

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT,
BY A. R. CHILDS, M. D.
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THE KEEPSAKES.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

[Concluded from last week.]

CHAPTER III.

"It is really you?" exclaimed she. "Oh, a thousand times welcome!"

I looked at her earnestly, and at last could not help ejaculating, however strange the compliment might seem—

"By heaven! you are just what you were as a child!"

"What," said she, laughing, "as wild?"

"No," replied I, "but as warm-hearted."

After having presented me as an old friend of her family, to all her guests—generals and princes, courtesses and abasements—we passed into the dining room, and placed ourselves at a table, where she insisted on my occupying the seat by her side. It was a delightful repast, at which every intellectual, as well as every more material appetite was ministered to with the most refined delicacy, and where the sparkle of the flowing wine itself was less brilliant than the flashes of convivial wit. Her conversation, (kept up in three or four different languages) was sparkling to a degree, and profound, when she felt she was understood. Coloring every topic, gilding every theme with her imaginative fancy, she pursued her way through the mazes of every subject of discussion; but that which charmed more than her versatility and genius, was the total want of vanity or affectation, in all she did or said; the modesty and good nature by which she made her own sex forgive her talents and superiority, the noble demeanor and the purity by which she forced the other to forget her situation. In the midst of her loudest, wildest mirth, the most unprincipled libel could not have nourished a hope, or injured a look, that propriety would have reproved. She was like the sweetbird, whose accents embalm the air, but whose thorns prevent the gaze from approaching near enough to be torn by them. I looked at her with wonder and admiration. She had then just completed her twentieth year.

"Nay, my dear prince," said she, in reply to some remark made by a dark, handsome though somewhat disagreeable-looking man, "you surely would not attempt to make war upon the lasting force of early impressions?"

"I would certainly maintain," replied he, "that it is only in very weak natures that such can be overruled."

"On the contrary," rejoined she, and a deeper tint of color rose to her cheek and brow, "watch the young tree that has grown in the debt of a half-century; its branches you may cut, its stem you may fell with an axe, but its root you will not wrench from its bed; or if you do it will be by peaceful, unobtrusive means, and demolishing the substance on which it is engrained. And then there are impressions of our youth," continued she, her eyes beaming with inspiration, "which in some natures—I do not say in all—cannot be eradicated without crushing and breaking the heart with whose lustre their roots have been twined; and thus the poet who wrote—

"I may pluck it from me though my heart be at the root,"

may have realized how hopeless it is to free ourselves from the influence of impressions—earnest, sincere ones, I mean—which have taken hold of our being without at the same time causing a cessation of life."

"The Prince seems convinced," said I to her, in a whisper.

"You mistake," answered she, with a smile; "he is only confused, and puzzled to know whether I am convinced of what I have been saying."

"At this moment a servant brought her a note."

"Will you allow me?" inquired she; and having heard the prompt affirmative, she opened and glanced at the contents of the epistle.

"Say that it is well, and that I will come," said she to the servant. And when he left the room—

"So," added she, in a half-jesting, half-pouting tone, "because the Grand Duke of — has chosen to arrive here three full weeks before he was expected and because his Royal Highness is provokingly pleased to make 'Norma' his favorite opera. I must expect Bullini's heroine to merrow ere long, instead of having a musical party at home; and to night be done to death by that worst of slow tortures, a general rehearsal!"

Loud and reiterated expressions of delight followed this announcement, in the midst of which she turned to me, saying:

"To-morrow you will have an opportunity of seeing what popularity means in this music-loving capital."

One by one the guests disappeared. I still remained, and in half an hour had heard the whole history of intervening years, and promised to come and see her the next day. Her equipage was at the door to take her to the rehearsal. She threw a look over her shoulders, a look, well over her head, and as she sprang into the carriage, she again held out her hand to me, saying, "To-morrow—do not forget!"

I know not whether it was a foreboding, or what might have occasioned the sensation, but as I ascended the stone staircase, methought a sharp wind came down through the corridors that chilled me with an icy touch. The sun shone brightly, but to me it seemed that his rays were pale and cold. I shivered. All was still throughout the house. I knew there was a change; and so the servant took the door, and left me alone in the same room in which I had been the day before. I started, and felt as though a stony weight had fallen on my heart. After a few minutes' reflection, and an effort to laugh myself out of an anxiety I could not explain, a waiting-woman entered, and begged of me to follow her to her mistress's apartment. I wished to speak, and ask her—what? I knew not. My tongue was frozen in my mouth. I stared at her; she repeated her request, and I silently followed my silent guide. We passed through the orange-colored silk curtain into a small vestibule filled with flowers, paved with black and white marble, and through the stained glass window of which the sunbeams shone with softened radiance. At one end was a folding door, covered with crimson cloth, and studded with brass nails. My conductress opened it, and knocked at the inner portal it con-

ceded. The reply from within was scarcely audible; but the Abigail opened the door and closed it behind me. I stood rooted to the spot. All my forebodings, all my unaccountable premonitions from the moment I crossed the threshold were explained! In an arm-chair of green velvet, sat, or rather reclined, she who but twenty-four hours ago bounded to meet me like a fawn or an antelope!

"O'er every feature of that still, pale face, I had sorrow fixed what time can never erase."

I looked long and earnestly at her. I saw that a blight had fallen on the young plant. Her cheek, brow and lips were bloodless, and the smile had fled from her soul back to its parent regions above forever; but I searched in vain for all outward signs of the disorder grief usually brings with it. Her dress, a simple white *peignoir*, was elegant and composed; her hair carefully, purely braided across her forehead. There were neither pocket-handkerchiefs, salts, nor bottles of eau de Cologne about her; but she, in whose veins the blood had run quick and warm as the lava stream down the sides of Vesuvius, was as completely petrified as though the *Eggs* of antiquity had looked her into stone; thinking, reflecting, moral life was extinct. In the scene of her former mirth and joy she sat like the skeleton of the ancient Egyptian banquet—a habitant of the grave in the midst of the pleasures of life! If she had faltered, screamed, wept, raved, or torn her hair, I should have breathed more freely; but who dares not shudder to see this noble, silent grief that slowly, silently and surely extends its powerful embrace about the heart, and then—then crushes it to death? So fell this stagnant stillness upon my heart, something as the heavy sluggishness of the sultry atmosphere falls on the senses of the *Bolouin* when he crosses the Desert, even as the simon awakes from its couch in the skies. Her once buoyant spirit had been taken into the cold caverns of misery, and the damp, noxious breath had extinguished its light.

She raised her eyes to mine, but was silent. I gasped and staggered toward her. I tried to speak; when from a small mosaic table at her side, she took an open letter, and, extending her hand, she put it into mine. I half recoiled, for it was like the touch of a corpse. The post-mark was C—. I glanced at its contents. The letter fell from my fingers, and I dropped on a chair.

The Baron de — was married!

There are times when to attempt consolation would be mockery. I had seen them. I picked up the fallen letter from the floor and replaced it mechanically on the table. Some ecstasies passed in silence. She broke it, and extending her hand to me—

"I am more of a man than you are," said she, with a smile that was like the sick light of the waning moon upon a grave stone.

I could not help marking the strange mixture in her *boudoir*, as slight proofs of the tastes and occupations of the owner. A splendid grand piano forte formed one principal ornament, with, scattered upon it, piles of instrumental and vocal music, by all composers and in all languages. Books, prints and drawings in profusion lay on different tables. By the side of the choicest paintings on the walls, hung the most richly enameled, fancifully-mounted pistols; from these fitted for the belt of an Albanian bandit, or the holster of a Turkish Mameluke, down to the best modern hair triggers. Hiding whips and fending flaps were laid by the side of innumerable sheets of paper, covered with both prose and poetry, written in a delicate but decided female hand. Powder flasks and perfume cases kept open the pages of some choice old manuscript; and fishing-tackle was ranged around a beautifully finished Spanish guitar in a corner. In the window were ranged flowers the most expensive and most rare; and at her feet lay a magnificent and gigantic dog of the dark grey, black spotted, Ulmer slip-hound breed.

At the table at her side lay Schiller's "Wallenstein's Tod," open at the scene between Thokla, her mother and father. "My eye fell on the page, and I involuntarily uttered aloud—

"Est mein starkes Mächtchen!"

"Yes," said she; "but Thokla was happier than I am, for Max Piccolomini was only dead. She might accuse heaven, but I must excuse him."

At this moment the door opened; a mild, benevolent-looking old man advanced to her side.

"So, doctor, is it you?" murmured she, giving him her hand. "You have come to visit a patient, but I am not ill!" and she looked him firmly and steadily in the face.

"I fear more than you yourself think," rejoined he, with a marked manner, and watching her scrutinizingly.

After a little conversation, which she strove to render general, and during which the disciple of *Reynolds* never once withdrew his eyes from her face—

"What is the hour?" asked he, carelessly.

She took from the table a small jeweled watch, which lay there fastened to a chain of gold. With the first glance her countenance underwent a change, although very slight, and with eyes bent on earth, she murmured hurriedly—

"It is shadowed—I forgot it last night."

The doctor got up, put his hands in his pockets, and walked to the window; compressing his lips, he shook his head as he gave vent to a solitary "hum!" In a few seconds he turned round, and, standing by her chair, put his hand on her head.

"I wish," said she, "that my *Norma* diadem pressed no heavier on it than your hand, doctor."

I started. "You surely cannot mean to sing to-night?"

"I had refused it on the plea of indisposition," answered she; "but look at this."

And she presented to me a note written by a royal hand, and entreating the gifted and idolized singer, as a personal favor to royalty itself, not to refuse the display of her rare talents on that night.

"And you mean—"

"To play *Norma* to-night," said she, before I could finish my question.

"Women," grumbled the doctor, with a discomfited air, "will pull and pull at the bow till it breaks from

over-tension. They have in bodily and mental suffering the obstinacy, (for I can call it nothing else,) of the Devil himself, or of Charles the Twelfth when he sat six hours on horseback, at the battle of Poltava, with his heel shot off and the bullet in the wound."

"I can remember an instance of courage and fortitude in a girl of this year old," said I, looking steadfastly at her, and recounting an anecdote she also well recollected, "that I think ranks in proportion equal to that of the Swedish monarch."

She rose from her seat—she pressed my hands—a mournful smile parted her lips—a long, heavily-drawn sigh escaped her breast, and she said in a low tone as she glided from the chamber,

"The day is not my birthday!"

The theatre was crowded to suffocation. Hundreds were turned from the doors, who had come out of curiosity to hear the *prima donna*, or to stare at the fiery meistersingers and grim visages of the Grand Duke. The boxes were filled with the most beautiful and the most fashionable of V—'s Circio-like daughters, and the house brilliantly illuminated in honor of the royal guest. Majesty at length appeared, and every back was toward the stage. The introduction was finished, the curtain drawn up, and every back was turned to majesty.

As for myself, what I felt at the first note of the orchestra, is quite indescribable; I trembled from agitation, fear and impudency; I knew even the worst. The atmosphere of light and heat around, and the delicious music, would, at any other time, have made me feel joyous as an insect sporting in a sunbeam on a burning July day. At that moment it almost drove me to distraction. "With the accents," thought I, "the temple prepared for a sacrifice was decked as for a triumph. May not the temple of triumph become also one for a sacrifice? And the victim?" I shuddered!

The opening chorus was past—the traitor, *Pollione*, had confessed his guilty passion for *Adalgisa*, when the first notes of the march announcing *Norma's* approach struck the ear. He was gone. The march was again heard—the priests and virgins appeared. The music ceased—I involuntarily closed my eyes—a long, breathless pause, a deathlike stillness—and then—a burst of enthusiastic, tumultuous applause told me she was there. I opened my eyes, and saw her, in the attitude of a sylph of old; standing beneath the shade of the sacred Druidical oak, her whole form breathing calm, queen-like dignity. I gazed at her with astonishment. The expression of her face was placid and serene. Her long ample draperies floated around her as the white clouds on an autumn night gather round the virgin moon, half enshrouding her lustre, half enhancing her mysterious beauty. The glances of her large dark eyes flashed from beneath her falling glossy hair, as she fired at midnight darts and lightnings amidst the broad, shining leaves of the laurel. She stood for some seconds as though she would search with looks into the souls of those around her, and drag thought from its concealment into light and air, as the magnet draws the needle. At length, folding her marble like arms upon her breast, she gave utterance to those tones which, once heard, were rarely, if ever, forgotten. Her voice had never been so powerful, so rich, so clear, so magnificent as that night. She seemed to play with it as Nature plays with the wind; sometimes softening it down to a scarcely audible whisper, at others letting it sweep by like a storm-blast. Nothing that she sang appeared as *down* for her to sing; it seemed as though all she did was hers alone, and sprang from the genius of the moment; it was the *Moss of Muslo*, and not *Bollini*; it was *Norma* herself, living, breathing, feeling, suffering, hoping; elevated nearly to the rank of a deity by the spirit of prophecy; inspired and inspiring, and at the same time that she took the feelings of her auditors with her, giving them all her own, and so connecting them that what she felt, they must realize. She descended from her elevation, advanced into the centre of the stage, and laying her hands on the heads of kneeling virgins, looked heaven face to face, and prayed. That was prayer! not the prayer that *Adalgisa* would have conceived, but the prayer that *Norma* must have felt. The address of an enlightened creature in a world of darkness, who turned to her God because no one else could understand her, and who stood unshrinking before him, because she believed in him, and felt that he who created alone could judge her! He who could have called *Norma* impure or unchaste has yet to learn that there is a purity of mind, and a chastity of soul, which in some natures nothing can destroy!

The first scene was past; the stage was cleared. Scarcely had the divine singer retired than she was forced by the reiterated clamors of the enchanted multitude to reappear, and accept from their hands the crowns of laurels and bay they threw at her feet. She raised one to her lips; and I saw a smile tremble in her eyes, which was but a faint reflection of one I had once seen before, and that was a smile of triumph, too! She had smiled then while she suffered; now she knew how much she suffered now. I only felt it from her smile.

I was only half relieved by her tremendous success and apparent strength. Another than I might doubt that a human being could bear such mental anguish, and still exist—but what one has lived they can feel for. But I wonder, I know her, and know that, which to another would have been impossible, to her would only cost an effort—but what an effort! Never, as long as I exist, can I forget the matronly grace, the dignified sweetness, with which she received the confession of *Adalgisa's* love for the Roman warrior. No longer the exalted, commanding priestess, she was the woman, soft, tender, and angelic; alone with a being who felt what she had felt, who loved as she had loved, but who, for that very reason, she was determined, should not sin as she had sinned. Her protecting hand was raised to save—to undo the knot, which, loosed, took off from her its unrighteousness, and bellowed it. She turned her eyes to heaven with a look

which seemed to me to say, "Maker, if I have erred, forgive me, and take from my hands a soul I have saved for thee."

As the thunderbolt withers the forest tree, so did the sudden sight of *Pollione*, at once, and in one second, appear to dry up all the springs of goodness in her heart. She looked at him with a glance which would have made the dead quail in their shrubs, and then (but only once) at *Adalgisa*. All was over! Her last stronghold was destroyed—her self-esteem was gone! As long as he was, or she believed him worthy, she was proud of her devotion; proud that she had sacrificed herself, and based her glory on the conviction that she had nothing more to give up for him; that she had received nothing for her own salvation; that country, religion, and the eternal welfare of her own soul, all were betrayed, trampled on, and the broken fragments thrown as offerings at his feet—but now that the list was defamed, disgraced, destroyed, the worship became infamous, she was polluted, and she despaired herself. She had been as one walking on glass over the sluggish waters of a bituminous lake, and admiring the reflection of her own self in the mirror—the glass was shattered—she started back in horror at the blackness, noisomeness of that which it had concealed, and the illusion was forever gone! What had in her been light, became now flame, a ravaging, devouring flame, laying waste all that was young, fresh and green, and leaving nothing but ashes to mark his path! Her acting and singing in this scene were perfectly superhuman; and when the curtain dropped at the end of the act, the tumultuous cries and exclamations made the whole interior of the theatre a complete chaos of sound.

When the curtain drew up for the second act, and the wild, hurried notes of the expressive introduction were past, she appeared—in her right hand holding the lamp, and with her left clamping the *poignard* she partly concealed by the arm which crossed her breast. She glided across the stage like the first misty shadow of evening descending on the plain—pale and sad. Her voice was still the same, beautiful as ever, unaltered in its tone and quality, and, to those who had not seen her in the first act, her acting must have seemed superb; but to me there was something wanting. Her representation of the unhappy and tortured mother was not like her personification of the betrayed mistress; to me, it wanted the reality of the other—the heart felt depth, the impassioned enthusiasm, which convinced her hearers that every word she uttered sprang from her very inmost soul.

The hundreds of admiring spectators around were enchanted; I alone was disappointed and sad, for I felt that all she had hitherto represented was real. But as soon as she was no longer the mother, as soon as she reverted to *Pollione*, to her boundless and insatiable attachment, as soon as she thought of the noble sacrifice which she was about to make, she no longer acted; she was again herself! The idea of her own self-sacrifice, of her own destruction for his sake, elevated and inspired her. She was about to expiate her crime upon herself, to suffer for what her pride had suffered—to wash out her blushing with her blood—and she now dared once more to raise her eyes to her own conscience without quail. She was great again! She esteemed herself and was tranquil, if not happy.

It was with those feelings of superiority that she gave up her children to *Adalgisa*, and entreated her with proud humility to protect them; calm and composed as her own determined mind, so was her expressive countenance. She had bid adieu to life, because life and *Pollione* to her were one. Without life, to have merely existed, was to be a breathing corpse; it was living death! But like those who animate themselves on their death-bed at the physician's smallest hope of recovery, so did she, as eagerly, as feverishly and as gaspingly snatch at the hope of regaining him who was to her the breath of life. Her excited imagination made hope certain; she was engulfed in the wild stream of self-delusion; she saw no chance of failure or treachery, nor the madness of sending the woman she loved, (and worse, the woman who loved him,) to bring him back again into the arms of her he had abandoned. For her there were no improbabilities; she saw only *Pollione*, the traitor, the faithless, the perjurer, and—such is woman!—still adored *Pollione*, at her feet, bumbled, awkward to a sense of his dishonor, repentant, loving, and suing for her forgiveness!

She did not reflect that with the light of love is extinguished its heat—that the ashes of a passion which has spent its novel force, are not only dead, but cold, and that no spark will return them to glow again for an object once deserted. It was returning to her—her whom she had cursed when she thought him another's—*Adalgisa*, whose children she would have murdered to wreak vengeance on him for his treachery—*Adalgisa*—her whose happiness she had been prepared to die—she would soon be there, before her, as he was in the first days of their love! And if she hesitated one moment how to receive him, it was not that she doubted whether she should forgive him; but how she should give her forgiveness most grace, and pain him least. She, whose pride had been crushed to the earth by conceiving him unworthy, did not feel herself humbled in accepting him, all sullied and stained as he was, from the hands, and through the prayers of her very rival. She was all hope, all joy, all radiance. She now clasped her children to her bosom, and covered them with tenderest kisses, for they were hers again. All her fondness, all her returning affections, were now lavished on *Adalgisa*, and she at the moment sorely knew which she most loved, *Adalgisa* or *Pollione*. Such is woman. Alas! and such, too, was she.

But how different, how changed, how terrific was her look when she found all her hopes deceived, all her plans baffled, when she heard, not only that *Adalgisa's* entreaties had been vain, but that *Pollione* was resolved to possess the young priestess at all costs! Every nerve, every fibre, was strained to defend his purpose. It seemed as though but half his crime existed, so long as its execution could be prevented. The premeditation, the moral treachery

on his part was now almost forgotten in the dejection that frustrated his schemes, and snatched from his grasp the trembling dove who had been fascinated and almost destroyed by the lightning glances of the Roman eagle. *Norma*—the betrayed, insulted, and now, through her own fault, humiliated *Norma*—stood at the foot of the altar of *Irminul*, about to immolate the father of her children, her own white-headed father, the companion of her youth, her country, and herself, on the altar of revenge. Like an enraged lioness, from whom her little ones have been torn, breathing but for destruction, trembling with fury, her voice vibrating with passion, her eyes flashing, her whole frame expanding, long for carnage, panting for blood, beautiful still, though monstrous, she gave the signal for tumult and slaughter. With the force and nearly with the cry, of a typhoon darting on her prey, did she spring upon *Pollione*, and raise the dagger to plunge into the blackened, perjured heart on which she had once reposed in all the confidence of early love. Her eyes were fastened on the spot she meant to strike. She glared on her vengeance, who suddenly she raised her eyes to gaze on the last expression of life in those where she once had read promises of eternal goodness.

"That look saved him; had he relented, had he trembled, had he stooped to entreaty, she would have struck him with an arm nerve by contempt, and sent the soul of her victim shrieking to the shades. But his eyes quivered, fixedly, coldly, firmly, met hers; no eyelash quailed, the savage was awed by the aspect of a human being who looked death in the face without turning pale. *Norma* dropped the steel—the woman relented. Her next look was one almost of pleasure, at any rate of admiration. He was at least a hero! She touched his hand to feel if it were cold from fear, and a smile of something allied to exultation parted her lips as finding it unobscured. He was worthy of life, and she determined to save him. Left alone with him, the struggle became violent, once more between *Norma's* insatiable greatness of soul, and the wild wish to tear *Pollione* from *Adalgisa*, and force him to return to his first love. There was no one by to hear her—no witness of her wounded pride—and she begged, threatened, entreated, cursed, and at last, gathering all her courage together, resolved to sacrifice herself. No, fearing for *Adalgisa*, would have snatched the fatal weapon; *Norma* felt that nothing but pride could save her, and alarmed lest she should fall in her great purpose, with one loud, wild scream, assembled all the priesthood around her, and she, whom they had considered as but little less holy than their *Dalry*, with one word, which *Pollione* in vain sought to check, sunk herself to the level of those things it was a crime to pity, a virtue to despise. She surrounded her face in her hair, as though she felt her sacerdotal veil were something too sacred to be employed for such a purpose, and the loudness of tone with which she pronounced her own condemnation, and her hurried actions, sufficiently showed how much she felt all depended on her forced exaltation, how she trembled for her own strength, and how little she dared trust herself to be natural.

Up to this point I had been carried away by her acting and singing, which were both sublime; but, at the moment when she turned to *Pollione* to commence the beautiful and heart-rending final duet, she waved her hand, and passing beyond him, almost to the proscenium, I observed a vacant stare in her eyes, and a look of wildness which considerably alarmed me. The *Maitre de Chappelle* looked astonished, but as she did not move from the attitude in which she had placed herself, nor once vary the position of her eyes, which seemed fixed on some object visible only to her, he at length gave signal for commencement. At the first tones of the orchestra she slightly started, and I discerned something like a gasp of pain in the throat.

"Quel cor de diable! Quel cor de diable!"

murmured a voice which seemed as though it were born in the air, so little did her lips move. The words were not understood by those around—*they* stared in astonishment; the afflicted *Capellmeister* stopped, and I distinctly heard him whisper in German, "You are forgetting—you are singing in Italian." She raised her hand tremblingly to her head, and gasped again as though for breath. The orchestra again began, and again the same voice murmured the same words, but heavier, thicker, and with more difficulty of articulation. The chorus looked puzzled, the orchestra stopped; she still continued. Her eyes were staring from their sockets, her lips swollen and blue, the muscles of her throat horribly distended, and her bosom heaving for want of breath. Her voice became husky and almost inaudible. To me, all was instantaneously evident. The sacred fire of intellect which had so long and so lustroly burned in the vase of life, was suddenly extinguished; the oil which had fed it was dried up, and nought but the vase remained; alas, how soon to be broken and dashed down on its parent earth forever! The frightened actors huddled themselves together into a group in one corner of the stage, the whole theatre was in confusion, royalty had fled from the scene of mental misery, men hid their eyes, women shrieked and fainted, all hurried to the doors and the crush was horrible. In the midst of the confusion she still continued her low murmuring kind of declamation; my ears and my eyes were so steadfastly fixed on her that I heard every word. At last, with a gasp that seemed to burst her very heart strings, and a look of bitter anguish I shall never, never forget, she uttered, in a tone of voice which made the people shiver as they stood, the last words of the duet:—

"It is gone—'tis gone!"

And clasping her hands convulsively on her breast, with one long, quivering cry, she sank lifeless on the ground. A slight muscular convulsion passed over her limbs, and all was still; but that last loud note of wail had borne to my ears a word—no one there understood but me.

She had uttered my name!

The curtain fell—it had fallen on the drama of her life some hours before! A horrible tumult ensued. How I escaped I scarcely know, nor was I aware of my own identity of existence, till I found I

was in the theatre, and that I had been carried away by her acting and singing, which were both sublime; but, at the moment when she turned to *Pollione* to commence the beautiful and heart-rending final duet, she waved her hand, and passing beyond him, almost to the proscenium, I observed a vacant stare in her eyes, and a look of wildness which considerably alarmed me. The *Maitre de Chappelle* looked astonished, but as she did not move from the attitude in which she had placed herself, nor once vary the position of her eyes, which seemed fixed on some object visible only to her, he at length gave signal for commencement. At the first tones of the orchestra she slightly started, and I discerned something like a gasp of pain in the throat.

"Quel cor de diable! Quel cor de diable!"

murmured a voice which seemed as though it were born in the air, so little did her lips move. The words were not understood by those around—*they* stared in astonishment; the afflicted *Capellmeister* stopped, and I distinctly heard him whisper in German, "You are forgetting—you are singing in Italian." She raised her hand tremblingly to her head, and gasped again as though for breath. The orchestra again began, and again the same voice murmured the same words, but heavier, thicker, and with more difficulty of articulation. The chorus looked puzzled, the orchestra stopped; she still continued. Her eyes were staring from their sockets, her lips swollen and blue, the muscles of her throat horribly distended, and her bosom heaving for want of breath. Her voice became husky and almost inaudible. To me, all was instantaneously evident. The sacred fire of intellect which had so long and so lustroly burned in the vase of life, was suddenly extinguished; the oil which had fed it was dried up, and nought but the vase remained; alas, how soon to be broken and dashed down on its parent earth forever! The frightened actors huddled themselves together into a group in one corner of the stage, the whole theatre was in confusion, royalty had fled from the scene of mental misery, men hid their eyes, women shrieked and fainted, all hurried to the doors and the crush was horrible. In the midst of the confusion she still continued her low murmuring kind of declamation; my ears and my eyes were so steadfastly fixed on her that I heard every word. At last, with a gasp that seemed to burst her very heart strings, and a look of bitter anguish I shall never, never forget, she uttered, in a tone of voice which made the people shiver as they stood, the last words of the duet:—

"It is gone—'tis gone!"

And clasping her hands convulsively on her breast, with one long, quivering cry, she sank lifeless on the ground. A slight muscular convulsion passed over her limbs, and all was still; but that last loud note of wail had borne to my ears a word—no one there understood but me.

She had uttered my name!

The curtain fell—it had fallen on the drama of her life some hours before! A horrible tumult ensued. How I escaped I scarcely know, nor was I aware of my own identity of existence, till I found I

was at the further end of the town, and drenched to the skin by a heavy and continued shower of rain that had been falling during the whole evening. That night was the last time I saw her, until I was thrown into a rorale by the apparition of a female figure in a white dress, in the *Alles des Soupirs*, at Baden Baden.

CHAPTER IV.

"It was enough—the dead—what could it be?" —Dreos—The Christ.

It was one night in the very middle of January, between ten and eleven o'clock; the winds were howling fearfully without. I was sitting in my small and extremely comfortable apartment in the *Englischen Hof*, my feet resting on the polished brass *Anglaise*, half filled with cinders, which projected sufficiently beyond the perpendicular line of the *Chinoise* to afford me a very comfortable footstool. On a table by my side lay a packet of cigars of the *Belatanzula* brand; beside them glistened a glass of Bavarian beer, clear, sparkling, and bright as liquid amber. I was occupied in picturing to myself the delights a January night in one's own room, alone with one's own fancies, and the certainty of remaining uninterrupted—cold, wind and snow without, heat and light within—cigars to smoke, *Bierisches* to drink, large slippers in which to expand one's pedicled extremities, and nothing to do, except to relieve guard with the right foot when the left one is so burnt at the tip as to make one cry out when, touching the floor, it again comes in contact with the hot sole. Just as I had applied my cigar to the flame, my door suddenly and unceremoniously opened, the intruder not having waited for the accustomed "Herrin?" The man who entered stammered out a few words of such appalling import, that in less time than it would take to tell it, I found myself following my guide through snow two feet deep, and still heavily falling, without an umbrella. We hurried on under the arcades of the *Schloss Platz*—that same *Schloss Platz* where—but what of that?—a year had elapsed since then. In a few minutes we were in the *Stephanien Strasse*, and my guide, stopping at the *porte cochere* of a large, handsome looking house, with a balcony, turned round, and, perceiving me at his elbow, entered. We proceeded noiselessly up the staircase. He knocked at a door on the left; a female opened it; they exchanged a few words in a low tone of voice; and at length the woman, holding a small lamp in her hand, stepped from her antechamber, and beckoned me to follow her. We recolonated one another—I knew her face, she remembered mine. She had once before led me to the chamber of sorrow and desolation.

"Ach! Gott! lieber Herr Von—" uttered she, with a sigh, as she ushered me into her apartment. The lamp, covered by a green shade, threw a ghastly light round the room, which enabled me to discover the animate and inanimate objects in it. The furniture was richer than is usual in the handsomest houses in that part of Germany—soft carpets on the floor, and draperies of stiken damask round the windows. In an alcove opposite the stove was a bed hung with dark, heavy, crimson silk. On that bed lay two things—a magnolia flower and a woman. Of the two the flower was the living thing, the woman the one of blossom! I advanced to the bed. She lay there, still and tranquil as a marble statue—so utterly without evidence of vitality, that I should have taken her for a corpse, had it not been for her eyes; they were wide open, and seemed to look at nothing and through everything. A cloud of dark, matted hair fell carelessly and neglectedly about the pillow, and descended in long tresses upon the bed. Her cheeks were sunk into two hollows, the nose sharply pinched, the mouth discolored, and round the temples a sort of livid shade, that looked damp and clammy as the columns of stone in a ruined church. To ascertain whether she still breathed, I placed my hand upon her heart. The touch seemed to strike on some sympathetic nerve, for at the same instant I felt a flutter beneath my hand like that of a caged dove in its last moments of agony, and a deep, hollow, broken voice murmured— "I am not yet dead. I have nearly an hour to live."

Her lips had not spoken, her eyes had not looked; but I knew the voice was hers, for I felt it at her heart. I started back at the frightful import of her words. "You think it very long to suffer," said she, at last directing her eyes to mine, and trying to smile; "but he cannot come sooner. After all," added she, grasping my hand with her emaciated, waxen like fingers—"after all, what is an hour to you, who yet count by days, and who reckon time by the rotary motion of a needle on a round piece of gold? You cannot know what it is—sixty minutes! and in each minute as many seconds—and each second counted by a drop of blood, and a sensation the less; when the brain and the heart form the two globes of the hour-glass, and the sand of life flows from one into the other, and then stops its course forever! When one feels a thought, a sensation, a vital spark of intelligence in the brain, turning, as it were, into matter, dissolving into a drop of blood, and falling down on the heart to stagnate and congeal, till every pulsation be still! I wonder what the last is like! But I must bear it," continued she with a look of painful impatience, "for he cannot be here sooner."

I was astonished beyond measure to observe her entirely free from the symptoms of insanity I had so recently lamented. She apparently read my thoughts, for she suddenly recommenced speaking. "You do not know all," said she. "There was a time—I do not myself remember how long—during which I was insensible to every bodily sensation, except that of cold, which made me shiver, and a sunny summer evening, when I was, if anything, more melancholy still. Except these slight sensations, I was happy, perfectly happy, and waited patiently for his arrival day after day, and month after month; but the charm is broken now. Two days ago I lost those flowers—my keepsake—his bouquet—and instantaneously my dream was over; and," concluded she, "I remember, I know all now."

Her last words were uttered with such difficulty, and so convulsively, that I feared life would scarcely remain beyond the sigh which escaped her at the conclusion of her sentence. I was mistaken; and in a moment she continued, in a lower, weaker tone of voice— "They tell me his wife is now very beautiful. I knew her once, in the world; but then no one spoke of her beauty; and she was too young, too much a child, to have attracted his notice. I never thought at those times that—"

She closed her eyes, and a shudder passed over her limbs. "Do you think she will prevent his coming to-night?" asked the poor sufferer, with all the expression of doubt and horror on her still interesting face. "He surely will come, at all events—he cannot have forgotten all! and, then, he has so many years of happiness before him to ask her forgiveness, and but one second to close in death the eyes of her whose heart is broken, and broken for him! He will come! I know, I feel he will! He cannot let me die without seeing him! To die!" ejaculated she, "and never,

never see him more!—never! never!" And, striking her clasped hands upon her forehead, she gave utterance to one of those heart-rending, horrible exclamations which make one's tongue despair must be best personified in sound.

It would be in vain attempting to describe the agony I felt at witnessing the state to which an unfortunate and too obstinately reticent attendant had reduced the brilliant and inspired being whose wreck lay before my eyes. That proud head, over which but two-and-twenty summers had passed, that I had once seen raised in swan-like dignity and grace, lay low by the stroke of the angel of death, and that noble brow already discolored by the shadow of his wing! But, worst of all, the intellectual part—her mind, her talents, her genius, the immortal part of her—all reduced to nothing!—so to speak—to almost worse than nothing!—and for what? For whom? Alas! still with those thoughts, how beautiful and how genial was the light that a firm faith, undying and divine, from which a cold, unfeeling and too unthinking world in their ignorance and self-righteousness stand aloof, throw around that hour. I saw her again renewed in all the vigor of her youth and the grandeur of her intellect, her love softened to a sisterly regard, watching, guiding, guiding, and even holding "sweet converse" with him whose changefulness had wrought such desolation to the casket which held her soul, and which, in its prison house of clay, was unable to realize that its grief must, even if it be through death, have an end.

In the midst of my reflections I was interrupted by the sound of her voice. "Do you see that magnolia at my feet?" said she. "If you ever felt kindly toward me, listen: When I am dead," she stopped for breath—"when I am dead, tell him to place it in my hair, and to let it go with me to the grave. I know that I am but a strange, wild creature, and that you will chide me; but," continued she, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, "I want to know whether the dead can feel. Oh! if they can, I shall not be alone in the grave; the flower whose soul is born from his touch will do you with me."

At this instant a noise of something like the tramping of horses in the street attracted my attention. The noise ceased. At the same moment she started up in her bed, and extending her arms toward the door, tried to give utterance to what appeared to suffocate her, but in vain. The veins on her brow swelled almost to bursting; her lips became black, and from her throat issued a death-like sound of a horrible rattle. At length, after an effort which seemed to tear assunder the last remaining fibres of her existence, she shrieked out his name—and then in the same unnatural tone of voice—"he is come! he is here!" screamed she. "Oh, quick! quick! make haste! but one moment!" She clasped her hands, and with a last violent effort, "Almighty God! let me—let me—see him—Almighty!" the word unfinished, she fell back heavily on the pillow, and in the last gurgle I caught the words, *The late!*

The door opened, and there entered two beings—a dog and a man. Both stopped a second at the door, and then the dog, with a long, piteous cry of distress, darted forward, sprang on the bed, and crouching down at the feet of the dead, continued whining most bitterly. The man turned and bowed somewhat confusedly to me. All was over; and regret would have been useless. Remembrance was not possible, for there was no consciousness of fault. The murderer and his victim were in that chamber face to face, yet the assassin doimed himself innocent of crime. Blinded he gave the mortal wound, and knew not that death would follow; or rather—like so many others, he had destroyed the being who lived but for him, merely because he was not sufficiently aware of the truth of the remark made by an illustrious female writer, "that Love, which for man is but an episode of his life, for woman is the whole drama." I showed him the magnolia, and told him her wish.

"What a strange idea," said he, calmly. He advanced to the bed, and as he took the flower the dog uttered a low growl, and crouched closer to the corpse. The magnolia flower was placed on her head; and whether it was fancy or a muscular convulsion I know not, but I thought that at the moment she touched her, she quivered.

Poor—! Perhaps her wish was granted! The lamp went out.

GOODNESS.

Goodness is composed of justice, mercy, kindness, honesty, sincerity, conciliatiousness, forbearance, gentleness, generosity—all the virtues and all the graces. Goodness will do no evil to any one—will do good to every one—to all men. Goodness is another name for benevolence, for love—for charity. And righteousness and holiness are synonyms—are the same.

Goodness will do no ill—will not think ill, feel ill, consent to evil or allow it. Not to the evil will it do evil, but exactly the opposite. The best thing Jesus ever said of God was this: "He is kind ever to the unthankful and to the evil." Goodness is far the will, motive, purpose, desire, aspiration—to control, guide, stimulate, inspire—aiming ever to abolish evil, and to fortify and promote the true good. "It is necessary to say its actions are all beautiful and sweet as roses and summer rays. Yet they are sometimes unpopular—as when goodness brings the sword and the flag of truth to pierce and burn up old and rotten institutions of error and superstition.

"What is better than goodness?—more or more sublime than it? God himself is not better. He has nothing higher—more divine—more worthy of reverence. He cannot require me to transcend him—cannot ask me anything better than he has—better than goodness. He does ask me to be just, kind, merciful, gentle and generous, or beneficent. He demands goodness, and asks from this nothing. He does not require a creed, a dogma, a church, a minister, a ceremony, a Sabbath or a book. He requires all my means in disseminating goodness. I cannot bestow a moment of time, a particle of support, a tone of voice, or a farthing of money to support the glory or any of its institutions or machinery. All for goodness—nothing for anything else. And as the church and its institutions use the means and energies that might and ought to go to the promotion and diffusion of goodness, goodness requires me to abolish them—to demand of all men to withdraw all their means, time and strength, from these obstacles in the way of goodness, and bestow them upon goodness, of use them in doing good.

This is the Christianity of Jesus, of God, of wisdom and goodness—this is the only religion, the only requirement, the sole only righteousness; this satisfies God, goodness, and all good men. Goodness requires goodness—would reproduce itself—would fill the universe with goodness, so no room should exist for evil. J. J. Locks.

THE HUMAN HEART.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY SAM. MARSH.

The human heart's a landscape fair, Arranged in verdure, fragrant, green; Where beauties, dear, to be loved, Need but by artists to be seen.

The human heart's a fertile plain, Where flowers of fragrant beauty bloom, To greet the eye of friendship, ere Our all of joy is in the tomb.

The human heart's a vintage brown, Where grapes, in clusters rich and rare, Hang pendant from the drooping vines, And back in friendship's sunlight fair.

The human heart's a placid lake, Reflecting on its surface clear The beauties of the heaven above, As seen by loving mortals here.

The human heart's a painting rare, Where artist-fingers not in vain Have painted this immortal truth: Hearts loving here shall love again.

How many withered landscapes fell, The sad effects of frost's cold might! Ah! human frosts, too, blighting fast, A gloom o'er hearts as dark as night.

Tornadoes, whirlwinds, in their wrath— The burning sun's supplying rays— How oft in sorrow bloom bright days! How oft in sorrow bloom bright days!

Rude, wicked bands a vintage see, And pluck the grapes and tear the vines, And waste heart-grapes, and tendril break Which round the human heart entwine.

The storm in wrath, the cloudy host, How often mar the mirror-lake; Discoloring, or blinding face, The heart's bright mirror soon must break!

Damp days the painting fair will mold, And months will spoil its beauties rare; So will the heart's bright beauties fade By sad neglect and moths of care! St. Joseph, Nov., 1860.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Among the Holy Scriptures of the ancient Gentiles, the Sybilline Books bore that sacred character which our Bible bears to its worshippers. They were consulted on weighty occasions with reference to their prophetic views of coming events; nor do they appear to have been less in this respect than the prophetic Leaves of Jewrydom. How full the amount of clairvoyant vision of Gentile Sybils, or Hebrew Prophets—how much of truth they could foretell, we presume not to decide; but only according to the mediumship was the influx from the spirit world. Our priest-caste have molded their church fables, and the people at large, to the enigmas of the Hebrew Leaves, though they fail to unfold them in harmony with the laws of the great whole. Even the early Christian reformers saw, or deemed they saw, the culmination of all things to be in their own day and generation. Our Material Advers friends still consult the ancient Leaves, and see from thence a present destruction of the world as clearly as apostolic vision saw the same impending destruction before their own generation had passed away. It would thus appear that the ancient, like the modern visions, were sometimes at fault. It is not well to make unto ourselves masters of ancient Hebrew, Sybilline, or Christian Leaves, but simply to examine them with reference to the status of the ages in which they were. To receive them as infallible, is to submerge our own minds in the darkness of the ancient shrouds. We neither deny nor doubt the spiritual manifestations of old time. We only protest against the claims of infallibility ignorantly set up for them, or in the interest of a priest-caste. Laws and conditions were as imperative in the manifestations of the old as of the new. The holy ghost then, as now, could only manifest where there was Mesmeric or Odylic adaptation to receive it, according to that eternal law and order which encircles all things. Hugh Miller was stung and broken to pieces because he could not make the God-stones of Geology conform to the God-stones of the Jewish Oracles. In like manner will all others be shattered who seek to make the ancient records an infallible measure for succeeding ages. There were God-stones on Gentile, equally as holy as those set up on Hebrew ground in the name of Jehovah, and the Sybilline Books," says Livy, "imported, that whenever a foreign enemy shall have carried war into the land of Italy, he may be expelled and conquered, if the Idaeian Mother be brought from Pessinus to Rome. An inquiry of the Lord at Delphi confirmed the Sybilline Oracle. Ambassadors were sent from Rome to obtain the Idaeian Mother or Goddess, and on their coming to the Klug at Pergamus, he received them kindly, conducted them to Pessinus, in Phrygia, delivered to them the sacred grove, which the natives said was the Mother of the Gods, and desired them to convey it to Rome." Why is this not equally satisfactory as the Mother of God at Lomo today, though the Idaeian Mother precedes the present Homian Mother by some two thousand years? Why, too, is not this "sacred grove" as holy as the carved image of Jehovah found by Antiochus in the Temple at Jerusalem? and as holy as those set up in the same name of Jehovah by Moses, by Joshua, by Samuel, and by others as sacred within the religious surroundings of Judea? How much behind, too, is this idolatry to our own bibliography, in bible, prayer books, rituals, and all other pliantic trifles, which belong to the old fossils, and which our retrograde Unitarian priest-caste are seeking to galvanize into life, that their own nakedness may be concealed from vulgar sight—while yet there can only be growth in spiritual vision but as we get rid of the exterior husks or rinds which so darken the rays of all the greater light?

It is instructive to survey the ancient lands, Gentile and Hebrew, without adopting their landmarks as infallible. The records of both, if viewed from a spiritual standpoint, will be found to contain considerable truth. But similar phenomena must have similar interpretations; and the same rule that will measure the Gentile, will measure the Hebrew as well. Niebuhr, in his History of Rome, relates that the city was visited with a pestilence and with monstrous births, and was haunted with spectres; and the escheyaters had no counsel to give. Amid this distress Jupiter appeared in a dream to a countryman, T. Latinus, and commanded him to go before the magistrates and tell them that the pestilence had been displeasing to the God. Fearful of being treated with scorn by the haughty patricians, Latinus did not obey, and was taught, by his son's sudden death, at low dear a price the higher powers, when their anger is kindled, allow any to purchase the fearful honor of being entrusted with their secrets. A second time the God appeared, renewed his command, and threatened him with a personal visitation. Still the timid man could not pluck up courage,

and so lost the use of his limbs by a severe stroke of the palsy. Hereupon he told his story to his kinsmen and friends. They carried him on his bed into the forum, and thence, by the consul's order, followed them into the senate house. Here, as soon as Latinus had announced his message, the senators left him to arise and walked home stout and hale."

Now if this had been recorded in the Hebrew Bible, and in its quaint language, there would be no doubt among Bible worshippers of the sacred truth of the story. It would have been that "it came to pass in these days that the Lord appeared to Latinus in a dream," etc., and that "The Lord smote him with a severe affliction because he obeyed not the word of the Lord, in the day whereof the Lord spoke to him," etc., because obedience is better than the fat of rams. "And it came to pass that when Latinus did hearken unto the word of the Lord, the Lord healed him, for the Lord taketh no pleasure in afflicting the sons of men, but repenteth him of the evil which he thought to do unto them." But is there no truth in these stories, told Hebrewwise and Gentilewise? It does not thus follow; for though it may be impossible to stamp with exactness the ancient records, and to say how much is clearly fable, poetic storytelling, and how much is true history, yet if we can show phenomena of to-day the counterparts of what is related in old time, we can at least receive the oracles as not beyond the range of probable events. The proof is past all denial that we survive the sloughing of the body, and continue a living soul. As such, under fitting conditions, we can commune with spirits yet encased in flesh and blood. With this key we can unlock all of ancient specterdom which manifested in the name of "Jehovah, Jova, or Lord."

Jupiter, or any other God. We talk with spiritual beings now, and we prove them to be those whom we knew before their departure from their tenements of clay. If some of them are rather prone to the assumption of great names, they are probably not yet advanced beyond the vain ambitions of their earthly aspirations, and may sometimes seek to astonish the groundlings in names of "learned length and thundering sound." We find that the Hebrew God changed his name from God Almighty to Jehovah, and Jehovah Elohim; and, according to Hoesen, he would have his name changed from Baal to Iah, for "saith the Lord, thou shalt call me Iah, and shalt call me no more Baal." For the many names of the Hebrew God, see Dunlap's Spirit History, and DeWette's Introduction to the Old Testament, and Mackay.

Swedenborg, while yet in the flesh, claims, in his intrusions, to have met the very souls who deduced themselves the engineers of Moses, and justified themselves in the use of the name, for what we do not now distinctly recollect, but probably for purposes of authority, and to strike with superstitious dread the undeveloped groundlings. Swedenborg himself was not free from this love of authority; and we have among our Spiritualists those who, like Harris and the Pharisees of the old theologies, claim for themselves exclusive communion with some Lord, or St. Paul. So long as they seek great, swelling names of vanity, for their familiar spirits, they will doubtless be accommodated according to their seeking; but when truth and love are prized above all names, they will also find the supply equal to the demand.

"In the Roman Republic," says Niebuhr, "Individuals enjoyed many kinds of public property which yielded nothing to the State. The State showed itself no less moderate in its claims, where it might have demanded the whole, than the Gods. They contented themselves with the refuse of the victim; and the piece of ground at Solinas, which Xenophon dedicated to Diana, was just as much her property, though he reserved the cultivation and enjoyment of it, subject to the payment of a tenth. I hope my meaning will not be mistaken if I observe that the Levites received only the tithes of the produce of the land of Canaan, though it had been consecrated to Jehovah, which they represented, as his property." But it will be recollected that the Jewish Lord was not contented with the refuse of the victim. The sacrificial offerings must be without blemish, and the choicest parts were the Lord's portion, and all well garnished with libations of wine, flour tempered with oil, with other "fixins" to match.

We nowhere fail to find that the religious or Spiritualists of all ages are very much akin in their basic planes. In a collection of philosophical writings of Henry More, D. D., of Christ's College, Cambridge, in England, and published in 1662, the author fully realizes this kindred bearing of all religions. He draws mostly from Heuten writers for his proofs of "the immortality of the Soul," our Bible being left almost wholly in the background, as inadequate in this direction. In his general preface he utters a beautiful truth when he says that "There is a sanctity even of body and complexion, which the sensually minded do not so much as dream of." In his "Antidote against Atheism" may be found almost a complete counterpart of modern Spiritual phenomena as proof of transmigration existence. This very learned Christian Divine holds to the manifestations of souls, spirits, or angels, with all the omnipotency of conviction which colors the pictured page of Livy, or that of the pious Plutarch. Even Mr. Owen would find his spiritual "Footfalls" capably flanked by the squillions set in the field by Dr. More. So, too, would Mr. Cogswell, the Astor Librarian, find there, in the same line of operations, a breastwork for his Ghost not so easily to be jeered away by the New York Sadducees. Indeed, there may be a healthy Odylicism as well as a "ruptured" manifestation of the spirit for every one to profit withal.

When we come to understand mesmeric, magnetic, or Odylic laws, we shall not blunder so much in the name of the Lord and the Devil. Two hundred years ago, Harry, the horse tamer, would have been adjudged to be in league with the Devil. Dr. More related a case of a horse which several farmers failed to cure of an infirmity, but the owner's servants, by charms or spells, cured him. When the owner observed how well his horse had become, he was curious to know of the remedy. The servants informed him. The owner observing the letter S branded upon the buttock of his horse, supposed it stood for Satan, and "chid his servants very roughly, as having done that which was unbecomical and impious." This disturbing influence of the owner, set the horse back again upon his infirm plane. The horse then changed owners, and became as sound as ever. "Serpent charming is then alluded to, and then a spiritual manifestation which occurred to a Mr. Dart of Westminster, who was sensibly struck upon the thigh by an invisible hand," as per Jacob in Bibledom, who wrestled with an angel of God, and when this angel could not throw him, he hamstrung him. Jacob, seeing the ghost, supposed he had seen God, and must therefore necessarily die, as no man can see God and live, according to much of the old Spiritualism. Dart did die within three days, and "after he was dead, there was found upon the place where he was struck, the perfect figure of a man's hand, the four fingers, palm and thumb, black and sunk into the flesh, as if one should clap his hand upon a lump of dough."

Dr. Jerome declares himself to have been flogged black and blue by the devil for reading Cicero, and he clinches the proof that it was no dream by witnessing the discolored flesh in prints as deep as those on Mr. Dart of Westminster, or those on Jacob in old Jewry.

It appears from Dr. More that sometime in England that winds were sold to merchants, and that there was "danger in losing the third knot." This we do not quite understand, but the which being interpreted may mean that a vessel under easy sail of several knots an hour, the devil would sometimes slip in at the third knot, and make the wind blow where he listeth. The Dr. then relates "a true story" which he "heard from an eye witness of these preternatural winds." It appears that "at Cambridge, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there were two witches to be executed, mother and daughter." In other words the mother and daughter were mediums, seers, soothsayers or prophetesses, open to spiritual intercourse from holy or less holy ghosts as Jehovah and others could manifest through Blasts. The old theologies are so full of deivity that the devotees thereof can see but very little else than the devil. "The mother when she was called upon to repeat and forsake the devil, said there was no reason for that, for that he had been faithful to her these threescore years, and thus she died in this obstinacy." The daughter, witnessing the dying struggles of her mother, gave way from a like heroic martyrlogy to the devil—renounced him, was earnest in prayer and penitence, and the conversion appeared complete; yet her household sacrifices to the Jehovah-Molech of Israel, would seem now to have regarded her freshly regenerated state as a "lamb without blemish," and therefore a more acceptable sacrifice to the Lord than if she had been offered as a witch.

It was a custom in old Jewry to hang people before the Lord as otherwise in sacrificial offerings. The institutes ordering these things are taught us as being the Word of God. "Every devoted thing, whether man or beast, is most holy unto the Lord, and none devoted shall be redeemed, but shall surely be put to death," says the Bible. Accordingly, the daughter was swung up by the side of her mother. This, as appears from Dr. More, was too much for even the equality of the devil, and moved him with so much divine disgust that, in the Doctor's language, "there came such a sudden blast of wind (whereas all was calm before) that it drove the mother's body against the ladder so violently that it had like to have overturned it, and shook the gallows with such force that they were fain to hold the posts far from all being hung down to the ground."

No wonder that the Prince of the power of the air should raise the wind over the scene of such infernal piety as was manifest in these dark ways of orthodox devotion. The mother hung for remaining a witch, and refusing to renounce the spirit—the daughter hung when she had become a saint! Such double dealing gravels the devil as much as if he had been put to his trumps on the five points of Calvinism, the Westminster chart of the same, or the architectural trines in the one of the trinity, and so raised the breeze for the more healthy ventilation of the suffocated souls in the bottomless pit of the old theologies.

We do not deny, but believe, that spirits may produce motions in the air. To how great an extent, we know not to decide. The heretical way is supposed to be of the Devil—if according to the oracles of the church, it is of the Lord. But this decides no more than what is Lord to the one is Devil to the other. When the Holy Ghost comes as a "rushing, mighty wind," in apostolic days, the Scribes and Pharisees would charge the raising of such wind to the Devil. Whether such breezes come from holy or less holy spirits, they can only manifest in accordance with the mesmeric or odylic laws of their surroundings. We may know more of these things when we cease to be frightened by our nursery superstitions, or to turn scornfully away in Sadducean darkness and pride. Neither are we to bend truths to dead formulas, but let truth be free, even though it make a wreck of old traditions. What curious devices have been sought to prop the fossil estate of the soul. It has been found as impossible to find the square of the circle as to settle the question of the trinity, and both problems seem ever to have been in the estate of past finding out. Both have been pursued with a great deal of zeal, nor have attempts been wanting to unite the mathematical with the theological Word, including the Mother of God. Some two hundred and fifty years ago, a Spaniard discovered the quadrature of the circle, giving the credit of the discovery to the Virgin Mary. It proved, however, that Mary had made a mistake. A merchant of Rochelle discovered not only the square of the circle, but with it, and depending upon it, a method of converting Jews, Pagans and Mahomedans to Christianity. Another person found in the divine theorem of this same *quadratum eorum rorandum* affair, a correspondence with the vision of Ezekiel, and the Revelation of St. John. An Englishman found out the area of the circle by the number 666, mentioned in the Revelations. A Frenchman discovered "a most obvious connection between the square of the circle, and the doctrines of original sin and the trinity. He offered to bet 300,000 francs that he was right."

Very much so it is with our standard bearers of the Bible. With no enlargement of vision beyond the nursery measure staked out by a priest-caste and subordinate, they would square the circle of all things by making the Bible the mystical magic lantern, which, by a series of dissolving views to eyes nearly closed, and mouth all agape, present a luminous *locus-poenae*, christened the mysteries of Gaidiness, and deemed sacred by interested craft or imbecile mentality—not open to the challenges of common sense or enlightened reason. The circle is thus seen square or round, according to the exigencies of the occasion, and thus the real status of the Bible is obscured and made nothing worth within the focus of a fossilized theological-vision. If we were free to view its heavens and its earth by the same glasses by which we view correspondential Gentiledom, we should not present the oblique or squint-eyed aspect that we do, seeing holy land in Jewry, and profane land in the regions round about. The ancients had not that full scientific vision that saw the adaptability of the mesmeric or spiritual current of fleshed and unfleshed spirits in that order of relationship which made action and reaction in governmental ruling of events, or interposition, without breaking the chain of causation by instituting the miracle-switch—nor have the moderns yet made much rational progression from the ancient planes. Either we have Sadducean savans who deny all, or we have undeveloped, narrow minds, who open their mouths and shut their eyes to all, if stamped upon their biblical lid. These phases of mentality are not in condition to classify that order of phenomena, more or less true in the ancient, and now being examined under better auspices in the modern world. The various phases, related of the ancients as of the moderns, are to be received no further than inconceivable facts and highest reason can adjust them to the ascertained modes of being of the mundane and transmundane worlds. We claim to have knowledge beyond the vision of the Sadducee, and not adjustable to the dark

plane of the frightened superstitious. We rest such knowledge far more upon objective phenomena than upon subjective or intuitional modes, and so not open in that direction to abnormal, imaginative flights—not that we do not like the flappings of aerial wings, but then we choose to be well ballasted before we go up, and to be thoroughly rooted and grounded upon every variety of objective facts. Thousands have attained to the same knowledge within the last decade of years. Such can read the records of old time in the Bible and out, not as infallible truths, but for what they are worth. So far as ancient, questionable, physical phenomena may present themselves to the reader's mind as having the ordinary material causation, there will be no need of seeking farther for the solution. But if something in reality appears a little beyond the ordinary level of cause and effect, and not quite explainable by "square rule, plumb and level," we are not offhand to deny, nor to switch off on a miracle; but, if we will look through fitting medium glasses, we shall find our transmundane fellow beings who have preceded us over the Jordan, at work along the same line of operations.

Niebuhr, who is deemed a rational, and not a romantic historian, like his Heabren brother Livy, speaks of some physical phenomena which occurred over two thousand years ago, and which may have been vastly more significant to those early days than would now appear the raising of tonsils. He says, "The northern lights too, which were seen at this period, were evidently connected with the ferment in the bowels of the earth. In the year [of Rome] 290 and 295 the firmament seemed on fire, broken by flashes of lightning; armies and the tumult of battle were seen in the sky, and sounds were heard, which rarely heighten the terrors of this phenomena, except in the Arctic regions. The keepers of the books of fate were undoubtedly consulted about these appearances, and registered the above mentioned facts in their commentaries, which are expressly cited by Cassiodorus as extant for the year 298, as they were certainly kept in the Capital they may very well have been preserved. It is no doubt from the same authentic source that we draw our information of another phenomenon, which is said to have occurred in the year 295; and therefore, however incredible it may sound, it ought not to be rejected as an idle tale. There fell, we are told, a shower of flakes like flesh, which the birds devoured; what remained on the ground did not rot. Perhaps nothing of the kind has been remarked since physical phenomena have been generally and carefully observed; and yet, how short is the time during which such observations as did not seem intelligible and rational, according to the system of the day, have been faithfully registered! But even if no such appearance had never occurred again, would this warrant us in denying the truth of a statement attested by contemporary authority? No more than we have any ground for scoffing at the Mosiac law, because no such thing is now known, or even conceivable, as a leprosy affecting clothes and walls; also we can only compare that horrible disease in its present state, with what it once was, as we do Vesuvius with the volcanoes that of yore filled whole regions of the earth."

Now this is fair play, allowing space for the Heabren goose to be saved for the Heabren gander. Many English writers having of late been revived by the greater German light, have also become sound upon the goose. We are not to scoff at the "funeral baked meats" of the Heabren, any more than at the similar bill of fare offered by Moses in the name of the Lord. The leprosy put upon Miriam for her asserting her equal right to propound the ways of the Lord, is to be taken for what it is worth. If rejected, be it so—if admitted, it must find its classification in that order of phenomena alike abounding upon Heabren and upon Heabren ground, whether as charms, spells, blindings, etc., in all their varied modes of mesmeric or Odylic conditions, as manifest from the ponderable and imponderable worlds. There is darkness, there are lurid flames, there is ascent to holier surroundings, embracing the recipient to the measure of his unfolding. The waters of Jealousy with imprecations ensuing, "the thigh to rot and the belly to swell," as instituted in the oracles of Moses, were not a whit higher in the scale than the waters of contemporary Calderon-pots, however much the Heabren diviners might view the comers-outers and rival sects as sorcerers, witches and wizards, as our ritual choruses of today retort similar hard names upon those who show heretical gifts from the Lord as potent as any of orthodox stamp, in orthodox nomenclature, infidelity means being faithful to the fullest revelations of the Most High from the universal scale of being, and to be in good church standing consists in narrowing your vision to the scope of old Jewry mediumship three thousand years ago. This spiritless orthodox molds us to an exterior God as much fossilized and petrified as the God-stones, Terraphim, Urim, Thaumim, Ophurim, Elohim, Jewrywise set up in the name of Jehovah, Jah, or Lord!

It is related of Plotinus, a miracle-worker, that "he had among his fellow students under Ammonius, a certain Olympius of Alexandria, who was his rival and his enemy. The hostility of Olympius was exerted in various ways to hurt Plotinus by thourgy, but a spirit of superior power was his familiar; and the arts of Olympius were thus made to recoil so effectually upon himself, that his body became contracted like a purse, and retained that decrepitude of form until he ceased contending with a man who so greatly surpassed him in occult science."

Let us recollect that Moses learnt his "occult science" or way of the Lord in Egypt—"was learned in all their wisdom, the highest of which was supposed to hold those intimate relations to the Impalpable world whereof the Magi or wise men, or Magicians, or Soothsayers, were the interpreters. Let us not forget the infinite variety of manifestation of the spirit of mesmerism in, and mesmerism out of the flesh, and anciently supposed to have been flanked by Sun, Moon, and Stars in astrological relations. Let us suppose that Moses had a familiar, spirit or Lord, as potent as the one who with Plotinus proved an overmatch for Olympius, and we shall see how Miriam's familiar Lord had to succumb to the stronger battery of him who put a leprosy upon her and frightened Aaron to an almost similar grade of penance. Let us see, too, if we can get Moses out of the scrape of miraculously opening the earth, and letting Korah, Dathan, and Abiram down alive into hell, with others who sought to know the Lord contrary to Moses. Niebuhr supposes the earth to have been more verdant in those days, thus following the deductions of modern science by cooling the crust of the earth and gripping the belly of hell, so that we are not able to witness in our days the physical scenes of "all hell broken loose," unless our adventurists should prove able to reverse the natural order of the world, and let it slide promiscuously with Satan sailing in as chief navigator of chaos and old light. After the earth had "opened and swallowed all that appertained unto Korah, there came a fire from the Lord and consumed two hundred and fifty." Then the wrath of the Lord went out in a plague, and smote fourteen thousand seven hundred, after all had been swallowed up that appertained unto Korah.

This is equivalent to Mother Goose's commentaries set forth in appropriate parables.

"There were three logs a sitting week, All on a summer's day; The ice was thin, They all fell in, The first all ran away."

And also equivalent to being "shipwrecked, and murdered, and sold as a slave"—equivalent also to the hard choice of the two roads in the negro story-gymnasium's sermon, the one "led down to damnation," the other "strait up to perdition."

Lyric relates in Roman History that "fires from heaven, breaking out in various places, had, as was said, burnt with a slight blast the clothes of many persons."

We are rather inclined to think that Statius, in his Thebaid, draws upon his imagination for the fact of the earth opening and taking down alive into hell the Prophet Amphiaraus, when Earth

—discloses with her hollow womb; (Night scared the stars, she stars the nether globe.) The prophet and his cohorts, who they strive To pass the yawning chasm, in vain strive; Her did he seek the realm, But with them plunged to the Tartarus strand; And as he fell, he gazed backward on the light, And grieved to see the firmament's doom white, Till now a lighter tremor closed again. The ground, and darkened Pluto's wide domain. Soon as the prophet reached the dreary coast Of Styx, the mansion of voluptuous ghosts, Explored the secrets of the world below, And pierced the regions of eternal woe; His earth-terrors, and the gloomy shades, Fill Pluto's wide domain with alarms. The shades with horror gaze upon his car, His weapons' gleams that glistened in the war, And his new body; for the æther car came Black from the urn, nor seemed with the flame; But with the sweat of Mars was covered o'er, And his hooked target gleamed with dæmon gore. Nor had Krises yet with impious hand O'er his child's members waved her flaming brand, O'er Prometheus, admitting his abode, Instructed his name upon the misty rood, Nor to the task the ether's hands sufficed; The work as yet unfinished he surprised; Then, nor till then, he cut the fatal thread, And freed the Sæer, irregularly dead. The Menes of Elysium gazed around, Their pleasure, and their pitying arms, And those who stationed in the gulf beneath, And air less pure, and less cooling winds breathe. Then grove the lakes that perished with sulphur glow, And sluggish waters, scarcely seem to flow. While Charon, wont to show the loaded stern, Mourns his lost fate, a melancholy theme; And grieves that shades should quit the Stygian shore, By chains in Earth, and means unknown before."

It is not recorded how it fared with Korah, Dathan and Abiram, when forwarded by express to the world below; but on the present occasion, Pluto was much displeased at the abrupt intrusion of Amphiaraus in, thus taking the earthquake route to the nether world, and counseled retaliation by an excursion to the world of flesh and blood; but was at length pacified by a full statement of the case—all which may be found in the "Thebaid of Statius," which is representative of the ancient beliefs, as are the Phœnix of Lucretius, the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, &c. In the mean time do not let us forget to accord as fairly to the Heavens as to the Hebrew and Christian; to cease upon truth wherever found as no respecter of persons. Even the orthodox North British Review can say that "the extinction of Heathen learning so early as the sixth century wrapped all Christendom in gloom for a thousand years. The ideals which kindled the young enthusiasm of Europe in the fifteenth century, and re-awakened the long slumbering literary spirit, were those of Greece and Rome. It was from the old fountain of Pagan culture, dilapidated from long neglect, and overgrown with weeds of centuries, that the stream of genius burst forth afresh." So then it was not the Bible but Pagan Greece and Rome that put us in the way of civilization.

But none of these can save us—nor Greece, nor Rome, nor old Jewry; but only as we emerge from the dovetail surroundings of the darker past can we come into the greater light of the living day, and be free. Not the fragmental oracles of old time, but what speaks the universal heavens and the earth to us by every mode of unfolding, whether by ministering angels to our affectional needs, or by the ponderous masses of scientific upheavals. "In vain," says this same Review, "shall we look for life among the mere earthly memorials of a forgotten activity. If there is any lesson more impressive than another, it is that there can be no life without free development. It is not possible to adhere to the past as the sum of all truth; we cannot put now wine into old bottles; and while the world lasts we shall have with every new age the new wine of intellect and feeling, pouring afresh its living streams into all channels of religious and literary forms, and moulding into more harmonious literary forms the problems of the world's thought. That we are at the commencement of such a new era at the present time, can scarcely be doubted. One thing is sure, that we are at the termination of an old and perishing one—that there are spreading all around us the symptoms of decay and extinction. God forbid that we should speak in the language of exaggeration, and not feel deeply sorrowful that the old landmarks of our father's faith should no longer receive the reverence of their children's children; yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact before us. We cannot say peace, peace, when there is no peace." This is a very fair admission from the organ of Scotch Presbyterianism. Thus are bursting into new life the closely riveted defenders of old infallibility. Thus do they give up the ghost of the past, because the old biblical stories will no longer suffice to be told to "sons and grandsons," as Moses commanded in his day. Thus, too, do we cover our centre by putting reluctant auxiliaries in the fore front of the hottest battle, nor neglecting to maintain due extension of right and left wings. We shall put Martin Luther in position as an out-dinker, and also to protect our rear from the moss-troopers, who still delight to do battle around the camp-ground of Judæan boys or morasses. To these old fillibusters in the name of the Lord, Luther replies through his captains of tens and captains of fifties, whom he deposes to dislodge the old troops from their fastnesses in language as follows:

"If they say, 'Moses has commanded it,' do you let Moses go, and say, 'I ask not what Moses has commanded.' But, say they, 'Moses has commanded that we should believe in God; that we should not take his name in vain; that we should honor our father and mother, &c. Must we not keep these commandments?' Answer them thus: 'Nature has given these commandments. I keep the commandments which Moses has given, not because he enjoined them, but because Nature implanted them in me.' But if any one say, 'It is all God's Word, answer him thus: 'God's Word here, God's Word there, I must know and observe to whom this Word is spoken. I must know, not only that it is God's word, but whether it is spoken to me or to another.'"

We think we may rely on Martin to protect our rear, while we take "a hasty plate of soup," and then we shall proceed in our labors to keep up the continuous supply of goodly forage from "fresh fields and pastures new."

G. B. P.

Written for the Banner of Light. A NEW VISION.

BY HELEN MARIAN WALTON.

See great Mother Nature, throwing Soft her mantle o'er the earth, Lifting crops of Spring-time sowing, Blending daisies into blight! While she strews the noontide sunny Long the shadows, deep and wide, As the laynet quaint and funny, Queens it in the summer skies. Sitting by the hillside napping, Shall I tell you what I saw, As the crow wings black were flapping, O'er the cornfield green and young? Sung I of a distant country, Filled with people good and strong, Where no man had the effrontery 'Er to do his neighbor wrong:

Where the politician greedy Never shows his hungry face; Where no office-seeker needy, Scores upon the ballot trace; Where no bachelor, life testing, In a vain conceited frolic, Thinking that a woman's jesting Is an ignis fatuus cool; Where a married man with money Does not kiss a southern maid, As he twines her smooth hair away, Undone the chestnut shade; Where all things, all people lowly, In life's anthem have a part; Where their own glad pulses slowly Throb within great Nature's heart. And the vision o'er me abiding, Of a time of changing tide, Whose new yoke yore, upspring, Swallowed up the wrong, the old; When the new, the fresh, inspiring, Covers both the land and sea, When the world glad, good, uniting, Lives the life of destiny. When the nations, mad no longer, Drink not the oppressor's wine; In the future's lap grow stronger, Good and holy, wise, sublime; Then shall we who sit and ponder, Know the mysteries of fate, Cease to seek and cease to wonder, Sitting by God's golden gate. Till the centuries, the ages, Dark Time's flying angel groups: Turning o'er the misty page, Of the book with gold clasps, Reads unto the nations fearful; Calling o'er life's purple sea, Till his voice, grand, loud and fearful, Booms along eternity.

GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

By Our Junior.

ROMANCE THREE.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.—FIRST PAPER.

The Lakes of Killarney have been so lauded, so painted and engraved, that in beginning a description of them and their surrounding scenery we do so with no great confidence in the result of our labors. To convey to the fancy a lively representation of substantial, visible forms, is commonly regarded rather as the province of the artist, who speaks to the eye, than of the mere verbal describer. Yet while we readily admit the probable superiority of the pencil, still so limited are its powers that by it the same object can only be represented in one moment of its existence, and generally under but one point of view. Herein lies the advantage of description; it ranges in a wider field; commands the various changes which time in its silent lapse draws along with it; exhibits things in all the different lights and positions in which they can be viewed; discovers new beauties in effects, from venturing to deal with or unravel their causes; traces under the mouldering ruin, stately temples, domes and palaces, the monuments of races long forgotten; takes in an extent of scenery which the eye, unassisted, can only acquire by time and perseverance, and which, in the ordinary spaces, the pencil cannot portray; and, finally, description may throw over every memorable spot a veil of mystery, attractive and gratifying, by allusions and details drawn from the stores of history and fable.

Every day seems to bring more distinctly before us the scenery of Killarney. We saw it with no sort of prejudice; we made our notes joyfully as we went along; we allowed the sweet and bitter to make no unhappy contrasts while feasting our souls. Killarney, in its beauty, in its cheering or its solemn aspects, in its sunshine or its shadow, like a thing of beauty, will be to us "a joy forever."

"Ah, that such beauty, varying in the light Of living nature, cannot be portrayed By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill, But in the privacy of dim alone Who hath beheld it, soiled it with care, And in his mind recorded it with lore."

We are not alone in our allusion to the sweet and the bitter thoughts which may arise in the companionship of Irish scenery; an eloquent French writer, in alluding to the physical contrasts which Killarney presents, writes as follows: "On approaching the Lakes of Killarney, and halting near the Abbey of Mourne, we look upon two scenes essentially different. On one side, uncultivated fields, sterile bogs, monotonous plains, where feeble rushes and consumptive pines gloomily vegetate, wide stretches of death, interested here and there by low rocks—this unvarying aspect, destitute of all beauty in its wildness, proclaims only the poverty of nature. It is impossible to imagine a more barren and desolate tract. But on the other side, a totally different prospect bursts on the view. At the foot of a chain of mountains, of graceful, varied outline, separated from each other by a succession of charming lakes, are spread rich and fertile plains, green and smiling meadows, forests gay with ferns and verdant undergrowth; here, cool shades, secret grottoes, mysterious caverns—their wide vistas; bold summits, an unbounded horizon—the margin of the silver streams covered with luxuriant shrubs—everywhere abundance, richness and grace—everywhere the extraordinary accident of nature, at once most beautiful and fruitful. Thus, at one and the same time, two aspects present themselves to the eye, which are absolutely opposed—here the perfection of abundance, there the extremity of barrenness."

The physical contrasts of M. Gustave de Beaumont are here somewhat overcharged; but there is a contrast that forces itself upon our minds, between the exquisite loveliness of a portion of God's noblest works that we trace here, mixing up the people mournfully in all the remembrances of the scenery. It is not excepted that the great question of the condition of Ireland can be comprehended in a rapid tour through a limited part of its country; but who has seen some of the mere afflicted districts, cannot but take a greater interest than before in the great mass of evidence, constantly arising, as to the extent, cause, and possible remedy of Ireland's great social disease. But Ireland now is not what it was not long ago. Much has been done for her amelioration. A new spirit of energy has been infused into her, and already the presence of industry has told not only in

this beautiful region, but in many localities where her regeneration was more needed.

The journey from Dublin to Killarney is accomplished in a little more than eight hours. You reach Malloy by the Great Southern and Western Railway in six hours—about one hundred and fifty miles—and thence by the new route to Killarney in two hours. The line is not entirely destitute of objects of interest, although seen from a railway carriage, one gets no very precise idea of what is to be seen. Away we roll out into a fine country, tolerably well cultivated, as is most of the land about Dublin, but at this side of the city presenting no remarkable objects. The tall heights of Wicklow linger long in our view, with no intervening hills to break the monotony of the level. Through the Curragh of Killdare, and then we gaze on the ruined cathedral and the mysterious Round Tower standing near. There we catch a glimpse of a mansion on a hill slope, with smiling fields and fair plantations, and a hamlet at its feet, which we might fancy the abode of peace, had it greeted our eye we had been able to boast of some knowledge of what Irish hamlets are. Away in the distance we catch a sight of the famous Rock of Dunamase, on whose top repose the ruins of the Castle of Strongbow, the proud English Earl, who won the fortress, not by the strength of his arm, but by marriage with the daughter of MacMurrough, King of Leinster. Saxon and Norman in two centuries became one race; but notwithstanding all the marriages and intermarriages which took place during or after the time of the early conquest, between Celt and Saxon, for centuries, existed the most bitter hatred. Wars of religion succeeded wars of conquest, and the cannon of Cromwell, planted at the base of Dunamase, battered into ruins the Castle of Strongbow. Here we pass large tracts of peat moss, but far in the distance the view is varied by the pleasing outline of the Devil's Bit Mountains. This is a bleak, barren locality. All the towers that cluster along the line are most dilapidated, but will doubtless sooner or later revive and be awakened by the inevitable course of agricultural improvement, which is now apparent throughout the country.

We reach the Limerick station—Limerick, where are more exquisitely handsome women than in the same space of country elsewhere in the world. Twenty miles further takes you to Kilmallock, the stronghold of the great Desmonds. Ten miles more, and we reach Buttrane, the land in which dwelt Edmund Spenser, where

"Multa mihi, whose wares I whilom taught to weep," still rolls on its way, and where are still to be seen, telling of fierce war and slaughter, the blackened ruins of the Castle of Killoolman—speaking little affinity to the immortal "Faery Queen." Now we have the scenery growing more attractive until rolling through the Blackwater valley we rest at Malloy. From this point we next reach Millstreet, a town on either side of which rise many beautiful villas and fine mansions, giving it an air of superior civilization and culture. From this point the scenery commences indeed. Away in front are seen the Clara and Caherbaragh Mountains, high over which tower the conical summits of "the Paps," and in the far distance are just visible, emerging from the clouds, the corrugated ridges of the Reeks. Then we come upon the exquisitely picturesque scenery of the Ploek River. Maugerton lifts his head on the left—then the Tore Mountain, wooded to its very base, and Ploek Castle—and thus we reach the terminus at Killarney.

There are four hotels at Killarney—we say four, alluding to the hotels. A few others, such as the Tore View, the Castle Lough, and the Mauckree, take rank certainly as hotels, but without any acknowledgment of connection with the definite article. They are the Kenmare Arms and the Liberties, situated in town, and the Victoria and Herbert Arms a little distance out of it. The latter are decidedly the preferable ones—the Victoria especially, which is beautifully situated at the northern extremity of the Lower Lake; and we can testify to the attention of the hostesses. The charges at the Victoria are very moderate considering to what an extent the simple item of charging goes in Great Britain, as also that the Lakes are a place of great resort. A bill of charges in our possession reads as follows—Bed, two shillings; breakfast, two shillings; dinner, three shillings; luncheon, one shilling six pence—being less than two dollars and a quarter per day. With regard to wines, cigars, etc., your bill may be increased at pleasure.

A gray evening—long after sunset in the constant twilight of June can be dimly traced the outlines of the mountains. The fairy forest clouds glide slowly beneath their beads, and seem to stoop over and anon and kiss the rippling waters of the Lakes. Far up the arching sky, the moon,

"Madonna of the night's repose," climbs with slow, sad steps—her silvery beams gleaming far beneath the quiet bosom of the Lake. The mountains look wonderfully near, the lakes minutely swell the islands like floating bodies; but morning will give distance to the view, breadth to the lakes, and grandeur to the whole. There is one resolve the traveler who desires to witness the beauties of this region, should make and firmly adhere to—rise early. One look at the vales and mountains that surround the lakes makes the necessity quite apparent. "Nature loves not sluggards," is a very old saying—but it may become at such a time as this a very demonstrable fact. Turn drowsily upon your pillow if you will after daylight, and you will not see the sun lighting up the heights of the far away Reeks, or the gloomy recesses of the Purple Mountains and the Toomeks, nor the dark clouds tinged with the early day, flinging their momentary shadows over the hills and on the glistening water. To make the most pleasing acquaintance with Killarney, adopt for a time the rather early proclivities of Sol.

Our first sleep in Killarney was at the Victoria. The sun had scarcely lifted his head into view above the mountains, ere, following his recommended example, we roused our own from the pillow. Fresh and vigorous, as if the air that swept down from the mountains bore a new vitality, which was already transfused through and invigorating our frame. To open our shutters and look out upon the broad, beautiful coming day, was our first act. In what enchanting repose lay the lake—the sun lighting all along its western shore, and the shadows of Reeks and Innisfallen falling far across its waters. Very nearly a half a mile from the Victoria is a hill on which are to be seen the remains of the church of Aghadore. It is a very accessible eminence, and affords a very fine view of the lake. Then we dressed, every now and then casting our eyes upon the view, which seemed, with all its miniature scenery, to grow upon our vision, becoming more and more appreciable. Beautiful, grand and magnificent, is the region of Killarney; no spot do we know to equal this, where

"In the distance heaven is blue above, Mountains whose steep the unweaned tread."

On the opposite shore of the lower lake rise gigantic hills, sloping to the water's edge, covered with thick wood; with "cloud-capped" heads above these rise Toomeks and Glens, and over and beyond these the glowing Purple Mountains, and the mighty Reeks; the lake studded with green islands, every variety of soil, every combination of color. Suppose us to have breakfasted, and then let us away to derive into the very heart of this mysteriously beautiful realm. We soon found a boat, and while bargaining for it and its crew, fortunately met with Captain — and family, consisting of himself, wife, and two daughters. They were kindly invited to make one of his party, which we did, so that, save the crew—four boys, with jolly Irish faces, that looked as if it wouldn't take two good jokes to lighten them up, and the "bugle" being musician and helmsman—we made an American party. These fellows, with bright faces, had hard times not many years ago. Happily times are changed, and Killarney boatmen have a plenty to do. Gerald Griffin, years ago, described them thus: "Them boatmen aren't allowed to drink anything while they're upon the lake, except the water; but then to make up for that, they all meet at night at a hall in town, where they stay dancing and drinking all night, till they spend whatever the quality gives 'em in the day. Loko Kennedy (that's this boy) would like to save, if he could; but the rest would pull an oar with him if he didn't do as they do. So that's the way of it. And sometimes after being up all night a'most, you'll see 'em out again at the first light of the mornin'." At our helm sat what is termed about the lakes a "bugle"—a son of a famous sire—who was our musician and steersman. He unobtrusively informed us that we were going to see; and when we saw it had no superlative remarks to bestow upon the *genius loci*—an excellent man from the beginning to the end of our four days. Our crew were silent and reserved; but we knew it only depended upon the very limited period of our acquaintance, for although we were comparatively free from a repetition of the indignities experienced at Glendalough, and what Gerald Griffin terms "the teasing of the guides and lies of the boatmen," still a short association works mischievous effects on their tongues.

It is said, we think by Coleridge, that "expectation is far higher than surprise," and whose expectation has not been raised at the name of Innisfallen (island of beauty)? We pulled through a heavy swell from the west, which afforded us some faint notion of the dangers of the lower lake, and soon neared the famous islet. There it rested, one mass of green—deep, brilliant green—floating like a gigantic emerald on the bosom of the dark water. As we approached nearer to it, we begin to trace the exquisite forms of its woods, and all the wondrous variety of its foliage drooping closely to the water. Brightly shone the sun as we landed, lighting up with its magic presence the deep green depth of the foliage—and then down from the mountains crept a thin mist, and Innisfallen is in her fearful mood. A ramble, in spite of mist or shower, with a canopy over us made by the elm and the ash, we tread the dewy greenward, or peep out from some little bay, brilliant with the holly and the arbutus, far over the lake. The beautiful island is of triangular shape, and its sides, from miniature promontory to promontory, are hollowed into exquisite bays. The verdure is perpetual and exceedingly rich. Near the east promontory are the ruins of an abbey, and what our crew termed a banqueting house. The abbey seems a very paltry building, and was very probably a place of occasional retreat to the good monks of Mourne, rather than the seat of a distinct brotherhood. To us such retreats, and we venture on the opinion with no dissent, seem no less agreeable to the Hermit than might have been Caprin. In days of old, to the Roman Emperors. We are satisfied to leave the curious to determine, whether such retreats are chosen by the supposed anchorite from the reason that the extremes of vice, or the rigors of virtue equally decline observation; or that affected sanctity, or avowed sensuality, though looking different ways, aim at the same great object, or that a suspension or perversion of the human powers produce similar effects. Certainly here might Virgil find the realities of some of his beautiful descriptions—

"Spelunca, vivique locus; hic spicula Tempe, Merguque bosom."

No spot in Ireland is more engrossing than this; for years it has engaged both the attention of poet and painter. Who, at the mention of Innisfallen, does not call to mind one of the most beautiful of Tom Moore's Irish melodies?

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well! Thy calm and sunbeams long be thine; How fair thou art! let others tell, To feel how fair thou art! long be mine. Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell In memory's dream, that sunny smile Which o'er our line on that evening fell, When first I saw the fairy vale."

We cannot refrain from giving an extract from the pen of H. D. Ingalls, the renowned tourist and eloquent writer, speaking of Innisfallen:—

"One of the most beautiful islands on any lake, or in memory's dream, that sunny smile Which o'er our line on that evening fell, When first I saw the fairy vale."

banks, as if glad to escape from noise and light, and murmur away into silence and mystery. Here, too, the boatman may revel in the search for plants which belong only to Ireland. "Droca's Fern," says Mr. Newman, "is peculiar to Killarney, and especially beautiful and luxuriant near O'Sullivan's Cascade, and the admiration of every boatman." To the unscientific eye the prodigality of growth exhibited by these ferns, dark, purple stems, contrasting with the brightest green of the cragged leaves, is sufficiently striking; and very, very often we glanced about, curiously touched with a matter of superstitious, but no

"Droca and sylvan boys are seen, Peeping from forth their alleys green."

Let us be seated in O'Sullivan's grotto, a retreat fantastically overhung with shrubs—linger on this tasteless bench awhile—and luxuriate in the voice of gurgling stream and headlong flood. While seated thus, a wan, emaciated little girl, who had evidently watched our arrival, came upon us, offering us a wild asparagus—her only gleanings from the woods—her only traffic for a penny. Poor child! all mirth had vanished from her face; in the mountain level where she crouches, there has been a squallid want. She is tasting the bitterness of life very early. And we are pleasure seeking! Surrendering ourselves to all sweet thoughts and influences! The noonday of the heart is banishing all thought of trouble! But now we remember that child—her face haunts us here in mighty London, and in the bright scene that memory fondly revives it makes us sad. Heaven grant our charity, which willingness would have made boundless—which the limit of our purse made small—has now a simple prayer for us from her untailed lips. But ere long such cases as this will be remarked exceptions; these heirs of misfortune will see brighter days—they shall escape from pinching want, and surround the stranger, as was long ago their wont, with smiling faces, unbecomingly naked feet, such a group as delights an artist, joyous, graceful, in the simple labors of happy poverty.

Out on the lake again we run up under the shadow of Glens and looked back lingeringly upon the Island of Beauty—sweet Innisfallen! We again catch a glimpse of the little ruined oratory which gave us shelter from the mist and shower—a relic of the abbey which, according to the "Annals of Innisfallen" existed twelve centuries ago.

The material works of the monks have perished, but their higher labors tell of ancient learning and its isolated civilization. None of the population speak of the humble laborers in the arts of peace who dwell here for ages, and whose records, combined with those of their country, come down to the fourteenth century. But the memories of the barbarous chieftains who once ruled over these lakes and mountains, in devastating power, linger still in mælo and legend. The annals of Innisfallen take us far back to a time when existed those things which, came they to us other than by antiquarian research, would be regarded as the fanciful superstitions of a race, handed down from generation to generation until they became objects of wonder and belief.

Says the Monasticon Hibernicum—"Anno 1180; this abbey of Innisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in hands of the clergy; notwithstanding we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue. Many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the MacCarthys. But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

"1107, December 19th, died Ghla Patrick O'Hulhair, in the seventy-ninth year of his age; he was Archbishop of Faldin, superior of this convent, and founder of many religious houses, to all of which he presented books, vestments, and all other necessary furniture. He was a celebrated poet, and was in the highest estimation for his chaste life, piety, wisdom and universal charity."

We now begin to hear unceasingly of the O'Donoghues, whose legends are somewhat associated with every island in the lake. At some distant period he was Lord of Ross—brave, wise, beautiful and generous. He was unfortunate, of course, as all good people are, so one island is O'Donoghue's prison; a mighty leader of chivalry, so another is O'Donoghue's horse; learned, which has procured for a dark rock, which has nothing about it to warrant its name, the honor of being O'Donoghue's library; jovial and hospitable, so a cave is his cellar.

This enchanting lake therefore, we see, though it can boast of no magic halo such as the poetry of Sir Walter Scott has thrown around Loch Katrine, is not without its legendary interest. The legends of the great O'Donoghue, the tales of the MacCarthys, and a world of other matter in the hands of another border minstrel, would supply materials for poetry such as few other countries can boast. The following legend was repeated to us among many others. We choose it from its very general credence in the country, and its, to us, extreme beauty:

"Yonder ruin," said our helmsman, pointing to some ivy-clad walls in sight on Ross Island, and dropping his voice to that solemnity which befitting his oft-repeated tale, "was once the castle of the O'Donoghue. It is now mouldering in decay; but the fame of his deeds still live in the memories of the people. On the first of May of every year, before the first rays of the sun have begun to scatter the night fogs from the bosom of the lake, O'Donoghue himself comes riding over it, on a beautiful snow-white horse, to look after his household business, while fairies hover before and strew his path with flowers. As he approaches, everything resumes its former state of magnificence, and his castle, his library, his prison and his pigeon house, which you see surrounding us"—and here he points out to us, with an air of mysterious awe, various rocks and crags, in whose fantastic variety of forms the people imagine they can trace these apparitions to his domestic life—"are restored to a perfect state. Whoever has courage to follow him over the lake, can cross the deepest parts dry-shod, and may ride with him into the opposite mountains, where his treasures are concealed, and from which he may expect a liberal present; and before the sun rises, O'Donoghue again crosses the water, and vanishes amid the ruins of his castle, while sounds of unceasing sweetness glide along the waters, and become thunder as they climb the surrounding hills." Is this not poetic in the extreme? His virtues, also, are described with all the rich coloring which is so peculiar to Irish enthusiasm. He is represented a commander of danger, a sworn foe to oppression, a passionate admirer of whatever is great or honorable—as the father of his country, his court as the seat of joy. He is distinguished from another of his line—who bears the title of "O'Donoghue of the Glens," and who was "bloody and tyrannous"—as the O'Donoghue. He is said to have been seen at various other times; and often when the peasant is returning to his cottage, by the moon's pale light, are his eyes beset by the figure of the good old King, amidst a train of his attendants, his silvery

locks floating in the breeze, and his person invested with a robe of dignity.

Such are some of the faithfully treasured traditions of the founder of Ross Castle, among the people of this once ruined locality. We are now directly over a castle which, it is said, has far fallen down in the lake; and here sometimes the water is seen to bubble, as if with escaping air, and all the locality is odorous with the smell of burning incense. But we weary our reader, and encroach upon philosophy—philosophy which has discovered that the appearance of the O'Donoghue is an optical illusion, and thus satisfactorily accounted for what is formerly deemed not so much the credulity of the people as their desire to palm off their stories for gain. In it, then, wonderful, with such legends still existing among a people, where no class is entirely above their influence, that there should be a wide-spread desire to raise up a national epic, out of Celtic romances and Irish literature? The antiquaries of every country are full of instruction, and those of Ireland peculiarly so. Many of them—tall of past ages of feudal barbarism; but they are also associated with the songs of the bard and the learning of the priest.

England, though she wears not the iron hood with which not long ago she trod the soil of Erin, scoffs at her men of ability and learning, who, in translating the old popular songs of their native isle, cherishing her stirring music, and researching into her annals, become inspired with grand ideas of a true nationality which might be founded upon the memories of Erin's glory previous to the English conquest. Any lamentation over the decay of the Irish language is looked upon as a weakness arising from a false enthusiasm. We admire the Irishman who stigmatises that policy which insists upon the entire abandonment of his native tongue for another, as a selfish policy, because it is a laudable national feeling—although we must at the same time admit that, out of the wrong perpetrated against the liberty of Ireland by the stronger arm of England, has grown a sovereign necessity for such a policy.

Englishmen have a Shakespeare; yet they dwell with antiquarian delight upon the past. Sweet to them are the legends of Arthur—stirring, the victories of Athelstan—they are proud of the learning of Bede, and boast of the verses of Caedmon. The Saxon war-song of the battle of Brunanburgh quickens the blood of the old and gives a ruddier glow to the cheek of youth. Irishmen have a Swift, a Berkeley, a Burke, a Goldsmith, an Edgeworth, and a Moore; but shall they, too, not thrill with the remembered glories of the days gone by—when freedom was theirs—even though the splendor of the Mac Murroughs and the O'Neals was barbaric splendor, and amid the clash of arms brightest shone the glories of the hill of Tara?

"Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithful sons betrayed her."

Have we missed and theorized sufficiently? Perhaps so! We digressed from our description as passing under the shade of Glens. The mist and the shower are gone. We have seen the hills in their misty sublimity, and now their heights are glittering in the sunlight, towering far toward the blue sky in their unrivaled verdure. We are also enough to the base of the mountain to see distinctly the character of that mass of woodland which stretches far up to its gray summit. We now enter the Bay of Glens—one of those magnificent scenes which captivate every eye, and which, did Killarney possess no other charm, would of itself amply compensate for the toil of traversing the rugged country which environs the lake.

"He who has never sailed along the shores of Glens by the light of the moon, nor ever listened to the dying cadence of the echoes during the stillness of the night, may justly be pronounced a stranger to the fascinating charms of Killarney." So wrote Weld, the precise and eloquent descriptive writer. On the banks of this bay, Lady Kenmare has built a sweet little cottage—most charmingly situated. Not far distant from it, one has been erected for the accommodation of strangers, and where we had an opportunity of testing the excellence of Killarney salmon, the favor of which, it is said, is much improved by being roasted with skewers made from the arbutus, the advantages of which, however, we beg to think, are rather imaginary than real.

Charming Glens! Glens, signifying "glen of good fortune"—and fortunate shall we feel ourselves if once again during our life we may linger on thy quiet realm, and loiter on thy shady walks. How proudly looks Mt. Glens, clothed with the richest emerald green, down on thy enchanting valley! Here were produced some very remarkable echoes. We had the advantage of having in our boat a fine bugleman, and also a cannon of large calibre, and very frequently did we awake the echoes—and echoes in greater perfection we never heard. There is certainly something bordering on the sublime in the oft-repeated echoes of the mountains, even though awake by the sonorous bug.

But we must be away. Tore Lake—known also as Mourne Lake—must be seen, and that, too, before the sun sinks behind the Purple mountain. From the Bay of Glens there is a narrow inlet into Tore Lake, between Dinah Island and Mourne peninsula. On entering this inlet, the scene that comes so quickly and unexpectedly upon the view, is of extraordinary beauty. In 1826, Sir Walter Scott, in company with Miss Edgeworth, visited the lakes. Mrs. Hall, in alluding to the circumstance, writes as follows: "Spillane, who was in the boat, told us that Sir Walter Scott appeared ill, scarcely made a remark the whole day, and expressed his admiration only once, when the boat was close to Dinah Island, where the waters of the three lakes meet—then he exclaimed, 'Ah, this is beautiful!'" The passage round Dinah Island into Tore Lake is something so peculiar in its beauty, that we are at loss how to convey any idea of its characteristic. Some of the creeks of the Connecticut, above Claremont, N. H., and some of the narrower passages of the main stream, are extremely beautiful, from the peculiar blending of the colors with the edges and water-lilies, losing all formality. Such instances are rare on the larger of our own rivers, but the smaller ones afford many attractive views of this sort of thick growth. But here the common river trees were not to be recognized from their exceeding verdure. Huge masses of rocks form narrow eddies, where the boat can barely glide, and then shelter off into sheltered, smooth basins for the lilies. Think of a close river, whose banks are completely fringed by the noble flowering fern, a fern exquisite in its grace and gigantic in its proportions. "You who linger beside the babbling stream, where nothing nips the eye, as companion to that enchanting sound which running water always yields, but formal rushes, come and look at the immense ferns of Dinah overreaching the little river with their graceful heads, giving shelter to legions of water fowl, who seem to be fearless under their emerald canopies, and you will tolerate the prim, stiff rush, as an object of beauty, no more. Scott had no word of praise for these lakes and mountains—he was thinking of Loch Lomond and Loch Awe—but when he exclaimed, 'Ah, this is beautiful!'" We are in Tore Lake—slowly the sun is setting, as if to rest on the heights of the Purple mountain, which al-

accelerate our being such? How conflicting, and even painful do the contradictory statements of Mr. Harris appear to the timid and doubtful soul which, amid all its discouragements and trials incident to the earth-life, is struggling for better conditions...

True, you have his sanction if your lot is cast in his small neighborhood, and your feet will follow in the path his organization and life-conditions point out as the way for him.

Our Father, in infinite wisdom, has created mankind as dependent beings, not only upon himself, but more or less upon each other, and as we would be happy ourselves, we endeavor to do good as far as possible to all those by whom we are surrounded...

Mediums Wanted in California. O. H. CONRAD, PLACERVILLE, CALIF. We need a few physical test mediums in this State to give Spiritualism a start; then a few lecturers like Mrs. Spence...

"THE UNVEILING; OR WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM" The author of this book, Dr. P. B. Randolph, is one of the most extraordinary men in the ranks of Spiritualism.

I would not speak unkindly of this poetically inspired brother. He no doubt is working to good purpose in one department of this vast field of human progress...

But I know that these opposing words are necessary; they are but the effects of the beautiful thing we love and cherish.

Dr. Randolph, I know, has medium powers of rare susceptibility. And this great susceptibility to unseen influences that act upon him, causes his external being to be driven hither and thither by the conflicting opinions of the masses...

Woulder if our minister has called on his family yet? Don't think he ought to call every body! Like to see ministers of the gospel keep within their own parish.

Now, Messrs. Editors, this idea of a man's belonging to the wrong church, we mean if he ranks any pretensions to piety and virtue, and makes any practice of them, is a kind of religious persecution with which we have not the slightest sympathy.

The straight jacket, too, which churches sometimes compel their ministers to wear, and which they are too often willing to put on, would not fit our consciences well.

Christians should leave such things to politicians and statesmen. The straight jacket, too, which churches sometimes compel their ministers to wear, and which they are too often willing to put on, would not fit our consciences well.

This numbering the people, and quarreling for converts—this trying to see who will preach loudest, and stamp hardest, is too scarce a religion to suit our nation.

"Our church" is a great Chinese wall, which, in too many instances, shuts in the better feelings of the soul from all the rest of mankind, and shuts out the better feelings of all mankind from the church.

A Few Thoughts from Miss G. Allen. From the great front above issues all love, truth and wisdom; and those who would gather in from it rich treasures, must look upward with a childlike simplicity and trusting heart, knowing that God alone can bestow what the soul needs and asks.

The greater part of men live by faith in powerful men. A small number of individuals lead the whole human race.

MOVEMENTS OF LEUTHEIM.

Parties notified under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours.

Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. ANNA M. STANLEY will lecture in Providence, R. I., on Wednesdays, August 1, 4, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20, 23, 26, 29, 31, and 34, at 7 o'clock, P. M., at the following places: Providence, R. I., at the following places: Providence, R. I., at the following places...

Mrs. L. E. DEWOLFE will lecture at Putnam, Conn., August 6th and 12th; at Orono, N. Y., 10th and 16th; at Cleveland, Ohio, 20th; at Toledo, Ohio, 24th; at Lyons, Mich., 28th and 30th; at Grand Rapids, Mich., 31st; at Detroit, Mich., 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.

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Written for the Banner of Light. TO DONALD.

I have been reading, Enola, A poem of beauty rare; And I pictured in my mind a girl Who smiled through her dark flowing hair, Such a beautiful smile, as Eden Would lend to the archangel's face, Before the first womanly weakness Drought despair to our poor human race!

That sweet little poem, Enola, Told me of a winsome elf, Who spins fancies and delicate dreams As thoughtless and gay as myself— A wild little fun-loving maiden, With whom love is three quarters of life, Whose presence would drive from one's bosom Every impulse of discord and strife.

Perhaps I was dreaming, Enola, Of one I should not give thought to— But God should take up into Heaven, Those who ne'er do what they ought not to. There could be a recipe given, And it should be nothing else than a Hint, that they who don't wish to be loved Should never write rhymes for the BANNER.

Well I pardon my trifling, Enola, Nor nurse your lips with disdains The "professors work" I've been doing Shall not be repeated again. Live on, in your cot in old Essex, Mid the dear ones who love and protect! May your life bring over with gladness, And your heart's humblest hope ne'er be wrecked.

Boston, 21st July, 1850.

DR. C. CLINTON BEERS, Electrician and Psychometric Physician, (Formerly of the Bethesda Institute).

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