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NO. 1.

## Written for the Banner of Light. IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHANNA GRANT.

He was God's gift to the people,  
And he swayed the Thought and the Time,  
With the majesty and power of a king  
Endowed with the Right Divine.  
Not his are the fleeting honors  
Which vain-glorious aims induce;  
For the golden cup of his generous life  
Was brimmed with the wine of Use.  
With innate royalties of soul  
His words and deeds were fired,  
And he won the fealty of noble hearts  
By his burning thoughts inspired.  
A Prince amid his peers,  
In the realms of Mind he stood,  
Yet clasped the hand of the lowliest slave  
In loving brotherhood.  
Brave was he where all were brave,  
To oppose the invading Ill;  
And the bounds of Wrong who hunted the weak  
He baffled with Wisdom's skill.  
Humanity's friend, undiscriminated  
By caste, or office, or creed,  
He was God's prophetic Minister,  
To succor in time of need.  
Rich heart with the throbbing Christ-life warm,  
And free as an infant from guile,  
Both dark and fair in his soulful eyes,  
Not the same benignant smile.  
Virted and vast was his world-rous love,  
Yet consecrated all;  
Faithful and just as a steward was he,  
Nor dreaded the Master's call.  
He has gone from the light of our longing eyes,  
And emerged from earth's eclipse;  
Still he lives in the core of a thousand hearts,  
And speaks from a thousand lips.  
Our fervent wishes followed him far  
Beyond the trackless main,  
And we prayed the merciful Father to spare  
And restore him to us again.  
But the house of clay could no longer hold  
The Angel of Love and Might;  
And he passed to a home not made with hands,  
In the Upper Kingdoms of Light.  
Dear God! I wish thee that for a time  
His presence to us was given  
To teach of the Absolute Goodness and Truth,  
And the beautiful Life of Heaven.

Providence, R. I., August, 1860.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES. A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELKANAH STRAKER.

#### CHAPTER I. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

On a sunny slope near one of those numerous castles by the Rhine that attract the attention of all travelers, and invest the river itself with untold charms of mystery and romance, sat a maiden, attentively listening to what a devoted companion was so ardently pouring into her ear. That companion was a young man of not many more years than herself, handsome in his countenance, and graceful and well formed in respect of his person. He sat on the green grass at her feet, gazing with an expression of full rapture up into her face, now uttering the passionate syllables that thronged to his lips, and now watching, apparently, for some reply from her.  
"It was a delightful afternoon in the early autumn. Only a short distance from them stood the castle of Rosenheim—a strong and imposing structure, whose beehive roof was reflected in the dark and eulion waters of the Rhine, and whose heavy walls seemed on the side from which the young man and maiden viewed it, like some fortress that defied assault from all the country round. The sun had just begun to slant from the west, throwing his beams through the forest and orchard trees like golden arrows, that lodged harmless in the turgid grass. The air was still beyond description. The usually serene life of the castle was all that attracted the attention of the observer, and that consisted now merely of the coming and going of peasants in the distance, the quiet browsing of the cattle on the cleared pastures close at hand, and the play of the lights and shades on about the stony towers and battlements of the castle. Nowhere even on the beautiful Rhine could there be found another picture to match this one, for few castles in all the land would venture to set up their claims, whether peaceful or warlike, by the side of the well-known castle of Rosenheim.  
"Gertrude," spoke the young man, in a rich and low voice that at once betokened the lover, "you know that these meetings of ours are few and difficult to be compassed. My castle is not a great way off, to be sure, but you know with what an unfeeling spite your father regards me."  
Gertrude involuntarily shuddered, for she understood the nature of this obstacle very well.  
"I do not know," continued the young man, "exactly by what good fortune I was allowed to meet you to-day; but happening to see your father go off into the forest, on a hunt, as I supposed, I resolved to improve my opportunity; and with much difficulty, because of the prudence I chose to exercise, I found myself safely here within your grounds. You were standing about by yourself in this orchard, and here I overtook you. It is an event in my life, Gertrude, so long does it seem since I have rested my eyes on your beautiful face. That face feeds my soul, Gertrude! I feel as if life had begun all over again with me, when I look upon that speaking countenance! And to think, too, that even a slight of it is denied me for so long a time! I sometimes quite despair. I think that I cannot any longer bear up, but that I must give way before the strifes that tear my heart so cruelly."  
"Oh, speak not thus, Wilhelm!" now feelingly protested the maiden, whose lips for the first time

appeared to have been opened. "It is not for me to explain to you the cruel, the more than cruel tortures with which even at my age I am visited. I sometimes feel even as you do, that life has little or nothing in it worth waiting for; for if disappointment, bitter and sore, is to come so early to us, what may we not expect with the passage of time? Yet, Wilhelm, I would not have you feel thus. The soul of the despondent man only needs a new infusion of courage; and to give it courage, nothing is so good as noble exertion."  
The young man studied her countenance with much care, and thought that he had fairly approached her meaning.  
"What field is there for exertion open to me?" he anxiously inquired. "If you would see me the color of heroic deeds, rather than the owner and master of a neighboring castle that descended to me from my father, you have but to say the word and I obey your slightest thought. What would you, Gertrude?"  
"I would not commission you to any bold enterprise or new endeavor," half-laughingly responded the girl; "that is, not for such as I think of; but I would fain see this dark cloud removed. I know nothing why it is there—that it has so long rested between us. What is it, Wilhelm? Does it come in thus to overshadow our destiny? Is it significant in any way that there is a something in our path which neither of us may hope to remove? I do not know, Wilhelm, I cannot tell; it puzzles and confounds me; I would weep with you over it, but that would only give the cloud a still darker darkness."  
"Your father, Gertrude," interposed the youth, speaking in a still lower voice, as if he did not wish to be overheard, "is the shadow."  
She only nodded assent, and sighed.  
"And I cannot remove that shadow," he added, "it passes my comprehension why he harbors such deep malice against me. I would it were otherwise, Gertrude; but I can of myself do nothing; I have long since given up the least thought of it; matters must take their own course, and he must appear himself as best he may."  
These observations respecting her father, set Gertrude into a thoughtful mood, and rather heightened the lustre of her beautiful cheek. She cast her eyes wonderingly on the ground, and for several minutes nothing more was said. The young man, too, kept his own silence. He only gazed into the face of the fair maiden he loved, half the time engaged in admiring the speaking beauty of her features, and the other half wondering within himself what could be the character and coloring of her thoughts.  
Presently she spoke once more:  
"Wilhelm," said she, "is it not possible—can you think of no way in which my father's inexplicable hatred of you may be appeased?"  
"Indeed," answered he, starting as from a reverie, "I know of none. His entertainments this prejudice in the face of all reason whatever. Were I to approach him on this, or any other subject, you know, Gertrude, as well as I do, that he never would listen to me in the world. And it is not possible for me who hold in my hands as great a power as himself, to lay all at his feet, even if I knew that he would receive my suit with favor. I have a castle, with domains, to sustain, and sustain with energy; and on no account can I confess to him that he is, as a lord of his own castle, my superior. You can see, Gertrude, my position, without my telling you of it. There are certain points where I cannot with safety yield to him; if I did, my power in my own castle would be weakened at once; no, I cannot, even to win you from him, dearest Gertrude! Because, if by so yielding I succeeded, what would be the happiness left for us? Nothing; and that I can see now, as well as at any other time."  
"But do you think of no other way of winning my proud father's friendship?" asked the girl, pulling up a handful of grass in her excitement. "Is there no mode of sobriety glory, by which his eyes would be dazzled and his prejudices at length overcome?"  
"Yes, I can think of one field of action, and only one."  
"Is it?"  
"Palestine."  
Their eyes met as he answered her unasked question, and the glance they exchanged showed that both had been thinking of the same thing at the same time.  
He threw his eyes now with thoughtful earnestness upon the ground.  
"Palestine!" murmured he, more to himself than that she should overhear him, "can it be that fame achieved in that far off land by me would cause the hate of this man to relax, and become less implacable? The invader is to be driven forth from his possession of the Holy Sepulchre; courageous soldiers of the cross are mustering in force upon him, and taking their way to the scene of contest. I may go with them, and distinguish myself, too; it is a glorious name to die for—that of defender of the Holy Sepulchre." And then he seemed to start very suddenly out of his musing. "Gertrude," said he, "do you suppose that if I were to take such a step, I might conquer him?"  
"I should not like to say, Wilhelm," answered she, "I would not be the cause of your exiling yourself from your native land. I cannot advise; I ought not to speak as I have; it was all wrong of me, Wilhelm—oh, all wrong!"  
She pressed her hands upon her eyes, and the crystal tears gushed down between her delicate fingers.  
"Ah, my child!" pleaded he, moving up to her side and raising his arm tenderly about her waist, "my child, do not weep for me. I am not worthy of you with such tears shed for me. Let me go forward, dearest Gertrude, and do whatever I think best. I am undecided myself. If I should go at last, Gertrude, it will not be you who have sent me, for it had already suggested itself to my mind. I should go at my own invitation, and because I determined to signalize the name of Grossenberg even more than

it ever had been before. Do not worry your heart for that, dearest Gertrude!"  
In order to enforce his request with all the affectionate emphasis proper, he drew the maiden closer still to his side, as he uttered the last words, and laid her head soothingly upon his shoulder. And thus the setting sun looked through the trees at them—the one almost disconsolate because of her perplexity, and the other sorrowfully knowing which way he was to turn in order to secure the maid on whom all the faculties of his soul were centered.  
There they sat for the space of many minutes. The time flew more rapidly than they were aware of. For even while they were thus leaped in the silence of their peculiar situation, the thundering of horses' feet was to be heard upon the road that wound about the other side of the slope, and before they were fairly aware of it, a cavalcade came sweeping up abreast of them. Both looked up at the same moment.  
The color came and went with great rapidity upon the cheek of Gertrude, and her heart beat very violently. An expression of scornful defiance instantly stole to the lip of Wilhelm, which seemed to grow still more intense as the eyes of one of the party of horsemen met his own.  
That single one of the little cavalcade rode up to where the lovers sat on the turf, and with every violent demonstration of anger, thus addressed them:  
"Are you here?" said he to Wilhelm. "Do you dare to trespass on the lands of the Lord of Rosenheim, sir? Who gave you the license thus to do? Away from here with you! Never dare to pollute these lands with your presence again! Away!" and he gestured most menacingly, as if he could scarcely keep his hands from the young man's person.  
"And as for you," he addressed to Gertrude, "in with you into the castle-gate! This is no place for such as you! And such company as this you can never keep, while you are child of mine! Alas, why did I let you go, thus to disobey and disgrace me! In with you, young man, in, at once! No more liberty like this for you! We will crush out disobedience of this sort!"  
And he sat on his horse and pointed her the way back to the castle.  
Wilhelm rose proudly to his feet. He was well aware that, in a strict sense, he was a trespasser on the lands of his enemy; yet as the enmity was harbored not on one side, and that side not his own, he did not suppose it an act that looked in true manliness and honor for him to be flogged there. He had, to be sure, much rather that Gertrude's father had not seen him; but still he felt no guilt or shame, now that he had been discovered.  
"I confess," said he, drawing himself up proudly, "that I am on premises that belong to one who, for some unaccountable reason—care not what it is—is determined to remain hostile to me and my domain; but I came not hither as a sneak or a spy, and I shall not depart with any undue haste. I shall certainly obey the wish of the Lord of Rosenheim in this respect, for that much I should perform out of the courtesy of a man. But understand, and here be deemed to add even more to his height, as he certainly did to the dignity of his expression—I obey you from no feeling of fear. I care nothing for your threats, and defy your power! My life is as true to their chosen lord as yours are to theirs; and they would venture as much as any other body of men in the defence of him whom they recognize as their head!"  
"I have ordered you to depart," threateningly replied the other, and the elder, "and now I wait only to see you obey me. Never set your feet upon my domain again! Keep entirely clear of me and mine! Were you not alone and defenseless, you would not fare so well even, as this; for I should hold you to the strictest account for having thrust your offensive person upon my premises!"  
"And were it not that you are so much older than myself," rejoined Wilhelm, "I should not hesitate to take the odds of an encounter with you just as I am!"  
"Oh, never pry any regard to the difference in years! Come at me as I am! I love—not me dismount, to give you even a fairer chance!"  
Wilhelm could, for a moment, scarce repress the burst of contemptuous rage that was all ready to betray itself; but instantly thinking of the sweet and gentle Gertrude, and, above all, remembering that she was the daughter of this bold and bad man, he curbed his anger with a violent effort, and made no reply.  
The instant he began to move off, however, the old man again commenced hurling at him the torrent of his epithets and blasphemy.  
No such language had ever been applied to him before, by any living person. And, at length, when he could in silence endure it no longer, he threw a few parting words to his challenger, and left him with his own tumultuous passions.  
"You are secure, in the regard I have in my heart for your daughter," said he, "and that is all that protects you from my vengeance. I can respect you for her sake, even if I cannot for your own. Not a hair of your head shall be harmed by my hand."  
The old man nearly belied over with rage, at hearing these cool and calm words from the lips of the younger one. It seemed all he could do to keep from dashing off after him as he was in the act of retreating, and fairly riding him down. His horse plunged this way and that, as if he partook of the revengeful temper of his master.  
When, at length, the haughty Lord of Rosenheim saw his youthful enemy pass out of his sight over the hill, he suddenly wheeled on his horse, and plunging the spurs into the animal's side, dashed on after the party from which he had temporarily separated himself. In the direction of the castle. He shut his teeth tightly together as he rushed along, and now and then could be heard the mutterings of the storm of his madness, as he hastily glanced about him to see if the youthful object of his undying hatred was anywhere near.  
His horse's hoofs rattled over the drawbridge long

after all the others of the party had passed through within the enclosure of the castle walls, and the sound of their struck fiercely upon the palpitating heart of his child, Gertrude, who, from a window in one of the towers, was watching with the deepest solicitude for his dreaded approach. Too well, she knew, from the way her father rode, that he was in a delirium of passion, which time alone, and not herself, would be able to soothe.  
CHAPTER II.  
TYRANT AND SUBJECT.  
As soon as the Lord of Rosenheim had withdrawn within the walls of his castle, he called for wine and refreshments for the entire company that had returned with him, and after partaking himself, led the hall in which they were all assembled and sought the presence of Gertrude. Meeting a servant by the way, he bade him summon the maiden before him. The poor innocent's heart fluttered, as she received the summons, but she made no reply. Dismissing the messenger, she began pacing the floor of her apartment. Her thoughts came like lightning flashes across her soul. She clasped her temples with her hands, and gave utterance to exclamations of the most woeful nature.  
"Oh, that I had never been born! Alas, alas! woe is mine! Woe is mine! I am already undone! My father has seen all—he knows all. I can do nothing. He will question me. And what shall I be able to say to him? He has long ago forbidden my acquaintance with Wilhelm. He threatened me with the most cruel punishment, if I should persist in knowing or seeing him; and now he has caught me himself in Wilhelm's company! What am I to do? What am I to say to him? How can I appease his anger? With what syllables can I hope to soothe him? He will certainly subject me to some sort of punishment, and he will as surely send my young man to prison. And between these two courses, what am I to do? Oh, Heaven! protect an innocent maiden like myself, who knows not which way to turn! It would have been far better for me if I had never been born! My life will hardly be worth throwing away, after this, so perfectly blank will it all become! Oh, if I had a counsellor by my side in this hour of trial—some one on whose heart I could lay all my troubles, and obtain sympathy!"  
She passed in the middle of her apartment, and fixing her gaze steadily on the carpet, seemed altogether lost. Some new thought must have suddenly arrested her. Like a statue she held her place, nor changed the direction of her gaze from beginning to end.  
After a few minutes had elapsed, her door opened, and a heavy footfall broke her reverie. She started and turned about.  
"Gertrude," spoke a deep, gruff voice, "I have sent for you. Why did you not obey me?"  
The first hasty glance revealed to her the fact that it was her father who stood before her. Had he not so recently returned from the chase, one would have thought he had been passing the hours over the bow with his boon companions, so flushed with excitement did he appear.  
For some time the girl could not master the courage to make him any answer.  
"Gertrude!" he called once more stamping his foot violently as he did so.  
She lifted up her face sweetly and imploringly to him, but still said nothing.  
"I will know whether I am to receive obedience in my own castle, or not!" said he. "Now tell me what you mean by this affair which I witnessed to-day! Do not think to conceal it from me—do not attempt to deceive me about it—because I was present and saw the whole for myself! I was on the ground! I saw that villain's arm about my daughter's waist! I marked the pleasure with which she received his addresses! I beheld the treacherous smiles that played over her face, as his words found their way into her ears, and my only daughter confessed within herself that she was perfectly ready to forget and disobey her own father! Ah, Gertrude! I have no need to see such sights the second time; they will deliriously impress themselves at once; they leave a ranking—a sting—a poison hero"—and he laid his hand over his heart, "that I do not know how to get rid of, if I would!"  
"Father," began to plead the young maiden, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I am unfortunate, and I am unhappy. If I only knew what to do that would please you! If I could but follow what is right, and still not be disobedient!"  
"You must obey first, and then you are sure to do what is right. Why were you found in the position you were in, this afternoon? With that fellow's arm about you? With his foul breath poisoning your cheek? With his fatal words, alluring you to destruction, in your ears? Tell me of that, Gertrude; and remember that now you stand a culprit before your father, and in no sense whatever in the attitude of his daughter! You understand the character of my pride; you know somewhat of my temper; and how is it possible for you to suppose that I am capable of forgiving an insult and a wrong like that which I received at your hands this very afternoon, without resenting it to the utmost of my ability? Here is my castle; here are my large domains; here are my vassals, faithful and true to the banner on which are inscribed my fortunes; but all and every one of them shall be sacrificed, and that willingly, too, before the fame of the name of Rosenheim shall ever succumb to the pretensions of such a name as Grossenberg! These are my feelings; this is my fixed resolution, as stern as adamant itself; now tell me, if you can, why you have sought, this day, to strike the colors of this castle to the haughty pretensions of its rival? Tell me, Gertrude, what means this persistent disobedience of my most urgent commands. Have you seen this young man of late very often?"  
"No," she answered, very meekly; "not for a long time."  
"Who appointed this meeting of to-day?"

"It was accidental. I knew not that Wilhelm was near."  
"How her heart beat at pronouncing that name aloud in the presence of her father!"  
"Then he must have known in some way that you would be all ready to receive him there?"  
"Father, I sent no word of the kind to him. How could I? I had no possible means of doing so."  
"He is all the more of a villain, then, if he came not by appointment. He—the son of the hated one of my soul—has to find his way within the limits of the estate of Rosenheim! It makes my blood seethe my veins! And the assurance of the fellow—think of that!"  
"He did not mean to trespass, I think," she gently attempted to protest.  
"How do you know? Did he, then, acquaint you with all his plans and purposes beforehand? Are you in his secrets? What does this mean? By the holy rood! if I am not able very soon to see my way more clearly through this plot, I will of a surety summon my forces together and declare open hostilities against him and his whole household! This I cannot any longer endure. I will exterminate the very signs of his foul race from the face of the earth!"  
"Oh, do not indulge in such fierce threats!" pleaded the maiden, advancing a pace or two toward him and throwing herself at his feet.  
"Rise!" he rudely commanded her. "I will have no child of mine suing for the safety of any creature that wears the living of that odious name! Now tell me all that he said to you, during his stolen interview in the orchard, this afternoon. Tell me every syllable, without any reservation, or as surely as I am a living man and your own father, this shall be the last day whose sunlight shall make you happy! Speak freely, now, or do not dare to speak at all!"  
"Oh, my father!" she began, trembling visibly in every limb, "your terms are too hard for me. I am innocent of any wrong. I have not disobeyed you at all. He came upon me when I was not expecting a visit from him. He came unbidden—entirely of his own accord."  
"But what was the object of his visit? Tell me that!"  
"Why—why—I suppose he came to see me, father. He—he has confessed that—that—that he loves me!"  
It would be next to impossible to convey a proper idea of the fury into which this intelligence threw the Lord of Rosenheim. He went striding up and down the floor, thrashing his hands wildly about in the air, uttering maledictions without name or number, and stamping his feet and tearing his hair. Finally, as if by a blind instinct, he passed exactly before his daughter, who was still standing, but had retreated a step or two from her maddened father.  
"He makes love to you! The villain! I would as lief one of my base-born churls should dare to do such a thing!"  
"Never—never, father!" ejaculated the maiden, surmounting some measure of her prudences.  
"He is below you and all of us! His name would disgrace the name of Rosenheim! He offers professions of love to you! God forbid! Where are my heavy swords? I will hew his skull in twain! I will hew him in pieces! He—the villain—the base-born—the knave—the churl!"  
"But, father," still patiently plead the girl, even in the teeth of that tempest of passion which would have struck mortal terror into the heart of almost any other person living—"why will you not tell me the cause of your hatred of Wilhelm? Even if you cherished a spite against his dead father, would that be any reason why you should visit him with your enmity? Surely, father, he is noble."  
"Noble—noble! I have just called him villain! and now do you dare to call him noble? Get me my sword! I take horse—here let me ride straight to his castle, and make the life that I cannot endure so near me! Hire me assassins to destroy him while he sleeps, lest he treacherously undermine my own power, here in my own castle, before I may know what has been done!"  
"Father! Oh, father!" burst forth the maiden, unable longer to restrain her feelings.  
"Nay, come not near me with your supplications! I will have none of them! Out from my sight! Let me not see your face! Tempt me not to spurn you, even with my feet! Away—away—away! Who is it that dares now to come in between me and my own life? I will thrust him through and through! Here; lift me to my horse again! Come, fists all come under my banner once more, and help me to exterminate the whole race that bears that most odious name!"  
In his ravings, he saw not that his child had left the apartment, as she had been bidden; and when, at length, on looking about, he found that he was standing there alone, his eyes rolled about wildly in their sockets, he clutched his hands together with a sort of convulsive shudder, and began to mutter out his tumultuous thoughts audibly, as he paced violently across the floor.  
"Oh, what is there in fate—in fate?" exclaimed he, when he fully felt his loneliness. "Surely, there is an unseen hand in all this. I cannot but be bidden, though I must seem to do so. There come back again the olden memories—oh, how powerfully they come back upon my brain! There is that face of his, pierce—how it calls it all up again! And his very eyes, too—how they sear me! He goes on my tongue by the name of villain, and yet in my heart I can find no such name for him. But then, he must not come in contact with Gertrude! No—no—no; that can never, never be! She must not know him; he must be nothing to her; I told her, rather than this, that I would bestow him in his own castle, and perchance root out his very name from remembrance. And yet, I could not harm the lad; no—no, I never could bring a hair of his head to danger!"  
Here he seemed to break down, and his headlong passion dissolved of a sudden in a flood of tears.  
Evidently there was some mystery about his opposition to Wilhelm, and neither the youth himself nor

Gertrude was able to unravel its secret threads. Something lay concealed in the folds of the past; but what it was he had never told, and it was hardly to be expected that he ever would tell any one. Alas, poor man! he must have gone through some severe experience, the more grinding that it was thus embalm in his own memory alone, and thus serve to embitter his whole existence. In time, perhaps, he might make the disclosure that would bring him relief. But, until then, his lot could be nothing but misery.  
"No—no—no; I could not harm the boy," said he again and over again. "Those features are scored—they bear a fatal spell about them—I could hardly look him in the face! Alas—what wretchedness is it, not, to be obliged to suffer when there is no visible cause of suffering! But this is my punishment. I must bear it alone, I suppose. There is no help for me. I have tried every sort of excitement, but I cannot—cannot keep these memories down. God above knows where they will lead me, or into what a lamentable depth of woe they will finally plunge me!"  
And by himself he wore away those weary hours, which, to a heart less disciplined in suffering, could hardly have failed to prove speedily fatal.  
CHAPTER III.  
A NEW RESOLUTION.  
As soon as the angry Wilhelm had gone out of sight of the astonished Lord of Rosenheim, he could not avoid pausing in his walk and turning around to view the castle and give way to his reflections. The setting sun shone with its full glory on the towers and battlements that erected their fronts to the open west, investing the pile with almost supernatural splendors. His eye ran rapidly along from turret to turret, now endeavoring, like the swift arrow of an archer, to pierce the windowed loopholes that let in the light to the inhabitants, now climbing almost wearily from embrasure to embattlement, and from door to window, and window to tower, till he had, in fact, taken in the whole picture, and produced so vivid and real an impression with it upon his mind, that he was sure he could carry it away with him to the ends of the earth.  
There was Gertrude, and there, too, was her tyrant and tormentor, although he called himself her father. No mother's hand soothed her burning temples, when they throbbled from her internal griefs and sufferings; but alone, and almost without sympathy, she pursued her sad lot in life, hedged about by the cruel restrictions of her haughty and unreasoning father, scarcely beholding a creature through which the light of hope might find in a bright ray to her, and, it must necessarily be, wretched to the last degree. Indeed, had not the very expression of her countenance on that afternoon confessed as much to him? There were certainly traces of the deepest sorrow visible in her face. She heaved long and frequent sighs. Her words had been but few—much fewer than ever before in his presence—and especially meagre, considering the long interval of their separation.  
Such was the drift of his reflections, as he stood in the setting sun and regarded the castle within whose walls was the form of her whom he loved above all others he had ever seen.  
Another thought darted into his mind with such lightning-like swiftness that it quite startled him in his position. It was this: perhaps he could prevail on the unhappy maiden, whose heart had been bestowed on him already, to desert her father's protection altogether, and fly to his own walls. He hardly dared entertain such a thought seriously, yet it would not be kept down. And then, thought he, if the proud Lord of Rosenheim chose to call together his best and bravest followers, and come out to sit down and besiege him in his impregnable fortress, he felt an assurance that no circumstance could make stronger, that he could readily laugh their siege to scorn.  
The very idea gave him a new impulse. Daring forward with all haste, he plunged into the thicket where he had secured his steel before going to meet with Gertrude in the orchard, and mounted and rode instantly away.  
By the time he had reached the limits of his own domain, however, his animal's gait had subsided from a gallop into a walk; and when he crossed the bridge that spanned the deep moat, both steed and rider seemed to have been overtaken with a reverie. It was dusky when he reached his own castle. The shades of evening had started out, like skulking ghosts, from every niche and cranny about the massive structure whose head seemed to nod in recognition to him. He was met by the faithful warder at the heavy gate, who saluted his youthful lord with profound obeisance, which, it was easy to see, was colored with a feeling of affection and personal pride. Unquestionably the warder was one who would have followed his master through ten thousand dangers, when they were thickest, and stand by him till not another friend, or ally, was left to be counted.  
As he dismounted within the court, an attendant came up to take the horse, leaving him to pursue his thoughts and his way on foot. He did not seem inclined to prolong his walk, but found his way at once within the heavy castle walls. He entered the hall, and called for some refreshments, as he seated himself at the long and smoothly worn oaken table. The servant was not long in waiting upon him; but all the while he was engaged in eating and drinking, he scarce knew who he was or what he was engaged about. Never had the time been when he was thus absorbed.  
And while he is thus lost within himself, weighed down, as it were, with the plans and purposes, mortifications and perplexities that fill up his mind to the full, we will take the occasion to descend to the reader in brief terms upon the castle and its occupants.  
It was situated less than a mile from the castle of his elder enemy, the Lord of Rosenheim, on a high and precipitous cliff that belied out over the Rhine, with all the wild accessories of situation and scenery that are calculated to make such a place either strong or



HASHISH—ITS EFFECTS.

BY A. B. CHASE, M. D.

This substance is here introduced for the reason that its action upon the human organism develops some startling disclosures of the soul's reality.

It may be justly claimed that hashish stands before all material agents, when brought to act upon the human system, in unfolding a false and temporary consciousness of the immense grandeur, the unmeasured powers and the ineffable beauties that are to be the lawful properties of the soul's future destiny.

The effect of hashish is quickened intuition. It is a key that unlocks the door which is shut to our ordinary vision, that hides the limitless shores of the soul's eternal possessions, which it is too feeble, while an inhabitant of the material body, in a normal condition, to endure.

It may be that the time has come in the world's progress when future glories shall shed upon us glimmering rays of their reality; and hashish may be the subtle agent, in the wise ordering of Providence, to this end. Everything is good, and its use is in its time and in its place.

Hashish, though much used as an agent of intoxication and debauchery, may be, in a higher sense, a mighty agent for the presentation to the soul's consciousness realities of unutterable beauty.

What is called the hallucination of hashish—which I shall call real existence—produces a palpable consciousness of a dual existence—viz., a material existence, and a spiritual existence. In this manifestation we have evidence that there is a spiritual that may exist separate and distinct from our animal life, and that in this spiritual life exists the basis of consciousness—the reality of human life; for the spiritual, in this strange phenomenon of existence, always holds the mastery, and looks down upon the animal life as a thing of cast, like a garment that covers the physical body, that belongs to it only for a time.

The soul, that fills and produces the animal life, is the real thing, not the animal life which the soul temporarily holds to itself. While under the influence of hashish, the spiritual life always holds the mastery, and looks down upon the animal life as a thing of cast, like a garment that covers the physical body, that belongs to it only for a time.

From this well marked evidence of a double existence, we may conclude that the soul can and does exist independent of its physical body and its animal life, which are its own productions. The animal life is only a garment of the soul in matter—is but the infused rays of the soul that makes matter appear alive, which life ceases to be visible when the soul is entirely disconnected from it.

Another description of the influence of this drug the Hashish Eater says: "I grew colossal in my delirium of pride. I felt myself the centre of all the world's immortal glory; I floated on the intensity of my triumph. In the course of my delirium, the soul, I plainly discovered, had indeed parted from the body. I was that soul, utterly divorced from the corporeal nature, disjoined, clarified, purified. From the air in which I hovered, I looked down upon my former receptacle. Animal life with all its processes still continued to go on; the chest heaved with the regular rise and fall of breathing, temples throbed, and the cheeks flushed. I scrutinized the body with wonderment; it seemed no more to concern me than that of another being."

Admitting that the conceptions of the soul are more real than its physical products, there exists conscious evidence that the soul can and does exist outside and independent of the physical body. And in this, is evidence of the soul's immortality. Animal life is the product of the soul, so is the body out of which the soul will have, and it may be no presumption to say it does have, an independent existence. The writer continues: "This was neither hallucination nor a dream. The sight of my reason was preternaturally intense, and I remembered that this was one of the states that frequently occur to men immediately before their death has become apparent to lookers on, and also in the more remarkable conditions of trances."

This evidence of dual existence I have also witnessed in the exhibition of sulphuric ether. To speak within limits, I have administered this anesthetic agent, at least ten thousand times in the last twelve years, and have seen much of its effects. The practical use of this agent, belongs to the progressive age of humanity—not to past ages. Many, many who have been rendered unconscious by the influence of ether—persons, too, who have had no belief in, or knowledge of spiritual communion, have after declared with deep emotion, that they have held positive communion with departed friends, which communion was to them more real and beautiful than any incident of their past existence. How often I have heard the exclamation from persons recovering from the effect of ether, with gushing tears and a choked utterance—"I have seen my mother!"

The soul, when separated from the clouds of its animal existence, sees spiritual things distinctly. In a large number of instances, persons perfectly ethered and made insensible to pain, have after told me that they stood in a distinct and separate state, away and above their body—saw their own physical being distinctly, and what would seem to be the painful operations performed upon it, and had a distinct consciousness of all presence and the delogues of all in the room. In these cases not the slightest consciousness of pain was experienced, or at least, was remembered from the operations of extracting teeth, yet the body, with its animal life, often made contortions, and evinced suffering. I have had the testimony of a large number of very intelligent and truthful persons in evidence of this very interesting effect of ether. And here again in the influence of ether, as it is in hashish, we have evidence of the conscious existence of the soul, independent of its physical body; we have evidence of a dual existence, a material and a spiritual existence.

of a young man while under the influence of hashish exclaimed: "Oh my friend, I suffer unutterable horror! Save me! Pray for me! I shall be lost! The name of God is terrible to me—I cannot bear it. I am dying—I am lost!" It is the love of earthly things that produces these effects. The shadows of matter cloud the soul and draw a curtain between its perception and the real beauties of the spiritual world; between God's infinite love and the soul's consciousness.

Everything perceived under the influence of hashish is indelibly stamped upon the memory, is distinctly fixed in the consciousness as a reality of eternity. This seems evidence in proof that what is seen under the influence of this drug, in proper conditions, is absolutely real, not a phantom.

Hashish opens the perceptions of the very soul itself, and carries its vision beyond all the darkness of the material world. By it the shadows of time are rent, and the soul looks out of darkness into the free world of spirit to which the death of material life gives birth, where it begins to see the realities that are its own. Hashish is a key to the gates of heaven to the soul whose affections are all set on things above—where it is a key to the intensest darkness and horrors of the material world, to the soul whose affections are set on things below. A perfect recklessness as to the glory of all earthly things; a perfect indifference as to all the events and occurrences of time; a perfect passiveness to all life, are necessary conditions for the safe and efficacious use of hashish.

The undiluted juice of a lemon will instantly kill the effects of hashish. I mention this fact because some persons may be injudicious, and take it before they see everything right and beautiful, and may need to be extricated from its awful effects.

The injudicious use of hashish cannot be injurious to the soul; it can only injure the earthly garments it wears, by breaking them off sooner. No one has a desire, or intends to do this.

It is far from the intention of this chapter on hashish to recommend its use to any one; this I do not, and would not do. It is not my object to give instructions how to take hashish, or to cause it to be taken; but since it has been taken by many, it is the design of this chapter only to present facts and deductions that have resulted therefrom.

Of my own experience from the effects of hashish I have none to relate, for I have never tasted the drug. I do not feel that I am spiritual-minded enough to be a proper subject for its safe and heavenly influences. My love of earth and earthly things is yet too great to be a lawful, pure recipient of the glories of the heavenly world, which hashish, in a proper development, opens to view.

I cannot doubt that that development of humanity is soon to be, if not already is, when the souls of some, in what is called a normal condition, can experience the tangible facts in regard to its existence separate from the body, without the aid of hashish or the ether drugs. I doubt not that many instances exist, but I will relate only one, and close this article.

I have the permission of my friend, Henry D. Huston, of Boston, to relate the following singular experience, which is to this end. About five years ago, one morning about two o'clock, he affirms that he was in and about his own bed-room outside his physical body, of which he had distinct consciousness, and when in this state he distinctly saw everything there, as usual; saw his wife and his little boy in bed; saw his own body lying in bed—examined it with curiosity—scrutinized it with careful attention; saw his heart beat, and his lungs perform the functions of respiration; saw all the functions of animal life performing faithfully their mission; looked at the back of his neck, which he never saw before, as his body lay upon one side, and which he had always had a desire to see. He moved at his leisure around the room, and examined the various articles of furniture. And while in this singular, but natural-feeling condition, he suddenly discovered himself to be in company with the spirits of five deceased friends, whom he recognized and shook hands with with much joy. After this his consciousness ceased for a moment, when he again felt all the functions of animal life resuming their duties, and he was fully conscious that he was again an inhabitant of his own material body.

Now, the reader of this article will say that this was only a dream that Mr. Huston had; but he affirms, as one would with positive, incontrovertible evidence, that it was not a dream, but that of all the incidents of his past life this was the most real, and had made a mere vivid impression upon his memory than all the experiences of his previous existence. And there is existing evidence to substantiate the truth of Mr. Huston's affirmation; for, soon after this experience, he visited Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Hayden, each of whom, without any knowledge of the facts, were influenced—each at different times, and at different places—and related the whole of this singular experience, and gave the names of the spirits that Mr. Huston met on this occasion, and said that the experience that he had met on that night was positively a manifestation of soul reality. And this has been a dream of Mr. Huston's—had it been but a phantasm, not a reality—how could Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Hayden have known so well about it without having heard a syllable spoken in relation to it? or why should Mr. Huston have had this vivid impression so indelibly made upon his mind, that it was not a dream?

Joking over the Wires. Some ten or more years ago an operator at Philadelphia, who dearly loved a joke, took it into his head to play upon his confederate at the station in New York, who was a matter of fact individual, and utterly impervious to a joke. He accordingly sent him the following message: "Philadelphia, April 1, 1847. To Mr. Jones, New York: Send me ten dollars at once, so that I can get my clothes. (Signed) JULIA. 18 words, collect 35 cents."

The operator at New York, not suspecting any joke, asked the Philadelphia operator for the address. The Philadelphia operator replied that "the young lady did not leave any," and asked him to "look in the Directory for it." The New York operator replied that he "had already done so, but as there were over fifty Joneses in the Directory, he was at a loss to know which one to send it to." "If that is the case," says Philadelphia, "you had better send a copy to each of them, and charge thirty-four cents apiece." The New York manipulator, in the innocence of his heart, did so. The result was that the message at the Philadelphia station received a note from the President of the line, of which the following is the material portion: "Some twenty of the Joneses paid for their dispatches, but there was one sent to the residence of an elderly merchant by that name, who being away from home when it arrived, it was opened by his wife, and was the occasion of a very unpleasant domestic scene. Mr. Jones has been seen in relation to the matter, and threatens to sue the company for damages, making the thing very much to be feared." Now this is all very funny, and a good joke, and I have laughed at it as heartily as anybody; but you had better not try it again, or any of the operators upon the line, if you value your situations.

Written for the Banner of Light TO A LITTLE CHILD. BY CHARLES ALLEN.

Dear little child, thy song is heard In realms on high; Thy Maker's ear is pleased to hear Thy melody. At early day when sweets they play, So soft and sweet, Thy thrilling notes then upward float To Heaven's seat. Thy grateful heart, devoid of art, Seems full of joy; For thou dost raise fresh notes of praise, Free from alloy; And thou dost bring thy offering Of thanks each day; To Him above who reigns in love, Thou breathest thy lay. But mortal here, from year to year Too oft forget, To whom they owe, as thine doth flow, A ceaseless debt Of grateful thought; while thou hast taught Our faithless heart— With thanks to say, to God each day— How good Thou art! Sweet bird! could I with thee but fly To yonder blue, And bathe my soul in that pure goal Of ether's dew— With joy I'd mount the airy fount, And soar away— To realms of bliss, farther than this, Where angels stay. Oh! take with thee a prayer for me To Heaven's shrine; Thy increase there a ray will wear, Purer than mine. Plymouth, 1850.

THE CAUSE OF THE INDIANS. At a Convention held in Providence, R. I., to consider the cause of the Indians, and to encourage Father Besson in his philanthropic endeavors, the following remarks were made by Rev. Thomas M. Clark, the Episcopal Bishop of the Rhode Island Diocese:

I presume that on the question of the wrong done to the Indians, we are all perfectly satisfied. I have heard almost everything that pertains to this movement, but I have never yet heard the fact doubted for a moment that the Indians are a wronged people. Now, how does it happen that they are especially elected to be the victims of such oppression and robbery? I think there are three reasons in explanation of this fact. The first is this: From the nature of their position, they are brought into intimate and constant contact with the very worst elements of American society. I heard a sermon some years since from the distinguished Rev. Bushnell, the subject of which was—Barbarism, our chief danger. The subject was a startling one. The public mind at first was not disposed to receive his position as a true one. But the current of events of late years, seems to have verified Bushnell's views. He is now the subject of our chief danger. Upon that point I would like to speak at length, but there are so many other points that I must pass it with a word.

The second reason in explanation of the fact is, that it is the special interest of the white race to oppress the Indians; and men always run riot in crime when their evil passions are propelled by interest. It is this that has removed the Indians to the far West. The Indians were driven from the State of Georgia, and other regions where they have lived, and transported them over the mountains. It was to get their territory, to be rid of them, in order to plunder them of their property. This, in plain language, was the reason why they were driven from their homes, and other regions where they have lived, and transported them over the mountains. It was to get their territory, to be rid of them, in order to plunder them of their property. This, in plain language, was the reason why they were driven from their homes, and other regions where they have lived, and transported them over the mountains. It was to get their territory, to be rid of them, in order to plunder them of their property.

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Man, as a creature of unity, as a link in the great chain of spiritual being, as a citizen of the universe, desires to know his relation to the universe, to know his social destiny here, his destiny hereafter. How can he get at that knowledge? It is not by theology, not by philosophy, not by revelation.

This question I will endeavor to answer. And in giving you the answer, I give you not the results of the study of a few months, but the results of my own studies, and of all the eminent men who have written upon these subjects.

The human mind must discover a method of study. It must have help and aid to enable it to discover the high order of problems of which I have spoken. Unaided human reason, left to its own theorizing and speculation, cannot solve these problems, and discover universal truth. It must have a Method of Study that will direct and guide it—a criterion of certainty to go by.

Let me illustrate this by an analogy drawn from the material world. In that world man must execute great material labors; he must cultivate the earth, build habitations and cities, dig canals, work mines, navigate the ocean. These are great labors. Now man cannot execute them unaided—by the simple effort of his weak hands. He cannot do these things with the physical forces given him; he requires the aid of tools, implements, and machinery.

He can construct tools, implements, and machinery, and he can apply the powers of Nature, like steam, to propel them and to aid him in his work; he can construct an engine that will propel a vast steamship across the ocean, or a locomotive that will draw an immense train of cars, which, with his unaided physical powers, he could not move.

Exactly the same is in the intellectual world. Here, in creation, is a vast complication of phenomena to be understood—so many manifestations that man senses are not a hundredth part strong enough to follow all their intricacies, and to deduce the laws that govern them. If he had been created capable of comprehending universal truth with his unaided reason, he would have been all brain and no muscle—nothing but intuition and reason. But God has other purposes in the creation of man; he must be a physical as well as an intellectual being.

Man has a pre-ordained destiny to fulfill—an individual and a scientific one, as a material man an intellectual one. He must cultivate and establish the globe of which he is the overseer; he must establish material order and unity on his planet. In the intellectual sphere of labor, he must discover universal truth, and apply it to the ends he has to accomplish. Now to perform these two classes of labor, he has a body and a mind. As it is necessary that he should have tools, and implements, and machinery, to help him in the physical sphere, so it is necessary that he should have the same in the intellectual sphere. In other words, he must have a method of study with which the mind can work, and which will aid it in accomplishing its scientific labors.

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SUNDAY LECTURES IN NEW YORK. ALBERT BRISBANE AT DODWORTH HALL, Sunday, Sept. 11th, 1850.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MORNING DISCOURSE.

Spiritualists, it seems to me, may be divided into two classes—one class seeking in the phenomena merely to discover positive proofs of a future existence; the other seeking for an explanation of the intricate and unknown problems of universal destiny. The first class wish to know the fact of a hereafter, and the future condition of their individual souls. This is more or less an individual concern—more or less a selfish object. The other class, to whom a higher region of thought has been opened, are seeking for universal truth. They want to know the mysteries of creation and the destiny of man on this earth, as well as in the life beyond. A large portion of the Spiritualists are endeavoring to solve this social problem. To them I would especially address myself this morning. I wish to speak of the means of penetrating this complicated problem related to the destiny of man here and hereafter—a problem which lies beyond the pale of experience and observation, and cannot be solved by the mere perception of the senses, or by the mere efforts of the reasoning faculties. And when I have spoken of the means, I propose to take up some question of interest—such as the cause of evil, for example—and illustrate by the method which I shall lay down for investigating truth.

If we look at the history of the past, and undertake to determine the amount of truth that has been discovered up to the present time in relation to all great problems concerning the destiny of man on the earth, his existence here and hereafter, the designs of Providence in regard to him, we shall find that it amounts to little or nothing. For four thousand years of religious history, what has religion given us? What does the theology of the East or West teach us? Why it gives us a simple story of creation, that a child ten years old discards. It tells us of God creating man, a poor, fallible creature, who yields to the first temptation. It says that the heavens and the earth were created in six days; that man fell from a state of happiness and innocence; that a mediator was interposed to bring him back to God—and other simple stories of the same character.

And what does philosophy give us? The philosophers of Greece, and following down the long train of philosophic speculation, to the Germans—and what have they all told us in relation to the great problems mentioned? Nothing. We find no solution of the questions we are seeking. When I had studied Hegel, I was astonished to find that a man of such reputation and pretension should unfold such puerilities; he arrives at conclusions like the following:—That his philosophy is the final one, being the scientific conception of an absolute idea; that current civilization, with all its miseries, is the final form of society, etc.

Religion speaks from faith, from the intuitive powers in the human soul, and although it has proclaimed many great abstract truths, such as the existence of a supreme central cause, the verity of the universe, the immortality of the soul, yet when it undertakes to give form to ideas, it clothes them, through the theological speculations of the priests, with such strange and absurd forms, that human reason, when free, must reject them as wholly untrue. Philosophy, on the other hand, is but arbitrary speculations of human reason, the theories of individuals, who have no true method of study to guide them—no criterion of certainty.

With these two guides, the human race is at the present day without any solution of the problem of its social history, and of the true organization of human society. Neither theology nor philosophy has solved the great questions which are the most important for man to know. Again, if we look at the revelations that purport to come through angels and spirits, we find there also no solution of these great problems. Take one of the greatest writers in this line—Swedenborg. I have studied his works carefully, and it is unsatisfactory. I have done so; I am pleased with many of his views, but as a whole, I found it full of inconsistencies, and even contradictions. He takes Mr. Harris's "Arcana of Christianity." There are beautiful things in it; but it is not a true scientific work, and it is not a revelation of the laws of Nature.

God has given man reason, guided by laws and principles, to solve all great problems, relating to his destiny and the plan of creation, and because he has done so, he has not permitted them to be solved in any other way. Man's dignity and his personality consist in being able to work out for himself these great questions. God does not communicate or reveal to man scientific truth. If he did, he would reduce him to a condition of a mere intelligent beast or brute. He has given him the reason necessary to discover truth, and left its discovery solely to that faculty. And no matter if mediums do communicate—they will not impart anything that is to interfere with the functions of reason in scientific investigation. We may be certain that all future progress in the sciences, will be due, as it has been, to the hard labors of man, and not to revelation or super-terrestrial communication.

Man, as a creature of unity, as a link in the great chain of spiritual being, as a citizen of the universe, desires to know his relation to the universe, to know his social destiny here, his destiny hereafter. How can he get at that knowledge? It is not by theology, not by philosophy, not by revelation.

This question I will endeavor to answer. And in giving you the answer, I give you not the results of the study of a few months, but the results of my own studies, and of all the eminent men who have written upon these subjects.

The human mind must discover a method of study. It must have help and aid to enable it to discover the high order of problems of which I have spoken. Unaided human reason, left to its own theorizing and speculation, cannot solve these problems, and discover universal truth. It must have a Method of Study that will direct and guide it—a criterion of certainty to go by.

Let me illustrate this by an analogy drawn from the material world. In that world man must execute great material labors; he must cultivate the earth, build habitations and cities, dig canals, work mines, navigate the ocean. These are great labors. Now man cannot execute them unaided—by the simple effort of his weak hands. He cannot do these things with the physical forces given him; he requires the aid of tools, implements, and machinery.

He can construct tools, implements, and machinery, and he can apply the powers of Nature, like steam, to propel them and to aid him in his work; he can construct an engine that will propel a vast steamship across the ocean, or a locomotive that will draw an immense train of cars, which, with his unaided physical powers, he could not move.

Exactly the same is in the intellectual world. Here, in creation, is a vast complication of phenomena to be understood—so many manifestations that man senses are not a hundredth part strong enough to follow all their intricacies, and to deduce the laws that govern them. If he had been created capable of comprehending universal truth with his unaided reason, he would have been all brain and no muscle—nothing but intuition and reason. But God has other purposes in the creation of man; he must be a physical as well as an intellectual being.

other planets that were unseen and unknown. They have discovered a method of study—tools and implements with which to work, and which will aid it in accomplishing its scientific labors. Eminent men have been seeking in all ages for a method of study. The Greek philosophers were the first to develop and exercise the faculties of reason independent of all control of faith and religion. Thales, some six hundred years before Christ, fully opened the way; then followed a brilliant train of men, who speculated on human destiny and the universe with their unaided reason—Socrates, without a method, without a knowledge of laws, until they arrived at a state of conflict, contradiction and doubt. Then arose Socrates; seeking the development in the intellectual world, he felt clearly the necessity of a method, of a guide for human reason; he discovered and applied to some extent the inductive method in logic, which Bacon developed fully at a later period. Socrates was really the first, so far as I can discover, who sought for a method of study. Plato followed in the same attempt. Then came Aristotle, who gave us what is called Logic, and which is still one of the most valuable methods of investigation by speculative thinkers.

In modern times, we have Bacon, creating in his *Acum Organum* a mode of study which he calls the inductive method, and Descartes constructing one on the opposite principle, which is the deductive method. In our own day August Comte and Charles Fourier have evolved methods, which they have used in their social studies.

Thus we find a series of great men who have endeavored to discover a method of study. And this is sufficient to show that the inquiry is a legitimate one—that there is a great truth to be discovered. So many great minds could not have felt instinctively this great truth unless there was a basis to it. I said that the reason of man requires a method of study, and a criterion of certainty, a standard of truth—aims and helps in its labors. Where are we to seek for these? The Inductive and Deductive methods, commonly used, are inadequate; they have not led man to discover his social destiny, and solve other great problems, for which he is seeking. The true and internal Method of Study, that will furnish human reason with powerful tools and implements with which to work, is to be found in the System of Laws of order and harmony according to which the universe is governed—according to which it has been planned and organized.

What are laws? For many years I sought for a definition, and after having arrived at some half a dozen successively, I found each incomplete. I at last discovered the following, which is fundamental: Law, in any sphere, human or divine, is the manifestation of the combinations of Reason, the mode of distributing, combining, classifying, and arranging the elements or phenomena of that sphere, so as to establish order, harmony, and unity in it. Legislative laws are the result of the calculations of human reason as regards the relations of men, the rights of property, etc., so as to establish order in human society. The laws of universal order and harmony, are the manifestation of the laws of calculations of divine wisdom, which distribute, combining, classifying, and arranging the elements of the universe, so as to establish harmony and unity in its infinite realms. Now, if they are the manifestations of the calculations of divine wisdom, they are the thoughts of God. As thoughts are the results of reason, and the manifestation of reason, we may say that the laws of universal harmony are the manifestation of the thoughts of God in action, in creation; and if we can understand those laws, we can understand the reason of God.

I stated the proposition, that the finite reason of man was as incapable, of itself, of comprehending universal truth, as the human body was incapable of performing the great industrial labors which man has to execute, and that his finite reason must have aids with which to work—intellectual machinery so to say—just as the body must have tools and implements with which to perform its physical labors. When I first stated this proposition, it was regarded as a gravitation and aerial motion, and was discovered some of the thoughts of God in relation to the mode of producing equilibrium in the planetary system. And since that discovery what have we not been able to achieve? The reason of man possessing a knowledge of those laws, can, in the silence of the study, calculate the exact motions, periods and times of the planets for centuries of years to come. Here is a beautiful and grand achievement of the mind. Operating with a true method, with a knowledge of the laws of universal harmony, the finite reason of man creating itself to unity with the Divine Reason, having it for guide, can penetrate the systems of the universe, the secrets of the plan of creation.

Now, if there are Spiritualists who wish to discover truth, to penetrate into these deeper questions, I believe there is no means of doing so but by the discovery of these laws of universal order, so that our finite reason may be enabled to work with, and be guided by, that infinite reason which plans the mechanism of creation.

Having stated these general principles, I will make an application of them to one of those questions which has so long bewildered human reason. I will take, for example, the question of the Cause of Evil. It has occupied the attention of divines and philosophers in all ages, and yet we are apparently no nearer to a solution of it now than ages ago. It seems to me that we can really solve the aid of a knowledge of these laws, which I have referred to. The one supreme law of universal harmony, which is the reason of God in its unity, comprises a great number of secondary laws, as the human body in its unity comprises a great number of secondary parts. For example, in the progressive formation, growth and development of beings, there are three laws which are everywhere applicable—1. The embryonic or formative; 2. The infantile or intermediate; 3. The adult or mature. The infantile or intermediate, is that of growth and development of the mind. Operating with a true method, with a knowledge of the laws of universal harmony, the finite reason of man creating itself to unity with the Divine Reason, having it for guide, can penetrate the systems of the universe, the secrets of the plan of creation.

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Infant, the fully developed or harmonic. From a careful study of history, I come to the conclusion that the human race is now in the embryonic phase of its social career.

This incompleteness of the social organism, and all its elements, explains the great question of the cause of evil. I find, according to the law of Nature, that there is a fall in creation which cannot be avoided. It exists only at the beginning and end of all full careers, at the two extremes of finite existence.

Now, by understanding that the human race, like every created thing, must go through the two transitional stages—the embryonic or formative, and the infatu—before it reaches the organic or harmonic, we shall be able to explain the cause of evil.

Mr. Brisbane's evening discourse was a partial recapitulation and enlargement of the same subject. We therefore give only the peroration. Now what is the most practical thing to be done? We have here a great religious period, extending from the triumph of Christianity to the reformation.

How is this to be accomplished? Christianity has done its work, and has practically come to an end. It has very little practical influence on men. They go to church on Sundays, and hear lessons to their neighbor preached, as the great virtue, and then go to their business on Mondays, and defend, oppress and spurn their fellow-men.

Again, we find evil in our social system; we find false laws and institutions; we find war, tyranny, slavery, and we find the strong oppressing the weak, the cunning cheating the ignorant, every where we see oppression and injustice.

Then our physical organization, including the nervous system and the brain, is imperfectly and one-sidedly developed. Our physical organization is the result of the history of the past, of its social conditions, and its action on man.

The cause of evil, then, is to be found in the imperfection and incompleteness, however, in the progressive development of the individual man perfect and complete, instead of making him first an embryo, and then an infant, to go through

stages of development, he would have had to make him an adult, never to die, never to grow old. He would also have had to create all nature to correspond to the fruits never to decay, nothing to die, change, all things to exist forever.

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Banner of Light. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1860. Berry, Colby & Co., Publishers. PUBLICATION OFFICES: 51-2 Brattle St., Boston; 143 Fulton St., New York.

A SHEET OF SUNSHINE. A man may as well weave a web of sunshine for himself at home, as anywhere in the world. But like the spider, he must carry his loom in his own heart.

For the heart that lives on its own deep feeling, the home roof has always the same dear associations hanging over it; the same bright strips of sunshine breaking through the windows and across the floor; the same yellow blaze of the firelight on the ample hearth, illuminating every nook and corner, and making rosy red the cheeks of the family circle.

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In comparison with the chambers of the heart, these of the intellect are but so many lumber rooms. You may store away much more learning in them, but of itself learning is cold. It must needs be heated by the contagious warmth of the feelings.

Heaven help the man all head! He needs a healthy heart more than any one else. And it is only he who goes through the world with these early follies fresh and dewy upon him, that lives out of his true destiny.

When we go back from the hot courts of life to the quiet temple of Nature, we feel the lungs filled with a new atmosphere. The scales fall one after another, and the eyes we seem now to behold broadly; to bask in the clear sunlight. We believe what the poet says, then, finely as he says it, too:—

Into one nook, when the sails are tattered and the chart is gone, a man's bark may drift and be sure of safety. The storms may be peacefully ruled out there. The waves of the world are broken before they reach that haven, and lay their cheeks softly on its spotless sands.

The Grave of Theodore Parker. A Florence correspondent of the New York Times, under date of August 17th, writes: "The Swiss Protestant Cemetery, under the shade of Cypress trees and the grey walls of Florence, is interesting to Americans as well as to pilgrims from other countries where the religion of Luther and other reformers prevailed."

There is little question that the prophecy contained in the latter clause of the above prophecy is destined to a sure realization. Reformers are generally so far in the lead of their fellows, that they are neither understood nor appreciated in their day, and so have to await the verdict of a sometimes far-off posterity.

In his recently published letters, it is made apparent with what trifling respect Humboldt regarded the clergy as a class—that is, in their outward and merely professional relations to the people at large.

A Mink Brook Tragedy. The Banner (N. H.) correspondent of the Boston Journal writes, that "an incident of a semi-tragic nature, occurred here about a week ago. A medical student, while walking near a stream in the village, known as Mink Brook, was seized by a party of fellow Medics in disguise, stripped, submerged in the stream, made to submit to a tonsorial operation on his hair with jack-knives, and otherwise roughly used. The unfortunate follower of Aesculapius, not relishing such treatment, shortly after left town. It is said the perpetrators of this act were incited to it by a want of proper regard on the part of the victim for the law of man et tuum."

Foreign News. The latest despatch informs us that the King of Naples—"Bomba"—has fled to Spain, and Garibaldi was expected to enter in a day or two. The London Times, says "the King has gone to Gaeta, only to consider whether he will fly to Madrid or Vienna. Naples is as good as lost, and the turn of Rome must come next."

President Felton at Harvard College. The N. Y. Saturday Press has the following item in response to an occurrence at a recent meeting of the Alumni at Harvard College: "President Felton represented in his own person the sublime spectacle of a man aspiring to govern unregenerate youth, but unable to control his own passions."

This "spectacle" so frequent in that gentleman's articles on Spiritualism seems to be a distinguishing feature of his character. And from what the Press says further on in an ironical or other justification of his course, it would appear that the spectacle in each case proceeded from a similar cause, the only difference being that in the latter it was the people at large instead of the College. The Press remarks: "Perhaps this was excusable, then, from the fact that in the excitement of the moment, the Faculty lost their self-possession, and were not so dignified as the Alumni of the College should attempt to suggest any improvements in the course the College should pursue."

It was a slight advancement made by the people in spiritual knowledge that called forth the fiery and unscrupulous assuault upon Spiritualism from President F's pen. It was a fear that the people might get ahead of the church—that the sheep might be in possession of more knowledge than the shepherds—that caused the loss of self-possession and the display of astonishment and indignation so prominently exhibited in the Courier articles a year or two since. Old Fogymon, wherever it exists, feels something akin to the shock of an earthquake; and it is not strange that as a priestly power and collegiate intolerance become sensible of an undermining of the grounds on which they stand, and which they have mistakingly supposed to be the rock of ages, they should occasionally present a "ludicrous spectacle."

The Faculty of Harvard have passed certain very objectionable rules for the government of the young gentlemen under its charge; among these is the prohibition of the foot ball match, an old and honored custom, and an order forbidding the rowing clubs to enter for any more regattas. After alluding to this unbecoming exercise of power, the Press says: "This much has the Faculty done, while President Felton himself has gone further and further in the simple relations of gentleman to gentleman; and that when, of two men, one is old and the other young, one has more or less influence, and the other has a reputation yet to get, that a secret or latent use of that influence to injure the young man's character or prospects is neither praiseworthy, dignified or gentlemanly."

They pretend to sneer and ridicule those who believe in spirit communion, for placing such confidence as they do in the warnings that are given them by spirits in the other life; but, so far as we can see, it appears to be a very common belief among men, and one not confined exclusively to Spiritualists, either. We find the following paragraph "going the rounds" of the papers, ascribed to the Columbus (O.) State Journal. It relates to the recent melancholy disaster on Lake Michigan, and is very significant. Says the Journal:—"In Milwaukee, on the morning of the disaster, and about the very hour of its occurrence, the Chief of Police was awakened from sleep by the sense of a terrible calamity, so that he rose and visited all the police stations of the city, to see that nothing would happen which his care could avert, and at daylight returned to his room with the same vague yet fearful presentiment depressing him. When he arose again at nine, the news of the wreck had thrilled the whole city. During the night, a lady whose husband was lost on the Elgin, was warned of his death in a dream. The wife of Capt. Barry dreamed that she saw the Elgin wrecked and her husband sink, as actually befell. A lady, who had no friends on the ill-fated vessel, awoke in the night with the feeling that, as she expressed it, 'something dreadful was happening,' and was so wrought upon by terror that she could not sleep again, and rose and waited till the news of the catastrophe interpreted her forebodings. A mother who was just giving her child in charge of a friend before going upon the excursion, with the injunction to place it with the sisters of Mercy if she should not return. This request was made playfully, as if the mother attached no particular importance to it; at the same time she would have sworn she had exacted a solemn promise to that effect."

Sunday Lectures in Boston. The regular course of Sunday lectures will commence in the New and magnificent Hall in Dumont Place—entrance the same as the Tremont street entrance to Music Hall—on Sunday, Oct. 7th, at 2:45 and 7:30 o'clock, p. m. The following eminent lecturers have been engaged: Miss Fanny Davis, first three Sundays in October; Miss Lizzie Doten, last Sunday in October and first two in November; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, last two in November; Mrs. Ostrander, first two in December; Miss A. W. Sprague, four Sundays in January, 1861; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, first two in February; and Miss Emma Harding, each Sunday in March.

Someville. Mr. Dexter Dana will lecture in this place on Sunday, Sept. 30th, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock p. m. Subject, "Why am I a Spiritualist?" in the evening. "Objections to Spiritualism answered."

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. THE NEW YORKER.—We are proud to present our readers with a number of the BANNER, to commence the new volume with, which we are willing to place beside any other weekly publication in the country. On our first page we began a new story which will run through eight numbers, written by a distinguished literary gentleman of Boston—the author of many standard works, but who, from personal motives, assumes a non-descript name. On the second page we publish a strongly written essay by Hudson Tuttle, the author of the "Arcana of Nature." On the third page our readers will find an article on the Spiritual Effects of Hush, by Dr. Child, and a discourse by Albert Brisbane, Esq., of New York—on the Social Betches, which he has made a life-long study. A larger than usual amount of Spiritual Messages are published on the sixth page, and articles from various pens and places enrich the seventh page.

"THE COLLEGE BANNER."—This play at the Boston Museum is attracting crowds to that most popular place of amusement, every night. The scene of the play is laid about and around the lakes of Killarney, in Ireland, and the play will be doubly interesting to those who have read the letters from Mr. Spauld, lately published in the BANNER, describing the beautiful scenery and narrating the peculiar traditions which belong to that most romantic locality.

Miss Ellen D. Starkweather, who is well known to Spiritualists as a good test medium, has removed to No. 4 Osborn Place, leading out of Pleasant street. Miss Starkweather has been exercised as a writing, rapping and trance medium for about ten years, in which time many extraordinary manifestations and tests have been witnessed.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—This Magazine for October contains articles from the pens of Hawthorne, Whittier, Taylor, Lowell and Holmes. There is an interesting sketch of Rev. Theodore Parker, by T. W. Higginson, of Worcester. A superb advertisement. See opinions of the press, etc., under advertisement of "Whatever is, is Right."

A large number of our prominent citizens, including Governor Banks, Mayor Lincoln, Chief Justice Shaw, and Mr. Everett, have invited Mr. Ralph Parham of Acton, Me., the sole survivor of the Battle of Hunker Hill, to visit Boston. Mr. Stevens has generously offered the free use of apartments at the Ivers House, and there is a disposition in all quarters to make the veteran's visit to our city one of our joyous events.

CONGRATULATIONS.—The Columbus, Ohio, Post, in its account of the Perry celebration at Cleveland, says: "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the Chaplain."

Another paper, in speaking of the address of welcome to the Prince of Wales, by a Provincial Mayor, says: "In addition to this, his worship had to say that a procession of Orangemen, with dresses and badges half a million long, was awaiting his Royal Highness at the landing place."

JO COSE thinks that Adam must have been a Jew man, for he was ahead of the human race. Likewise Jonah, because he was in a tight place; but that scriptural individual who hungared and thirsted in the wilderness was a faster, for he had nothing to eat for several days. Jo Cose says he learned all this from his Aunt Hild who has an abode in his garden.

A GOOD NAME WELL PERPETUATED.—The father of the venerable Josiah Quincy was named Josiah. His oldest son is also named Josiah. The oldest son of Josiah Quincy, Jr., is named Josiah, and his oldest son is Josiah. Thus four Josiahs lineally descended from the father of President Quincy, are still living.

The pilgrim or the desert wild should ne'er let woe confound him, For he at any time can find The sand which is his aid him. It might seem odd that he could find Such palatable fare, Did we not know the sons of Ham Were bred and nursed there.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; In the family our tempers; in company our tongues. If we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."

"I feel," said an old lady, "that I've got about through with this world. I shan't enjoy much more trouble."

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of a new work on Love. It treats of phases of the subject we ought all to be aware of, that we might arrest and cure the evils, as well as improve the uses.

A man, on being upbraided for his cowardice, said he had bold a bear as any one, but his cowardly legs ran away with it!

MARY.—Who does not love the plain, yet beautiful name, Mary? It is from the Hebrew, and means a "tear-drop." What sweet and joyous hours of other days—what pleasing associations the very name calls up in every heart? Who knows ill of Mary? Who that does not love the name, and has not had every filigree of his heart moved to melody at its mention? If there be anything gentle, valued, and womanly, what Mary possesses it not?

STRAWBERRIES.—Those of our readers who have a spot of ground, be it large or small, cannot do better than to set out in it some of the strawberry plants advertised in our columns. The variety is large and luscious, and those who incline toward them, are in all cases persons of good taste.

The New Hampshire State Fair will be held at Manchester, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Oct. 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1860. Three thousand dollars worth of premiums are offered.

"My love," said Boyie to his wife, "why is a Lapplander like an umbrella-maker? D'y'e give it up?" "Cause he derives his support from the rein deer."

"Try another," said our chief, as he threw himself on the sofa. "Why is your third husband like an umbrella?" "Because he protects me from the elements, my love!" "Not a bit of it, darling; but because he is used up."

Every man cherishes in his heart some object—some shrine at which his adoration is paid, unknown to his fellow-mortals.

"Oh, that my father was seized with a remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

At the time of the late meeting of the American Revolvers Association, in Rhode Island, the friends of Rev. Dr. Wayland were surprised to read an account in the papers that, after one of the evening sessions, the doctor gave a "billiard party." The types should have pronounced it a brilliant party.

A man in stopping his paper wrote: "I think folks don't care any more about money; my father never did and every body said he was the smartest man in the country, and had got the intelligentsia famely of boys that ever dug taters."

A Frenchman's theory of life is summed up in the motto of Sardanapalus:—"Eat, drink and love—the rest is not worth a straw."

A little girl of four years, wishing to tell that she had received a present of a fan, and forgetting the name, described it as "a thing to brush the warm all off with."

A young lady in reply to her father's question, why she did not wear things upon her fingers, said, "Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand!" "What business have you to anybody's hand squeezed?" "Certainly none; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep in squeezable order."

Green send a lady for breach of promise, and her friends offered him two hundred dollars to settle it. "What," cried Green, "two hundred dollars for a breach of promise, a scattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart—never! but make it three hundred and it is a bargain."





Correspondence.

The Lyons Convention. While waiting for the reporter to transcribe his minutes...

On Friday evening, previous to the Convention, many strangers had arrived at Lyons, and a preliminary meeting was held...

The President opened the Convention with an appropriate remark, thanking the audience for the honor thus conferred upon him...

The Convention closed on the following Monday at a look-alike extending a vote of thanks to the officers of the Convention...

The speakers who graced the occasion were John Hobart of Indianapolis, Ind., H. M. Fay of Akron, Ohio...

One of the gratifying results of the Convention was the adoption of a plan introduced by the secretary for the promulgation of the "Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects..."

The Convention was an entire success, and its influence in this section of country can but be salutary.

The Day Dawneth. The day dawneth—and lo! the heavy mists of ignorance and error that overpoured our steps in the way...

Very truly yours, L. B. Snows, Secretary of the Lyons Convention, Iowa, Sept. 10.

In this town. Our cause here does not seem to have made much advance; but quite a respectable number of ladies and gentlemen convened to hear the doctrines of spirit communion explained...

I lectured last Sabbath at Hampton Village. There the truth is also being introduced, and I am informed many are inquiring the way to spiritual happiness...

Spiritualism in Dixon, Illinois. Thinking you are all always glad to hear of the progress of truth and liberal principles in all parts of the world, I thought I would give you a short statement of the condition of Spiritualism in this place...

On the Sunday following, the order of proceedings was similar to that of Saturday, varied only by the introduction and discussion to some extent of various Resolutions...

The speakers who graced the occasion were John Hobart of Indianapolis, Ind., H. M. Fay of Akron, Ohio, Mrs. Warner of Norwalk, Ohio...

The Convention was an entire success, and its influence in this section of country can but be salutary.

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MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Mr. W. W. W. will lecture at Lowell, Mass., two lectures in Oct., and at Lowell, Mass., two lectures in Nov., and at Lowell, Mass., two lectures in Dec.

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From the LaCrosse (Wis.) Democrat.

Out in the daily and sultry street, With sunburnt cheeks and sun-brown feet, He sits in the shade of a tree...

Will be shaded in his darkest night, And these little fits will go through the blackest deeds the heart may know...

THE year will pass on and thy soul, so white, Will be shaded in his darkest night, And these little fits will go through the blackest deeds the heart may know...

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New York Advertisements.

SCOTT'S HEALING INSTITUTE, 110 N. 5th Street, New York. The most convenient, beautiful and healthy location in the city of New York.

SPRIT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. This being an age when almost anything in the shape of an advertisement is sent to you...

SPRIT PREPARATIONS. GREAT TO JOHN SCOTT, AND PREPARED BY HIM AT 28 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

COOPIANA, OR COUGH REMEDY. This is a medicine of extraordinary power and efficacy in the relief and cure of all kinds of Coughs and Consumptions...

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Banner of Light Bookstore.

143 Fulton Street, New York. Mr. Munson will attend to orders for any book in the following Catalogue...

NEW BOOKS. Miller and Orimes' Discussion. Price 25 cents. Load and Grant's Discussion. Price 25 cents.

Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy, and Metaphysics. By Rev. Wm. L. Channing. Price \$1.00.

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Boston Advertisements.

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!! DR. CHARLES MANN, No. 7, DAVIS STREET, Boston, Mass.

THIS is an Institution having for its basis the alleviation of the sufferings of our common humanity. It claims no superiority over any other Institution. It does claim equality with all, for it is free.

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Pearls.

And quoted as, and jewels are words long,
Just on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

These called infants entertain stronger and nobler ideas of
the Divinity than most other men; for they do not sully him
with the foul ingredients of all the wickedness and pas-

It is curious to notice the old sea-margins of human
thought! Each succeeding century reveals some new mys-

TO ONE DECEIVED.
All hearts are not deluded; let thy trust
Be deep, and clear, and all-conquering still,

THE MAN WHO THROWS AWAY HIS LIFE IN AN UNNECESSARY
AND UNWARRANTED BATTLE,
Is only courage; to forgive, with nobleness, requires a higher

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.
TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18.

THE BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE IS HELD AT THE
No. 14 BROAD STREET, EVERY TUESDAY EVENING.

QUESTION—FUTURE LIFE.
JOHN WETHERS, JR., was called upon to preside.

JACOB EDSON.—It is not expected that we are to
know much of a future life. We have nothing but

LAURENCE BROWN.—I last week offered some
remarks to show that we should have a material exist-

ROBERT EDSON.—I think the difficulty is not so
much that the evidence of a future life does not

MR. ARWON.—This is but the byproduct of our
spiritual existence. We talk and act in the external,

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HONORABLE SENATOR.—I don't know as such terrible
opinions as I hold will be in order here; but I have
a few ideas I would like to advance. My brethren

RICHARD THAYER, (erroneously printed ROBERT,
heretofore).—There is perhaps difficulty in getting
a proper conception of a future life. My Brother

MR. CLAPP.—If any one will use his reason on
this question, he will come to the conclusion that
future life is merely a phantasm of the brain. Men

DR. H. F. GANNON.—I always profess to be ready
to give a reason for the hope within me. I know I
have a future life. It is to me as evident and clear

MR. DURHAM.—I have never discovered anything
in man to lead me to believe he lived after death. I
had thought death killed the whole man. While I

DR. CHARLES LEWIS told the Conference of an
instance where he had been controlled by spirits to
perform certain duties, and go on missions the re-

LAURENCE BROWN.—I have no desire to occupy
your time to night. I am approaching an age where
I am taking less and less for granted. I hope for

MR. EDSON.—I think the difficulty is not so
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A GHOST STORY.

(Ghost stories, like stories of every kind, are largely
inherited to their necessary circumstances for their
interest. The facts in themselves may be of a very

The interest of the following story consists not
merely in the fact that a ghost was seen, but as well
in the age of the seer and the circumstances under

At that time the western part of the State was
held mostly by large farmers of good family, and
not infrequently of some pretension as to pride of

Let the reader picture to his mind's eye a long
and irregular range of wooden buildings, in no par-

It was at this "witching hour" that our young
visitor was conducted by her pleasant friends to her
place of repose. This was in an extreme angle of

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WARREN CHASE IN OHIO.

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than one hundred of living. He did not know which
were the best, but he was sure, from the teaching of
reason, of nature, and of spirits, that no angry

Questions and Answers.

MISS M. M. GILLES, of Canton, Illinois, asks the fol-
lowing questions:
What does Dr. Child understand the soul to be?

DE CHASE'S REPLY TO THE ABOVE QUESTIONS.
The soul of man is the basis of all human exist-
ence. It is indestructible life. It is a germ of un-

THE SPIRIT OF MAN IS, TO ME, THE SAME AS HIS SOUL.
So far as I have been able to discern, the distinctions
made by some between the soul and the spirit are

PHYSICAL DEMONSTRATIONS.
We have in this city, a dark room circle, and man-
ifestations of a kind which have not been known

THE MEDIUM IS A MISS CHAMPLIN, fifteen years of
age. Her father and a number of the family are
also mediums, in different stages of development.

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The "Sinner's" Question.

It may occur to many, that this hobby has
been nearly ridden to death; nevertheless it may be
possible that it has sufficient vitality remaining to

REGARD TO THE RESISTANCE OF EVIL, it is very nat-
ural, (and therefore right) when man in his ascent
up the great progressive ladder of existence, is just

MANY APPAR not to recognize that the age of
physical development, and its consequent imperfect
mental manifestations, has been the foundation of, or

THE RESISTANCE OF EVIL OR INFANTILE MANIFESTATIONS
of growth) by physical force, is legitimate, and con-

THE MIND IS THE PRODUCT OF THE SOUL; IT IS THE
manifestation of intelligence that the soul throws
off. In a deeper sense the mind may be said to be

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