

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

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, how she smiles!"

"Laurel!"—Sylvia called.

"I had arrived in the middle of a fine October night at V—, and was, the next morning, just about disposing myself for coffee and comfort, on my sofa, in dressing gown and slippers, when the clatter of harness, the sound of loud voices, and the cracking of whips, mixed with the frequent repetition of 'Dum-dum-ek!' and 'Jesus Maria,' repelled me from my proposed tranquillity, and sent me to my window to learn the cause of the disturbance. Opposite to my apartment was a large, handsomely built house, with its blinds closed and its gates opened. Round the latter were assembled a group of equestrians, consisting of three ladies and even or eight gentlemen, whose warlike profession was apparent from their uniforms. The party was apparently waiting for some addition to its numbers, when, from under the arch of the porte cochée, advanced two grooms, in handsome liveries, leading by the bridle a beautiful cream-colored Arabian horse. He bore a side saddle on his back, and in the corners of the saddle cloth, instead of a cypher or a crest, were embroidered, in gold and green, two roses-buds. It was an animal of all appearance formed to bear the gentle burden of a lady's weight, but the tightness with which the curb-chain was drawn plainly showed that the fire of the desert blood was not extinct in its offspring. In another second the ladies were nodding their heads, the gentlemen lifting their hats, and some of them springing from their steeds, to hasten toward a young and interesting dame, who, from her dress, seemed destined to mount the handsome Arabian.

A long habit of dark green cloth, whose rich folds were gracefully gathered up in her left hand, showed to the greatest advantage the outlines of a remarkably symmetrical and dignified figure. Rather on one side of her head she wore a green and gold embroidered cap, somewhat resembling that of an Hungarian Ulan, whilst on the other fell down a profusion of rich, heavily waving dark hair. Her falling collar was open, and disclosed a throat as white and as round as the throats of the daughters of Osiris, when she compares them to the 'marble pillars in the halls of Pigeon.' A tiny mother-of-pearl bangle, which, mounted in gold, which she held in her right hand, completed her handsome, though somewhat singular costume. Warm greetings were exchanged; some of the cavaliers offered their services to assist her in mounting; but she smilingly shook her head, and proceeded alone toward her horse. One little gloved hand was on the bridle rein, the other on the pommel, and in a second she was in the saddle. Hardly had the spirited animal felt the weight of his rider, than he threw back his beautiful head, his nostrils expanded, his mane curled, he neighed the bit, he pawed the ground, and a long, loud neigh welcomed his courageous mistress. Some of the other horses started, the gentlemen smiled, the ladies trembled, the keys were jingled to help, when one, who had advanced too near, was very quietly laid flat on the pavement by the force of the Arabian's kick, and, seeming to glory in the confusion his voice had made, reared on his hind legs, and stood nearly upright, lashing his tail, erecting his mane, tossing his head, and neighing with all his might. The alarm was now general for the safety of the rider, who, very coolly laying her hand on the courier's arched neck, 'Quiet, Galadriel,' said she; 'still, sir, still, this moment—down!'

The creature became tranquil as a lamb, order was restored, and the party moved onward. All I heard further was a long, loud laugh, which came ringing through the morning air; and all I saw was the head of the young Amazon, thrown back, her dark hair streaming in the wind, and a set of brilliant white teeth.

"Dum-dum-ek!" exclaimed a stony faced, crooked-legged, black-garbed Austrian peasant, who had seen the whole, and who now opened his unmeaning mouth and eyes, and twisted his huge red moustaches up to his very cheek bones.

"The door opened. I left the window. A waiter entered.

"Who was that lady who rides so well?" asked I.

"That is Mademoiselle —," replied the man.

"Is that her house?" said I, on hearing the name of the most celebrated prima donna of the day.

"Yes, sir," answered he, "she is making millions. But that is only her name since she came on the stage. Her real name is —"

"My God!" exclaimed I, starting at hearing the well known name, "can it be possible?"

The man left the room, and I remained with my reflections. I had not seen her since her early childhood, but I was sure she would remember my name, though most likely not me. My resolution was taken. I stayed at home, watched the return of the riders, and, as the clocks were striking two, seized my hat and cane, and prevented myself at her door.

The room into which I was ushered was large, and furnished in splendor. Preparations were evidently in progress for a banquet; and passing no doubt for an invited guest, I was introduced into an apartment already numerously tenanted by persons who to me were all perfect strangers. I had scarcely more than time to reflect upon the awkwardness of my position as an intruder, however involuntary, when the sound of a female voice struck my ear, exclaiming—

"Where is he? where is he? I must see him directly!"

I turned round, and through a rustling curtain of thick orange-colored silk at the further end of the room, burst a female figure, holding my card in her hand. She paused for a second where she stood, and then with one bound she was at my side, and seizing both my hands,

"Is it really you?" exclaimed she. "Oh, a thousand—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, courtiers and statesmen—she 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 kindled 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 unaltered."

"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-trunked tower; its branches you may cut, its stem you may fall with an axe, but its root you will not wrench from its bed; or if you do it will be by piece-meal, and dragging with it, 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 inmost fibres 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—earliest, 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 attend Bullini's heroine to-morrow evening, 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 tonight 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 last, full over her head, and as she sprang into the carriage, she again held out her hand to me, saying, "To-morrow—don't 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 heavy 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, and soft, downy hair, what time can we not gaze?"

I looked long and earnestly at her. I saw that a bright had fallen on the young plant. Her cheek, brow and lips were bloodless, and the smile had fled from her mouth 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 *Regis* 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 does not shudder to see this noxious, 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, some feeling as the heavy sluggishness of the sultry atmosphere falls on the senses of the Bodouin 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 oceans 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 music 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 seconds 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 countenance, 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 Mamaluke, down to the most modern hair triggers. Riding 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 fluting-trinkets were ranged around a beautifully inlaid 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 short-haired breed.

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

"By the main stakes! Maelchen!"

"Yes," said she; "but Thekla 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 two—four—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* did not press so heavily 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 nine years 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,

"To-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 music-box and grim visage of the Grand Duke. The boxes were filled with the most beautiful and the most fashionable of V—'s Circello-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 impatience to know 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. 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 lustrous, half enhancing her mysterious beauty. The glances of her large dark eyes flashed from beneath her falling glossy hair, as the fire at midnight darts and lightens 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 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 unguessed 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 set 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 all could judge her! He who could have said *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 knew her, and knew 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 balled 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, or she loved 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 idol was defamed, disgraced, destroyed, the worship became infamous, she was polluted, and she despised 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 its 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 clasping 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—noiseless, 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 blushes 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 breathless 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 feverily 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 perjured, and—such was woman!—still adored *Pollione*, at her feet, bumbled, awestruck 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—*Adalgisa*—she had cured when she thought him another's—*Adalgisa*, whose children she would have murdered to wreak vengeance on him for his treachery—he for whose happiness she had been prepared to die—he would soon be 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 scarcely knew which she most loved, her 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, in the frustration of his scheme, 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 Irretrievable, 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, longing 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 tigress 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 fondness.

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 eye quivered, fixedly, coldly, firmly, not hers; no eyelash quivered, the savage was awed by the aspect of a human being who looked death in the face without turning pale. *Norma* dripped 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 exaltation parted her lips at finding it unobdurate. He was worthy of life, and she determined to save him. Left alone with him, the struggle became violent, once more between *Norma*'s indomitable 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. He, fearing for *Adalgisa*, would have snatched the fatal weapon; *Norma* felt that nothing but pride could save her, and, alarmed lest she should fail 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 *Dulcy*, with one word, which *Pollione* in vain sought to check, sunk herself to the level of those beings 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 duet 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 her throat.

"Quiet our vocalists! Quiet our vocalists!"

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 *Expedit* 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 lustreously burned in the vase of life, was suddenly extinguished; the oil which had fed it was dried up, and nought but the waste remained; alas, how soon to be broken and dashed down on its parent earth forever! The afflicted 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 that made the people shiver as they stood, the last words of the duet:—

"It is terrible—crucial!"

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 room 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 deed—what need I say?"
—Dante—*The Divine Comedy*.

It was one night in the very middle of January, between ten and eleven o'clock; the winds were howling furiously without. I was sitting in my small and extremely comfortable apartment in the *Englischen Hof*, my feet resting on the polished brass dinner, half filled with claret, 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 best *Danzan* brand; beside them glistened a glass of *Baratarian* brand, clear, sparkling, and bright as liquid amber. I was occupied in picturing to myself the delights of 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, *Baratarian* 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 stamped 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 arcade 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 noisily 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 *entrechambre*, and beckoned me to follow her. We recollected 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 silken 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 old 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 everything. A cloud of dark, matted hair fell carelessly and neglected 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 moth 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 that dreary hour to mine, and trying to smile; "but be 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 it 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 repressed attachment 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, laid 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 nothing than nothing!—and for what? for whom? Alas! still with these 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-reliance 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, guarding, and even holding "sweet converse" with him whose changeableness had wrought such desolation to the angel 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," said she, "I will 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 decay 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 asunder 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 God!" the word unfinished, she fell back heavily on the pillow, and in the last gurgle I caught the words, *Too 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. Remorse 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 deemed himself innocent of crime. Blindedfold 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.

Madame de Staël.

GOODNESS.

Goodness is composed of justice, mercy, kindness, honesty, sincerity, conciliation, 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—the same thing.

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 even to the unthankful and to the evil." Goodness is for the will, motives, purposes, desires, aspirations—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 rains. Yet they are sometimes unpopular—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—above 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 require me to be just, kind, good, God-like. He does ask me to be just, kind, merciful, gentle and generous, and 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 I am and all I have of goodness—all my energies and all my means in disseminating goodness. I cannot bestow a moment of time, a particle of energy, 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 up 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 me 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 is the 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 is a landscape fair,
Arranged in verdure, fragrant, green;
Where beauties, dear to be loved,
Need but by artists to be seen.

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

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

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

Tornadoes, whirlwinds, in their wrath—
The lightning's unrelenting rays—
How oft change blooming lands to waste—
How oft in sorrow clothe bright days!

Rude, wicked hands a vintage tear,
And pluck the grapes and tread the vine,
And waste heart-grapes, and tendril break
Which round the human heart entwined.

The storm in wrath, the clamy host,
How often mar the mirror-lake:
Discordant words, or bliseful face,
The heart's bright mirror soon must break!

Damp days the painting fair will mold,
And moths will spoil its beauties rare:
So will the heart's bright beauties fade
By sad neglect and moths of care!

St. Joseph, Mo., 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 Materialist 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 out 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 Measmerio or Odylic adaptation to receive it, according to that eternal law and order which oversees all things. Hugh Miller was stranded 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 Italian Mother be brought from Peninus to Rome. An inquiry of the Lord at Delphi confirmed the Sybilline Oracle. Ambassadors were sent from Rome to obtain the Italian Mother or Goddess, and on their coming to the Klug at Pergamus, he received them kindly, conducted them to Peninus, in Phrygia, delivered to them the sacred oracles, and 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 Rome to-day, though the Italian Mother precedes the present Italian Mother by some two thousand years? Why, too, is not this "sacred stone" 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 bibles, prayer books, rituals, and all other phylacteric trinkets 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 exiles of Judah 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 proditor 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. Hieronim 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 sickness left him; he arose 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 sore 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 affliction 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 false, poetic story telling, and how much is true history, yet if we can show phenomena of to-day the counterpart of what is related in old time, we can at least receive the outlines 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 encoated in flesh and blood. With this key we can unlock all of ancient specterdom which manifested in the name of "Jehovah, Jaro, 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 tenement 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 many 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's name, and according to Hosea, he would have his name changed from Baal to Ishi, for "saith the Lord, thou shalt call me Ishi, 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 intimations, to have met the very souls who declared themselves the engineers of Maesta, 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 Phantases 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 doubtlessly 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 Solinus, 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 tithe 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 recalled 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, food tempered with oil, with other "fixings" to match.

We nowhere fail to find that the religious or Spiritualists of all ages are very much akin in their basic plans. 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 Hebraic 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 Spiritualism as proof of transmigration exists. This very learned Christian Divine holds to the manifestations of souls, spirits, or angels, with all the competency 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. Coggswell, the Astor Librarian, find there, in the same line of operations, a breastwork for his Ghost net so easily to be jerked 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 relates 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. 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 unbecomingly 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 needs 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 clasp his hand upon a lump of dough."

St. Jerome declares himself to have been dogged 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 three 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 this 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 Blaham. The old theologies are so full of devilry that the devils thereof can see but very little else than the devil. "The mother when she was called upon to repent and forsake the devil, said there was no reason for that, for that he had been faithful to her these three score years, and thus she died in this obstinacy." The daughter, witnessing the dying struggles of her mother, gave way from a like heroic martyrdom 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 plicity 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 three 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 canons 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 week of old opinions. What various 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 *quadrature* some *quadrant* 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 subsidiaries, 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 Gailfines, 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 correspondent 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 incontestable 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 supernaturalist. We rest such knowledge far more upon objective phenomena than upon subjective or intuition modes, and so not open in that direction to abnormal, imaginative flights—not that we do not like the flappings of weird wings, but then we close to be well balanced 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 further 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 Heathen 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 raining of toads. 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; since we can only compare that horrible disease in its present state, with what it once was, as we do Ye. suvius with the volcanoes that of yore filled whole regions of the earth."

Now this is fair play, allowing space for the Heathen goose to be saved for the Hebrew 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 Heathen, 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 Heathen and upon Hebrew ground, whether as charms, spells, blindings, etc., in all their varied robes of mesmeric or Odylic conditions, as manifest from the ponderable and imponderable worlds. There is darkness, there are lurid flames, there is ascension to higher surroundings, embracing the recipient to the measure of his unfolding. The waters of Jeal ousy 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 Caldon-pots, however much the Hebrew diviners might revile the comers-outers and rival sects as sorcerers, witches and wizards, as our rural choruses of to-day 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 mediocrity three thousand years ago. This spiritless orthodoxy molds us to an exterior God as much fossilized and petrified as the God-stones, Tarraphim, Urim, Thumim, Ophurim, Eblim, 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 thought, 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 imponderable 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 memoriam 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 evermatch 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 pleneity.

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 violently in those days, thus following the deductions of modern sciences 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 broke 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 night. 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 parlousness.

"There were three boys a-sailing one day,
The first was a sailor,
The second was a sailor,
The third was a sailor."

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 storyman's sermon, the one "led down to damnation," the other "strait up to perdition." "In that case," exclaimed a member of the congregation, "dis oblige out for the woods." So doubtless with the Hebrew children, they cut for the wilderness or dead sea to escape any further wrath from the Lord.

Livy 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

—"floods with her hollow womb;
(Night) feared the stars, the stars the ether glow;
The prophet and his cohorts, while they strive
To pass the yawning chasm, lie buried alive;
Nor did he quit the realm, nor did he quit the land,
But with them plunged in the Tartarus strand;
And as he fell, he gazed back on the light,
And grieved to see the light would soon be hid;
Till now a lighter tremor closed again,
The ground, and darkness hid the world's domain.
Soon as the prophet reached the dreary coast
Of Styx, the monster of the underworld,
Explored the secrets of the world below,
And placed the regions of eternal woe;
His earth trembled, and his ether shone,
Pill Pill's who dwell with dominion above,
The shades with horror gaze upon his car,
His weapons, steady, glided in the war;
And his new body, for he never came
Back from the urn, nor resumed with the flame;
But with the sweat of Mars was covered o'er,
And his back target gleamed with dory gear.
Nor had Kiney yet with impious hand
O'er his child's remains waved her flaming brand,
Or Phrygians, admiring him, a shout,
Inscribed his name upon the misty coast,
Nor to the task the stars' hands sufficed,
The work was yet unfinished and surprised;
Then, nor till then, they cut the fatal thread,
And freed the Bæar, irregularly dead,
The Mænes of Elysium gazed around,
Their phantoms, and the shades of the dead,
And those who staid in the gulf beneath,
And air less pure, and less cold, and less breath,
Then from the lakes that poured with sulphur glow,
And sluggish waters, scarcely seem to flow.
While Charon, wont to show the fabled stream,
Mourns his lost fate, a melancholy theme;
And grieves that shades should guard the Stygian shore,
By chasms 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, Plato 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 Phædria 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 Hebrews and Christians; to revere upon truth wherever found as no respecter of persons. Even the orthodox North British Review can say that "the extinction of Heavens 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, disfigured 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 dreary surroundings of the darker past can we come into the greater light of the living day, and be free. Not the fragmentary 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 activity, and moulding into more harmonious 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 relict 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 outstanker, and also to protect our rear from the most treacherous, who still delight to do battle around the camp-ground of Judean 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 plot of soup," and then we shall proceed in our labors to keep up the continuous supply of godly forage from "fresh fields and pastures new." O. B. P.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A NEW VISION.

BY HELEN MARION WALTON.

See great Mother Nature, throwing
Soft her mantle o'er the earth,
Lifting crops of spring-time sowing,
Blingling daisies into birth!

While still wait the moonlit sunny
Long the shadows, deep and wise,
As the busy folk and funny,
Queens it in the summer skies.

Sitting by the hillside napping,
Shall I tell you what I song,
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
E'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,
Is a vain conceited fool,
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 twice her smooth hair sunny,
Underneath 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 cycle pure, uplifting,
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 and true;

Then shall we who sit and ponder,
Know the mystery of fate,
Cease to ask and cease to wonder,
Sitting by God's golden gate.

Till the centuries, the ages,
Dark Time's flying angel grasps;
Turning o'er the dusty pages
Of the book with golden clasps,

Reads unto the nations fearful:
Sailing o'er life's purple sea,
Till his voice, grand, loud and fearful,
Booms along eternity.

GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

By Our Junior.

SOMEWHERE THERE.

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 is 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 as poets, 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 elegant skill,
But in the poetry of what we see,
Who hath been in it, need 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 Muckross, 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 heath, intersected 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 the landscape creation and the debased condition 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 expected that the great question of the condition of Ireland can be comprehended in a rapid tour through a limited part of its country; but he who has seen some of the more 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 Mallow 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 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 Kildare, 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 foot, which we might fancy the abode of peace, had it greeted our eye ere 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 Stronbow, 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 Stronbow. Here we pass large tracts of peat moss, but far in the distance the view is varied by the pleasing outlines of the Devil's Bit Mountains. This is a bleak, barren locality. All the towns 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 Desmond. Ten miles more, and we reach Buttermilk, the land in which dwelt Edmund Spenser, where

"Multa mæne, whose waves I whither taught to weep,"
still rolls on its way, and where are still to be seen, tolling of fierce war and slaughter, the blackened ruins of the Castle of Kilmallock—speaking little of the immortal "Faery Queen." Now we have the scenery growing more attractive until rolling through the Blackwater valley we rest at Mallow. From this point we next reach Millemore, 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 Pisk River. Maugerton lifts his head on the left—then the Torc Mountain, wooded to its very base, and Pisk 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 Torc View, the Castle Lough, and the Blackrock, take rank certainly as hotels, but without any acknowledgment of connection with the delicate 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 of 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; lunch, 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 formed clouds glide slowly beneath their heads, and seem to stop over and anon and kiss the rippling waters of the Lakes. Far up the arching sky, the moon,

"Madonnas of the night's repose,"
climbs with slow, sad steps—her silver beams
glancing far beneath the quiet bosom of the Lake. The mountains look wonderfully near, the lakes minutely swell the islands like floating boulders, 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—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 Toomies, 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 raised 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 Aghadee. It is a very accessible eminence, and affords a very fine view of the lake. Then we dressed, every now and then fastening 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 unsunned suns,
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 Toomies and Glens, and over and beyond these the glowing Purple Mountains, and the mighty

Reeks; the lake, streaked with green islands, every variety of outline, every combination of color. Suppose us to have breakfasted, and then let us on away to delve 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. We 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, kind hard times not many years ago. Happily times are changed, and Killarney bounties have a plenty to do. Gerald Griffin, years ago, described them thus: "Then boatmen aren't allowed to drink anything while they're upon the lake, except at the stations; but then to make up for that, they all meet at night at a hall in town, where they stay dancing and drinking till all night, till they spend whatever the quality gives 'em in the day. Luke Kennedy (that's this boy) would like to save, if he could; but the rest wouldn't 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 '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 superfluous 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 indolence experienced at Glendalough, and what Gerald Griffin terms "the teasing of the guides and lies of the boatmen," still a short association works miscellaneous 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 rests, one mass of green—deep, brilliant green—floating like a gigantic emerald on the bosom of the dark water.

As we approach 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 show 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 tearful 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 Muckross, rather than the seat of a distinct brotherhood. To us such retreats, and we venture on the opinion with no disrespect, seem no less agreeable to the Hermit than might have been Capra. 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—

"The little olive fundus,
Speluncæ, vivique locus; hic fœdita Tompe,
Mugilicque locus."

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, here three wells
May call and summon long be thine;
How fair thou art, let others tell,
To tell how fair thou art long be mine.
Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream the sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy veil."

"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 of the lakes, as I might perhaps say, on any lake, is Innisfallen. Never saw I such a treeless area here—never such magnificent boulders. A walk round this little paradise well repays one. Although the island contains scarcely twenty acres it affords a wonderful variety of scenery: little emerald lawns—forest glades in miniature—sprawling amphitheatres—groves, bowers, and thickets of evergreens and flowering shrubs—and magnificent single trees, worthy of a primordial forest."

But we are leaving Innisfallen, and our little bark is dashing off across the lake toward the landing by O'Sullivan's Cascade. O'Sullivan, and more especially O'Donoghue, will soon be familiar sounds in our ears—only let our boatmen become talkative—and their height of enjoyment is to find a listening stranger. We land at a little cove, and soon find ourselves in a thick covert trailing upon a carpet of soft moss, and we near the base of a gentle hill. Gradually the path gets like "the road to Paradise," exceedingly hard to progression; soon the path of waters fall on the ear—a foaming rivulet courses rapidly along beneath through the undergrowth—here we stand before the solitary fall. This fall derives its name from O'Sullivan, the ancient Lord of the county—it is one of the most beautiful cascades possible to conceive, hurling itself in wild force over the rocks, and dashing from a height of upward of eighty feet over the broken cliffs in three distinct stages, each following the other in quick succession; viewed from a rock a little below the fall, in the centre of the stream, and seen all in the same line, the fall assumes the appearance of having but one leap—while a side view gives the first effect described—so the reader will imagine, the water is reduced to foam long before it reaches the boiling basin below, and its brilliancy and whiteness are much augmented by the contrasts of the deep gloom of the air-pending oaks overhanging either side of the cascade. Could this cascade be removed to a locality less varied by the bold works of nature, it would excite the most general admiration, but to us its extent seemed slightly disproportionate to the other parts of the scenery. We would like a glimpse of Niagara making its magnificent leap down such a gorge as this—the music of its fall would shake the shattered columns of the Giant's Causeway.

But O'Sullivan is a charming fall—severe in its beauty—unspeckled by art, and especially solemn as we saw it in the mist of the hills; below the leap the torrent rushes on, hiding itself between green

banks, as if glad to escape from noise and light, and murmure away into silence and mystery.

Here, too, the boatman may revel in the search for plants which belong only to Ireland. "Drosera's Fern," says Mr. Newman, "is peculiar to Killarney, and especially beautiful and luxuriant near O'Sullivan's Cascade, and the admiration of every botanist." To the unscientific eye the prodigality of growth exhibited by these feathery ferns, dark, purple stems, contrasting with the brightest green of the crisped leaves, is sufficiently striking; and very often we glanced about, curiously touched with a smattering of superstition, but no

"Satyr 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—finger on this rustic bench awhile—and luxuriate in the voice of gurgling stream and headlong flood.

While seated thus, a wretched little girl, who had evidently watched our arrival, came upon us, offering us a wild nosegay—her only offering 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 aqualid 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 and Heaven grant our charity, which willingness would have made boundless—the limit of our purse made small—has been a simple prayer for us from her untainted lips. But are 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, unheeded of 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 music 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—"Anne 1180; this abbey of Innisfallen being overestimated 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 Macduin, 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."

"1197, December 19th, died Ghilla Patrick O'Hallair, in the seventy-ninth year of his age; he was Archbishop of Fethlin, 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 befit the 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 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 unearthly 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 condescender 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 blessed by the figure of the good old King, amidst a train of his attendants, his silvery

locks floating in the breeze, and his person lustrated 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 retired locality. We are now directly over a castle which, it is said, has far 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. Is it, then, wonderful, with such legends still existing among a people, where no class is entirely devoid of their influence, that there should be a widespread desire to raise up a nationality again, out of Celtic remains and Irish literature? The antiquities of every country are full of instruction, and those of Ireland peculiarly so. Many of them tell of passages 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 now the iron heel 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 great 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 attributes 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—singing, the victories of Athelstan—they are proud of the learning of Bedmer, and boast of the verses of Chedmon. The Saxon war-song of the battle of Brunanburh glows in 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,
Her children's souls she never sold;
Her harp and her blue robes she never parted,
Her heart she never parted."

Have we mused 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 unvaried 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 Kennmare 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 flavor 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 Mr. Glens, clothed with the richest evergreen, down 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 bugle.

But we must be away. Torc Lake—known also as Muckross Lake—must be seen, and that, too, before the sun sinks behind the Purple Mountains. From the Bay of Glens there is a narrow inlet into Torc Lake, between Dinis Island and Muckross 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

ready it has begun to tip with gold. We are in profound silence; the sweet voices and merry laughs of our fair companions are still—scarcely a ripple is visible upon the dusky water, and a crackle of wind fans our cheek. We gaze in silence on the noble mountain from which the lake takes its name. We are each busy watching the most exquisite combination of color arising from the union of rock and foliage, and from the infinite variety of fern, lichen, and mosses that overspread the banks—all visible in that mysteriously varying light and shade which ever attends the going down of the sun and the approach of twilight. Suddenly the mellow notes of our boatman's bugle gladden us after a silence which was growing oppressive. Over the lake floats the tender air of "Eileen a Ronn"—the exquisite gem of Irish music five centuries ago—plunged into "Robin Adair" in Scotland—naturalized in France by Bédouille. A slight echo ever and anon returns some emphatic note, while some of the strains slowly played are musically repeated far up the steep slopes of Dundug. With a courtesy peculiarly natural, one of our boatmen, at a request for an Irish air, made by a musical voice, accompanied by an irresistible persuasion, such as jet black eyes can only create, sang a song; it was a pastoral song; but oh, to our ears, so exquisitely mild and melancholy! Is there not a mystery in that race, of whose diffusive gifts, each individual going to make is his a share? How enchanting their songs! How soothing their melancholy! How stirring their mirth! Many of their popular melodies appear chiefly to have been produced in the last century; of these, Mr. Walsh, a writer of choice taste, has translated many.

Many of their favorite images seem to be based upon the scenery of these regions. "The enamored poet will lead his love over the green topped hills of the South or West, will show her ships and sails through the vistas of the forest, as they seek their retreat by the shore of the broad lake. They shall dine on the venison of the hills, the trout of the lakes, and the honey of the hollow oak. Their couch shall be the purple blossomed heath, the soft moss of the rock, or the green rushes strewn with creamy agrimony, and the early call of the henth cock shall also break their slumber of love." We coast around the banks, which the traveler should never fail to do, if he enter it, as at the first glance it is not so attractive as either of the other lakes. We disembark to see Tork Waterfall, which lies a little to the south-east. We catch a glimpse of it on landing—a pencil of light; we hear the murmur of its roar. Ascending a winding path, it is not until you stand beneath the fall that its magnificent beauty bursts upon the sight. One quarter of an hour more and it will be sunset. Let us hasten.

A way shoots our boat, flying from the bending oars. We listen to other songs and other bugle notes. We steer into and out of O'Donoghue's Cave—the wino-cellar—a place well met to "take a cup of kindness" with new made friends. The sun has dropped far behind Mangorion—the shadow of night is over the lakes, and the mist is silently creeping along the dusky sides of the mountains.

"A lamp or candle, sue?"

"A lamp, of course, ha," ejaculated Capt. —.

It was brought.

"Anything else, sue?"

"No! Squire, will you try a real Havana—rare in this part of the world?"

[RECORD PAPER NEXT WEEK.]

DOWN BY A BROOK.

BY JOHN R. ADAMS.

Down by a brook, whose soft, musical flow
Caroled sweet songs of the Long Ago.
Sat a maiden fair through the summer day,
Counting the names of the passed away.
Talking of each in an cheerful strain,
As though they stood at her side again.
From within the shadow of nodding trees
Arose from her lips such words as these:

"There was one who lived to a good old age,
A sturdy actor on this life's stage.
Like a full wheat sheaf on an autumn day,
He bow'd him lowly and passed away.
And the guide and light—she with him was one—
Soon turned from her friends and followed on.
When the summer roses were in full bloom,
Ella passed off on their sweet perfume.
A dear child she, with a spirit too fair,
And a form too tender, for Earth's rude care.
Her tiny, white hands on her silent breast
We crossed, and laid them away to rest.
I think now of one who was to me
Far more than other on earth could be.
We had pledged our love where the moonbeams lit,
With God and his angels to witness it.
I loved him—but then, there was one above
Who promised him more, and a better love.
So we went one day and my heart lay crushed,
Under its grief, till its sighs were hushed
By a voice that came, in my hour of gloom,
From lands of beauty beyond the tomb.
'Twas a voice as of one who at my side
Walked like an angel to love and guide.
Hark! for the fluttering of robes I hear!
Speak low, breathe soft—he is near—he is near!"

It was thus she sat, and, as day passed day,
Mused of the friends who had gone away.
With eyes upraised, and with smiles oft-times,
Beholding visions of other climes.
Ah, I missed her once—"twas the month of June,
When the flowers were fresh and birds in tune.
Like a flash of light in the early morn,
Came a sudden thought—she, too, has gone.
I tried to weep o'er the beautiful dead,
But my soul rebelled, and reason said—
Our God, who is good, doth in all things bless;
And a voice at my side said, "Ye—ye—ye—ye!"

Southern Travel and Northern Trade.
While our brethren at the South are melting away under the fervid heats of ninety-nine and a hundred degrees, we, in these temperate regions, enjoy almost exemption from the usual inconveniences of summer in the town. Cool breezes and pleasant nights assuage and compensate for the sunbaked day and the heat of our citizens are absent. It is from habit and the desire of change of scene more than the result of any necessity of temperature.

At the North the watering places are rapidly filling up, and especially with Southern visitors. The travel, so much in vogue a few years ago, of Southerners seeking the Northern States, and seeking only the refreshment within their own borders has died out, not without the "impending crisis" of Messrs. Yankey & Co. People of sense, both North and South, go just exactly where their interest and inclination lead them. And in this they follow that universal law and custom which binds everywhere alike. When Southern merchants want Northern manufactures, or Southern planters seek change and a colder climate, they will go North to do so; just as they of the North seek health, or culture, or rest, or sugar, in the Southern States.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

H. Westlake, of Honeshead, N. Y., writes:—"Spiritualism is making great progress in this place. We have a few ball, regular meetings are held every Sabbath. Should any trance medium lectures happen to pass this way, we hope they will give us a call."

The Banner of Light circulates twenty-five thousand copies weekly, and is, therefore, as a medium for advertising, unsurpassed.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1890.

Herry, Colby & Co., Publishers.

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THE INFLUENCE OF THEODORE PARKER.

We confess to being freshly impressed with the breadth and greatness of Theodore Parker's character, on reading the discourse by Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, which we recently published in the BANNER. We have not, since the death of the man, seen the leading elements of his nature so thoroughly collected and compressed. It is evident that Mr. Mayo was both a friend and student of Mr. Parker, without the help of his contention. He had seen him in all the phases of his life, and knew him in every one. Added to this, he possesses a peculiar power of spiritual insight, combined with a depth and breadth of humility, such as few even of our most noted pulpits possess. He speaks of enjoying, This makes such a man as Mr. Mayo peculiarly well qualified to analyze and describe the character of such a man as Mr. Parker. It takes mind to read mind, and soul to fathom soul.

There are some points, of course, to which many of the friends of Mr. Parker may take exception; it is not to be supposed that they will assent to everything that is uttered. But what is of chief value to them is, that they will see in this discourse, a new reflection of the nature of their beloved brother. They will regard his character in still new lights, and contemplate it, perhaps, with a more advantageous perspective. Mr. Mayo asserts—we quote his ideas rather than his phrases—that Theodore Parker was the broadest and largest man that ever came of the old Puritan stock; Miltonic in his intellectual proportions, strong, vigorous, untiring. He was just such a kind of a man, he says, as may be found in a thousand farm-house, country stores, and lawyers' offices, in New England. He claims that his nature was pitched to the true Puritan key, and that his intellect, which led the rest of all his forces, was an engine of terrible force, grinding and crushing everything that came in his way. Yet he was wanting, says the orator, in the qualities and traits of the higher reason. He could collect facts without end, and use them afterwards with great skill and power; but he was deficient in the capacity to subordinate them to their true positions.

It is likewise asserted in this stirring discourse, that Theodore Parker prayed tremendously; but he fought with as much terrible energy, likewise. His affections ran into his passions, and both became one. Hence he loved God tumultuously, and with the whole force of his nature, rather than calmly, and with the placidity of a childlike trust. Lacking in this element of highest love, therefore, he was not in that realm where it always blends with the finest imagination, producing a character that "appreciates nature of every mold, and does full justice to every form of character and society, sees the Divine Providence in partial events, trusts God perfectly, and believes for ever in man." In this light, it is a fine criticism on character to declare that Mr. Parker, "in loving God intensely, hardly trusted in his Providence, and wore himself out in trying to do providential work." And the writer continues—"his will was inflexible. He was the most positive of all positive men, never for an instant relaxing the tension of his character, or so passing out into vital sympathy with other forms of life, that he could be mistaken for anybody but himself. He talked down, acted down, lived down to everybody, every race, nation, system, religion. He was always down on Olympus, and we, at least, the inferior deities."

On the whole, the writer regards Mr. Parker as "the great Puritan Reformer of American Civilization." As such, it was not to be expected that he could flow out largely in sympathy, the nature of his work requiring that all his powers should be compressed into a ruggedness that might tell with the surest immediate effect. "Wherever he went," says Mr. Mayo, "something broke. Every priest who decried the intellect, every politician who insulted man, every merchant who lied for a penny, felt him like a sword in the marrow. Contemplative men, who saw further than he, but were weaker at the centre, kept out of his path as he thundered on. Still, he had a great following of the most vigorous, earnest, efficient people of the country." This is very fine, and very true. Just this rugged will of Mr. Parker's it was that set in the way at times, exciting hostility where a different power would have made converts and friends. Yet a man cannot be all things at once; there must necessarily be some one side toward which the weight of all his faculties gravitates. In the case of Mr. Parker it was on the side of energy, not altogether executive energy, but the energy of analysis, of criticism, of logic, of indignation, and of defiance to all men and all things that worked together for the harm of man. In this almost wild tumult of original force, his very affection for his fellow-man being fused in the heat of his honest passion, it might have been expected that his estimates of others would be unjust, and sometimes narrow and dogmatic. Full as he was of his own sublime self-consciousness, he could not fairly look at men in the life in which they truly lived, but held them to a standard for which few are adapted. "He measured every character," says Mr. Mayo, "by his own style of manhood, and made small allowance for the inevitable differences of constitution and vocation. His portraits of the Adames, Channing, Webster, Taylor, Washington, Jefferson, are full of learning, and valuable for strong veins of certain broad qualities of their subjects; but no such man ever actually lived as those gigantic figures he chalked out on the side of Mt. Holyoke."

It is undeniable that no man has lived in this country for the past quarter of a century, whose influence as a reformer will be felt longer on our modern civilization than that of Theodore Parker. He went to the bottom of things. He would have our civilization better civilized. All sham he swept away as a housemaid brushes down cobwebs with her broom. He taught the people not to be afraid to open their eyes and look for themselves. He did not hate and oppose the churchmen one-half as energetically as they did him, yet the memories to which they superstitiously clung, the spot he spurned with greater contempt than they affected for him. He was a rationalist to the last degree, and yet no man lived whose faith was better grounded and more firmly fixed in the great principles of a true religion. What surprised everybody for a time, himself included, was to find that such crowds of the common people—that is, of those not more than the average intelligence, and of no degree of learning—freely followed him, eagerly waiting on his Sabbath ministrations, drinking in the simple principles he made so plain to them, stirred to the profoundest depths of their being by his logic, his statements of fact, his satire, his impassioned appeals, and seeming to appreciate those very efforts which learned discourses generally set down as fit only for people of like attainments with themselves. The reason of this, however, is plain: he never addressed

them except on such vital matters as concerned their own souls and lives, and his language was a model for perspicuity, strength, and purity. It was an instance of a spiritual man speaking straight to spirits; going through and behind their coverings and disguises of earthly circumferences, and assailing his hearers that he was talking to them, and not to their position, their property, their worldly connections, or their vanity and pride. If all preachers would only talk thus to their hearers, as Emerson says, the very streets would be crowded with those who would go to hear, though all went on crutches, or even on their hands and knees.

Theodore Parker preached a perfect manhood, as possible for all living men. He carried his learning and his logic from the world into the pulpit, or from the pulpit into the world. There was no topic, no sin, no vice, that did not come within the long range of his destructive Polkham gun. He labored to teach the people that "an honest man, loving God and serving humanity is superior to any professional priest, is the best result of all churches, and creeds, and governments." And the result of such teaching is going to be felt on the life of this great and still growing nation, for generations to come. America was no accidental discovery; this soil had not in vain been kept virgin so long; we are to have here, at some time in the future, a church surpassing all the ecclesiastical establishments yet founded, a government in closer harmony with God's own idea, and a people worthy of the divine paragon that still provides for and watches over them. And this result is coming out of just such labors as the gigantic labors of Theodore Parker.

"The American People," closes our author, "as a preliminary to their realization of a true democracy, are now changing their faith from the mixture of Paganism, Judaism, Christianity, and Americanism, which makes the popular Church—to that absolute religion which is the pure and simple doctrine of Jesus Christ. Hitherto this movement has thrown up several sects, some three thousand churches, a variety of reform platforms, a multitude of inquiring people. Of the departed leaders, William Ellery Channing, Hosea Ballou, Elias Hicks, and Theodore Parker are the most illustrious. They differed from each other, but the same ground well created them all. The work is going on; we are not left desolate by the loss of this man, for all that was wise and good in him will be taken up by other hands. The people are greater than any or all their leaders, and in God's time we shall have, on this soil, a faith that will gather from all churches, all preachers, all reformers, every creed, the best element and the deepest expression."

The Crops at the West.

The heart of the husbandman is made glad again. The vast grain-producing tract of our country has yielded up its annual stores of sustenance, in quantities far surpassing the production of any previous year. Millions upon millions of bushels of wheat have been safely harvested, that only add to what was the common estimate for a fair-producing year, and that were not counted on at all as a gift to the agriculturist, this year. Already the cloud that has lain so heavily over the heads of the West, is lifted. We shall hear of better times among our grain-growing friends soon. The backward state of the season abroad, especially in England, France, Spain and Italy, will result in a very limited supply of the cereals from the sources usually relied upon, and even with such help as these countries always expect to receive from Poland and Russia, and the region all around the famous Black Sea, they will be obliged to call upon America for large assistance. This revives commerce with us, gives employment to our shipping so long idle, starts up all kinds of industrial avocations, and soon brings back the good times when there was enough for every man to do, and his pay all ready as soon as he had earned it.

The Chicago Zeonites.

A military company with the above title has been on a visit to Boston recently, and has aroused the admiration of the whole community. They drilled on the Common, in the streets, and at the Boston Theatre, and their exercises challenged the widest admiration. Public enthusiasm has been up at its highest pitch. It is among the regulations of this company, that they shall not frequent drinking or gambling saloons, or be seen in places where lewd persons assemble; as a consequence, none of the vigor of their young manhood is wasted in dissipation, and they become a sanctified men of muscle. A more agile, healthy, and better organized we have never seen. They challenge the military of the country to compete with them in drill for the standards that were presented them by the President of the United States Agricultural Society, at Chicago. One first military man, including Gen. Wool, claims that such drill practice was never before witnessed in this country or in Europe. Their Zeonite drill is a compound of dash, singularity, agility, and muscular wonders. It is believed that their visit will have a good effect on the military as at present organized.

France and Russia.

It is said that a sharp note has been received in Paris from Prince Gortchakoff, touching the French revolutionary agents in Hungary. It seems that those worthies have allowed their professional enthusiasm to carry them over the Polish frontier, and have thus excited the attention of the Russian Government. In consequence of this, a sudden coolness has sprung up between the two great continental powers. In the meantime the Pays is instructed to lecture Germany on the unfounded nature of its suspicions of the moderation, disinterestedness, &c., of the Emperor of the French, and assures the Germans that it is very wrong of them to be suspicious, after the Emperor has taken the trouble of removing all grounds of distrust by the Baden interview.

A New Arrival.

The Prince of Wales has come. He is down in the Province, and will be in Boston in September. The Queen has given notice for her subjects in the Province that she wishes him to be treated as she would be herself; so that, unless the young man chooses to be self-determined to a fuller, the good must not venture to say as much as a kind "Good morning, Prince!" In September, we shall have him here. When we look upon his face, we shall think that this will be the next King of England—if nothing happens. They say he is quite silent, not given to speech, and considerably dull, if not more so. It would be very natural, we suppose, if he had some of the sluggish blood of the Mythenes in him. He will have to go to "Sleepy Hollow," before he leaves the country.

Politics.

In politics, the country is rapidly warming up. The parties and factions are making up their banners and hanging them out, sticking their big posters, flying their gay flags, sending up their rockets and romances, lighting their bonfires, and cheering their candidates and their speakers. Out in Egyptian Illinois they say the opposite parties have come to blows, such bad blood is there out there to be excited; but heretofore a very excellent feeling exists, which we are led to hope will continue through the campaign. Our political crises are vigorous tests of the public sense and self-restraint.

Garibaldi.

This renowned leader is making his way as fast as he can. The people in the districts where he is fighting have been melting up their church bells to make into cannon, which gives the hero an abundant supply of this necessary article in time of war. Whispers are circulating to the effect that Louis Napoleon has a finger in the movement, which would seem to be confirmed by his having recently received to audience an ambassador direct from Garibaldi. Unquestionably Italy is soon to have, in her whole length and breadth, a constitutional government that will furnish some sort of protection for liberty.

Dr. Cheever Concerned.

It would do to trust altogether to men's professions. What they are amounts to a good deal more than what they say they are. Everybody is human, or supposed to be, at best. Now we hear rather strange reports about the Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, who was supposed, if any single person could be, to be the original fountain and resource of all the anti-slavery feeling in the churches. The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, himself a Rev., writes to that paper as follows:—

"Rumor has circulated that Rev. Dr. Cheever has not been honest in his vehement tirades on slavery. It is said that he had all the while a wealthy slaveholder in his congregation, who held slaves for her own profit—supported herself in style out of the results of slave labor—all of which was known to her pastor, who apologized to her for his blindness on the matter of slaveholding, and finally gave her a full letter of good fellowship when she left the church. This rumor is so full of absurdity and calumny, that I have written to the Observer, denying in clear and unmistakable terms the story. But this week the Observer reiterates the charges with circumstances, repeats it in most emphatic terms, cites authority, pronounces the denial of Dr. C. evasive or worse, and declares itself ready to prove all it says before any court or ecclesiastical tribunal. Of course the matter cannot rest here. Somebody lies."

Reading Picnic.

On Friday, July 25th, the Spiritualists of Lowell, Lawrence, Boston, and surrounding towns, mustered a company of about three thousand persons at the grove in Reading. The day was fine, and every heart beat joyous. There was a pretty fair and handsome demonstration of life as it is throughout the day, and all went home at night safe and well, after a day well spent in the enjoyment of recreation.

Hon. Moses B. Kenney, of Lawrence, presided; and speeches were made by Dr. P. B. Randolph, Jacob Edson, Henry D. Huston, John C. Clure, Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, Dr. Lyon, and Dr. Child, of Boston; and by Mrs. M. B. Kenney, of Lawrence, Mrs. U. S. Clark, of the Spirit of the Church, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Greenleaf, Mr. J. H. Currier, and Mr. Colburn. The speaking was good, and well adapted to the occasion. The grove is large enough to hold ten thousand. A good and ample supply of eatables were provided on the dinner table, and refreshments were for sale at various places.

The Great Enigma.

This mammoth of the sea is "doing better." She not only "draws" twenty-seven feet of water, but seventeen thousand people a day bode. Her success as a sight-seeing speculation is now pretty well assured. They want to get her down to Cape May; but there is difficulty about finding passengers enough to warrant a charter. Then there is talk of carrying her to Norfolk, and loading her with cotton for her home voyage; but that will hardly pay, the rates of freight being altogether too high. But she won't go to Boston; the anxious New Yorkers will never permit that. They can't prevent the Prince of Wales coming here; that is certain enough, for our Mayor has already gone after him.

The Philibusters.

The Belize correspondent of the N. O. Picayune writes that Gen. Walker is reported as having arrived at the Island of Ratan in the schooner John Taylor. His men—about one hundred—have been gathering there in squads for a month past, by different fast vessels. The Dew Drog, Capt. Dimon, brought out fifty. A steamer, supposed to be a part of the expedition, had been standing off and on the island for forty-eight hours, but did not land. On the 27th ult. they left the island in the Taylor, destination unknown.

Medical Examinations by Spirit Mediums.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. C. H. Crowell, on our fifth page. Mr. C. is the brother of Mrs. Conant, and an honest man. Those who see fit to call upon him for examinations, may feel perfectly safe from being imposed upon, and as sure of obtaining as good a diagnosis of disease as can be given by any clairvoyant. Locks of hair examined when it is not profitable for the patient to visit his office. Mr. C. has rooms in the Banner of Light Building. Patients visited at their homes if desired.

Grove Meeting.

Leo Miller, will lecture on the Facts and Philosophies of Spiritualism, in Solville, N. Y. Sunday, August 12, 1890.

The meeting, forenoon and afternoon, will be held in an outdoor temple, dedicated by God to man, and abundantly spacious to accommodate all.

Mr. M. hopes to meet thousands of old and new friends from Madison and Oneida Counties, on this, the only occasion he will have to address them till another year is numbered with the past.

Rhode Island Claim Baked.

The Spiritualists of Providence will have a Claim Baked at Rocky Point this week, (see advertisement of the Convention), which offers an opportunity for recreation, rarely enjoyed by Bostonians.

Rocky Point is reached by steamer from Providence, and consists of a large grove having swings and all such amusements—a capital temperance house, the dining room of which will seat six hundred persons. The Captain owns his house and grove, and every thing is orderly. The "claim baked" is an institution peculiar to Rhode Island, and those who have participated in one always want to enjoy another.

Spiritual Bole.

At the Picnic in Kingston, July 20th, Mrs. Chandler of that town, was entranced, and made to go upon the stage and speak, without any intention or knowledge of her own. This was the first time she ever spoke in public, and when her speech was ended and her consciousness was restored, she was very much confused at finding herself on the speakers' stage, and said "What am I here for? I am no medium; I am not going to speak." From her beautiful remarks a large number of her hearers were in tears.

Spiritual Meetings in Cambridgeport.

The meetings in Cambridgeport have been adjourned until the first Sunday in September, after which they will be held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7-1/2 o'clock, at City Hall, Main street. Admission free, to defray expenses. The following speakers are engaged—Sept. 24 and 25th, Mrs. M. S. Townsend; Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th, Mrs. F. B. Pelton; month of October, Mrs. M. H. Macomber; Nov. 4th, Mrs. M. B. Kenney; Nov. 18th and 25th, Mrs. Fannie Davis; month of December, Mrs. Amanda Spence.

A New Phenomenon.

The Bayou Sara (La.) Ledger gives an account of a singular phenomenon, which has been known to occur in other places. "On Thursday evening last our citizens were startled by a strange phenomenon. It was a hot wind, which seemed to come from the river, and was so hot on the bank of the river that those who stood there had to put their hats over their faces. It lasted about ten minutes."

The White Mountains.

The public travel to the White Hills, this summer, is quite large. The hotels all along the route are filled with persons going and coming. It is estimated that at the Mountains, the best business for landlords is now doing that was ever done. We are heartily glad so many are able to avail themselves of these facilities for recreation and enjoyment.

"Our Juniors" in the Old Country.

Mr. Squire left London the second week in July for the Continent, to pass through Brussels, Prussia, the German States, Switzerland, France and into Paris. He will continue to furnish us his interesting papers on travel and scenery.

WHAT IS MAN?

Every thought entertained, every word uttered, every look expressed, every action performed, is prompted by some power or influence different from the person extending those phenomena. The particles of crude matter contain an innate affinity, insinuating them to organize into mineral forms; vegetables are impressed with a blind instinct to grow; insects and animals have lodged within their constitutions a living instinct to act in a certain particular manner; the planets and comets are infiltrated with a motive instinct to describe their orbits with unerring precision.

No admittance to this control exercised, that it is perceptible to none of its subjects, and scarcely suspected even by men. He is actually inclined to believe, indeed, he asserts with unyielding pertinacity, his capacity to do as he may please, to speak as he may choose, to look as he wishes, to think as he fancies, when he evidently has not the command of a single idea before its presentation to his mind; of course, knows not what it is before it is presented; and consequently knows not how to make it present itself, and could not do it alone. If he did know how, hence, as his thoughts occasion his actions or conduct, they are equally as far from the empire of his control. The most he can do is to observe, and perceive, and be acted upon, and keep a record of these items. Could he absolutely perform a single act, solely by his own power, delegated or undelimited, he would be omnipotent in that particular, coequal with the Supreme Being. Could he perform it, and with the same free will exerted, control the consequences of that act, it would indeed be an infallible knowledge of those consequences, what they would be, and in that respect he would be omniscient. Could he, by the exercise of the same free will, be present to inspect the operation of the consequences, it would almost imply his attribute of omnipotence. His free will, extended, would constitute him what Christendom styles a God. Obviously, it can hardly be so. Therefore, the human will cannot be unrestricted, it cannot be free. Our assertions that it is, are only founded upon our opinion; and every one knows that human judgment, the originator or framer of human opinion, is not infallible. Were it otherwise, we should be in an inextinguishable and continual conflict with nature; and if neither family, society, party, nor nation, divided against itself can stand, so neither could a divided universe, or nature, in a state of revolt. Indeed, the very truth, so incontrovertibly established by the universal experience and testimony of mankind in all ages, that man is ignorant of the manner how, the reason why, he was formed as he is, why he is on the earth, ignorant of the time when he is to die, ignorant even of his destiny, and even of what may transpire at the very next moment, hour, or day of his existence, absolutely unconscious of what is being done to him in these particulars, abundantly demonstrates that his career is not in his own hands, else he would know the destiny he is working out for himself. His acts, in the same manner as those of the mineral, insect, quadruped, and plant, are shaped and instigated by a superior intelligence, as much as a magnetized subject's acts are occasioned by the instrumentality of the will of the magnetizing operator. Man is a subordinate agent, a part of nature, and is dependent for every breath of life, every moment of existence, on a superior power.

Within each created thing, then, whether animate or inanimate, resides a motive impulse urging it to the performance of the purposes of its being. The duck repairs to the water, the fish to the sea, the bird to the air. The ox ruminates, and the goose cackles. Man follows his interior instigation. Demosthenes, Cicero, Patrick Henry and Edward Everett say oratory, not mathematics; Truman Safford is absorbed in mathematics, not physics; not to speak making; Archimedes applies himself to mechanics, and Cuvier to natural history. Thus, each, each as nature prompts. If his destiny is to a Presidency, or to a Kingship, his inclination urges his efforts thitherward, and he obeys it to its gratification. Nature is uniform. Her parts cannot rebel against each other—they have not that power. If they had, and exercised it, she could not be uniform. Everything is arranged and governed in accordance with that underlying standard of uniformity. This we may abundantly gather from the operation of her various departments—her birds fly, her fishes swim, her quadrupeds walk and run, her man talk. So among mankind, her representative men indicate a similar idea. Her Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, Confucius, Jesus, Columbus, Franklin, Carter, Washington, Agassiz, and others, represent principles on a considerable scale which are in all men on a smaller scale. They are there universally, but do not predominate. Other principles predominate with the masses.

It is only Edward Everett superficially or ostensibly that seems to be the orator. The real orator is behind the mask. He did not constitute himself or incline himself to oratory. Something within him has been impressed by another power to do that. Something like a magnetizing in a watch impels him. Mr. Everett could not vote himself a mathematician like La Place, nor a naturalist like Humboldt, nor extend his life to the age of old Parr or ancient Methuselah, nor keep alive under water so long as a halibut or a flounder, nor could he soar as high as a condor, or swim with all other men. Nature has attached to each a definite tether of life and ability just as completely as she has an instinct to each lower animal, insect, plant, or globe. It must be so, or she demolishes her integrity. Any other conclusion is absurd. Men not as men for a similar reason that animals act as animals; they are constructed, qualified and influenced so to act. They do not primarily originate those actions any more than they originate their own bodies. Instinct is infallible, and belongs to earth. Human judgment is not. Its nature here is to blunder, rather than indicate its actual adaptation to another sphere than this. The ways of instinct are easy; those of intellect and judgment are difficult, as they would not be if these faculties were entirely cultivated for or adapted to this sphere of existence.

Then, again, some one truly says that resolution, without foresight, is folly. This is almost equivalent to saying that free will with ignorance is dangerous. For a person to be endowed with the power of willing as he may please, and to execute his volitions without understanding what will be the consequences of his free acts, would, in many instances, be no boon to him nor to others; indeed, it might be as disastrous as a quillotine in the hands of an imperial madman at the height of a fierce revolution. So that the attribute of omnipotence, blind with ignorance, or not accompanied by omniscience, would be hardly deemed a safe possession.

What, then, is this phenomenon so reminiscent of freedom of will in the human race? As man can have no command of his thoughts before he knows what they are to be, nor control of them till they have, by some unaccountable way or other, entered his mind, all he can do is to adopt them, reject them, or let them fade out of his memory; and whichever course he pursues will be influenced in a measure by the view he takes of the thoughts and their value or bearing; so that the course will not be the result of a spontaneous, uncontrolled decision of his own unbiased volitions; for, they are impulsive, and spring forth as suddenly and abruptly as an idea bolts in upon the mind.

We see here, too, that human judgment falls in its views concerning human free will, so called. And the same principle which demonstrates its lack of perfect adaptability to this mundane sphere and indicates it as designed for another, (as intellect or judgment, which is signally distinguished from instinct by the fixed and stationary nature of the latter and the progressive nature of the former)—the same principle of capability of development inheres also in the faculty of free will, and indicates it, as it exists here, to be a mere germ, subject to future development or expansion, and of course as designed for another sphere. It is, indeed, subordinate to the judgment, and dependent on it for operation. Both are liable to blunder; but, as they are illuminated by knowledge, they will be less liable to err. Only omniscience can produce infallibility; and a lack of infallibility is prone to make one single false step of free will fatal to the person

taking such step. Hence, it seems that the never ceasing superintendence and control by the Supreme Being of every human thought, word and action, are indispensable in every other movement in the Universe, or the entire fabric of Nature would thus like a lame man, and stumble. Indeed, no called free will and judgment are but candidates for future spheres—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Atlantic Monthly for August quite dazzles us with the richness of its contents. It has long ago been voted the very first position in the magazine literature of America, and its publishers are making arrangements to secure for it contributors of such talent as the British Reviews themselves never possessed.

The BANNER OF LIGHT may be obtained every week, as soon as published, of Mr. William K. Wood, at South Dedham. He also supplies the citizens of that place with all the current newspaper literature. E. G. Coffin, Winchendon, Mass., writes that a medium is wanted in his locality. For particulars address as above.

Dr. Child will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sunday, August 6th.

The last burst of eloquence created quite an explosion in certain quarters.

FRY & A. FRANKLIN.—When Nelly Grey died, her lover considered it the death knell of all his hopes, and became prematurely grey in consequence.

We shall print one of Corn Hatch's lectures in our next.

Our Regular Reporter will attend the Convention at Providence on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, and will receive subscriptions for the BANNER from those who wish to take the paper by mail. Dr. Randolph has the agency for the sale of Dr. Child's new book, and our other publications during the sitting of the Convention.

There is a woman stopping at the National House in this city whose weight is seven hundred pounds!

Nabunt is a capital place for Plonies. The captain of the Nelly Baker steamer has erected a fine, capacious tent, back of the Nabunt House, for the gratuitous accommodation of visitors.

Jo Coe remarks that to be obliged to stand in the rain to see a drill, (vide Zeonites, last Monday), is a regular bore. Such a remark augurs well for Jo's penetrative powers.

S. PHILIPS LELAND writes us that he is now prepared to give courses of lectures on geology, in places where he is desired. His lectures are illustrated with charts and maps presenting sections of the earth's crust, with the order and arrangement of strata, and engravings of the characteristic fossils of each age. Also a beautiful panorama of all paintings, consisting of one hundred and eighty-five yards of canvas, together with scientifically accurate paintings of the different orders of animals, showing man's connection therewith; and over eighty life-sized portraits and likenesses of the different races of men; together with several hundred fossils and minerals in their natural state. Each course of six, eight, ten, or more lectures, include the Origin of Man and the Distribution of the Races. Address him at Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio.

D. L. Corbin, of South Franklin, claims the authorship of the lines we printed some time since, entitled "The Spirit's Call."

NEWSPAPER.—The BANNER OF LIGHT, published in this city, appears with enlarged dimensions, and with several improvements. Its typographical appearance is now equal to any paper in the country, and no little enterprise is manifested in its general management. We learn that it has a circulation of 25,000, with an upward tendency.—*Boston Atlas and News.*

BIG DATA

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