of this government, it should ever be borne in mind, based their idea of self-government on the "knowledge and virtue" of the people; they did not believe that man, either in his individual or collective capacity, was capable of governing himself without this indispensable prerequisite; and it is as true to-day, as it was eighty-four years ago, that in the absence of "knowledge and virtue," self-government is simply impossible. The reformation of the individual is a work exclusively his own—the reformation of the State is a legitimate consequence. In the degree, then, of our own reformation, let us watch carefully the great experiment of self-government, now only in its infancy. With thirty millions of men, composed from out all peoples and tongues, with a government the freest on the face of the earth, with territory vast in extent, with every possible variety of climate, with natural resources, in short, unbounded and with the very best chance ever known to become a great and happy people.

In our great activity to develop our material resources we are in danger of forgetting great principles. In our anxiety to rank as a first-rate power we are in danger of losing sight of our political and religious liberties, of absorbing the individual into systems, of concentrating power in the hands of the few, and thus not only to subvert the liberties for which our ancestors struggled so hard, and end in simply enacting over again, on a large scale, the same scenes of which, alas! history furnishes too many examples. It is only by calmly reviewing, and by inducing a fixed habit in the national intellect to perceive clearly the great end and object of civil and religious liberty, viz: the growth and perfection of the individual man, that we can rationally hope to see our experiment succeed.

### Dr. Hayes's Expedition.

Dr. Hayes's little party, numbering seventeen brave men, sailed from this port last Saturday week in a little schooner of one hundred and forty tons burthen. Her name is the "Spring Hill." She is provisioned for three years, one half being fresh, as a protection against scurvy, including two thousand pounds of delectable beef and one thousand cans of preserved meats. She carries fifty tons of coal, that being an ample supply for three years. The rate of consumption is one ton a month in the summer, and one ton and a half in the winter. The crew will provide themselves with fur clothing at Greenland, and there take on board twenty dogs and two Esquimaux. The Journal says that the expedition is provided with a complete set of magnetic instruments, and a pendulum for determining the form of the earth. This instrument has been constructed with the most consummate skill by the Messrs. Bond of Congress street, and is the first of the kind ever made in this country. The pendulum is so delicately suspended that it swings five hours by being once set in motion. A series of experiments have been made with this instrument at the Observatory at Cambridge. A complete set of astronomical, meteorological and surveying instruments will be taken, all of which will be used under the direction of Dr. Sontag, who was the astronomer of Dr. Kane's last expedition.

### The Chicago Zouaves.

A military company, numbering sixty-one men, rank and file, and more thoroughly drilled than any other company of military in either the United States or Canada, is now on its route from Chicago through the principal cities of the Union. The members are all young men, averaging twenty-one years of age, and pledged to a course of life and a system of drill that ought to make them the most perfect soldiers and men to be found anywhere in the country. They are looked for in Boston very soon. By the rules of their organization the members are interdicted from entering, under any circumstances, drinking saloons at any hour of the day or night, except when compelled by imperative business from entering houses of ill-fame gambling saloons, or from playing billiards in any public saloon. The penalty of violating these restrictions is expulsion. The Cadets will bring with them their entire equipments and uniforms, consisting of one full dress of blue and buff, a chasseur uniform (French) of blue and red, and a Zouave uniform. The last, it is said, is the jauntiest, gayest dress imaginable, and surpasses in beauty and picturesque effect everything else in the military line.

### Gone Home.

Our Japanese friends have gone back home, little Tommy and all. The poor fellow felt very bad when he came to take his leave, and, after distributing his cards pretty freely among his lady friends, gave his old clothes to his attentive landlords, and marched off in a flood of tears. The expenses of the party to New York, during their stay in the city amounted to at least \$100,000, which some folks rather incline to think will never be repaid in any form. Just that is the very meanest view of the case, under the circumstances. It is a great thing to have thus opened commercial intercourse with so populous and peculiar a nation; and the event is likely to justify its importance by the final construction of a Pacific Railroad; by a line of steamers across the Pacific waters to the Japanese archipelago, and by the opening of a vast trade with the hundreds of millions in the East. Our national destiny is sure to receive a wonderful impulse from the remarkable occurrences recorded at the present time. We are in the midst of the most truly romantic period of the world's history.

### The Crops.

The reports speak of the bounties of a good Providence everywhere. We may count on having enough to eat and drink for another year, and the continued physical health of our people as a consequence. There is everything for us to be thankful for, and we are spread around us with such bounty and profusion. Let us at least become wholly worthy of our lot and position.

### Fourth of July.

We have heard the noise and splutter of this anniversary to our heart's content. For our part, we are glad the thing is at last all over. The air is full of the smell of powder still, and we tire with talking about it. Those who "celebrated" in the woods and by running streams, had altogether the best of it, and preserved their reason to the last, too. We wish there were more rational, if not national, holidays.

Read Lizzie Doten's story on first and second pages.

### A Hard Blow.

Hoston was visited, a week ago, with one of those sudden sky-scapes that take every body by surprise, and generally leave the premises until they have performed an unusual amount of mischief. This particular affair was heralded by the coming up from the North-west of an angry blue-black cloud, that seemed a race-horse across the sky in a southerly direction, and made the heavens ring again with the roar of the lightning and the rattle of its thunders. It took Boston Common in its course, and twisted and snaped the large limbs of the Old Elm Tree, that had successfully resisted the winds and storms of more than two centuries, diminishing the noble proportions of a landmark which our oldest inhabitants have been taught from childhood to venerate. All through the evening the blue lightnings played about the heavens incessantly, a splendid exhibition indeed of celestial pyrotechny. Several lives were lost in the progress of the gale, and the fire alarm telegraph was so constantly operated upon by the electricity that the bells were rung many times.

### Farmer's Firearm.

Theodore Parker bequeathed to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in his will, as follows:—"The two firearms formerly the property of my honored grandfather, Captain John Parker, late of Lexington; to wit, the large musket, or king's arm, which was by him captured from the British on the morning of the nineteenth of April, 1775, in the Battle of Lexington, and which is the first firearm taken from the enemy in the war for Independence; and also the smaller musket which was used by him in that battle, while fighting in 'the sacred cause of God and his country'; and I desire that these relics of the Revolution may be placed in the Senate Chamber of this Commonwealth, and there sacredly kept in perpetuum rei memoriam."

### Politics.

The armies have severally taken the field for the summer, and planted their standards. Warm work enough will come of it. We shall soon have all sorts of vituperation and partisan jaw-lounging the air, and, we hope, much more than the usual amount of serious and thoughtful discussion along with it. It cannot be of so much importance that this or some other man shall be raised to the Presidency, as that we may determine upon some practical and truly wise measure according to which this great country may go forward and redeem its promises to the other nations of the earth.

### Newport and Saratoga.

Those who can afford it are flocking to these places of summer resort, on the sea and on the land. We do not think the summer travel will go with so much of a rush this year as it has in seasons past; but the leading hotels of fashion somehow manage to keep full.

### LITERATURE.

WHATSOEVER IS IN HISTORY. By A. B. Childs, M. D. Boston: Berry, Colby & Co.

A man of large soul and restless brain is the author of this remarkable volume before us—the free expression of whose thoughts has already awakened wide public attention, and is destined to arouse still more in the future. It is so, because he speaks from his own intuitions directly to the souls of all men who will listen; because he is humble, and thus becomes the recipient of great truths which other men's pride and ambition will not permit them to receive; because his sympathies for humanity are boundless, embracing the entire family of man. In all conditions, spheres and circumstances, because—what would, indeed, follow of necessity—he is earnest where most men would hesitate with their doubts, and boldly and unflinchingly asserts what he knows, though he were the only man in the world who said it; and, finally, because he heeds only the revelations made to his own soul, steadily refusing to run about in a gadding and gossiping way after the half-phosphors of others.

We cannot better set forth to the general reader the corner-stone doctrine of this living book than by quoting out of the book itself as follows







## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner was written by the spirit who uttered it, and is published as such. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as a true and faithful communication to those friends who may receive it.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life; that they are, and do many of the same things that they did on earth; and that the spiritual world is not a place of rest and repose, but a place of activity and progress. We believe the spirits of the dead are as good as the living, and we expect that they will be as good as the living in the future.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, unless it is in accordance with the teachings of the Bible. Each spirit speaks of his own condition with truth, but he gives opinions merely, relative to things not revealed.

**Answering of Letters.**—As a medium who in no way answers to spirits, the letters will be sent to the Editor, who will forward them to the spirits, who will answer them. We cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to us. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our notice, however.

**Visitors Admitted.**—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 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