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THE SPIRITUAL PRESENCES AND PROPHETIC CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELISHA.

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"Ecstasies of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

WE have now to delineate the character and career of the disciple and successor of the glorious Tishbite. Elisha, although beyond question a great and faithful prophet, distinguished alike by the ardour of his devotion as well as the magnitude and importance of his miracles, yet stands at an almost immeasurable distance beneath his mightier and more illustrious master. The call of the latter was apparently from God direct, without the intervention of man. We hear of no predecessor from whom he had inherited the more than royal, the sacred mantle of wisdom. He bursts upon us, suddenly and unprepared, the completed prophet, speaking in the thunder tones of commanding authority, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand." His appointment and inspiration seem to have been in no respect derivative, but altogether and essentially primal. He shone with no reflected or planetary light, but blazed like a glorious and cloudless sun, suffusing the empyrean with its exhaustless radiance. But it was otherwise with his spiritual and adopted heir. Elisha was called of his master, the God-appointed disciple of the Tishbite. A simple farmer's son, he would apparently have been contented to follow his comparatively humble occupation of husbandry through life, but for the resistless evocation of his grander predecessor. We can readily understand how the soul of the zealous and fiery Tishbite must have yearned amidst the general decadence of Israel for a suitable companion in his arduous and self-denying labours. How, as the shadows of advancing age, or

rather the dawning glories of his approaching and triumphant deliverance, pressed more and more closely on his long tried and forecasting spirit, he must have looked anxiously around among the rising young men of his nation for one with whom he might freely commune on the idolatrous apostacy of priest and people, and to whom, without misgiving, he might intrust the further prosecution of that momentous mission, to which he had so faithfully devoted his own untiring energies. Such an one was at length revealed to him by God on Mount Horeb, where, among other things, he was commanded to announce Elisha the son of the shepherd as his successor. And the readiness with which this extemporised disciple assented to the intimation and obeyed the summons of the symbolical mantle was an earnest of that persistent faithfulness with which he afterwards, during a long life, discharged the duties of that exalted office to which he had been thus appointed. "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." What warmth of affection; what beautiful simplicity; what a kindly, genial, unperverted, and obedient nature is here indicated as the hopeful basis on which was thereafter to be erected the sublime superstructure of the prophetic character. It would seem that Elisha was with his master during many years, ministering to, and learning from, this great exemplar in the path of seerdom. As such, he was doubtless not only a spectator of many of the marvels which Elijah wrought, but also a not unobservant witness of the dauntless courage and unswerving faithfulness of this true servant of God. Of all the schools then in Israel, none, we have reason to believe, were equal to that furnished by the practical tuition of this greatest of the prophets.

From the many, though vain, attempts made by Elijah to induce his faithful attendant to tarry at successive places on their last day's journey, as well as from the observations of the sons of the prophets and Elisha's reply to them, it is obvious, that not only did Elijah know of his approaching departure, but that his more immediate disciple was equally well informed on the subject, while even among the prophetic schools a similar impression extensively prevailed. These mystic and holy confraternities appear to have been composed of devout young men, probably selected by the senior prophets as likely or fitting subjects for seerdom. They were a species of rude though effective theological colleges, in which, during the darkest era of idolatrous corruption, the spirit of primitive devotion was kept alive, and whence, at intervals, issued those fiery messengers, whose fearless rebukes were spoken in the face of kings, and whose stern reproofs sounded in the ears of armed and hostile multitudes. It was probably from a remnant of these that the later Essenes derived

their existence. Whether distinctive processes were used in these religious seminaries avowedly for the purpose of developing ecstatic exaltation we can scarcely say, as there is no Biblical authority on the subject. But, judging by the customs of other eastern nations, we are justified in assenting to it as probable.* Fasting and various forms of self-denial, together with solitude, prayer, and meditation, were doubtless among the means employed for developing the lucid crisis. Judging, however, by the general tenor of Biblical history, it would seem that the superior class of prophets, those honoured by special mention in the sacred narrative, or whose proud destination it was to contribute to its pages, were not reared in these establishments, but had either a primal call like Elijah, or a special evocation as in the case of his disciple.

From the fact that the sons of the prophets wished to send fifty men to seek for Elijah after his ascent, it would almost seem that such occurrences as occasional aerial exaltation were not so uncommon as might be supposed. Here, at all events, was a procedure which, from its being so urgently pressed on the consideration of Elisha, would seem to have been customary in such an event. Was then "lightness of body," as it is sometimes termed, developed at times among these Jewish, as it has often been among other ecstasies? We rather incline to this opinion. Such phenomena have been so often narrated by independent witnesses, so widely separated by time, place, faith, and language, that it would be the height of groundless and unphilosophical scepticism to doubt the probable existence of such effects as facts in nature.*

The sweetening of the water at Jericho was obviously an act akin to that narrated of Moses at the well of Marah, and we must therefore refer the reader to what we have said on the subject under this head. The slaying of the forty and two children by the she-bear and her cub would indicate that Elisha must, among other prerogatives of higher ecstasy, have attained to that of resistless command over brute natures. The power to magically calm the rage of these inferior beings has undoubtedly been possessed by many high-wrought lucids, and why, therefore, may not the counterpart of this pacifying influence be at times exerted by the same class of persons. We very logically conclude that he who could allay might with equal facility evoke a tempest, and if so then we shall be equally justified in concluding that he who could have calmed, might also, under eminently provocative circumstances, enrage and invite beasts of prey to the performance

* The levitations occurring so frequently in the experience of modern spiritualists cast additional light on the subject thus reasoned out by the author, who wrote this article long in advance of his knowledge of Spiritualism.—EDITOR.

of their destructive, though appropriate, functions. That such a use of this mysterious power was wholly unworthy the generally merciful and beneficent character of Elisha we do not for a moment deny. To use the carnivorous instincts of brute creatures as the blind instruments of his vengeance on scarcely responsible children, and for an act in which he would himself probably at their age have taken part, was altogether unjustifiable, and would, if frequently repeated, have rendered the prophetic character as detestable as it was terrible, as dangerous as it was awful. Combativeness and destructiveness must, for the time, have held unresisting sway over the mind of the exasperated seer; the radiation of whose potent influence, under such circumstances, would be like the lightning and tornado—a destructive, not a creative force of nature. Such a display of unbridled ferocity was wholly different from the righteous indignation and fiery wrath of Elijah when he slew the priests of Baal at Kishon, or consumed the satellites of despotism by fire from heaven.

When the kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom were met in league against Moab (2nd Kings iii. 9), and found their assembled hosts ready to perish for want of water, they, as it was usual with the crowned heads of that day when reduced to such an extremity, instead of sending, after the modern fashion, for an engineer, sought out a prophet. Here we have another instance of the effect of music in favouring the afflatus or oncoming of the prophetic spirit. Elisha, appealed to by these kings, asked for a minstrel, and when he played, “the spirit of the Lord came upon him” (ver. 15). The exalting, yet harmonising, effects of music on individuals of ecstatic temperament has been noticed in all ages, and this aid was obviously resorted to by the Jewish seers as well as by their heathen brethren, or rather rivals. The water which appeared so opportunely was probably the effect of a heavy thunderstorm, or, perhaps, waterspout on some distant mountains, from whence it ran with impetuosity into the neighbouring valleys, carrying the soil with it, and obtaining its red colour. The real marvel was not the production of the water, but the power to accurately foretell its desired arrival, together with the subsequent defeat of the Moabites. This was of course due to the presence of the clairvoyant intuition at the time in the mind of the prophet, exalted to ecstatic lucidity by the minstrel’s stirring strains, resounding possibly with some devotional and some patriotic pæan.

In the case of the widow’s oil (c. iv., v. 2), we have another instance of that multiplication or increase, to which allusion has been already made when speaking of a similar exercise of power by Elijah; there is therefore no necessity for further remarks on the subject in this place. The Shunammite and her son also afford

a very near parallel to the widow of Zarephath and her son, for whom the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal had been endowed with such properties of unailing supply. The fact that Elisha did not know the object of the Shunammite's visit to him, is only one of many indications that these "men of God" were not universally, or at all times lucid, but only on special occasions in relation to certain events. The poisonous gourds at Gilgal, and the "death in the pot," which resulted from their use, together with the facile remedy provided by the prophet in the shape of a little innocent meal (ver. 38-41), affords an interesting instance of a power said to be wielded by a few of the earlier ecstasies, that of rendering deleterious food and drinks innocuous. To be fire and poison proof was one of the many attainments coveted by most, and said to be possessed by some of the more distinguished magicians of antiquity. This would arise from a change in the functional condition, and therefore a modification in the normal relationship of their bodies to the elemental forces of nature. But to be able to render injurious substances nutritious and beneficial, would seem to imply an exercise of still greater power. The meal was probably but a sign, or at the most a vehicle of benignant influence. The act of Elisha in this matter was that of blessing so potently, as to overcome the material curse by spiritual force—the quality of the gourds by the introduction of this effluence, as that of certain chemical substances is by the admixture of others of a different or opposite kind.

It would seem that the fame of Elisha's miracles was not confined to his own people or the small territory of Palestine. The captives of Israel carried the report of his wondrous achievements into the land of their bondage, and as a result, the great Syrian commander came to be healed of his leprosy. Here the condition imposed, that of bathing seven times in the Jordan (chap. v., ver. 10), must be considered not only as a sign, or a test of obedience, but also as in part a means, or more strictly, as a conducing cause of Naaman's recovery. The prime motor force, or, shall we rather say, the positive healing power in this case was doubtless the sanative effluence rayed forth by Elisha on the system of the Syrian soldier, prepared and attempered for the reception of this beneficent influence, by childlike and uninquiring submission to a command, uttered, doubtless, with the authority of a seer, but for such unquestioning acquiescence in which no sufficient motive appreciable by the understanding could be assigned, except that it was done at the dictation of one too wise to err, too good to deceive, and to whom implicit credence might therefore be given, and in whom unbounded confidence might be placed, as in a holy person sanctioned by God and familiar with the counsels of omniscience. Not for a vain show of power, not

with a wilful assumption of undue authority, did the prophets of old so frequently make the exercise of their healing prerogative dependent on the patient's submission to some apparently arbitrary or fanciful command. Faith harmonises the passions, purifies the affections, exalts the sentiments, and concentrates the thoughts, and thus increases and intensifies our sympathy with the person in whom we place such unqualified dependence. It deepens our susceptibility and enlarges our receptivity, and so prepares us to be more effectually acted on. Faith is attractive and assimilative, promotive of union and conducive to interspheration, while doubt, on the contrary, is repulsive and antagonistic, and surrounds us with an influence hostile to interaction. It is the moral element of chaos, and produces a tendency to isolation. Now, obedience, as in the case of Naaman, would be an evidence of the mental state of the patient, and his fitness or otherwise for being acted on by the healing power. But, in addition to this, every repetition of the act of obedience would, from the condition of thought and feeling accompanying it, prepare the nervous system of the patient for more readily receiving the radiate influence of his operator, in the instance under consideration, a holy prophet, working, not scientifically with the intellect, but religiously with the sentiments, and so achieving whatever he accomplished, not slowly and by visible and tangible means, but with that virtuous ease and triumphant facility which ever characterises the works of faith as compared with the labours of knowledge.

If we wanted evidence of the existence of mesmerism among the nations of western Asia, there could scarcely be stronger proof adduced than that afforded by the remark of Naaman on the rather cavalier manner in which he had been treated by Elisha—"Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and *strike his hand over the place*, and recover the leper" (2nd Kings, v. 11). The passes of the medical mesmerist, combined with the religious invocations of the magician, are here obviously alluded to. Such processes were doubtless customary among the Syrians of that day, and hence Naaman's expectation that something similar would be resorted to by the Jewish prophet. From the entire tenor of the narrative, however, it is obvious that the zeal of Elisha for the credit of his order, and in a certain sense, we may say, his jealousy for the majesty of the God of Israel was aroused, whose superiority to, and supremacy over all the deities of paganism he seems to have determined to demonstrate on the present occasion. Hence, probably, his rather haughty reception of the great soldier, to whom, on any other occasion, he would probably have been willing to accord something of the respect due to his exalted rank in the military service of a neigh-

bouring and friendly potentate. He obviously wished to impress on Naaman that the cure of his leprosy, which had proved so intractable under the treatment of Syrian physicians and healers, was but a light matter to a prophet of Israel working with the delegated power of the true God. And in this he succeeded, despite the indignation and wounded pride of his patient, whose sudden conversion and lively gratitude are eminently characteristic of the nobler order of Oriental minds. The entire scene is redolent with features of Eastern life, and has probably had its precursors and successors in various ages and countries of the Asian continent.

We have spoken of Naaman's obedience as a conducing cause to his effectual reception of the prophet's blessing. Conversely, we may remark that the covetousness, guile, and disobedience of Gehazi, while eminently calculated to evoke the anger of his master, were also of a nature to render him especially susceptible to the effects of the justly kindled anger of the holy man, whose indignation was aroused, not merely by the deception and meanness of his servant, but also by the fact that these dishonourable practices were resorted to on such an occasion, when it had been the especial object of the Israelitish prophet to raise his order and his God in the estimation of a distinguished foreigner. We might here say much on *sin* as a producing cause of disease in general. Suffice it, however, for the present that we do not hesitate to avow it as our deliberately formed opinion, that all disease is an effect immediate or remote of the violation of some moral or natural law.

In this severe though, perhaps, justly-merited punishment of Gehazi, we have a notable example of the transference of disease from one system to another, a power which some of the ancient magicians are said to have possessed, and, as in the case under consideration, to have been occasionally exercised. Christ manifested the same terrible prerogative in causing or permitting the devils which he had just cast out from one possessed to pass into a herd of swine. It should be remembered that the ancient prophets wrought much more by mental than physical mesmerisation, and accomplished vastly greater effects by the exercise of their will than we can achieve by the most vigorous manipulation. Now, it is possible in certain cases of extreme susceptibility to communicate many of the symptoms of a diseased patient to a bystander placed in the line of our passes, and so situated, therefore, as to receive the contaminated emanation of the sick person. If so undesirable a result then can be accomplished by physical means, why not by moral ones also? If mental as well as material mesmerisation can effect a cure, why may it not also be equally productive of infection?

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKWELL.

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

SIR,—In the absence of my friend Mr. Bonnemère, who is travelling with his family, and will probably not see the letter of Mr. Clavaïroz for some months to come, I beg to be allowed to offer to the consideration of your readers a few remarks suggested by the third and fourth paragraphs of that letter, from which it would appear that Mr. Clavaïroz bases his rejection of the idea of reincarnation, partly on the denial of the spirits who oppose it, partly on the “the destruction of human individuality” which he thinks would be a consequence of our reincarnation, supposing it to take place. And as the two objections thus brought forward are precisely those which naturally occur to every one on first turning his attention to the subject in question, I will, with your permission, endeavour to show what they are really worth.

As for the first of these objections, it is practically disposed of (*though not explained*) by Mr. Clavaïroz himself, who says, and truly, in the third sentence of his fourth paragraph: “Every one who has attentively followed the communications through mediums knows that *no absolute value can be attached to them.*” Consequently, by his own showing, the doctrine of Reincarnation is no more *disproved* by the *denials* of his medium or of any number of mediums who assert it to be false, than it is *proved* by the *affirmations* of Mr. Bonnemère’s medium or of any number of mediums who assert it to be true.

This first objection being disposed of by Mr. Clavaïroz, and the “fourteen years” of “condemnation” of the doctrine in question by *his* medium being thus seen to be of no more “absolute value” than the justification of that doctrine which thousands of mediums have been receiving for nearly a quarter of a century, I proceed to the consideration of the second objection urged by Mr. Clavaïroz, as the one on which he, in common with most other opponents of Reincarnation, appears mainly to rely.

The theory of Reincarnation does undoubtedly *modify*, and most profoundly, our conception of the *nature* of human life, and of all human relations, including that most elementary one, hitherto so little understood, but which lies at the very root of the subject we are considering, viz., *the relation of the soul to its body*. But, so far from “destroying” our “individuality,” that theory is believed, by those who hold it, to strengthen, refine, and ennoble it, by doing, in regard to our conception of the nature of human relations, just what astronomical discovery has done in regard to our conception of the nature and relations of the planet we inhabit.

The idea of the other planets of our solar system being inhabited has appeared in the past, and still appears, to minds not yet ready for its reception, to destroy the importance and value of our earth, by reducing it to the rank of one of a countless host of similar habitations disseminated through the infinity of Space. Yet who does not see that the conception of the inhabitedness of all planets invests our minute globe, as a related element of a boundless universe of kindred life, with a dignity and importance immeasurably nobler than the barren and aimless isolation which we formerly attributed to it?

In like manner, to those who have, as yet, considered the subject of Reincarnation only from the popular and superficial point of view which takes it for granted that our present human life is our first and only one—just as we have, for so many ages, taken it for granted that our infinitesimal earthlet was the first and only theatre of human existence—the idea that we may have already lived many lives in this and other planets appears to destroy the importance and value of our present life, by showing its various relations to be only the conditions of one of the countless steps of a career of never-ending development which began far back in the Past, and is to extend through the infinity of future Time. And yet—just as the inductions of modern Astronomy have ennobled our conception of the planet in which we find ourselves, by showing it to be an element of the vast system of inhabited worlds around us—does not the theory of Reincarnation ennoble our conception of our present life, by showing it to be, for each of us, the direct and natural result of the long sequence of our former experiences and the direct preparation for the next step of our educational career, and by connecting us, through affectional links that are none the less solid and real for being *at present* hidden from us, with other beings and other spheres of the vast system of mental and moral development in which we thus see ourselves to be included?

To regard our “individuality” as the *result of our present perishable human organization*, instead of regarding that organization as being a *result of the higher and enduring individuality of our spiritual part—our soul*—is a “putting of the cart before the horse,” a confounding of the man with the garment which he wears to-day, but will throw aside to-morrow; and as our present garment of flesh is incessantly changing, and will soon be resolved into its chemical elements, the ordinary view of “individuality,” held by Mr. Clavaïroz and by all who, like him, regard it as being a *result of our present human life*, really destroys that “individuality,” by depriving it of the only theoretic basis of belief in its persistence, viz., *that which is furnished by the hypothesis of the gradual formation and education of an immaterial and there-*

fore imperishable entity, or soul, endowed by its Creator with the power of forming for itself, at each new step of its development, a new material body in harmony with the needs and possibilities of its degree of advancement.

But, while thus profoundly *modifying* our conception of the *nature* of human relations, the theory of Reincarnation enhances, immeasurably, our sense of their importance, by showing us that all our mental, moral, affectional, and social conditions, our wisdom or folly, our strength or weakness, our friendships and our enmities, our dearest affections and our most painful and onerous life-burdens, are always the direct result of our right or wrong action in our former existences, and that every thought, word, and deed, of our present life is preparing for us, by the inevitable law of natural fruition, the happy or painful conditions of the next phase of the educational process which is bringing us up, slowly but surely, to higher and higher orders of existence, in which all the faculties, powers, affections, acquired by us in all our previous existences, will be possessed by us in the transformed and glorified modes appropriate to those more advanced degrees of "individuality."

What other view of human life—with its joys and its sorrows, its inequalities, its hardships, and seeming injustices, its shortcomings and aspirations, its painful grapplings with the mental problems that can only be solved through our attainment of the higher intellectual stand-point afforded by the acquisition of nobler orders of corporeal organization,—what other view of life, I confidently ask, is so reasonable, so logical, so consoling, so encouraging? What other can offer such powerful incitements to activity and self-denial in view of noble ends, to the thorough discharge of every duty, to the exercise of the large kindness which sees in every enemy at once a former victim and a future friend; in every stranger, one who may have been united to us in the past by the ties of interest or of affection; in every affection, the gradual growth of past existences and the assured companionship of the future?

Among the various important questions intimately connected with the subject we are considering, but upon which it is obviously impossible for me to enter in this place, are the *nature* of the unitary memory which will eventually enable us to recall at pleasure all the former phases of our existence, and the *rationale* of the suspension of that memory during the earlier phases of our life in planets, both in the surface-sphere and in the spirit-sphere of the latter; a suspension which explains the fact that the majority of the spirits of our earth, incarnate and disincarnate, are still unaware of their past existences, the power of recalling which has not yet been acquired by them. I can

only remark, in regard to this latter question, that the remembrance of our past lives would materially interfere, in the majority of cases, with the usefulness of our present life ; and that the spirits who claim to be now charged with the work of making known the law of Reincarnation to the people of this planet assign, among other reasons for the Providential delaying of its promulgation among us, our ignorance in regard to Electricity and other departments of Natural Law, which has hitherto prevented our understanding the *nature of bodies*, and has thus rendered us incapable of the rational acceptance of the law in question.

For the subject of Reincarnation does not stand alone, but is intimately connected with every department of life and of thought, and can only be decided in connexion with the vast and complicated question of the Pre-existence of the Soul ; a question requiring, for its elucidation, the combined indications of every branch of natural science, interpreted by the light which our extending scientific knowledge will enable us to receive from disincarnate spirits of higher degree.

That the majority of "the eleven million of believers in America," to whom Mr. Clavairoz (notwithstanding his denial of any "absolute value" to spirit-teaching,) so triumphantly refers, should be still in ignorance of the law of Reincarnation, is therefore only what, from the Spiritist point of view, is naturally to be expected ; and equally natural is it, from that same point of view, that the doctrine in question, already widely proclaimed in nearly every country of the Old World, should now, as Mr. Clavairoz pathetically laments in the commencement of his former article, be effecting an entrance among the "believers" of the New, in which cradle of the great modern movement of *rapprochement* between the two spheres of our earthly abode, the doctrine so violently objected to by Mr. Clavairoz and others is making rapid progress. In a letter from Mr. Peebles, recently forwarded to me by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, the writer remarks, in reference to my humble endeavours to spread the knowledge of what I believe to be the most important and urgently-needed truth now knocking for admission at the doors of our distracted planet :— "Her views on Reincarnation are meeting every day with wider acceptance in this country. The *Banner of Light* openly advocates Reincarnation ; and many of the spirits controlling Mrs. Conant, who is considered to be our best American medium, emphatically assert the truth of this doctrine. It cannot be denied that it melts away many hard theological problems, that no other teaching has hitherto been able to solve." He might have added that it also furnishes the only solution of the various problems which are effecting the disruption of our present social

fabric, and with which no other theory, religious, political, or economic, is competent to deal.

As Mr. Clavaïroz, notwithstanding his (perfectly-founded) denial of spirit-competence in the matter, attaches so much importance to the numerical superiority of those who are not yet aware of the law of Reincarnation, I may add that some English mediums are beginning to receive communications confirmatory of its truth; that one of your subscribers, not personally known to me, writes me that "many of his friends assure him that they distinctly remember the scenes and events of their former earthly lives"; that another of your subscribers has admitted to me that he remembers a former life of his on this earth, and that this power of recalling passages of a former earth-life is also possessed by his married sister, who knows nothing of Spiritualism; and that I hope, ere long, to procure the necessary vouchers for several most interesting and conclusive instances of this remembrance of anterior earthly lives by persons of our own day, to add to the great mass of evidence already collected in support of the theory of our successive lives in this earth and in other planets as the indispensable preparation for the extra-planetary realms of existence to which we shall eventually attain.

Commending the foregoing considerations to the attention of Mr. Clavaïroz and all other opponents,—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANNA BLACKWELL.

WIMEREUX, Sept. 12, 1872.

ERRATUM.—In *Human Nature* for September, 1872, p. 397, for "externally-united," read "eternally-united."

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SPIRITS AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

BY HENRY E. RUSSELL.

EACH new phase of evidence from the Summer Land, as it unfolds itself amongst us, seems constantly to remind us that the vast congregations of individualised intelligences on the other side are working with us in the disintegration of the material veil which hides their spiritual life from our mundane existence. They are blending a purer atmosphere with our own, causing the upturned eye of mortal to behold the brighter realities of the eternal home, and the descending rays of love and purity to break up the clouds of ignorance and superstition which have so long obscured their source. A life beyond this present probationary sphere of progress is clearly demonstrated; a world of

beauty and of constant progression is shown through the dissolving mists of materialism; the glad voices of our dear departed ones sound once more in our ears; their loving hands again clasp our own, and lo! we are once more conversing with them face to face, whilst we enjoy the now indisputable fact of an eternity of life and upward advancement with them for evermore.

Had such a reality as this been predicted but a few years gone by, how ready would even Spiritualists have been to doubt its accomplishment in this our day! And yet the fact is now evident before us. The fulfilment of angel promises has come so gradually upon us, that it is only when we compare the present with the past that we perceive the rapid progress of spiritual revelation. Yet, where will all this end?—to what perfection will our present intercourse with the inhabitants of the comparatively unknown regions of the eternal arrive whilst we still remain behind to welcome their return? Who shall say? But, on reflection, we are not so much surprised at the present unfoldments to our view of the many evidences of our own immortality. As we have seen, the acquired experiences of the commonly invisible intelligences are brought continually to bear upon the science of spirit and matter. They are experimenting, and bringing all their resources of knowledge and experiment to work with us, and their numbers are hourly growing more numerous from the spiritually educated minds from earth ascending each moment to their own plane of existence. Hence the rapid advances which have taken place even within the last few years in diffusing the knowledge amongst mortals of the purpose and destiny of each individualised soul. The golden links in the eternal chain of effect and cause are becoming brighter and brighter the longer they are gazed upon, and the higher we ascend in the scale of advancement, the more we long to grasp with unfettered hands the glittering talisman which will lead us nearer and nearer to the end, immovably anchored in the heart of the Eternal First Cause, whom we call Our Father.

But there is apparent, not only an eternity of working progress before us who have been recipients of spiritual teachings, but we see how much is to be accomplished before the world generally accepts of the same divine truths. The would-be scientific minds of the present age are content with their smattering of knowledge, and prate of demonstrable limits to human acquirements. Yet this, as far as we know to the contrary, has always been so throughout all past ages. Even Jesus lived on this earth in advance of his generation, and those who heard his teachings and the revealments given through the medium of his exalted mind, considered him possessed of a devil or mad. The world at the present day condemns as distraught every one who

has the unlicensed hardihood to think for himself. But what have we to learn from this? Simply that the Subtle Power, the Creative Cause, the Infinite Parent, works out His own will according to His own immutable laws of unswerving evolution. That which is thought to be eccentric or inapplicable in one age is commonly accepted and utilized by a succeeding generation; the ideas which take but embryotic shape among a certain class of mankind but pave the way for a more mature stage of progressive thought amongst others. We see this almost daily exemplified now. That which is set as the boundary line beyond which science cannot pass is swept away by the deluge of supra-mundane knowledge. Amongst all classes of minds is the gradual elimination of error and the illimitable aspect of truth now being discerned. Traditionary teachings are being set at naught, or estimated at their real value, and the leaning upon the opinions of fellow mortals is becoming less common, as the truer and purer experiences of the "great cloud of witnesses" penetrate each household, and revolutionise society with the very breath of Truth. The present aspect of spiritual intercourse and knowledge is gradually but surely eradicating the accumulated dust and cobwebs of past ages from the intellectual growth of the present generation, and seems to indicate that the time is fast approaching when every man shall truly "sit under his own vine and under his own fig tree," and pluck the fruit of the present teachings of the immortals.

These reflections have been suggested in thinking over my own experiences, and comparing them with the almost unprecedented manifestations from the spirit world with which I was particularly favoured on Sunday, the 1st instant. On that day I had the privilege of a visit from Mr. Williams, the well-known spirit medium. Mr. Champernowne, whose name is so widely circulated in spiritual literature, was an eye-witness, with two other friends, of the greater part of what I shall now attempt to describe. But when I come to the actual putting into words the marvellous things made evident to our senses of hearing, sight, and touch, I find how difficult is the task before me.

I have conducted with Messrs. Herne and Williams several experiments under stringent test conditions in order to fully satisfy the outside world that of what has been accorded to me and others through their mediumship, we could solemnly speak of that which we know to be truth, and testify of those things which we have seen, heard, and felt. But more immediately was this done in order that these gentlemen might be fully and entirely publicly exonerated from the gross accusations which have recently been brought against them and other mediums by those who seemingly would lay down arbitrary laws of their own

by which spiritual beings should be governed in their communication with mortals.

On the Saturday evening preceding the date I have named I was in London, at Messrs. Herne and Williams' rooms, when the spirits, amongst other manifestations, showed themselves with the phosphorescent-like lights, and gave many tests of identity. The spirit, "Katey King," then said, "Harry, we are coming down to you to-morrow, and intend to give you something good." On the following day, however, Mr. Herne was prevented from coming, and so the fulfilment of "Katey's" promise depended alone on Mr. Williams' mediumistic power.

Adjoining the room at my residence, to which I have given the ennobled designation of "photographic studio," and separated from it by a panelled partition, in which is inserted a large square of ruby-coloured glass, is a "dark room," about six feet by ten feet in dimensions, in which the various manipulations of my photographic experiments are made. In this inner room, and nearly opposite the red window, is a large cupboard in which a chair can be placed, and was on a previous occasion when Mr. Herne was present, selected by the spirits for an improvised cabinet for the materialisation of spirit-forms. We placed a chair within this cupboard for Mr. Williams, and partly closed the door, then ranging ourselves on the side next the closed door of the "dark room," quietly awaited what would follow. Almost immediately the spirit "Katey's" gentle voice was heard, telling us to keep quite still, and not to touch her till she gave us permission, if she were successful in being able to materialise herself. Soon the door of the cupboard was pushed open from within, and the spirit appeared standing on the threshold, plainly seen and heard by each present. She was clothed in flowing robes of spotless white, with a turban on her head, and kept talking to us while she stood there. We were, however, directed to again get the medium to sit in the same manner later in the day, when she would be able to walk out before us. I was then asked by "Katey" if I would like to have her portrait. Of course I gladly assented. She said she would try and do what she could for us. The plate, a new one, kept in a place known only to myself, was now cleaned, and prepared for the dark slide by my own hands in the usual way, and Mr. Williams sat close to a small round table. Just as the plate was about to be exposed the voice of the spirit "John King" was heard, and the cap was taken off by invisible agency. After the plate had been sufficiently long exposed, I was requested by "John" to replace the cap, and finish the remaining parts of the process. On development, a fine and clearly-defined spirit form appeared on the plate, robed in flowing white garments, and wearing a turban,

but the features are slightly indistinct, giving evidence of the movement of the head of the spirit during the exposure of the plate. A second plate was then tried, but without any result further than a good portrait of the medium. In the spirit photograph a very curious phenomenon is apparent. The chair in which the medium sat appears to have been removed some three or more feet from the table, whilst a part of his arm is seen in the position in which he sat, and yet he had not moved during the time the lens was uncapped. How can this anomaly be accounted for? Can any of our scientific spirit-photograph critics satisfactorily explain this seeming mystery? This would seem to throw a bright ray of light through the clouds of calumny which have been wafted around the head of Mr. Hudson. It shows that no mortal at present clearly understands the spiritual laws on which these photographs depend. "Katey" told us, the second time we met her later in the day, whilst in the dark room, and she walked about and stood before us, talking with us face to face, whilst we saw her moving lips as she spoke: "Neither the chair nor the medium were moved. The appearances you see on my photograph are due to the spirit-aura. The success of our manifestations in these cases is to bring ourselves within the sphere of the sitter, and to amalgamate that sphere with our own. When rays of light pass through this mixed aura, they are refracted, and often cause things to be apparent on the plate which you cannot account for. You will know better about these things by-and-bye." We thanked our spirit friend for this useful information, and I could not help hoping that those who have been so hasty to condemn without a shadow of real proof of wrong would ere long listen to the voice of reason, and await in patience the issue of their friends' efforts on the other side.

But one of the most remarkable manifestations of the afternoon commenced by "Katey" telling us to go into the other room—the studio—and she would take her medium downstairs. Accordingly we adjourned to the front room, and as I being the last to leave the "dark room," turned to close the door, I saw the medium with his eyes closed and evidently entranced, being walked out of the cupboard, the hands of the spirit resting on his shoulders, whilst the folds of parts of her drapery fell over him as she walked behind him. Instead of immediately turning to the right to go down the stairs, the door of the room in which we were waiting opened, and the medium appeared as I have described, whilst the voice of "Katey" was at the same time heard, "Not there, Ted, not there; you must go down the stairs. Shut the door, Harry." We heard the medium walked by the spirit down the stairs on to the landing below, and then return. When they again passed the door of the room in which we were,

"Katey" said, "Now you may all come in here again. I intended to have taken my medium down and showed myself to the two girls," meaning my sister and Mrs. Williams, "but I thought when I got down there that perhaps they might have been frightened." We conversed awhile with the spirit, and afterwards held a most delightful seance at Mr. Champernowne's house, where the spirits showed themselves with the phosphorescent lights. Whilst at tea at my house, the tea table, with all the usual appendages, was floated several times high in the air without mortal contact, and again in the evening a most successful and instructive meeting was held at Mr. Champernowne's house, when various beautiful manifestations occurred, one of the most soul-edifying of which was an earnest and eloquent prayer offered by "Katey," in which she prayed our All Powerful Father, the Lord of Life and Death, to bless the attempts made by all spirits to manifest His love and goodness to mortals, beseeching that we, the children of earth, might be ever benefitted and instructed by spiritual communion to fulfil our duties here, and to fit us for the truer life beyond. To which "John King" and the other spirits manifesting, exclaimed, with deep emphasis, "Amen, and amen!" I could most heartily re-echo their words—Amen and amen!

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, 9th Sept., 1872.

AMERICAN LETTER.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

THE great quartennial cyclone is now sweeping over our political sea with more than usual fury, and, for the present, little else is thought of but President-making. The discussion has taken an intensely personal form; and both parties indulge in the vilest slanders, the lowest invectives, and an utter disregard for the amenities of refined life. We shall never stagnate as long as there is a presidential campaign ahead. It no doubt has a beneficial result; but for the time being there is spiritual lethargy, and to the sensitive the very air is impregnated with contentious forces. Our President, like the British Monarch, is so invested by constitutional guarantees, that there is little permanent difference who is elected. He is a figure-head to our ship of state, rather more useful, and many times far less ornamental than figure-heads on board ship. England has had sovereigns she is not proud to name, and we have had presidents and presidential *aspirants* we prefer not to mention. Nature presents an

anomaly in man, who is greedy of power, aspiring the most when least qualified to exercise it. This presumptuous ambition is intensified by our present system of education, which places success above its methods; and the public opinion which gives superficiality the first rank, providing it has the unscrupulous egotism to push itself forward. If Spiritualism could once penetrate the dark recesses of our government, and lift our politicians out of the mire of selfishness, diffusing higher and purer ideas, its mission would indeed be a blessed one. It assuredly is slowly accomplishing this work, and is planting the seeds of great changes in the future. As more and more of our statesmen become receivers of the higher views of living it presents, they will concrete its noble principles into our laws. What it will do is illustrated by what it has done. The martyr Lincoln was upheld by the strong arms of his spirit-friends during the gloomy years of the rebellion. They informed him how to be successful, and warned him of impending calamity. He consulted them often, and heeded their words of wisdom. Even his death occurred because of his disobedience to their voice, as he was repeatedly warned not to attend the theatre on that fatal night. The result of his spiritual susceptibility was that impartial justice, purity, and honour ruled our nation, and integrity of motive assured us of success so far as he could personally contribute to that result.

The silent and unobserved growth of Spiritualism is far greater than is supposed. Night and day our angel-friends by subtle processes are wearing away the bulwarks of superstition and selfishness and instilling pure and noble ideas of life. As an organic force it has thus far failed, and a shade of doubt is cast over its ardent receivers whether it be practical or possible to unitise its elements into a great power. The failures of the past have taught this truth if no more. Spiritualism is not to found a sect or party, but to be the vital force of all parties and sects. Whatever failure has resulted is not its fault, but the fault of those who pour its new wine into old bottles, religious or political—in other words, attempted to harness it in old methods. We want not another sect added to the countless number existing; we want not a new political party to force its doctrines on the state; we want it to remain the umpire of all our issues, fettered and circumscribed by none. This great lesson is yet to be learned by many, that Spiritualism means vastly more than “modern” phenomena. It is the vital breath of the religious systems of every age and race, and embraces the inspiration given on the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Jordan, as well as the utterances of Swedenborg, or the mediums of the present. Iconoclasm has its uses, but if it turn aside from the stream of

life flowing down from the past, rejecting all that *is*, as false, it only reveals its own ignorant intolerance. The worst form of religion could not exist for an hour, unless based on some vital truth, and the thinker will pause before he condemns, unqualifiedly, systems which have broken the bread of spiritual life to successive generations, even though they be rankest fetichism of savages.

A reaction is strongly felt in favour of scientific culture and investigation. The necessity of this has long been experienced by the best thinkers, but nothing like organised effort has been made in that direction. Organisation looked to the church for a model, insisting on the advent of a *new* religion, rather than to the colder forms of scientific associations. The latter, as expressive of the present order of thought, are undoubtedly the best models, and your own angel-planned "Institution" holds the key-note to success. It is doing the work necessary to be done in the right way, and at the right time. As proselytism is impossible, all the machinery employed for that purpose is worse than useless. A spiritualist is such by thought, not acceptance of a creed, or the joining of an association. He becomes by growth, through study and investigation worthy of the name, which no other method can bestow. We want faith—the blind acceptance of things not seen—no longer; we want demonstration. The old theological and metaphysical methods have passed away before the accuracy of observation and reasoning from the known, which is termed scientific. They have passed, never to return.

S. B. Brittan, well and favourably known as an author, a lecturer, and a student of psychology, has broken ground in this direction, and if he actualises the vast plan he has sketched, New York will possess a great spiritual centre, from which an inconceivable influence will be exerted.

The establishment of a society devoted to the study of the occult problems of man's spiritual nature is one of the features of this enterprize, and the foundation of a publishing house and depot of distribution, and a library are among the more prominent features.

As the initial of this enterprise, a Quarterly is to be established, the prospectus of which is already issued. It is entitled, "Brittan's Journal of Spiritual Science, designed to illustrate the Dynamics of Subtile Agents; the Relations, Faculties, and Functions of Mind; Philosophy of Spiritual Life and World, and the Principles of Universal Progress." It is to be conducted by S. B. Brittan, and, unquestionably, will be a success. The prospectus says: "It must be conceded that a large part of the current Spiritual literature exhibits a want of early culture and proper mental discipline on the part of the writers; amazing freedom

from rhetorical rules and logical restraints, with general poverty of thought and profligacy of style. The learner of the spiritual idea naturally creates a kind of effervescence, that often results in a *cacoethes scribendi*. These facts are quite too obvious to the critical observer to admit of series controversy. Indeed, so large a portion of the books issued from the Spiritual press are of the class already described, that they rarely find a place on the tables and in the libraries of our more cultivated citizens."

This is the truth, and unpleasantly such, yet we cannot suppress a vague feeling that the writer places undue weight on style, and if he does not overestimate the value of culture, which would be impossible, a reflection is cast on the early labourers, uneducated unfortunately, but who bore with great hearts the burden of an unpopular cause, and by whose efforts it has won its unparalleled victory.

When thirsty, we find no fault with the broken vessel or rude cup that brings us the refreshing water, so we shall not criticise the vessels which have brought us spiritual sustenance, though they bring but a few drops, with too severe a manner. We shall not refuse a silver cup or a golden goblet because accustomed to coarser vessels. We rejoice that we have progressed to the better and more affluent time.

No one has had better opportunities or more varied experience than S. B. Brittan. An early friend and admirer of A. J. Davis, editor of the "Universe," the first published Spiritual paper, and one of the many illustrious corps of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, one of the best journals ever devoted to the cause—a polished writer, able speaker, and close thinker; he is not only a host in himself, but will rally around him the ablest talent and purest inspiration afforded by the ranks of Spiritualism. His name assures the success of the "Quarterly." All he says in his prospectus of the vast field opened before the student is beautifully spoken, yet he will find that it is to be explored by *methods yet to be invented*. The crucible and balance will not serve, and "subtile discrimination in the analysis and use of materials, patient thought, and scientific elaboration," are not every-day qualities. Where there is one purely scientific writer there is an hundred employing the effete metaphysical methods, ready to crowd the pages of any journal that will accept their effusions, and only by the most extraordinary watchfulness can the "Quarterly" be kept up to the high ideal presented in its prospectus.

The second number of the "Western Star," has been issued. We judge it is entirely written by several spirits through Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. The style is fresh and peculiar, and the articles of absorbing interest, yet there breathes from every line an indescribable mystery, a vague uncertainty, such as surrounded

the sibylline oracles of old. It is certainly one of the best specimens of what may be called purely spiritual literature the movement has evoked, as Mrs. Britten is one of its most remarkable personages.

A. E. Newton has recently published a work for children under fourteen years of age, on the "The Body," to be supplemented by a second part on the "The Spirit." They treat the subjects in an entirely new method, or nearly that suggested by A. J. Davis in his Lyceum system; although for children, few adults can read a single one of its beautifully arranged pages without instruction. When both are issued, the children will have a complete treatise on Spiritual Science, far preferable to any yet produced. Mr. Newton has attempted a most arduous task, but the severest critic must pronounce favourably on its completion.

With the appearance of new journals, we are compelled in sadness to record the withdrawal of some of the old and tried champions. The *American Spiritualist* has suspended publication; and the "Lyceum Banner," the chaste and interesting paper ever welcomed by the children of the Lyceum, is likewise overborne. Mrs. Lou H. Kimbal had by years of unexampled labour secured it a firm basis when the terrible fire swept her all away. She began again with determined energy, but the trial was more than her weak physical body could endure.

"The Little Bouquet," once published by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, is to be revived, so that the children need not be unsupplied. I have written, in a previous letter, in high terms of "*Die Tafelrunde*," a German paper devoted to Spiritualism, published at Washington, D.C. As it depended for support entirely on the German element of our population, its circulation of necessity was limited, and it could not be longer sustained by the sacrifice of its editor and publisher.

J. M. Peebles, after a most successful series of lecture engagements, has departed for Australia, by way of California, and by this time is rocked by the long swells of the Pacific, as he is wafted to the Sandwich Isles, which he intends visiting. He has been engaged on a work of a theological tendency, which he proposes to publish in Australia as soon as possible after his arrival.

He will preach the new gospel in New Zealand, and from thence he will go to India, and after two years you will have the pleasure of greeting him on his return, in London. Truly he is "pilgrim and *avant courier*" of the dawning truth. The very singularly composed biography of his, unique in its style and method, has had an extensive sale.

In olden times epistles were closed by invoking the blessings

of the Father. We can add an invocation to our spirit friends:—May the angels keep you all, and extend the beneficent influence of your institution to the full measure it so richly deserves.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY J. W. JACKSON.

One of the most ominous features of existing civilization is the utter want of Stoicism by which society is characterised. Everywhere a refined and amiable Epicureanism, that shrinks alike from the endurance or the infliction of suffering, has taken the place of those sterner and more manly virtues which distinguished our ruder ancestors. Our very philanthropy is maudlin. We don't believe in the unavoidable penalties of crime, and as a necessary corollary from this false premiss, we virtually fondle sin and pet iniquity. Our chosen hero is not the man who struggles victoriously with temptation, but rather he who weakly succumbs to it. As we cannot rise to the height of admiring the former, we sink to the depth of pitying the latter. Our sympathy is in exact proportion to the offender's criminality. A mendicant, found guilty of being poor, is an object of contempt, whereas had he attained to the rank of a felon, and in place of humbly soliciting our alms, violently extorted a purse, we should have regarded him with respect. But the crime which of all others most profoundly stirs the heart, more especially of the religious portion of the community, is *murder*. This, as the very acme of baseness and turpitude, the culmination of diabolic culture, the crowning evidence that the fiend has conquered the man, seems to give the dire offender supreme claims on the heartfelt sympathy of the sentimentally benevolent. To defeat the law in his case becomes at once the sole absorbing object with large classes of weak but well-meaning persons. To strip Justice of her sword is now regarded as the first duty of a good citizen, and heaven and earth are moved to save a scoundrel from the gallows. Nay, to such an extent has this proceeded, that Justice is, for this supreme offence, virtually paralysed, and the grave formalities of our courts of law are often little other than a solemn farce. Nor is this all, for supposing, as is sometimes the case, that from the aggravated character of the offence, or the commendable firmness of the Home Secretary, a pardon is unobtainable, and Justice takes her course in this world, then all the resources and appliances of a special piety are exerted for the next, and the wretch who was not esteemed fit to associate with men on earth is, with much ado, prepared for eternal communion with angels in heaven. Here again we have additional and unmistakeable evidence of a morbid sympathy with crime. The

laborious peasant, or industrious artisan, may die on any day in his thatched cottage or narrow room, like a dog, or at the most some kindly neighbour or poor city missionary may perchance administer a few passing words of consolation, to sustain this weary way-farer in his last sad struggle with the sorrows and trials, the burdens and oppressions of an obscure and toilsome, yet honest and useful existence. But it is quite otherwise with the capital offender, whose name is to be emblazoned in all the notoriety of the newspaper and the Newgate calendar. To sustain him under the cruel infliction of the halter, divines of learning are specially provided, and preachers of celebrity eagerly volunteer their enthusiastic services. And under such guidance, and with such help, his successive spiritual states, from the hardened impenitence of brutal criminality to the warm softness of despair in the immediate prospect of inevitable death, having been duly chronicled, this grossest of offenders against God and man is finally launched into eternity, with something like pæans of triumph at the prospect of "a crown of glory that fadeth not away," awaiting this gentle martyr to the blameable inflexibility of a barbarous and bloodthirsty code. To affirm that such things excite the unutterable disgust of every rightly-constituted mind is saying little. They do far more. They help to unsettle all ideas of *justice* in the mind of the community. They undermine respect for the law, and thus help to weaken the very foundations on which society rests. Nor can they fail ultimately to provoke a reaction in favour of promptitude and severity, under which there is a danger of our being carried to the opposite extreme of cruelty and haste in the infliction of the law's last great penalty upon crime. Here indeed lies one of the gravest evils of this maudlin philanthropy. It proceeds at last to such an excess as to threaten a dissolution of the bonds which hold society together. But under such circumstances society will not perish. It refuses to die at the hand of a blindly exacting mercy, regardless of consequences, so that it can but secure an immunity from suffering to the dangerous classes. So society wakes up sometimes in an agony of fear, when martial and even Lynch law is apt for the time to supersede the more mild and regular forms of our ordinary courts, and the temporary cruelty of a Draconian code supplements the deficiency of a previously weak and vacillating executive. Let us never forget that the gentle and amiable Robespierre retired from the office of judge, under the old regime, because he could not inflict the punishment of death for any offence whatever! Poor fellow! Let us hope that our cotemporary philanthropists, whatever their errors and absurdities, are, at all events, not exactly of his quality, and not destined therefore to his unhappy career of expiation for their folly.

THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

A MORE general effort is being made by progressive minds to identify themselves with the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, London, and this magazine and *The Medium* as its organs. The twenty subscribers of £5 each, suggested by Mr. Grant, have been obtained, and the three subscriptions of £10 each, still deficient, to make up the conditional ten, are allowed by Mr. Grant to be substituted by £5 subscribers, if they can be obtained. One has come forward and five more are still required. One of the subscribers is the same friend who, with Mr. Grant, originated the movement in favour of the Spiritual Institution last year. The subscription for this year was enclosed with the following letter:—

To the Editor.

MY DEAR SIR,—Desirous of seeing your magazine sustain itself as a common ground for the dispassionate investigation of the various important topics connected with the great subject of spirit communication, I herewith send you the second contribution of £5, promised by me when I sent you, in May, 1871, the five-pound note which, with the similar sum from Mr. Grant that reached you by the same post, initiated the movement, and which I cordially hope may result in placing your undertaking on the basis of an assured and sufficient pecuniary support.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A FRIEND TO FREE THOUGHT.

September 7, 1872.

REPLY TO MR. GRANT ON PLANETARY MOTION.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read, in the present number of *Human Nature*, Mr. Grant's letter respecting mine, which you sent to him. It is quite true that my letter was "totally devoid of argument;" but it is a mistake to suppose that it was therefore intended to be dogmatic. I only wished it to be a protest; and therefore I merely pointed out some of the particulars that I objected to. The matter in hand is one in which dogmatism and authority have no place at all. Hence, indeed, my complaint that Mr. G. should imply, as he so frequently does, that any capable student of the *Principia* accepts the principles and conclusions therein, on the authority either of Sir Isaac Newton or of any one else. Although we work out our sums "according to Cocker," yet no intelligent person accepts the rules of arithmetic on the authority of Cocker, but because they are demonstrably true. Here I would point out the following, not from pugnacity, but partly because it really affords some excuse for some of Mr. G.'s mistakes. Whilst erroneously bringing the above objection against others, he declares that Sir R. Phillips is the "authority" he himself principally relies on; and he tells us, in another

place, that he accepts Phillips' positions without having followed his mathematical reasoning!"*

Now, in the first place, the mere denial of that statement is, of itself, sufficiently absurd; for that the moon does fall so much from her tangent per minute, is simply a matter of fact, which follows at once from her ascertained distance and period of revolution, without reference to any hypothesis whatever. In the second place, the grounds of Phillips' denial makes the matter, if possible, still worse; for we see therefrom that he laboured under a total misconception of the subject he was speaking of. Let any one of your readers—who is interested enough, and who understands this purely mathematical and quite simple question—verify my quotation and judge for himself, whether my accusation be true or not. I have selected this instance from a *host* of others, because it can be concisely stated, and because of its transparent absurdity.

Mr. G. is all along confusing between the *law* of gravitation and the *nature* or *cause* thereof. He ridicules Sir W. Thomson for speaking of the "law of gravitation" as Newton's grandest discovery. Now, sir, Newton has *demonstrated* this law from previously ascertained phenomena of the solar system. Let Mr. G. read the *Principia*, which I do not think he has done, and *then* deny this assertion if he can. But Newton has not proposed anything as to the nature or cause of gravitation; he expressly declares that he would not offer any explanation of this—"Hypotheses non fingo." Mr. G. shows in one place (p. 307) that he is aware of this; nevertheless (and this is but one of his numerous inconsistencies), he constantly speaks elsewhere (p. 355, for instance) of Newton's gravitation "hypothesis" or "theory," which words he evidently, but incorrectly, uses as synonymous. Newton has *proved*, by the strictest mathematical method, that the bodies of the solar system tend towards each other with forces which vary inversely as the squares of the distances; and then he has proved certain consequences which necessarily result from that. His law of gravitation means nothing more than this; and his demonstration thereof cannot be affected by any hypotheses or discoveries as to the nature or cause of gravitation, which is a totally different question. Again, it does not signify a straw, as far as the *law* of gravitation is concerned, whether the force of gravitation be attraction or attrusion, as Mr. G. would have it; the great Faraday also thought it might be the latter. It is practically true that the sun attracts the earth; and the word "attraction," as Newton used it, did not necessarily imply any assumption whatever, erroneous or other. Newton's law of

* Mr. G., however, is not to blame for being unable to follow Phillips' mathematics, which were of a very extraordinary character, as the following specimen will show. The moon, as is well known, falls from her tangent sixteen feet per minute nearly. Phillips ("Million of Facts, 1846," chap. on Astronomy, col. 411) objects to this statement, that *the moon falls from her tangent in every quadrant, or fourth part of her orbit, a quantity equal to the radius or distance*; and that, therefore, if she fell but sixteen feet in a minute, a lunation would last 597 years (!!!)

gravitation has been verified, since his time, in numerous ways, both by observation of the heavenly bodies and by direct experiment, such as the famous one of Cavendish, especially as it was so accurately carried out by Baily. Not only does that law explain at once a host of facts, some of which Newton himself was not aware of, but it has enabled men to predict that so and so would be found to be the case, if proper observation were made. Thus it was by this ridiculed law of gravitation that Adams and Leverrier, independently, could declare not only the existence of an unknown planet, since called Neptune, but could indicate its position so nearly, that it was found, after a very short search, with the telescope.

It would be impossible for me to state all my objections to Mr. Grant's paper, and to give the desiderated "arguments" for them without filling a whole number of *Human Nature*. I shall, therefore, notice but two particulars, both fair typical examples of their respective classes—the first, one of his objections to Newton; the second, one of his own demonstrations. First, then, let us take the tides, one of the matters which are at once explained by the law of gravitation. Mr. G. either misunderstands, or, as I am rather inclined to believe, is unacquainted with Newton's explanation of the tides; for his objections to that explanation are entirely inapplicable. Let him read that explanation in the *Principia*, and he will not require from me any proof of this last assertion. However, sir, if you choose to grant the space, you may insert the following, which I have made as concise as I could.

The earth is attracted—I beg pardon—the earth tends towards the moon, as the moon towards the earth, owing to the action of a certain force, whatever it be. If it were not for this force the earth and the moon would separate from each other, on account of the centrifugal force caused by their revolution round their common fulcrum, as Mr. G. calls it. Since the first mentioned force is demonstrably inversely proportional to the square of the distance, it acts more strongly on the side of the earth next the moon than on the body of the earth; consequently, the water on that side will rise slightly in a heap away from the somewhat rigid body of the earth. For the same reason, the water on the far side of the earth from the moon will tend towards the moon less strongly than the body of the earth does; it will, therefore, be left behind, as it were, to a slight extent, and rise in a gentle swell, though somewhat less than the first mentioned water. A precisely similar effect is produced by the force tending towards the sun. This effect is smaller than the other, owing to the immense distance of the sun, in comparison with which the earth's radius is a very insignificant quantity, although this is not insignificant compared with the moon's distance. The slightest consideration will show that, when the sun and moon are on opposite sides of the earth, they will not be, *as regards the tides*, "pulling against each other, by Newton's theory," as Mr. G. supposes; they will be by that theory acting with each

other and causing the spring tides, which we know to occur at that time. It is when they are in quadratures that their tides must, by Newton's theory, tend to annul each other, so producing the neap tides which, as we know, take place then. Since the tidal force connected with the moon—call it what you please—is, as we have seen, a *differential* force, being the only difference between the action at one side of the earth and that at its centre, it is very small indeed compared with the whole of the force connected with the moon; and this is true *à fortiori* of the tidal force connected with the sun. This refutes Mr. G.'s other objection respecting the tides.

Newton seems to have been wrong by defect, not by positive error, as to a certain point connected with the tides. Some, however, deny this, as they contend that his language has been misunderstood.

At the bottom of p. 313, Mr. G. suggests an experiment by which his theory of the tides can be verified. I solemnly declare that I have not tried it, and have never heard of its being tried, but it is self-evident that it will not answer his expectations. *Let him try it*, and he will get only one tide or overflow, and *that* the one that Phillips regards as but secondary, and the consequence of the other; the overflow will be at the far side from the second centre of rotation. I have risked a prophecy; the experiment is very easy. Let Mr. G. carry it out, and, if he can, confirm Phillips and demolish me.

Turn we now, in the second place, to Mr. G.'s diagram, p. 309. He asks me to write calmly. This I have done, and will do; but I candidly confess to you, sir, that just now it costs me some effort to do it. Observe that what I have to say now has nothing to do with the discoveries of the obnoxious Newton; we need not go beyond the range of the most elementary treatise on mechanics. Where shall we begin? Well, with the axis of the earth, which he draws perpendicular to the plane of her orbit. He says, in his letter, that this is its mean position; which is undoubtedly true in a certain sense; but I feel certain that he had not that sense in view, because it has no relevance whatever to the matter in hand. The earth's axis has a retrograde angular motion, giving rise to the precession of the equinoxes, by which it describes a cone in 25,868 years; its mean position is certainly the axis of the cone, which is perpendicular to the plane of the orbit; but it is never actually *in* its mean position, but always moving round it at the civil angular distance of about 23° 5'. To explain "centripetation," or anything else, by the rotation of the earth, surely we must take the actual rotation with its actual axis, and not ideal mean ones, which never have any real concrete existence. We may safely give Mr. G. credit for this much, that if he had drawn his diagram aright, he would have perceived at once that the "direction of the rotary force," as he loosely expresses it, will not be represented by "horizontal" lines, but by sloping ones, whose inclination to the plane of the orbit is always

varying, throughout the twenty-four hours of the day, at any particular place on the earth's surface; he would have seen also, that, in accordance with his own ideas (p. 310), the other (supposed) component of the centripetal force must likewise vary independently at that place, because of the varying distance of the place from the plane in which the earth's centre moves; and that, therefore, both the amount and direction of gravity would vary, and widely too at that place; but this we know to be contrary to fact. But let us grant for the sake of argument that the diagram is right, and also that there is such a thing as the "collapsing orbicular force," still Mr. G. will gain nothing, for the so-called rotary force (by which must be meant the centrifugal force of rotation, for there is none other that will act along his horizontal lines) acts in the contrary direction to what he contemplates. Moreover, the "collapsing orbicular force" is, he states (p. 310), proportional to the latitude; consequently, where the latitude is zero—that is, at the equator—there that force is likewise zero; so that, at the equator, there is nothing but the *centrifugal* force of rotation to play the part of a *centripetal* force! But, besides all this, the "collapsing orbicular force"* is a pure nonentity; for—but enough.

I presume that the motto of *Human Nature* and of the "*Progressive Library*," from which it emanates, is "Excelsior," and its aim progress. Now we shall never ascend to the heights of physical truth from the mud-flats of unscientific pre-Newtonian physics by striving to drag Newton to the ground, but by mounting on his shoulder, which he holds for us as a stepping-block, whence we may climb still higher, and leave him far below. This is what the Muse of Science is doing at the present day. Progress consists, not in demolishing the true work of our predecessors (the law of gravitation is true to demonstration), but in taking it as a vantage ground and starting-point for further exploration and discovery.—
Faithfully yours, M. H. CLOSE.

THE *Newport (R. I.) News* says:—A New York lady visiting in Providence the past two weeks was strongly impressed that she ought to go home, and made arrangements to go last Friday night, but was prevailed on to stay over Sunday so as to have a relative's company. On Sunday morning about four o'clock she awoke, and saw her sister that she had left in New York standing in her room, and got up to meet her, when the vision vanished. She returned to her bed, fell asleep, and was again awakened with the recurring vision, and by noon received word that her sister, whom she had left at home well, and of whose illness she had not heard, had died at that very hour.

* There is a happy congruity in its title (I imagine that Mr. G. is not responsible for the title; for, when speaking in his own language elsewhere, he uses the word "orbital"). "Collapse" is a verb neuter, meaning, to *fall together*, to *shrink up*; "orbicular" means *round*. Imagine, if you can, a round force which shrinks up together! Phillips, no doubt, meant to say "compressing orbital force," though there is no such thing. There is, indeed, a certain compressing force connected with the tides, but it is a different thing altogether, and is never more than about the 12,000,000th part of gravity.

OLYMPIA COLONNA: A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

BY MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CONFSSIONAL.

EAGER and impatient to see Bianca and explain their plan of escape, Adrian hurried from the house of Colonna straight to the ducal palace. To scale the outer wall of the courtyard was a work of considerable difficulty and danger, but Adrian was young and active, and dreamt not of defeat. Springing nimbly up the carved pillars of the balcony, Count Urbino looked cautiously in at the open window. Only the Princess and Lucia were there. The muffled figure of Adrian caused Lucia to look round, and a low cry of terror burst from her lips. Bianca's quick eyes knew who stood there, and, pale as death, came forward to greet her lover.

"Oh, Adrian! why do you risk your life?—why come here? Spies are even within this chamber. Fly, my beloved," murmured the Princess, tearfully.

"Nay, fear not, Bianca *mia*; the good Colonna is our friend. Ere many days you shall be my own sweet bride." Then hurriedly Urbino told the unhappy girl the plan suggested by Olympia Colonna.

Her answer set his anxious heart at rest.

"I will do all you wish; but I am sad, and my soul is overwhelmed by a premonition of impending evil. Only yesterday Father Paulo met Lucia, and questioned her sharply about you. He knows of your return to Ferrara, aye, and of our last interview. Oh, Adrian! leave me to my fate and save yourself." Her fair arms encircled him in a closer embrace, as if they could shield him from harm.

Whispering hope, and cheering Bianca with a promise of speedy deliverance, Adrian withdrew, and escaped the vigilance of his enemies once more, not without considerable anxiety about Lucia, and what the unscrupulous priest might extort from the poor girl.

Nor were Count Urbino's fears groundless; the Jesuit had plotted his destruction, and used every means in his power to ensure his diabolical purpose. Father Paulo sat in the confessional chair in the Church of the Assumption, and a fair penitent knelt before him. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and her girlish form convulsed with sobs. Surely such sorrow was enough to wash away any little lapses so youthful a maiden was likely to commit. It was Lucia di Cola who knelt there, and the reverend father was quite unmoved by her distress, while a stern, cruel light gleamed in his dark eye.

"Tell what thou knowest concerning that heretic rebel, on the pain of eternal damnation. If thou concealest aught, I have the power to send thy guilty soul howling into the lowest pit; while worse than purgatorial pains shall rack thee in these horrible regions," said the priest, fiercely.

"I know nothing, holy father. What can a poor maiden know of the noble Count?" replied Lucia, weeping.

"Palter not with me; thy sex have all the softness of doves and the wiles of devils—thy simple looks will not save thee. By Eve Adam was tempted and fell, she being tempted by the devil. Take care lest we make thee speak, and the rack open thy mouth; it will tear those dainty hands thou wringest so sadly. Thy duty to God bids thee denounce the traitor—the Church will reward thee. No harm will befall thy mistress or the Count Urbino—we would only correct him mildly, and set him at large," said the Jesuit, in a gentler tone.

Still the girl wept, and remained silent.

"Declare what thou knowest of the Count Urbino, and thou art safe."

"Father Paulo, I cannot tell what I do not know. I know nothing of Count Adrian—where he is or where he goes—I do not see him," said Lucia, firmly.

The priest regarded her fixedly for a few moments, then hissed out, "We shall see whether thou wilt remain obdurate. Return to the palace, and pray to the Holy Virgin, in whose blessed name we adjure thee to divulge all thou knowest concerning this apostate and rebellious heretic."

One week from the interview with her ghostly confessor, while seated at her embroidery frame, Lucia was startled from her reverie by a hand suddenly laid on her shoulder. A chill of horror prevented the poor girl from shrieking aloud as she recognised a Dominican, one of the familiars of the Inquisition, who said, "Follow me."

Mechanically she obeyed, fascinated by the fearful spell, and followed the familiar through a number of vaulted corridors leading underground to a distant part of the building directly under the monastery adjoining the church. In these gloomy dungeons captives were confined and tortured, none but the stern inquisitors to hear their groans.

Lucia and her evil-omened guide entered a dimly-lighted chamber draped with black, where two other men were seated at a table covered with writing materials, ready to take down the extorted confessions of the unhappy victim, who still persisted in declaring her ignorance of any knowledge of Count Urbino's whereabouts. Lucia's long veil was rudely removed, and with her hands tied behind her, they suspended the fainting girl to a pillar, awaiting the order of the chief.

"Let her recover, and then she will feel it more," was the inhuman comment of Father Paulo.

"Lucia soon showed signs of returning consciousness, and the inquisitors held a little wine to her lips.

Again Father Paulo implored her to confess all she knew about the Count Urbino, and again she refused.

"Proceed with your work," cried the priest, maddened at the girl's obstinacy.

Lucia heard the Jesuit ask her to confess, but, poor child, she could not comprehend his meaning; her soul was paralysed with terror.

The cord by which the unhappy victim was suspended from the pillar was suddenly let go, causing her to fall with a jerk towards the ground, but not to touch it.

A piercing scream echoed through the vaulted chamber. Again and again it rang on the strong roof, till these hardened men shuddered.

"Will you confess what you know of Count Urbino?" asked Father Paulo, unmoved by the agony she suffered.

"Release me; I will confess," groaned Lucia.

Goaded to madness by the torture, the wretched girl disclosed all she knew respecting Count Urbino and the young Princess Bianca, and her confession was taken down in writing.

"Now," said the priest, sternly, "remember the Holy Mother Church can make her rebellious children speak truth. She is long-suffering, but when her wrath is kindled it is terrible. Go, and sin no more; the Church pardons thee, daughter."

The permission to go Lucia was unable to avail herself of—every limb was dislocated, and tingling with exquisite pain she lay on the dungeon floor. A litter had to be prepared for the poor victim, who was conveyed to the palace, with an ominous slip of parchment directed to the most noble Princess Bianca—"The fate of the maid may be the fate of the mistress. Beware!"

None could tell who brought this dire warning. That it foreboded evil to herself and one far dearer than life itself Bianca too well knew.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BETROTHAL.

GRIEF and indignation at the treatment Lucia had received roused Bianca to a sense of her own danger, and acting on the first impulse of her just anger, ere calmer reason could counsel her, the Princess D'Este summoned the priest to appear before her, and bitterly reproached him for his tyrannical conduct and treachery to Lucia.

"How dared you, priest, exercise such cruelty upon a defenceless woman? Did you forget that she was *my* handmaid? First to wile her to the confessional and then to the torture-chamber, wringing from her in her agony half truths. Are ye not afraid that God, who sees all things, who knows your black hypocrisy and baseness of heart, will not permit you to escape unpunished? Learn mercy: Christ, whose minister ye say ye are, was merciful even to the thief on the cross," said the Princess, with flashing eyes and kindling cheek.

The priest heard her with folded hands and drooping head, but a gleam of hate shot from out his eyes. Lifting up his head, he replied in a calm, passionless voice:

"Noble lady, I am only a poor, sinful man, seeking the furtherance of Christ's kingdom on earth. Let my zeal for your highness's interest plead my excuse."

"Begone! my destruction is nearer your heart than my happiness. Take care, priest, a day is coming when tyrants shall pale before the avenger of the saints you and your brethren have slaughtered," said the Princess Bianca, in accents of grave displeasure.

Left alone to her own meditations, Bianca reproached herself in giving way to her anger, fearing, with good cause, she had only made a more deadly enemy in Father Paulo. The poor lady wrung her hands in despair. "This base monk will be on the alert for Adrian, and incite my father to further severity. Oh, would to heaven we were away from this unhappy country! It would be well if Colonna would make the potion strong enough that I might never waken."

A page tapped softly, and announced the arrival of the man she detested, the Marquis de Montserrat, the Cardinal de Medici, and a train of distinguished nobles, to celebrate her public betrothal to the Spaniard.

Summoning all her courage and resolution to her aid, the Princess met her father in the ante-room adjoining her own suite of apartments. Her cheek was pale, and her heart sank within her, but to the casual observer the lady seemed composed and serene in the midst of the beautiful Italian dames who composed her train, all envying Bianca the proud position she cared so little for, nay, hated and dreaded, for the gallant Spaniard was much sought after by many a noble house. Mammās were as prone to matchmaking in those days as they are in our own, exerting all their diplomatic skill in securing an eligible son-in-law to confer additional lustre on their illustrious house, never inquiring whether the young lady had an opinion to give on a subject so nearly concerning her earthly happiness.

The young Princess D'Este was not different in that respect from hundreds of other noble ladies in the land. She was only in her sixteenth year, and therefore supposed incapable of judging correctly as to what was best for her.

The connection between her and Count Adrian Urbino her father looked upon as childish folly, blaming his shortsightedness in throwing them together. It was certainly very foolish in Nicholas to do so, but it was also very criminal of that Prince when he had killed the father in an unjust quarrel, to rob the son of his patrimonial estate, causing young Adrian to be dependent solely upon his (Nicholas') rather capricious favour. For sweet Bianca's sake her lover bore all.

The agonising thought flashed through Bianca's brain—"What if Adrian brings not the potion?" She almost fainted as the Marquis saluted her on entering the presence chamber.

Like one in a dream, the unhappy lady replied to the numerous questions addressed to her. With great self-control, that often seemed on the verge of giving way, Bianca spoke to the glittering throng of knights and ladies around her, receiving their congratulations upon her betrothal with ill-concealed disgust.

"The Princess seems to care little for her illustrious betrothed," said the Lady Guilla Castelano to her friend the Signora Contarini.

"Rumour says she loves the Count Urbino, whom the Prince has banished from his dominions."

"Foolish child, the Marquis is noble, and has great influence with the court at Avignon, and in these times, when every man's hand is against his neighbour, she should consider these things," answered Lady Guilla.

"Aye, my lady, but the Princess thinks only of her lover, a fault young maidens often commit," replied the Signora.

"This is the grandest festival the court has held for many years. There has not been so many knights and ladies, nor such a display of gold plate and jewelled cups, since the Prince Nicholas brought home his bride, the Lady Bianca's mother," continued the Signora Contarini.

"Hush! the ceremony is ended; the Princess is the betrothed bride of the Marquis. See, he leads her to the banquetting hall—how pale she is!"

Further remarks on Lady Castelano's part were cut short by a burst of music, and the bustle and stir of the nobles selecting their fair partners preparatory to entering the spacious hall, where a regal banquet was prepared for the guests.

The evening was to terminate with a grand masqued ball. The gardens round the palace were lighted up with lamps suspended from the trees—the orange bower through which Bianca and Adrian used to rove in happier days was tastefully decorated with wreaths, festooned from lamp to lamp. All were gay and joyous save she for whom all this pomp and parade was made.

CHAPTER X.—THE HIDDEN FOE.

By a special dispensation from the Pope, the marriage of the Marquis de Montserrat with the Princess D'Este was to take place on the day following their public betrothal, and the festivities were to be kept up for twelve days after the celebration of their nuptials. Duke Nicholas had his own reasons for hastening his daughter into this marriage—he feared some mischief was brewing, and that Count Urbino was at the bottom of it. Bianca's last hours of freedom were rapidly drawing to a close; ere another sun sets she will be the espoused bride of De Montserrat. Surely Adrian will keep his promise. Heavens! if he should fail; but no, she will not think of failure.

Pleading fatigue, the lady retired to her chamber, to find relief for her overburdened heart in tears—the day's trials had been too much for her. Dismissing her attendants, and bidding them join the revelry in the palace, she stood by the balcony trying to pierce the darkness, or listening breathlessly for a footstep that came not, and the night waned apace. That night Adrian promised to stand within her chamber window with the sleeping potion when the midnight hour tolled, and two had struck in St. Paul's tower. Wild fears of the dark priest haunted Bianca—her heart beat loud, and her brain thrilled with feverish anxiety.

"O God! what keeps the devoted youth!—has he forgotten to-morrow sees me the unwilling bride of that vile Spaniard?" moaned the unhappy Princess, wringing her hands.

True to his promise, Adrian hurried to the house of the Colonna to obtain the magical draught that was to give him his much loved Bianca—that was to melt like snow in summer's heat all the obstacles so shortly before deemed insurmountable. Eager and hopeful, Count Urbino entered the hospitable dwelling of his old master about sundown, and as he had some hours to wait ere he ventured forth on his peculiar undertaking, the young noble, much to the surprise of Olympia and her father, pleaded hard for another introvisional examination, particularly as to what was going on in Bianca's apartments, and how she fared. Rather reluctantly, his fair hostess complied, as though she feared the disclosures would pain him. With a little hesitation, she allowed her father to put her into the magnetic sleep in the same manner as has been before described.

When a sufficient time had elapsed, Colonna said, gently, "Olympia *mia*, what do you see?"

"I see in the grand audience-chamber in the palace of the D'Este a throng of nobles standing near the throne, and the Lady Bianca——"

"What of her?" asked Adrian, hastily.

An imperious gesture from the Doctor warned him to be silent.

"Her father has put her hand into that of the Marquis de Montserrat and sealed their betrothal, and Cardinal de Medici has given the benediction—nobles and priests murmur 'Amen!'"

A dark flush of passion at Olympia's last words gave a deeper tinge to Adrian's bronzed cheek.

"What else do you see, my daughter?" asked her father, tenderly.

Olympia now showed signs of agitation in her sleep.

Touching her closed eyes, Colonna repeated his question.

"The Lady Bianca has retired from the festive scene, and tramples the jewelled ring of her betrothal under her foot—it is broken into fragments—and seeks the orange bower by the fountain. Oh, she weeps!"

"Can you see aught of Father Paulo, Olympia?" again asked the physician, after a long pause.

"He is in the Church of the Benedictines, giving information to the Secret Council of Count Urbino's return to the city."

Thunderstruck at the revelation, Adrian and her father gazed at each other and then at the sleeper in speechless amazement.

"How came the priest to know of Adrian's return, my daughter?"

"By putting Lucia di Cola to the torture. A plot is laid for Adrian's life—let him remain here—the danger awaits him if he attempts to reach the palace." The latter part was uttered in such pleading tones that Colonna turned to his pupil.

"Be warned, my son, Olympia is never wrong. Hast thou aught else to ask?"

"No, father; I will brave this priest and his myrmidons."

"Rash boy! how many lives have you to spare? I see you will rush into the snare laid for you. Should aught befall you, and your foes drag you to the rack, swallow this," said the alchemist, giving a vial to the young noble, who drained it.

Obtaining the sleeping draught for Bianca, Adrian, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Colonna and his daughter, persisted in his mad attempt to reach the palace ere midnight.

"Pray for me, Olympia—be faithful at the hour, and all shall yet be well," and the Count hurried into the darkness, leaving Olympia and her father filled with dire forebodings of coming ill.

The good old man sympathised with his pupil's wrongs and his ill-fated love. He remembered the time when his own spirit was as high and impetuous as this youth's, and could as little brook control and contumely

Years had only added wisdom and experience—they had not quenched the aspirations of his youth and riper manhood, nor chilled the warmth of his affections. Marco Colonna was still young in spirit—the snows of seventy winters had only covered but not extinguished the volcanic fire of manhood's strength. Though his locks were white with years of obscurity and courtly neglect, Colonna's heart beat as responsively to human joys and woes as in the days he won the beautiful Greek maiden to share his humble lot. Too soon did she leave her gifted husband to work alone. Yet not wholly alone; in her no less beautiful and richly-endowed child, Irene still kept her memory green in her husband's heart.

CHAPTER XI.—THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

THINKING old Colonna was getting into dotage—approaching in very deed to second childhood—Adrian hastened on with impatient strides, leaving the friendly shelter of the Doctor's house, far behind him. There was no moon, and he hoped by the aid of the darkness to escape any foe or spy who might be lurking about. It was past midnight, and he had promised to be with the Princess ere then. Drawing his plumed hat closely down over his brow, Count Urbino sped on, and was near the palace gardens when he imagined he heard voices and footsteps approaching. Quickening his pace, Adrian climbed a low part of the wall, and entered the gardens, creeping cautiously through the shrubbery. The palace was within view, and threw its dark shadow on the gloomy scene. A few lights gleamed from its windows, and, as the young noble began to breathe more freely, the next step brought him into the midst of armed men. There was no time to retreat—the men had observed him, and nothing for it but to fight his way through them, if that were possible. The darkness was so dense, he could not count his foes.

"Who art thou?" cried one of the figures, evidently an officer. "Dost thou know the penalty the laws inflict on those who come into the palace grounds without a pass?"

"This is my pass," cried the Count, plunging his sword into the speaker's breast, who fell without a groan.

"Seize him—down with the traitor Urbino!" cried Father Paulo, who recognised the voice of Adrian.

Closer and closer his assailants pressed round him, the priest inciting them by rewards and promises.

"Two hundred florins to the man who takes him, alive or dead. Down with the heretic!"

Goaded to desperation, Adrian fought fiercely; three of his enemies lay dead upon the ground,—still, on they came—their number seemed legion. The noise and clashing of arms brought out the guard of the palace, and, overwhelmed by numbers, the brave young Count fell covered with blood. A fierce shout of triumph burst from his enemies. Seizing the fallen noble, by Father Paulo's orders, they bore him off to the Monastery of the Order of Jesus, and threw him into a dungeon.

The clamour and tumult aroused the inmates of the palace. Quarrels were of frequent occurrence in the streets of Ferrara, but through the energetic administration of Duke Nicholas within the precincts of the palace, such disturbances were rare.

"What means this unseemly brawl within our palace gates?" demanded the Prince, sternly. "My Lord Castelano, inquire what this means."

"It is the Count Urbino, who has been seized within the gardens, by Father Paulo, at the head of some of the Pope's guards, noble Duke," said Castelano.

"The pestilent heretic! 'Tis he, then, who disturbs the quiet of my subjects, even in my own house. We will look to this matter in the morning." So saying, with an imperious gesture of his hand, Nicholas re-entered his private apartments.

"So he wishes to wed my daughter; and she favours him. Her coldness to the Marquis troubles me; nor does it escape the Spaniard's quick eye. She can scarce endure his presence; but, by Saint Mary! she shall wed him ere another sun goes down—I swear it. A curse on woman!—you can never please them," muttered the Duke, angrily.

"My Lord Duke, the reverend Father Paulo claims an audience with your highness," said a page.

"Bid him come to-morrow; I do not give audiences now."

"Please you, my Lord Duke, I denied you, saying you were in your private chamber; but the holy father was urgent, saying, that the matter concerned your highness's life."

"Admit him, then, Ceaserini."

A Satanic gleam of joy lighted up the dark face of the priest as he entered the private chamber of Prince D'Este. With lowly reverence he stooped to conceal his triumph.

"*Benedicite*, fair son. I come to set before your highness grave matters concerning that heretic, Count Urbino."

"Ah, what of him?" inquired the Duke, uneasily.

"As an humble servant of the Church, I have found that the Count Adrian is in league with that sorcerer, Colonna, to carry off the most noble princess, your daughter, by the aid of spells and evil charms; and that he secretly practices against your sacred life by forming a waxen image in the likeness of your highness, sticking the cursed effigy full of sharp-pointed pins, thereby intending to cause your highness much pain and suffering."

"Thou liest, priest!—Adrian Urbino is a noble youth, and would scorn so base a thing," cried Nicholas, contemptuously.

"Nay, my Lord Duke, we found him in the palace gardens practising his unholy spells. There are just men who would not lie who saw the cursed heretic at his infernal work."

"Where is he now?" asked the Prince, with a searching glance at the monk.

"In the prison of the convent, may it please your highness," answered Father Paulo, deprecatingly.

"It is well."

"Have I your grace's permission to arrest that wicked sorcerer, Marco Colonna, and his daughter, for practices against your highness's life, besides aiding and abetting the arch-heretic, Adrian Urbino, in his evil designs?"

"No, priest; thou must not touch a hair of old Colonna's head, nor of his daughter. Marco Colonna is a man of great learning; he was chosen by the Duchess to teach our children, and for her sweet sake he shall not be harmed nor molested. When we have full proof of their guilt, we shall punish. Hearest thou, priest?—touch them not," said the Prince in a low, stern voice. "Old Colonna has had little favour of the Church, and still less countenance shown him at Court. My life is in the hands of God; neither thou nor Marco Colonna can do more than ye are permitted," continued Nicholas, gravely.

Frustrated in his designs against the good old man, the priest returned to the monastery to see how fared it with his victim, not from motives of humanity—for Father Paulo was little troubled with the softer emotions of the heart—but simply to enjoy his triumph, and gloat over the sufferings of his captive.

"How will the proud heretic like the exchange of the damp dungeon for

the brilliant halls of Belvedere. The rack will lower his haughty crest. And so the Duke thinks he can save his pet magician, does he? We shall see whether Nicholas D'Este or Innocent VIII. be most powerful. It strikes me Duke Nicholas hath a leaning towards these heretical doctrines taught by Colonna, and if he has, his dukedom will not save him."

CHAPTER XII.—FRIENDS AND FOES.

STUNNED and bleeding, Adrian lay, as one bereft of life, on the slimy floor of his prison. Hours flew by unheeded; the Count never stirred nor gave signs of motion. His grim jailors came twice to the cell, but still he lay prostrate, the lizard and the toad trailed their slow way over his body, and through the raven locks Bianca's hands had caressed and her lips kissed. The faint glimmer of daylight that penetrated the gloom of his dungeon, dividing day from eternal night, had faded when Adrian recovered consciousness. He groped and struck out in the darkness, thinking he still struggled with his foes. From a wound in his temple the blood flowed freely.

"Come on, villains, come on!—but whence this tomb-like quiet? Is this the charnel-house? Bianca must be here," muttered the poor captive. "God of heaven! 'tis the dungeon—I am, indeed, in the charnel-house."

Appalled by this horrible discovery, for a while Adrian gave way to utter despair. When too late he regretted he had not followed Dr. Colonna's advice.

"Thrice blinded fool that I am, I have lost my bride by my infatuation. Oh, Bianca, who shall save thee from worse than death? Had I but listened to thee, sweet sibyl; thou didst truly tell me what my fate would be."

"Adrian, Adrian, where art thou?" cried a sweet voice overhead, from the grating that served as a window.

The young noble started and trembled, instinctively crossing himself. Again the voice was heard—

"Where art thou, Adrian? thou art not dead—speak, it is I, Olympia."

"Olympia Colonna! sweet ministering spirit, how camest thou here?" cried the Count, looking up amazed.

"I will tell thee when thou art free. Come near, that I may give thee balsam for the wounds on thy head," said Olympia, softly.

"Merciful heavens! she knows I am wounded—she must be an angel in human form," muttered the Count, wonderingly, making the best of his way up to the grating where stood Olympia, her own sweet womanly self, who by dint of a little strategy, contrived to slip between the bars a small vial, and a little parcel wrapped in silk.

"Canst thou swallow this powder in a little of the elixir, and wash thy wounds with the rest?"

"Sweet Olympia, I could encompass worlds to do thy behests. Pardon me for not obeying thee ere this," said Urbino, gratefully.

"Never mind the past," said the daughter of Colonna, gently. "This steel saw will assist thee in dislodging a bar from this window. I have had a sure hand at work to learn where thou wert to be found. To-morrow, at the hour of midnight, I will be here without fail. Father Paulo will visit thee soon. Be careful how thou speakest; they mean to put thee to torture for heresy."

"But, sweet lady, tell me how you came here? I would die a thousand deaths rather than thou shouldst suffer harm."

"I came by the lake; my boat awaits me; fear not, I am safe—farewell."

"One question more, sweet saint, What of Bianca—what of her?"

"She will wed the Spaniard," said Olympia, sadly. "Thou must submit; be patient, my brother Adrian, 'tis God's will. Hast thou aught else to ask?"

"Only to ask God and his holy angels, to keep thee in safety," replied Urbino, much agitated.

"Adrian, farewell till midnight to-morrow; be of good cheer, Count Urbino."

The heroic daughter of Colonna had only left Adrian a short time before the prisoner heard the rusty bolts withdrawn from the door of his cell. Two men entered, one bearing a torch, and the other carrying an earthen jar of water and a loaf of black bread, and close behind the jailers came the muffled form of Father Paulo.

The two men eyed Adrian in unfeigned surprise. They evidently expected to find him dead. Father Paulo was the first to break the deep silence.

"Methinks this is a sorry lodgment for the illustrious Count Urbino; but it is the best this poor house affords."

"Make no excuses, father, for the accommodation of thy house; we know the Order of Jesus hath ever been a poor one; ye give as ye have received," said Urbino, ironically.

The order of Jesus was well known to be wealthy, and Adrian felt pleasure in seeing the monk wince under the meaning conveyed in the latter part of his speech.

"Base heretic, this arrogance will avail thee little on the rack—another of my gifts," retorted the Jesuit.

"Thou hast my thanks for all thy gifts, holy father. The Church is ever profuse in her benefits to her children."

"When to-morrow's sun sets, Bianca D'Este will be the bride of thy rival, and thou wilt be expiating thy damnable heresies on the rack," hissed the priest, maddened at Adrian's composure.

Even the terrible announcement did not seem to shake the prisoner's equanimity. Nor did it; the elixir Olympia had given him had stopped the bleeding of his wounds—already he felt strength returning to his weakened frame, and peace to his troubled mind. Father Paulo's dreadful threat gave him no uneasiness; nor could his bitter scorn move him to anger.

Puzzled at Count Urbino's coolness, the wily priest sought to throw his prisoner off his guard by assuming a milder tone, and by this means get him to make some fatal admission that could be turned against him at the mockery of a trial that was to be held upon him for heresy.

"My son, we are all human, and prone to err; if thou wilt renounce thy heresy and confess thy sins, I will use my influence with the Superiors in thy behalf. Thou art the last of the noble house of Urbino, and it grieves me that a gallant youth like thee should perish."

"I will confess my sins to my Father in heaven; my opinions I will keep to myself. I can die but once in this life, and I trust more to the mercy of God than man; his power is limited to the destruction of this earthly body, but over the soul he has no control," returned Adrian, quietly, astonished at the speech he had just made, so different from his usual impetuosity. His auditors were surprised quite as much as himself.

Father Paulo crossed himself devoutly, muttering "Ave Marias," and Paters innumerable.

"Blessed Mother of God! he is given over to all manner of heresy and sin, and speaks by the power and promptings of Beelzebub and Dr. Colonna."

Adrian, after his unwelcome visitor had departed, slept the long deep sleep of exhaustion. When he awoke, the sun was travelling westwards,

the dim rays of which enabled him to see the horrors of his situation. He shuddered at the sight of the green slimy mouldering walls where the toads and lizards crept.

"Would that it were dark, then Olympia would come—sweet, noble girl! said Urbino, pacing up and down impatiently the narrow cell, with difficulty keeping the rats from biting him. In his sleep they had torn and gnawed his hands and face, but a little of the wondrous elixir healed the wounds and took away the pain.

The objects in his prison grew fainter and fainter as the day waned. When darkness came, Count Urbino grew impatient. He climbed to the window, and soon to his infinite joy dislodged two bars, making a passage large enough to permit his egress.

The hours sped on, and the surly jailor came with water and black bread, then left him to his solitude. The rats and mice were at play—he could hear them running up and down his dungeon floor, and the water lave and gurgle on the sides of the monastery. He could even feel the spray as it dashed against the iron bars of his window. Ah, how slowly runs the hours when we are weary or in pain. Poor Adrian thought Olympia had been betrayed or discovered—a thousand fears tortured his soul.

"Surely it is past the midnight hour. Father Paulo will be here soon to drag me to torture. I will try to effect my escape unaided."

So saying he again climbed to the window, when his quick ear caught the sound of oars on the lake, and in a few minutes Olympia stood at the grating.

"Get ready, Adrian Urbino;—haste thee, our time is short."

Wrenching the bars out of their places, with superhuman strength, Adrian with difficulty got through the aperture, and descended into the small boat awaiting him. Only Zamora and Olympia were there. Dr. Colonna waited on the other side.

CHAPTER XIII.—A SAD WEDDING DAY.

THE Princess Bianca saw from her window the tumult in the palace garden, but not for some hours afterwards did she learn the cause. Her lover came not. The reason was plain; he had been waylaid by Father Paulo and his myrmidons in the garden. Like one who has clutched at a seeming support, when faint and weary with buffeting the rude waves, and found that prop a delusion, melting from their grasp, so felt Bianca—like a strong swimmer, she had buoyed herself up with the hope of deliverance at the eleventh hour. Now the agony of despair came over her soul, whelming her in its vortex. There was no hope for her—her doom was sealed—ere many hours she would be beyond all aid, the bride of a man she abhorred.

Pale as the sheeted dead, the unhappy lady listened to the account of Adrian's capture—how desperately he fought until, overpowered by numbers, at last he fell—and well knew the Princess what had nerved his arm to such desperate valour—to save her from what she dreaded worse than death. Her fancy conjured up a thousand torturing images. Adrian, her Adrian, wounded—lying in a loathsome dungeon—suspended on the terrible rack, writhing in agony—without a ray of hope to cheer the gloom of his prison, or a kind hand to assuage his pain. It was too much for human endurance—overstrained nature gave way, and for a brief hour Bianca was oblivious to suffering. The long death-like swoon alarmed her attendants—the usual restoratives failed. The physician was summoned, and the Prince her father, closely followed by the Marquis de Montserrat, entered, anxious and wondering at this sudden indisposition. De Montserrat was shocked and grieved at Bianca's altered appearance; he really loved the beautiful girl

for herself alone. Her coldness had piqued him to exert more skill and delicacy in winning her love, for the Spaniard had always been successful in gaining the favour of the fair sex, and long success had made the gallant soldier indifferent, shall we say careless. The physicians were baffled; nothing seemed to restore suspended animation.

"Send for Doctor Colonna; he will save her even were she at the gates of death," exclaimed the Prince D'Este, anxiously.

In less time than could have been expected, a messenger returned with the venerable Colonna.

Nicholas himself met his old friend at the door of his daughter's apartments. The old feelings of dislike and distrust vanished from the Prince's heart—nature triumphed over rank.

"Save my child, Colonna; thou hast a daughter," said the Prince, huskily, extending his hand to the scholar.

A silent pressure was the only response; the Doctor could not trust himself to speak.

Approaching the couch on which Bianca lay, her old instructor took the cold chilly hand in his own, chafing it gently. An expression of infinite tenderness came into the old man's face as he gazed upon the pale and anxious features of the sufferer. Slowly Colonna began those long downward passes over the patient. By-and-by signs of returning consciousness began to show themselves—the closed eyes opened. Motioning to the Prince, Colonna bade him desire the chamber to be cleared, even the Marquis de Montserrat was forced reluctantly to retire.

"Leave me alone with the Princess; so many faces around her will disturb and confuse her—she will be weak from this long swoon. Noble Prince, remain and cheer your child when she recovers," said the Doctor, gravely.

Taking from his girdle a small vial containing a pink, sparkling fluid, Colonna poured a few drops into the sufferer's mouth, which had the effect of fully restoring consciousness.

"Bianca, my child, do you know me?" murmured her father, tenderly kissing her trembling lips.

"Yes, father," was her faint answer, keeping her eye intently fixed on the Doctor, who again poured some more of the contents of the vial into a little wine, and gave it to the patient.

"Drink, my child, it will restore thee."

Noiselessly the Marquis entered, before any were aware of his presence, and stood by the couch of the Princess—only Colonna saw him come in.

The patient seemed to wander; a troubled expression came into her eyes—the medicated draught had partially restored the terrible events of the morning to her mind.

"Save him, father; save Adrian!" burst from her tortured heart in spite of herself.

"Hush, Bianca, name him not; he shall have justice," said her father, and a dark shadow rested on his brow as his eyes fell on De Montserrat.

To turn a conversation that was likely to prove injurious to his patient, Doctor Colonna sat beside her, and tried to soothe her.

"Hast thou forgotten thy old teacher, noble lady?" asked the old man, rather sadly.

"My dear father, I have ever remembered thee, and longed to see thee. By what happy chance art thou here?"

"I came at the desire of the Prince, thy father; he feared thou wouldst die in that long faint. But cheer thee, thou shalt be well in an hour or two," he added, in a gayer tone.

"Would to heaven I had never opened my eyes on earth," sighed the Princess.

"Say not so, fair Bianca, else I had been miserable," replied her betrothed, drawing near. "I am ever beholden to this skilful physician for restoring thee to life and to me." Then turning to Colonna, with winning grace, the Spaniard said, "We owe thee much for saving this lady's life, most learned sir. Wilt thou accept this ring as a token of my gratitude; and shouldst thou or any of thy house need a friend, remember De Montserrat, and send this ring for a sign."

"Noble lord, my labour is amply rewarded without fee. I am a poor scholar, and can do but little to merit such thanks or gratitude. Should it happen that the noble Marquis de Montserrat be ever in need of my poor skill, I will be more than repaid in serving him," replied Colonna, gently, but with much dignity.

Nicholas now came forward and gratefully thanked his old friend; he tried by his present kindness to atone for past neglect.

"Thou wilt partake in these revels? Our daughter weds the Marquis de Montserrat, and surely thou wilt stay and grace our board, Colonna?" said the Duke D'Este, kindly.

"I trust your highness will pardon me if I refuse thy hospitality. I must return to my daughter; she also needs my care," returned the scholar, respectfully.

"As thou wilt, Colonna; we cannot quarrel with thee if thou art chary of trusting us—thou hast little cause. But let the past be forgotten, and only remember that Nicholas D'Este is the friend of Marco Colonna."

The sounds of revelry and music were not confined to the palace; the nobles and people vied with each other in celebrating this wretched wedding day with lively demonstrations of joy. There were two amidst that glittering throng that alone were grave—one was the unhappy Princess, and the other Nicholas, Duke of Ferrara. The cordial which Doctor Colonna had administered revived her failing strength wonderfully, but the good physician's most potent alchemy could not take away the weary weight of pain from Bianca's heart. With the calmness of despair, she resigned herself to her fate. The blaze of the diamonds seemed to mock the dimness of her eyes, that ever and anon filled with tears. Ah! little did the admiring multitude know how wretched and weary was the heart that beat beneath the richly-embroidered robe.

In the Church of Saint Mary was assembled many a proud noble from all parts of Italy to grace this august wedding. The stately train of the bridegroom had entered, and the Marquis stood at the altar, slightly apart from his followers. Many a fair Italian beauty would gladly change places with Bianca, and not a few envy her. But hark! the shouts of the people proclaim the approach of the bridal procession. The Princess, attended by her maids, and leaning on her father's arm, entered the church, walking slowly to the altar.

De Montserrat knelt to kiss her hand—Bianca sees him not. Like one in a horrible nightmare, she is unable to cry out for help. While the magnificent and impressive service proceeded, the Cardinal pronounced the nuptial benediction, and poor Bianca, ere she realised her position, was the wife of Conrad de Montserrat.

Again the people shouted, and bells pealed a joyous welcome. Tenderly the Marquis led his bride back to the palace—her distress touched him, and with infinite tact he screened her from the gaze of the crowd.

"Never mind bowing to the rabble, sweet Bianca; thou art too much moved by this day's events. Cheer thee, dearest, I will screen thee from observation."

"Accept my thanks for thy kind consideration, my lord Marquis. Thou sayest truly that this has been a terrible day," replied the poor lady, mak-

ing a desperate effort to command her feelings. In her heart she thanked him for his delicate forethought.

Had Bianca never known Adrian Urbino, she might have learned to love her husband.

CHAPTER XIV.—AN APPARITION.

UNDER the gentle ministrations of Olympia Colonna, Count Urbino soon recovered strength and vigour; nothing, however, could dissipate the deep gloom that overshadowed him. Since Bianca's marriage with De Montserratt, although a thousand wild plans occurred to him, one thought alone possessed his mind—he would see her once more, though he perished in the attempt. The precious lock of hair he had cut with his own hand from that dear head was still in his possession; by what miracle it had escaped the lynx-eyed familiars when they stripped him in the dungeon he could not explain. Day by day the wish to see Bianca grew stronger, until it mastered his better judgment. Preferring his request to Olympia, that she would tell him how he might find Bianca alone; for rumour said she was to accompany her husband to Venice,—“Tell me if I may see her again, Olympia. My ministering spirit, what should I do without thee?”

“She is the wife of another, Count Adrian; why shouldst thou seek to distress her?—is not the poor lady sorrowful enough? The Princess thinks thou art dead—better let her think so; it may reconcile her somewhat to her fate,” said Olympia, gently, wishing to prevent Adrian attempting so mad a project.

The timid remonstrances of the noble girl were unavailing; the rash youth could not and would not listen to the voice of reason.

“She is my wife before high heaven, and I will snatch her from the arms of this Spaniard, or die. Oh, Olympia! only look at her—I have given thee the means, the danger will be mine.”

What could the beautiful sibyl do but comply, especially when her heart sanctioned and approved every word the Count uttered?

“Give me the tress, Adrian—I cannot refuse; only my father will be displeased when he knows what I have done.”

“Why should he know, dear Olympia?”

“Because I tell him everything,” was the simple reply.

Seating herself in a low high-backed chair, Olympia took the long, silky curl from its covering. Motioning her companion to keep quiet, she fixed her eyes steadily upon the pale tremulous beams of the evening star. Slowly the expression of the girl's face changed, the colour faded away out of the soft cheek—only the lips retained their natural hue, and but for the gentle breathing of the sleeper one might think the sculptor had surpassed himself in this fair statue that waited for the Promethean fire to warm it into divine life.

“Surely she is one of God's fair saints,” muttered Urbino, awe-struck.

Hush!—she speaks!

The raven tress that lay in Olympia's hand, and through which her fingers now strayed, seemed to be evoking unpleasant thoughts, judging from the expression of pain that passed over the clairvoyant's face.

“What seest thou, Olympia?” whispered Adrian, kneeling beside her chair.

“She is on her knees praying, and the tears are streaming from her eyes; the Princess is in an agony of sorrow.”

“Canst thou tell the cause of her sadness?”

“It is of the Count Adrian; he is ever present in her heart. She pines for him, and will not be comforted.”

"In what part of the palace does the Princess live?—does she still occupy her old chambers?"

"No; since her marriage the east wing of the palace has been fitted up for her and the Marquis.

"Can I see her?—is there any chance of speaking to her alone?"

"She will walk in the garden presently. Ah! she will sit and weep in the bower by the fountain."

"When shall she be there?"

"In half-an-hour."

Fair priestess, one question more. If I go to the palace garden, shall my visit bring her more sorrow?"

"Thy presence will open the wound afresh; yet she will rejoice to behold thee."

"Shall she ever be happy again?"

"Once more in her dreams."

"In dreams only?" asked Adrian, sadly.

"In dreams alone. In dreams the holy angels visit the troubled souls of the weary and sorrowful, and pour the balm of rest upon them. It is written He giveth his beloved sleep," murmured Olympia, faintly.

Wrapping a large mantle round the sleeper, Adrian summoned Zamora, and departed on his dangerous mission.

There was a buoyant feeling of liberty in Adrian's bosom—he had never crossed the threshold of the Colonna's house since Olympia brought him in disguise from the monastic dungeon. The well-known road was speedily traversed. With a loud beating heart Adrian crept over the walls of that well-known garden. Quickly and cautiously he made his way to the familiar summer bower, where Bianca and he had conned their childish tasks together, and in later days had conned the story of their hearts, never weary of rehearsing the olden tale of mutual love.

The clear moonbeams shone through the limpid spray of the fountain as it fell into the marble basin, where the silver fish darted and gleamed. Adrian saw not the beautiful fountain, nor the soft southern moon, the white figure leaning so dejectedly over the gleaming spray alone attracted his gaze and absorbed his thoughts.

A bound brought him to her side, ere she could look round upon the intruder. His strong arms clasped her in a close embrace—burning tears fell on her up-turned face. Neither could speak—mingled grief and joy thrilled their hearts—each felt they clasped their only treasure on earth. Ah! who shall describe the anguish of such moments; when heart meets heart with the knowledge that separation and even death await their unclasping arms.

"My beloved! my Adrian! thou art not dead—thou livest still. It is no dream—no spirit," muttered the lady, more to herself than to her companion.

"I am indeed, Adrian—thy Adrian! Oh, my beloved!—my angel bride!—why could I not save thee?" cried Urbino, in great anguish. "Thou art my wife, Bianca, before God, and they have dared to give thee to another. Fly with me now, love; I will carry thee beyond their reach ere the dawn."

"Tempt me not, Adrian; I may not—dare not. If thou indeed lovest me, help me to keep from evil. Let the knowledge that I can never love him, that I shall never learn to love him, that I love thee better than life—than happiness—aye, more than my own soul, content thee. Leave me to my fate—death will come soon. They will not separate us in eternity; we shall live and love one another then. Oh, my beloved! what hast thou not suffered for me already? Save thyself, dearest, for my sake. Remember, if thou art again discovered certain death awaits thee: thy Bianca will soon

be at rest," said the Princess, in a solemn voice, looking up in Adrian's face with streaming eyes.

Grief had wasted that sweet young face sadly since Urbino last saw it—the light of the moon shone fully upon her, revealing the change. Dark circles lay beneath those gentle eyes that had ever smiled on him, and the delicate bloom had vanished from the thin, wasted cheek. A pang of agony wrung Adrian's heart. The haggard, worn look of misery haunted him to his dying day.

"My martyred love, would I could die for thee. Come with me; leave all behind.

"Dearest, I cannot leave honour and truth, even for thee. Adrian, why wilt thou torture me?" she moaned.

"How can I see thee suffer and not try to aid thee? Forgive me, Bianca, I cannot see how thou shouldst keep faith or honour with those who broke it so shamefully with thee," said her lover, brokenly.

The fair, soft arms encircled his neck, and her lips sought his, to silence him with trembling kisses.

"Tell me how thou didst escape from Father Paulo's care," asked Bianca, breaking a long pause.

"Olympia Colonna was my deliverer, and through her I was enabled to find thee here, my beloved?"

With breathless interest, the Princess listened to the story of Adrian's capture and escape. Her gratitude to Olympia for the noble part she acted to Adrian was fervent.

"I hope I shall live long enough to reward her, dear, noble Olympia."

The long painful and happy meeting came to an end. With many a lingering look Adrian and Bianca parted; he to cherish and brood over plans of revenge, and the Princess to dream by her unsuspecting husband's side of Adrian—to fancy for a brief hour she was free and happy again.

"My beloved!" she murmured, in her sleep.

De Montserrat listened; he could have worshipped her for those sweet words. "She loves me after all," he thought, as he stopped to kiss her brow. "Dear Bianca, sleep on, and love me."

Her breath fanned his dark cheek, and her white arms clasped him. Again she murmured—"My Adrian! my beloved! stay with me."

Ah, De Montserrat! thy dream of love is over.

(To be continued.)

P O E T R Y.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

You tell us, woodlark, angels' love
Bends o'er our sphere like hov'ring dove;
And almost hint that space and time
Are as ephemeral as rhyme.
If frank esteem refrains to scout you,
We plainly own we rather doubt you.

You doubt; you ask, can such things be?
Ask about electricity.
Experience proves the magic wire—
Experience proves the angel fire.

How do we view, at instant glance,
 The great orb piercing as a lance
 Millions of leagues from this your stay ?
 How fleetly, fiercely shoots that ray !
 How swift man's retrospect of thought
 To ancient deeds in glory wrought,
 Like mountains, standing in their prime,
 Which have stood ages mocking time.
 So fancy can anticipate
 Futurity, and calmly wait.
 Idealise that there must be
 A measureless eternity.
 Reflecting—weld reflection stronger—
 Pond'ring how time shall be no longer.
 A wire already cancels space ;
 Yes, time must go by force or grace.
 Of kindred themes in obscure sense,
 Men have some slight experience.
 If more in heaven and earth we see
 Than tells you your philosophy,
 One further precept to instil :
 Man owns a free, tho' faltering, will ;
 And while he doubts or scouts volition,
 Free-will in angels marks their mission.
 Boundless as sure in range they rove,
 Now here, now there, below, above,
 To hallow hope, earth woes to leaven,
 All space one ladder hung on heaven.

And still you ask, can such things be ?
 Thus doubted fish low in the sea,
 When flying-fish, with notions bold,
 And with wild wills, as we are told,
 Who bravely sought a higher sphere,
 And brought back stories strange to hear,
 Said that in realms where they had been
 They had seen beasts without a fin !
 The turbot flatly that denied ;
 A cod his shoulders shrugged and sighed.
 But they were wrong, and so are ye
 Who measure possibility.
 Where be the metre I would ask
 To hazard the mad, bootless task ?
 There is no plummet, hit or miss,
 Which fathoms this dark, deep abyss.
 Will you now senselessly advance,
 In your behalf, your ignorance,
 Th' extenuating circumstance.
 I freely say that the abuse
 Of ignorance has no excuse.
 To know is to investigate,
 To banish prejudice and hate.
 My words are true, if they be hard,
 And but a simple bird the bard.
 Heed, then, my counsels, hold them fast ;
 Grasp them that they may root and last :

Clasp them, as clings photography ;
 Muse o'er them, you will wiser be.
 My kindly habits, all confess,
 Are a true source of happiness :
 Where I have gained them, now, you know,
 For thither you have seen me go.
 Learn hence the mediative force
 Of spirits' work, and whence the source ;
 Learn hence their pure and kindly aim,
 To lull the blasts of passion's flame ;
 To steer you through adversity,
 As guides the compass through the sea ;
 As points the helm that seeks the shore
 Of the blest port, Excelsior.
 As battle clouds expend their force
 Upon the living, not the corse ;
 And, as the tow'ring mists disperse,
 Yield the stark host to funeral hearse,
 So will the clouds of angels crowd
 The war of life, and sheen the shroud.

W. R. T.

A SPIRIT-VOICE.

BY RUDOLPH.

THERE'S a voice on the air now hymning
 The music of long ago ;
 It comes to my saddened spirit
 In accents sad and low ;
 It sounds in the tasselled willows,
 That lazily swing to and fro ;
 In the flower-leaf and humble daisy
 That sprinkle the vale below.

It speaks in the sprays of the ocean
 That sweep to the sounding shore ;
 'Tis blent with the running riplet,
 With the noise of the cataract's roar ;
 It comes through the fields of memory,
 And wakens the slumb'ring flowers ;
 Throws o'er the shadows of evening
 The light of the morning hours.

'Tis a voice from the choir of the angels,
 That warbles its notes above—
 That speaks to my listening spirit
 In the sweetest strains of love.
 Oh! once those musical accents
 Filled all my life's domain,
 And blessed my soul with raptures
 That never may dawn again!

In all my weary windings
 Through the paths of this stormy clime,
 In the world's din of battle,
 In the hush of the even-time,

That voice on the wings of the zephyrs,
Is borne from the realms above,
And fills my spirit-chambers
With dreams of its early love.

MISCELLANEA.

IF you would kill a slander, let it alone !

Do what you should do, and you will be what you should be !

THE richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

HE who becomes rich by living like a beggar, is a beggar though he be rich !

OF more worth is one honest man to society, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived.

My observation has convinced me that very few men are capable of high religious happiness, while a very great majority are capable of only a low idea of moral responsibility. One-half of what is deemed religious feeling is social excitement, one-twentieth perhaps is spiritual, and a very good deal is trying to feel as we think we ought to feel. I have seen persons who seemed to be trying to extract all the bitterness from life ; others appear to extract all possible sweetness. This capacity for happiness may be cultivated.—*Beecher.*

THANK God for progress ! *it is eternal, it is inevitable.* They are growing still, those suffering souls ; growing, too, even by the very fire that consumes them, and the pangs that, like suicides, they are implanting within their natures. They are taught even by the very futility of their agonising desires for crime, repeated again and yet again in more and yet more failures. Thus at last is the fire of passion quenched, and amidst the ashes sits the divine spark, waiting for the dear voice of Him who ever preaches to “spirits in prison,” and thus, like little children, they are led on and upwards to a beginning of life afresh. Thus commencing in the path of progress, and tasting the dear delight first of the wish and then of the achievement for something better ; they speed on, and onwards still ; still led by angel hands and guided by angel teaching, until in a spiritual manhood they have strength to stand alone.—*Emma Hardinge.*

CANINE SAGACITY.—After the battle of Fredericksburg, it fell to my duty to search a given district for any dead or wounded soldiers there might be left, and to bring relief. Near an old brick dwelling I discovered a soldier in gray, who seemed to be dead. Lying by his side was a noble dog, with his head flat upon his master's neck. As I approached, the dog raised his eyes to me good naturedly, and began wagging his tail ; but he did not change his position. The

fact that the animal did not growl, did not move, but, more than all, the intelligent, joyful expression of his face, convinced me that the man was only wounded, which proved to be the case. A bullet had pierced his throat, and, faint from the loss of blood, he had fallen where he lay. His dog had actually stopped the bleeding from the wound by laying his head across it! Whether this was casual or not, I cannot say; but the shaggy coat of the faithful creature was completely matted with his master's blood.—*Merry's Museum.*

REASON will ask, why pray? We answer—Because by the action of universal laws, a soul, when yearning and aspiring toward God, opens itself to the influx of new light, strength, and peace. God flows into man when he opens the doors of his inmost being, and invites God to come in there. Man may thus become most full of God—may thus become more God-like in himself and in all his acts. God, like the atmosphere, may be made more or less abundant and healthful in one's dwelling-place by his own attention to windows and doors. This is *Law*. There is another view. Let God be unchangeable—let law reign; and still there may be listening ears, feeling hearts, and helpful hands unseen above and around us, whom prayer reaches. Universal law may permit and require ministering spirits to hear our prayers and be roused by them to work in their behalf. If literally the Great Infinite have no ear, no heart, no hand, if he do not hear, do not feel, do not help directly, yet his ministering spirits are invested with wisdom and powers which enable them to vary the action of universal laws as teachers and helpers of men. The more sincere and earnest one's prayer, and the greater his own purity and Godliness, the more pure and more powerful may be the spirits who hear the prayer and labour for his benefit. But in all cases, both the praying soul and the spirit-helpers must work in obedience to law, or the desired results will not be obtained.—*Allen Putnam.*

APELE FOR ARE; THE SEXTANT.

By A GASPER.

WE copy the following humorous American ditty from a Welsh paper. It contains solid matters worthy of serious attention:—

O Sextant of the Meetinouse which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fiers,
And lites the gas, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case it smels orful—wus than lampile:
And wrings the Bel and toles it, and sweeps paths,
And for these servases gits 100 dols. per annum,
Witch them that thinks deer let em try it:
Gitting up before starlite in all wether is as cold
As Zero, and like as not green wood for kindlins
(I would 'nt be hiered to do it for no some).
But O Sextant there are one kermody
Wuth more than gold wich don't cost nothing:

Wuth more than anything except the Sole of Man!
 I mean pewer Are, Sextant, I mean pewer Are!
 O it is plenty out o' dores, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flize about,
 Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hats:
 In short its jest as free as Are out of dores:
 But Sextant! in church its scarce as piety:
 Scarce as bankbill when ajunts beg for mishuns,
 Wich sum say is purty often, taint nothing to me,
 What I give aint nothing to nobody: but sextant!
 You shet 500 men, women, and children,
 Spechily the latter, up in a tite place,
 Sum has bad breths, none of em aint too sweet,
 Sum is fevery, sum is scroflus, sum has bad teath,
 And some haint none, and sum aint over clean:
 But every one of em brethes in and out and out and in,
 Say 50 times a minnet, or 1 million and a half breths an hour
 Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate?
 I ask you: say 15 minnets, and then what's to be did?
 Why then they must brethe it all over again,
 And then agin and so on til each has took it down
 At least 10 times and let it out again, and what's more,
 The same indivisible doant hev the privilege
 Of brethin his own are and no one's else.
 Each one must take wotever comes to him.
 O Sextant! doant you know our lungs is belusses
 To blo the fire of life and keep it from
 Goin out: and how can belluses blo without wind?
 And aint wind are? I put it to your consheens,
 Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
 Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
 Or roots and airbs unto an Injun Doctor,
 Or little pils unto an omeopath.

Are is for us to brethe.

What signifize who preeches if I can't brethe?
 What's Poal? What's Pollus to sinners who are ded?
 Ded for want of brethe? Why Sextant when we dye
 Its only coz we cant brethe no more—that's all
 And now, so Sextant, let me beg of you
 To let a leetle are into our church:
 (Pewer are is serring proper for the pews)
 And dew it week days and on Sundays tew—
 It ain't much trouble—only make a hoal,
 And then the are will come in of itself,
 (It loves to come in where it can git warm.)
 And o how it will rouse the people up
 And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps
 And yorns and fjits as effectooal
 As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tels
 Of.

WE have been favoured with a transcript copy of an essay on
 "The Immortality of the Soul, as Proven by the Demonstrations
 of Nature," read by the author, Mr. E. Jachtmann, before the
 "Lyceum for Self-Culture," San Francisco, California.