

THE

WHITE BANNER.

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY.

George Lippard, Editor.

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GEORGE LIPPARD,

PUBLISHER, ON BEHALF OF THE SHAREHOLDERS.

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THE WHITE BANNER.

“Amid the war of sect and party—the strife of hollow creeds and vindictive antagonisms—BROTHERHOOD lifts its WHITE BANNER into light.”

George Lippard, Editor.

(PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.)

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE LIPPARD,
PUBLISHER, ON BEHALF OF THE SHAREHOLDERS.

1851.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851,

BY GEORGE LIPPARD,

In the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

A D O N A I

THE PILGRIM OF ETERNITY.

By George Lippard.

*Ovid Spencer
H. C. Schenck
W. J. H.*

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1851.

22

TO THE
Brotherhood of the Union,

(Encircled in the H. F.)

This work is dedicated.

In Truth, Hope and Love,

GEORGE LIPPARD.

January 1, 1850—A. O. 1853.

A. P. Chamberlain
W. H. Ward
John C. H.

aut of

Good to go home

(X M 10 1938 J)

This work is derivative

of X (1938) Work and Years

GEORGE PLATT LYNCH

1290-A.O.1835



PROLOGUE.

THE POOR MAN.

One day a Rich Man came to a Poor Man, who stood talking by the roadside.

It was where a fountain gushing from the rocks, and half shadowed by vines, sprinkled coolness upon the heated dust and sent low music upon the evening air.

The Rich Man was clad in fine apparel : a diamond shone above his young forehead, amid the curls of his chestnut hair. He might turn his eyes to the right, and behold swelling hills, dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen. These were his own. To the left, and see white and black men, toiling in the harvest of that fruitful land. The toiling men and the harvest were alike his own. Gazing to the west, where the last flush of day lingered over the white dome of a palace, he might feast his eyes with the prospect of long lines of slaves, who spread before the portals of that Palace, bearing vessels of silver and gold in their hands. And this palace, these slaves, these stores of gold and silver—**ALL** were his own.

For he was a Rich Man. The jewel that gathered the folds of his robe across his young breast, was worth the life-long labor of a hundred slaves.

And the Poor Man who stood talking by the roadside, was clad in the coarse garments of toil. The landscape before him was very beautiful—golden harvests, blooming in the lap of emerald valleys—streams of silver winding from the light into the shadow, and from shadow into light again—a great palace, lifting its white dome into the sunset heaven, from amid a grove of palms—and yet the Poor Man could not call one inch of ground his own. He knew not where to lay his head. The coarse garments which covered him, the rude staff in his hand—these were all his possessions.

He was a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And he stood in the midst of a throng of men, who listened to him with earnestness, and hung upon every word, as though every word was life or death to them. They were all poor men ; the very poorest of the poor ; some clad in

rags, and not a few crippled by disease, or pitiful with blindness, or miserable to look upon with their leper's sores.

And the accents of the Poor Man's voice held every ear, and those who were not blind, looked earnestly into his eyes, and one, half-kneeling on a solitary rock, regarded with mute wonder—a kind of dumb adoration—the white forehead of the Poor Man.

For the face of the Poor Man, with its flowing hair, covered with dust, and its sunburnt cheeks, touched by the trace of thought, or time, or hardship, was a face that won you to it, with peculiar power, and made you wish to look upon it forever, and mark the strange light of its eyes, and note the smile which hung about its lips.

There was, in truth, a strange Power, upon that face.

The Rich Man drew nigh with steps at once languid and eager, with a manner at once impetuous and full of dignity. His fair face, and perfumed hair, and jewelled robes, were terribly contrasted with the rags and lameness, the disease and leprosy, which encircled the Poor Man.

Still he drew nigh. He was won by the face of that Poor Man. May be he had heard of him before; may be some story of a wondrous power wielded by this Poor Man, had reached the ears of the Rich Man. However he drew nigh, and quickened his steps as the accents of the Poor Man's voice trembled through the silence of the evening hour.

The Rich Man sighed. He pressed his hand to his fair forehead. With all his wealth, his lands and slaves, his harvests and his palaces, he was not at peace with himself. He felt his bosom devoured by a gnawing restlessness. He was unhappy, and yet the darkness of these blind men had not visited him; his rounded limbs were free from leper's sores; the curse of the poor man's poverty was not upon his delicate hands.

Still he was not at peace; for he sighed and pressed his hand to his brow, and shuddered within his robes of price.

He was unhappy.

Quickening his footsteps, he drew near the Poor Man, brushing his fine linen against the beggar's rags, and with his gaze fixed upon the dilating eyes of the Poor Man, his ear enchain'd by every sound that fell from the Poor Man's tongue.

A word rose to his lips. He could not choke it down. And yet that word was "MASTER!"

He felt that the Poor Man, clad in the humble garb of toil, and with no place to lay his head, was his Master! This Poor Man, encircled by rags and lameness, by the cold eyeballs of blindness, and the distorted faces of leprosy, was the Master of the Rich Man, who could call the lives of a thousand slaves his own.

This he felt; and the word "MASTER" rose to his lips.

Thrusting himself into the miserable circle, he joined his hands, and said in a tremulous voice—

"Master! what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

It was in these words that the burden of his soul found utterance. It was as if he had said, What shall I do to be at peace with myself, and while I live, and at the hour of my death, to have a hold on Immortality?

The Poor Man raised his eyes. They were touched with a gleam of divine sadness. He looked first upon the face of the Rich Man, then upon the wide harvest fields, and the herds of cattle, and the white palace, with slaves thronging before its portals—and last of all, upon the crowd of miserable men, who were gathered near him.

It was a painful contrast.

For a moment the Poor Man did not reply. He raised his eyes to the sunset sky, and his face was invested as with the blessing of God, embodied in sunset rays.

All the while the Rich Man awaited in the anxiety of undisguised suspense, the words of the Poor Man.

At last he spoke :

"SELL ALL THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"

And at these words the throng of miserable wretches looked up in wonder, and the Rich Man retreated backward and bowed his head, as suddenly as though some one had smote him on the forehead.

"Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor!"

It was as though he had said—

You have a Palace, Rich Man! Let its luxurious chambers be tenanted by the blind, the halt, the famine-stricken, who now surround me. You have lands, Rich Man? Divide them among the white and black slaves who now gather your harvests, with the labor of hopeless bondage, and baptize their hard-earned food with bitter tears. You have herds of oxen, Rich Man, and flocks of sheep, upon every hill. Let the fleece of your sheep clothe these naked ones, let the flesh of your beasts give these starving ones some nourishment, some life! Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, for the Poor are as much the children of the great family of God as you are, as much entitled to his fruits, his air, his lands, as you are; with as holy a right to peace in this world, immortality in the next, as yourself!

And as the Poor Man spoke his face lighted up with a serene glory, and with the sweetness of his accents there was mingled a strange tone of Power.

But the Rich Man recoiling from the light of his eyes—frightened by the very simplicity of these words, which said so much in so brief a compass—turned sadly away, and went down the hill-side, now raising his eyes to gaze upon his great possessions, now burying his face in his trembling hands.

But the Poor Man remained near the fountain by the roadside, talking to the blind, and the lame, the slave in rags and the leper clad in sores, who gathered near him, and felt the light of his eyes, while the accents of his voice penetrated their souls.

Thus it is over all the world, in all ages, among all People.

The Rich Man goes down the hill, full of restlessness, yet gazing earnestly upon his great possessions.

The Poor Man remains upon the roadside talking to the outcasts of all the world, and telling them of their right to Peace in this life, and Immortality in the next.

It is the object of the following pages to illustrate the lessons which "THE POOR MAN" taught; and show their influence upon the heart of Humanity through all ages.

THE
PILGRIM OF ETERNITY.

1. VAULTS OF THE CATACOMBS.

A City of the Dead, sunken far beneath the feet of millions !

While ROME palpitates on the surface, like the great heart of the Living World, here, beneath the throbs of that voluptuous heart, lies the skeleton-heart of a World of Shadows. Above smiles Rome, with St. Peter's on her breast—below, brood the Catacombs, the Ghostly Rome—with the dead of eighteen centuries, sleeping in her shadows.

It is a fearful thing to walk here, by the light of a lamp, which grows dim and pale, as it encounters the charnel breath of the dead ages. To leave the gay city, whose pavement stones beat with the tread of a thousand and a hundred thousand feet, and lamp in hand, pass through the mouth of this great cavern, into a Ghostly World—have you the courage ? Above you the gorgeous sky of Italy ; around you vines and blossoms, nothing but vines and blossoms wherever you turn your gaze ; in the distance the great Colosseum, that silent Monarch of the dead centuries, and yonder the dome of St. Peter's, rising into Heaven, so isolated in its awful glory—can you leave all this, and dive with me, into Another World ?

Will you for a little while, leave the Rome of the Nineteenth Century, and descend with me, those steps of eighteen hundred years, which end at last, at the foot of a Cross, and near a Holy Sepulchre ? Take the lamp—cast one glance over the grand and beautiful Rome—inhalé one breath of Paradise, from this voluptuous Italian atmosphere—we pass into the darkness through this hill-side crevice—we are in another world. Listen ! Not a sound ; not even the echo of a sound. You never felt the meaning of the word SILENCE before. Listen once again, not with your ears, but with your heart. Hark ! The voices of the dead ages, are speaking to your Soul ; not voices like the thunder, nor voices like the whirlwind's shout, but those "still small voices," in whose tones you may also hear the voice of God.

It was a beautiful thing, to see a wayworn and aged man, stand up alone, in the centre of a Cavern, whose roof, vast and broken, resembled a leaden sky.

And near his feet, as he stood alone upon the summit of a rock, which rose from the shadows, crouched a little child, attired in garments of purple, his mild and lustrous eyes fixed yearningly upon the old man's face; his hands, small and white and beautiful as marble, gently uplifted, as if in the act of prayer.

The old man was not altogether alone. True, he seemed alone, as raised upon the rock, the dim light shone over his aged face, while all the rest of the vast cavern was wrapt in brooding shadow. But an hundred hearts were beating there, beneath that gloomy roof of rock. An hundred forms were kneeling there, upon that floor of stone. An hundred voices, rose at once, and in one chorus, from that place of shadow, to the ear of God.

By the wavering light, let us steal up gently to the old man's side and clutch his rude gaberdine, and gaze in silence over the kneeling throng. A strange and various crowd! Yonder a Roman matron stands, her dark hair gathered plainly aside from her face, while her sombre robe relieves the snowy whiteness of her neck and shoulders. A diamond glitters from the centre of her calm forehead. At her side, there kneels a woman of the common people, attired in the unsightly garments of slavery, her hands cramped by labor, her face darkened by the summer sun. Then we behold another group—a black man, a Roman, and a Jew, kneeling together, their joined hands raised above their heads.

A maiden, next breaks on our gaze; a beautiful and voluptuous form, clad in vestal white, her brown hair, flowing freely over the bosom, which struggles into light, as her voice mingles its low accents with the universal murmur. Near this form, so pure and yet so warm, in its virginal loveliness, crouches a common soldier; a man of scarred face and giant form, whose brawny arms have done the soldier's work of murder in an hundred battles.

And somewhat removed from the mass of the crowd, a Mother kneels. Kneels, alone, her face raised to the light, her loose hair floating along her shoulders, her lips apart, and her large eyes full of light and tears. Upon her breast, undisturbed by the murmur, which fills the cavern, her baby sleeps, clutching one tress of the Mother's hair, as a smile ripples over its face.

The scene fills us with mingled emotions. We admire, we wonder, we shudder, by turns. Now the serene beauty of the Roman matron fixes our gaze, and we could look for ever into her brilliant eyes. Then the Maiden, so warm and loveable, and yet so pure, kneeling in that twilight group, her white robes, moving to the impulse of the cavern air, and her eyes shining through the dusky atmosphere—the Maiden wins us; and we shudder to behold her here, in this earth-hidden vault. We traverse the scene with a hurried glance. The almost brutal features of the Negro, the calm, grave lineaments of the Roman, the aquiline visage of the Jew—we survey them all by turns; and last of all, our

gaze rests and lingers, upon the kneeling Mother, whose babe smiles and sleeps upon her half-bared breast.

There is a history connected with this scene—tell it to us. Wherefore these hundred human beings, representatives of all classes and races, grouped together like one family, under this sky of rock? Wherefore this aged Slave, standing alone—a cherub-boy crouching at his feet,—his withered hands, outstretched as if to bless these kneeling forms?

Is it a scene of religious worship? There is no cross, nor book, nor altar, here. Not a single picture adorns these rugged rocks; there is no white form of marble, in those dreary nooks, which vary the vast cavern walls. Not even an inscription, rudely traced, to tell us the mystery of this scene.

Survey the throng again. A truth steals into your heart and fills you with inexplicable awe. On every face, there lingers one expression—an expression not so much of rapture, as of godlike endurance. That look makes the Maiden seem divine, while it imparts beauty and grace to the Negro's brutal visage.

We would give a year of our existence to know the meaning of that look.

May be, these hundred people are Treasure Hunters, who, led by the aged Slave, have come here to search the cavern vaults for buried Gold. The lust of gold, the fever of gain—which like Death levels all classes into one—is the tie, which binds this contrasted crowd together; that is the secret charm which fills every face, with a calm and softened rapture.

Is it so?

Let us kneel in the shadows, by this old man's feet, near the boy, who looks so yearningly into his face—let us kneel and look and listen.

The voice of that old man rises above the universal murmur. “There is warm sunlight, far, far above us, while we are buried in the bosom of the earth. Above us, far, far above, ROME smiles in the summer sun; laughing crowds people her streets; throngs of gay worshippers line her temples; and there NERO the Emperor sits in his Golden Palace. Above us, my brothers, my sisters, my children, all is sunshine and life—here is nothing but darkness and death. Come! Let us depart!

He was a withered old man, and yet his voice penetrated every nook of the cavern.

There was no answer to his words, save the universal murmur which swelled from every lip.

The old man moved as though about to descend from the rock, but the Boy clutched his coarse robe, and whispered, “Stay! Father! Stay!”

“Thou callest me, Father!” said the aged one, with a sad smile—“How is this? Thou art a noble Roman's child—and I am but a Slave and the Son of a Slave?”

But the Boy, whose eyes grew brighter, only clutched his robe more firmly with his little hands, and looked more earnestly into his eyes, and whispered:

"Here is neither Lord nor Slave. We are of one family, and the Father of one, is also the Father of us all."

Again the aged Slave stretched forth his hands—

"Why do ye linger? Know ye not, that to linger here is to die? To die, not by cord, or cross, or steel, but by the most horrible of all deaths—by the slow agonies of **STARVATION**. Hasten, my friends. Let us leave this place. It is but the work of a moment. Yonder, at the extremity of the cavern, behold an iron door. Beside that door, waits Nero's minister, a noble Lord, attired gayly in purple and gold. Advance to the door, stretch forth a hand and speak but a word, and ye are saved!"

Again there was no answer save the universal murmur. Not a footstep was heard, nor did a single form separate from the kneeling throng.

"The word is very simple," continued the old man. "It is but to say—I deny the *Felon who died upon the Cross*. *I disown his name, and scorn the treason which he taught.*"

The air of the vault listed the white hairs of the slave; the lamp cast red beams upon his face.

Still his appeal was answered by that universal murmur

"*We believe in the Christ who died upon the Cross*" these were the words of the chorus—"We believe in the words which he spoke in Nazareth—'The spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the poor, sight to the blind, liberty to the bond, peace to them that are bruised, and to all, the acceptable year of God.'"

The old man veiled his thin hands, while the boy stole gently up and wiped the tears away, as they fell between his withered fingers.

"And for this Christ ye are willing to be enclosed in this vault, which is at once your common temple and your common grave"—the aged slave exclaimed, as his bosom was rent by sobs—"I am old; death is but the pang of a moment to me. But you, Mother, with your babe upon your breast—can you endure the slow agonies of starvation? Days will pass, and nights, but here, shut in by one eternal night, you will only hear the wail of your child, and feel him tugging at your wasted breast. Can you endure this for Christ?—No—no—no! Deny this Christ, and gain the sunlight and the air of heaven!"

And with a tremulous lip the mother rose and came forward to the light, and listed her babe from her bosom. An hundred eyes grew dim with tears as the lamp revealed that sight. Her eyes were listed to the leaden roof; and with her outspread hands she raised her babe above her head.

"There is sunshine, here," she said in a low, solemn voice, "and here is Heaven!"

And then she placed her babe upon her bosom, and knelt beside the rock on which the old man stood.

"But you beautiful maiden;" cried the slave, flinging his hands over his white hairs: "You who are so young, so beautiful! Go forth! Beyond that iron

gate lies a glorious world, strewn with flowers. Go forth! Love—marry—yes, adorn the couch of the great Emperor—yield yourself to any shame—rather than linger in this place of death."

Gently the young woman glided over the floor of rock. She came in all her loveliness, and parted the brown hair aside from her voluptuous face.

"I am but young," she said, "and very weak, but Christ will be my strength. The cavern is dark and chill, but it is better to suffer in the cavern with those who are born to suffer, than to dwell in the palace with those who only live to kill."

She knelt beside the Mother, murmuring the name of the Felon who died upon the cross.

Then the aged slave, overwhelmed by his emotions, turned from face to face, and besought these people of the cavern to leave the place of death, and—by a simple word—gain the regions of the upper air. One by one, they passed by the old man and gave their answer.

"Christ, who died on the cross, said that all men were alike the children of God," exclaimed the negro, as he passed along—"I was but a brute before He spoke, and now I feel that I—even I—the negro and the slave—am a part of eternity."

And thus, one by one, they spoke—Soldier, Jew, proud Roman Matron, and woman of the common people—every voice mingled with some word of blessing, the name of the Felon who died upon the cross. It was as though that name, "JESUS THE CHRIST," filled the cavern-world with sunshine, and even through the sky of rock, lighted up a way to a sky of deathless radiance—to a better world. There was a wondrous, yes, an awful power, in that name. Even the boy, whose rosy cheek did not witness more than ten years of life, shone with a new existence, as the name thrilled from lip to lip.

The aged slave wiped the tears from his eyes. Seating himself upon the rock, with the lamp by his side, he silently gazed into the faces of those human beings who encircled him. A thought as real as it was terrible, stood up before his soul, a vivid and tangible horror.

"No food, no drink! Here, shut up within these walls of rock, we are to remain until we die. This cavern will be the grave of an hundred souls. Death on the battle-field, death by fever, or by sword, yes, death by slow and lingering poison, were a blessing to a death like this. A day will pass—hunger will gnaw the vitals of these robust men. They will rend the air with curses. A second day! The fever of starvation will burn like liquid fire in the veins of these beautiful women. A third day—my heart dies in me, at the thought. The mother will feed upon the babe which now nestles on her breast. The negro, transformed into a demoniac, will rend the limbs of this maiden, and quench his thirst with her severed blood. The cavern air will throb with shouts of fiendish murder; these men will fight with each other for a loathsome meal; eyes wan with famine, will glut over the dying pangs of sister, wife, and mo-

ther, and ere the last corse is cold, the mad grasp of starvation will tear it into fragments."

This was the thought which the aged Slave dared not speak in words.

But the Boy, watching the gloom which came over his wrinkled brow, and imparted a sombre lustre to his eyes, crept up to him, and said in a low voice—

" What were those words which you told us yesterday, when Nero pronounced our doom ? ' *Where two or three are gathered in my name, there AM I, and that to bless.*' "

There came a smile upon the old man's lips ; he gazed around, with a cheerful, yes, a radiant look, and then exclaimed in an accent of singular rapture—

" Brothers ! Sisters ! Children ! Listen while I tell the history of our Lord. When **HE** was stretched upon the cross ; when the sky above him was dark, and the earth beneath him shook, as though its heart was rent and torn, in sympathy with His agony—then I was there—I heard **HIS** words—I saw **HIS** face —"

These words pronounced in a low voice, brought a soul into every face.

They listened to the history which the old man told, and hung upon every word, as though every word was worth the price of a world.

II. LUCIUS THE SYBARITE.

While the history falls from the lips of the Slave, let us traverse the darkness of this cavern, let us pass beyond the Iron Door, which fills the narrow crevice at the cavern's mouth. What do you behold ? A chamber, or a cell, furnished in a style of voluptuous splendour. Here, far beneath the earth, far below great Rome and Nero's Golden Palace, we behold a scene, worthy of Nero, in his most sensual hour.

The cell is not very large, but the rude walls are hidden by silken hangings, whose pale red hue, reminds us of daybreak in an Italian sky. A fire of cinnamon and citron wood, built in a crevice, chases the damps away, and fills the cell, with a misty incense and voluptuous perfume. The very atmosphere of the place, breathes of sensual languor.

A lamp fragrant with perfumed oil, and extended by the hand of a marble Venus, fills the cell with soft and rosy light. There is a couch in the centre, a couch of luxurious purple, strown with sweet-scented flowers, and near the

couch, a table of blood-red marble, with a golden goblet gleaming from its surface. The richly sculptured cup blushes to the very brim, with wine—wine such as Nero drinks, when he plans some joyous murder—and around are grouped the richest viands—viands such as Nero ate, when he feasted beside the reeking corse of his Mother.

The occupant of the cell? Behold him, reclining on the couch, one hand touching the stem of the goblet, while the other lifts that cluster of golden grapes, between his eyes and the light. Is it not a glorious picture of youth and health? Did painter ever paint, did sculptor ever carve, a nobler image of manly beauty? His fair complexion and Roman features, are relieved by hair and beard, whose colour reminds you of sunshine or of gold. His eyes are large—set far apart—and blue as the serenest sky. There is a warm sensual glow upon his cheeks; his lips, parting as if with some voluptuous Thought, speak the warmth, the luxurious appetites of his being. His limbs—beautiful and graceful as those which the sculptor gives to Apollo—are disposed in an attitude of animal repose; you never saw a more perfect ideal of the Sybarite.

Then his attire; attire in fact, that Nero might have worn, when he saw Rome in flames, and merrily hurled some hundreds of base fanatics, into the vortex of the amphitheatre, by way of atonement for his own deed.

A tunic of purple clothes the prominent chest of the young Lord, and falls to his knees. Over this tunic, he wears a long robe, whose light azure is sprinkled with points of gold. Around his neck a scarf whose soft crimson, only makes his snow-white throat, seem more pale and woman-like.

And this is the Lord LUCIUS, the friend of Nero, who has agreed to tenant this luxurious cell, hidden beneath the foundations of Rome, until —

But the story must be told in the gay soliloquy of the glorious Sybarite:

“By Apollo and by Nero,” he exclaims, swearing by his favourite Gods. “Twas a merry wager! I am to act as sentinel, before yonder iron door, until these fanatics are starved to death; or until the fairest of them all, the Maiden whom Nero desires for his bed, shall deny her Madness, and solicit the mercy of the Emperor.”

He speaks of the pure Maiden, with the voluptuous form, whom we left in the awful cavern, kneeling at the feet of the aged Slave.

“Sylvia is beautiful. Sylvia is young. Sylvia’s veins are fired with patrician blood. In that door, huge and cumbrous as it is, there is a smaller door. How long will it be, ere Sylvia’s hands pushes aside the smaller door, and Sylvia’s face shining through the aperture, glows into new loveliness, as her sweet voice, denies her new God, and prays for Nero’s Mercy? Not many hours, by Nero and Apollo!”

He smiled, and devoured the golden grapes one by one, and suffered the blood-red wine to glide slowly down his throat, until his veins were inspired with a luxurious warmth.

It is a beautiful contrast.

Here the perfumed chamber, and the young Lord, attired in robes of purple, with wine-cup in his fair hand — and yonder—only separated by an iron door, one hundred human beings, who have already commenced their own funeral hymn.

A wondrous iron door!

On one side, youth, luxury, rich food and gorgeous apparel, all embodied in the form of a solitary **MAN** — on the other, cold damp, starvation, a hundred men and women and children, dying by inches under a granite sky.

Does this amaze you? Reflect. Think only for a moment. What is the great world itself, but a luxurious chamber, and a charnel-vault, only separated from each other, by an Iron Door, sometimes called Custom, Law, and often in a lively way, Religion?

One man feasts in the perfumed chamber. This is the Rich Man. Meanwhile one hundred men and women and children, starve to death in the charnel-vault; die by minute agonies under a sky of rock; die in darkness, their groans, softened by the Iron Door, affording sweet music to the Rich Man in the next chamber. Of course, these hundred, are the Poor,—the Poor—only the Poor.

Suppose the **HUNDRED** were some day to fling their weight against the iron door, and burst into the chamber, where the **ONE** is feasting—feasting so deliciously? But you must never suppose anything like this; avoid such blasphemy. For sometime the Rich Man, tired of his feasting, tired of the very monotony of sensual enjoyment, arises from his couch, and slides back the smaller door—in the great Iron Door—and looks in upon the slow death of the hundred starving ones. Protected by this huge Iron Door, he looks through the crevice, and tells the children of starvation, how religious, how legal it is, for them to starve. How well it harmonizes with the organization of society. How beautiful it is, considered simply as a moral spectacle; and how touching as a model of the picturesque, for painters and sculptors. May be he sneers at their agony—or, drollest joke of all—details some pleasant Theory, by following which, they may escape starvation, and while he tells his Theory, they only the more surely starve to death. The Rich Man is benevolently jocular. These starving ones, it is true, want no Theory; advice is but a poor kind of bread; Philosophy a sorry sort of roof-shelter; they want only one practical effort, one deed alone, and that — **THE THRUSTING ASIDE OF THE IRON DOOR.**

The Rich Man knows this; but — shall he share his luxurious chamber, with a hundred of his brothers and sisters? Speak of it, write of it, utter it in the faintest hint, and you shall see your Rich Man grow pale and shiver, as he covers you with curses, and bids you starve, Infidel, Socialist, Dog and—Poor Man—that you are.

There is a world of meaning in this **IRON DOOR**. Only gaze upon it for a little while—only feel the luxury on one side of it, and the starvation on the other—only, I beseech you — behold the Charnel and the Chamber, which

it separates, and you will regard it as a kind of dumb Preacher, who has a word, for all mankind.

Sometimes the Rich Man, looking through the crevice, or wicket in the great Iron Door, tempts some starving wretch to deny his God and then uncloses to the miserable Iscariot, all the warmth and luxury of his own chamber. And the man, relieved from starvation, opens the wicket and sneers at his late companions. Sometimes—again—a Rich Man, who is not altogether drunken with the atmosphere of wealth, wishes to unclose the door, so that every one of the Hundred, may come forth, and share his viands, and taste of his comforts, but then there are always other Rich Men, on the alert, who keep their Brother from a foolish thing, and securely close the Iron Door, and bolt it fast.

Of all things in the world, let me beseech you, to study the Mystery of the IRON DOOR.

But let us return to Lord Lucius, the Roman Noble, the friend of Nero who has agreed to guard the Iron Door, until the Hundred have denied their Christ or starved to death. A mild glow stole o'er his face, as the luscious wine pervaded his blood, and rising from his couch, he glided gently to the Iron Door, and bent his head close to the wicket. A low murmuring sound, came through the huge mass of iron.

“Starvation has begun its teachings,” murmured Lucius—“Since sunrise they have been without food, or drink, and it is now—at least in the upper world—near sunset. A thousand pieces of gold that the beautiful Sylvia will deny, and beg for mercy, and a thousand more, that fifty out of the hundred will follow her example! The wager was made at our last debauch. I shall win!—hark! Murmurs already—By Jove and all the gods, I shall win!”

The murmur came, without ceasing, through the Iron Door. Long the gay Lord listened, until at last, his curiosity induced him to push aside the wicket. He looked through the crevice and saw—an hundred human beings dying, in horrible tortures?

No. He saw them, kneeling around the aged Slave, who told them, in a low voice the words and deeds of a wondrous history.

The history of God—not a God, nor one of the *Gods*—but the history of God, who made the earth and stars, and who embodied the fulness of his God-head, in the form of a Man. Not the form of King, Rich Man or Priest, but the form of a Carpenter’s Son—

Lucius looked through the aperture, and saw the dim red light falling upon that circle of silent yet radiant faces, with the Aged Slave in the centre, the Boy at his feet, and the beautiful Maiden by his side. And Lucius found himself strangely interested in the History:—

How God took upon himself the form of Toil, and lived for thirty-three years among the sick, the suffering and the Poor, and died at last upon the felon’s Cross, so that the Poor might have their portion of this earth, and a sure hope of Life in a Better World.

Lucius, the Lord, heard something like this from the lips of the Slave, and closed the wicket. He sat him on his couch, and fixed his eyes on the floor. Near his hand the goblet, but it was untouched. Thoughts as new as they were wonderful, began to stir in his sensual brain. The history, told by the old Slave, filled him with an indescribable emotion. A God, not like the Gods of Greece and Rome, who even excelled Nero in falsehood and debauchery, who were Gods only for the Rich, but a God who took upon himself a Poor Man's shape, lived for the Poor Man, and for the Poor man died in horrible agony. Lucius the Lord began to think.

"And they will starve to death for the sake of this God! They—the men and women—the hideous and the beautiful—the slave and the noble—they will starve to death together? Will they?"

Lucius drained the goblet, but it seemed to him as if the wine was bitter with the blood of an hundred human beings.

"More wine, Slave," he called, and through the hangings his Slave came from an adjoining chamber and filled his cup, and then disappeared like a ghost. But the wine was nauseous. The very viands seemed stained and dotted with the blood of the Boy, who knelt in the cavern, at the feet of the old man.

Lucius slept, and when he again unclosed his eyes, a murmuring sound stole on his ears. Again, to the wicket. The lamp in the cavern was dying away, yet by its waning light he saw those wan faces still grouped about the white-haired Slave. Again he listened. The story of a Rich man who came to the Christ, and besought Life Eternal at his hands. '*Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, and follow me.*' Lucius gazed through the crevice, even as the light of the cavern flickered and went out, in darkness, and saw an hundred faces lifted to the rocky sky, and heard an hundred voices mingling in a joyous song.

The voices of Sylvia and the Boy, mingling with the tones of the Mother, the Negro and the Slave. A hymn, pealing to the cavern roof, every burst of solemn and yet joyful melody, ending with His Name, the Christ of Calvary!

The Lord Lucius closed the wicket with a curse, and flung himself upon the couch, and steeped his soul in wine—more wine—till the cell spun round, and his drunken shouts drowned the echoes of the funeral hymn.

Thus, in that city of the dead, passed another day, while Nero in his Golden Palace, sat waiting for the coming of Lucius and—Sylvia. And in those gloomy caverns, where Night was eternal, the hours of the second night dragged on, while the gay Sybarite was wrapt in drunken dreams.

The third morning dawned on Rome, and in the cell the fire of sweet scented wood was re-built, the lamp replenished, the goblet filled once more with glorious wine.

Staggering from the couch, and passing his hand over his forehead, the Young Patrician took new garments from the hands of the silent Slave, and arrayed his noble form in gayer, richer attire; listening all the while with fixed intensity. But no sound came from the cavern. The Iron Door no longer gave

passage to softened echoes. That world of caverns and shadows, was breathlessly still.

Lucius dared not approach the Iron Door. Seated on his couch, with his teeth set, and his hands clasped on his knees, he listened all day long, his soul devoured by a gnawing restlessness. Did the unnatural silence fill him with terror? Did the Thought of the old Slave's History come to him, and enfold his heart with a fiery Doubt, a half-formed Hope? Once he started up toward the Iron Door—his hand was on the wicket—but he sank back upon the couch, gazing upon the floor with leaden eyes.

"Curses upon the wager," he groaned, biting his lips, "and curses on these mad fanatics, who have provoked the vengeance of our Gods!"

That is, curses upon the wretches who have forsaken the Gods of the Rich for **THE GOD** of the Poor.

It was a sad thing to see this young Lord so unhappy, when there was luscious wine before him, a perfumed atmosphere around; here delicious viands, and in prospect, the smile of **NERO**. The third day and the third night dragged horribly onward. There was no sound at the wicket; not a single wretch of them all tapped at the Iron Door.

"It is the Fourth Day," cried the young Lord, bounding from his couch, and receiving new and gayer attire from the hands of his dumb Slave—"At sunset Nero will be here, to learn the result of our wager. Nero will descend into the bowels of the earth, eager to glut his eyes with the disfigured corses of these fanatics. It is many weary hours until sunset — would this infernal play was over."

Then with all his soul the young Lord listened. He even advanced to the Iron Door; may be laid his cheek against its chill surface. Not a sound, not an echo; neither voice nor footstep; all was dumb and still as though a living thing had never passed the hopeless portals.

Shuddering, **LUCIUS**, the friend of **Nero**, drew back the wicket and looked within. All as dark as night eternal. Hark! There is a sound—is it a moan, a curse, or a prayer? It is a Name!

"*Sylvia come forth!*" shouted the Sybarite with a check like death—"Come forth; life awaits you!"

No answer—only the murmur of a Name.

"Come forth, one and all—come forth slave and noble! There is life and food for all beyond the Iron Door."

Still the murmur of that Name was all the answer, which greeted the Young Lord. But the air, which came through the unclosed wicket, breathed of the Dead. It mingled with the perfumed atmosphere of the luxurious cell, and assailed the senses of the Sybarite with the odours of the grave. He closed the wicket and sank back on his couch.

For hours he sat with his blue eyes—and they were dull and leaden now—fixed on the floor, and his clasped hands laid upon his knees. That terrible

Doubt, that glorious Hope, were fighting their silent and awful battle in his heart. A Doubt in Jupiter and Nero the Gods of the Rich—a Hope in Christ the Redeemer of the Poor!

At last he rose, and as his cheek grew pale and his lips set firmly over his clenched teeth, announced a stern and immovable resolve, he took the perfumed lamp from the hand of the marble Venus, and with all his strength threw back—not the wicket—but the Iron Door itself, and with a firm step entered the Cavern.

He held the lamp above his head, and steadily advanced toward the central rock, panting for breath as the deathly atmosphere encountered his nostrils, while the cavern roof, gloomed sullen and vast above him. Soon he reached the central rock and looked around.

Death in an hundred shapes was there. Wasted cheeks, skeleton forms, eyes dull and leaden—these met his eye, wherever he turned. The baby was dead, upon the dead mother's breast. The Maiden lay cold and shrunken beside the Matron; and the Negro on his knees, with his cramped hands clasped together, seemed praying, even after Death. Pitiful it was to see the Boy, so like an image of marble, which the damps have tarnished, resting his head against the rock, with his glassy eyeballs fixed on the cavern roof. The foul atmosphere of the cavern had anticipated or hastened the slow agonies of famine; they had died almost at the same gasp; they were there, alone with each other, in that earth-hidden City of the Dead.

Erect and breathing, amid those hundred corses, stood the Young Lord, his eyes expanding and gathering new brightness, as he surveyed the cold faces and fixed eyeballs, while the light shone upon his golden beard and tinted the curls of his golden hair.

“They are dead,” he exclaimed, “Sooner than deny the Felon who died upon the Cross, they have met death in this hideous form—”

“They are not dead,” said a voice which penetrated the heart of Lucius, and filled him with a creeping terror—“They have only entered into life.”

Before him, gaunt and withered, yet still alive, rose the AGED SLAVE, whose eyes, fired by the approach of Death, gave a supernatural glare to his face, while the cavern air slowly lifted his white locks from his forehead.

For a moment the terrible Doubt and the glorious Hope, struggled in the heart of Lucius, and his face became fearfully distorted.

“Tell me the History which you told these starving ones,” he said, falling on his knees before the Aged Slave—“Tell me of this Jesus, who came in the guise of toil and suffering, and said that all men were the children of ONE GOD.”

III. LUCIUS THE CHRISTIAN.

At sunset **NERO** the Emperor came down into the cavern city, surrounded by a crowd of laughing favorites, and, gayly appareled as he was, entered the luxurious cell, which was separated from the Charnel Vault by the Iron Door. **NERO** was a young man, with mild blue eyes and soft golden hair; he had lived all his life on the Rich Man's side of the Iron Door, which divides the great world; wealth without a limit and power without a bound, had converted a human being into an Incarnate Devil.

"Lucius, my friend, where art thou? Show me these Christians living—or let me behold them dead! Lucius! By the Body of Bacchus, if you do not appear, I shall swear that you have turned **CHRISTIAN** yourself!"

"At this the favorites laughed merrily; they were courtiers; the jests of Emperor, Pope, or President are always appreciated by courtiers.

The Iron Door opened, and **LUCIUS** the friend of **Nero** appeared on the threshold. The Emperor started as he beheld the pallid countenance of his friend. Great was his astonishment, when the young Lord silently stripped the splendid garments from his form, and stood with his foot upon those folds of purple adorned with gold.

"They were purchased with the agony and blood of the Poor. Shall I dress my limbs in purple and gold, when my Master was without a place to lay his head; and even now, his brothers and sisters, the Poor, have no couch, no home but the grave. **NERO**, strip those robes from your limbs, for every thread is stained with the blood of a human heart. **NERO**, Emperor of the World, you have grown drunken on the agony of your brothers; you have made laughter of the death-groans of the Poor; you have built your Golden Palace upon human corses! **NERO**, repent, or the Master will arise and avenge his people—the Poor!"

These words, pronounced in a low voice, and yet with a clear bright eye and radiant forehead, filled the Emperor of the World with a mingled sensation of laughter and terror.

"Is it **Lucius** that I behold?" he cried, "'The Master!' Of whom do you speak?"

Then answered **Lucius** the Roman Lord, as he stood upon the threshold of the Iron Door—one hundred corses at his back, and **Nero** before his eyes—

"I speak of Jesus of Nazareth, who took upon himself the form of suffering and toil, so that all men might indeed be brothers—that the Poor Man might dwell in peace in the world, and have his portion of the earth and its fruits—

that no one should grow rich on his brother's shame and agony—that all alike might have a hope of immortality after Death."

No wonder that Nero and his favorites shook with laughter and terror, as they heard words like these from the lips of Lucius the Sybarite.

Not many days after this scene, the luxurious cell, stripped of its gorgeous adornments, presented a far different picture. A half-naked man, seated on a block of stone, awaited the stroke of the Executioner's sword.

The half-naked man was Lucius the Sybarite: and in the Executioner we behold a man of oriental features, whose face, resembling an inverted pyramid, gradually diminishes from the broad forehead to the sharp-pointed chin, while the eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, shine with a sombre and malignant lustre.

"You are willing to die for this Faith," said the Executioner, as he examined the edge of the sword. "It is only one sweep of my arm, and you are clay! You cannot believe that this Faith, which derives its life from a Felon's Cross, will ever make any progress in the world? Now, it is only the creed of a few miserable outcasts, who skulk in these caverns, beneath the foundations of Rome, ashamed to meet the light. Where will your faith be, ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—yes, I will say—sixteen centuries hence?"

The young Roman raised his eyes, and surveyed with an indescribable feeling this strange man, who seemed determined to taunt and jeer the victim whom he was about to slay.

"Sixteen centuries hence," said Lucius the Christian, raising his brilliant eyes as he bared his neck for the sword—"This Faith, for which I am about to die, will have encompassed the globe, and raised mankind into one great Brotherhood. At that epoch there will not be a Priest, or a King, or a Rich Man left upon the face of the globe. The lands will not be held by the **FEW**, for the **MANY** to make fertile with their sweat and blood. Every man will dwell on his own land; or else men, as brothers, will live in community, like the early followers of the Lord, for whom I am about to suffer. Sixteen hundred years hence, the faith for which thousands have been rent to pieces by wild beasts; tens of thousands put to death by the cord, the cross, the sword, or by the slow pangs of famine—this faith, baptized by the blood of martyrs, consecrated by the heroism of women and children, who have gone to death with the name of 'JESUS' on their lips—this faith will have won its last victory over tyranny and avarice in every shape, and then—"

Lucius sank back, like one in a dream, and felt no more.

[It is here proper to observe that the Tradition on which this history is founded, at this point of the narrative indulges in a wild and improbable superstition, peculiar to the early ages of Christianity, and manifested in various forms. The idea of this part of the tradition seems to be, that the power once called **MAGIC**, and now called **MAGNETISM**, can hold a human being in a state between life and death for an incredible number of years. This state (such is the supposition) may be a continued **TRANCE**, in which the body remains torpid

while the Soul is active. A very well-accredited story is told of a German Physician who secluded a criminal in a subterranean chamber, having first reduced him to unconsciousness by means of magnetism, with the determination to permit him to remain in that Trance or Torpor for a certain period of years, when he was to be restored to sensation once more. Something of this character seems to be hinted by the original tradition; leaving us to infer that *Lucius* was placed in this state of Trance by his Executioner, and that this state continued for a prolonged period. The object of the Executioner may be guessed from the sequel of the history. We will accept the improbable tradition as a matter of fact, and base the concluding scenes of this narrative upon the machinery afforded by this old Legend.]

We cannot refrain from recording an incident which took place in the Catacombs about the middle of the Tenth Century.

Some Roman peasants, who had descended into this vast World of the Dead, inspired by reverence for the memory of the Martyrs whose bones were hidden there, discovered a nook or cell, far removed from the main passages of the vaults, in which a marble altar appeared, with a Corse reposing on its surface. They only gained access to this cell by removing a solid wall; and when their torch lighted up its gloomy confines, they were astonished at the even temperature of the place, which was characterized by a pleasant medium between the extremes of cold and heat.

The Corse extended upon the altar presented every appearance of Life. It was the body of a young man, whose golden hair and beard encircled a countenance marked by the regular features of classic Rome. Around his breast and limbs clung some fragments of the ancient Roman costume, and a Medal, bearing the face of *Nero*, was suspended from his neck. He seemed absorbed in a pleasant slumber; a faint color was on his cheek, and a life-like hue about his smiling lips. Yet, when they touched the Body, it was stiff and cold as marble. The peasants, awed and affrighted by the spectacle, hurried from the vault, and carefully placed the stones again before its mouth, sealing it forever from the light and air.

One Peasant asserted that he saw the Corse move by the last gleam of his torch.

But the throng of his comrades went thoughtfully from the Catacombs into the upper air, remembering a strange Legend which they had heard from their grandsires—a Legend of a Roman Martyr, who had been ordained to sleep within these caverns, in a Trance alike removed from life or death, for the space of sixteen hundred years or more.

Can the Body remain in a state of Trance while the Soul goes forth to inhabit, for a while, another Form?

†III. LUCIUS THE ARISEN.

When Lucius the Roman awoke again he was assailed at once by a three-fold sensation of cold, and weariness, and hunger. He had fallen asleep with the singular face of the Executioner before his eyes ; he awoke in darkness and in cold. With extreme astonishment he discovered that his attire had been stripped from his limbs. His wonder deepened into something between Memory and Awe, when he extended his hands and felt the walls of a narrow cell, whose rocky ceiling encountered his head as he passed along.

"Nero has condemned me to die by starvation," he groaned ; "I am buried alive."

It seemed to him that two or three days had passed since he was thus entombed ; and again a strange fancy came over him, that his Soul had passed through many forms and existences since the hour when he beheld the Executioner, while his body had remained cold and unconscious in that cavern vault.

This two-fold Consciousness produced a singular struggle in the mind of Lucius.

After much thought, he discovered a winding passage, which seemed to lead to the regions of the upper air. He followed the mazes of this passage for an hour or more, and at last—naked and cold as he was—emerged from the darkness into light, and stood silent and wondering, on the threshold of a miraculous spectacle.

He had passed through a trap-door, and now he stood near a lofty pillar, in the shadows of a Temple, whose dome resembled a sky. A dark robe, which lay at his feet, soon clothed his naked limbs, while its hood concealed his face. He was free to gaze in silence, upon the sublime expanse of that colossal dome, which blazed with ten thousand lamps.

The place was thronged with a countless multitude, attired in singular apparel, and they bowed with one accord, before a MAN who, dressed in flowing robes, spread forth his hands before the great Altar of the Temple. Behind this Man, appeared the golden Image of a Felon, stretched upon a golden Cross.

Lucius was dumb with wonder.

He drank in the overwhelming sublimity of the scene, and shrunk into the shadows of the pillar, gathering his hood over his face, as he gave vent to his feelings, in these words :

"It is a new mockery of the Emperor Nero," he said. "The other day he built the Golden Palace, and,—as if by sorcery—he has raised this wondrous Temple. But the Image of the Crucified—what does it here? Ah, he means to make a jest of Christ and his poor followers ; I comprehend it all. And there

stands NERO himself, dressed like a Pontiff, and worshipped by the kneeling million."

At this moment Lucius beheld a figure draw nigh, attired in a robe and hood, similar to those which he himself had assumed.

"Tell me," he said, in the language of ancient Rome, "tell me, friend, what does this mean? I have been absent from Rome for a few days. Explain to me this last fancy of our Emperor Nero."

"You speak excellent Latin, my young friend," returned the dark figure, in a dialect which grated harshly on the young Roman's ear: "Excellent Latin, and therefore I can forgive your idle jest."

"Jest!" echoed Lucius—"Will you have the goodness to inform me how many years have elapsed since the foundation of Rome? Now," he murmured to himself, "we'll see who's dreaming."

The answer of the darkly attired figure was singular:

"You must be aware, young sir, that this is the year of Christ, **FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE**. You stand in the **TEMPLE OF CHRIST**, dedicated to the blessed St. Peter. These, whom you behold kneeling, are Christians; and yonder is the **POPE**, the Representative and **VICAR OF CHRIST** upon earth."

And the stranger passed hurriedly onward, for he believed that the young Roman was making sport with him.

Lucius heard his words, and started as though a chasm had opened at his feet. He surveyed the sublime dome—the splendid worshippers—the Vicar of Jesus in his gorgeous robes—and a sigh escaped his bosom.

"This the Temple of that Jesus, who knew not where to lay his head!" he gasped, and walked sadly along the aisle, in the shadows of the great pillars.

Suddenly a tall figure, with eyes fired by a malignant and yet laughing lustre, confronted the young Roman. **LUCIUS** recognized his **EXECUTIONER**.

"You wished to behold Christianity after the lapse of sixteen hundred years," said this Personage, while an infernal radiance seem to radiate around his lofty forehead: "Your wish is gratified. You wear the gear of a Monk; here is gold. Take staff in hand, and search for the Religion which you heard preached in the Catacombs in the days of Nero. When your heart grows sick of that which you behold, then come back to your cell in the cavern, and you shall fall asleep once more."

With these words the Executioner was gone. Lucius had ceased to wonder. He was possessed by a Two-fold Consciousness once more.

"My body has slept for centuries. My Soul has in the meantime passed through various forms and existences, of which I can only be dimly conscious, while I wear this grosser form. The Enemy of Mankind, who derides Christ, has been permitted to exercise a limited power over me—for a season only—in order to test my Faith, or to expand my knowledge of the Truth. Yes, I will go forth; I will traverse the world; wherever I go, I will behold neither Tyrant nor Priest, but a family of Brothers and Sisters, who cherish in their souls the

JESUS OF NAZARETH. As for this temple, why, it is rich and gorgeous, but that is because there are no Poor left on the face of the earth. Come, Lucius! Gird up thy loins for a pilgrimage in pleasant places."

Shall I tell you how LUCIUS, the "Arisen Dead," went staff in hand through Italy, and shall I picture the scenes which he beheld?

Popes, Priests, and Kings, elevated into a horrible Godhead, while the great mass of mankind were brutalized into Devils. For the Pope a Palace, for the Priest a Shrine, for the King a Throne; palace, shrine, and throne, all gorgeously erected upon a foundation of corses; and for the Poor—

They still remained on the other side of the Iron Door. For every Rich Man who feasted, there was an hundred men and women and children who starved. This was Italy in the year of Christ fifteen hundred and twenty-five.

Sick at heart, LUCIUS, the Wanderer of the dead centuries, ascended to the summit of an Alp, which divided the beautiful plains of Italy from the great forests and rivers of the German land.

"Lord," he cried, kneeling amid ice and snow, and stretching forth his hands toward the beautiful sunset Heaven: "Thou didst take upon thyself the form of an humble Mechanic, so that thy People, the Poor, might enjoy their portion of this earth and its fruits, and grasp a Hope of Immortality in the Other World. And yet, Lord, after fifteen centuries, thy Body is crucified afresh, in the form of the Poor Man, who is mocked and murdered, every day, by new Herods and new Pharisees. Does thy Church yet exist upon the earth?"

And even as he spoke in this repining tone, it seemed as if a veil was lifted from his eyes, while he saw and heard, with the refined senses of a Better World.

For even from that mountain top, he saw innumerable huts, tenanted by miserable forms, who sang a low anthem, with a chorus in these words: "We are in the Cavern still, O Lord of Nazareth; we starve, we die on the dark side of the Iron Door; but thou wilt in thine own way unbolt the Iron Door, and bring us into Peace and Home."

Lucius wept. Something so holy there was in this rude anthem, sung, at once, by a million wretches, whose voices ascended from all parts of the globe.

And even as he knelt upon the mountain top, a VOICE came to him saying—"Thou, who hast been called LUCIUS the ROMAN, shalt be called by that name no longer. With the new life, that has come to thee, take thou a new name. Once called LUCIUS the ROMAN, know thyself henceforth as ADONAI the ARISEN."

And Lucius knew the voice, that spoke not so much to his external senses as to his soul,—his higher Life. And he knew the name which was given to him, and felt in all his being, its true meaning. And thus kneeling as Lucius the Roman, he arose, filled with new strength, as Adonai the Arisen.

Adonai took his staff and wandered on. It was Germany which looked glad upon him, from its forests and hills and glorious Rhine.

"There is a great Reformer here,"—these words were told to Adonai by the wayside: "He preaches the real Gospel, as it was preached in the days of old."

Therefore, Adonai one day ascended a mountain crag, and penetrated into a cell, where sat a jocund man, with a Bible by his side, a pen in one hand, and a flask of cheerful wine in the other.

"I —," said the jocund man, whose good-humoured face was always marked by a hardy earnestness—"I am Martin Luther. I preach the Gospel of the Bible. I preach against Popes and Monks, and all other delusions of Anti-christ. I —"

Adonai knelt down and kissed the hem of Martin Luther's garment. But at this moment there came through the opened casement of Martin Luther's chamber, a roar like the sound of many waters.

Adonai looked forth, and beheld a vast multitude, who, clad in the veriest rags of poverty, lifted up their ten thousand hands and voices in supplication to the great Martin Luther.

"We declare in the name of Christ, that we will no longer be treated as the Property of our Lords."

Thus the Peasant spoke with one voice, and their wives and little children joined in their common prayer.

"We demand that our sweat and blood shall be no longer extorted from us, in the form of grievous Rents, unjust Taxes, and intolerable Tithes.

"We demand that the lands which have been stolen from us, by trick, by custom, and by law, shall be restored to us, for that land we and our fathers have bought with blood and tears, with hopeless labor and bitter slavery."

Then came a chorus, chanted like an anthem:

"All men are alike the children of God. 'Jesus, by his precious blood, has redeemed all without exception, the shepherd as well as the Emperor.' Every man hath a right to a place where he may toil, and a right to the fruits of that toil."

And, last of all, men and women and children lifted up their voices to Martin Luther:

"Martin Luther, hear us! Hear us in the name of God! Thou hast preached the freedom of the soul. Now, do thou preach the freedom of the body, for the souls of millions have been lost, because their bodies were loaded with the chains of Poverty; because their hearts were pierced with the fang of Hopeless toil."

Adonai wiped the tears from his eyes, for it was exceeding pitiful to hear the Humble prayer of those Peasant People swelling through the casement of Martin Luther's cell. He watched the Reformer with great earnestness.

Martin arose, unbolted his casement, and looked forth upon the multitude.

"Enough it is for you that I preach spiritual freedom," he cried in angry tones—"The body is born to suffer and die. Suffer on, my good friends; obey

your lords; in the next world you may have your foot upon their necks. Suffer—suffer—suffer! But do not dare to revolt against your Lords—‘*Revolt has never ended well*,’ and if you fight against your lords, ‘*you will be everlastingly lost, body and soul*.’”

Thus speaking, Martin Luther closed the casement, and sat him down to write a terrible Thesis against the Pope.

As for Adonai, he buried his face in his hands, and bit his lip, and endeavored to crush the writhings of his soul.

“Thou a Reformer!” he cried at last, as he stood pale and quivering, before the astonished Doctor Martin’s sight. “Thou!—Thou hast attempted to leap a chasm, and instead of landing on the opposite side, thou hast settled down in its depths, amid its very filth and mire! There is no such thing as Half-Way in the Gospel of God. The whole Gospel, the very mystery of Life and Death is wound up in the simple question—‘*How shall we give to Labor its proper fruits?*’ Thou canst attack Popes, demolish Antichrist, and prate of Real Presence in a Sacrament, but thou art a very Coward, when the Poor Man’s cry comes through thy casement.’”

“Avoid thee Satan,” gasped Martin, seizing his ink-stand.

“Thou dost talk of spiritual freedom, to Men whose bodies are hacked and lashed and chained, whose very souls are rusted away by the curse of hopeless and landless labor! Come,—Martin—be a man—be altogether great. Pass the Iron Door which divides the Rich ONE from the Poor HUNDRED. Preach now—at once—the sacred rights of labor to its reward—of the Poor Man to a Home—of all men to a just share in this world’s fruits, and to Immortality in the next. Martin, I say, Arise! There is no Half-Way in the Gospel uttered by Jesus of Nazareth!”

“But there will be rebellions, revolts, seas of carnage,” faltered the Great Reformer, somewhat impressed by the harsh eloquence of the Wanderer: “The Poor will rise as one man and slay the Rich——”

The answer of Adonai was full of meaning:

“As long as men, like thee, preach to the Poor the falsehood of a bestial submission to the Rich—so long as Men, chosen of God to give voice to the Poor Man’s agony, prove false to their sacred trust—so long will the efforts of the Poor, to free themselves, resemble only the struggles of a blinded giant, who rushes from his cell, and, knife in hand, mangles everything in his path.”

Martin was convulsed with the throes of an anguish which almost resembled madness.

“I am fearfully tempted,” he faltered.

“No—no—thou art only great enough for Half-Way,” said Adonai, as his Two-fold nature imparted the gift of Prophecy: “Thou wilt die, with only half of thy work achieved, and men will wonder, oftentimes, as they sit withering in the kennels of the world—whether it had not been better for Man hadst thou never worked at all. *Until labor is rewarded, and man is encircled by*

circumstances worthy of his destiny, this world will only exist for superstition and bloodshed.

"Behold, friend Martin, some of the results of Half-Way!"

And then, gifted by his Two-fold nature with Prophecy, the Wanderer revealed unto Martin Luther certain scenes which congealed the Reformer's soul.

He showed him first, John Calvin lighting the faggot of Servetus with one hand, while the other embodied on paper the most malignant shape of Heathenism linked with something of Christianity—the body of a beautiful Woman chained to an ulcerous corse.

Next:—an innumerable army of men, who, clad in black, glided like shadows over the face of the globe. These shadows were connected by an invisible but adamantine chain. They were joined together in an awful work; it was their task to transform human souls into "LIVING CORSES;" they even attempted to imprison the Divine Soul of Jesus, in a fearful statue, which crushed and mangled every one who came within its iron arms.

"And this, Martin Luther, this will strangle thy Reformation over half the world."

Then came an incredible revelation of a time when the HUNDRED should hurl their weight against the Iron Door, and put the ONE to death, washing their mad hands in his blood.

"This is in France, Martin Luther. Before two hundred years are gone, the Cry which the Peasants sent through thy casement shall be echoed again, by the slaves of a world, and answered by twenty years of ceaseless Murder."

And Martin Luther, sick of Half-Way and its horrible results, sank back fainting in his chair, while Adonai the Wanderer returned to his cell in the Catacombs, and slept again.

IV. THE HARBINGER.

In the year 1822 he again arose, his Soul having once more returned to inhabit his Entranced body. Staff in hand, and in the guise of an humble man, he went on his second pilgrimage, anxious to discover, whether, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, the Gospel of Nazareth lived upon the face of the earth.

It was a sad journey, which he made over desolated Europe. He cast one glance upon the sixty thousand skeletons of Waterloo, and then surveyed the

new Nero on the throne of England, and the dead Napoleon in the grave of St. Helena. These were but a few of the results of "Half-Way." Adonai, conscious of his Two-Fold existence, left the field of Waterloo, and came to Paris, and ascended into a garret, where an unknown man was sitting in his loneliness, encompassed by the manuscripts which he had written in a lifetime.

And the heart of the Wanderer swelled within him, as he remarked the sad, stern, yet loving countenance of the Hermit, who was more alone in the great city of Paris, than an anchorite of the first century in the midst of Arabian deserts. It was a face that fixed your gaze, with its forehead like a tower ; its eyes full of Christ ; its mouth firm yet smiling as if with a mingled Hope and Fear.

"And while the whole world for twenty years has been busy at Murder," said Adonai, "Thou hast been waiting in silence at the tomb of Jesus, sealed for eighteen centuries, watching for the Resurrection of the Lord."

The Solitary gazed in the face of Adonai with a mournful smile.

"In other words, for twenty years or more," resumed Adonai, "thou hast communed with thine own heart, and silently received the Truth, at the Tomb of Christ, and placed it in words upon these sheets of papers. Is it so ? Thou wouldst preach once more the Gospel of Nazareth ? Thou wouldst re-organize the social system ? Thou wouldst win the Rich Man from his eminence of crime and lift the Poor Man from the kennel of his despair, and link Rich and Poor in one Sacrament of Brotherhood ? Thou wouldst restore to earth the Communion of Saints—yea—thou wouldst take the scattered Members of the Body of Christ, and make them live again, in a divine Union ? Is it thus ? Who cares for thee ? Who heeds thy silent work ? Who looks into the dust and shadows of thy cell ?"

And the Solitary veiled his face in his hands for a moment, as if subdued by the words of Adonai—for vast and Godlike as were his labors, there was scarcely a man in the great City of Paris, who knew him, or cared for him, or even glanced upon the strange things which he had written. He had no gold to buy Reviewers. He was no courtier, to ask the smiles of Rich Men. But still the Solitary raised his forehead from his hands, and, won by the Love manifested in the eyes of Adonai, he answered with a calm glory radiating over his face.

"My work is not for a day, nor for a year, nor for a nation or a race, but for MAN and for ETERNITY."

He then stretched forth his hands and began to tell Adonai the Thought of his life. "Labor can be so organized as to render it ATTRACTIVE. *Armies of carnage have desolated the earth—Armies of Industry shall make of it the Garden of God.* The HUMAN RACE is ONE. You cannot wound a single member without, at the same time, wounding the whole Body."

Upon Thoughts like these the Solitary based his system of Regeneration. He did not ask the control of a nation for the commencement of his Reform,

but only a Township of land. He did not wish to reconstruct the Pyramid of Society by one magical effort, or by commencing at the top; but by adding pebble to pebble, and working from Foundation to Summit. In a word, the same Harmony which God has established in a Universe of Worlds, (the Solitary contended,) He had also established in the great Family of Souls.

But it is in vain for me to attempt to compress in a few abrupt sentences, the sublime Gospel which the Solitary poured into the ears of Adonai.

"This not only unbars, but completely demolishes the Iron Door," said the Wanderer, as his mind reverted to the Catacombs: "Nay—it rather converts the Chamber and the Charnel into one, making the charnel a Home, with an equal distribution of the mere luxuries of the chamber. It destroys the eternal war between the ONE and the HUNDRED; it lifts the leaden roof from the Charnel; it buries Guilty-Wealth, beneath the fallen Door, and, instead thereof, writes on the charnel walls, **WEALTH FOR ALL**. In a word, this discovery unseals the tomb of Jesus. Lo! The Lord is come from the sepulchre; he has been coffined too long, by a leaden theology and a Moloch civilization; he comes, and with him, the Gospel of the Poor. Behold, children of suffering, sons of labor, behold the Arisen Christianity."

And the Wanderer went back to his cell in the Subterranean World, beneath the world of Rome, and slept again.

Yet ere he departed from the garret of the Solitary one, he had whispered in his ear, the mystery of his Two-Fold Life, concluding with these words:

"When thou art dead, **HARBINGER** of the Lord, I will return once more—once more inhabit this form—and look upon the results of the Arisen Christianity."

Deep within the Catacombs sleeps the **ENTRANCED**, motionless as death, and yet with a smile upon his marble face.

And shuddering, there stands the **EXECUTIONER**, fearful that the Entranced will rise again, and go forth for a third time, to behold—not an earth devoured by Kings, Priests, Rich men—but a world new-born, kneeling as one man at the feet of the **ARISEN CHRISTIANITY**.

V. THE YEAR 1848.

It was in the year 1848, when the snow was white upon the meadows of the nothern land, that the Entranced, sleeping in the shadows of the Catacombs, once more unclosed his eyes, and sighed like one who is disturbed in the midst of a pleasant dream.

And he arose, and came forth from the vaults of the dead, and stood on a hill side, at the mouth of the Cavern World, with Rome smiling in the sunshine at his feet.

The Executioner came to his side, and the same light, which showed the face of Adonai, calm and blooming, and encircled by golden hair, also revealed the visage of the Executioner, swart and haggard, with a cowl dropped over his troubled brow.

"Thou art troubled, friend," said Adonai—"Twice have I arisen, and twice been greeted by thy sneering laughter and triumphant eyes. There is sadness on thy face—I miss thy scornful words—"

And the Executioner pulled the cowl partly over his face, and said in a sullen tone—

"Go back into the cavern and sleep again. Thou hast nothing in common with the People of earth. Go back and sleep,—and let thy Soul return to the purer form, the happier being, which it has left, for this dull shape of clay and this dread world of dust."

And Adonai wondered much within his Soul, at the trouble and unrest of the Executioner.

And while the dark form stood at his side—a thing of gloom in the calm sunshine—Adonai turned his eyes towards Rome, and a saw a vast multitude of People, raising their hands and their voices to a MAN, who surveyed them from the height of a lofty balcony.

"It is the Pope," said Adonai, "and these are his worshippers! Alas! Alas! There is still a gilded canopy over his head, and a carpet of slaves beneath his feet!"

But at this moment, the cry of the vast multitude came to the lips of the Arisen :

"There is no longer in Italy, in Rome, Catholic or Heretic, Gentile or Jew!" this was the People's cry: "We are brothers; for the Christ is Risen, and the Poor have risen with the Master, and the world which was dead, stirs with life, and over all the earth is heard the Gospel of the Lord!"

Adonai felt his heart dilate within him, while the Executioner at his side trembled within his black robe, and hid his face deeper within his cowl, and tore his flesh with his hands.

But Adonai looked once more upon Rome, and the sight which he beheld made his Soul glad, even as with the throb of an eternal joy.

He saw the Pope come down from his balcony, and tread the gilded canopy under his feet, and walk among the kneeling multitudes—even among Catholic and Heretic, Gentile and Jew,—and he said unto them all, "My Brothers!"

And the face of the Pope smiled and glowed as with a ray from the Sepulchre of Jesus, as his voice pronounced these words: "My Brothers! Behold how pleasant it is for us to dwell in Unity."

And the Pope knelt in the midst of the People—even upon the fragments of

his broken canopy—and lifted up his voice with their voices, and they all gathered around a Wooden Cup, and a crust of Bread, and partook together of the Sacrament of Brotherhood.

At the same moment, Adonai saw a vast army of men, who resembled shadows, departing from Rome, their faces bowed upon their breasts, and their black robes darkening over the glad landscape, as far as eye could see. They walked one by one, and seemed unto Adonai, like an army of dead people, aroused into a mockery of life, by the hand of the Evil One. And as they glided sullenly along, their banners, on which were written words of sinister meaning, trailed in the dust, and a tall form, who was attired in the mingled gear of a Monk and Soldier, passed along their ranks, showing his corse-like Face unto every one, and speaking in every ear, some phrase of bitter scorn.

“My children,” he said, “Ye are indeed worthy of your Founder! Know ye not that I built the Altar of your Power, even by changing a million human hearts into stone, and now—what do I behold? After centuries of lordship, such as earth never saw before, ye depart from Rome! Rome! your Paradise—Rome the Heart of your Glory!”

And the army of shadows answered in a sullen murmur—

“O Loyala our day is Past, for lo! the Christ is Risen!”

—Even before the eyes of Adonai, certain of the shadows glided from the ranks of the sad army, and turned their steps toward Rome, and took off their gear of sorcery, and became living Men again.

“They also partake of the Sacrament of Brotherhood,” murmured Adonai, “and yonder, shrouding his corse-like face in his monkish robe, and placing his hand upon his rusted sword, yonder stands LOYALA, gazing bitterly upon that Rome, which was once the seat of his Power, but which is now forever forbidden to him and to his Living Corses!”

Then Adonai turned to look upon the EXECUTIONER, and saw him grovelling on the ground, like one whose sinews are convulsed by cramp, and his Face was fearful to behold, for the eyes, deep sunken, were encircled by streaks of livid blue, and from the black lips started drops of blood and foam.

“Go back into thy tent and sleep again,” he howled in his agony. “This earth is not worth a single look from thee. ‘Tis but a miserable world—a very, very wretched world.”

And a smile played over the face of Adonai, and in the light of his blue eyes the sunshine of Another World beamed brightly.

“Nay, I will not return until I have followed the footprints of the Arisen Gospel,” he said—“Thou hadst the world for thy delight a very long time. Does thy dominion pass away?”

And at the feet of Adonai there was a garment such as was worn by the peasant people of the days of Nero, very rude in outline and coarse in texture, but there was no blood upon it nor was it enriched with stolen gold, for it was the Tunic of Labor.

"If thou must journey over the world," groaned the Executioner, "then take this garment—for the frock of the Monk and the purple of King are passing away—and this Blouse of the Poor Man will soon be the only Royalty left upon this miserable globe."

Adonai put on the Blouse, and its mingled hues of blue and grey, looking somewhat like the dawn, gave a new charm to his smiling face with its blue eyes and sunny hair.

And Adonai left the Executioner in his agony, and passed over Italy, attired as he was in the Poor Man's Blouse, with a rough staff in his hand. Everywhere a sight wonderful beyond the power of words awaited him. Everywhere the multitudes of mankind were in motion, doing heartily the work, to which the Arisen Gospel called them.

In one place was a Poor Man knocking at the doors of Royalty, with the humble tools of his daily toil, and saying, even to the King, who sat shuddering within those golden doors—"It is Day at last, O King! wilt thou come forth and look upon this beautiful Dawn, or wilt thou continue to sit within thy palace doors, and still endeavour to delude thy soul into the belief that it is yet Night?"

And the King, frightened and pale, with fear of the New Day, unclosed his palace door, and said "This Day is indeed beautiful!" but at the same time endeavoured to create Night again, with the smoke of his cannon.

But the light of the Day, fought with the darkness of the cannon, and the King—either bound like a Murderer, or forced to fly like a savage beast—confessed with curses that it was indeed Day.

Adonai did not pause to pray upon the top of the Alps, for he felt that Deeds were praying over all the World, and that the prayer of mere words had passed away.

He wandered through the hills of the German land, and heard the song of the Gospel, wherever he went, and Martin Luther raised his head from the grave as he passed along, and saluted the Wanderer—

"Ho, friend Adonai, so HALF-WAY is dead at last," cried the jocund reformer—"Twas a fearful devil that HALF-WAY. He beguiled me, somewhat, when I was of earth, and sometimes spat in my ink-stand, but now he is indeed dead. May his sleep be sound."

Adonai came to Paris. It was night when he drew near the gate. As he was about to enter, he met an Old Man, whose false hair could not hide the snows of eighty years, which lay thick and cold upon his brow. The Old Man was clad in the Poor Man's blouse, and he ran like one pursued by savage beasts, and as he fled, he endeavoured to grasp a Rope of Sand, which fell to pieces as he clutched it.

"Old Man thou dost weep and grasp a Rope of Sand, and yet the Blouse of Labor is on thy limbs?" thus spoke Adonai—"Dost thou fear for the Poor Man? Hath the Poor Man's wrongs driven thee mad?"

And the Old Man paused, with a frightened look, and his wife and children came weeping to his side.

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"An hour ago," he said, "I was King. For eighteen years I ruled France. The Poor Man had placed me on the Throne, and upon the corses of his Brothers I swore to be faithful to the Poor Man's cause. But when I felt myself firm upon the Throne, I forgot the Poor Man, and studied night and day the Alchemy of Kings, which transmutes the sweat and blood of the Poor into Gold. I obtained the secret of this Alchemy on one condition. So long as I kept together this Rope of Sand, so long was this Alchemy to serve me, and fill my chests with gold. Therefore I glued the separate sands with blood—blood which I took from the jail and the scaffold, and the field—the blood of Martyrs who died in the Poor Man's Name. I set my Alchemy to work. I had Rich Men, who called me Saint! and cried Live! as they aided me in my Alchemy. To every HUNDRED POOR, there was ONE RICH MAN; and the ONE was my agent, driving the HUNDRED into a Charnel, where they slowly died. Day after day homes were desolate in France; day after day widows and orphans beheld new widows and new orphans weeping by their side; day after day, I gathered a harvest of dead men; and into my Alembic poured a continual current of human blood and tears. This blood and these tears always came forth from the fire, in the shape of yellow and beautiful Gold, and in the course of eighteen years, I kept the Alembic at its work, and built the fire anew, and saw the process of Transmutation go merrily on."

He paused, and made an effort to gather the sand at his feet, and then resumed in a tone of deep sadness—

"But an hour ago, this Rope of Sand, which I glued with the blood of martyrs, suddenly went to pieces; and from the Alembic, started the ghost of the ten thousands, whose blood and tears had fed its fires; and through the casements of my palace, came the cry of a Million of the Poor, who with arms in their hands, shouted without ceasing, 'It is Day, it is Day! The Iron Door has fallen! The HUNDRED have arisen, and the ONE turns pale at the sound of his own funeral hymn!'"

"Therefore," continued the Old Man, getting on his hands and knees, and grasping the scattered sands in his withered fingers, "Therefore I put this Blouse upon me, and—alas! alas! I have no blood to glue this Rope of Sand!"

Adonai murmured, "Did I not know that Nero was indeed dead, I would think that he stood before me, with the burden of hopeless age added to his lust of human blood."

Then he left the Old Man to gather the Rope of Sand, as he might, and came into Paris, where the blackness of the night was turned to red, by the glare of a burning throne.

Many and strange were the sights which greeted him at every turn.

There came a rude tumbril, moving slowly by the light of torches, and to the tramp of thrice ten thousand feet. Around it were mothers who wept not, and orphans who had no tears, and widows who sang to the chorus of innumerable voices. And yet the slow moving cart was crowded with corses—the dead Son

of the Mother, the Father of the Orphan, the Husband of the Widow. These all, and many more of the People's dead, slain by the OLD MAN, were in the cart, their white faces looking like red marble in the torch-light.

And as the vast multitude moved slowly on—the cart piled with the dead, shining brightly in the midst of the black mass—this was the Song, which was sung by the voices of men and women and children :

“Behold our dead and rejoice! Look on their icy faces, but do not weep! For they died the death which our souls desire. IT IS GOOD, IT IS SWEET FOR ONE'S COUNTRY TO DIE.”

Then through a dark street, lighted by a single torch, a WHITE STATUE, (borne by a solitary man,) moved slowly on, above the heads of innumerable Outcasts, who knelt as it passed along, and said with streaming eyes—

“Uncover Brothers! It is the Master—of us all!”

It was a marble Image of the Christ, taken by the Poor from the halls of a Palace, which they had ravaged, with their ten thousand arms.

VI. THE MEN OF FEBRUARY.

Now Adonai passed on through the streets of Paris, and everywhere beheld the faces of the dead. It was as though the Angel of Death had overshadowed the city, and with a breath withered ten thousand of the living into dust.

In an open space, near a Royal Palace, a group of men were assembled with torches in their hands. The earth beneath them was slippery with blood. They were encircled by bodies of the slain, piled up in heaps, like bales of merchandise before the door of a warehouse.

And the first of these men, whose high forehead and large beaming eye attracted every gaze, was a Historian and a Poet—a Poet of the Heart, in his History, and the Historian of the Heart in his Poetry. The voice of Prophecy, uttered years before, from the cedars of Mount Lebanon, had designated this Man as one destined for a great work; not only for France but for the world.

He was called LAMARTINE.

And the second, was a man of a robust form, and a face at once florid and comely, lighted in every lineament, by the indications of an unfaltering will. For many years, this man had stood up before the King, and told the Old Man that the Iron Door was crumbling fast, for the Hundred had rested their united weight against its bars.

And the people knew him, as their Tribune, LEDRU ROLLIN.

And in the shadow of his stalwart figure, stood a man of insignificant form, but of a lofty forehead, and eyes that flashed steadily, with the light of a great Soul. This was LOUIS BLANC, who had put the agony of the Poor on paper

and printed it in a book, which spoke to all kings, in a voice more terrible than the tread of the armies which were gathered at the infernal feast of Waterloo.

There was a Woman by his side, who had written down the shames and wrongs which her sex had suffered at the hands of a remorseless civilization. And as the world would not hear of woman's wrongs from a woman's lips, she had been forced to speak in the name of a dead martyr, and therefore she was called **GEORGES SAND**. There was an Author—dressed somewhat gaily—who had spoken to the People, in the parables of fiction, and crushed the Living Corpses of Loyala, by evoking from the abyss of ages a sad and terrible spectre, the Wandering Jew. This **EUGENE SUE** was at one time a man of fashion and of pleasure, but the voice of the People's woe had pierced the twilight of his voluptuous chamber, and he had obeyed that voice, and arisen and said to Rich Men, "Ye must have a care for these starving ones, or they will have a care for your throats!"

And with these Prophets of the Poor were gathered certain other people, belonging to that singular order of human beings, who seem to have the form without the soul of humanity; who will adore God or bow down to the devil, as they are paid; who will either howl with the sufferers or cry hail to the oppressors, as they are directed by their faith in Gold their Saviour.

Among this class stood prominent a certain one named **THIERS**, who had helped the Old Man in his infamy, and was now willing—for a proper price—to aid the People in their regeneration.

And these persons, assembled by the light of torches, in the open space before the Palace, were conversing earnestly together, as Adonai, mounting over the piles of dead, drew nigh and listened to their words.

"What form of Government will be best for France, now that Old Man is gone?" asked one.

"We will have Two Chambers," suggested another.

"And a President; yes, a President who will embody the dignity of France in his own person?" asked a third.

"The President will have Ministers," continued a fourth—"Ministers must be paid."

"There will be excellent salaries," said Thiers, skipping about, for he was an exceeding little man. "We can govern Nine-Tenths of France by giving offices, and palaces and titles to the One-Tenth. 'Tis a glorious revolution!"

But Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Georges Sand, and Eugene Sue, listened in silence. Adonai much desired to hear them speak, but while the Men of Money were conversing they never once unclosed their lips.

"And I also have a plan for the government of France," said a shrill voice, and every one in the group started in surprise, as a man utterly unknown to them stood in their midst.

Adonai looked upon this stranger and saw that he was clad in neat attire, but

with a sackcloth hanging from his shoulders, and a white cloth bound about his mouth and lower jaw.

And he raised his thin fingers, now to the sackcloth, endeavouring to keep it upon his shoulders, and now to the white cloth, which seemed about to fall from his face. Even as Adonai looked, drops of blood started through the white texture of this cloth, and dripped, one by one, and drop by drop, on the breast and the head of the unknown man.

Above the bandage, spotted with blood, appeared a forehead heavy and bold, with eyes discolored and bloodshotten, glimmering from the shadow of prominent brows.

"I too have my Plan for the government of France," said this Man. "But stay—I have left it at home. Have you no Messenger whom I may send for it?"

And they all looked upon this man in wonder, but not a voice replied.

Then the Unknown bent down, still clutching the white cloth with one hand, and pointed with the other to the body of a dead Lacquey, which, attired in the Royal Livery, lay at his feet.

"This is my Messenger," he said, and placed the dead Lacquey on his feet, supporting his body against the heap of corses. "Go thou to my home,"—he whispered in the dead man's ear—"and bring to me my Plan for the government of France!"

But the dead man stirred not, and some of the spectators shuddered, and others laughed, while Adonai drew nearer, awaiting anxiously the end of all this.

The Unknown fixed the cloth about his face, and taking tablets from his breast, wrote upon one, "Thou livest," and pinned the tablet to the breast of the dead Lacquey.

"Now do thou depart, and do this work for me," said the Unknown, while fire began to burn in his eyes. "Can it be that thou dost not hear me? Away I say—do this message—have I not placed thee upon thy feet, and written on thy breast 'THOU LIVEST?'—what say ye my good friends?" he continued, turning to the astonished group—"Saw ye ever a dead man so obstinate, so stupid, before?"

Murmurs now arose, murmurs of laughter and fear, and Thiers said with gravity, "This Man with the White Cloth is Mad!"

However, the Unknown, without heeding their murmurs, began to strip the gay livery from the dead Lacquey, while the blood continued to fall drop by drop from the cloth which bound his jaw.

"Dost thou rob the dead?" said Lamartine.

The Unknown answered not, but kneeling in the midst of the group, began to attire the dead Lacquey in plain apparel, which he had taken from the body of another corse.

Then writing another tablet, "I swear thou livest" and fixing it upon the

breast of the dead, he placed him on his feet again, saying,—“Now depart and do my work!”

Every eye beheld the Lacquey, attired in plain garments, with the words, “I SWEAR THOU LIVEST!” glaring from his pulseless breast; and every eye also beheld the Unknown, with the blood dripping from the white cloth which bound his jaws, while a sad fire began to flame from his bloodshot eyes.

And the dead Lacquey stirred not.

“By all the Oaths which I have broken in eighteen years,” said Thiers, “This Man of the White Cloth is mad!”

But the Unknown raised his hands, spotted with blood, and said to the spectators, in a mild voice—

“Is it not enough to drive a man out of his senses? Saw ye ever so foolish a dead man? Attired in Royal livery—he moved not. Lo, I have dressed him in plain apparel, and written ‘I swear thou livest!’ on his breast, and yet he will not budge an inch! And thus it is that my Plan for governing France is lost to you, my beloved friends.”

As he spoke, Lamartine gazed fixedly upon his forehead, and into his bloodshot eyes, and uttered a deep sigh. Then Lamartine whispered in the ears of Rollin, and Blanc, and Sand, and Sue, and they all joined hands and stood apart, leaving Thiers and his companions to converse with the Unknown.

Adonai never once removed his gaze from this scene, which, lighted by torches, had a vague and spectral look.

Once more the Unknown stripped the body of the dead man. It lay there, cold and stiff, with the light shining upon its bare limbs and leaden eyeballs. Then while the blood continued to drip through the white cloth, the Unknown drew from the shadow of his sackcloth a galvanic battery, which he applied to the corse.

And the body of the dead man started up in horrible convulsions, flinging abroad his arms, while sparks of fire were emitted from his eye-balls, and his face was distorted in hideous laughter.

“Now, depart and do my work!” said the Unknown, as the dead man stood erect, ghastly and quivering—“Bring for me this Plan of mine for the government of France!”

But as he spoke, the dead man fell to the earth, and was stiff and cold again.

Then cried Thiers, skipping to and fro like a dancer, “By these Eighteen Faiths, which I have professed in eighteen years, this Man with the White Cloth is possessed of a Devil!”

The companions of Lamartine were silent and pale. As for Lamartine, he surveyed the forehead of the Unknown and sighed. He looked upon the blood-spotted cloth and shuddered.

“He is mad; by our lives he is mad!” shouted the companions of Thiers.

The Unknown arranged the sackcloth on his shoulders. He held the cloth

about his jaw by the outspread fingers of his right hand. The blood started between each finger and pattered upon his breast. There was blood in his eyes.

"And am I mad?" he said in his shrill voice—"Then what are ye? Behold, the Social System of the world is a corse. Ye have taken this corse and clad it with Royalty, and bade it 'Go, and do our work!' But it moved not at your bidding, although you swore that it was alive, and even pinned 'Thou Livest' upon its dead breast. Then ye have stripped the royalty from its limbs, and clad it in plain republican gear, and said, 'Now depart and work for us!' Has it moved one inch for all your bidding? Has the republican attire given one throb of life to its limbs? Yea, ye have even affixed to this corse some republican constitution, which proclaimed '*I swear thou livest!*' But still the dead is dead, and it mocks you with its leaden eyes. And last of all, with the galvanism of some bastard Philosophy, ye stir the corse into a horrible but momentary life, and say, 'Depart and work!' But ere your words are cold the convulsions cease; the dead body is at your feet again, sneering in your faces, with a marble scorn. Am I mad? Am I possessed of a Devil? Then what are ye, my beloved ones?"

"What art thou?" cried Thiers.

VII. THE NAME OF THE UNKNOWN.

The Unknown placed both hands upon the cloth, and endeavoured to quench the blood, which now poured in a stream. When he spoke again his voice was thick and almost inarticulate:

"When you can put Life into the veins of that corse," he muttered, "then talk of giving Heat and Motion to the carcass of a Dead Social World."

The White cloth fell; with it the lower jaw, hideously shattered, sank on the Stranger's breast. He stood before them baptized in his own blood.

Then, while the hearts of all were cold with fear, Lamartine said solemnly:
"It is Robespierre!"

"Who," shrieked the terrible Phantom, as he placed his foot upon the breast of the dead man, "Who shall give life to this corse? I attempted it some years past, and in the effort made my name infamous through all time. Who shall give life to it now?"

There was silence, and men heard the beatings of their hearts, when a mild voice exclaimed:

"Jesus of Nazareth."

Robespierre, bathed as he was in his own blood, turned and saw the face of the speaker. It was Adonai the Arisen.

Then his eyes, so hideous to look upon, became clear and luminous, and he turned to the throng, saying, as the blood ceased to flow, and his face, which seemed re-created, was agitated by a subdued smile—

“Ye have heard!” and then he departed into the shadows, and no one dared follow Robespierre to his resting-place beneath the Guillotine.

But the eyes of all were now centered upon the face of Adonai, who said to them all, “Why do ye stand in silent wonder here, when the Arisen Gospel is abroad? Come with me!”

And they followed him.

He led them through Paris, up a dark stairs, into a deserted garret.

It was strewn with books and manuscripts.

“Here the Harbinger of the Arisen Gospel thought and wrote for thirty-five years. Read!”

And Lamartine, and Sue, and Sand, and Blanc, and Rollin, bent down and read the words of the Harbinger.

But Thiers and his companions, seeing that no provision was made by the Arisen Gospel to provide them with titles and palaces, at the expense of the Poor, departed cursing bitterly.

Then said Adonai unto Lamartine:

“Read! What is True of Christ! What is not True belongs only to the weaker part of Man, his mortal body. Yet read, and learn, for in the pages of the Harbinger ye may see the face of the Arisen Lord!”

Whether Lamartine and his companions heeded what was written—or whether they were too weak for their great work—is it not recorded in the History of the Year 1848?

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VIII. ADONAI VISITS THE NEW WORLD.

As the sun was setting, a young man gazed from the deck of a ship, which sailed alone in the midst of the trackless ocean, and turned his blue eyes with a thoughtful earnestness toward the West.

Around him stretched the world of calm waters, and above him the world of cloudless sky. Sky and ocean looked warm and golden in the light of the declining day. A solitary star, trembling on the verge of the vast horizon, shone with a mild lustre as the sun went down.

And while the sun was sinking, the young man, with his hands clasped and his eyes filled with tender light, still kept his face toward the West, and looked far over the waters, like one who sees pleasant images in a waking dream.

It was Adonai, on his way to the Land of the New World.

“There, at least, the Gospel of Nazareth is preached unto the Poor. There, at least, while the Old World is given up to the throes of Revolution, the Arisen

Gospel walks divinely among millions of happy homes. There, at least, in the land of Penn and of Washington, shall we behold a free people, dwelling in Brotherhood, without a single slave to mar their peace, or call down upon their heads the vengeance of God. Hail, Land of the New World, set apart by God as the heritage of the millions who toil! Hail, thou Palestine of the human family, to which the tribes of the Poor may go up freely, and dwell in the very Shekinah of Brotherhood! Hail, Land which the Men of Plymouth, and the Pilgrim of the Delaware, and the Catholic of Baltimore, planted hundreds of years ago—land watered with the tears of Revolution—made holy by the deeds of Washington—rich with the harvest of Martyrs' blood—land of the Gospel, the heart within me swells, as far over the waters I descry your blessed shores!"

Thus it was that Adonai lifted up his voice, as the sun went down, and night came silently on over the world of wave and sky.

For he had left the old world, with the words of Lamartine in his ears, "*The name of Washington is not so much the name of a man, as it is the holiest synonym of Liberty.*"

And for many days and nights Adonai gazed earnestly over the waves, yearning with all his soul for a glimpse of the New World. At last he caught sight of its shores, but did not set his foot upon the sacred soil until the ship anchored, one winter evening, in the waters of the Potomac.

The other passengers of the ship had wondered much at the sight of Adonai, attired in the blouse of Labor, and were much impressed with love of his mild countenance, lighted by eyes of tranquil blue, and shaded by locks of golden hair. But now, as the ship swung at anchor, while the sunset rays streamed over her Banner of Stars, they were surprised beyond the power of words, to see the young stranger take staff in hand, and depart alone. They watched the little boat into which he had descended, until it glided from the sunshine into the shadows which slept beneath the high cliffs of the Potomac.

But Adonai bade good-bye to the oarsman, and stepped ashore, as his heart gathered emotions too big for utterance.

He was alone, in the shadows of the great rocks.

He bent down and gathered a handful of sand, and sprinkled it upon his golden hair, saying in a low voice, like the voice of one who prays:

"Thus I baptize me with the dust of this sacred land! Sacred, because it is not trodden by the foot of a tyrant or a slave!"

Then Adonai, ascending from the shore, came upon a wide lawn, which, green and flowery in summer time, was now white with drifts of new-fallen snow.

And at the end of the lawn stood a stately mansion, whose windows glittered like burnished gold in the last rays of the setting sun.

Adonai, with bended head, entered the Home of Washington, and sat him down in a spacious chamber, whose furniture was covered with the dust of many years. It was a place of calm twilight; the hearth was without fire, and the curtains of the bed waved to and fro with a tremulous motion.

"Here Washington died," said Adonai solemnly.
For a long time he sat there, in the dark and stillness.

But at last, impelled by the same influence which had guided his steps to the New World, he arose and said—"Washington, I will even visit thy grave, and say a prayer amid thy dust."

And it was so, that Adonai for a time lost the consciousness of a Two-fold life. Or, if the consciousness came to him at all, it only came in broken gleams. He was but an humble laborer, clad in the blouse of Labor. It was his task to journey over the New World, and gaze upon the fruits of the Labors of Washington, and the brethren of Washington. He was, for awhile, but a Man of the World, although glimpses of his life of eighteen centuries streamed in upon his soul like the words and faces of a dream.

He was led by the invisible influence to the Grave of Washington.

*It slept where, under the light of the winter stars, a gentle knoll, crowned with cedar and cypress trees, and with the sacred ashes of Washington within its breast. It was far down in a secluded place, where a perpetual stillness brooded night and day, and as you came near it, you felt your heart dilate at once with love and awe.

Adonai entered the gate which arose amid the sombre trees, and descended into the vault, where the ashes of the dead slept in a coffin of stone. All was dark; but the heart of Adonai, through the darkness went out from him, and mingled in sympathy with the ashes of the Hero.

Presently a pale lustre shone through the gloom, and revealed the narrow vault, and shone upon the stone coffin. That lustre also disclosed the face of Adonai, as sinking on his knees, he laid his hand upon the coffin and uttered a prayer.

Then Adonai saw the coffin unclose, and the ashes began to stir with life. And right before him, encircled by that luminous lustre, arose a dim and shadowy Form, whose mild eyes were fixed upon the face of Adonai.

"It is Washington," said Adonai. "He comes from the dead. He arises to walk the earth, as in days of old. He will journey with me over the land of the New World. Hand in hand we will go together, and look upon the harvest of his labors."

Then a low voice was heard through the stillness—"It is even so. I will go forth with thee, in bodily shape, and together we will survey the land."

"What shape wilt thou assume?" asked Adonai. "Wilt come in the garb of Royalty, or wilt thou appear in the attire of Wealth, with the voluptuous odors of luxury clinging to thy garments?"

"I am permitted to return to earth on one condition. If within the borders of this land there shall be found One Man dying by the pangs of hunger, or beneath the lash of oppression, I am permitted to inhabit his form, and thus go forth with thee, clad in the veriest rags of wretchedness."

"But," said Adonai, "through all the borders of this land, there is not one who cringes beneath the tyrant's lash, or dies by the slow agonies of famine—not one—not one. How then shall I meet thee, Washington?"

"Then I cannot come back to earth again," said the voice, and Adonai felt that the light over the Coffin was fading fast. "But in the course of thy Pilgrimage, shouldst thou encounter this Suffering One—dying of hunger or the lash—then thou mayst know that in truth my Spirit has entered that breast of anguish and despair."

"O, Washington, tell me," said Adonai eagerly, "for what end didst thou pass through the battle and the fire of Revolution?"

The brightness had faded, but through the darkness a low voice was heard, and Adonai listened with all his soul:

"The Lord called me when an Orphan child. He spoke to me in the accents of a Mother's Prayer. He led me into the Wilderness, where I heard his voice in the roar of the cataract, in the sound of the thunder, in the howling of tempests, but most of all, in the awful stillness which came down upon the untrodden forests in the dead of night."

"And amid the scenes of virgin nature, I was hardened into an iron manhood. I knew not whither the Invisible hand was leading me, but I always felt, as boy and man, that there was a great work for me hidden in the womb of the future.

"This feeling became my Religion. It taught me to trust in God. It taught me to govern my fiery temper; to hoard up the strength of my nerves and the vigor of my brain. Many a time, in the lone wilderness, when dressed as an humble forester, I faced the perils of flood and fire, the wrath of savage men, and the anguish of days and nights of fever, has the consciousness visited me, *that I could not taste of Death until my work was done.* And the nature of this work for years was hidden in darkness. I was passing the noon-day of life. Then the voice of a people's woo came to my home, saying, 'We would be free—lead us to battle!' It was the work for which the Lord had prepared me, by the iron education of many years. I answered the call. I went through the battle and the flames of seven years' Revolution. When all was dark, and the hopes of ages rested upon a starving Mob, who, smitten by pestilence, hid their faces from the day in the huts of Valley Forge—even then I did not despair. God had called me to do his work—this was my Religion—and not until his work was done could I pass away. At last, when the work was done, I passed away, and my ashes mingled with the dust of ages."

This voice, speaking not so much with words as to the heart, penetrated Adonai with something of awe. And through the darkness Adonai raised his voice again:

"Tell me, Washington, for what end didst thou do this work?" he asked.

Again the voice was heard:

"The object for which I worked was not always clear to me, when my soul

was joined to my mortal body. But now, as I look forth with the eyes of Eternity, and survey my earthly life, as though it were the life of Another, the Object for which I worked, battled, and was willing to die, even upon a Gibbet, is clear as the noon-day sun."

"Tell it to me, and now," asked Adonai, humbly.

"Not now," answered the voice. "Not until I meet thee in bodily form, and we go forth on a Pilgrimage together."

Then the voice spoke no more, and Adonai remained in the darkness until morning light, pondering deeply by the Coffin of Washington.

IX. ADONAI ENTERS THE CITY OF THE DOME. 720

When morning light baptized the grave of Washington, Adonai arose and took his staff and journeyed whither he was led by invisible hands.

Like one who is bewildered by the images of a dream, he wandered on, through a dreary winter landscape, now among the leafless trees, and now by the river shore, where the rocks of granite and the rocks of ice mingled together, until toward the close of day, he saw the sun shining brightly upon a dome, which swelled into the cloudless heavens.

And it was so, Adonai spoke not a word to the travellers who passed him on the way, nor did he feel conscious that the faces of living men were gazing wonderingly into his own.

But absorbed in his own thoughts, he wandered on until he saw the Great Dome glittering in the setting sun.

And beneath the Dome, scattered over a rough space of ground, were lofty tenements rising from the banks of a turbid ditch, and edifices of brick and stone, resembling the palaces of ancient Rome, towered grandly into the air, with huts and kennels at their feet.

Pausing on the dusty roadside, where the snow had melted and exposed the gray earth, for a space of two or three yards, Adonai raised his eyes, and surveyed the Hamlet of Palaces and Hovels which lay beneath the Colossal Dome.

"There is not a cloud in the winter sky. This place, despite its contrast of Palaces and Hovels, looks beautiful in the sunshine. Let me hasten to yonder house and ask its name."

Through a wicket gate, and along a path covered with boards, Adonai passed until he stood before a small edifice, built of gray stone and standing among withered trees. The sun shone brightly upon its window panes, and even gave a cheerful glow to a high wall, which arose from one extremity of the edifice.

Adonai passed the threshold, and presently stood in a large chamber, where a

comfortable fire was burning. Near an oaken table, which was filled with bottles and glasses, sat a man of cheerful features, with his feet upon the stove, and his hands in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. There was a wreath of tobacco smoke around his smiling features, and a pipe in his mouth.

Adonai stood before him, dusty and wayworn, and yet the Man of the Place could not help starting in his chair, when he beheld that youthful countenance, with its blue eyes shining in saddened thought, and its golden hair tinted by the afternoon sun.

"Do you want to sell or buy?" said the Man, before Adonai could speak a word. Strange was it that the words "Sell or Buy" was the first greeting which Adonai received in the land of the New World. Adonai gazed upon him with a look of blank wonder—but impelled by a voice within him—answered with these words :

"First let me behold your wares. After I have seen them I will tell you whether I want to sell or buy."

Now in one part of the room the white wall was varied by a small square space, which looked like a casement covered by boards. Adonai started, for the Blind Windows sunken in the thickness of the walls, reminded him of the Iron Door in the Catacombs.

The good-humoured Man arose and opened the window, and said, "Look!" and blew a whistle which was suspended from his neck.

Wondering, Adonai advanced. He looked through the aperture. He beheld a square yard, paved with stone, and surrounded by a massive wall, which was built with great solidity, and which cast a gloom upon the space which it encircled. Three sides of the wall were bounded by the dead wall, and the fourth side was also a wall, but pierced with windows and doors. The windows were covered by iron bars ; the doors looked as though they led into funeral vaults.

"Where are your wares?" said Adonai.

The good-humoured man smiled and blew his whistle, when lo! a crowd of men and women and children, came running through the narrow door, into the yard bounded by gloomy walls.

And they ranged themselves in a line before the eyes of Adonai. And Adonai saw that some of the men were black, and some of the women also, but there were many whose countenances were as fair as that of the good-humoured Man by his side.

The scene bewildered Adonai.

"I would see your wares," he said.

"These are my wares," said the good-humoured Man, smoking his pipe, and laughing merrily. "I will sell you that Man for eight hundred dollars. He is a stout fellow in the harvest-field, believe me. Or that Woman and her child for nine hundred dollars. She is a good housekeeper, and the boy is healthy—in a few years he will be worth at least four hundred dollars. Or I will sell you the Mother without the child for seven hundred dollars. Maybe you would like

to buy that stout fellow in the brown jacket? He can read and write, and can preach the Gospel, I assure you. He's a capital fellow to have on a plantation. Preaches the Gospel and keeps the Slaves in order."

Adonai felt his heart grow sick within him, and staggered back from the window.

"What is the name of this Land?" he cried, while a horror, too deep for words, distorted his face.

"America," said the good-humoured man, with a smile at what he thought the insane demeanour of Adonai. "America; the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. I am an American myself; born here. My grandfather fought under Washington, and fought for Liberty. Do you want to sell or buy?"

"What is the name of the city whose Dome shines brightly yonder in the sun?"

"WASHINGTON. Named after the immortal Washington who fought for freedom. Did you say you'd buy that Woman?"

"The name of this—" hesitated Adonai, at loss for a word to express his meaning—"this *house*?"

He staggered to the door, and laid his hand upon the lock, turning his face over his shoulder as he awaited for an answer.

The good-humoured man had sat him down and taken bottle and pipe, and was drinking and smoking away with great complacency.

"Stranger," he said between each puff of smoke—"I reckon your intellect is a little decayed. Don't you know that this house as you call it, is the Slave-Pen of the City of Washington?"

Adonai heard no more. He tottered from the house. He ran along the broad walk and gained the highway, lifting his hands to the clear sky, and muttering wildly these words:

"AMERICA! WASHINGTON! SLAVE-PEN!" For truth to tell, Adonai the Arisen never had heard before such a strange mingling of words. America, Washington, Slave-Pen! It was as though one had said Heaven, Saint Paul, Hell!—and in a single breath.

That night Adonai traversed the City of Washington. Leaving the Slave-Pen, he ascended to the Palace of the Republican Monarch, and from the Palace he hastened to the Capitol, where the Senators were in council. Nor did his journey terminate at the Capitol. He traversed the City that was above ground, and also traversed the city that was beneath.

And the sights that he saw, and the words that he heard, if written in a book, would not be believed by One man in Ten. And the Man who would write them in a Book would be starved to death, or suffered to rot in jail, or put to the torture at the stake.

For those sights and those words, enacted and spoken in the City of Washington, were a blasphemy upon every good thought which God has implanted

in the hearts of his creatures, and a blasphemy upon the truth and purity of God himself.

And it is to the honor of Humanity, that those sights and words would be denied belief, by the great mass of human kind.

* * * * *

But there were sights and words which may be described and written. Behold and listen.

* * * * *

Toward the break of day, Adonai, shuddering and cold, stood upon the steps of the Capitol, gazing upon the City, which extended—but did not slumber—at his feet.

The stillness and the gloom which rested upon the Capitol, was in strange contrast with the confused murmur, the flaring of lights, and the rolling of carriage wheels, which resounded from beneath.

The stillness was disturbed by a hollow laugh. And through the gloom strode a gaunt form with measured steps, and a swarthy face, lighted by fiery eyes, gazed in the face of Adonai.

“The Executioner!” exclaimed Adonai.

“Yes, it is even I—your companion of eighteen hundred years,” responded the Executioner. “The Old World became too hot to hold me. What, with the Reforms and Revolutions, and Sacraments of Brotherhood, I had a troubled life of it. But this New World is the place for me. I like it much, and think of making it my residence for the Future,”—a smile, which made Adonai grow colder and paler, flashed over his sombre face—“Ho! ho! Friend Adonia, what think you of the Arisen Gospel?”

And with these words he was gone. He glided away, but Adonai heard his hollow laughter echo from the grounds beneath the Capitol.

X. THE ARISEN WASHINGTON.

Adonai saw a light, which shone from a narrow window, stuffed with rags and straw, across a bye-way of the City, not far from the Capitol.

Ascending a stairway whose every board creaked and moaned beneath his tread, Adonai came into a small dark room, where the atmosphere was heavy with the breath of a dying man.

A wasted form was stretched upon a miserable bed. A tattered coverlet thrown aside by lean and wasted hands, which picked incessantly at this covering of rags, revealed a muscular chest, whose bones only clad by the sallow skin, resembled the bones of a skeleton. The pillow was overspread with masses

of dark brown hair, wet with the dews that come thickly, in the twilight of death. And thrown boldly into view, by this loosely scattered hair, appeared an emaciated face, whose sunken cheeks and prominent brow seemed only to increase the intense brightness of its large glittering eyes.

The place was dark, and yet not altogether without light. An aged woman, whose gray hairs were veiled in a shawl, which fell from her forehead to her waist, held a small lamp, near the bed, and with a bleared and apathetic eye, watched the last struggles of the dying man.

A chair stood near the bed, and upon it books and loose sheets of paper were piled in confusion, as though the hand of the dying had been laid upon them, in the midst of a spasm. There was no fire in the small stove near the hearth.

It was altogether a cheerless place. A bed, a chair, a stove, naked floor and walls, an aged woman watching, and a young man dying; that was all that Adonia saw as he entered the room.

And as Adonia drew nigh on tip-toe, the aged woman, attracted into confidence, no less by his humble garb than his youthful countenance, told the story of this death-bed in few words, broken by many sighs and bursts of tears.

The young man was a stranger. He had come on foot across many a weary mile of mountain and plain. A child of the poor, and full of thoughts which would not suffer him to rest, until he had written them on paper, he had journeyed to the Capitol, with the hope that some great man would smile upon him, and give him bread in exchange for the work of his brain. He had hired the room of the aged woman. She had heard his footstep on the stairs morning and evening, but never seen him, save when he came to pay her the little sum, for which she rented the room.

"And to-night I heard a groan, and came up stairs, and found him as you see. God help me! Is it not a pitiful sight? Has he a mother far away, think you? May be a sister is writing for him now, in some distant place?"

Adonia made no answer, but said in a low voice, "It is good for me to be here!" and knelt beside the bed.

For the place where Genius dies is sacred in the eyes of Angels.

And while Adonai was kneeling, the dying man spoke to him, in a low voice, which was faint and broken with the tremor of death:

"Weep not for me, for I am poor," he said—"Poor in this world and its goods, I feel that I am going home, to the mansion of my Father, who has called me early from this earth. Besides I have no business in this lower world. The man whose main and sole object is to make money out of the sufferings of his fellow men—he alone hath the right to live, he alone can possess the means of life. But I—forgive me, for the dream is past—I came to this Capitol of a Great Land, thinking much good of my fellow men, and wishing with all my soul, to take my pen, the instrument of their welfare. And now I am dying. The heart within me is broken. Broken every cord and tie of life. And the soul which could not live in the air of the world, will find space for its wings, in

the calm atmosphere of Eternity. Weep not for me! For had I lived, I would have called Vice by its proper name, even though it wore a Senator's cloak, and called Crime by its title, although it sat upon a President's Throne. I would have spoken for Man, even though he wore the fetters of a Slave, and hid himself from day, in the Felon's cell. And men would have cursed me, and blasted my heart with their scorn, and given my memory, as an offering at the anointed wrong. But now I die unknown—I die free—and happy—O, do you not hear those songs, which angels are singing? Hark!"

Reaching forth his wasted hands, he looked upward with his glittering eyes, and in a moment, fell back, beautiful and dead.

As the light fell upon his fixed eyeballs and livid cheeks, a smile hung around his lips, as though a spirit had kissed him ere he died.

Adonai kneeling by the bed, with his head buried against the ragged covering, gazed long and ardently into the face of the dead youth, murmuring these words, which he had heard in the Tomb of Washington:

"If within the borders of this land, there shall be found one man, dying by the pangs of hunger, or beneath the lash of oppression, I am permitted to inhabit his form"—these were thy words, O Washington," said Adonai, gazing in the face of the dead.

Even as he spoke, the aged woman went sadly from that room, which, long the abode of want, was now the chamber of death. Ere she closed the door, she cast one glance back into the place, and by the waving light, saw the golden hair of Adonia touch the brow of the corse. For Adonai pressed his lips to the lips of the dead.

When the aged woman returned, both Adonai and the Corse were gone. The bed was there, still bearing the print of the dead man's limbs; and not far away, the dying lamp, shed its last and feeblest ray.

But Adonai and the corse had disappeared.

Then the aged one, impressed by a fear, which crept through her every vein, sank on her knees, exclaiming:

"God be merciful! For this night, with living eyes, I have looked upon Spirits from the Other World."

* * * * *

Day was breaking over the Great Dome, but the shadows still rested upon the grounds, beneath the Capitol.

And there, by the fountain which tinkles evermore among the trees, stood Adonai, still clad in the blouse of labor. By his side was a young man, poorly attired, but with warm color on his cheek, and a full deep light in his eyes. He passed his hand over his broad pale forehead, turning aside thick masses of brown hair, as though he was endeavouring to recall some picture of memory. There was a strange doubt upon his face—a doubt which seemed to struggle with glorious hope.

"It seemed to me that I was dead," said the young man.

Then Adonai kneeling on the marble pavement, lifted up his eyes, and said : " Welcome to thee, O, *Washington* ! Thou hast come again to earth, to look upon the fruits of thy labors. Together we will go forth, and survey the land."

And the doubt passed from the young man's brow. His form seemed to dilate and grow even within its faded garments. There was a light in his eyes, and a look upon his face, as though a voice from Heaven had that instant spoken to his soul.

It was indeed the Spirit of Washington, returned from Eternity for awhile, to inhabit a human form.

" Come—in this form which only an hour ago imprisoned a suffering soul—in this form so long dedicated to hunger and despair—will I make my pilgrimage over the New World."

And from that place, Adonai and the Arisen Washington, went forth together. Shall we look upon the sights which they beheld, and hear again, the words which were spoken in their ears ?

XI. IN THE SENATE OF A FREE PEOPLE.

Now Adonai and the Arisen Washington, ere they went forth on their pilgrimage, lingered for awhile in the City of the Dome, and looked upon the Great Men of the New World by Night, and also looked upon them by Day.

Together they sat in the crowded Senate Hall. Amid a crowd of rich men, attired in fine apparel, and beautiful women whose faces were wreathed in smiles, sat Adonai and the Arisen Washington. Both dressed in the garb of labor, they were alone in the centre of the gay crowd.

Beneath them were the Senators—the Great Men of the New World—gathered in solemn council.

" Let us listen," said Adonai. " Let us listen, and hear the words of the Arisen Gospel, from the lips of these Senators."

" Let us listen," said the Arisen Washington, " and learn even from the tongues of these great men, what manner of fruits have followed the martyrdom of the Revolution."

Now Adonai in the blouse of labor, and Washington attired in humble work-day gear, yet looking as young and full of hope as when he first went forth into the wilderness near a hundred years before, joined their hands, and watched in silence, even from the crowded gallery, the faces of the Senators.

A gray-haired man arose :

" The Declaration of Independence is a very fine piece of writing," said he, " but it contains a great many absurd errors. For instance : it asserts that ' all

men are born free and equal.' This, my brethren, is a falsity. All men are not born free and equal. There must be classes in the world; there must be castes; there must be rich and poor. Yes," he surveyed the faces of his brothers, "the Bible, the law of God, and the Constitution of the United States, the law of the Land, both assert that in this land, there must always be castes and classes; rich and poor, Masters and Slaves."

At these words, Adonai could not help murmuring:

"Why am I always the victim of idle delusions? They told me that this was the Senate of a free people, but now I know that it is the Senate of a land of tyrants and slaves, governed by the Sceptre of some new Nero, who is counselled by Senators fond of human blood."

And Adonai was exceeding sad, for in his pilgrimage of eighteen hundred years, he had never seen a sadder sight than this:

A white-haired Senator, in the Senate Hall of a free people, pleading for the perpetuation of the very Evils, which the Old World, dying in bondage, had attempted to lift from its palsied bosom.

Washington heard the words of the grave Senator, and his cheek grew warm with a sudden glow, and his heart beat violently within his mean attire.

"From what part of this land, does that great man come?" he asked of a spectator by his side.

"From Carolina"—was the answer—"a great man indeed, and an honest one! Would to God we had more of such."

"Carolina," murmured the Arisen Washington, with the voice of one who thinks aloud:

"The land of the Martyr Hayne! And Hayne was hung, some seventy years ago, by the creatures of a Tyrant, in order that words like those uttered by the Senator, might be spoken to-day, in the Senate of a redeemed People!"

For Washington, but a few hours ago returned to this world, and full of the impulses of a god-like nature, was yet ignorant of the actual history of the American land in the Nineteenth Century.

"Hush! A great Senator from the North!" the whisper ran through the crowd of spectators.

And there rose a man of bronzed visage, ponderous forehead beneath which flamed his deep set eyes, and voice which swelling from the depths of his broad chest, pealed like a thunder-clap into every heart.

Did this great man speak of the Poor Man's right to a home in the world, and to a hope of immortality in the next?

"We must protect the man who builds a factory, we must protect the man who owns a ship! Commerce and Manufactures—these are the great ideas of America! Unless you foster, and protect them—even at the expense of nine-tenths of the People, and by robbing nine-tenths of the fruits of their labor—your Constitution is in vain!"

Such was the purport of the great man's speech.

" 'Tis a fine Constitution," ejaculated Adonai—"much better than that Constitution which established a King. Is it not? For instead of one King, known by his proper title, it establishes a thousand and ten thousand petty tyrants, Lords of the Mart and the Loom. A glorious Constitution."

But the Arisen Washington was silent. He was thinking of the blood which had been poured forth upon an hundred battle-fields. "And ten thousand poor men, went forth in the Revolution, and gave their blood to the sod, their lives to their country, in order that Commerce and Manufactures might flourish upon the graves of their grandchildren!"

Something like this was the thought, which troubled the soul of the Arisen Washington as he gazed intently upon the bronzed visage of the great Northern Senator.

"Thou hast the voice of Patrick Henry," he said, "but the soul of Benedict Arnold!" A new murmur arose in the Senate Hall.

Some ten thousand of the Poor, had sent up to these great Senators, their humble petition, that the Land which God had set apart for the millions of humanity, might no longer be sold to their Oppressors.

For it appeared, that the Men of Money of the Old World and the New, looking forward to a day, when the Poor Man's labor would turn the wilderness into a garden, had purchased this wilderness by millions of acres, and put their stakes around it, and said in the face of God—"This land, which thou hast set apart for the free—this land which can no more be sold than the air which we breathe, or the water which we drink—this land we have bought with our money, and fenced in with our title deeds!"

But certain of the Poor, feeling that God was still God, though Rich Men denied him, and that the Land was still the Land of the Poor, though Rich Men had stolen it, sent their humble prayer to the Great Senators, and besought them to put an end to this traffic in the homes of unborn generations.

And the Prayer of the Poor was read in the Senate Hall.

"This prayer cannot be denied," said Adonai.

"Deny it, and the blood of every martyr of the Revolution was spent in vain," exclaimed the Arisen Washington.

The Senators did not deny the Prayer.

But they clouded it with a multitude of words, and spoke fervently, and at length, of Bank and Tariff, the rights of Capital, the blessings of Individual enterprize, and the impossibility of making laws, to protect the Poor man in the enjoyment of a foot of earth or a crust of bread.

And then they spoke of two great Parties, into which they had divided the Poor of the land, deluding them with shadows, in order that they and their friends, the Rich, might feed securely on the Poor Man's substance.

These parties, were controlled by certain Conventions which *thought* for the People every fourth year, and which promulgated the results of their thinking in the shape of written Declarations, filled with words of large sound but little meaning.

These words of large sound and little meaning, were used to array the Poor of the nation into two armies; both fighting for their Masters; both talking of shadows, and struggling for shadows, while the Men of Money and the Men of Politics, safely grasped the substance.

In truth, that substance was not hard to be understood:

The election of One Man, to more than royal power, so that he might feed and clothe—with the labor of the whole people—a band of hungry idlers, who had placed him upon the Presidential Throne.

It was the Names of these Parties—these organizations of delusion and fraud—which now arose in the Senate Hall, creating much uproar, and effectually drowning the Prayer of the People for the Freedom of their Land.

Washington the Arisen, leaned from the Senate gallery, and watched the progress of the uproar in silence.

He was yet thinking of the bones which slept beneath the sod of Valley Forge.

As for Adonai, he sat like one stricken dumb with wonder, while he thought of the days of Nero—Nero, who built a Golden Palace upon the bodies of the people's dead.

He thought of the Iron Door, which, in the Catacombs, divided the **RICH ONE** from the **HUNDRED POOR**.

“The Iron Door is here! Here in the Senate: dividing these Great Men from the People! On one side the Senators wrangle for plunder—on the other, the People starve and die.”

“It was for this that we fought the battle and dared the winter's snow, and went to war with the gibbet's rope about our necks!”

With these words the Arisen Washington took Adonai by the hand, and they went forth from the Capitol, their hearts too full for utterance.

XII. IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.

That night they wandered through the City, and came to the Mansion of the King, which arose at one extremity of the great pathway, its lighted windows, shining gaily through the darkness.

They entered the Palace, and while the sound of many voices, was heard in brilliantly lighted chambers, they came together, into a small room, where a Man of slender frame and haggard face, sat writing, and sat alone.

Worn by much anxiety, this solitary Man, with the light of a candle on his troubled face, was surrounded by letters and by manuscripts without number.

“What are you writing?” said the Arisen Washington.

And the Man looked up and saw the face of Washington, but did not for a

moment regard his mean attire. For there was a something in the face of the Arisen Washington, which impressed the heart of the solitary Man, with involuntary awe.

"I am signing away the money of the People," said the solitary Man. "Look! Here are ninety millions of dollars to pay a portion of the expenses of this war. Here are three millions to pay the wages of those who live by office, and who placed me in this Throne. Here are millions and millions—various sums which I have no time to count—and which I am signing away. Signing in the name of the People, whose labor is only petrified in these millions—the People who love freedom! The great People who placed me on this Throne!"

Then Adonai became aware that he stood in the presence of the King. The King who elected by the People (first properly advised by Conventions) held a power such as no Monarch of the Old World ever grasped.

For he controlled the Purse of the People.

And also the Sword of the People.

And furthermore, he appointed at least one hundred thousand men to office, who ruled over the People and ate the People's bread.

In spite of his plain dress and haggard face he was a great King.

In other lands, the Poor received their Kings, from the loins of a race of royal Mendicants, who talked much of "the grace of God" and sat upon thrones, whose main pillars were very often a Bishop and a Lord.

But in the free Land of America, the People received their King every fourth year from the hands of a Convention, which gave him birth after many days of drunken uproar, and put him on his feet, before all the people, with sweet words on his lips.

Now, Washington, after listening to the President-King, uttered these words:

"Ninety millions have you spent in war, O King! Many millions have you spent in feeding the well-attired Mendicants, who cannot work and who must live, by the labor of the poor. Suppose, O King, that only fifty millions, had been expended in clearing the waste lands of this continent—in building homes for the poor upon these desert lands—in arraying armies, not of carnage nor for the work of carnage, but armies of labor, who might march forth to cultivate the earth, and make the howling wilderness blossom with the tenements of a happy people?"

The President-King was much impressed by the Soul which shone from the eyes of the Arisen Washington, but he replied with much earnestness and haste—

"The world is governed too much!"

"Is it so?" answered the Arisen Washington—"It is right to govern much, when a war is to be made or a people to be plundered. It is right to govern much, when the people's labor is to be distributed among hordes of dishonest idlers—right to govern much, when government wishes to destroy and kill.

Then indeed, the world *cannot* be governed too much! But speak of government doing one noble deed, in behalf of that Humanity which bleeds at its foot-stool—speak of government healing instead of cursing, saving instead of destroying, preventing instead of punishing, and lo! ‘*The world is governed too much!*’”

At this moment, Adonai saw the EXECUTIONER, appear suddenly behind the Chair of the President, his scant visage full of scornful laughter, and his deep-set eye rolling with infernal gladness.

THE EXECUTIONER, who had followed his steps for eighteen centuries, triumphing over the Evil which Tyrants worked upon the Human Race—the EXECUTIONER whose mission was to curse and destroy, now stood laughing silently, behind the Throne of the President-King.

“Adonai,” he whispered—“What think’st thou *now* of this land of the Arisen Gospel?”

The heart of Adonai died within him, and he went forth from the White-House, with the Arisen Washington by his side.

And when the President-King next saw his Ministers, he told them with some anxiety, that he had seen GEORGE WASHINGTON in a dream.

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†XII. HOW WASHINGTON AND ADONAI WENT TO VALLEY FORGE, AND THEN TO THE SEPULCHRE OF LIVING SOULS.

Now Adonai and Arisen Washington journeyed to the North.

Sick of the City of the Dome, eye and soul weary with the scenes which were enacting there, they went forth from the Capitol, even as the last ray was shining upon palace and hut.

“My soul pants to behold this northern land!” cried Adonai, as, attired in his blouse, staff in hand, he journeyed on: “The South may indeed be given up to Darkness; but in the North the Light shines evermore.”

Washington was silent. A two-fold consciousness began to stir within his breast. The memory of his life as the Deliverer of the New World—the memory of that higher life which he had lived, since the hour of his death on earth—these mingled together in his soul, and by terms assumed the mastery.

“This is indeed a wonderful land!” he murmured, in a thoughtful tone: “Here are carriages that glide with lightning speed, over iron roads, and seem to move of themselves! Here are ships that rush along the waters—ships without sails—in spite of wind and storm! Here are wires, stretched along the roadside, for thousands of miles—wires which enable men to converse with each other, from one end of the land to the other, by means of lightning! A wonder-

ful land! An age of lightning and miracles! Had a prophet spoken these things in my day, he would have been imprisoned as a Madman!"

"These indeed are wonderful things," exclaimed Adonai: "Before the plainest fact of this Age, all the wonders of Ancient Rome dwindle into nothingness. The Steam Engine, the Lightning Wire, the wheels of dumb Machinery, filled with life—strange, fiery life—at the bidding of Man! What has the Age of Nero to parallel with these? The Golden Palace, the Appian Way, the triumphs of Architecture? No—no. The plainest fact of the Nineteenth Century outdoes the miracles of Ancient Rome."

Thus communing they journeyed on—Adonai in his blouse and Washington in the poor man's faded garb.

"In truth, the bold intellect of this age seems to have given a Soul to dumb matter, and made it work and go, at the beck of Man"—so muttered the Arisen Washington, after a long pause—"What if Matter, fired with this Soul, should turn upon MAN, and rend him with its iron arms?"

This thought, abruptly spoken, opened a wide world of musing to the pilgrims, as they journeyed on.

What if these wonderful discoveries in science, these developments in machinery, should be used by the FEW as the means to oppress and degrade the MANY?

This thought was full of meaning. Adonai and the Arisen Washington conversed upon it long and earnestly, as the day faded into night.

Strange and mysterious was the nature of that life which filled the veins of Adonai and the Arisen Washington. They were exposed to all the sensations of heat, of cold, of hunger and thirst, which affect the senses of men of the actual world. Yet they broke no bread, nor drank, not even of the brooklet by the wayside. For when hunger, cold, and thirst, pressed them sore, then a deep sleep fell upon them, from which they arose with new life and vigor.

Thus they had no need of drink or food: the bodies which clothed their souls—their actual and higher nature, far removed from the sensations and the sufferings of this lower world—were renewed and recreated in the hour when they slept.

But it was the condition of this strange existence, that they only hungered, thirsted, sorrowed, and wept, when they saw others hunger, thirst, sorrow, and weep. The pain which others felt became their pain. The misery which they beheld and could not relieve, struck their inmost souls with an agony as intense as their souls were god-like.

And thus it was, that, in the pilgrimage, they died a thousand deaths, in surveying the sufferings of the Outcast people of this lower world.

The third day of their pilgrimage found them in a wintry wood, among the trunks of leafless trees. Rain and snow descended in sleety torrents, among withered branches, and upon the hill, which sank, bleak and lead-colored, at their feet.

"It is Valley Forge!" exclaimed Washington, and at once the memories of his life on earth rushed upon him.

"Valley Forge?" asked Adonai, gazing upon the Valley which spread below, drear with winter, but with a river gleaming on its bleak bosom, even through the haze of the dull twilight.

"Here they fell for Liberty, the Poor Men of the Revolution, slain, not by battle nor the sword, but by the Famine and the Pestilence. Here, on these hills, under the bleak sky, or in huts sunk half way below the ground, here they died, my comrades of the Seven Years' War. O, could the children of the present time, come to these hills, and evoke the ghosts of the dead who died at Valley Forge, they might learn something of the price which the Martyrs paid for the freedom of this land!"

And Washington led Adonai over the hills where the Martyrs slept. And, walking hand in hand, through the gloom of the twilight, even as the sleet and rain descended upon their brows, they counted the graves, even from the river bridged to ice, to the summit of the hill crowned by wintry trees.

"These were Poor Men," said the Arisen Washington, as the night fell cold and dark—"These were Poor Men, who came out here, to die in pestilence, in nakedness, and cold, so that their children might be Free."

The tears fell from the eyes of Adonai, as he heard the story of the Poor Men who died for Liberty at Valley Forge.

"Now let us go and see what kind of Liberty their children and their grandchildren enjoy —" thus spoke Adonai after a long silence.

Through the darkness they journeyed on.

And a low, murmuring sound, like the noise of distant thunder, sighed at intervals on their ears.

They wondered much to hear this sound, but, journeying in the direction from whence it came, they stood at length upon the brow of a precipice, and beheld the strange sight which was extended beneath their feet.

There, from the gloom of the Valley, uprose a huge edifice, its hundred windows flaming with light.

And the sound which they had heard, echoed deep and deafening from the bosom of this edifice. It was the roar of iron machinery, mingled with the noise of a cataract.

"Let us enter," said Adonai, and, descending from the hill, they entered the edifice, where a thousand wheels were in motion—crashing on and on, with a perpetual thunder.

The sight which they saw held them dumb.

Women were imprisoned within that edifice, their cheeks blasted into untimely decay, their eyes vacant with that despair which always turns to the grave as to a quiet home. Some there were whose cheeks bloomed with vivid warmth, but it was the bloom of the charnel.

Children were imprisoned there—children who had nothing of the love or beauty of childhood in their leaden eyes.

Men were imprisoned there—men whose cramped forms, and faces stamped with stolid endurance, told of a life without hope or object save a crust of bread and a grave.

These all were imprisoned there—men, women and children—in the hot chambers of that huge edifice, where the lights flared gloomily through the thick atmosphere, and where the thousand wheels crashed on and on, with the sound of thunder.

It was a sad place.

"It is a prison," said the Arisen Washington.

"It is a sepulchre where they bury the living," said Adonai.

"No," said a pleasant voice, which echoed at their side. "It is neither prison nor sepulchre. It's only a **FACTORY**."

And they turned and looked upon the speaker. He was a tall man, smoothly clad, in sober black, and from beneath his hat, drawn low upon his brows, his deep-set eyes shone with a steady glare.

"A Factory!" echoed the Arisen Washington—"What have these children done, that you imprison them there, blasting their souls in their withered bodies, ere they have had time to ripen into full life?"

"A Factory!" echoed Adonai—"What have these men, these women done, that you bury them alive, in this haunt of pestilence, chaining their living hearts to the wheels of your remorseless machinery?"

And the Man dressed in black, with the hat drawn low upon his forehead, laughed aloud.

"Whence come you?" he cried, "that you do not comprehend the Philosophy of this place? This is the Temple devoted to the God of the Nineteenth Century, and who is called **CAPITAL**. We worship him, from fourteen to sixteen hours per day. We offer up **LABOR** as an acceptable sacrifice at his shrine. You may remember, reading in your Bibles of a pleasant God of the ancient time, whom men called **MOLOTH**? He was worshipped by the sacrifice of little children. This age has improved upon Moloch. He only demanded that little children should be thrown living, into the fire which burned around him. But we of the Nineteenth Century—of this free, enlightened Gospel land of America—we who adore **CAPITAL**, celebrate his worship by chaining little children to the wheels of iron machinery. The wheel whirls, and first the soul, then the body of the child is crushed. As to the men, and women, who are offered up to **CAPITAL**, you must know that they are **LIVE LABOR**, and therefore fit subjects of sacrifice. How do you like our Factory?"

Something there was in the tone of the speaker that made the heart of Adonai contract with involuntary anguish.

He looked beneath the shadow of his hat, and caught the gleam of his fiery eyes.

"IT IS THE EXECUTIONER!" he said.

It was indeed the Executioner, that embodiment of Evil, who starting from the Catacombs in the days of Nero, had met Adonai, from time to time, during his pilgrimage of eighteen centuries.

"Yes, it is even I!" exclaimed the Personage. "And believe me of all the sights that I have seen for eighteen centuries, none is so pleasant as this sight which you now behold. Talk of battles—of wholesale murders—of the march of pestilence! What are they all compared to this? This sight, which shows you how one Man, who owns the untold powers of dumb machinery, may oppress and enslave at least three hundred of his fellow beings—children and women as well as men! Believe me, friend Adonai, I am better off, as the Overseer of a Factory, dedicated to Capital, and kept in motion by the murder of Labor, than I have ever been, during the course of eighteen hundred years!"

And again the Executioner laughed aloud, while his deep set eyes still shone with their sinister glance.

"Come, let us go," whispered Adonai to the Arisen Washington.

But the Arisen Washington stood like one in a dream, his eyes filled with tears, while his lips absently framed the words—

"Valley Forge! Valley Forge!"

"This is the Liberty for which your Poor Men died at Valley Forge," said Adonai.

And together they left that Sepulchre for the living, and went forth into the dark night. Yet even as the door closed behind them, they heard the laugh of the Executioner—

"Ho! Ho! Friend Adonai! You have seen the working of this glorious system of Capital in the Old World—in Lyons, in Manchester, in the thousand cities dedicated to the Moloch of the Nineteenth Century. Yes, in the Old World, you have seen its fruits in the demoralization of entire races of people; in the destruction of childhood ere it has known one hour of healthy ripeness; in the degradation of Woman into a mere beast of burden, and in the blasting of Man into something between a Brute and a Devil. You know the system, Adonai. How like you its working in the New World?"

Washington heard these words, but was silent. He took the hand of Adonai into his own, and hurried rapidly from the accursed place.

He did not pause until he stood upon a bleak hill, which, covered with sleet and snow, rose abruptly into the leaden sky.

These were the words which he uttered—

"Could the immense power of Machinery and the colossal force of Capital be given to the Masses of Mankind as their Property—and be used by the Masses for 'the benefit of every one, in proportion to his toil—then indeed would the power of Machinery and Capital be combined in a work of good, for the blessing of all the earth. But as it is"—

Washington paused, and looked through the gloom. From afar came the glare of the Furnace, mingling with the gleam of the Factory windows.

Washington said no more to Adonai.

But he knelt on the bleak hill, and prayed the God who had succoured him at Valley Forge, to send war, pestilence, and famine, upon the land, rather than to suffer its soil to be cursed, and its people to be enslaved, by the worship of the Moloch of the Nineteenth Century—a worship celebrated upon the very corses of murdered Labor.

And, at every pause of the Prayer, Adonai, who remembered the graves of Valley Forge, said, AMEN.

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XIII. "THE CHRISTIAN PRISON."

It was the winter time again, and the Arisen Washington together with Adonai, journeyed together in the Land of the Lakes—a Land where thought and speech are free, and where man lifts his head, unawed by the frown of oppression, or the iron hand of power.

A beautiful lake, as green as emerald, was framed in snow-white hills. Although the hills were clad in snow, and the streams which descended to the Lake were bound in ice, yet the Lake itself was free from ice and snow. Deep and clear and very beautiful, its waves rippled laughingly under a cloudless winter sky.

Now Adonai in his blouse and Washington in his garb of poverty, paused on the summit of a hill, and saw the sky smiling overhead and the lake rippling at their feet.

For the beauty of that scene touched their souls, and lifted them to the region of the Higher Life.

And Adonai was about to speak, but Washington gently laid his hand upon his lips, whispering, "Look yonder and listen!"

Near them, seated by the roadside, was a young woman, whose form was wrapped in a faded cloak. Her hood lay on her shoulders, and her brown hair fell loosely about her face—a beautiful face, with large full eyes, and a holy light of purity radiating about every lineament. Yet there was care upon that face, and the eyes of the young woman—fixed sadly on the Lake—swam in tears.

At her feet, nestling in the folds of her cloak, was a little boy, who looked up wonderingly into her face, as the winter wind tossed to and fro the clusters of his golden hair.

A poor mother and her child, sitting by the lake, in winter sunlight—the mother weeping silently, and the child looking in wondering love into the mother's face.

It was a beautiful picture.

"Mother will we soon be there? where Father is?" whispered the child.

And she caught him to her breast, and kissed him, as her tears fell upon his face.

"I hope so, Arthur," she said. "We have come many hundred miles to see your father and I hope we will soon be there." And she wept bitterly.

"But why can't father come to us?" asked the boy. "Why did they take him away?"

And Washington and Adonai, standing unperceived near the mother and child, heard her tell the boy, in broken tones, how the father driven by want, on a cold winter's day, had stolen from a wealthy man—stolen to save his wife and son from starvation.

"And for this, they have locked him up in a prison," continued the mother. "It was his first and only crime. But you see Arthur, he was without work, and we had neither bread nor fire. One morning—it was bitter, bitter cold—he left our home in the large city, and went forth endeavouring to get work—he was tempted and he committed a theft in order to get bread for you and me."

The poor child began to weep as his mother thus told the story in broken tones.

"But why did they lock him up?" he asked. "Did he not give back that which he had stolen?"

"They locked him up to *reform* him, my son," she answered. "True he had never committed an offence before, but the Judge said as he sentenced him, that it was necessary to make an example, and so he gave him three years in the State's prison. This was two years ago, when you were but a babe. But cheer up my son"—again she kissed him—"I have the Governor's pardon here, close to my heart, and your father shall not linger another day in prison. Do you remember how he looked?"

"O yes!" cries the boy—"a tall man and young—and I remember how he used to take me on his knee, when he came home from work, and sing to me. O, come let us go and see him—quick, mother quick!"

He sprang on his feet, and pulled his mother by the cloak, and she arose and replaced the hood upon her brown hair, and went onward on her journey.

Adonai and Washington watched them until they were out of sight, and the last words of the boy were borne upon the wind.

"Do you think father will be quite *reformed*?" said the boy.

There were tears in the eyes of Washington and Adonai.

"Come, let us go also," said Adonai. "Much have we heard of the Christian rule which prevails in this Prison. Let us go and behold its fruits."

"Yes, let us go and see the Prison," thus answered Washington. "We have heard it spoken of from one end of the land to the other. How within its walls they attempt not to punish but reform the criminal. There are neither whips

nor chains, nor any instruments of torture, but all is Christ-like love and order. Let us go, and see the good prison."

And hand in hand they went together. It was in the afternoon, when they reached the prison, which arose in a flourishing city, with a stream dashing against its gloomy walls.

They passed the gate, and presently stood in a circular hall, where waited the guardians or attendants of the place.

"We have heard much of the Christian government of this prison," said the Arisen Washington—"and would like to see its results with our own eyes."

One who was in authority, looked with silent contempt upon the poor garb of Washington and the blouse of Adonai, but he directed one of the attendants to conduct the strangers through the place.

This attendant (or Keeper) was a man of hardy frame, with a broad forehead surmounted by gray hairs. There was the look of a stout honest heart upon his face.

"Come," he said quietly, and with a key in his hand he led the way.

And Washington and Adonai went through that Christian prison.

They saw the apartments of stone, each not much larger than a coffin, in which the convicts slept.

They saw the workshops, where from dawn till dark the convicts worked, at various trades, each workshop governed by a Contractor, who had purchased from the State the right to the Labor of the imprisoned.

They also felt, that as each Contractor had gained his right to the Labor of the convicts, by offering a larger sum than any other person, it was therefore the interest, yes the necessity of every Contractor to get as much work out of every convict, as could be gotten, without killing him outright.

They saw the wooden box, in which the head of the convict was placed, (when he offended the Lord Contractor,) while a column of water was hurled upon his skull.

They saw a man with his extended arms chained to a heavy iron bar, which in its turn was chained to his neck. He was condemned to stand thus—his eyes starting out of their sockets with the intolerable torture—until the displeasure of the Lord Contractor was appeased. Did he sink under the weight? A rope drawn through a pulley dragged him to his feet again.

They saw the foul cavern, damp and pestilential, where like beasts to their stall, the convicts (attired in a dress which added mockery to torture) were herded to their meals.

They saw, O well they saw! by the wintry light, streaming through work-shop window, those haggard faces, with glassy eyes—faces from which the last vestige of manhood had been trampled out—faces that reminded the spectator of the face of a Damned Soul.

"What do you think of this kind of Reform?" whispered the gray-haired Keeper, as he led them from one of the infernal work-shops into the open air.

Washington shuddered, and silently looked into the face of Adonai.

"Are we yet on earth?" said Adonai, wiping the cold sweat from his brow, "or is this place indeed Hell?"

"O, you see," said the Keeper, as he led them across the prison-yard—"you see this is a humane age. Now in old times, they were very cruel to convicts. But now—look around you gentlemen—now's the time of benevolence, philanthropy, reform, and all that!"

Thus speaking he led the way into another work-shop.

"Do you never have any difficulty with these imprisoned people?" asked Washington of a **LORD CONTRACTOR**.

"Difficulty? Bah! We tame 'em sir, we tame 'em when they first come here—we break their spirits—iron bar, shower bath, bread and water, dark dungeon, and so forth—we break their spirits sir."

Washington looked around upon the faces of the silent convicts, and felt the truth of the Lord Contractor's words.

"Suppose but one of these men should be innocent," said Adonai, "What power on earth could repay him, for one year's imprisonment in this place?"

"Mistakes will happen," said the Lord Contractor drily. "You know the adage. But this prison pays for itself sir. It is profitable to the State, and it affords the party in power a nice chance to reward its dependents. It's a good system—good."

"But what of the free workmen," said Adonai—"the free workmen who outside of this prison, are forced to compete with the labor of your convicts?"

The Lord Contractor did not answer.

They entered the Hospital. A living skeleton was stretched on a bed. Gaunt cheeks, sunken eyes, and emaciated limbs—it was a pitiful sight. And the declining sun shone redly over him, as he was breathing his last.

"Two years ago," whispered the aged Keeper, "he entered this place a strong and healthy man. The iron bar, the shower bath, the dark dungeon, and other methods of reform, have brought him to this."

Washington and Adonai said nothing, but listened to the half-coherent words of the dying man.

Poor wretch! He looked at his long thin fingers, already blue with the death-chill, and mumbled some words about other days. And then he tried to clutch the sunlight as though it had been a golden thread between him and the Other World. And thus with his wild eyes, flaming in their cavernous sockets, he was passing away.

All at once, a cry and shriek were heard, and a Woman and a Child rushed to the bedside.

"Where are you William?" shrieked the Woman. "O husband, husband, I have brought your pardon."

"Father! father!" cried the boy. "O where is father?"

"There," whispered the gray-haired Keeper, pointing to the form on the pallet. "There"—and he went into a dark corner to hide his tears.

The young woman looked, and saw her Husband. The boy took his Father by the hand.

But he did not know them. There was no consciousness of their presence in his flaming eyes. He babbled to himself and played with the sunshine—that was all.

For the system of Reform, adopted in this Christian prison, had not only killed the body of the poor wretch, but also his soul.

“Husband! O don’t you know me?” she cried, and pressed his emaciated form to her breast. In that embrace he passed away. She held only a Corse in her arms.

“Look!” whispered Adonai to the Arisen Washington, and as he spoke their eyes were for a moment unsealed to the vision of the Higher Life, and they saw a FORM standing at the foot of the bed, and a FACE, smiling in unfathomable tenderness upon the mother and child.

They who have suffered—who have felt hard blows of adversity upon their breasts—who in the depth of their misery look yearningly to the sunshine of the Better Land—they KNOW whose FACE it was, that smiled in unfathomable tenderness upon the Convict’s death-bed.

The gray-haired Keeper led ADONAI and the ARISEN WASHINGTON into the open air again. “O! not for the wealth of the world,” he groaned, “would I spend another year in this infernal den.”

Washington and Adonai wandered through the streets of the flourishing city. A crowd was gathered there, to welcome a great Statesman, who had just returned from the Senate to his home. Now this statesman was a man of law, and a friend of Liberty in all its forms. He spoke eloquently to the People, as Washington and Adonai mingled with the throng—of Liberty in France, Hungary, Ireland, Italy—of Reform, he also dwelt in words of sweetest sound—then rising with his theme, he praised with all his soul the *prison system of his State*.

And the crowd, composed of those who held, and of those who expected office, said “Amen.”

“These are thy Statesmen!” groaned Washington. “These are thy Statesmen, O Land of the New World, and this,” he pointed to the prison, “this the embodiment of thy Law.”

XIV. THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

“O mother, mother, tell me more about Him,” said a child, one winter night, as he crouched close to his mother’s feet.

A candle flung its rays around the humble room, revealing the much-worn furniture, and the table covered with the relics of a scanty meal. Night was on the city, and sleet and snow beat against the window panes.

Gazing through the window, Adonai and the Arisen Washington saw the mother and child, and listened to their talk.

The mother was a faded woman, prematurely old, her hands knotted and bony with hard labor. The child was a boy of some nine years old, with head unnaturally large, thin and bony arms, and shrunken chest. His face was an old man's face on the head of a child, in hue a sickly olive, the features sharply defined, but with large gray eyes, which shone with a strange lustre.

Just returned from his place in the Factory after a hard day's toil, he had flung his tired limbs at his mother's feet, repeating earnestly the words which arrested the attention of Adonai and Washington as they passed along the narrow street.

"O mother, mother, tell me more about *him*."

The mother took his hands within her own, and said :

"You see he lived eighteen hundred years ago. He loved the poor. He healed their sick, he fed their hungry, he raised their dead. They followed him by thousands and tens of thousands, for they loved to look upon his face. O, while he lived, my son, the poor had a friend—a friend who knew their wants—who saw into their hearts—who had a strong arm to help and save. But —"

"He is dead now," said the boy sadly.

"Wicked men put him to death; they could not bear the sight of his loving face; they hated the goodness of his words. They put him to a horrible death and—"

"Now the poor have no friend?" again sadly said the boy.

"Yes—yes—my son," she wiped the tears from her eyes. "The poor have a friend—in Heaven—in Heaven, my son. We are born to be poor and miserable in this world—we common folk, but if we pray to Him *up yonder*, we will go to Heaven when we die."

"Where is Heaven?" said the Factory Boy, with his gray eyes brightening in his sallow face.

"Far off—beyond the sky," answered the mother.

"Beyond the sky," echoed the Boy sadly. "So far off, so far off! O mother would not it be good if this Friend of the Poor could walk the earth again, and talk to us, and say good words to us!"

And he wept.

At this moment the eyes of the mother and her child were unsealed—unsealed to the vision of the higher life—and they beheld standing between them a FORM which they knew at once, while a FACE smiled in blessing on them.

And they knelt at *His* feet and touched the hem of *His* garment, and knew from that hour, that the CHRIST was not afar off, but near them all the while.

Said Adonai as himself and Washington pursued their way, "Thus it is, O Brother, that the Christ walks now among the homes of men!"

XV. THE DARKENED GLASS.

After traversing the subterranean depths of a great city—after fathoming those awful recesses of civilization, where Woman, holy and beautiful, is sold and forced into living damnation—the Wanderers went forth into the free air and open country.

They paused in the cold winter twilight, where the light of a Rich Man's Mansion flashed out upon the snowy roadside.

"Enough of Poverty and Misery we have seen"—Adonai as he spoke clasped Washington the Arisen by the hand. "Let us now enter a Rich Man's Home, and see how much he feels for the Poor."

They passed through the gate, and entering the door, stood in a hall lighted by a globe of clouded glass. Adonai surveyed his humble blouse, so illy suited to the splendour of that hall; and Washington the Arisen cast frequent glances upon his garments, worn by poverty and toil.

"They will cast us forth," whispered Washington the Arisen.

Adonai said nothing but listened.

Music came from a door hard by; music not of flute or organ, but of living voices.

"Come, let us enter," said Adonai, and pushed open the door, and beheld a family seated around an open fire.

On one side of the fire the father, on the other the mother, and between them their children. Two girls who seemed like separate but not divided parts of one soul sat in the centre, blooming with holiness and youth. At their feet grouped two little children, with all the sunshine of childhood on their faces. And somewhat in the background sat the eldest sister, not so full of early bloom as the others, but with something of Heaven in the tranquil light of her blue gray eyes.

It was a holy picture of a family in the Home, a family blessed with all the comforts of life, and without consciousness of wrong to any one, circling about the fireside, in the stillness of the winter night.

In few words, Adonai told how they were poor and wanderers upon the face of the earth, and, to his complete astonishment, the Rich Man welcomed them, and sat them in their midst. They sat down, even Washington and Adonai, and felt the influence of a Happy Home glide into their hearts. For the breath of a happy home is the breath of Heaven.

Adonai talked and they listened—the father and the mother, the children with their happy faces, the elder sister with her heaven-like eyes, and the two young girls, who, in their holiness and beauty, seemed like separate though not divided parts of one soul.

And Adonai, as he gazed upon the bloom and beauty of these Twin-Sisters, wept bitterly.

"Why do you weep?" said one sister, pityingly, as she twined her arm about the other sister's neck.

"I behold you pure and young and beautiful, and I weep to think of the ten thousand and the thrice ten thousand, as pure and beautiful as you, who in the large cities are forced by temptation and want of bread, into that Damnation from which for woman there is no Resurrection."

These words wrung from his soul, sank into all their souls.

And then Adonai, suddenly inspired, spake of the miseries of the Poor,—miseries which might be alleviated if those of the Rich who have human hearts, "*only knew the depths of human suffering.*" Much and long he spake, with voice and eyes, touched with heavenly fire, and all hearts bent to hear him, and quivered at his words. He spake of those, who with noble hearts and god-like intellect, are forced, through a long life, to crush both heart and intellect in the struggle for a bit of bread. Of those who born for honor and virtue, are by direst want, driven to strip themselves of both. Of those who born to enlighten their race, are condemned by circumstance, to eat up their own hearts in fruitless yearnings. Of those who born of pure mothers, and destined to become holy wives and mothers, are driven by want into that living Death which has no lower death.

And thus contrasting the peace which dwelt in this happy Home, with the unutterable misery which he had seen, in his pilgrimage over the world, Adonai grew eloquent with the look and speech of his Higher Life. To his listeners he seemed no longer an earthly man but a glorified Spirit. His soul shone in his glowing countenance, and in his eyes so heavenly serene. The burden of his earthly life,—that earthly life which always weighed him down,—seemed suddenly lifted from him, and he rose to the full consciousness of his eternal Life.

The Arisen Washington caught the radiance of his eyes, and—sick as he was with the sight of much suffering and the clog of his earthly life,—he also suddenly felt all the glory of his immortal being flash in upon him, like a sun-burst through dungeon bars.

As for the rest there were quick throbings at every heart, and tears in every eye. They forgot the humble attire of Adonai and his friend, in the consciousness,—which instinctively pervaded every heart,—that they were entertaining People of the Other World.

"O tell us," said the elder of the Twin Sisters, "O tell us of the Other World!" "Yes, yes,"—said the younger sister,—"O tell us ere you leave us, of that Other World, in which so many say that they believe but of which so few are fully conscious."

Adonai gazed upon their faces, beautiful not with sensual beauty, but with the loveliness of pure souls, expressed in rounded lineaments and eyes full of tranquil light—he gazed upon them,—and at once his thoughts rushing back

through the gloomy arches of eighteen hundred years, dwelt vividly upon the Virgin martyr of the Catacombs.

“The Other World,”—he said in a low and tranquil tone, but with a look as though the songs of angels were in his ears—“The Other World!” And his features became fixed, and his eyes like one entranced,—“O the poverty of human speech! These eyes do not behold the Other World, but the heart and the brain see it, and human words are lame,—O so weak and lame—to describe that sight. The Other World is not far off friends, it is around you Sisters, yes it is but a barrier of frailest glass that separates us from the Other World.”

He paused for a moment, and then as if he remembered the words of St. Paul,—“We see through a glass darkly,” thus he spoke—thus with fixed features and rapt eyes while all were drinking in his words:—

THE OTHER WORLD.

“We see through a glass darkly, and dim shapes are moving there, over the deep ocean of the Other world.

“From distant darkness—see!—even from that vast and shoreless sea—white hands are lifted, beckoning; yes after all 'tis only a barrier of frailest glass, that separates the present from the Other world. Against that frail barrier, for ages the waves have been breaking, and their murmurs have been to us whispers of Eternal truth.

“We stand in cold and darkness—our hearts bowed—our feet weary—our eyes heavy with much watching—while before us, stretches that dim and awful glass, the only barrier that divides us from Eternity.

“Now and then, lifting our eyes, we gaze through the darkened glass, and feel some glimpses, of the fathomless sea that rolls beyond it.

“We listen—even in weariness and despair—and hear some murmurs from that sounding sea; and many a white form glides by us—and many a word, spoken in some well resembled tone, floats to us—and then the dark ocean, no longer dark, is set with islands of living light.

“A sad yet beautiful contrast.

“Here—all cold—all weariness—all despair; there—opening deep after deep—groups of happy homes,—swarming with happy faces, bathed in eternal light;—and only a glass barrier is between. Here—wandering children seeking with blind eagerness some glimpses of THE FATHER’s face,—there—the wandering child is home again. There—ranged in countless circles, that spread deep after deep through the abysses of Eternity—is seen nothing but children, gazing in THE FATHER’s face.

“Not vague, nor vain, nor transitory, is the life of the Other world. It is no dream, but a reality. A reality so beautiful, that our hearts sick with suffering, are frightened at its very beauty. New duties are there, and new life for all of us; and always a brighter future—always golden steps to mount.

“Sometimes the glass barrier becomes transparent in dreams—in sleep—in visions—which for a little while free the soul from its casement of clay; and

sometimes in those thoughts, which imperceptibly and voicelessly sink into our souls. And in these times we gain a vision—rather a clear sight—not so much of the gorgeous complete of Eternity, as of some single home of the Other World—some home, where live as in our world, men and women and children; but men and women and children, redeemed and purified by sacrifice, and with their faces glowing with the highest, deepest thought, which God ever implanted in the breast of an Immortal nature.

“Then in our dreams, let us a little while alight upon the shores of one of these happy islands, which are strown along the deep, clear sea of Eternity. Let us enter for a little while one of these homes.

“Listen! There are voices sounding now which we heard in old times, when we were of the lower earth; our hands are grasped by hands, that we thought long ago were chilled by Death, forgetting that *God's universe there is no such thing as Death*; but in its place, only a transition from one life or state of life to another.

“And dwelling thus a little while in a home like this, we will be very silent, for the faces that we once knew are again around us, and the voices that we once heard—Hark!—are in our ears, and at every step a form uprises, white and beautiful, that long ago we had given to the dust. And surveying this one home, we find that here are repeated all those affections, which made supportable our dreary way in yonder earth; affections, stript of all that clogged their brightness, and made Eternal.

“But when leaving this one home, we raise our eyes to the higher mysteries of Eternity, we fall back dazzled and bewildered, with excess of beauty; conscious however that throughout the Eternal world, alike in every sphere, however different in intellect and in gradations of intellect, this law prevails—the heart in every sphere is one,—one, and one fathomless chain of love binds the humblest intelligence and the greatest to the heart of Divinity.

“Thoughts like these are but a part of the mysterious murmurs, which now as in all ages, break against the darkened glass. And let us not, although dazzled and won by the brightness of the prospect yonder, forget that here on this earth we have a way to walk and a work to do.

“Here—the darkened glass shall not oftentimes for us be lifted, but always—always—always when our hearts are saddest, and the cloud of life hangs heaviest, let us bend our ears and listen to the murmurs of the Eternal Sea, for those murmurs after all are but dim or faint echoes of the voice of THE FATHER. And when faith is dim and cold, and doubt is on us, and we cannot hear the voices of that sea,—when the darkened glass grows yet darker,—let us then in childlike gentleness, retreat within ourselves and look into our own hearts.

“The eternal sea is always sounding there.”

—He paused,—and ere the hearts of that happy Home had recovered from the spell of his voice and the truth of his words,—himself and his companion rushing forth into the Night, were once more on their way.

Sept 22

XVI. THE GOSPEL OF THE MANACLE. 7

One day in Spring, Washington and Adonai stood side by side on the sacred earth where Warren fell.

The sun was shining brightly from a sky without a cloud, over the waves which rippled gently into light, upon the city which enthrones itself upon Three Hills, and upon the summit of the giant column which rises into the heavens alone, bearing witness of the sacrifice of the blood of the Martyrs.

"Here Warren fell," said the Arisen Washington—"Here Warren fell for Liberty."

But Adonai was silent. The Liberty for which the Martyrs of the Revolution had spent their blood, had ripened into hideous fruit—in so many instances—that the heart of Adonai grew sick within him at the name.

Even as he stood in the shadow of the column, with the sunshine upon his golden hair, and the canopy of Heaven arching calmly over the City of the Three Hills, he said these words:—

"Liberty! The Liberty to work, to starve, to die. This was the object of your Revolution—was it not? The Liberty to obey laws which made for Capital and through Capital, drive Labor to the jail, the gibbet or the grave. Did you fight for this Liberty in the Revolution? The Liberty for a church to steal the land from under the feet of unborn millions—to hold, without even a title deed, the eighth part of the greatest city in the world—to clothe itself in splendid architecture, in luxury and in gold, at the expense of the Poor, who, while the Church lifts its blasphemous Cross into Heaven, may starve and rot, even in the shadow of its spire. Was this the Liberty for which you fought in the Revolution?"

Washington, in his poverty-stricken garb, did not reply, but leaning his arms against the foot of the column, buried his face in his hands.

Then Adonai, with a brightening eye, recounted the scenes of the Pilgrimage which they had made together—a Pilgrimage which had commenced at Valley Forge to end at Bunker Hill.

They had journeyed over the entire land. From North to South, from East to West, they had traversed it together, and beheld the march of an Empire which, in its powers for Good and for Evil, left ancient Rome far in the shadow.

They had surveyed the land from the tops of the mountains, and had dwelt with its people in the depths of woods and valleys. They had heard its music in the rush of rivers, in the roar of cataracts, in the thunder of the steam engine, and in the eternal whirl of iron machinery.

They had felt the grandeur in the silence of western prairies, where lakes of verdure are set in the frame of the boundless sky.

And wherever they had gone, their footsteps were followed by the **LORD OF LAND**, who was busily engaged in buying up the land "from under the feet of unborn generations." He bought the prairie and the hill-side, the meadow by the river, and the woods by the lake. He fenced them in with his title deeds, and wrote his name upon the sacred earth, which God had set apart as the Homestead of the Men who work.

And in his track had journeyed the **LORD OF LABOR**, who governs men by transforming Labor into Coin and strips of paper—who piles the tremendous inventions in Science and Machinery upon the heads of the Masses, and crushes them to death in the 'usual course of Trade'—who does not work himself, but lives and riots upon the work of others.

In the track of these had gone the **LORD OF LAW**, a portentous personage, known by his dress of old parchments, by the axe which he carries in one hand, while the other brandishes the rope of a gibbet.

It was his business to make laws for Capital.

Through him the Lord of Land was enabled to steal the sacred earth, and fence it in with title deeds.

Through him the Lord of Labor was enabled to turn Labor into Coin and Strips of Paper—to crush it beneath Machinery, and drain the sap and blood from its heart.

And standing beneath the column of Bunker Hill, Adonai recounted to the Arisen Washington the deeds of the Three Lords.

"And it was for *this* that you fought the Revolution."

To this the Arisen Washington made no answer, for his heart was full. After a pause, he said, "Let us go into the City. There is a man there of whom we have heard much. He is said to preach the true Gospel. Let us go."

They entered the city, and inquired of every one concerning this man, and at length were conducted up a narrow stairway, at the head of which was a door, covered with black cloth. Here their conductors left them.

They opened the door and entered a spacious room, whose windows were hermetically sealed, so that the light of the sun might not shine, even through a single crevice.

The walls, the carpet and the ceiling of this room, were alike of scarlet red. In the centre, on an altar covered with scarlet, a red light was burning in a skull. Beside the light stood a goblet filled with human blood.

And the light burning in a skull, cast a sad and sinister glare over that place, whose scarlet walls seemed to have been baptized in blood.

At the foot of the Altar crouched a Man, with a harsh visage, a bold forehead, eyes deep sunken, and lips tightly pressed over his set teeth.

In one hand he held a manacle, and in the other a file.

And he did not heed the entrance of Washington and Adonai, but continued his task, which was to remove the rust from the manacle with the file.

And ever and anon he refreshed himself with a draught from the goblet filled with red liquid.

And once he raised his eyes, and a sad terrible laughter came over his face, as he saw the light still burning in the skull.

At last, Washington awed by the silence of the spectral chamber—a silence only disturbed by the sound of the file—approached the Man and said :

“ What are you doing friend ? ”

The Man without raising his eyes replied—

“ I am preparing the gospel of our church. It has been laid away for two centuries. It has grown rusty. I am brightening it up, for effective use, in this free land of America.”

“ The Gospel of the Manacle ! ” whispered Adonai.

“ Wherefore do you refresh yourselves with draughts from that cup filled with red liquid ? ” asked Washington.

“ That is the wine of our church—the blood of Romans, who were the other day slain by the good Pope, in the name of God — ”

At these words Adonai advanced :—

“ Thou liest ! ” he exclaimed—“ The good Pope does not murder Romans. When last I saw him, he was opening dungeons and breaking the Bread of the Sacrament of Brotherhood with men of all creeds,—with people of all races.”

The man took another draught, and said—

“ That was last year. Now, I drink the blood of Romans, and prepare this gospel of the Manacle.”

Washington whispered to Adonai—“ It is a madman. Let me question him further. My friend,” said he aloud—“ Why do you veil these windows from the light ? ”

“ There is no light save that which flows from the skull upon the altar. There is no Sun. All is night.”

“ It is a pitiful sight,” whispered Washington to Adonai. “ This poor madman endeavors to persuade himself that it is Night over the world, because he has closed his windows.”

Then said Washington aloud :

“ Come, my friend—Come, my friend, into the open air. I will prove to you that it is day, by the evidence of your senses.”

“ What ? ” cried the man, looking up, with a frightful grimace, shall I put the evidence of my senses against the teachings of the Church ? The Church says it is Night, and—Night it is.”

Then the Man lifted up the cloth of the Altar, and drew forth into the light sundry ropes, cords, daggers, and chains.

“ This is the Gospel,” he pointed to the Manacle—“ And these the Arguments of our Church—” he placed his hand upon a dagger and a chain.

Washington felt his heart moved with pity. As for Adonai he stood silent

and wondering. Never before had he seen such a painful instance of Monomania.

But even as they stood gazing upon him, the door was opened, and a band of men, clad in black, walked two by two, into the scarlet room.

"The soldiers of Loyola!" ejaculated Adonai.

Behind these came Bishops in the attire of the Altar, their faces imbued with the consciousness of power and dominion.

"The Generals who command the soldiers of Loyola!" ejaculated Adonai.

And these men of Loyola encircled the altar, and placed the Man with the Manacle in their midst.

And then they passed the cup, filled with red liquid from lip to lip, and the Man with the Manacle grew mad with joy.

"In the blood of Romans, slain by our Pope, we drink the subjugation of the American Continent to our Order, and to the Gospel of the Manacle!"

And all the men of Loyola said Amen.

* * * * *

Washington and Adonai, led by unseen hands, journeyed together over the globe.

to Chap 19

XVII. THE GOSPEL OF THE RIFLE.

A sunburnt man stood at his cabin door, with the flush of the morning light upon his hardy features. His cabin stood upon a gentle elevation, which commanded the view of an immense prairie, that sloped to the west until its undulations were lost in the vast horizon.

He was a warrior. He had not indeed fought with knife or bayonet, nor even done murder for a price, but he had fought a life-long battle in the great Cities of the East, against the ills of Poverty and Circumstance. It was a holy battle which he had maintained for years, and he fought none the less valiantly because the bread of his wife, and the bread and education of his children, depended upon the result of the conflict. His hair grew gray in this life battle. His soul sickened within him. So gathering his children around him, while his wife wept by his side, he said, "Come! Let us go where the air and the land are free. Here in the great city, the land is sold, and with the land, the tenant thereof. Here we live by permission of the Lord of Land: Here, is nothing but perpetual poverty, perpetual labor, and six feet of earth for a grave. Come! Let us go where God speaks in the silence of the forests, and reveals his countenance from the sky of the untrodden prairie. Let us go to the west."

And of these children, one was a maiden, whose cheek was just ripening from youth into womanhood. She had no future—in the great city—but of a life of perpetual work, paid with a pittance “just sufficient to keep body and soul together,” or a life of shame, paid with the wages of damnation, and terminating at a Harlot’s grave. And two were boys, whose Future was but a reiteration of their father’s life—toil, toil, toil, without land or rest, until the night of Death set in.

And these said unto their father, “Let us go. There is land in the west. God will bless our labor. We will build us a Home.”

And thus it was the sunburnt Worker had journeyed to the west, and planted him a Home even upon the verge of the boundless prairie.

The dark logs of his cabin were centered in the midst of a field of emerald corn. A copse of giant oaks, clothing the summit of the knoll, caught the sunbeams to the north of his Home. At his feet, the knoll descended into the prairie, where a golden harvest, set like a gem in the midst of the boundless verdure, undulated to every impulse of the morning air.

And as thus he stood, on the verge of the knoll, his brown face and bared arms, touched by the sun, the face of his daughter smiled from the cabin door, beside the face of the mother, whose hair was threaded with silver gray. His sons had gone forth to the harvest field, and as the ripe grain fell beneath the stroke of their hardy arms, their voices were heard at intervals, mingled with the lowing of cattle and the rustling of leaves.

Now the heart of the sunburnt man was full. “Thank God,” he said, “Thank God for a Home!”

His wife and his daughter heard his voice, but they did not answer him. There was a Prayer of thankfulness upon their faces, as they heard his words, but they did not speak.

But in the depths of their souls, they thanked God for a Home. Even as the words were on his lips, two wayworn men came up the hill, toiling through the tall grass, with weary footsteps.

One was Adonai, clad in the blouse of Labor, with the sunshine playing over his golden hair. The other was the Arisen Washington, attired in the garb of Poverty, with dust upon its every fold.

To the eyes of the old man, who stood at the door of the cabin, they appeared only as young men, worn by toil and jaded by travel.

“Come,” he cried in a cheerful voice, as he saw them draw near—“Welcome strangers to our Home in the Wilderness. Wife, these friends are weary. They shall share ‘cup and crust’ with us. For here it is not, as it was in the great city. Here is bread for the hungry, roofs for the Houseless, and Homes for all.”

And he greeted the strangers with his extended hand.

But the young man in the faded garb, even the Arisen Washington, repulsed his extended hand. He paused before the owner of the cabin, and his young face became clouded with gloom.

"We come neither for meat nor for drink," he said in a harsh voice—"We cannot rest beneath your roof."

And he turned away while Adonai wondered at his harsh words, and at the gloom which so suddenly overspread his face.

As for the tenant of the cabin, even the sunburnt man, he strode silently to the side of the Arisen Washington and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Your words are harsh, my friend. I offered to share crust and cup with ye, and also the shelter of my Home. True, the crust and cup are but the food and drink of a Son of Toil, and this Home is only the cabin of a Laborer—"

The Arisen Washington turned his face from the man, and leaned his hands upon his staff, and gazed in moody silence toward the prairie.

"Come—let us rest here," whispered Adonai—"Here, at least is Peace—"

"I cannot rest here," said Washington, still gazing toward the prairie. "I cannot rest with this man, who has met us with a lie upon his tongue."

The man of the cabin heard his words, and his face grew red with anger.

"A lie?" he echoed, and clenched his hand.

But as he was about to avenge the insult by a blow, the Arisen Washington turned and looked upon him, with a sudden glory upon his travel worn face, and a strange radiance in his steady gaze. And the man stood confused and dumb, his gaze enchain'd—he knew not why—to the face of Washington.

"A lie," he repeated in a tone of sadness—"It is even so. You offer us food and drink, and you have none to give. You offer us food and drink, and even if you have them to bestow, they do not belong to you, but to another."

"And," said the man, stricken by the look of Washington, as much as by his words, "And if the food and drink of my cabin, belong not to me, to whom do they belong?"

"*They belong to the man who owns the land,*" was the answer of Washington. "You have not paid this man for the use of his land. Until you have paid him, you cannot call a cup of water nor a crust of bread your own."

The man fell back as though a strong hand had smote him on the forehead. He paused—attempted to speak—but it was a moment ere he could frame his thoughts in words.

"*The land is mine,*" he said at length—"Therefore I owe no man for it. It is mine."

"By what title?" asked the Arisen Washington.

"By the toil of my arm," answered the man of the cabin, "and by the gift of Almighty God."

And a sad laughter played over Washiugton's face.

"How much of this prairie, do you claim by this title?" he asked.

"As much as myself and children have been able to cultivate," was the answer. "These fields I have cultivated, this corn I have planted, this Home I have built—I, and my children. The land is mine."

Washington turned to Adonai —

"Saw ye ever so aged a man, under the influence of a delusion so wild?" he said. "Now mark you, he claims a title to a portion of the prairie, because he has planted these fields, and built this Home."

"And he is right," answered Adonai, remembering the Gospel, which he had heard in the Catacombs.

"Not so, not so," hurriedly replied Washington. "Come hither my friend. Turn your eyes to the east. Let the eye of your mind traverse a thousand miles of mountain and plain. Here you stand, prating of your ownership of this garden in the waste, while yonder—a thousand miles away—in the Great City, the real owner is sitting in the midst of his title deeds. You have made this bit of land your own, by occupancy and labor. The Necromancer of title deeds, has made it his own by paying a pittance to the government of the New World. It is not his design to toil upon it, nor to make it blossom with the labor of his hands. No. He has purchased not only the land on which your Home is built, but also thousands of acres, of this boundless Prairie. And when your labor has turned the waste into a garden—aye, when the Labor of men like you, has dotted the prairie, with cities, hamlets and smiling homes, then your Necromancer will reap his harvest. He will come in and possess the land, and the fruits of labor which adorn it, by means of his—title deeds. Possessing the land, he will also hold in his hands the power of life and death, over every man who lives upon it. He is wiser than you, this Necromancer. You only plant corn upon this land, and cut it down after it has ripened. He, sitting amid his title deeds, away in the great city, plants men upon the prairie—" he paused, "and when they are ripe he will cut them down. When their labor has covered this prairie with its harvest, he will put in the sickle of the Law, and reap the sustenance and the lives of all the laborers."

The countenance of the man of the cabin was troubled.

"By what right does he obtain possession of the land—this Necromancer?"

"By the law of the land, which sells thousands, aye and millions of acres, to the Man who does not work, but will not give the right to even so much as a foot of God's earth to the Man who does work."

"And this vast prairie is parcelled out among a few of these Necromancers! This wide sweep of God's earth is covered with the title deeds of men who never work, but who traffic in the sweat and blood of their kind!"

"Even so," answered the Arisen Washington. "Cast your eyes upon the prairie. There is land sufficient for the sustenance of half a million men dwelling in their own free homes. Cast your eye through three thousand miles of space. At a Banker's desk, in the city of Paris, in the Old World, sits the Banker who owns the greater portion of this prairie. He has bought it by millions of acres; bought it of your government, and has its ownership bound fast and secure within the charnel of his coffers. And—"

"And," interrupted Adonai, "men may people this prairie by thousands and

tens of thousands, but they will never dwell upon it, save as the vassals of the Banker of Paris, or the Necromancer of Philadelphia."

"So, my friend," resumed Washington, "You were wrong in offering food and drink when you have none of your own to give. First pay the Lord of the Land the proper tithe of all you produce for the use of the land, air and water. Or produce a better title than that which he holds."

The man of the cabin called to his child, whose face smiled from the cabin door.

"Daughter," he said, "Bring me the Book." And she came forth from the cabin, bearing in her hands a volume bound in dark leather, and clasped with iron clasps. As she stood by her father's side, with the sunshine playing in the mazes of her hair, the old man laid his hand upon the book which she held.

"Here is my title deed," he said, raising the other hand to the sky—"Here in this book, which declares that the laborer shall eat of the fruit of his hands, and which proclaims the judgment of God upon the wretch who defrauds the laborer of that fruit."

The sun shone upon his sunburnt brow, and upon the face of his daughter, even as he spoke.

"That title deed may be good enough for you," answered Washington, "But it is not good in law."

"Child," whispered the old man, "bring me the Declaration."

She went into the cabin, and presently came forth, bearing a roll of paper in her hands. The aged laborer placed the roll upon the book, and said—

"Here is another title deed, signed by fifty-six of the Apostles of Freedom, and baptized by the blood of seven years of Revolution. This proclaims the right of every man to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Now, 'life' is a burden, when devoted to toil without a hope—'liberty' is a mockery, when it merely becomes the privilege to work for the good of the idle, or starve—'the pursuit of happiness' is but a delusion to the man who cannot say to his wife and children, of one spot of God's earth, 'This is our HOME.' By this sacred title deed, I claim the possession of this bit of land which I have planted with my own labor."

Again Washington exclaimed—

"It may be good enough for you, but it is not good *in law*."

The countenance of the old man was suddenly illuminated with a look of hope, which gleamed athwart his sunburnt features like a gush of sunshine upon the bark of a rugged oak. Without another word he departed into the cabin.

While he was absent, his sons came up the hills and ranged their hardy forms beside their sister, gazing in wonder, not unmixed with awe, upon the faces of Adonai and the Arisen Washington.

And the mother came over the sward and stood beside her daughter, her countenance shadowed by anxiety, yet calm with the peace of a good conscience.

"It is a pleasant sight," whispered Adonai—"This mother and her three children. How could you have the heart to disturb the quiet of the life which they live in this wilderness of the prairies?"

Before Washington could answer, the old man came forth from his cabin, with these words on his lips:

"Here is yet another title deed," he said, and held in the light a Rifle, with a rusted tube and battered stock. "My father fought with *this* at Brandywine, and starved to death, with *this* in his hands, at Valley Forge."

He placed his hand upon the book and the roll, but with his other hand he lifted the battered Rifle into light.

"When the robbers of the Poor are not moved to mercy by the Book of God, or the Declaration of our fathers, then must the Poor teach unto these Robbers the Gospel of the Rifle."

These were the words which he spoke, as the sunshine played upon his sunburnt face, while his wife and children were grouped around him.

The Arisen Washington took the rifle, and examined the dints upon its rusted tube, and the marks of battle-service yet visible upon its battered stock. He knew the Rifle. At the sight his heart went back to Valley Forge.

"I saw your father lay dead upon the wintry ground, with this rifle in his frozen hands."

No exclamation of wonder broke from the lips of the father, the wife or the children. For as the words died on their ears, they looked into the face of the speaker—illumined as with a glory—and they knew that it was Washington who stood in their midst.

And they knelt with one accord.

And Washington lifted up the Rifle into sunlight, and knelt in their midst, and said this prayer:—

"Before this Land, O Lord, which thou hast given to the men who work, shall become the spoil of the Oppressor—whom neither the Book nor the Declaration can for one moment turn aside from his work of desolation—do Thou who didst nerve our hands at Brandywine, and who didst nerve our hearts at Valley Forge—do Thou nerve the hearts and the hands of thy People, even the Men who work, for this Gospel of the Rifle."

And Adonai, kneeling by his side, said "Amen."

And the sunburnt laborer, the aged mother, the maiden and the brothers, all echoed with one voice, "Amen."

It was a good sight to see the kneeling maiden, who held the Book with the Roll in her hands—good to see the sons with their eyes raised to heaven—good to see the aged laborer, with his bared arms lifted in the light, and good to behold the calm visage of the kneeling Mother—

And it was good to see the sunshine streaming upon the Rifle, which the hand of Washington raised in air, while Adonai, kneeling by his side, said, solemnly, "Amen."

XVIII. THE FEAST OF KINGS.

Washington and Adonai, in their pilgrimage over the world, came one night into a vaulted hall, lighted by many lamps, and with a table spread, as if for a banquet, in its centre. That table, decorated with fruits and flowers, was burdened with choice viands and golden goblets, scattered over its surface, gleamed in the light with their deep red wine.

And the vaulted hall was hung with scarlet, dotted with golden tears.

And when Washington and Adonai came unperceived into the place, they saw a mild-faced man, whose forehead was burdened with a Triple Crown, sitting in the throne at the head of the banquet, his hands extended in the act of benediction.

For he blessed the guests of the midnight festival, who were gorgeously clad, their faces redolent of good cheer and generous wine.

And the Man with the Triple Crown lifted up his voice and said —

“ Kings and Rulers of the world, we have met together once more, to celebrate, by solemn ceremonies, the sacred reign of Order and Law. We have eaten and we have drank together. The choicest viands and the richest wines have given new warmth and vigor to our blood. Now it becomes our task to speak of the work which we have done for Order and Law, within the past year. Let each King, each Ruler arise in his place, and speak to us of his own share in the good work, during the year which is gone.”

And when the Man with the Triple Crown had finished, there arose a stalwart man, whose form was clad in military gear, and whose forehead was adorned by a golden crown, surmounted by a human skull.

“ Brother Nicholas, who represents the good cause of Law and Order in the North and in the East,” said the Man with the Triple Crown, as the other was about to speak.

Then Brother Nicholas spoke and said —

“ In the East and in the North, the good cause of Law and Order flourishes with new vigor. Never in the course of eighteen hundred years, have its foundations been as secure as at this hour, nor its prospects as bright. Brothers! I have done a good work for the good cause, during the past year. Let the land of Hungary, covered with the corses of unburied rebels, attest my zeal in the holy work.”

“ Hail to Brother Nicholas!” cried all the Kings and Rulers in chorus — “ He merits well the blessing of all the friends of Order and Law.”

And another King arose — a King with a beardless chin and a vacant eye — and presented to his Brethren a scroll written in blood.

"Here is my work, Brothers"—and he smiled in vacant laughter—"Behold the record of the dead in Vienna, Florence, Venice, and Genoa."

When he had done, the Man with the Triple Crown patted him fondly on the head, and called him a good youth, adding in a lower tone:

"Thou hast done well, my child. Live only a few years longer, and thou shalt become a Master in the good work."

The next that arose was a woman who cradled a baby on her breast. In a soft, sweet voice, she presented to her brethren a prayer book, upon the title page of which were written the figures, 300,000.

"This is the number of the Skeletons which I have made, while engaged in the good work. Three years ago, these skeletons were living men and women and children. Now they bleach upon the soil of Ireland, in witness of my work, aided by a holy Famine."

And all the Kings cried, "Hail to our sweet sister!" after which the man with the Triple Crown took her Babe and blessed it, saying—

"When he becomes a Man, he too will make Skeletons for the good cause."

Then another King presented the record of the Dead of Germany, who had been offered up by him in the name of Order and Law. He too was hailed by his Brothers and blessed by the Man with the Triple Crown. And thus they spoke, one by one, until it became the turn of a man whose haggard face was relieved by beard on his upper lip.

And as the name which he bore was announced, all the Kings trembled, for that name was NAPOLEON. But when his other name, which was CAIN, was uttered, all the Kings broke into laughter, and said, one to another, "Behold our Convert!"

And the head of this man was surmounted by a paper crown, in the top of which was inserted a piece of human flesh. As he rose, an eagle descended from the ceiling, and attracted by the scent of blood, sat upon his paper crown, and began to eat the piece of flesh.

"Thus I teach my eagle how to fly!" said the Man who was called Cain Napoleon. "Brothers, I present to you the record of the Dead of France. Called by the People of France to be their Ruler, I became your Convert. In witness of my sincerity I point to the record of the dead whom I have slain—of the men whom I have cast into dungeons, and thrust forth into exile—of the liberties which I have crushed—of the Hopes of Millions which I have sold to the Men of Money. Admit me, Holy Father, into this good Brotherhood, and next year's work shall be better than the last."

As the Man with the Triple Crown blessed Cain Napoleon, he could not restrain his laughter, while the Kings said, one to another, "Behold the Man who teaches Eagles how to fly!"

And then came a Ruler who, representing the destinies of a People, had stood by and seen these Kings murder whole nations, in the name of Order and Law. He had not assisted in the work, save by his silence. But his silence was better

to the Kings than armies, and therefore the Man with the Triple Crown blessed him, and all the others called him "Brother."

And when the Arisen Washington—concealed by the hangings—beheld this Ruler, his spirit was covered with anguish and shame.

And he was about to give vent to his anguish in words, when the **SILENT RULER**, as if ashamed of the company in which he stood, wiped the blessing of the Man with the Triple Crown from his forehead, and turned his back upon the Kings, and hurried sadly from the place. And History, which, correctly interpreted, is the perpetual Revelation of Almighty God, will pass judgment upon the Silent Ruler, and accord to him good, if he has done good, and evil if he has done evil.

After the Silent Ruler had gone, all the Kings said in Chorus—"Curses upon the People which this man represents—eternal curses upon the Land over which he rules, for in that Land the Gospel and the Press are free

Then said Brother Nicholas—

"Holy Father, what hast thou done for the good work? It is now thy turn to speak. Let us have words of consolation from thy lips."

The man thus addressed smiled pleasantly—for his was a benevolent face—and arranged the Triple Crown upon his brow, pronounced a single word:

"**ROME!**"

Then there was laughter mingled with shouts of triumph, which continued for a long time. When silence was restored, the Holy Father spoke again:

"I have done better than all of ye. For ye have only killed in the name of Order and Law, while I have murdered in the name of God and Christ."

Then the ceiling rung with shouts, and in the midst of the uproar, the Holy Father drew forth from beneath the table an iron basin, which was filled with human blood.

"Let us confirm ourselves in the good work by a solemn ceremony," he said. "Come, every one, and dip his right hand in this basin, filled with the blood of Romans."

And one by one the Kings and Rulers passed by the Holy Father. Every King, as he passed, thrust his right hand into the basin, even to the wrist, and said aloud, "It is the blood of the Romans, who were slain by Pius, in the name of Christ and God."

Now the Arisen Washington and Adonai, who had beheld this scene, and heard these words, from their place of concealment behind the hangings, felt their hearts moved by a Revelation from the Higher World.

And Washington advanced alone and stood in the presence of the Kings, clad in the humble garb of Poverty and Toil. Without a word he placed upon the banquet table the Sword which he had wielded at Valley Forge.

The Kings trembled at the sight of that Sword, even as Belshazzar when he saw the Handwriting on the Wall.

Then Adonai came, clad in the blouse of Labor, and he confronted the Holy Father, and said, in a whisper, certain words which drove the color from his cheek, and caused him to tremble like a Felon at the approach of Judgment.

And these are the words which Adonai said to the Holy Father :

"THE LORD IS RISEN."

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XIX. THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Arisen Washington and Adonai, in their pilgrimage over the world, came to an immense plain, which extended on every side, as far as eye could see, and was lost at length in the hazy mist, which marked the circle of a boundless horizon.

It was a desert of hot sand, whereon neither fruit nor herbage grew ; on every side, bleak, brown and arid, it stretched away, level as the floor of a temple, until it disappeared in the mists of the horizon.

Over this plain hung a sky of unbroken cloud, which was of a leaden hue, save that it was illumined by a pale lurid glare.

And though Washington and Adonai journeyed on this plain for days, they never beheld the rising nor setting of the sun, nor caught one gleam of the moon, nor even the ray of a solitary star.

In place of the Sun, a globe of fire, which seemed to emit flame, without light or heat, hung on the verge of the eastern horizon, between the canopy of leaden cloud, and the brown arid earth. It hung there evermore, never for a moment changing its position, and in place of night and day, the sky and the earth, were shrouded in a perpetual twilight.

And Washington and Adonai journeyed on, without once resting by the way. They journeyed on, while a space of time, equal to many days and nights, passed by. Their footsteps never once knew rest, nor their souls peace. It was ever and ever that leaden sky and brown waste, illumined with the ghastly beams of the globe of fire, which hung upon the verge of the eastern horizon.

And their souls were weary for the repose of the grave, once more. And they prayed incessantly that their bodies might return to the dust, and that their souls—their better and immortal nature—might be permitted to rise again, into the regions of the Higher Life.

And their Prayer was not answered.

At length, after journeying as it seemed for thousands of miles—for without any mark or guide they travelled ever in a circle—they found themselves suddenly on the borders of an immense multitude, which blackened the plain on every side, even from the centre of the waste, to the dreary horizon.

It was a multitude of people, gathered from all the nations and tribes of the earth.

Men and women and children were there, clad all alike in rags, and smitten by disease that had never known relief, and hunger that had never known bread. As for water there was none. No spring burst from the hot sand—heated as if by the fires of a hidden volcano—and upon the accursed plain, no showers from God descended.

And the multitude swayed to and fro, like the waves of an ever restless ocean.

And a vast brooding murmur, composed of innumerable moans and sighs, gathered into one low chorus of despair, rose without ceasing to the leaden sky.

And the men turned their faces in dumb despair to the globe of fire, which hung on the eastern horizon, and the women raised their wan eyes to the lurid canopy of clouds, and the children hid their faces in their mothers' breasts, as though affrighted at the desolation of the fearful place.

Washington and Adonai, led around by an influence which they could not resist, silently threaded their way through the hosts of the immense multitude.

And as they passed on along they beheld the faces of all nations. They saw the faces of all men that people the earth of God.

IRISHMEN were there, raising their famine-wasted hands above their blasted foreheads.

FRENCHMEN were there, kneeling on the earth, with their faces buried against the sand.

ENGLISHMEN were there, carrying burdens on their backs, which bowed them to the dust.

RUSSIANS were there in chains, with their eyes veiled even from the dim light.

HUNGARIANS were there, with their wasted faces covered with the blood of their murdered kindred.

ROMANS were there, with the arms of every one tied behind his back to an Iron Cross which, sharp at the edges, cut the hands which it manacled.

Negroes, Caffirs, Hindoos, Indians, the men of China, Japan, and the Islands of the sea—the men of Europe and the New World—these all were there, with their wives, their mothers, their sisters and their little ones.

It was as though all the Poor of the World had been gathered together by the fiat of God.

The sight would have been fearful in the centre of a blooming landscape, and in the light of a summer sky, but in the midst of that desolation, whose earth was blasted, and whose sky was accursed, the sight was awful and sublime.

And as the red globe hung on the verge of the eastern horizon, Adonai and Washington passed silently onward, until they penetrated the centre of the multitude.

There a new sight awaited them.

In the centre of the desert arose a Sepulchre, whose door was inserted into a frame of rocks.

The Sepulchre started up abruptly from the level of the scene, and through the crevices of its iron door, beautiful rays of light trembled out upon the gloom. Beautiful in truth were those rays, and full of power, for wherever they shone, the earth was green and covered with flowers.

But the Sepulchre was encircled by a band of men clad in rich apparel—a band of Priests, of Kings and Rich Men, who formed a wall around it, and kept the light from the eyes of the multitude.

The Kings of all nations were there. Whether they wore robes of purple, or crowned their foreheads with turbans, or yet arrayed themselves in unpretending attire, they still manifested the same anxiety to keep the eyes of the multitude from the light.

And the Priests aided them. Priests who brandished crosses of iron, stood ranged in the same circle with Priests who held iron books in their hands. Priests who wore crescents on their brows, joined arms with Priests who adorned themselves with images of snakes and obscene reptiles.

And these, the Kings and Priests, formed the outer circle around the Sepulchre, and within these were ranged the Rich Men of the world, Rich Men of all Nations, yet all with gold in their clenched hands, and perfumed attire upon their limbs.

And the light from the Sepulchre, which caused fruits and flowers to grow within this circle, never once shone beyond it upon the faces of the countless multitude.

And when Washington and Adonai saw this circle of Kings, Priests, and Rich Men extending around the Sepulchre, like a wall, they were stricken with deep wonder.

And they stood for a long time buried in thought. At last, said Adonai unto one of the multitude who stood near the verge of the crowd—

“What means this countless array of miserable ones? What means this circle of Kings, Priests, and Rich Men, who surround yonder Sepulchre?”

And the man, whose face was wasted and whose form was clad in rags, answered in a voice which sounded like the moan of a lost soul—

“We are the poor of the world. For eighteen hundred years it has been the lot of the Poor to sow that others might reap, to seek shelter in a grave, so that the Rich might dance upon the very sod which enclosed the corse. As our fathers suffered so we have suffered. But a voice has reached us in our desolation, and bade us hasten from all parts of the world to this desert—”

“Wherefore?” interrupted Washington.

“Because here we shall discover the secret of the spell, by which these Kings, Priests, and Rich Men have been enabled to oppress us these eighteen hundred years,” answered the Man.

“And that secret?” said Adonai.

"They have taken the body of our Lord and, until a little while ago, we knew not where they had laid him. Yea, they have taken His body, who loved us while he lived, and blessed our little children, and shared our crust and cup, and died for us all at last—they have taken his body and imprisoned it in a Sepulchre with an iron door. And it is the condition of their Power, that they must keep his body there, in the Sepulchre, away from us. And not only His Body, but also the rays of Light which escape through the crevices of the Sepulchre. For there is Power in those rays."

And the Man wept.

"What manner of Power?" asked the Arisen Washington.

"Power to make the desert blossom, and not only the desert of sand, but the desert of a human heart, made barren and dead by ages of oppression. Power to bring gladness to the eyes of this countless array of the miserable—power to bring bread to these hungry ones, and to transform this murmur of unutterable mourning into a Prayer of joy and praise—O, that we might but for a moment behold those blessed rays!"

"What prevents you from beholding them?" asked Washington.

"This circle of kings, of priests and rich men. We have besought them, to permit us to pass, but in vain—in vain."

"Why do you not rush forward, even through the circle, and grasp the doors of the Sepulchre, even with your own hands, knotted by Labor?" So asked Adonai.

The Man, whose tears fell without ceasing, looked at the twain with surprise.

"Ah!" he sighed, "We are taught that these kings, these priests, these lords, have a *right* to the body of the Lord—a *right* to the rays which come from his Sepulchre—while we have only a right, to darkness, hunger and death."

And he knelt on the sand.

"How do you know that your *LORD* is there? How do you know that rays of light stream from his Sepulchre?"

Thus asked Washington as he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the kneeling wretch.

And at the question, he raised his eyes, which even through the twilight shone with a strange sad Hope—sad indeed, yet still a Hope.

"Our hearts tell us, that *HE* is there!" he said, and laid his wasted hand upon his breast. As soon as we drew near this place, after our long pilgrimage, from the uttermost parts of the earth, we felt a trembling at our hearts—a flash like light from Heaven in our brains—and we said one to the other, "*Our LORD is very near.*"

And both the Arisen Washington and the Arisen Adonai, wondered in their inmost souls, wherefore this countless multitude did not thrust these kings and priests aside, by their very weight, and rush at once to the Sepulchre and the Light.

But their wonder was soon past.

For as they stood, in that sombre scene, between the circle and the countless multitude, a man rushed from the crowd, and endeavoured to press through the circle.

But a priest touched him, with an iron cross, and he was dead. There was magic in that iron cross—a sad terrible magic.

And the Priests, Kings, and Rich Men, divided his body, ere it was cold, and fed upon his flesh.

And another wretch came tremblingly forward and knelt at their feet, and said—

“O! Mighty ones of the earth—O! Kings, and Priests, and Rich Men! Hear but for an instant the prayer of these suffering ones, who only desire to look but for a moment upon the Sepulchre of their LORD. Hear us, by our days and nights of hunger and darkness—hear us by the skeletons of our fathers which strew your altars and your battle-fields—hear us by the flesh of our dead, upon which ye and such as ye have made your banquet for eighteen hundred years. Hear us—let us behold the Sepulchre—and then the Lord will come among us—then the Sun will rise and the perpetual twilight will become Day.”

And to this pitiful Litany, the murmur of the multitude said, Amen!

And in answer to this prayer, one of the Priests smote the suppliant with an iron book, and another pierced his eyes with an iron cross, and a third divided his bleeding carcass among his brethren, who fed with eager appetites upon his flesh.

And in this manner was answered the prayer of every suppliant.

One was killed by the sceptre of a king, another by the axe in the hands of a Rich Man, and a third by the iron book or the iron cross of a priest.

Yet still the fate of the suppliants did not deter their brethren, who continued in groups of one, of two, of three—yea, sometimes in hundreds—to rush forward, pray and die.

And as they died they were rent to pieces and devoured.

Some there were, who parting from the multitude, prayed for awhile, at the feet of those who encircled the Sepulchre, and then—to the astonishment of their brethren—were taken into that circle, and clad like the Priests or Kings, or Rich Men.

And once within that Circle, they cursed the multitude which they had left, and told the miserable ones “to howl and die,” with peals of mocking laughter.

It was a very sad thing to see these Traitors feeding upon the flesh of their brothers, with whom they had wandered over the entire globe, while searching for the Sepulchre.

All these things saw Adonai and Washington, as they stood between the Circle of the Few, and the multitude of the Countless Many.

And Adonai said with a heavy heart—

“O! that we might learn the spell which shall confound the magic of these Priests, and bring to ruin the Sorcery of these Kings.”

"O that we might break their Circle, and bring these sufferings ones to the Sepulchre and the Light," groaned Washington.

At this moment a Man advanced from the crowd. He was clad in rags. His limbs were distorted by labor. His hands were knotted, and his face was covered with scars.

"He is going to his Death," said Washington. But the Man did not kneel at the feet of the Priests, nor do homage to the Rich Men and the Kings.

He turned his back upon the Circle, and his face, seamed with scars, was toward the multitude.

Thus, standing under the leaden sky, his bent form seemed to dilate with some powerful emotion, as he opened his parched lips and spoke. His voice was low, but the People heard it.

"We have tried prayers long enough," he said. "Long enough have we tried tears. It is in vain to attempt to move these Kings, these Priests, these Rich Men, with prayers or tears."

He paused.

And Washington turning his eyes to the multitude, saw that they were moved at the sound of his voice. Adonai, turning to the circle, saw a tremor stir its living wall.

"Shed your tears upon the granite rock, and ask it to give you bread—pray to the tiger, and beseech him to permit you to remove his fangs, so that you may touch him without harm—but never expect to move the heart of a King or a Priest by prayers or tears, much less the hearts of the Rich Men, who stand at the backs of Priests and Kings."

At these words the Priests started and whispered to the Kings, and the multitude hushed into awful stillness, with the glare of the red globe upon their wan faces, raised with one impulse their wasted hands toward the speaker.

As for Washington and Adonai, they hung upon his every word.

"You have prayed to these priests—they have answered you with death. You have shed your tears at the feet of those kings—they have fed upon your flesh. You have clutched the garments of these rich men—they have quenched their thirst with your blood. Now," it seemed as if his low voice was gifted with more than mortal power, for it floated over the heads of millions—"NOW THE DAY OF PRAYERS AND TEARS HAS PAST. THE DAY OF JUDGMENT HAS COME."

And the Priests and Kings and Rich Men began to tremble with one impulse, at the same time veiling the fear which had seized them with bursts of mocking laughter.

But the multitude, stirred like the waves of a stormy sea, yet silent as death, said with one voice—

"The Day of Judgment! What mean you?"

"I mean that there is a spell by which we can break the circle which these oppressors have formed around the Sepulchre of our Lord. A spell which will

destroy their magic, and bring the judgment of their crimes upon their own heads."

He paused, while the multitude, hushed into deeper awe, reached forth their million hands in earnest though silent entreaty.

He paused, while the Priests laughed more loudly, at the same time trembling in every limb; he paused, and came to the place where Washington and Adonai stood.

Without a word, he took from beneath the arm of Washington, an object which he had covered with a cloth, and girded to his side.

Washington looked on in deep wonder, but did not resist him, for a voice within him said, "The time has come."

And the Man turned to the multitude and lifted up the cloth which covered the object before their million eyes. It was stained with blood.

"The Blood of the Martyrs!" said the Man.

Then a groan came from the circle which was about the Sepulchre—a groan from the heart of every Priest, Rich Man, and King.

"The Blood of the Martyrs!" cried the Man. "THE BLOOD OF HOLY REVOLUTION!"

And the multitude, swaying to and fro, began to understand. And they shouted until the leaden sky rang again—"The Blood of Holy Revolution—it is better to behold it than to be devoured by these Priests and Kings."

Then the Man lifted on high the object which the cloth had covered.

It was a sword.

It was darkened by rust, and there were stains of blood upon the blade.

"THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON," cried the Man.

And the multitude hailed it with a million outstretched hands.

A cry rent the stillness. It was the utterance of the anguish which thrilled through the breast of King, Priest, and Rich Man. They knew that sword.

"Not the sword of aimless carnage, baptized by Priests, and wielded by Kings trained to Murder"—thus spoke the Man—"But THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON, grasped by the hands of THE LABORERS OF A WHOLE WORLD."

And the shout which went up from a million voices, sounded like a funeral knell in the ears of the Oppressor.

And Washington, moved with pity for these trembling tyrants, besought the Man to return him his sword—to spare these Lords who had never spared the People—to attempt, at least, the force of persuasion and prayers once more.

And the Man, looking Washington full in the face, uttered these words—

"ROME! FRANCE! HUNGARY! IRELAND!"

And Washington was silent.

And the Man raised the sword of Washington in the air, until it caught the light of the red globe upon its point, and then advancing to those who encircled the Sepulchre, he cried—

"Room there—room for the PEOPLE who have come to kneel at the SEPULCHRE OF THEIR LORD."

—The end of this I cannot tell, but as the Man advanced they trembled, even the Rich Men, Priests, and Kings.

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XX. THE ARISEN WASHINGTON IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

After journeying over the globe, Adonai and the Arisen Washington came to Philadelphia. It was winter, and the streets were covered with snow. Night had fallen, and from rich men's mansions came the glare of banquet—gleaming over the frozen snow—as Adonai in his blouse, and Washington in the threadbare coat of extremest poverty, paused in front of Independence Hall. They were about to enter that place, and meditate awhile among the ghosts of the heroes, when they beheld a Rich Man and a Poor Man engaged in earnest conversation in front of the Hall. They listened—

"Come," said the Rich Man, who was portly and warmly clad, and perfumed as if for a festival—"Come! the banquet is spread, and the wine is ready. Come—be one of US. Why continue to write about the wrongs and sufferings of the Poor, when such a course will ever condemn you to be one of the Poor? Forget all these things—devote your pen to us—speak and write in favour of the Few—by your writings teach the Many that it is Religion for them to spend their sweat, their blood, and their lives for US. Come—why do you hesitate? be one of us. Why should you write always for the Poor?"

And the Poor Man, who was an Author, who was in years young, and in suffering old and worn, wrapped about his slender form a threadbare coat, and said—

"Come with me, and I will show you why I always write for the Poor. I will show you—why even if I would—I cannot do otherwise."

And the Rich Man took the Poor Man by the arm, and they went forth through the City together. Adonai and the Arisen Washington followed their footsteps unperceived.

At length the Poor Man paused before an humble tenement, from whose basement window came a faint ray of light.

"Look down," whispered the Poor Man, and the Rich Man looked, and saw the pale face of a Woman, who was toiling with the needle, while her orphaned brothers and sisters—her widowed and aged mother—slept in the corners of the place. "She supports them by her labors," said the Poor Man. "She works

sixteen hours every day, and gets a penny for every hour. With that she buys bread and pays rent. There are ten thousand such as these in Philadelphia."

The Rich Man was silent. The Poor Man led him through many scenes—followed silently by Adonai and Washington—and showed how there was feasting on one side of a brick wall and starvation on the other—how a marble Bank stood in the broad street, while the orphans whom it had robbed and driven into crime were rotting in the Felon's cell—how splendid Churches rose everywhere for the Rich, while everywhere were dark courts, rank with pestilence, for the Poor—how the Few were wrapping themselves in wealth in great mansions, while the Many, whose labor fed the luxury of the Few, hid their rags in hovels, and drowned their despair in draughts of liquid fire.

And the Rich Man grew afraid, and murmured "Sodom and Gomorrah!" and looked up to the winter sky, as if he expected the rain of fire and brimstone to fall.

But the Poor Man led him on, and showed him the retreats where pollution wraps itself in fine apparel—where Woman, driven by extremest want, sells more than life, for a cup of wine, a bed of down, and—a grave in Potter's Field—where the appetites of the Rich Libertine feed upon the damnation of the daughters of the poor, whom society has denied work and bread.

And the Rich Man, when he saw all this, began to weep—for God had not forgotten him, and there was still a human heart in his breast.

"This," he said, "this is why you write always for the Poor?"

But the Poor Man did not directly answer, for the contest between Good and Evil was strong within him—and now, as at other times, when he remembered what he had felt and seen in the large city, he forgot the forgiveness of the Gospel, and his swarthy face grew corrugated with a ferocious hatred, as he wondered to himself why the Judgment of God delayed so long. And he stood choked by his emotion, struggling with the bad within him, until a better spirit came over him, and he answered mildly—"Yes, this, what you have seen with me to-night, is why I write always for the Poor."

And they separated; the Rich Man going home, with the thought upon his soul, that he and his class were guilty wretches in the sight of God, so long as there was one man or woman suffering for want of bread or home within the limits of the Great City.

As for Adonai and the Arisen Washington, they followed the Poor Man to his home, in the outskirts of the city, and entered after him, unperceived, and stood in his room, as he sat down alone, and took up his pen. And they saw doubt and despair gather over his face, as he wondered to himself, whether it was not right, after all, for the Poor to suffer and die, and for the Rich to grow merry upon their graves. And they saw him, as he was alone there, in that room, turn to the memorials of the dead people of his kindred, which were upon his table, and heard him as he wished bitterly, that the clod which rested upon the brows of those dead were upon his own—that the stillness which had fallen upon them

would also fall upon him. For he was weary of struggling, and the hope which had lighted him so long flickered low—he was anxious to be where the contrast of hideous wealth and hideous poverty should sting his soul no more—after years of hardship, such as might turn a heart to stone—he was anxious to be at rest. To him then, as he sat alone, the grave came up like a vision of a narrow door to a Better Land.

And Adonai, who, with the Arisen Washington, had watched the struggles of the Poor Man, whose many faults, may be, were mingled with virtues as strong and resolute—Adonai drew near and shook him rudely by the shoulder.

“Why dost thou rail at the vices of society?” he said. “Art thou so pure, so moral, that thou canst call the tyrants of the world to an account?”

At first the Poor Man made no reply in words, but pointing to the memorials of his dead, which lay upon the table—pointing to a record of his hard and bitter life, which was also there—he placed his hand upon certain letters which appeared upon the wall. These letters were I. H. S.

“This is my only excuse,” said the Poor Man. “I write as I do, because ‘I HAVE SUFFERED.’”

The moon rose clear and bright in a cloudless sky—the snow glittered like silver beneath the leafless trees of Independence Square—when Washington and Adonai passed through the door of Independence Hall. As they stood where, seventy-three years before, the Signers had stood, Adonai said—

“Here, seventy-three years ago, the Gospel of the New World was proclaimed.”

But Washington sat down near the chair of Hancock, and buried his face in his hands, for his heart was sick with the evils which he had seen, not only in Europe, aged with tyranny, but in the New World, which God has given to the Workers of the human race.

And a voice went forth from the soul of Washington to the dead, calling upon the men of old to rise again and fill that sacred place once more.

He stood up in the moonlight, and as his way-worn apparel was disclosed by the silver rays, he said aloud :

“Rise! Rise, ye dead! For in this land, which ye helped to make free, seventy years ago, now needs your spirit and your counsels again. In her Senates Oppression and Treason sit side by side—among her People two classes begin to appear in terrible contrast, the immensely rich and the immensely poor—to the laws of her Traffic are sacrificed, day after day, the priceless blood of souls. Rise ye men of old! Bleeding under the iron feet of ten thousand wrongs, this Land needs your spirit and your counsels once again!”

And at the call of the Arisen Washington, the Dead appeared in Independence Hall, their shadowy faces bathed in moonlight. It seemed to Adonai, who stood wondering near the very spot where the Declaration was signed, as though ten

thousand forms were in that hall, whose limits might scarcely contain an hundred living men.

Jefferson was there, and Hancock and Franklin, Sherman and Paine; there the famished men of Valley Forge; and Warren, and Hayne, and Hale, the three Martyrs; there all the Signers, together with all who acted, suffered or died in the time of the Revolution, when the New World was in travail for Brotherhood. It was a solemn sight to see them come and go—gliding here and there—in the light of the moon, with Washington in their midst.

“From whence shall come the Hope which is to free Humanity?” said the Arisen Washington.

“Neither from the rich nor the great; neither from the statesman nor the mock philanthropist of the world—” It was the voice of Jefferson that answered. “The arm that is to free the world, shall strike from the hovel of Poverty, and the workshop of Labor.”

“And when the arm has done its work, then a word, spoken from the lips of the oppressed and poor, shall give peace to the world—” It was Adonai, who filled with a divine impulse, now spoke: “*That word is BROTHERHOOD.*”

XXI. THE GLOBE, THE SUN AND ROSY CROSS.

Night closed dark and gloomy. The wind howled in awful music through the blackness of mountain ravines. Among the pines, it sighed in mournful cadence, like the last utterance of a departing soul. Soon impenetrable blackness covered the plains below, while the mountain rose, white and mysterious above the gloom, a single ray of moonlight trembling on its crown of snow.

Adonai, staff in hand, toiled up the mountain side. Near him walked the Arisen Washington. Sick of the earth, and of the suffering which clothed it, they ascended slowly toward the mountain’s summit, their feet weary and their hearts full of sadness. Darkness was about them—they could not see each other’s faces—in the gloom they attempted to converse, but their voices were drowned by the blast. So clasping hands in the darkness, they struggled on, beneath the moaning branches of the pine, and through the awful chasms of the ravine.

For called by a Voice, higher than the voices of this world, they had departed from the faces of men, and sought the mountain top, which glittered above the blackness like a star.

“There the last great secret shall be told us,” said Adonai.

“There the highest truth shall be revealed,” whispered the Arisen Washington.

And then the pine branches quivered, and the wind howled deep and long, and

the Wanderers struggled on—below them the faces and the homes of men—above them the last scene of their pilgrimage and the revelation of the highest truth.

It was near midnight on the first of January 1851.

Passing through a misty cloud, which girted the mountain, they at length emerged upon its highest peak—a platform of glittering ice, in whose centre rose a black and sullen rock.

Joining hands across the rock, the Wanderers gazed around.

The moonbeams fell faintly upon the form of Adonai, clad in the blouse, and disclosed the figure of Washington the Arisen, attired in the garb of extremest poverty. Beautiful was the face of Adonai, with icicles shining among his golden locks, and beautiful the face of Washington, with its broad pale forehead, glittering in the mysterious light.

They gazed above—the sky was clothed in white mist, through which the moonbeams gleamed but dim and faint.

They gazed beneath—a sea of cloud and storm, like a shoreless whirlpool, was tossing there.

And at the sight their hearts grew heavier.

“Is this a type of the world’s Future?” moaned Adonai.

But scarce had the words passed from his lips, when a Miracle took place. Like the fancy of a troubled dream the storm vanished. Adonai and Washington fell on their knees and uttered a prayer.

And thus kneeling on the lone mountain top, they gazed beneath, and beheld the entire world—its kingdoms, tribes and people—stretched like a map, around and beneath them.

From the far extremity of Asia, to the western shore of America—from the equator to the ice regions of the north and south—the WORLD was there, its kingdoms and its people, in one grand and sublime panorama.

All its wealth—all its poverty—all its splendid crime—all its unfathomable misery—the pomp of its cities and their degradation too—the glitter of its rivers and the majesty of its oceans, white with ships—the world itself was there, a picture painted by no human hand—and there, moving in innumerable armies, the millions of the human race.

“You have desired to know the Future of the human race,” a Voice spoke to the souls of Adonai and Washington. “That Future is before you. First of all look to Europe.”

They looked to Europe. Sight of all sights, the world has ever seen, most sad and horrible!

Europe was lighted with fires, even as altar fires, from Ireland to Italy—yes, from the Giant’s Causeway to the Dome and Colosseum of old Rome—from the snows of Siberia to the waves of the Atlantic sea. A light on every hill, a cloud of fire above every city—Europe was arched with a rainbow of flame. And everywhere the earth shook with the tread of armies. Everywhere the sky

flung back the sounds of triumph and of death. Like wrecks on a blood-red sea, crowns and thrones were tossing everywhere. And two separate cries pierced the heavens.

“Rocks fall on us! Mountains cover us!”

This was the cry of Pope and King, who now fled madly to and fro, conscious that earth could hold their infamy no longer.

And in answer to the cry, another was heard—uttered by twenty million voices—chorused by the tramp of twenty million men—with the music of bayonet, and cannon, ringing through each and every pause.

“Rise, people of all lands! Rise, men of earth, and now! Arise! Arise! Gone is the night of prayers and tears!

Hear us ghosts of Hungary! Hear us dead of Rome!

Ireland from the graves of thy famine-slain—Arise, arise, and now!

France, once more lift up thy martyr arm—Rise, men of all lands, people of all nations rise!

For the night of tears is gone, and the dawn is in the sky!

Tremble not, Brothers, tremble not! The Red Sea is before us—tremble not! For Pharaoh’s hour is come!”

And as this wild anthem, uttered by the Arisen People, filled the Heavens, throughout all Europe, the People were seen doing fierce judgment upon their Oppressors.

O, it was an awful sight—the People in arms, and Pope and King and Lord on their knees, before the uplifted steel! And that steel flashed beautifully.

Adonai hid his eyes—“Spare them! spare them!” he shrieked.

“Spare them!” echoed Washington, falling on his face.

But a voice, calm in its awful depths, was wasted to them, saying these words:

“*Whom did these Oppressors spare in the years 1848 and 1849?*”

“But is not peaceful progress possible for Europe?” cried Adonai, questioning in wild anguish the voice.

And this was the answer:

“Is peaceful progress possible for the infant whose throat is in the tiger’s clutch? Rome, with thy battlements smeared with the martyrs’ blood, answer! Answer, O Hungary, from amid the heaps of thy battle-dead! Speak, Ireland, from the corses of thy famine-slain. Speak, France and Germany! Can peace be kept with tigers hungry for human blood?”

And then a cloud swept over Europe, thus struggling in the throes of her Last Revolution.

And on the sight of Adonai and Washington the Arisen, dawned the New World, even from the snows of the north to the waves of the far southern city.

In the East rose cities, gorgeous with the spoils of commerce—in the west glittered golden California.

"Look Adonai. When my starving men lay in nakedness, hunger and disease at Valley Forge, then this Union was composed of thirteen thinly settled colonies, placed between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies. Behold it now! From Niagara and St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Behold Adonai, the mightiest empire of the age."

They looked and listened.

All over the land the roar of the steam engine was heard. The clang of iron wheels upon roads of iron, broke harshly through the stillness. The lighted windows of the Factory blazed through the darkness on every hand. From Golden California to the Empire City, huge cities reared their heads, swarming with countless souls. An empire no less bewildering in the suddenness of its growth than in the god-like glory—or yet the awful gloom—of its Future.

"Not an Empire," said Adonai, "but the last altar of human Brotherhood—the scene of God's last experiment with the human race—such is the New World."

Then said the Arisen Washington, as at a glance he surveyed that vast expanse of land, swarming with souls :

"O, shall this New World mount to her high destiny and fulfil her high mission by means of *peaceful progress* alone?"

A mocking laugh broke on the air, and a dark shadow was cast between Washington and Adonai, even as they knelt upon the summit of the mountain.

Shuddering Adonai recognized the EXECUTIONER, with his face resembling an inverted pyramid, agitated with laughter, and his sombre eyes blazing with infernal light.

"It is HE, who eighteen hundred years ago, in the vaults of the Catacombs, predicted the failure of Christianity, and the perpetuity of poverty, crime, and all forms of Evil." Thus muttered Adonai.

"You talk of *peaceful progress*," said the Executioner, with a fiend-like laugh—"I tell you this land is mine," and he swept his iron hand toward the horizon. "Mine! Its progress shall be peaceful, but it shall progress to ruin. I have been driven from the Old World, but this New World is mine!"

"SATAN!" muttered Adonai, as he saw a pale radiance playing about the brow of the Executioner.

"Listen," continued that sombre Figure, towering there in his sullen grandeur, on the mountain top. "Listen Washington, and then curse yourself for your folly, in trying to free the Land by seven years of Revolution. Listen Adonai, and then curse the Christ in whom you believe. This land is mine, and here will I bring the human race to a point of degradation never known before. Kings, and Lords, and Popes, shall never rule here, but in their place you will have a Despot with talons of iron, and a granite heart—the MONEY CHANGER. In the cities shall reign supreme the lust of traffic—the lust of getting money for money's sake, no matter at what cost of suffering or woe—corrupting in every human heart every hope that looks higher than the Dollar. Out yonder on the

broad prairies shall dwell, not Lords of old, with lance and spear—but Lords of Land, who, owning all the Land, shall in effect own the lives and souls of the millions who toil upon those lands. Yonder in the Earth, the very *presence* of the African race is sure to give birth at first to Disunion, and then to a war of races—a war of annihilation between the white and black. Amid scenes like these what will become of your beloved Masses—your People? Despoiled by the Men of Money—bought and sold by the Lords of Land—employed as soldiers to cut each other's throats—swept off by one plague after another—embittered by the very air of the large cities—worked like beasts of burden in factory and workshop—what then will become of your Masses? No—Adonai and Washington—learn the truth at last. Progress is a lie. Mankind were born to be the prey of a few oppressors—born to work, suffer, and die. The instruments of degradation may change their names, but they are always the same. And thus I feel—I know that this New World is mine—my lawful spoil—the scene of the utter and final degradation of the human race."

Adonai bowed his head—he could not answer the EXECUTIONER. For appearances too much confirmed the words of the SATAN. Troubled and groaning, Washington cast himself upon his face in very weariness of soul.

And the Satan folding his arms, stood mocking at their laughter.

But suddenly, as Adonai in the fulness of his agony exclaimed, "O! it is all in vain, this hope of human progress, which has had its martyrs and its prophets for these thousands of years"—suddenly, yes even as these words passed his lips, the eyes of Adonai were unsealed to the clear vision of his higher life, and he beheld himself encircled by a shining band. He was encircled by the spirits of those, who in all ages, and in face of all manner of superstition, avarice, and despair, had held fast to hope in Man, to trust in God, and to faith in the *social regeneration of mankind*.

The mountain top was alive with their forms—not vague mist-like shapes, but spiritual bodies, composed of substance, but of substance as much more refined than electricity than electricity is more refined than flesh. The Satan mocked as he beheld them, but he trembled.

The Seers of all ages were there—the Arisen Washington uttered a shout of prayer and joy. Of all ages, called by all manner of names—Christian, Heathen, Dreamer, Infidel—all were there in shining groups.

Some of them known in their earthly life as PLATO, SOCRATES, SWEDENBORG, SIR THOMAS MORE, FOURIER—these and a thousand others—many unknown to earthly fame—but known to Heaven and God—these joined hands, in one vast circle, which girt the mountain top. And with one voice they said—

"Behold us! We are here! We, who in all ages, and in climes widely removed, and in face of all manner of superstition, avarice and despair, have witnessed to the truth, that *Man is capable of social regeneration, that Society is capable of social re-organization, that it is the will of the ONE AND LIVING GOD that Heaven shall begin upon this earth, so that it may go on in the Other*

World. This truth, in various forms, and in all speech, we witnessed in our earthly lives—we witness it now, before the angels and the only GOD."

That holy confession of Faith seemed to take wings even from the mountain top, and float from thence over the American Continent and over the world.

Adonai and Washington heard it in praise and prayer, but SATAN mocked bitterly, saying—

"Dreamers! Dreamers all! From Plato down to the latest of ye all! A fine dream, but how will you ever accomplish it? Can I not bring you a thousand statesmen and ten thousand theologians, to prove that this world is to be given up to Evil, and the mass of mankind to misery, poverty and sin, until the globe itself expires in flames? Fine dreams, but how will you accomplish them?"

And triumphant in his mockery, he gazed upon the shining throng who were troubled by his words.

Even as hand joined in hand, they circled the mountain top with forms of living light, they felt the truth of their belief, but were confounded by the question of the Fiend—"How will you accomplish it?"

There was silence.

Adonai spoke—"Trust not to appearances of evil, Brothers, nor be discouraged by the surface of things, for I tell you, that a Spirit moves now at the hearts of the millions of mankind, as that Spirit has moved for eighteen hundred years—an actual Spirit, Brothers, that puts strength into the weakest arm, and hope into the most fainting heart—that Spirit will call forth the men and create the deeds that shall re-create the world. Hark!" he bent his head and listened. "Hark! I hear His footsteps now!"

And up the mountain side, through the ranks of the shining throng, there came a WAYFARING MAN, attired in the humblest garb. Every eye beheld Him. His footsteps resounded not only on that mountain side, but over all the World.

And when He reached the mountain summit, and his FACE was seen, all bowed down and worshipped. For they knew the Love which shone from his eyes.

"MASTER!" they said.

The Satan was no longer seen. He had faded into air.

And as the FACE of the MASTER shone from the mountain top upon the kneeling throng—that throng composed of the Seers and Prophets and Believers of all ages—His hand was outstretched and this symbol was seen in the sky, hovering above the American Continent—

A dark globe, a white cross and rising sun—the dark globe tinted with golden rays and the white cross blushing in the rosy light.

And this Song arose—

“ Rejoice! A Spirit moves the globe, and its pulsations echo in the hearts of all true men!

“ Rejoice! They have killed him whom we loved—they have sealed his grave—but rejoice, for now we know that he is risen indeed.

“ **MAN**, torn and suffering, lift thy head.

“ Lift thy head, for lo! a Face approaches and a Hand is beckoning.

“ Rejoice! The **MASTER** comes.”

Washington sleeps in Mount Vernon, and Adonai in the Catacombs, but—

The globe, the cross and sun are yet in the sky, and the globe is bright, and the cross is rosy, with the fast coming Day.

THE COMING TIME.

The good time 's coming! Doubt who will,
Ye cannot quench the burning ray
That, piercing through the night of wrong,
Gives promise of a brighter day.
The tyrant, steeped to lips in blood,
The priest, defiled by fraud and crime,
May threat with gyves and threat with beads,
They cannot stay the Coming Time !

The good time 's coming ! Not with peace,
Till thrones are felled and chains are broke
But like a warrior, bravely armed,
With slash of sword and sabre stroke ;
And wo betide the evil creed,
The feudal caste, the law of hate.
"No quarter!" is the cry to these,
Accursed of man and doomed of fate !

The good time 's coming ! Lo ! I see
The watchfires gleam on all the hills ;
In all the vales, where waking thought
With truth her golden trumpet fills ;
And freedom's music, sweeping far
To serf and slave, the despot's doom,
Is usher of the morning star,
That pales the night of cloud and gloom !

The good time 's coming ! Speed it on
Each soul, who feels to hate and scorn
The bloody garb of fraud and crime,
Our slavish race too long has worn ;
Unite the hearts, unite the hands,
Forget dissension, creed and clime,
And pledge, by might of brotherhood,
To win and wear the Coming Time !

LEGENDS OF EVERY DAY.

One who has often written Legends of War and Blood, now strives to embody on these pages some Legends of every day life—Legends, not only of deeds, but of Thoughts and Emotions. Let us see whether every day Life has not its hero-men and hero-women, full as noble as those who for ages have flaunted their plumage amid the glare and bloodshed of the battle-field. Let us also see whether the Thoughts and Emotions which arise in the hearts of even the humblest, are not as worthy of record as the wholesale massacres which smear the page of history with blood.

LEGEND I.

THE FIRST LEAF OF SPRING.

They brought her the first leaf of Spring.

She took it, as she was stretched upon her dying bed, and pressed it to her white lips, and looked upon it, long and yearningly, with her eyes, which were already bright—not with earthly desire—but with a ray that came from the other world.

It was a May morning. The sunlight straying through the narrow court in which that humble home was situated—like a cell in a bee-hive—came faintly through the open window, and with it, mingled with some taint of the city atmosphere, came a fresh breath of country air.

She was a girl of seventeen years—a girl who, from her childhood, had known nothing but hard work and want—and now, with her emaciated form wrapped in a faded coverlet, and her head propped by pillows, she was dying. She had longed to live till Spring, and now she clasped the first leaf in her hand.

Her mother, a faded woman of thirty-five years, stood by the bed, her hard hand, knotted by labor, resting upon the coverlet.

Her father sat by the bed. He was a day-worker; one of those herd of folk who work and work, until their heads are like bone, and their faces, tanned by wind and sun, seamed with wrinkles, like whip cords. Dressed like a day laborer, with dust upon the sleeves of his checked shirt, and the collar thereof thrown aside from his rugged throat, this man, prematurely old, looked upon his child, and then turned his face away. A kind of dumb agony passed over his face. But he was silent.

The little boy who had brought the leaf of Spring, (he had gathered it in Franklin Square) stood near the foot of the bed, his coarse attire covered with the marks of his toil in the factory. This was the brother of the dying girl. He regarded his sister—then his mother—then his father—with a vague stare. He seemed to feel that the presence of Death was there, but he had no words to express his feeling.

This was all the family. They had all worked hard—done nothing but work all their lives—and now one was about to go from them.

And the pale girl, with her thin hands grasping the first leaf of Spring, sat up in the bed—her back supported by pillows—and looked at the leaf with a look of singular delight.

“ Shall I send for a Preacher, Sally ? ” the mother whispered.

“ Yes, a Preacher— ” the father said, with a straining of the muscles of the throat—“ One to pray with you. You never had an edication, and now as you’re goin’ to leave us it might do good.”

“ One lives round in Arch street, in a big house. Shall I go for him, Sally ? ” said the boy.

The poor girl smiled—one of those smiles which break over the face of a consumptive, with something of a ray of light about them.

“ Did the Preacher ever come to see you, father, when the landlord seized our things—what little we had ? The landlord was a member of his church—wasn’t he ? ”

The father passed the back of his hand over his eyes, but did not answer.

“ And Mother, when you went out washin’, and worked your hands to the finger ends—and did it from day to day, and from year to year—from the time when I was a baby until now—Mother, what has the Preacher ever said to you ? ”

The mother raised her apron to her face.

“ And Brother, when you were forced to go and work in the factory, (*but we were so very poor*) and work there from before day until after dark, did the Preacher ever meet you as you came home from work, and tell you that you had better be at school than drudging in the factory.”

“ Never did, as I knows on,” was the prompt answer of the boy.

“ The man that sold our little bit of land and cabin, out in the country, b’longs to his church,” said the father.

“ An’ the man who paid you fifteen cents a day for makin’ vests, is one of his Deacons,” said the mother.

“ And,” said the brother, “ our boss in the factory, who gives us a knock over the head when we aint up to time, an’ who calls the girls bad names, an’—he’s a member of the church, too, I b’lieve.”

“ The Preacher is rich—so rich,” said the mother, as if speaking to herself—“ His first wife was wuth a heap of money, and he’s got more by his second wife. Still I guess he’s a good man. What kin sich as him know of the likes of us ? ”

“ You needn’t send for him,” said the dying girl, in her faint, husky voice—“ Billy, take this key and unlock my drawer,” (she pointed to an old bureau, which stood in a corner) “ and bring me that old book.”

Billy took the key, and unlocked the drawer, and brought the old book. It was a large book, with steel clasps and a brown faded cover.

“ And you’re goin’ to leave us, Sally,” cried the mother, wiping her eyes, “ an’ when I come home from work, you—you wont be here.”

The father said nothing, but rested his head between his hands—his tears fell big and scalding between his fingers.

“ An’ they’ll put you in the ground—they will—they will— ” and the boy buried his face against the foot of the bed.

The poor girl gazed upon them all with a look as full of light as of sorrow, and pressed the first leaf of Spring against the gown which hid her shrunken bosom—and then she unclasped the book and spread it open on the bed.

And then she read—

“ In my father’s house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

After she had read these words she stretched forth her thin hand and laid it on her father’s shoulder, and said, with tears upon her cheeks :

"Do you know who said these words, father?"

The old man did not answer.

"They were not said by one who lived in a large house, and saw the poor rotting life and soul away in a dark court—No, Father, they were said by one who was of the Poor, who wore the dress of the poor workman. Who came and sat down at the poor man's table, and took of his bit of bread, and drank of his cup of water. O! Father, don't those words sound beautiful!"

And she repeated them again, and laid the first leaf of Spring against her lips. Then her sunken cheek flushed, and her eye grew lighter, and she said, in her faint voice—

"I am not going down into the cold ground, Father—No—no. I am going after him who said these words, and we'll all meet again, *up there*—" she pointed with her thin hand, "and soon, Father, soon. There won't be any hard work there, Mother—we'll sit down together, and no landlord will rap at our door. And Brother, *up there*,"—again she lifted her thin hand—"up there, you'll not be beaten and dragged to work afore day—No, Brother, no. You'll sit down with us, and we'll be at Home, in a better, better Home than this. We will, Brother, for it is written here,"—she laid her hand upon the book—"and I feel it, know it here"—she laid her hand upon her heart. "In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you, I go—I go—"

She stretched forth her hands—one hand grasping the first leaf of Spring—and looked up with a look as though she saw a Face smiling, and a Hand beckoning—and then she said no more.

She never moved again.

She died, even as she sat up in bed, with the old book upon her knees. Her fingers stiffened about the first leaf. Her upraised eyes were fixed—now they flashed with clear light, and now they were set and glassy.

Where had been the dying girl, only a moment before, was now only a corse.

How the father looked at her, and turned away—how the mother closed her eyes, and bathed her dead child's face with tears—how the boy crept out upon the step, and cried alone—I need not tell it.

That day the Preacher, and the Factory Owner, and the Deacon, who had sold the bit of land, and the Church member, who paid fifteen cents a day for making vests—all sat down to a good dinner. It was a good dinner. There was a long grace said, and the beef was done *rare*, and they feasted plentifully.

And that day, in the narrow court, the little family sat down around the table, before a loaf of bread and a cup of tea. There was one vacant chair. And the father, as he tried to eat cast his eyes over his shoulder, to the bed where the dead girl lay. As for the mother and the boy, they cried at every mouthful—looking by turns at the vacant chair, and at the white sheet, beneath which rested the corse.

—Next day there was a coffin, made of walnut, carried from the court, followed by a workman and his wife. The little boy walked by his mother's side. As the hearse went slowly along the street, these three slowly followed it along the sidewalk.

Out near the country was the graveyard, and there, on a sunny afternoon in May, the three stood around an open grave, and saw the coffin go down—gently, gently—until it was out of sight. Then there was the sound of clods rattling horribly against the coffin lid.

And the three turned away, and left her there; turned and came back again to their home in the court; came back to work, work, work, until it came to their turn to die.

—As for the first leaf of Spring, they buried it with the dead girl. They never took it from her hand. She holds it yet, and may be one day it will bloom again.

LEGEND II.

THE DOLLAR.

They brought him a dollar.

He took it, clutched it in his long skinny fingers, tried its sound against the bed-post, and then gazed at it long and intently with his dull leaden eyes.

That day, in the hurry of business, Death had struck him, even in the street. He was hurrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of the miserable court where his tenants herded like beasts in their kennels—he was there with bank-book in his hand, when Death laid his hand upon him.

He was carried home to his splendid mansion. He was laid upon a bed with a satin coverlet. The lawyer, the relations and the preacher were sent for. All day long he lay without speech, moving only his right hand, as though in the act of counting money.

At midnight he spoke.

He asked for a dollar, and they brought one to him, and lean and gaunt he sat up in his death-bed and clutched it with the grip of death.

A shaded lamp stood on a table near the silken bed. Its light fell faintly around the splendid room, where chairs and carpets and mirrors, silken bed and lofty ceiling, all said, Gold! as plainly as human lips can say it.

His hair and eyebrows were white. His cheeks sunken, and his lips thin and surrounded by wrinkles that indicated the passion of Avarice. As he sat up in his bed with his neck bared and the silken coverlet wrapped about his lean frame, his white hair and eyebrows contrasted with his wasted and wrinkled face, he looked like a ghost. And there was life in his leaden eye—all that life was centred on the Dollar which he gripped in his clenched fist.

His wife, a pleasant faced matronly woman, was seated at the foot of the bed. His son, a young man of twenty-one, dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat by the lawyer. The lawyer sat before the table pen in hand, and gold spectacles on his nose. There was a huge parchment spread before him.

“Do you think he'll make a will?” asked the son.

“Hardly *compos mentis* yet,” was the whispered reply. “Wait. He'll be *lucid* after a while.”

“My dear,” said the wife, “Had not I better send for a preacher?”

She rose and took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His eye was upon the Dollar.

He was a rich man. He owned palaces in Walnut and Chestnut streets, and hovels and courts in the outskirts. He had iron mines in this State; copper mines on the Lakes somewhere; he had golden interests in California. His name was bright upon the records of twenty banks; he owned stock of all kinds; he had half a dozen papers in his pay.

He knew but one crime—*to be in debt without the power to pay*.

He knew but one virtue—*to get money*.

That crime he had never forgiven—this virtue he had never forgotten, in the long way of thirty-five years.

To hunt down a debtor, to distress a tenant, to turn a few additional thousands by a sharp speculation—these were the main achievements of his life.

He was a good man—his name was upon a silver plate upon the pew door of a velvet-cushioned church.

He was a benevolent man—for every thousand dollars that he wrung from the tenants of his courts, or from the debtors who writhed beneath his heel, he gave ten dollars to some benevolent institution.

He was a just man—the Gallows and the Jail always found in him a faithful and unswerving advocate.

And now he is a Dying Man—see! As he sits upon the bed of death, with the Dollar in his clenched hand.

O! holy Dollar, object of his life-long pursuit, what comfort hast thou for him now in his pain of death?

At length the dying man revived and dictated his will. It was strange to see the mother and son and lawyer muttering and—sometimes wrangling—beside the bed of death. All the while the Testator clutched the Dollar in his right hand.

While the will was being made, the Preacher came—even he who held the pastoral charge of the great church, whose pew doors bore saintly names on silver plates, and whose seats on Sabbath-day groaned beneath the weight of respectability, broadcloth and satin.

He came and said his prayer—decorously and in measured words—but never once did the dying man relax his hold of the Dollar.

“Can’t you read me something, say—quick, don’t you see I’m going?” at length said the rich man, turning a frightened look toward the preacher.

The preacher, whose cravat was of the whitest, took a book with golden clasps from a marble table. And he read:

“And I say unto you it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God.”

“Who said these words—who—who—who?” fairly shrieked the dying man, shaking the hand which clenched the Dollar, at the preacher’s head.

The preacher hastily turned over the leaf and did not reply.

“Why did you never tell me of this before? Why did you never preach from it as I sat in your church? Why—why?”

The preacher did not reply, but turned over another leaf. But the dying man would not be quieted:

“And it’s harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God, is it? Then what’s to become of me? Am I not rich? What tenant did I ever spare, what debtor did I ever release? And you stood up Sunday after Sunday and preached to us, and never said one word about the camel. Not a word about the camel.”

The preacher, in search of a consoling passage, turned rapidly over the leaves, and, in his confusion, came to this passage, which he read:

“Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you; and shall eat your flesh as it were fire; ye have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.”

“And yet you never preached *that* to me?” shrieked the dying man.

The preacher, who had blundered through the passage from James, which we have quoted, knew not what to say. He was perchance terrified by the very look of his dying parishioner.

Then the wife drew near and strove to comfort him, and the son (who had been reading the will,) attempted a word or two of consolation.

But with the Dollar in his hand he sank into death, talking of stock, of rent, of copper mine and camel, of tenant and of debtor, until the breath left his lips.

Thus he died.

When he was cold the preacher rose and asked the lawyer whether the deceased had left

anything to such and such a charitable society, which had been engrafted upon the preacher's church.

And the wife closed his eyes and tried to wrench the Dollar from his hand, but in vain. He clutched it as though it were the only saviour to light him through the darkness of eternity.

And the son sat down with dry eyes and thought of the hundreds of thousands which were now his own.

Next day there was a hearse followed by a train of carriages nearly a mile in length. There was a crowd around an open grave, and an elegant sermon upon the virtues of the deceased by the preacher. There was fluttering of crape badges, and rolling of carriages, and —no tears. They left the dead man and returned to the palace where sorrow died even as the crape was taken from the door knob.

And in the grave the dead hand still clenched the DOLLAR.

LEGEND III.

THE DESTROYER OF THE HOMESTEAD.

It was a pleasant place that old Homestead, and though it's gone from us forever, the thought of it remains to me, and will not pass away. Lands you may mortgage, and stone and mortar you may sell, but the thought of one's Home—the memory of a dear old Homestead—is beyond the reach of the vultures of the Law. God be thanked you cannot mortgage *that*—the memory of the Homestead. I see it now; the house which stood near the road, the garden and the barn, with a glimpse of orchard trees back the lane. The house was of gray-stone, only two stories high—and there was moss upon its roof. It was full of old fashioned rooms, with thick walls and narrow windows—an unpretending sort of place, and yet the breath of the Past blows on me, whenever I fancy myself in those old fashioned rooms. And sometimes I think I hear the old clock striking deep and clear, as it used to strike when the Homestead was *ours*. Behind the house stood the barn with a pear tree near it; it was of dark gray-stone like the house, and its walls were thrown into view, by the garden which stretched behind it, toward the orchard. The garden was sacred to memory. Even the trough which sunk into the ground, at one side of the garden, was filled to the brim with the pure cold water of an over-welling spring—even the trough made of the trunk of a forest tree, and shaded by a thick growth of shrubbery—even that is sacred. The orchard too, with its trees, beneath whose roots men of the battle-field were buried—the orchard, how a breeze from the past tosses the fragrance from the white blossoms of the apple trees, scatters those blossoms over me, even now, when the Homestead has gone from us forever. And even that, our orchard, was not sacred from the Destroyer of the Homestead.

Now, you who like to read of battles—of scenes of magnificent interests, where nations are engaged and empire is the stake—cannot think how many interests clustered about our Homestead. So many of our name were born in that old house, so many died there. The walk that led through the garden to the orchard was trod by the people of four generations: father and son, for four generations, drank from the waters of the trough-bound spring. They are gone now—nearly all of them—and the graveyard where they sleep is not far away. I can remember the white hairs of an old man, who used to take me by the hand when I was a little child—I can remember the face of a mother, when she was young and beautiful, before the paleness overspread her cheek, and the grave-cough was heard—I can remember how again and again, as years passed on, we met in the graveyard, around a new made grave.

But I cannot distinctly remember how the old Homestead passed away. It seems hard to me, when I look over the broad earth of God, that this old house, the bit of land, could not be spared from the clutch of land sharper and mortgage hunter. And when escaping for an hour from the city, I go first to the graveyard, and count how many of us are there—and then back to the lane, and see how speculation has cut our orchard up into building lots—why I have queer thoughts about the fate of the Destroyer of the Homestead.

I think I could sit down with a murderer, and be cheerful with him, sooner than I could endure the sight of the Destroyer of the Homestead: for he is a Murderer of something more than flesh and blood. And yet I cannot tell precisely in what shape he came to blast our Homestead, whether as a land robber simply, or as a professional sharper, swindling with a law paper instead of a dice box; or yet as a seemingly pious man, blasting the family whose table had fed, whose roof had sheltered him. My memory is dim; I was but a child then; but the Record is written somewhere—and it is, may be, a Record that one day will bring Retribution. And I do not wish to know his name, or look upon his face: the world has many paths, but I never wish mine to fork with the path traversed by the Destroyer of the Homestead. May God forgive him.

For look you—it was our Home. Not big enough to excite envy; an humble sort of home; not large enough or rich enough (so one would think) to excite cupidity; a stone house, a barn, a garden and an orchard—O it might have been spared. The hoof of the Destroyer might have found another resting-place.

But we will go back to the Homestead, though it has gone into other hands. There are but few of us now—on our way to the grave, we will rest under the old apple trees, and drink of the garden spring. See! How they group around us once more—the old man with white hairs, his children, the father, and the mother, and their grandchildren, who are sisters—as the sun shines above us, the family is *complete again*. Drink once more of the clean spring water—sit awhile under the orchard trees—and then come into the house, and let us hear the old clock strike again—and your voices, how tone after tone, those well-remembered accents ring through the Home!—

—Only a dream. That is all. But a pleasant sort of dream to dream, as I sit alone, with the moon shining through the window. And I'd sooner dream this dream, than to have the gnawing thoughts of the Destroyer of the Homestead.

LEGEND IV.

A SEQUEL TO THE LEGENDS OF MEXICO.

The other night I had a most singular dream. I will tell you frankly how it happened—and in strict confidence mind you, that it goes no further. For this dream has filled me with singular ideas, and in this day of concealing one's thoughts, and only telling that which everybody is pleased to hear, I'm altogether afraid to make this dream public.

Between You and I then:

I was sitting in my room; the candle was burning low and the old Clock ticked through the silence, as though it was the Heart of my Home. I had been writing a Legend of Mexico. The pen lay on the Manuscript, and leaning back in my chair, a confused vision of battles fought with bayonets and knives—of cannons blazing hot through sulphureous smoke—of strong men grappling at each other's throats, and wrestling over ground red and slippery with human blood—a vision of all this and something more, passed between my eyes and the light. For I

had been writing of Monterey. I had been telling how a thousand men laid down their lives at Buena Vista. I had been picturing the Chivalry of War, which goes to Battle with Banners and Bugles, and meets the wave of Death with hurrahs, and now—

—Now I only saw a thousand corpses lie stiff and cold in dull moonlight, on a field that was soft and miry with blood.

Certainly there is something grand in war. The mere work of disciplining a vast body of men into the mystery of killing, demands the finest display of intellect. The impulse which induces the common soldier to stand up and shoot, and be shot at, is an impulse which, however misdirected, tells a great story of the intrinsic self-denial of the human soul.

And while I was thinking all this over, and thinking too, whether the very pictures of war and its chivalry which I had drawn, might not be misconceived and lead young hearts into an appetite for blood-shedding, the singular Dream came over me.

I'll tell it to you frankly. You must not repeat it for the world. You may lay it up in your heart and think it over, and tell it to the young folks, when you meet, now and then, but don't publish it. For it was such a singular, absurd, good-for-nothing and ridiculous dream.

And here it is:

I saw a wide expanse of forests and meadows, stretch indistinctly in the light of a daybreak sky. It was a wild and dreary view. Great hills towered above the forests; savage beasts glared with wicked eyes from the crevices of the rocks; wide rivers rolled through the meadows, and in the distance the Alleghenies lifted their awful peaks into heaven.

Day broke slowly over the desolate scene. And day only revealed the features of a wild expanse of forest land. A desert of rocks and trees and rivers and meadow lands, but a desert *because uncultivated*. This last idea was vividly impressed upon me, in my dream, and I also thought that I beheld a portion of that part of Pennsylvania, which has never heard the echo of an axe, or felt the wound of a plough upon its breast. That part, as you well know, is at least one-fifth of the entire state.

And while day was breaking, I heard a sound of drumming and fifeing; and presently banners began to gleam among the green leaves. The drums beat louder every moment, and soon a vast army broke into view, its legions, regiments and brigades, displaying far on either side, from the verge of the river along the meadow to the shadow of the forest trees.

It was a beautiful array.

Gay attire flashed in the light of the sun. Banners fluttered gaily in the summer air. Ten thousand men were arrayed in the order of battle. An awful contest was near at hand.

But where was the enemy?

That was what puzzled me.

At the head of the army rode the General, surrounded by his best and bravest officers.

It was Zachary Taylor—the bluff, hardy, common sense old veteran—on his white horse, and all around him were such men as Wool of Buena Vista, Butler of Monterey, and Ringgold of Palo Alto.

And the old General was sternly preparing for a terrible battle.

But what surprised me most of all, was the singular character of the soldiers' arms. A battalion of infantry wheeled over the meadow, and I saw every soldier holding a spade on his shoulder. Just think of it, a spade instead of a musket! Then the artillery wheeled by, and I beheld on every cannon carriage, a plough instead of a cannon. And then the mounted men came on, and every trooper carried an axe upon his shoulder; an axe such as you see in the hands of a backwoodsman, who has just commenced at the old forest oaks.

So, instead of cannon, musket and sword, here was an army armed with ploughs, spades and axes; and dressed gaily too, with drums beating and banners waving, and bedizened aides-de-camp riding to and fro.

At last old Zachary gave the signal word of battle. It was an awful moment. I expected

to see an ambushed enemy spring from the bushes, and tear the gallant man and his tried veterans all to pieces—for what could Zachary and his soldiers do with these ploughs and spades and axes and all that kind of thing, against a foe well armed with cannon, musquet and all the deviltry of war !

But then the battle commenced. It would have stirred your blood to have seen it. Wool rode to the head of the Artillery and gave the word “ Advance ! To your work my brave fellows ! ”

And at once, the Artillery unlimbered their ploughs, and the cannoniers spoke to the horses and then every company and squad moved forward in regular order, and the whole Regiment began to plough the meadow.

Then Butler came on with his mounted men. Look ! They dismount, they raise their axes in the sun, they rush forward, and attack the forest trees.

It was a gallant sight to see a thousand men, advance with one movement, strike with one blow, and attack a wide sweep of forest trees, with indomitable vigor.

Next, Taylor himself led on the infantry and they sunk their spades into the ploughed ground, and began to follow the ploughs and plant potatoes in the furrows. You should seen the old man cheering the Potatoe battalion to the charge.

Meanwhile in other parts of the field events as wonderful were taking place.

A Battalion of Carpenters, gaily attired, were sawing logs and making preparation for the erection of huts by the river side.

A Regiment of Masons were marching with all the pomp of war to a quarry and blasting rocks and hewing them into shape for building stone.

Ringgold led the Masons to the charge, while Duncan of Palo Alto cheered the Carpenters to their work.

It was wonderful to see how busy everybody was, and yet how beautifully all the regulations of severe military discipline were obeyed by this singular army. Butler was felling the forest ; Taylor led the Infantry at the heels of the Artillery—one planting and the other ploughing—Ringgold led his men to the encounter at the Quarry and Duncan cheered his soldiers as they hewed and sawed away at the immense logs.

Banners waved over every legion, battalion and regiment. Fifes piped merrily ; the whole army went to battle with cheers and loud hurrahs.

It would tire you if I were to tell you all the things which I saw in this singular dream.

Let me compress it in ten words.

The battle went on all day. Toward night I surveyed the field of contest. The meadow had been transformed into a ploughed field, with potatoes and wheat in its bosom. Lines of comfortable huts rose by the river side. Houses of stone also were there ; houses that had slept in the quarry the day before. A mile of forest trees had been felled. In a word the whole scene was changed.

And I thought—in my absurd dream—that this brave army went on, from day to day, conquering forests, building saw mills, ploughing meadows, and all to the beating of drums and waving of banners—all with the pomp and daring of blood-red war.

And I thought—in my absurd dream—that after a Campaign of Three Months, Zachary Taylor and his soldiers had transferred the Desert of Pennsylvania into a very garden, adorned with the homes of one hundred thousand poor men, who before the campaign began, had been starving in the suburbs of the Great Cities.

And I thought—in my absurd dream—that the cost of this campaign was in Dead—none—in wounded, one man cut by an axe, rather badly—another with his toe chopped off—and in Dollars, just One-Nineteenth part of the Dollars spent in the Mexican War.

And I thought—in my absurd dream—that the Name of this Army was not the Army of Occupation, nor of Invasion, but

THE INDUSTRIAL ARMY.

LEGEND V.

THE DARK SABBATH.

On a dreary day in the fall of 1831, a pale woman, poorly clad, was trudging along Water street with a babe in her arms. On the steps of an old brick mansion, stood a stout-built man, who was attired in a suit of black rather the worse for wear. His face was wrinkled; his solitary eye shone with all the fire of an active mind. This one-eyed Man, standing on the door-step of an old mansion, and absorbed by the cares of his daily labors, was much impressed by the faded face and poverty-stricken appearance of the poor woman.

Descending from the step, he touched her arm, and laid his hand upon the tattered shawl, which enveloped her sleeping babe.

"Who are you?" he said roughly, and with a strong foreign accent—"What you got there? Eh?"

His manner was almost rude, and yet something of kindness lighted his withered face, and shone from his solitary eye. The poor woman felt that there was a good heart within that threadbare coat; a good soul gleaming from that solitary eye. Therefore as she stood on the pavement, with a cold November sky above her, and throngs of "business men" and their workmen all around, she replied with the very frankness of poverty that is without a hope, save in God—

"I am a widow. My husband died last summer. I have tried to support myself and baby, by taking in plain sewing. But this fall I became ill—I was attacked with fever. And now ——"

Her pale face colored, and her wan eyes filled with tears.

The one-eyed man quietly placed a card in her hand.

"That is my name. Come and see me to-morrow. If you are too sick to work, you shall live in one of my houses. I will see whether some of the good people cannot do something to aid you."

Speaking thus, in his bluff way, and strong French accent, he also pressed a dollar in the hand of the widow, and was hurrying away when her voice arrested him—

"God bless you," she said, with a burst of tears—"And if my child lives to manhood, he shall learn your name and wear it in his heart till the last day of life—"

The one-eyed man turned abruptly—

"Your child?" he said—"your child is one year old? eh? Not more? Well, ten years from this day there will be a College built, in which your child may obtain an education. That is, if he is *not more than ten years old* when you apply. Ten years from to-day, if your child is living, he may enter my college. There he will be fed, clothed, taught a useful trade, and educated. D'ye hear me? Ten years from to-day?"

With these words the one-eyed man hurried away. The poor woman looked after his retreating form with tears in her eyes. She did not lose sight of him until he turned the corner of Market street. Then pressing the dollar in her fevered hand, she gazed into the face of her baby—a bright cheerful face, enveloped in her shawl, and sealed in slumber—and uttered aloud the name of which she had read upon the card.

"STEPHEN GIRARD."

Nine years passed away. Where was the widow—where her child? We cannot tell. Where was the College? Two Million Dollars had been bequeathed by Girard for its erection—that is, in his own words, for the erection of a building,

"Constructed with the most durable materials, and in the most permanent manner, avoiding needless ornament, and attending chiefly to the strength, convenience, and neatness of the whole."

Where was the College ! Out on Ridge Road stood a huge pile of marble, unfinished, and resembling the Ruins of a Grecian Temple. Where was the Two Million of Dollars ! Why out of the whole sum \$900,813 had been swallowed up by "loss on the sale of stocks;" in other words, "the United States Bank" had eaten a part of the Girard Fund, "City Corporation" another part, and "Pennsylvania Loan" a third slice. Take \$900,813 from Two Million and \$1,099,187 remains. And of this balance how much was expended in erecting a commodious building, without "*needless ornament?*" How much ?

Let us come down to the commencement of the year 1849. The Marble Pile is finished. It has been open since the first of January 1848. This is, you will remember, just **SEVENTEEN YEARS** after the death of Stephen Girard. Seventeen years ! 'Tis a long time. A generation may pass into the grave, and a new generation spring into existence in Seventeen years. Where is the Widow and her Child ? Let us look for them on this beautiful Sabbath-day.

Let us hasten to Girard College and survey the faces of the two hundred orphans, and ask for **ROBERT DOUGLASS**, the widow's child. But the thought is worse than idle. Robert Douglass if he is now alive, must be eighteen years old, and that is just eight years "*too late*" for admission into Girard College.

The Sabbath Sun which bathes the marble roof of Girard College, shines down into the recesses of a narrow court, in the upper part of the Quaker City. Shines through a small window into a room twelve feet by six in dimensions; a room with uncarpeted floor, cracked walls, and hearth without one gleam of fire.

A woman of some forty-five years is sitting there alone. She turns her restless eyes around the desolate apartment. Her dark hair is streaked with silver. Her tattered dress scarcely conceals her emaciated form. She gazes upon the bed with the ragged coverlet, upon the hearth without a coal, upon the table without a crust of bread. And she shudders with the cold, and turns her face to the wall. Yesterday the Landlord seized her things for rent—to-morrow she will be thrust into the street. A very hard picture of life, you say, but remember, it is only imaginary. Nothing like this ever occurred in the Quaker City.

"When will Robert return?" the Widow murmured, and turned her eyes to the door. Robert is her son—he was the babe on whom Girard laid his hand in blessing—he is now the rude, uneducated Outcast of the Quaker City. Without a trade, without a single rudiment of the commonest kind of schooling, he roves the great City, ragged in his attire, and sullenly ferocious in his instincts.

And yet he loves the poor Widow, his Mother, and has gone forth from this bleak room with the determination to win bread for her at any hazard.

There is yet another whom the Widow momentarily expects. It is Charles, the child of her husband's sister. He has been motherless for twelve years. For twelve years he has shared the crust and the cup of the poor Widow.

"Had Girard College been finished only two years sooner, Charles might have obtained a home, an education within its walls." The Widow chilled, sick from want of nourishment and fire, spoke her thoughts aloud : "In 1840, when Robert my son was ten years old, I went to one of the great folks of the City, and begged him to get him into Girard College. Well do I remember the answer of the great man ! 'Why Madam,' laughed he, 'the College won't be ready these ten years, and what's worse, half of the Two Million Dollars is gone to the dogs !' And in 1846 when Charles, my Nephew, was ten years old, I again went to the great man of the City. 'My nephew is without father or mother. He is in every way an orphan. For God's sake get him into Girard College.' And again he told me that the College was not

finished. They wanted a marble pillar more, or a dozen of 'em I forget which. And so it is that neither of my Orphans ever obtained admission into Girard College. It is a very queer world."

The Widow then remembered how happy in his very poverty, how rosy in his very dress of rags, Charles looked, as he left her an hour before, with an oil-skin wrapper under his arm. He was a newsboy. He made a few pennies by selling the Daily Papers, and the oil-skin was intended to protect his wares from the rain and snow.

And on the Sabbath Morning he had gone forth to sell papers on a Sunday. 'Twas a wicked deed. And yet the hearth was without a coal, the table without a crust. Poor Charley meant it for the best when he issued forth to sell papers on a Sunday.

"You see Mother"—he always called her Mother, although he was only her Nephew—"I don't like to sell papers on a Sunday. No more I don't. But I did not make much yesterday a-cause of the snow, an' Bob's been out o' work, an' somethin' *must* be done. When I make the first leven-penny-bit I'll be back with a loaf of bread under one arm, and a couple o' sticks o' wood under tother."

And with these words he had gone forth. Thus the Widow's son and her nephew were out in the great Quaker City, on Sabbath Day, hunting bread.

And the Widow, hungry, sick, and cold, waited for their return.

She waited very long. The sunshine brightened over the desolate room, and faded again, and yet they did not appear.

The Church bells pealed merrily, telling that Church was out, and that all good people were going from a comfortable sermon to a comfortable dinner. But the Widow had no sermon but that which was written by the sunshine on the naked floor. No dinner—but the table without a crumb and the hearth without a fire.

"Robert! Charles! When will they come back!" thus she murmured, as the time crept on: "I am very sick, and so hungry and so cold. God help the poor on Sabbath Day, of all the days in the year!"

The sunshine began to creep away from the dreary place. The court grew darker, and the room darker, and the wind moaned dismally through the chinks of the door, and yet the boys of the Widow did not return.

It is not our purpose to picture the yearning watch which the Widow kept all day in that miserable room. How she started up when a step was heard in the Court—how she pressed her face against the window, and looked long and earnestly toward the street—how she moaned, and prayed, and joined her withered hands together, and said, "God help the poor on Sabbath Day, of all the days in the year!"

Night came at last, but without the happy face of Charles, or the sullen visage of Robert her son.

And the Widow laid her cold cheek against the cold wall, and God alone knew what was passing in her heart.

Morning found her there. Her face still to the wall, her limbs contracted with cold, and her withered hands gathering a ragged coverlet to her breast. She looked very much like a dying woman.

"Charles! Robert!" — she said — very faint her voice, and low and husky—"Why do you not return?"

After this she was silent for a long time. Her eyes were fixed upon the wall, but they were motionless. The tattered coverlet laid upon her arms and over her breast, but it did not move. The breast was pulseless, the arms stiff and rigid.

"My God, the woman is dead!" was the exclamation of a neighbor, who wondering at the silence of the Widow's house, had passed through her door, as the Monday morning sunshine was streaming through the window.

But the neighbor had not much time for wonder, for a voice resounded at her side—

“Is this where the Widow Douglass lives?” said a voice hoarse with cigars, rum, and late hours.

The speaker was a bloated man, with carbuncles on his nose, and an odor of the gutter pervading him from head to foot.

“The Widow Douglass lives here,” answered the neighbor.

“Come. I’m Police Officer; I am. An’ I came to see her about her children. She has two, Robert and Charles? Hey! Well, yesterday mornin’ Bob was nabbed for stealin’ a loaf of bread, an’ *he’s sure* of two years and six months in Moyemensin’, for the Judge is a reg’lar buster on poor devils as steals a loaf o’ bread. And Charles, d’ye hear—Charley’s been in the lock-up all night—the young convict *was caught a-sellin’ papers on a Sunday*. I want to see their mother. I’m here on the part of the authorities.”

“There she is,” said the neighbor—and pointed toward the dead woman.

Even the Police Officer was touched by the sight of that dead face, which glowed in the cheerful sunshine.

“Dead!” he cried. “Why I vow if she has not written somethin’ on the wall afore she froze to death.”

It was true. The poor woman in the darkness, had, with a bit of charcoal, traced certain rude words upon the dingy wall:

God help the poor on Sabbath day, of all the days in the year.

LEGEND VI.

THE MONSTER WITH THREE NAMES.

Gregory Grunakle lived in a hollow, on the shores of the Hudson, near the town of Po’kepsie. His home a two story house, built of dark gray-stone, and with a stoop before the door. Before the stoop rose a Buttonwood, which shaded the house in summer, and in winter displayed its silver-white trunk to sunbeams and snow. Behind the house was the corn-crib, chicken-coop, and the barn. The corn-crib displayed a golden store of ears through its white-washed bars; the chicken-coop sheltered a various brood from the little bantam up to the grave Dominique maton; and the stable was the home of a quiet brown nag, with white feet and a figure X on her forehead.

Gregory was well-to-do in the world. He had a \$1000 per year; the interest on his money. He was a quiet old bachelor, with slim legs, a form a little too round below the waist, and a face which would have reminded you of a full moon, had it not been for the sharp, projecting aquiline nose. Gregory’s lips were thick—that smacked of good cheer. Gregory’s small eyes were hidden in fat wrinkles—that smacked of Scotch ale.

The only persons who occupied the home, called Grunakle Hollow, beside himself were a negro servant and his maiden sister.

The maiden sister Polly Grunakle was a pale faced quiet little body, whose life was made up of her household cares from Monday morning to Saturday night, and on Sunday morning a visit to a neighboring church, followed by a dish of tea and gossip at the house of some friendly sister.

Sam, the black man was a character. His master wore a blue coat and nankeen pants, in summer: so did Sam. His master wore a gray overcoat, in winter: so did Sam. His master secluded away books and knowing nothing of the world, save what was conveyed by the

papers, which reached him every day from New York, had a great hankering after Philosophy: so had Sam. His master was wont to dwell bitterly upon particular evils which threatened the peace of the world, from time to time: so was Sam.

Then, when in 1835, or thereabout, the morning papers spoke of one Loco-Foco, Gregory was seized with a great horror of the mysterious personage. Loco-Foco haunted his dreams. He more than once ordered Sam to gear up Loco-Foco, as he wanted to take a ride, and was only reminded of his error by the unfeigned horror pictured on the face of Sam.

In the years 1836-7 the horror of Loco-Foco was replaced by another and more formidable terror. One CRISIS was doing a fearful work in New York. Whether CRISIS was a savage monster from the Sandwich Islands, or whether he was a Belgian Giant on a private tour of Assassination through America, or whether he was a whole banditti, sworn to ravage Wall street every day, between the hours of nine and three o'clock—Gregory could not tell. But he came to the conclusion that Crisis was a terrible personage. And Sam agreed with him.

Sam was only different from his Master in personal appearance. He was minus a leg and an eye. The leg he lost at a blasting of a quarry, when he was only twenty years of age. The eye had been "gouged" at a colored camp-meeting when he was twenty-three. Thus it was that while Gregory was seen pacing along his garden, with a huge white cane, Sam was seen limping at his heels, supported by a single crutch. Gregory enjoyed the glorious landscapes of the Hudson without turning his head. Sam could only look upon one side of creation at a time: first up the river and then down.

Now, it is the particular purpose of this narrative to tell how in the beginning of the year 1849, Gregory and Sam was seized by a Fear, which not only exceeded all their other fears, but at last, on the first day of February, drove them from their peaceful home.

This fear was derived from the New York City papers of the year 1848. Every day in the year Gregory was kept at fever heat by these papers. Sam was also kept at the burning point. The FEAR of the public papers, was described in innumerable articles, which filled their columns. Their articles portrayed the doings of a Monster who had arisen in France,—emigrated to America—and was loose in the street called Broadway. This Monster was without mercy. He devoured children. He made his daily lunch on half-grown maidens. He supped on aged men. He was the desolater of the moral and physical world. All the plagues of Egypt were embodied in his form. He was the plague of flies, locusts, darkness; everything that was bad. Satan himself was a schoolboy compared with this Colossal wickedness of the Nineteenth Century.

The newspapers called the awful personage by the word—SOCIALIST. Therefore Gregory called him SOCIALIST. Therefore Sam took up the story, and talked of nothing from morning till night but this Socialist, or as he called him in his peculiar dialect—SOLEYSAIST.

Sometimes the New York papers changing their tune, called the horrible desolater, by the name of "RED REPUBLICAN." Gregory, and with him Sam, took up the story; it was nothing but Red Republican from morning till night, or "Bed Republican," Sam had it. Last of all, came another fearful name for the desolater, also derived from the New York Papers. This name impressed both Gregory and Sam with awe. It had an unearthly sound. It was composed of few syllables—"FOU-RI-ER-ITE." Gregory rung all the changes on this word: Sam talked of nothing else, but "Fieryite" all day long. In a word quiet Polly the maiden sister of Gregory, was wont often to whisper in a quiet way to her neighbours, that these three words would be the death of her. She breathed them, smelt them, took them with her meals. Socialist was bad enough—Red Republican enough to drive anybody into a decline, but this last word Fourierite broke her heart.

"O," she would often exclaim in her moments of guileless confidence—"If I could only get acquainted with some respectable Robinson Crusoe, as went to Church, and as would marry

me, and take me to live on some desert island, where I'd never hear of Socialist, Red Republican, or Fourierite again!"

Gregory, as we have said, was secluded from the world. All that he heard of the world was derived from the daily papers, and daily papers of a particular class. Brooding over these three terrible words throughout the year 1848, Gregory in the beginning of the year 1849, began to get wrong in his upper story.

"Sam, load my pistols," he said one morning—"Pack up my things. We'll go to New York, Sam. We'll hunt up this Socialist. We'll seek out this Red Republican. We'll track to his den this Fourierite. Won't we Sam?"

"Lor yis Massa," was Sam's response; "But what fur?"

"What fur?" thundered Gregory—"We'll see the reason why he goes about discomposing Society at this terrible rate. We'll learn why he eats little children. We'll finally chase him into a corner and put him to death. Wont we Sam?"

"Of co'se Massa," replied Sam!

Accordingly the trunks were packed, the pistols loaded and by daybreak the next morning Gregory Grunakle and Sam were on their way to New York, determined to ferret out the Phantom-Desolater called FOURIERITE, or die in the attempt.

And next day about twelve o'clock up Broadway passed Gregory Grunakle in his gray coat with steel buttons, with his bone-head stick in hand, and his wide-rimmed black beaver on his head. And after him, hopping on his crutch, came Sam his servant and brother Philosopher also dressed in gray, with his solitary eye, shaded by a black beaver with a broad rim.

From that hour for one week, nothing reached the ears of Polly Grunakle, concerning her brother or his servant. It was a great relief however to her, that she heard nothing more of Socialist, Fourierite or Red Republican.

At length, however, a letter came, directed in a bold round hand to "Miss Polly Grunakle, Grunakle Park, near Po'kepsie."

Polly opened it, and read the following brief description of her Brother's adventures, written in his peculiarly quaint and memorandumic style:

Astor House, Feb. 22, 1849.

DEAR POLLY—

I send you a transcript from my Journal, for the past week. Determined to discover this Monster or die. Your loving and affectionate

GREGORY GRUNAKLE.

Here followed the Journal, headed as follows:

JOURNAL OF GREGORY GRUNAKLE.

While in New York, on the public welfare, engaged in hunting out the Monster of the World, so often spoken of in the New York papers, and variously known by the names of SOCIALIST, RED REPUBLICAN, and FOURIERITE.

N. B. This journal is written day after day, so that posterity may know what has become of me, in case I fall a victim to this sanguinary Monster.

N. B. No. 2. Sam has directions from me to enclose a copy of this journal in a bottle, and drop it in the North River, so that in case of my disappearance the tide may bear it up to Po'kepsie, and inform my dear sister of my fate.

Friday, Feb. 16, 1849. This day commenced my researches. Heard that an Editor in this town took Black mail. Slandered people at so much per line. Pryed into the secrets of families. Hunted up all the dirt and garbage of the gutters of society, and puts it in his paper. Concluded that this Editor must be a Socialist—a Red Republican at least if not a Fourierite. Accordingly went to see him. Was astonished to hear him declare that he hated Fou-

rierism worse than he did the Devil. He swore quite profanely at Red Republicanism. Wished all Socialists were hung. Came away perplexed.

MEM. *There is one scoundrel in the world who is not a Fourierite. Fact.*

Saturday, Feb. 17. Heard of a Merchant up town who got rich by robbing the poor. Got up banks that were only fit to break—established Copper Mining Companies, based only upon the brass in his forehead—seduced his friend's wife—broke his own daughter's heart by marrying her to a man old enough to be her grandfather. Was certain that this man was a Fourierite, or a friend of the horrid Desolater, Red Republican. Went up town—had an interview. Was astonished to hear him use these remarkable words: "Sir, I esteem these Socialists the incendiaries of the moral world. They would destroy the sanctity of marriage. They would introduce dishonesty into the commercial world. I'd rather be a Devil than a Socialist." Came away.

MEM. *A man may get rich by robbing the poor—may seduce his neighbor's wife—and break the heart of his own daughter, without being a Socialist.*

Sunday, Feb. 18. Got up in low spirits. So did Sam. Two days and two nights we've been hunting after this Monster with Three names, and still unsuccessful! Just heard of a Church worth forty Millions of dollars. 'Tis said this Church owns one mile of houses, occupied as places of infamous resort. 'Tis said, that this Church got all this land, and all this money, by robbing the poor, and particularly the heirs of one Anneke Jans Bogardus. Am sure that this Church is owned by Red Republicans. Feel quite certain that it is frequented by Socialists and Fourierites. Will go there—

Twelve o'clock, P. M. Went to the Church to-day. To my extreme astonishment heard a red-hot sermon against "Socialists." The Preacher said that "all Fourierites were the children of the Devil." Church is *not* owned by Fourierites, but *is* owned by Christians.

MEM. *A Church may steal Forty Millions of Dollars, and still hate the very name of Socialist.*

Monday, Feb. 19. Low spirits. So is Sam. Still unsuccessful. Where does this hideous Monster keep himself? This three-fold Socialist, Red Republican, and Fourierite! Waited to-day on a Rich Man's son, who had dishonoured a poor man's daughter, and left her to starve in her shame. "Are you a Fourierite?" said L. D——n you, sir, what do you take me for? I may now and then ruin some poor girl, that is true, but my *doctrine*—that is my *belief*, is as straight as Trinity spire. Fourierite indeed!" I then came away. So did Sam.

MEM. *A rich man's son may ruin a poor man's daughter—leave her to rot in her poverty and shame—and yet have a correct idea of Religion; hate Fourierites, and all that sort of thing.*

Tuesday, Feb. 20. Heard of a Congressman who voted for flogging the Sailors. Went to see him. Asked him if he was not a Socialist! He got in a rage, and d——d me for an Infidel and a Fourierite. Hard that. Sam thought so.

MEM. *A Congressman may receive eight dollars a day for voting the sailors' back full of lashes, and yet hate the very name of Socialist.*

Wednesday, Feb. 21. Went to Philadelphia last night. Heard of a Moral Editor—so called—whose betrayed victim hides her sorrows in a Mad-House. Went on to see him. Asked him if he was not a Fourierite! Handed me his paper, containing two columns of abuse—abuse of Socialists, Fourier, and Red Republicans. Queer?

MEM. *A man may edit a Moral paper, while his victim withers in a Mad-House, and yet hate the very sound of "FOURIERITE."*

LEGEND VII.

THE FALSE BROTHER.

Tread lightly! True, the night is still, and a calm moon shines brightly through the window, as, lamp in hand, you approach the bed,—but tread lightly! No storm heralds your purpose. There is no convulsion of nature to mark the foulness of the deed which you are about to do. Within the old farm house all is silent. Without the moon sleeps quietly upon the walls of the old place, surrounded as it is by cultivated fields, rich with trees, that are heavy with the summer's fruitage.

You are alone in the old farm house. You are alone in the oldest room of the homestead; there is no human eye to watch you. You have locked the door which leads into the entry; you have surveyed each nook and corner of the room; even the old fashioned chairs, and desk of dark walnut have not escaped your searching glance.

And now, lamp in hand, you approach the bed,—and tremble as you go. You change color. You are cold. You are afraid. You do tread lightly, for you are afraid of the sound of your own footstep.

You reach the bed,—what is there to scare you? A dying man, who, with head thrown back upon the pillow, is gasping his last breath, as he picks at the coverlet with his wasted hands. See! Your lamp flashes upon his withered features and gray hairs,—damp, damp with the death-sweat.

Why do you start and tremble? He is your FATHER. You are his SON. What crime have you committed? None. What crime are you about to commit —— ah, well may you turn your head over your shoulder, as though you expected HER GHOST to start from the floor, and frighten you from your purpose.

HER GHOST! The ghost of your sister. She is dead now. The clover is blooming on her breast. But her children live, they are orphans; they are abroad upon the world.

And those children of your dead sister, you are about to defraud—you are about to rob them of their Mother's heritage.

Well may you be afraid!

But the old man is sinking fast. He babbles in his delirium. Get you pen and paper, quick,—quick,—or he will be dead. Affix his signature to the Will, and the work is done. But you must be quick about it,—fast, fast, he sinks,—he is going—quick about it! Now's your time.

And you have placed the lamp upon the chair. You have laid the Will upon the bed. You take his hand already chilled by death; you insert the pen between the thumb and fingers; you guide that hand, and trace *his* signature upon the paper.

And as you do it, he in his delirium,—your old father,—babbles of Heaven, of Home, and of his Daughter who has gone before him.

And yet you do not pause. Your sister was kind to you when you had no friends. She fed you when you were hungry; she clothed you when you were in rags; she gave you home when you were homeless. And now, you have robbed her children—robbed them of their Mother's heritage, and sent them drifting upon the wave of poverty and temptation!

O, it is a wicked deed, that you have done: fold up the Will; turn away from the old man, and call your witnesses, who wait without the door.

"This is my father's signature. You see it, my friends? Made of his own free will. You will witness it. *He* is sleeping now. May be he'll be better in the morning."

They do witness it, and as they leave the room, you are left alone with the dying old man. You have the Will. Yes, that is safe. The moon shines calmly through the window-pane, and the lamp shines on his death-chilled face. Hark! He murmurs a word or two of his dead daughter,—do you hear him call her name? Is your heart all stone? Listen,—he babbles,—

“The children,—her children,—take care of her children.”

Can you hear those words, and not relent?

No. You turn away from the dying old man, and approach the window. You look forth. A pleasant prospect! Orchards, wheat-fields, and meadow lands, and a brave old wood,—the moon shines on them all.

“And these are mine,—yes,—all mine!”

And you fold the will to your heart.

But think a moment. Your Sister was born in this old house. Don’t you remember her? How she grew to womanhood within these walls,—as beautiful as she was good,—the very Light of the Homestead!

Don’t you,—let me whisper it in your ear,—don’t you remember the day when she lay in her coffin, in the room beneath the one in which you stand? How you took her children, one by one by the hand and told them to look their Last upon their Mother’s Face!

You do **REMEMBER**. You cannot **FORGET**. And yet the will is made; the hand of a delirious man has traced the signature; the witnesses have signed their names; you are the Sole Heir of your Father’s Estate.

I can see you standing there by the window,—the moonlight upon your face,—and the lamp-light upon the visage of your dying father. I can hear him moan his Daughter’s name. How his voice breaks on the stillness!

“Take care of the children,—*her* children,”—these are his words.

And you have taken *care* of them! While their Mother is mouldering, they may be suffering the last extremes of poverty,—may be battling with hunger and temptation,—and you will never give one thought of them. Should they cross your path you will not even *know* them. You have the Will; it is safe; you are the Owner of the Homestead. Ah, I would not wear your thoughts for the wealth of Astor and Girard.

LEGEND VIII.

SINGULAR DREAM OF MR. CALHOUN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 12, 1850.

Mr. Editor: The other morning at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know that he is altogether a venerable man with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow-white. He is tall, thin, and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his Fatalism the brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that iron Necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning, at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited

attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs, and he is a Member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a *flurried* manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing! Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical delusion, I suppose."

Of course, these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly—"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand—"however, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it."

Of course, the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room, engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor who entered, and without a word, took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant, that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room, and all within it, belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thick cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke—

"What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?" he said.

I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily—

"I am writing a plan for the Dissolution of the American Union, (you know gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of Dissolution in the event of *certain* contingencies!)"

To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible:

"Senator from South Carolina will you allow me to look at your hand, your right hand."

He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me, like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events have called back to life. The features were those of George Washington, yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than **GEORGE WASHINGTON**. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office—"

—Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause—"Well, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed:

—"This intruder I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange chill pervade me at his touch, he grasped it, and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly *dead-alive* look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, He looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way—

"And with this right hand, Senator from Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper, declaring the Union dissolved?"

I answered in the affirmative. "Yes!" said I, "If a *certain* contingency arises I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution."—But at that moment, a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. "What is that?" cried I, alarmed I know not why, at the blotch upon my hand.

‘That; said He, dropping my hand. ‘That is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.’

He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed upon the table—placed it upon the very paper which I was writing.

That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton.

‘There,’ said He, ‘There are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life, in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian and so are *you*! But there was no blotch upon his right hand—’

“With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man’s bones and—awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream!”

All the company answered in the affirmative—Toombs muttered, “singular, very singular!” at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his head between his hands, seemed buried in thought.

LEGEND IX.

RELIGION.

RELIGION, good friends, does not consist in marble pillars, nor in costly vestments, much less in the ritual of printed prayers. It does not consist in creed nor in anti-creed. It is creedless. When you can bottle the sunshine, and lay tax upon the air of Heaven, then you may attempt to harness Religion in the gear of creeds. Religion is that confidence in God, which impels us always to trust in him. It is the sublimation of the affection which exists between the child and the father. The child, having *confidence* in the father, will attempt to do the Father’s will. It will trust in the Father through every storm of doubt and adversity. Satisfied that “he doeth all things well,” it will hang its soul upon his word, and take its fate at his hands. Religion is that trust in God, which is hope to us, when we stand by the grave of a beloved one. It is that confidence, which in the hour of death, tells us that we are not dying, —only “going home.” Marriage is Religion. The love of husband and wife is Religion. The affection of brother and sister is Religion. The love of father and son, of mother and daughter, of mother and son, of father and daughter—these all are Religion. Note-shaving is not Religion. Marble pillared churches are not religion. The swindling of poor men by learned Bishops is not religion. Robbing your neighbors six days in the week, and going to Church on the Seventh is not Religion. Devoting a life-time to gathering pennies is not Religion. Preaching a creed which teaches John the Presbyterian to hate James the Catholic, is not Religion. Religion is not found in elegant churches, or prettily bound books—much less is it heard from the lips of Smooth-speech, the polite preacher, or Sodom-speech the wrath-preacher.

—You are religious. I am religious. When God created us, he made us so. When we are abroad in the fields, on a clear day, in the sunny air, by the waterside, among the flowers, we *feel* our hearts go up to him in thankfulness. On a dark day, we see God beyond the leaden clouds. When Death comes to our homes, we trust in *HIM*, and in the silence of the death room—when the one whom we loved is in the coffin—we feel that God is with us.

That he did not create us to be miserable. That his brightest rainbows succeed the darkest clouds. That he, is the Father of Us All.

—Do not talk of Religion, as of a thing which you can coffin in a creed or jail up in a church. God himself—through his Bible of Revelation and through his Bible of stars and flowers—tells you, that you utter a lie.

—Woe to the man of creeds, who attempts to wrest this Religion from the heart of suffering, toiling, hoping Men! Woe to the blasphemer, who paints God with a face ever angry—a hand ever grasping thunderbolts! The woe of sin unpardonable, descends upon such a man.

—Religion, good friends, is simply that confidence in God, which teaches the Child to trust in its Father. Could you and I go down into the valley, where the Lord Christ is sitting among his people—even by the lake of Galilee—we would never again talk of Religion as a thing of symbols and creeds.

LEGEND X.

THE INFIDEL.

THE INFIDEL—who shall paint the picture of this unfortunate man? The infidel says with his lips that he believes in God, but his life proves only too well, that he believes in nothing but the Power of Money. The infidel goes to church on Sunday, and on Monday scours Third street, or Wall street, in search of prey. He listens to a sermon which tells him that the Saviour lived among the poor—died for the poor—and the very next day your Infidel raises the rent upon his poor tenants, or pitches both tenants and their furniture into the streets. The Infidel hates bitterly, and does all his hating in the name of God. Does he call himself a Catholic? Then he hates the Presbyterian. Does he call himself a Presbyterian? Then he vents all his hatred upon the very name of Catholic. Talk not to the Infidel of “good tidings to the poor.” This is all saw-dust in his mouth. The poor, in his eyes, are only so much raw material, out of which so much money may be made. He looks upon the New Testament as a dangerous book—it speaks so pointedly about those Infidels to the God of Love, “*who make long prayers and devour widows' houses.*” The Infidel is a great Bank man. Behind the counter of a Bank, he is in his element; but it is at the green board of the broker that he appears sublime. How he worships his God to the music of clinking dollars and rustling bank notes! How he offers up victims at the shrine of his Golden Moloch! How he pours over the cash book which comprises at once his Bible and his Prayer Book! And while he has no faith in the God of all eternity—no love for the Lord of Nazareth—he makes himself a bank note God, and sets it up in Third street, or Wall street, and says—not with words but with every action of his life—“There is one God, and his name is the Dollar. There is one virtue, and that is written in two words—Get Money. There is one sin and one only—The Want of Money.”

Sometimes the Infidel subscribes largely to moral and religious charities, and has his name put in the papers in real Abbot Lawrence style. Then woe to the poor! For every dollar which he publicly gives, the Infidel privately steals a hundred.

—Teach your children to beware of the example of these Infidels. Teach them that the money which the Infidel wrings from the hand of Poverty will only serve at last, to sink his coffin deeper into the recess of an infamous grave.

LEGEND XI.

THE MEN WHO WILL FREE THE WORLD.

THE MEN WHO WILL FREE THE WORLD, are not to be found among the crowds who boast of military glory, of imperial or lordly lineage, or of papal power. You will never find the face of a Reformer, under the shadow of a chapeau, a crown or a mitre. Generals, Princes and Popes, are good enough to supply a name, for the fable writers who compose the history of an age, but the men who do the work of Reform, are not often favored with a niche in the temple of history. Still they *do* the work. Very humble men, toiling with their hands for daily bread, they set in motion the car of destiny, and give the first impulse to the wheel of Revolution. The car crushes them, and the wheel rends them, and their names are blotted out in history—but their work lives. Think of this, ye Thousand workers of America, who now in workshop and at loom, are planning and doing the welfare of mankind. Your work will live. But your names will be blotted out. History is not for such as you. History is for the General who can cut the greatest number of throats, or for the Cain Napoleon who can build the most lies, or for the Pope who can murder the largest amount of Romans. Your part is the toil in the dark, whose fruit shall ripen in broad day. Your part is to form the retinue of the Men whom you have made Great. You are in fact the noughts of humanity, who convert the units into millions. But work on. Think out your thought. Put that thought into action. Thus will you bless humanity. Other men will reap the reward of your labor, but in the hour of your gloomiest obscurity, remember—**God is above you.** It is a good remembrance. That the God of all earth and heaven, watches over you, and that he has in reserve, a future state—a Better World—where all the unjust accounts of this earth, will be corrected and made straight. It is good to feel the full force of these words—**TRUST IN GOD.** And the man who spends his life, for the good and comfort of others, may take them home to his soul. There is power in those words.

And the Men who now are hiding their sunburnt foreheads in the caverns of society—the Men who one day will come up, and free the world, and then sink into night again—may write these words in their hearts.

LEGEND XII.

TEMPLES BUILT UPON HUMAN SKULLS.

“THESE SPLENDID TRIUMPHS of architecture, the Coliseum, the Parthenon delight me not,” said a traveller who had journeyed over the globe. “While others find beauty in every pillar, and sublimity in every arch, I can only think of the millions of slaves, who spent their sweat and blood—nay their lives—to rear these magnificent monuments of stone and mortar.” How often has this expression occurred to me, while looking upon some of the big edifices of a great city. A speculator who has got rich by fraud, rears a huge pile of brick and mortar, or of red sandstone or granite, and then gravely calls upon everybody to admire his enterprize. Enterprize! Why for every stone in his building, some widow has been robbed,—not an inch of mortar, from foundation stone to roof, but has been mixed with the tears of want and misery. Enterprize! Your speculator is not an Indian; he is too well civilized to wear the scalps of his victims. In the place of scalp, he takes stone and mortar, and rears a huge edifice, and says—“Behold the monument which I have built with the flesh and blood of my ten thousand victims.” And people quote him as an example to the young, and columns are written about great Muggins who was *poor*, but now is *rich*. Why if every stone in his building could suddenly take its original shape, the whole pile would disappear, and an army of wronged laborers, of plundered widows, of cheated orphans, throng the street. “Enterprize!” Jugger-naut would be a better word.

B R O T H E R H O O D

V E R S U S

A T H E I S T I C S E C T A R I S M.

L T H E D R E A M.

I have had a singular and grotesque dream. In its very grotesqueness, you may find a meaning. Listen.

I beheld an immense plain, which was overshadowed by a gloomy twilight. A leaden sky was above, and a black gloomy earth below.

At either extremity of this vast plain, rose a structure like a rostrum or pulpit. The structure in the east was occupied by a man who wore robes glistening with embroidery of jewels and gold, and with a cross upon the breast. The pulpit on the west was tenanted by a man in black clothes, and with a white cravat.

Now, between these Two Pulpits, extended the immense plain, with the leaden sky overhead, and all around it a thick, unutterable gloom. That plain was crowded by countless millions of human beings of all races, nations, and ages,—men and women, and children,—who moved to and fro through the gloom. They all seemed to be doing the same deeds, and suffering the same evils, which we see every day, in the world around us. The misery that was there, the wealth that was there, the luxury and the poverty, that moved there, side by side, no tongue can tell. There were rich men, seated on piles of gold, and with every comfort of life around them; and there were poor men, who had no crust of bread. There were women who sold their purity for a bit of bread; and men who did murder for a morsel of food. There were fatherless children, whom everybody scorned, and no one clothed, no one fed. There was wealth and rags, discord, and theft, and murder, sensual comfort and fathomless misery,—all going on their ways, over that immense plain, and under that twilight sky.

It was terrible to see so many million faces moving dimly through the gloom.

And all the while the two pulpits rose,—the one in the east and the other in the west.

Now it seemed to me, that God had given to the occupant of each pulpit a certain Word, which, once pronounced, would fill this plain with light; and turn all their infernal contrast of selfish wealth and fathomless misery, into one harmonious scene of calm happiness and enduring peace.

God—so it seemed to me, in this very strange grotesque dream,—had given the word to the occupants of both pulpits,—to the man with the white cravat and the man with the Gold Cross on his breast.

And behind each pulpit,—both to the east and west,—all was sunshine. There extended,—

both to the east and west,—a happy prospect of hills and valleys, crowded with Homes, and these Homes swarming with the faces of honest men, pure women, and happy children. All was sunshine there, to the east and west, but between these two pulpits all was darkness, misery, disease, the contrast of hideous misery and luxury that fed on human blood.

Now, it seemed to me, that were the occupants of the Pulpits but to Pronounce the Word, given to them by God, that the dreary plain, and its many millions of men and women and children, would at once be transformed into such scenes, as extended in sunlight, behind each pulpit, to the east and west. That word pronounced the desolation would bloom with flowers, and with the fruits of Labor. Happy homes would rise in the clear sunshine. Those rich men, now crouching their money-bags would hail as Brothers these Poor men, now starving, thieving, and murdering for a bit of bread. One word would do all this,—one word, given by God to the occupants of these pulpits,—only a single word,—and—

And so much was I impressed with the power that was in that Word,—so much was I wrung in my very soul by the misery which went to and fro, over that dreary plain,—so much was I cheered by the glorious sunshine, which behind each Pulpit, shone from a clear sky on happy homes and glad faces,—that I sank on my knees in the centre of the desolation,—in the centre of the countless millions,—and I waited, O how intensely I waited for the utterance of that Word.

But did the occupants of these pulpits utter it? Did the Man, in the white cravat there far in the West,—did he utter it? Did that Man in the East,—far, far in the East, with the gold cross on his breast, did he utter it?

No! no! The yell of despair, and the shout of drunken luxury, ascended in their ears mingling in horrible chorus, but neither of them spoke the Word. What did they do?

Why, over the heads of that countless crowd, they shook their clenched hands in each other's faces,—and shouted angrily to each other,—their voices rising over the sobs of the millions. Yes, from the extremities of that vast plain, each perched on his pulpit,—each claiming to be the Messenger appointed by God to pronounce that holy and ineffable Word,—they *quarrelled* with each other! If the scene had not been so steeped in fathomless misery, it would have been laughable. They shook their clenched hands, and with set teeth and angry eyes, debated with each other,—millions dying between their pulpits at every word,—and debated about the authenticity of their commissions. There was something horribly grotesque in their debate —I listened to it with a feeling between laughter and horror.

“Your commission, to say that holy word, is not as good as my commission,”—screeched the Man in the West.

“Bah!” growled the Man in the East,—“Your commission is not worth that!” and he snapped his thumb and forefinger,—“You wear a White Cravat, —”

“And you a Golden Cross,”—fiercely interrupted the Man in the West,—“Now I can prove that golden crosses are all miserable idolatry,”—and he screeched and shook his clenched hand—

“And I,—I,—I,—” thundered the Man in the East,—“I can prove that white cravats have been condemned by God through all ages,—in fact, —” And he thundered and shot fiery glances from his eye, and shook his clenched hand.

O, it was horribly laughable!

These Two, especially commissioned by God to pronounce the Word, which should change all this Desolation into Life,—and there, perched on their high pulpits, they stood shaking fists and making mouths at each other, while millions were dying at every word, and dying between them,—starving, robbing, murdering, in that vast plain which extended between their pulpits.

You can judge for yourself how far this Dream embodies a just picture of the theological combatants of eighteen hundred years—those gladiators of hollow controversy, who, for eighteen centuries, have been fighting their sterile battle, with the corse of Humanity stretched between them.

And you can also judge for yourself how far this Dream embodies a just picture of those two persons,—one Catholic the other Protestant,—who lately joined battle, and proved to the satisfaction of their respective audiences, that Catholicism and Protestantism were *both declining*.

On the eve of dreary winter, with the evidences of the crime and misery of a Large City, staring him in the face, John Hughes, a most reverend Archbishop, can think of no better way of healing the crime and alleviating the misery, than by a Lecture on the—*decline* of Protestantism.

And in answer to John Hughes, the most reverend Archbishop, a number of Protestants and D. D.'s, set stoutly to work to cure all the evils of Humanity by proving to their own satisfaction, that—*Catholicism is declining*.

But while these controversialists are shaking fists and making mouths at each other, what becomes of the great mass of Humanity, whom the **MASTER** came to help and heal? What becomes of the poor of the large cities, in the depth of winter, without bread or fire? What becomes of poor Womanhood, too often forced to sell honor for a bit of bread?

O, your pulpit gladiators cannot answer. They have more serious work to do. So that they can respectively prove that Protestantism or Catholicism is *declining*, why let Humanity wander forth, in wounds and blindness, without Home in this world or Hope for the next.

Let us, for a little while, survey Truth and Error as they have grappled together, in all ages.

* * * * *

Let us, as we wander down that long pathway of eighteen centuries, which terminates at length at a Sepulchre and a Cross, contrast the features of these two opposing Spirits who, for eighteen centuries, have struggled for the mastership of human souls—

1. One is a calm holy spirit, which, with clear eyes, and a loving heart, beholds in God the all-loving Father of an united Human Family—the Spirit of the **MASTER**, which we will attempt to embody in the word, **BROTHERHOOD**.

2. And the other is a restless, hateful spirit, which beholds in God only the partial Father of a fragment of the human race,—the spirit of **SECT**, which delights in splitting up mankind into envenomed factions—and whose legitimate result is **ATHEISM**.

II. TWO PARTIES IN EVERY CHURCH.

Before we begin our survey, let us remember that there are two parties in every church, called by whatever Name,—two parties in every party,—in every organization, whether for political, moral, or religious purposes. One party is composed of the men who believe in the best and highest principle in their church, party, or organization. The other is composed of those who are unscrupulous in their ambition, to make said church, party, or organization, the instrument of their personal advancement, the mere vehicle of their individual fame. The former is the party of Sincere men. The latter is the party of the Quacks, the Would-Be's, the Mountebanks.

You may take it as a Truth, that all Church or Party organizations, in all ages, have had within their bosom, these two parties,—here the men, the Sincere men, who do good in spite of the evils of their peculiar dogma, and there the Mountebanks, who use the very holiest principles of their church or party, as a means of personal advancement,—yes personal advancement, at any cost, purchased by the fires of persecution, by the howl of controversy or the blood of civil war.

Thus the Catholic Church has had its party of good men,—men true to the highest thoughts, of their church,—men like Fenelon of old, and Frances Patrick Kenrick, now of Philadelphia.

And thus also the Catholic Church has had its mere Politicians,—like Richelieu, who murdered Huguenots in France, while he was supplying armies to aid the Protestants of Germany,—and Mountebanks like John Hughes, who fed for years the fires of Irish Patriotism, and quenched them when no more money could be raised,—who speaks of freedom,—of free-speech,—of toleration, and of blessed Christianity, in one breath, and in the next defends the wholesale massacre of free Romans, and covers the Roman martyrs,—the glorious men, the noble women who died for free Rome,—with the epithet of bandit and prostitute.

The Protestant Church has had its true men, among whom John Wesley stands prominent as the modern Apostle of Love. He went forth,—even while the English Church was asleep amid its plunder—and aroused the slumbering God in the hearts of rude miners and almost savage colliers. Like his Master he spoke to God in the human heart, and that heart answered him in holy deeds.

And in the present day, the Protestant Church has men like John McClintock, like Henry Ward Beecher, and Albert Barnes, men whose talents advance, whose genius illuminates, whose liberality hallows their cause and purifies their Faith.

And so, the Protestant Church has also its Mountebanks, who make up in ribaldry what they lack in genius, who supply the place of eloquence with Billingsgate invective, and atone for the want of a Christian spirit, by the display of all the bitterness that a foul heart can coin from the depths of Atheistic Sectarism.

These people are well known. To visit the sick, to unfold clear views of a future state to the dying, to feed the hungry, to educate the orphan,—these are tasks far beneath them. They strike at nobler aims. To attack the Pope and hallow the Gallows,—to insult every tradition which the humble Catholic holds dear as his life, and to invest the Gallows with the sanctity of divine Revelation,—such is their highest task. “Down with the Pope and up with the Gallows!”—you have their whole theology in these words.

Were they to attack the Pope for what is wrong in him, or for the hideous governmental evils, or evils of priesthood, which Mr. Hughes defends,—we would not complain. But they attack all that is holy in the Catholic religion; they sneer at and besmirch with filth all that is dear to humanity as well as to Catholicism; they libel in the very brutality of blasphemy, the very things which every pure man or pure woman holds sacred. *And they attack the Papacy for the very evils which they themselves inculcate, practice, and act out.*

They attack the Papacy for its claim to infallibility.

Now, which of these Reverend Mountebanks but will damn you if you dare to read the Bible, according to your own conscience? Attempt to apply the truths of the Gospel to the social re-organization of the race, and you are an Infidel,—a Blasphemer,—a Socialist,—a Red Republican. For these gentleman are rich in epithet.

They attack Catholicism, because under its influence “*bachelor Priests*” propound questions to womanhood, at which modesty falls dead.

Now, is this system of priestly interference with the welfare of families confined alone to the Catholic Church? Have you never heard of a Protestant Priest, not only propounding questions to, but corrupting the wives and daughters of good Protestants? Nay,—have you never seen a Protestant Priest the common gossip of an entire neighborhood, the depository of family secrets, the meddler in family troubles, the patcher-up of matches, the general spy and pest of the Home Circle? Have you never seen the Husband laboring day after day, for the welfare of wife and child, while the Protestant Priest is doing his best to convince wife and child, that the Husband and Father is a “Child of Wrath,” destined to misery here, and perdition hereafter? Surely, it cannot be flung as a taunt against the Catholic Church, that her “*bachelor priests*,” meddle in the affairs of the Home, while we have so many Protestant Priests,—not bachelor but

marrying priests,—who not only meddle in, but control the affairs of the Home. And sometimes they improve the opportunity and marry one rich wife after another. This is an advantage which “bachelor priests” have not.

This second class of Protestant ministers,—contra-distinguished from the Wesleys, the McClintocks, the Barnes, and the Beechers,—is well personified in the case of a gentleman of this city, who, while he calls Mr. Hughes “a gentleman, styling himself ‘Most Rev. Archbishop of New York,’”—and seems to chuckle over his irony,—is proud and happy to preface his own name with “REVEREND,” and tail it with “DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.” Thus the case stands :

MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES,

and

REV. JOHN SMITH, D. D.

This gentleman is somewhat notorious. He is not renowned for the peaceful pursuit of his vocation. He delights not in the quiet performance of his parochial duties. He is “full of fight.” Like the story of the West Indian negro, (told about in one of Maryatt’s novels) he is the “real Barbadian, very brave, *so* brave,—almost *too* brave.” He is always on hand. Not to relieve the sick, or to aid the movement of poor tailoresses to obtain the reward of their labor, or to help onward some enterprize which shall lift the Laborer and Christianize,—not Humanity in Japan—but Humanity at Home—No. But to defend the Gallows and blackguard the Pope! These are his pet subjects. To blaspheme the name of Christ by making him the prop of the Gallows, and turning his Gospel of Love into a Gospel of the Gibbet and the Hangman,—such is one of the great objects of this individual’s ministry. Set a Gallows before him, and he is alive. A Gallows stirs him. It enlivens him. Give him a sight of a gallows, and he jumps into the controversial ring, with his comb up and his feathers spread,—the very game-cock of the gallows. His next pet subject is the Pope. To talk to a creature like this of what is really beautiful in the Catholic Church, would be like wasting words on a water-fall. Of its love for the beautiful in poetry, painting, sculpture; of its reverence for woman in its almost deification of Mary the Virgin Mother; of its thousand appeals to the senses, the heart, the soul. He sees not the real evils of the Catholic Church: even as Brownson the Gladiator, and Hughes the Politician of Catholicism, are far from appreciating the really humane points of their Church, so this game-cock of the gallows, is far from appreciating the real evils of that Church. He crows, he splutters, he shakes his feathers, and struts—and that is all.

And yet he is very amusing as he struts about in the ring; this game-cock of the gallows.

III. THE HISTORY OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS.

Let us with a seriousness worthy of the subject, survey the history of the world, for eighteen hundred years. It is a history of drinkers of human blood, with here and there a single gleam of true Humanity. Kings raise themselves upon the skulls of the People. Popes build their power upon the sepulchre of Christ. The People are the children of God, and yet kings make slaves and playthings of the people. Christ is the truest enunciation of God, ever uttered upon earth, and yet Pope and Priests turn Christ into an excuse for the most incredible forms of wrong and murder,—wrong in its most intense sense, and murder of body and soul. This in sober truth, is the history of eighteen hundred years. So black, so steeped in hell, is this history, that we should be forced to doubt the goodness of God, and call Christ a mockery, but for the undeniable truth, that through the course of eighteen hundred years, gleams of light have shot upward even from the unfathomable darkness of ignorance and serfdom,—great

thoughts have been uttered by the tenants of hut and kennel,—Prophets of the truth have appeared among the most miserable of the Poor. The king goes gaily to murder, and the Priest chaunts his theatrical blasphemy, but all the while God has a church,—the church of the oppressed, who can only worship Him in the intervals of their agony—all the while God has a People, who cling to him through the force of their dumb affections, and worship him, even when there is no coal upon the hearth, no bread upon the table. The history of the masses, for the last eighteen hundred years has not been written on earth. It is written in the records of Eternity,—God knows its every page. Were it written in earthly language, we would at once be forced to confess, that the mass of historical heroes are cheats, blasphemers, and murderers; and that the true heroes, are the masses, who for eighteen centuries, have starved and died, and—*made no sign*. Shut up the Book of History. It is false. It is a record of successful swindlers and laurelled cut-throats. Turn your eye to God, and beseech him to unclose to you that history which records the woes, the joys, the sufferings of the People for eighteen hundred years. It is an awful History to open,—so unlike common history—it is so horribly **TRUE**. We will endeavour to put in words, some of this *unwritten* history of the People.

And first, what was the condition of Humanity eighteen hundred years ago?

Eighteen hundred years ago, Religion was the property of the Few, who owned the land, and owning the Land, owned the lives of the Many who toiled upon it.

Eighteen hundred years ago, Law was made for the Few, and was owned by the Few. The only Law for the masses was expressed in four words, “Work, Suffer and Die.”

Eighteen hundred years ago, Religion consisted in elaborate mythologies, splendid temples, a gorgeous ritual, the glitter of costume, the smoke of incense and the blood of sacrifice.

The only Religion known to the masses, may be syllabled in a few words, “Without a Home in this World, without a Hope in the next, you are as the beasts of the field. For you, there is neither immortality nor a God. You are born, you toil all life-long, you die,—dust goes to dust,—and that is all.”

Eighteen hundred years the world was divided into classes:

Here the Few. The Kings, the Priests and the Lords, who took care of the Government, the Law, the Religion of the World, and made Government, Law and Religion, comfortable for themselves. The King governed by the lash and the sword. The Priest taught a God who was afar off from Humanity, only to be approached through the labyrinth of iron creeds; only to be pleased by the smoke of incense, the blood of bullocks, or yet the blood of men and women. The Lord, aided by and aiding priest and king, owned the land, the homes, the commerce and the Labor of the world.

Survey this picture, and then turn to the contrast—

There the Many,—the countless millions of the human race,—who were only born to work and die,—who only lived for the pleasure of King, Priest and Lord,—who died, generation after generation, and all died without a Hope either for their children in this world, or for themselves in the next.

Eighteen hundred years ago there were Palaces for the King, there were Temples for the Priests, there was rich harvests and broad lands for the Lord. For the countless millions of the human race, there was no land to rest their weary foot, no Home to shelter the tired head, no God to console the anguished heart,—nothing but a life of hopeless endurance, and a hopeless grave.

Swept away by famine, or offered up in bloody sacrifice on the infernal altar of the battle-field, or eaten slowly to death by Labor which gave bread, palaces, wealth to their masters, and gave to the Laborer nothing but the Liberty to toil on and die,—such was the life of the masses eighteen hundred years ago.

At this time, there appeared a Teacher who differed widely from all previous teachers. He came neither as King, Priest, or Lord. He came clad in the garb of the Laborer. The

Laborers were the largest and the most oppressed class of the human race, therefore clad in the garb of Labor, he came forth and taught his Religion, his Philosophy, his Law. Other Teachers had addressed themselves to the Few,—to the coldly intellectual, or the craftily strong. He,—this new Teacher,—spoke to the Many. He was not often found in rich men's homes. He taught by the lake shore, on the mountain side, and by the highway. He stopped at the workshop of the hopeless Laborer. He made himself familiar with all the depths of human misery. He was, at every step of his way, encircled by the sick, the dying, the sinful and despairing. And thus, clad in the garb of the despised Laborer, this new Teacher taught on roadside, by lake shore, at workshop window, and on mountain side, his Philosophy, his Religion, his Law.

Such Philosophy, Religion, and Law, the world had never heard before. Listen to it.

Others had taught a far-off God who took no interest in Humanity, and sat gloomily in a distant corner of the Universe, or only awoke to do deeds of vengeance, but the new Teacher taught the knowledge of a God, who cared even for the sparrow, and numbered the very hairs of the wretched Laborer's head. A God who was the Father of the whole human race, and who watching the fall of even the humblest bird, cared for Men and Women, as for parts of his own Eternity.

Others had taught that Religion as a matter far-off from the masses; a matter of stated form and fixed ceremonial worship; the new Teacher taught that it was a part of the life of every Man and Woman, beginning in Love to God as the common Father, to one's neighbor as a Brother, and ending in a re-created earth, a re-organized social world. Seek these things,—a love to God as the Father of us all, a love to the neighbor as a Brother in one united family,—and the Kingdom of God will dwell visibly in this world. Not an ideal Kingdom, but a real Kingdom, whose existence would be attested as much in the physical comfort as in the moral improvement of the whole human race.

Others had taught and sung the praise of riches and of rich men; the new Teacher taught that the seeking of riches for the mere sake of riches, was a crime, the Mother of nearly all the crimes that afflicted the human race. On one occasion his mild soul was moved to anger, and with a scourge he drove forth from the Temple a band of rich men who trafficked in the product of the Laborer's toil.

Others had taught a God of vengeance; the new Teacher taught a God whose very nature and essence was Love. So far was the new Teacher moved by this Spirit that he forgave an abandoned woman because she "loved much." While others found God only in the mazes of difficult creeds,—He,—this new Teacher, found Him in the love, the innocence, the purity which shone from little children's eyes. In a word, this new Teacher taught a Doctrine which carried into deeds, would have made fewer Palaces and Temples, but more Homes. It would have diminished or annihilated the number of Priests, Kings, and Lords, but it would have increased the number of pure women and happier men. It would have transformed this earth,—already made a Hell by centuries of wrong,—into the very Home of a united Human Family, the fit Temple of an all-paternal God.

Enraged by this new Religion, which would have soon levelled all their craft to the dust, the King, the Priest, the Lord combined, and put this Teacher to death. They did not put him to a warrior's death, nor with a sword. With every petty detail of ignominy, they put him to Death as a Felon, with a Felon on either hand. Agony and shame, and contempt, were the offerings made to him by Priest, King, and Lord, in his dying hour.

After he was dead, they congratulated themselves that his Religion was dead. It was not dead. It lived. The fire could not kill it, the sword could not harm it. It lived. The dungeon could not imprison it. All the power of Kings, all the craft of Priests, all the wealth of Lords could not kill this Religion.

For awhile it lived only in the hearts of the poor. It sang its hymns in the darkness of

caverns. It spoke its highest words to the weakest, the most oppressed, and most miserable. At length emerging from cavern and dungeon it began to show its beautiful Face to the Day.

Then said King, Priest, and Lord, "This Thing cannot be killed by opposition. Let us kill it by adopting it. Let us make it our own. Let us veil its simple Truth under a multitude of creeds. Let us hide it under elaborate forms. Let us imprison it in gorgeous temples. Let our Priests be its mouth-piece, our King its ruler, our Lord its Treasurer. We cannot kill this new Religion by force, let us kill it in the same manner that its Originator was betrayed, *with a kiss*. Let us, in a word, separate the Masses from this new Religion. Let us make it the instrument of such cruelty, such superstition, such fraud, that the Masses will look upon it as their Destroyer,—their mocking and remorseless Murderer."

So said the King, Priest, and Lord, and the deed was done.

They *adopted* this Religion. They imprisoned it in splendid temples. They made it a by-word of wrong, of fraud, and murder. They did their best to separate the masses from it, and to a great extent their end was accomplished.

This they did for fifteen hundred weary years, whose history has been written by Historians, either the hirelings of Priest, King, and Lord; or by Historians driven mad by the oppressions done in the name of this Religion.

Could the *real history* of those fifteen hundred years be written, by the real men of every age,—could it be written even as it is known to God,—we should find the truth contained in the following words, fully and completely confirmed——

That as the new Religion, depended not upon splendid temples or gorgeous costumes, or intricate creeds,—that as it was an indestructible thing, a fixed fact in the history of the Universe, neither to be destroyed by force of open enemies or betrayed by the kiss of pretended friends,—so during fifteen hundred years of apparent annihilation, this Religion did live, flourish, advance. It found its Church in every Heart that responded to its Gospel of Love. It penetrated hearts and homes,—countless millions of hearts and homes,—that were never known to Priests or Historians. It even penetrated the confines of Temple, and smote with its Truth the heart of the Priest. Notwithstanding appearances, it lived everywhere, everywhere advanced, everywhere helped Humanity onward, in her way.

The witnesses who have enjoyed the Truth of this Religion, and died in its arms, are not known to History,—for that is but the *opinion* of the mouth-piece of the Few—but they are known to God.

They are known to the Teacher of the New Religion.

—After some fifteen hundred years, One arose, who sought to reform this Religion as it was in the hands of the King, Priests and Lords. Some Kings and Lords joined with him, for they were anxious to enjoy a larger share of the plunder, which this *apparent* Church had gathered up in the course of fifteen hundred years. This Reformer said terrible words against the *creeds, the forms, the impostures* of this *apparent* religion, but he substituted other *forms, other creeds, other impostures* in their place.

The greatest of his IMPOSTURES was this: He taught the masses that they were born to suffer in this world, and that therefore they should not look to the possession of a Home, or to the enjoyment of the fruits of Labor: but should submit to all forms of oppression, done,—not by Heathen,—but by men who called themselves after the name of the great Teacher. He had not the courage to proclaim the whole Gospel. He was brave enough to denounce one falsehood; he was neither great enough, nor brave enough, nor enough like the great Teacher, to say that No Law, Philosophy or Religion was true, that did not advance the temporal as well as the spiritual interests of the whole human race.

Therefore the Reformation of this Reformer, only ended in putting new priests, creeds, and impostures, in the place of the creeds, priests, impostures, whom he dethroned.

The masses, *apparently* separated from this Religion for fifteen hundred years, were still *apparently* as far as ever from its Truth and Consolation.

The Reformer died. New Priests succeeded the Old, in some countries; in others they battled for the mastery. Neither of these Priests, the New or the Old, were willing to mingle with the masses,—share their joys, their tears, their labor,—No. They both ardently desired the mastery of the bodies and souls of the masses.

And between these two classes of Priests, the world became a battle-field: blood flowed; fagots blazed; the sod of battle-fields grew fat with human blood.

It was a question between them, "Shall You or I have the privilege of keeping the Truth from these masses; of hiding God from their souls; of enjoying the fruits of their Labor?"

It was an interesting question for the contending Priests, but a terrible question for the masses, who were murdered in their wars, or who died from hope deferred; yes it was a terrible question for Humanity, whose hopes of advancement were put back by this quarrel.

Still, away from the scene of conflict, the Teacher had his Church. It lived in the hearts of that nameless Mass, who have no Historian on earth. And while Priest and Priest, met in wordy conflict, or excited other men to deeds of blood, the great Teacher walked abroad among the millions of the world, visible only in the deeds which he prompted and the hopes which he made blossom in countless hearts.

For his Religion was not a thing, depending upon organization,—upon temples of marble or brick,—upon creeds of this Priest or that Priest,—upon gorgeous costume or want of costume. His Religion was a Fact so Divine and Eternal, that wherever it entered a human Heart, there was the true Church and there was Love!

Ere we look modern Protestantism in the face, we will for a few moments, survey the last scene, in the life of a man, who one hundred years before Luther, attempted to embody in deeds, the holy fact of Brotherhood.—

IV. JOHN HUSS IN 1414 THE MARTYR OF BROTHERHOOD.

It is sunrise, in the German City of Constance, in the year 1414. As the first red gleam of morning, lights the roof of yonder palace, where stand a Pope and an Emperor, looking out from a lofty window, their rich attire glittering until the sight is dazzled, let us go forth in the great square of the city, which spreads within bow-shot of the palace window.

A crowd is gathered there, composed of priests, of soldiers, of the common people who are born to toil. The morning ray shines on the tops of those lofty mansions, but does not penetrate nor enliven the faces of the crowd. In the centre of the crowd, chained to a stake, with fagots piled around him, behold a CRIMINAL, who is about to die. That grim soldier with the lighted torch stands ready: the priest by his side, alternately drones curses and prayers.

But the crowd is still; no footstep is heard; many eyes are wet with tears.

For the face of the CRIMINAL, with its large thoughtful eyes, and broad forehead, its mouth impressed with a calm smile,—that face, serene even in this moment of death,—arrests every eye, and stirs many a heart with something more than pity. The soldiers do not like the sight: embruted by deeds of blood, they bend their heads at the sight of the CRIMINAL's face.

What has HE done? one spectator whispers to another.

"I cannot precisely tell," is the answer of a Peasant, "but the Pope and the Council have condemned him to be burnt. And burnt he will be as soon as the rising sun touches the stake to which he is chained."

As we stand in the midst of this crowd,—touched and awed by the scene,—let us also fix our eyes on the CRIMINAL's face, and join in the question, "WHAT HAS HE DONE?"

Let us answer quickly, for the sun is rising; when his first ray touches the stake the Criminal will be burned.

Behold his Crime.

This Criminal has dared to assert that this world was not designed by God to be forever the spoil of Pope and King. He has dared to say that as Christ came in the garb of a Poor Man, so the Poor should not forever be forced out and turned out from the benefits of his Religion. He has dared to proclaim that the entire Human Family is One; and has claimed for the masses, a right to drink from the Cup of Christ,—at once, as an act of brotherly communion, and as a symbol of the holy unity of the human race. Nay more, this atrocious criminal, has dared to apply the words of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, to the present age: and has said to the Priest, Your fine robes are purchased with human blood! To the Pope,—Your throne is built upon the Tomb of Christ, and in that Tomb you have buried the vital truth of Christianity! And to all both Pope and Priest he has said, When you turn the simple Truth of Christ into a Lie,—when you use his Religion as the instrument for the spoliation of the masses,—then you are no longer Pope and Priest, but Blasphemer and Anti-Christ.

—And for these and other sayings (quick! for the sun is rising!) he is to be burned.

Yonder looking from the Palace window, behold the smiling Pope and cheerful Emperor,—iron-types of that stern AUTHORITY which claims the Power of God on earth, and disposes of this earth, and of the People thereof, as a merchant disposes of his wares,—sometimes as a madman plays with fire.

Here in the streets are the People,—rude, ragged, and with hunger in their faces,—types of the vast mass of the human family, who without Home in this World or Hope in the next, only exist for the pleasure of Pope and Priest and King.

And here, chained to the stake is the CRIMINAL, whose face now already touched with the shadow of approaching Death, embodies the great Truth, whose very simplicity frightens the oppressor,—"BROTHERHOOD."

Yes, BROTHERHOOD of the human family, in opposition to that iron AUTHORITY which despoils, and that heartless SELFISHNESS which divides the human race.

BROTHERHOOD, symbolized by a Wooden Cup,—token of that awful and beautiful Communion, which brings all the human race, to banquet at the Feet of Christ.

—Lo! The sun has risen. See! That first ray pierces the gloom of the open space, where the crowd is gathered, and glitters upon the stake. The soldier flings his torch upon the pile. The flame is lighted. Smoke sweeps upward in clouds. Through the clouds now and then, the silent spectators catch a glimpse of the criminal's face: and they are much moved, by the look of that Face. A look so calm, so full of peace, as if some light from an opened window of Eternity, had suddenly fallen upon the forehead, and bathed its eyeballs.

But now the flames rise higher and the smoke gathers thicker; and you can see the criminal's face no longer.

But you can hear the hymn which he sings as the fire eats nearer to his heart.

He sings as he Dies,—hark to his hymn! The name of "THE MASTER," and "BROTHERHOOD" rises clear and full and deep, above the roar of flames, the droning of priests and the tread of armed men.

Soon the hymn is still; and the flame dies; and where there was a living man, there is only a charred skeleton, chained to the stake.

The People go one by one, to their homes, thinking silently over his last words.

Pope and Emperor turn from the window, and confronting the gorgeous throng of Lords, Soldiers, Priests and Cardinals,—all glittering in the costumes of their rank, and gay with the

orders of wealth,—they congratulate themselves, that BROTHERHOOD is dead with John Huss, out on yonder square; and that AUTHORITY has planted her iron foot more firmly, even upon his ashes.

But Pope and Emperor forgot one thing,—That GOD IS, and that THE PEOPLE are moved by his Spirit.

Thus on a June day, in the year 1414, died John Huss, one of those voices of Brotherhood, whose echoes resound along the arches of eighteen hundred years; even from the present hour back to the tomb of Christ.

Let one hundred years pass by, and we shall find the Peasants of Germany, demanding of Martin Luther, with their million hands uplifted, and the sobs of their agony filling all space, the establishment of this very Brotherhood, for which John Huss died. We shall see how Luther answered their prayer, when we come to look at Protestantism in its three most prominent types—

V. THE THREE TYPES OF PROTESTANTISM.

This wonder of the ages, which you call Protestantism, presents itself to me, in the forms of Three men, who may be called types of its varied hopes and impulses.

First, in its gross and beastly form. Henry the Eighth rises here,—a low, base, utterly sensual image,—who only sees in Catholicism, the antagonist of his lust and his avarice. Catholicism will not divorce him; Catholicism has broad lands, ample revenues; Catholicism holds supreme power over the body and mind of man. “Why shall not I, Henry the Eighth, be a Catholicism for myself, making a Religion to suit myself, and deriving gratifications for my avarice, from the spoil of Catholic monasteries, and full swing for my lust of women and of power, from my denial of Papal Infallibility? Yes,—I will hereafter be the only Infallible. Crawling from the couch of sensual debauch, awaking from the sopplectic sleep of beastly revelry, I will be Pope, Religion, Law.”

Henry the Eighth,—was assuredly the sensual image of the Reformation: the very statue of the Reformation, moulded in filth and mud. Around him group time-servers like Cranmer, and in perspective, appears that terrible creation the Church of England, which for three centuries has aped the vices, without imitating the virtues of the Romish Church. Jeremy Taylor, John Wesley and a few others like these, only save the Church of England from utter abhorrence.

Second, we have the coldly intellectual form of Protestantism,—Protestantism that *reasons* but cannot *feel*,—Protestantism *without a heart*,—Protestantism, that protests not only against the evils of the Catholic Church, but against all that is tender or affectionate in the hearts or homes of men.

Grim, pallid, with hollow jaws, set teeth, and eyes deep-set flaming with hate, John Calvin rises here, the blood of Servetus, dropping from his corse-like hands.

More awful image Earth has never seen. The very Prophet of Despair, who seems to have learned his Theology, not at the feet of the Master who forgave the Magdalene, and saw Heaven itself in the Innocence of little children's eyes, but at the feet of—Whom? Ah whom? Where on earth, where in the regions of endless woe, where in the ravings of madness, or the

wildest fables of Heathen cruelty, can you find the source of JOHN CALVIN's religion of remorseless Hate?

Let us, for a few moments, examine the Protestantism of John Calvin.

Let us see, how much the world gained, by the substitution of Calvinism for Catholicism.

Belonging only to the party of Humanity, let us look at CATHOLICISM and CALVINISM side by side.

Catholicism interposed between Man and his God, first the Priest and next a multitude of saints and angels.

Calvinism swept away saints and angels, and seemed to bring Humanity, face to face with God. But such a God! Never had the mythologies of Paganism coined a Being so dark, so unpitying, so remorseless. The darkest eras of the Heathen world, had failed to create such a Being. It was reserved for John Calvin, to create a God who delighted in the damnation of the greater portion of his children—a God who divided his Family into a small portion of Elect and a countless myriad of millions of Castaways,—a God who had predestined the Few to eternal happiness, and the countless many to Eternal Death.

It was reserved for John Calvin, to plant this terrific Idea of God, in the human soul.

Catholicism did interpose some hope between the most erring and the tortures of undying Hell.

Calvinism, not only struck away the last hope, but it distinctly proclaimed, that the Human Race was not the care of God; that only a paltry fraction were his children, that nine-tenths were created by him, for misery in this world, and for eternal misery in the next.

What blasphemer ever so besouled the Idea of God, in the human soul, as John Calvin, by his cold-blooded Logic?

Let this Idea of a predestined family of Elect, and a predestined family of castaways, be carried into political action, and you have at once, the explanation or the theory of the growth of our Modern Civilization, which treats the largest portion of the Race, as beings born to utter misery, and the Few as the chosen people of God. You have the Modern Oligarchy of the Money power, as the richest blossom of John Calvin's Idea.

Reduce Calvin's theology to political economy and you have this result,—The poor, the laboring, the unfortunate, are the castaways, damned in this world, beneath the hoof of oppression and destined to damnation in the next, beneath the frown of God—the Rich, the powerful, the successful, who coin their riches, power and success, out of the last dregs of human woe, are the ELECT destined to hold the wealth, the power and fame of this world, and to enjoy the eternal happiness of the next.

Calvin was one of those Thinkers whose minds resemble a leaden sky, against which their thoughts rebound like iron balls,—with a faint, dull echo,—like the last groan of a despairing soul.

Borgia, the infamous Pope, shed around him a halo of infernal light, with his unutterable personal vices: but Calvin personally moral, shed into countless millions of souls, the unutterable blasphemy of his demoniac logic. The most awful example on record, of a great intellect, unswayed by the impulse of a human heart. There is a story in the annals of the Inquisition of a smiling Image of the Virgin Mary, which seemed to woo the worship of the spectator,—but once clasped, wounded and mangled him, with countless knives, shooting from every part of the Image. Now—if it is not blasphemy to name Calvin and the Saviour in the same breath,—if he presented an image of Christ at all, it was an image which wore a lurid smile in the face,—which seemed to woo the sick and suffering with its smile,—but once embraced, sharp knives started from the arms and breast of the image,—and mangled and tore the worshipper to bloody fragments.

To seat God the Father away in a corner of the Universe,—to picture him, in the act of cogitating the crimes of his creatures,—of saying to the Human Race, “The Fruit of Salvation

is free for you, but I have placed it just one inch beyond your grasp,"—to consign to eternal damnation, the very infant, which stirred in embryo, in the pure mother's womb,—O God, what Blasphemy can equal this?

—The soul shrinks in utter horror from the contemplation of this man.

—He was the Prophet of the modern Oligarchy of the monied power, which says "Since Heaven and Hell are matters already fixed and predestined, I will take these men and women and make for myself, a Heaven on Earth, out of their Hell."

—Eighteen hundred years,—No! Six thousand years of Bible and of History, have no Image, so awful, as that of John Calvin, with his hollow eyes, his granite heart and hands dripping with the blood of souls.

Third, we come to Martin Luther; a man whose career cannot be read, without love, pity, tears; for it is after all the life of one of those wandering children of Eternity, whom the world calls, men of genius. A man who may have often thought wrongly, but whose heart was always right. No one can read the story of this man's struggles with himself, without feeling moved to Love him. A man bitter, violent, contradictory: he was all that: but lift the veil, and you will see, that his was the heart of a woman, a child, with the intellect of a demi-god. Let us love brave old Martin Luther, not as a Theologian or a Reformer, but as one who embodied that sublimest spectacle,—a great man struggling not only with the evils of the world, but with the doubts of his own soul.

Martin Luther! Who shall write his life? He attacked the Pope and as bitterly attacked his fellow Reformers,—Zuingle, Bucer, Ecolampadius,—who did not believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist.

He attacked the Pope as Anti-Christ and as bitterly attacked those Reformers who asserted the right of the People to Land in this world, as well as to Hope in the next. When the peasants of Germany, with their million uplifted hands, besought him to lead or aid them in their contest with brutal power,—the power of Land Lords infinitely more brutal than Priest or Pope,—he evaded, he shifted, he temporized—he told them that their only Gospel was to suffer and to die! This he told them, knowing that their oppressors called themselves Christians and not Pagans.

And when the incoherent revolt of the Peasants, had been stained by outrage, and crushed by defeat, it was Martin Luther who sang hymns of joy, while the murderers, were feeding vengeance upon the blood of working men. He glutted over their defeat: he enjoyed their misery, he sang *Te Deum Laudamus* over their reeking corses.—Shame, shame to brave Martin Luther!

Survey his life a little further, and you will see strange things. He believed in a personal Devil, saw him often, and often fought with him: and he ridiculed the idea that the Earth moved round the sun. That the Earth moved round the Sun and not the Sun round the Earth, was an idea to him, utterly profane, ridiculous and blasphemous.

—But turning from the spectacle of Luther the Agitator,—the Reformer—the world convulser,—to Luther the man of the Home,—we are moved to Love and Tears.

It is in the Home, that we know Luther. A hearty, brave, cheerful, jocund man, who loves his cheerful glass and takes delight in the comforts of the festive board. A husband whose affection clings most divinely and most humanly to Catherine Von Bora; a Father, who says words over the grave of his daughter Madeline, that stir our very souls. Such a perfectly human *home-like* man, has not walked the earth this eighteen hundred years, in the guise of a Reformer. When we enter Martin Luther's home, and see him drink his flask of cheerful wine, and hear him chat, and look at the wife by his shoulder and the children on his knee,—why we feel at Home with him, and love him as a MAN.

—Let those theologians of our modern day, who pride themselves, upon narrowing the boundaries of the Church, and who delight in screeching damnation to all who do not come within the pale of their petty creed,—let them remember one fact—to wit,—

Martin Luther believed so firmly in Transubstantiation, that he bitterly—vehemently opposed his brother Reformers, who adopted the modern creed on that subject. Martin Luther treated lightly the claims of the Apocalypse to the sanctity of a Divine Revelation. Martin Luther distinctly disavowed the idea of a Jewish Sabbath as associated with our Sunday. And Martin Luther, in his last days, despaired of all that he had done, and lost all hope of human improvement.

Let the modern sticklers for Orthodoxy, who narrow the compass of true Religion, to the circumference of a ha'penny, remember these things.

FOURTH, there was a class who have no type on earth. Their history is only known to God. Their agonies and their yearnings, uttered in incoherent revolt, their history smeared with the blood of scaffolds, have been only recorded by their enemies. They were the vast PEOPLE, whom the Pope and Henry the Eighth alike despoiled,—whom Luther sometimes dimly felt, but did not fully know,—whom Calvin consigned to poverty in this world, and in the next to remediless Hell. Where shall we find their type? Not in Carlstadt, the image-breaker, nor in Thomas Munzer, the theologian, nor in John of Munster, half prophet, half cheat. No. Their type is not on earth. Like their Brothers and Sisters of all ages they have no type on earth. There is no image, which can embody the full story of their earnestness, their sufferings, their perpetual litany of wrongs. Yes,—there is one,—it is the Christ bearing his Cross up Calvary, scorned at once by Sadducee and Pharisee, the crown of thorns on his brow, and the mark of stripes on his back. Many wagged their heads at this Christ; all save a few women, and one Loving John forsook him; and he died. But he rose again the third Day.

VI. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHY PROTESTANTISM IS A FAILURE?"

Yes,—because originated by a noble man of genius, who had not the courage to go the whole way,—to declare the right of every man to Land and Home in this world, as well as to Hope in the next—Protestantism fell in the hands of a long line of despoilers of the Human Race, who beginning with Henry the Eighth,—that exemplary saint!—and tracking their way through the frauds of the Established Church of England and the relentless bitterness of New England Calvinism, have ended in this Nineteenth Century, in a race of teachers, who do not worship a Pope, or bow to a silver image of Christ, but who do worship a Bunker and bow to the silver image of a Dollar. Yes,—it cannot be denied,—orthodox, and in many cases heterodox, Protestantism, is the paid vassal of usurped Capital, bound to defend Trinity Church in New York, with its revenue derived from half a mile of brothels, and sworn to gloss over and sanctify anything that Money does. Is it a wonder that enlightened men, sick of such a mammon-bound, banking Protestant Church, are flying day by day to the Cleisters of Catholicism or the arid wastes of scepticism?

Look around you. What does your Protestant Church,—the Church Proper,—do for Humanity? She has countless missionary societies abroad for the Heathen, but she sanctions all forms of wrong—Land Monopoly, Special Legislation, Bank swindling—at Home. Her preachers in too many instances are only the special pleaders of Capital. Her elders and deacons are the Men of Money, who believe in the Bible first, but in the Bank Book, first, last, always,—in the Bible for two hours on Sunday and in the Bank book all the days of the week.

No. Since the day when Martin Luther, met the prayers of those German peasants for Land and Home, with threats of eternal malediction, Protestantism as an *effective organization* has declined. The German peasants in arms for their rights were slain by the sword, or

disgraced by the excesses of John of Munster,—not the first nor last demagogue, who rode a truth for his own glory. History has sneered at them, or written their history in a long drawn chronicle of falsehood. But their principles lived again in the German emigrants who came over with Penn; and in the deeds and men of the Revolution. The Declaration of Independence was but a re-iteration of the Declaration of the Peasants of Germany issued in the days of Luther. The men who died at Brandywine or starved at Valley Forge, died and starved, for the very principles, which uttered by the Peasants of Germany, met the fierce condemnation of Luther.

What has Protestantism done for Humanity? She has established the Church of England, which with a Queen for its Pope and a Judge of Sessions for its supreme arbiter of theological questions, has for nearly three centuries, tithed, taxed and damned England, as never country was tithed, taxed and damned before. A church which has sat on the breast of Ireland, and drank her blood drop by drop; which has enjoyed her revenues of \$100,000, and \$1,000,000 a year, while tens of thousands were starving in London, in Manchester and Liverpool. A Church which hunted the Covenanters of Scotland; and which the example of a few Apostles, like John Wesley, only redeems from utter condemnation. A church which *protesting* against Rome, has planted a Mock Rome, in every town and hamlet of the Protestant world; and in place of one Pope, seated in the Vatican, has given us a Pope, in every shabby fellow, who has crept into the Levite's office for "*a piece of bread*."

Let us then endeavour to look the Truth fully in the Face.

Protestantism is at best a state of *transition*. It is a gulf between two mountains; the mountain yonder, illumined by the mysterious moonlight of the Past, and the mountain yonder radiant with the Sun of the Future. In the gloom of this gulf, what passions battle, what antagonisms strive with each other, what forms flit like spectres to and fro, what groans arise, what clamors of discord, swell through the darkened air! Descend from Catholicism, that sublime, awful Alp of the Past, whose snow-cliffs rise in mysterious moonlight, whose ravines and caverns are vocal with the melodies of the mass, and the chant of saints and martyrs,—whose shadows are glittering with the splendor of costume, and white with the smoke of incense,—whose highest peak is crowned by the vague and awful Genius of Antiquity,—descend, and at once you are wrapt in the discord, the struggle, the perpetual fear and conflict of Protestantism.

Here, in the darkness, what Orthodoxies and Heterodoxies, battle with each other; what sterile opinions gripe each other by the throat! All is strife, unrest, and clamor! Nothing is certain. Doubt reigns; chaos seems eternal. Here on his sterile rock, sits John Calvin, with grim visage, hollow eyes and set teeth, elaborately coining his idea of God,—an idea which would even make a fiend shudder, at its remorseless depravity. Here wanders Luther, a brave soul, who feels his way, like a blind giant. Here strive the ten thousand reformers of the last three centuries, each engaged in the creation of a sect; and each employed in digging a ditch between himself and the next shade of opinion. And here, crouch the millions, in dumb despair, given over as a prey to the Enterprize and the Intellect, of the Few, who—uncertain of Heaven or Eternity,—are determined to make the best of this earth; to plant, to sow, to build, to weave, to make money, at all hazards, even out of the blood of hearts, even out of the body of Christ.

A sad, a hopeless, a dismal picture! Look into this gulf and you despair.

You feel inclined to turn back, and to seek the Consolation of Unity, in the mysteriously beautiful Alp of the Past, which glitters yonder, in the soft moonlight.

Yet hold. From this gulf of discord, raise your eyes, and look onward. There,—there,—above gloom and chaos,—above the strife of mere intellectual belief, and mere intellectual scepticism, above the conflict of hollow Orthodoxy and hollow Heterodoxy,—above the war of Labor, set upon and torn to pieces by Capital,—there, rises the mountain of the Future, sub-

lime and vast, its fields and gardens rich with blossoms, and the sunshine of God the Father, baptizing it from summit to base, from base to summit.

Lift your eyes, and hope !

We will not turn back, but we will go forward.

We will pass the wilderness of Protestant chaos: we will bend our steps to that Future, which shines and blossoms in the distance. Our steps may be faint, our hearts heavy, but we will not despair. "The Future is ours!" is the word. Casting one kind and brotherly glance, to CATHOLICISM, that dim Alp of the past,—undismayed by the sterile strife of Protestantism, that gulf of *present transition*,—we will arise, and go forward, to that Future, which will combine all that is true in Catholicism and Protestantism, with all that is holy in Humanity or paternal in God.

Let us rejoice that while Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, *both decline*, (by the testimony of their self-elected advocates) that the truth that is in them, the truth that is in the Bible, in human hearts cannot decline, but does grow and will grow so long as human hearts beat in human breasts; so long as there is a God. Catholicism may die out and Protestantism die out, but HUMANITY will live. The forms of the Catholic Church may fade, and the negations and abstractions of the Protestant Church may die, but Humanity will live. That Humanity, which Christ embodied, which he came to save, which he does save, inspire and lift up every hour. So long as the great truths which Christ taught are acted out, so long well, and let Catholicism and Protestantism die; let them battle their last and let MAN derive new life from the death struggle.

The remedy is this—that every man, should endeavour to put into practice those great truths of the Gospel, which especially *proclaim that the Kingdom of God should be begun in this world, in order to go on in the next*. That men of all sects, should unite in accomplishing this great event, setting sectarian differences aside, and uniting on the one grand object of BROTHERHOOD.

VII. THE MISSION OF THE NEW WORLD.

While these reverend and most reverend gentlemen, are debating on their different sects, let us bring the Christ to our own Land.

O ! Master ! Walk with us here ! Survey these two opposing Churches, who seem to think that this Land, has been given up to them as their spoil. They have ravaged the old world: shall they repeat the Tragedy of their contentions in the new ? Shall blood flow again, in the names of their opposing creeds ? Must their respective Dogmas be again attested by the sacrifice of corses ?

No ! No ! For this new world, from the hour when Columbus was first inspired to discover it, has been set apart by God, as the last altar of Human Brotherhood. Here the evils of the old world shall not come. Here Sect shall die, and Unity live. Here, all the forms of wrong, which have desolated the old world,—

1. The Monopoly of Land.

2. The Division of Mankind into sect, caste and class.

3. All the evils, which under whatever name, assail or undermine the peace of the Family, the sanctity of the Home.

Here, these shall die. They may exist, for awhile. But the same God who set apart this

Continent, as the scene of his last experiment, with Humanity,—as the Homestead of Free Men,—will save us, from the domination of Priest, King, Land Lord or Labor Lord,—from all evils, which have desolated the Old World, and driven its exiles to the New.

And woe, woe,—woe here, and hereafter! to the church or sect or party, which shall on any pretence, endorse or advocate on this soil, the same evils, which have made the old world a Hell. These evils we will resist by persuasion,—by meeting sect and party with the voice of Brotherhood,—but if persuasion avails not, and Brotherhood fails to strike the hearts of the oppressor,—then we have the last, the only resort,—either to Die as Martyrs or as Soldiers.

And when the time comes, the Master will inspire us, which to do. Welcome either case,—for the Last Hope of Humanity—the Death of the Martyr or the Soldier.

And now, leaving the hateful strife of controversy, and the Babel roar of antagonistic sect and creed, let us come to the Master's feet, and learn from his divine lips the Word, which shall help and heal us.

Let us come,—not as self-sufficient Reverends, or all-complacent most reverends, who clothe themselves in the odor of their own sanctity, and who having done no sin, and felt no pang of misery, need neither Gospel or Helper,—but let us come, as the masses and tribes of the vast family of Humanity, conscious at once of the darkness which enfolds us, of the weakness which cripples us, of the oppression which kills us.

Yes, while the pure Pharisee, stands erect, thanking God that he is not as other men are, let us,—publicans and sinners,—smite our breasts, and bend our heads, and listen to the Master's words.

VIII. THE WORD OF THE MASTER.

MAN BOWED DOWN BY TOIL, and eating the bitter bread of Hopeless labor, THE MASTER has a word for you. "God cares for the sparrow and shall he not care for you—a Man,—you who are a part of God's Existence,—a throb of God's Eternity!" Such are the Master's words. He spake them eighteen hundred years ago to certain carpenters and fishermen. He has been speaking them ever since—through the long night of eighteen hundred years,—though priests have tried to cloud his plain words with sulphureous creeds, and kings have made a matter of traffic of these words, turning them into excuses for murder, and into apologies for infernal crime. Yet the words of the Master are true now, as they were always true. You are of more value than many sparrows,—yes, you a Man are worth more in the eye of God, than all the earth, and all the stars. For you are a part of God's Eternity, while earth and stars are nothing but gross matter,—matter which owes all its importance to Mind, and which will perish and take new shapes, live and die, and live again, while You, are a Soul, an Eternity in yourself. Therefore look up and be worthy of yourself. Leave the strife of selfishness to money getters, leave ambition to kings, leave creeds to Priests,—arise, and mount to your high Destiny. Seek the worship of God, not from motives of base fear, but from the warm impulse of child-like Love. Worship HIM, your Father, not by saying or singing a creed, but by doing good to your Brother Man. Give your Brother Man, a home in this world, and point him to his Immortality in the next. Strip from his soul, that Poverty which crushes and that guilty Wealth which kills all his nobler faculties. Make him a free man, dwelling on his own land, and cultivating at once, his physical and his immortal nature. And always remember, whether in sunshine or in cloud, that the MASTER's words are truer than earth or stars and that the MASTER's heart beats in your breast, when you think and act a deed of Love.

And to the yell of hateful Controversy, let this be your answer, O, children of misery and toil—**AWAY WITH YOUR CREEDS**—I know them not. Away with your theological quarrels,

which for eighteen hundred years have made tears for the angels and laughter for the devils. Away with your talk of Trinity and of Unity,—your measurement of the next world as though it were only a piece of earth to be cut up into controversial building lots,—away with every line and comma of your stone-hearted Theology. For me, I care but little for your stone churches, and marble altars; and am inclined to hate your stone creeds and marble religions. For me, I much desire to know the **MASTER**. Not as he appears in your church, but as in humble garb, he walked the dusty roads of Palestine, and talked to poor men, and took of them meat and drink. I had rather clutch the hem of his robe, than sit in your grandest *synod*, or kneel by your richest altar, or be enthroned in your highest pulpit. As for me, I am a wanderer between Two eternities,—I am alone,—I am poor, sick and heart weary,—I want not your Catholic mass book, nor your Protestant Catechism,—I want Consolation. Better for me, one word of the New Testament, than all your ingenious distortions of that book. Better, far, far better, one warm word from the Master's lips, than the long howl of theological controversy, which peals down the night of eighteen hundred years. You may quarrel about Trinity and Unity, and compare theatrical Catholicism, with self-righteous Puritanism,—you may dissect Popes, Fathers, and Reformers,—but for me, I am a weary man, whose feet the wayside flints have torn, whose heart the world has jaded and wrung—I am *feeling* my way to the Master, who says plain words, and has a loving heart. Every word worth a world, every throb of that heart worth an Eternity. Give way Priest, Pope, Theologian and Reformer,—give way, Mountebanks of Religion,—for a Poor Man comes and he seeks to clutch the Master even by the hem of his garment. Yes, yes, Brothers with words such as these, and a child-like Love, let us gird ourselves, and leave this scene of darkness and contention,—of hollow forms and hateful controversy,—let us all, bend our steps yonder, where the Master stands! All,—in church, or out of church,—all who are sick,—despairing,—robbed of Home, deprived of Hope, tired and heart-weary of this eternal scene, where false Theology raves its hollow Lie, and iron oppression stifles humanity in its clutch,—come all, and let us march. Yonder the Master stands, and he smiles on us, and his words reach us, even over the Bable of theological strife, and the brawl of sectarian jangle. Let us march! Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, in companies, in regiments, in armies,—let us march. Come doubter who pride yourself upon What you *do not believe*,—come bigot who pride yourself upon What you *do believe*—come, hungry, homeless and despairing souls, who only know that you are hungry, homeless, and despairing,—come, let us march. Let the word go out to all the world,—sound it every tongue,—repeat it every heart with throbs of convulsive joy,—this Day, this Hour, this Moment,—*Now*—Humanity marches with measured step and eyes brimming tears,—marches to the Master's feet. Fall in the ranks, men of all creeds,—sceptic leave your sterile doubts,—bigot leave your sterile creed,—scholar leave your learning, which has only taught you to despair in God and man,—fall in the ranks, and let us march. The Bible is before you,—it has been polluted by creeds, and befooled by the discords of eighteen hundred years,—let us lift it, and read it, by the light which shines from the Master's eyes. The Cross is in the dust, where priests have thrown it,—let us not attempt to walk over it,—but let us claim it as our own,—for the Cross is God's and Humanity's,—it is the emblem of Justice,—place the compass in its centre, and you will be able to describe the broad Circle of Humanity! March! Earth has seen many armies, but never one like this! With the Gospel for our chart, the cross for our symbol, let us move,—hand in hand,—the army of Humanity seeking the Master's Face. And let your hymns resound my Brothers,—join every voice,—let every heart be filled with music,—sing, sing as you go,—yonder **THE MASTER** stands, and he beckons us,—and our hymn fills heaven and earth, for its chorus is **BROTHERHOOD**!

Editorial Department.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. The "WHITE BANNER" is the organ of the BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION. Should any thought or opinion be found in these pages, which conflicts with the spirit of Brotherhood, the fault rests with the Editor, and not with the Order. All that is pure, truthful and thoroughly full of Faith in God and Humanity, belongs to the Brotherhood of the Union. All that seems, or is of a contrary tendency, belongs solely to the Editor, and the blame thereof rests solely upon him, as an individual. In "Adonai or the Pilgrim of Eternity" he has sought to embody in a vivid form the highest thoughts of the Brotherhood, and at the same time, he has uttered his individual opinions on many subjects, for which the Brotherhood is in no respect responsible. As a whole he considers Adonai as the best work that ever proceeded from his pen.—The Legends of Every-Day while they embody the Thought and Emotion of Every-Day life, may in general respects, (and in general respects only) be taken as glimpses of the principles and feelings of our Order. "CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD versus ATHEISTIC SECTARISM" is the substance of a lecture, delivered on Sabbath Day, in Philadelphia, in January last; it is a Review of the lecture of MR. HUGHES, (most Reverend Archbishop) on "The Decline of Protestantism," and also of certain lectures in answer to Mr. H. by Protestant Doctors of Divinity.

—Again let it be remembered, that while the WHITE BANNER, is in general respects, the organ of the Brotherhood of the Union, that it is also, in many respects, the vehicle for the expression of the opinions of the Editor, as an individual,—that is, without regard to his official connection with the Order.

THE BROTHERHOOD.

Amid the war of sect and party,—amid the strife of hollow creeds and vindictive antagonisms,—the BROTHERHOOD lifts its WHITE BANNER into light.

And what is the Brotherhood? Listen—

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION, is a secret organization, which embraces all that is good in other secret societies, such as Masons, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance, with the addition of many an important feature. It seeks to invest every man with the enjoyment of his Right to Land and Home. It seeks to destroy those social evils, which produce poverty, intemperance and crime. It seeks to inculcate correct views of the relations of Capital and Labor, so that the Capitalist may no longer be the tyrant, nor the Laborer the victim, but both sharers of the produce of work, on the platform of Right and Justice. It seeks to annihilate the oppressions under which Labor has writhed so long and hopelessly; and to give to every Laborer the opportunities of mental as well as physical growth. (By Laborer is meant every one, who by the toil of hand or brain, produces something beneficial to the race.) It seeks, in a word, to band together all true men—to cement them in the bonds of a practical and peaceful Association—to enable them to act for the Right, with one heart, one arm and one purse. Re-

garding the degradation of Labor as the cardinal evil—Land Monopoly, the Banking System and Special Legislation as the three great causes of this evil—the Brotherhood of the Union, has nothing to do with mere *sectional* questions. For it seeks to accomplish a perfect Unity of all the true men—all the men who desire and are willing to work for Human Progress—from Maine to Texas, aye from the Atlantic to the Pacific. While the Brotherhood is a secret society, so far as the means of its organization are concerned—it is public in regard to its principles—open in every respect to the eyes of the world.

The ritual with which it inculcates those principles, is the most beautiful, the most affecting, the most truthful, known to any Order on the face of the globe. Its ceremonies are illustrated by such points of American History, as serve to depict the course of Human Progress.

Linked with the American Past, in every detail of that glorious history, which commencing with the Landing of the First Pilgrim, traverses the Seven years of Revolution, and extends to the Present,—THE BROTHERHOOD looks forward in fixed Faith, to the dawning future, when this Continent shall become, in every sense of the phrase,—“*The Palestine of Redeemed Labor.*”

The Brotherhood demands the attention of all men who are in earnest. It demands the aid of all young men, who with correct ideas, endeavor to do good, in their immediate vicinity. It is worthy of the aid of all those who have for many years labored at the work of Social Reform.

What good is there that cannot be accomplished by such an organization, composed of true men, who scattered through the Continent, are working with their hundred thousand hearts for the same object?

That object is not a party interest—not a petty quarrel—not a mere sectional spite. No. But an object which comprises in its circle the interest of every human being—the practical every day interest, as well as the broader hopes of the Future.

O, in this day when the wide impulse of a Humanity that loves all the race, is hampered by petty squabbles, and confined in narrow creeds—when the spirit of sectarianism divides mankind into little knots and gangs, setting every man to war with his fellow—when the Worker, despoiled of Home and of the fruits of his Labor, is separated from his Brother Worker, by the poison of some bigot's hatred,—O, is it not a good thing, in this time of party dissension and social war, to see an organization step boldly into light, with no word upon its **WHITE BANNER** but **BROTHERHOOD**?

Within its Circles may be found true men of all *creeds* who have agreed to differ in some respects, in order to unite upon the Grand Object. It eschews bigots of all stripes—bigots called by name or title whatsoever—eschews, avoids, and turns away from them, as from the smell of a plague-pit. It welcomes **MEN**. It is glad to be helped by **Men**—Men who are in earnest, and who *will work for the cause*.

Some further idea of the nature and prospects of the Brotherhood, may be gleaned from the following address issued soon after the Convocation of the Supreme Circle in October, 1850:

First Annual Address of the S. W. to all the Brothers of the Union.

BROTHERS OF THE UNION!

With a full heart,—imbued with an emotion which I have no wish to conceal,—I now proceed to address you, and in my two-fold capacity,—as S. W. and as a Brother,—to render to you, an account of “my stewardship.”

The First Annual Convocation of the Supreme Circle, composed of the G. E. W's from various States, who had been called together, as the “Representatives of the Past and the Future of the Brotherhood” met in the Hall of Independence at the hour of six o'clock, on Monday, October 7th, 1850.

There, in that place, sanctified by memories dear not to the American heart only, but to the heart of universal Humanity, we joined hands, and in pledge of the sacredness of our objects, repeated the vow of Brotherhood, on the very spot where our Fathers seventy years ago, proclaimed the right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We met,—men of all creeds and parties,—men from all sections of the Union,—and agreeing to differ in those things which are not essential, we vowed to maintain the Brotherhood of the American People,—a Brotherhood based upon justice between man and man,—based upon the right of every man to a place to work and to the full reward of work,—based at once upon the Declaration of Independence and the Gospel of Nazareth.

Brothers! It was a scene that the Future will remember. Our hearts were full. We felt that the work in which we are engaged was serious,—sacred. Encompassed by the memories of the old Hall, we felt that our work was worthy of the place,—that it was the same for which the Fifty-Six periled life and honor, and the Martyrs of the Revolution poured forth their blood upon the battle field,—we felt some glimpses of the Future of our Order, when its White Banner shall move in blessing into every nook and hamlet of the American Continent.

Having thus, by opening the First Annual Convocation of the Supreme Circle, in the HALL OF INDEPENDENCE, linked our Order to the Past and Future, of American History, we adjourned to the Hall of the Brotherhood (near Independence Hall) and confirmed our work, by opening in complete and ancient form.

The Annual Convocation then began its work.

The Report of the S. W., embracing a full account of all his transactions, in the name of the Order, for the past year, in regard to finance, organization and ritual, was presented and referred to Committee of the Whole. The Committee after a full, free and general discussion adopted the Report, and the Supreme Circle confirmed it, by an unanimous vote.

Measures were then taken in regard to the future, both in regard to the formation of Circles and Grand Circles, and in respect to the probable expenditures of the present year. You will find the synopsis of those measures, in the Annexed Report of the proceedings of the Supreme Circle, which after the adjournment of the Annual Convocation, at three o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday, met at 2 o'clock P. M. (also on Tuesday) in order to confirm and rivet their work.

And now Brothers, let me address you.—not in the formal sentences of rhetoric, nor with any view to seem eloquent,—but frankly, freely,—as though I stood face to face with you, and had you by the hand.

My work in the past year was most arduous. Through all changes of time and circumstance, —through privation, difficulty and disappointment that would have chilled a stouter heart than mine,—I was true to the Order,—not on account of any merit in myself, but because I felt that the work of the Order was holy, and that feeling lifted me to the performance of my task. When there was sickness and death, in my household,—when my personal business became a wreck and the labor of years, was lost,—I still remained true to my work in the Order,—I lived for that when I had nothing else left to live for,—I felt that it was my duty, at all hazards, to complete my task, by bringing the Brotherhood into a First Annual Convocation of the S. C. where the Past might be reviewed, and preparation be made for the Future.

That has been done. I thank God that I have lived to see that Day.

The Harmony, the Brotherly Love, the high and generous enthusiasm, which characterized that Convocation, can never be forgotten.

And I speak of what I have done, not to lay claim to your praise, but to impress upon you the force of this question,—*If I, a man hedged in by difficulty, have been able in one year, to place on its feet, this great Brotherhood, how much may you Brothers,—you whose numbers include men of the highest energy and intellect,—how much may you accomplish in the Brotherhood, in the next year?*

I am speaking not to the unfaithful or the indifferent,—I am speaking to the faithful, tried

and true,—I am speaking as though we stood face to face, by the altar, in open Circle, with the vow of Brotherhood in our hearts. I implore you to think of the question,—to weigh,—to act upon it,—I implore you in the name of God and by the Hopes of our common Humanity. If there ever was a serious thought on my heart, you have it here,—if there ever was a true word on my pen, you have it now.

Brothers of all the States, now lighted by the rays of our * * ! Brothers of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa ! Brothers of the North and South, of the Centre, of the East and the West ! BROTHERS OF THE UNION !

To you, one and all, do I appeal, and from the fullness of an overflowing heart, beseech to go on in the work of the Order,—to go on, not as trustless or indifferent men,—but as men thoroughly *convicted* of the Truths of the Brotherhood—and thus grounded, ready to work like men and to work as one man.

Working thus what GOOD can we not accomplish in one year.

Working thus, what a glorious account, can we not render to the next Annual Convocation.

And to those of our number,—should there be any such,—who chill the spirit of our Order, by indifference, or attempt to mar its progress by a selfish and contentious spirit—the Order has also a word. If you cannot work with us, by our ritual and laws, then *go forth in peace*. Do not present perpetually to us, the bad example of a lukewarm or discontented spirit. In the present crisis most of all times, past or future, we want TRUE MEN. Ten true men, thoroughly organized, in a circle, and thoroughly *convicted* of the Truths of our Order, are worth TEN HUNDRED, loosely held together, and working in a lukewarm, shiftless way. This is not an Order to attract men, by the mere promise of a weekly stipend in case of sickness, nor by any other mere selfish consideration. It is an Order which seeks to attract true men by the Truth of its Ideas. It seeks to inculcate that holy selfishness, which finds in the welfare of another, our own best welfare. It seeks to implant in every heart, that feeling of Brotherhood—of complete Unity,—of heroic self-denial—which is above all price, and *without which the People can never accomplish one durable effort of Reform*.

Therefore it is not an Order for the selfish, the idle or the indifferent, but for "TRUE MEN."

Working like true men, what can we not accomplish in the next year ? I confess that the heart within me swells, as I look through the Future, and see, over the clouds of social wrong and sectional dissension, our White Banner MOVE ON. Look up to the Banner, Brothers. There is no stain upon it. No blot of Treason is there. No sectional quarrel blots its spotless white. But there is written,—"BROTHERHOOD." A word which interpreted by true hearts, means, that when Men will work together, in the spirit of Holy Fraternity, the true Idea of this Continent will be accomplished, in establishing the Right of every Man to the fruits of his Labor, and to Land and Home. Look up to the Banner, Brothers. It soars in sunlight above the strife of creed and party—soars in the clear atmosphere of the Right,—and the blessing of God, the holiest aspirations of all true men, go with it, as it waves.

The millions of the Future will behold that Banner,—and they will say of you my Brothers, if you are true to your work, that your hands were the first to lift the White Banner, and that, in the face of all manner of difficulty, your hands upheld the banner staff, while life was in your veins.

I speak with enthusiasm, but it is not,—I know it—that kind of enthusiasm which dies in speech. It is the outward expression of that feeling which has upheld me, through all difficulty, through the past year, and which is still with me, and will be with me, to the end of life.

Remember our Order is now governed in all its Circles by clearly defined Law. To that

Law the S. W. (for the past year, by the very nature of the case, invested with dictatorial powers) is as much subject, as the Brother who only yesterday received the rite of Brotherhood. The Supreme Circle is no absolute nor monarchical body.

It is the Supreme guardian of the laws and principles of the B. G. C. and is desirous to distribute the major part of its *governmental* powers among Grand (or State) Circles, which will be formed, as soon as the wishes of brethren, or circumstances demand. Much less is the Supreme Circle designed to become a monopoly, or a large *property holder*. From year to year, it will require sufficient revenue to meet its reasonable expenses: when the sum in its Treasury, (after the expenses of any past year and the probable expenses of any future year are cared for) amounts to \$1000, that sum will be forthwith distributed, by the voice of the Annual Convocation, and the per centage of Circles and Grand Circles, will be proportionably reduced. The excess will be distributed, in procuring "Homes for the Homeless," or in some brotherly enterprize, to be decided upon, not by **ONE MAN**, but by all the Representatives of the Order, met in Supreme Circle.

And now, Brothers, I must bring this communication to a close. I have not spoken formally but freely, and from the depths of my heart. I have spoken as a Brother to Brothers, as a Man to Men, as a Laborer to Co-Laborers. May God prosper us as we are true to this Work.

In Brotherhood,

GEORGE LIPPARD.

HALL OF THE S. C. BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION, (H. F.) C. A. γ
Philadelphia, Oct. 12, 1850, A. O. 1853. ζ

Since this address was first issued, in October 1850, the Brotherhood, in spite of many disadvantages, and without a Paper or Journal to aid its progress, has been steadily increasing. New Circles have been organized in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, New Jersey, New York and Virginia. Grand Circles with jurisdiction over their respective districts, have been formed in Western New York and Maryland. Ohio which in the number and zeal of its Circles, is justly entitled to the name of the "BANNER STATE," will be organized into a Grand Circle this summer. The Brotherhood is now established as a fixed fact in the history of our country. It has a work to do, both in the Present and the Future, which in importance to our country and mankind, yields to no movement of the Past or of the Present. Let it not be forgotten, that this Brotherhood, cannot on any pretence or by any subterfuge, be forced into the maelstrom of politics. That man is an untrue man and a false Brother, who even hints at political action, in connection with the Brotherhood. Nor can the Brotherhood take any part, in the sectional questions of the day. The way of progress, which it has marked out for itself is in every respect peaceful, national and humanitarian. To link in one great Circle the true men of the Continent,—to aid the development of the highest Idea of our country—to conquer the strife of party and the bitterness of sect, by the peaceful lessons of BROTHERHOOD—such is but a part of the great Work and great Hope of our Order.—If we are not utterly mistaken, the next Convocation of the Supreme Circle (to be held in Philadelphia, on the First Monday of next October) will be rich in glorious fruits.

The State of the World.

Philadelphia, April 22, 1851.

Let us on this calm night, in spring, review the state of the world. It is spring in the year of our Lord 1851, and we will survey the Present of the world, and turn our eyes to the Future. First let us look to Europe. To you who remember the Dawn of 1848, it is a sad, a horrible sight. The night of Despotism sits darkly over Europe. In every land the graves of the

martyrs alone attest, that in 1848, Humanity like Lazarus at the voice of Christ, started up in its grave-clothes, and felt some life in its palsied veins. The hymn of Liberty is hushed in every Land. Brute force and priestly craft, rule everywhere, subservient only to that Monied Power, which Plays with Prince and People, as the Roman Lords once played with the victims of the Amphitheatre. Kossuth, Mazzini, Louis Blanc, John Mitchell, all these are in exile,—but what of that? Louis Napoleon sits on the throne of France. Pius wears his blood-stained Tiara, the money Lords rule alike in London, Paris, and Vienna, and Humanity is dead again. What hope for Europe? By means of peaceful progress, none. It is a hard word, but it is solemnly said, and from the depths of a full conviction. Europe cannot pass to Liberty but through the Red Sea. When her people rise again they must strike and spare not. Mercy to the tyrants is death to the People. You were merciful in 1848, were you not brave People? How have you been rewarded? Europe dead in the night of Despotism gives the answer. When again you lift your heads, and take the marching step,—when again Paris calls, and Berlin, Vienna and Rome send back reply,—then O People, long suffering and all despoiled, you will not talk of Peace when Peace is not. You will not talk of conciliation with tyrants who only live to lie and only act to kill. You will arise, you will strike. You will not spare. "Strike and spare not" is the only password. For,—and O God! the dead here give reply, and answer us from the graves of Ireland, of Germany, of France, of Hungary and Rome—For mercy to the tyrants is death to the People. And it will be a glorious Peace Congress, brave people which you will hold, amid the blazing thrones of Europe.

—In England there was lately some hope of social progress. Hearts in the church and out of the church, were beginning to see, the importance of doing something for the vast people, in the way of physical and social reform. But now that hope has for the time been crushed by a revival of the old-fashioned "No-Popery" war. The combatants are those two robbers of the human race, the Church of Rome and the Church of England. Both not so much *churches* as *governments*,—both having the same creed, "*the spoliation of the body and the soul of man*"; they have joined battle in England, and great is the war of Bishop with Bishop, of Church with Church, of Sacerdotal Robber with Sacerdotal Robber. This war, laughable in itself—for it reminds us of two drunken bandits quarrelling over the corse of a traveller, for his money,—becomes serious, when we reflect, that it will serve as a pretext, to crush all hope of *peaceful progress* in Great Britain. It will divert the attention of the People from the "*things which do most concern their peace*," and set them to quarrelling about two classes of Priests, neither of whom, as *classes*, have any faith in God or Humanity. What matters it to the People, whether they are robbed by the Church of England or the Church of Rome? True,—but it matters much to the People, that they should be robbed at all. And O, it matters much to the People who for eighteen hundred years, have suffered all the despair of hopeless toil,—it matters much,—that they should arise to their true destiny, and pursue the peaceful path of social regeneration, without the revival of the mere theological quarrels, which have so long made man a Devil, and Earth a Hell.

—In Europe literature is playing an important part just now. Bulwer is preaching Toryism in Blackwood,—Thackeray the Cockney Novelist exhales his contempt of Humanity in "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis,"—Dickens gives some free touches of truth and truth all impassioned in his David Copperfield—and Lamartine, God help him! Lamartine the "good genius," of the Revolution of 1848, has become the lacquey of Louis Napoleon. The annals of degradation have no more pitiable case than his. Bulwer a flatterer of ancient wrong, is bad enough, but Lamartine the lacquey of Louis Napoleon and his money grubs,—after this is there any "lower deep?"

—Turn to the New World. Here the sword is needed not. It is the pen that rules here. Or if the pen fails, it is the craft of the money changer and politician. Congress has adjourned. In that Congress Walker of Wisconsin, Julian of Indiana, and Johnston of Tennessee, all

spoke true words and in favor of the freedom of the Land. Brave words that the people will echo in deeds. Many states have passed the Exemption of the Homestead. The election of Judges by the People, has also obtained in many states. And in the future loom up these great questions, (which great as they are, are only as the Heralds of more glorious Reforms to wit,—1. *The election of all officers directly by the People.* 2. *The stripping of the President of all patronage.* 3. *The abolition of all laws for the collection of debts.*

These questions "loom up" in the horizon of the future. They are new now. They will make their way. And they will prepare the way for something higher and better.

And Politics! O dry and barren struggle which perpetually repeats the same old story of a People divided into opposing armies, for the benefit of political gamblers, whose only Religion is "Office and the spoils thereof." It is the spring of 1851, and the question now arises—*Shall 1851 witness once more the drunken orgie of a Presidential campaign?* A political campaign conducted by two opposing bands of adventurers, who shout their hollow war-cries, and set the nation in a blaze of mad agitation, in order to juggle into light a—President—that is, the Monarch of a Party who has some millions of spoils in his gift, and who "farms out" the nation itself for four years, to his sworn satellites? We have hopes that 1852 will witness a struggle of Principles, or rather of Principle against *No Principle*—of social and Christian Democracy against Aristocracy based on money, and faction nursed in plunder,—of **THE PEOPLE**, however divided now by party names (and they are but names after all!) against all those schemers who however called, always unite in robbing the People of their right to Land and Labor's fruits, and of the benefit of fair and equal Law. O, such a battle fought in '52 between the People and the Plunderers, would make the Ballot Box, something holier than the Dice Box of gambling politicians. God send the hour when the People shall be united on one hand, and their Plunderers on the other,—then indeed, we may hail the Presidential election as the period of a peaceful and substantial Revolution.

But what are the prospects now? The stereotyped wire-pullers of all parties, are evidently beginning to play their old game. Already they are looking around with yearning eyes, anxious for an "available" candidate. And "availables" are by no means scarce. Candidates of all parties, who bid high, and offer a rich Future of Post Office and Custom House Plunder (to say nothing of private pickings from the Public Crib, and Ambassadorships with splendid outfits) such candidates are begining to show their hands, to scour the country in hungry hunt of popularity, and to drill their clansmen into the discipline of a Presidential campaign. Will they succeed in their peculiar work? That is a question for the People to decide,—the People who have "to foot the bill" no matter which gambler wins. But let no man who loves his country, (we care not to which party he belongs) vote for any Presidential candidate, whose hands are polluted with Special Legislation, or by wealth acquired by speculation in the Public Lands.

—What of the work of Social Progress? Its course is onward. Thousands and tens of thousands who have been long sick to nausea of the barren strife of Politics, have unclosed their eyes, to the importance of that vast movement (now pulsating in America, as in the whole civilized world) which has for its ultimate, the peaceful Re-organization of Society. In the large cities of the East, and among the people of the North, the West and South, this great movement manifests its dawning Power, in various forms. Land Reform is the initial Letter. The peaceful combination of Workers for their own good,—the breaking down of the barriers of sect and party—the union of all classes, into active effort for the actual physical and moral good of our Race,—there are so many steps in the Movement. And the Future is bright with the fulfilment of **THE IDEA**, which has had its witnesses, its prophets and martyrs in every age, and which finds a divine utterance in the words of the Prayer,—

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be *done on earth* as it is done in Heaven."

SOME TALK ABOUT BOOKS, EVENTS AND MEN.

—A NATIONAL LITERATURE without a great Idea is something more ridiculous than the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. While the truest authors and poets of England, France, Germany and Italy are writing and singing in the cause of human advancement, devoting all their energies to the social elevation of the masses, our authors and poets seem to have nothing better to do, than to cut and thrust at one another. (That word "masses" has become so much a cant phrase of late, that we are forced to define what we mean by it. It means, to be very plain, that portion of the human family who are doomed to work and suffer for the benefit of a mere fraction of the whole sum of humanity. By the word *masses* we mean just Nine-Tenths of the human race.) A merely *literary* man, who has no ultimate but fame, and no religion but self, is one of the greatest curses that can beset a country. He regards all sides of a question, and all shades of opinion, as matters whose right or wrong is only to be tested by a dollar or a puff. He will write for the poor man, or the rich man, serve the Lord or sup with the Devil, just as his "reputation" or his pocket may decide. Such a man was Erasmus in the day of Luther, and in our day we have many copies of Erasmus, "done in little." We need unity among our authors; the age pulsates with a great Idea, and that Idea is the right of Labor to its fruits, coupled with the re-organization of the social system. Let our authors write of this, speak of it, sing of it, and then we will have something like a National literature. But first we must scourge from among us, the mere hucksters and trimmers of literature, that class of people who *make* books—who are to the Publisher what the jackal is to the lion—and who look upon a book actually written by the author, as a piece of incredible supernaturalism.

Our Idea of a National Literature, is simply: that a literature which does not work practically, for the advancement of social reform, or which is too dignified or too good to picture the wrongs of the great mass of humanity, is just good for nothing at all. It is as absurd as the idea of a rich old bachelor in New England, who built a church and put his coffin under the altar, and the key in his pocket, and refused peremptorily to allow any one to preach, pray or even praise God within his splendid edifice. A national literature without a great Idea, is plainly a splendid church, without preacher or congregation, but with the coffin of humanity under its altar, and the key of social progress in some rich publisher's pocket.

—"ENGLISH NOVELS" do more to corrupt the minds of American children, than any sort of bad literature that ever cursed the world. They are filled with attacks upon American freedom. They sneer at what they do not comprehend in our government, and grossly misstate facts, where their comprehension is clear. Published by greedy pirates in New York, who will not pay a decent price for a book even from the pen of a Cooper or an Irving these books are scattered broadcast over the land. It is vain to deny that they have some sort of influence. Their very spirit is anti-American and anti-human. This is not strange. Written very often by authors who believe in that most terrible of "Infernal Machines" the established church of England—who believe that Britain is right in starving 300,000 Irishmen to death per year—who in fact, cling to the whole list of British absurdities, from Absurdity A No. 1. of supporting a female Pope called a Queen, at the expense of the misery of a whole people, to Z No. 99 of pouring all the life and blood of a People into that great funnel of degradation called "The Factory System"—these "English Novels" are the very worst class of books to put into the hands of an American boy or girl. The works of Dickens, James, Bulwer and a few others we of course exempt from this censure; and yet even in the pages of James, Dickens and Bulwer we often find a sneer not only at the spirit of American freedom, but at the very name of that Democracy which in the last two years has been doing brave work for Man, in Hungary,

France and Rome. Let us pass an international copyright, and thus give the English author a fair chance with the American: the present system gives one chance to the American and ninety-nine to the English author. We want a more thorough cultivation of an American literature. Not a party literature, nor a sect literature, but a *literature built upon those great deeds of the American Past, which illustrate the progress of Humanity wherever Humanity throbs.* A literature vital and burning with the great idea of America—"Land, Home, Moral and Intellectual development for All"—and not a literature fashioned by worshippers of peers, bishops and money grubs, is what our people demand.

Think of it Congressmen, over your champagne. Think of it brawlers for a high protective tariff—ye who are eloquent about the rights of Cotton, and profound in Coal and Iron. Give American literature, not a protective tariff, but a fair chance, a plain and undeniable Right. Think of it young Minds of America, who in college, garret and workshop, are now maturing the thoughts which—properly developed—will give Light and Energy to the People of the next generation. A chance for the Mind of America against the corrupt pages of writers who, born amid the despair of British Social Slavery, betray Humanity and God for something less than the silver of Judas.

—A recent biographer of WOODSWORTH, tells how, in his early life, when both his heart and his genius were pure and young, the immortal poet, was drawn to France by his sympathy with the dawning Revolution. There he formed a friendship with a French patriot, and, (says the Biographer) "*one day they met a poor half starved and half naked girl; the patriot pointed to the sad object, and said it was THEIR mission to banish such spectacles. Woodsworth believed it, and his heart warmed.*"

And then the same Biographer tell us how afterwards Woodsworth became a Conservative,—lost ~~all~~ faith in social redemption,—and believed firmly in the Eternity of Evil, in this world. The reason given for the change is, "the atrocities of the French Revolution." A very lame reason, although a convenient one. As well discredit Christianity on account of the crimes committed in its name, as abandon the holy truths which gave rise to the French Revolution, on account of the crimes of Hebert and Marat.

—SINCE BULWER THE NOVELIST, has had "Sir," appended to his name, he seems to take an especial delight in denying every liberal principle. The same man who in "Paul Clifford" preached a ferocious radicalism, now in a novel publishing in Blackwood, plays the pander to all that is base in British aristocracy.

The man who delighted hundreds of thousands with the pure thought of Zanoni,—with the stirring portraiture of human rights in the Last of the Barons,—has now become the especial lick-spittle of all that is mean and atrocious in the social system of England. In the novel publishing in Blackwood, he attempts to teach the masses, a kind of submission to their "superiors" which would do honor to the Dark ages,—he idolizes the Church Establishment,—he goes into raptures, with the Squirearchy, and slurs and libels every humane thought contained in his previous works. There is something truly humiliating to human nature, in such a spectacle of moral degradation.

—THACKERAY the Cockney author of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, seems to be a man, who having exhausted all his moral force, by long contact with the world of fashionable fools, has now in his mature manhood, lost all faith in Humanity. He looks at life with the cynic sneer of an exhausted debauchee.

—THE TABLET, A CATHOLIC PAPER IN LONDON, holds bold language, in reference to the late excitement in England, resulting from the elevation of Mr. Wiseman to the dignity of Cardinal, with the title of Archbishop of Westminster. It says:—

“ But let Englishmen know that if theirs is a great empire, the Catholic Church is a greater; more ancient, more noble, more widely spread, more necessary to the interests of humanity, and that the children of this great empire love it better than country or national honor, and are determined, if they can, to render any government impossible which lends itself to the sectarian bigotry, which attempts to cripple the action of the Catholic Church.

—COLONEL JAMES WATSON WEBB, a gentleman of mild and amiable manners, no less renowned for his duel with Cilley than his glorious career as Ambassador to Austria, proves conclusively in twenty seven columns of the New York Courier, that Kossuth and his companions, were but miserable rebels after all, while the Austrian government is a model of Christian Liberty. The world has not been so much surprised since the days when a Philosopher of the same school as Mr. Webb, demonstrated the divine origin of New Zealand Cannibalism.

—THE “SPIRIT KNOCKINGS” as they are called, continue to attract much attention. They are heard in various parts of the country, from the Atlantic to the Lakes, and from Canada to Mason and Dixon’s line. A number of learned gentlemen, have proved the whole matter to be an imposture,—most conclusively,—at least to their own satisfaction. The most illustrious of these, is Dr. Lee of the “ University of Buffalo,” who proves to a demonstration, that by a dislocation of her knee-pan, Mrs. Fish of Rochester, has been enabled not only to lift tables, chairs, etc. imitate all imaginable sounds, but also to answer *mental* questions. Thus Dr. Lee, is the original discoverer of “Knee-pan-ology”—we trust that envy will not be suffered to rob him of all the credit of his immortal discovery. A rival of the Dr.’s has discovered the science of *Toe-ology*. But of him, we need not speak just now.

—LAVENGRO, by George Borrow, author of “The Bible in Spain,” is *the* book of the last six months. Starting with an announcement of his firm hatred of the Church of Rome and his as fixed belief in the Church of England, Mr. Borrow gives us a story of wild life in England, in which the glory of gypsey and tinker life is duly set forth, and the author always exhibited as the centre of the picture. It is a fresh breezy kind of book, valuable for its combination of Prize-fighting and Theology.

DAVID COPPERFIELD, the last book by Dickens, is the best that ever emanated from his pen. It looks very much like an auto-biography. For power, pathos and intrinsic beauty, it has no superior in the language.

“ ALTON LOCKE” by a clergyman of the Church of England, has made a deep impression on the minds of tens of thousands of readers. It is an able work of the Christian Socialist School.

—MR. TUPPER the author of “Proverbial Philosophy” who is now in this country, seems to be an exceedingly amiable man. He takes the American Union under his patronage. He “loves us.” He tells us so at Alms House Corporation dinners. He is only afraid that we will run into “Jacobinism” in politics and “Infidelity” in Religion. In all this Mr. Tupper shows the self-complacency and fervor of the Cockney school of British writers.

THE IDEA OF THE RE-ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY—which throbs at the very heart of this Century—has had its witnesses, its prophets, and its martyrs in every age. Plato dreamed of it, in his picture of the island of Atlantis, Sir Thomas Moore embodied it in his Utopia, and in modern times a “multitude of witnesses” for the Truth have appeared, and forced the world to hear them. And in all ages, true men and women, have attempted to carry out this Idea, by founding Communities, governed by equal laws, and cemented by that Love which embraces the whole Human Family. In the days of Christ, the Essenes lived in harmonious Community. The first Christians looked upon the Sacrament of the Eucharist, as a divine symbol of the Communal Life. The Fathers of the Catholic Church, in many respects, held the same faith. And coming down the ages, we find that in the close of the seventeenth century, a number of exiles from Germany founded in Pennsylvania, a noble Community, near the city of Philadelphia. The history of these People is bright with good deeds. In the present day, efforts at Communal or Associative life, in the highest sense of the term—have been frequent. The North American Phalanx, in Monmouth County, New Jersey, has been eminently successful. CABER the celebrated French Socialist has succeeded in establishing his Association at Nauvoo. And before many years are gone, our western country will be made the theatre of countless demonstrations of the truth of this great Idea.

IT SEEMS THAT THE SERVILITY OF MR. HUGHES, (most reverend Archbishop of New York) in calumniating Mazzini and his compatriots has not yet been rewarded with the Red Hat of a Cardinal. Mr. H. is an industrious diplomatist and will have the title of “my Lord Cardinal” yet, if blasphemy of everything like human Liberty can win it.

THE LEGEND, entitled “The singular dream of Mr. Calhoun,” was written long before the decease of that honest and illustrious man. It has a moral however for the present time, as South Carolina is even now upon the eve of becoming a Foreign Country.

CERTAIN “LEWD FELLOWS OF THE BASER SORT,” who are in the employment of New York Publishers, indulge their baseness, and earn their pay, by writing wholesale Lies about the European Socialists. It is rather hard to see “Miscellaneous Magazines” and “Neutral Papers” made the vehicles of these falsehoods. But then it is consoling to reflect, that these Fellows, would write just as bitterly on the opposite side—if paid for it.

THE GRAND CIRCLE OF WESTERN NEW YORK was organized on the 16th of Dec. 1850. Its chief and officers are,—James P. Murphy, G. C. W.; E. A. Marsh, G. C. J.; Wm. L. Finn, G. C. F.; H. D. Barron, G. C. W_{NE}; H. B. Waterman, G. C. F.; Wm. R. Goetchius, G. C. G.; H. W. D. Brewster, G. H.; Wm. H. Pratt, G. M.; John Greig, G. W. D.; James W. Cavan, G. W. N. Its jurisdiction comprises all that part of New York *west* of the counties of Franklin, Hamilton, Fulton, Montgomery, Schoharie and Delaware. Since its organization it has flourished abundantly. The residence of James P. Murphy, G. C. W., (and also S. J. of the Supreme Circle) is at *Lockport, Niagara Co., New York.*

THE GRAND CIRCLE OF MARYLAND, was organized in Baltimore, March 21st, 1851, in the Hall of Eloheim Circle. Seth Fisher, G. C. W.; and Sol. Shepherd, G. M., reside at Union Bridge, Carroll Co., and the following chief and officers, are resident in Baltimore,—James W. Gorman, G. C. J.; Thomas B. Askew, G. C. F.; Saml. S. Mills, G. C; W_{NE}; C. D. Stivers, G. C. F_N; Thomas Green, G. C. G.; John H. Wilson, G. S. H.; Henry Spilman, G. T.—D. E. Woodburn, G. R.; N. Robinson, G. H.; Joseph Brownley, G. W. D.; James Potter, G. W. N.

MEMORANDA—"The Coming Time," that fine and stirring poem in the present volume, is from the pen of *Carlos D. Stuart*, who ranks among the first of our American Poets.—We have been forced for want of space, to omit many excellent articles prepared for this volume, among which may be named—a List of all the Circles of the Brotherhood, and a number of essays, reviews, sketches and poems, from the pens of some of our best writers. The articles thus omitted, will appear in the next volume of the White Banner.—Sir Henry Bulwer the British Minister at Washington has distinguished himself lately, by quite a number of silly speeches, delivered before various Associations of Money-Grubs in our large cities. While Americans have none but fraternal feelings toward the true Men of England, they regard Sir Henry, and all similar off-shoots of the Landed and Monied Oligarchy of England with feelings of the most sincere contempt.—Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the Letters of Wm. H. Fry, the Parisian Correspondent of the New York Tribune. They are stamped with the impress of True Manhood.—South Carolina is about to secede from the Union. So much talk has been had over the matter, that the American People will hail this Secession as a most blessed termination of a long and vexatious suspense. We trust that on the day when South Carolina severs the last link which binds her to America and history, some true American heart, will remove the bones of the Martyr Hayne from her foreign soil.—Thurlow Brown of the Cayuga Chief (Auburn, New York) a brave and manly writer, deserves the thanks of all true friends of Humanity for his frequent expositions of the Infamous system of the State Prison at Auburn.—"The Mysteries of the People" by Eugene Sue, attempts to trace the history of a Family of the People, from the days of Cæsar down to the present time. A bold conception, which the Author has carried out most vividly.—It is a true saying and worthy of "all acceptation" that Land Monopoly is the cause of at least one half of the evils which afflict the human race.—Bowen the Boston man, who libelled Kossuth and Liberty, through the heavy pages of the North American Review, finds an able coadjutor in Orestes A. Brownson, the Man of Manifold Beliefs.—Griswold the Compiler, having recovered from his late attack on the memory of Edgar A. Poe, is now conducting the International,—a kind of Pawnbroker's Shop of native and foreign literature.—There is great danger of our country being *doctored* and *lawyered* to death. At a moderate computation, there are at least ten doctors and lawyers, where one is needed. The spirit of Attorneyism infests our state and national legislators; and many of our medical schools yet linger in the dark ages of blood-letting, calomel and opium.—The masses in this country and the old world, have made a greater advance in intelligence in the last ten years, than in the whole of the last century.—

H. F.

C O N S T I T U T I O N

OF

C I R C L E

OF THE

BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.

No. —— of the C., and No. —— of the State of ——

CONTINUING COLLECTIONS

1870-1875

H. F.

In order to afford sincere inquirers some knowledge of the character of our order,—in order also to refute and set at rest erroneous ideas which have been put in circulation in regard to its object and its work,—the Supreme Circle of the Brotherhood, through the undersigned, publish this statement of the true purpose of the Order.

The Brotherhood of the Union continues to spread throughout the United States. From every part of the Union it is hailed by the friends of Progress, as an efficient worker in the cause of humanity. Taking for its basis the principle of Brotherly Love embodied in the Gospel of Nazareth, and the affirmation of the Right of every Man to life, liberty, land, and home, embodied in the Declaration of Independence, the BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION, now comes before the world, not as an organization of dreams or shadows, but as a Worker—a practical everyday Worker—in the cause of Labor.

In the course of less than one year of active life, the Brotherhood planted its White Banner in Twenty States of the American Union. And for the Future, properly directed and thoroughly understood by the true kind of Men, it will soon increase its Circles, and spread its influence until it numbers at least one thousand Circles. But it seeks not so much to increase its numbers, as to attract to its work, the men who are willing to receive its truth and ready to act upon them.

Once for all, the Brotherhood has nothing to do with *sectional* questions, or with the *party politics* of the day.

It does not seek to array Labor against Capital.

It does seek to render the operations of Labor and Capital harmonious, and to protect Labor against *usurped* Capital.

It does not seek to array one class against another, nor one creed against another.

It does seek to unite all true men, of every class and creed upon the broad platform of "BROTHERHOOD."

And in its ritual the word "Brotherhood" does not mean alms, charity, or friendship, but has a meaning infinitely more vast and significant—a meaning which will strike home into the heart of every sincere man.

"BROTHERHOOD" properly followed out, will give to every Man the fruits of his Labor—will secure to every Worker a Homestead—will protect the Men who work against those *usurpers* of Capital who degrade Labor in Factories, and swindle it in Banks—will by means of peaceful Combination, so reform public opinion that Legislators will no longer dare to make special Laws, and bestow privileges upon one man at the expense of ninety-nine of his brothers and sisters.

"The Brotherhood of the Union" works by Combination of true hearts—and that Combination is aided by means of rites, ceremonies, and symbols which, in some form or other, have been celebrated by the friends of Humanity for untold years. Yet the Brotherhood does not boast of this antiquity of its rites for mere antiquity's sake—nor for the purpose of exacting a superstitious veneration—but in order to show that the Principles for whose fulfilment we are now struggling, have had their believers in every age, and that the smile of God has blessed them in the darkest epochs of human despair. These Rites trace the History of Labor through every age, and point to the Future, when the "acceptable year of the Lord" shall come to the Sons of men, blessing every Man with a *place* to Work with the fruits of his Work (not wages nor alms) and with a bit of Land that he may call by the sacred title of Home.

"The Brotherhood" is eminently patriotic. It is American. It is the only actually American Order in the world.

But it is not patriotic in a party sense, nor American according to a narrow creed. It is American because it is imbued with the great idea of America—to wit—that the new World was given by God to the Workers of the World as their especial domain—their own free Homestead—sacred forever from the craft of the priest, or the power of the King.

Thus, the New World bears the same relation to the Workers of the World, that Palestine bore to the Israelites enslaved in Egypt. The Continent of America is the Palestine of Redeemed Labor.

It is American because its ceremonies keep alive in the heart of every Brother, the memory of those deeds in the History of the New World, which have an especial bearing upon the cause of Liberty and Progress. It is American because the very titles of its officers are nothing less than the Names of the great men of the American Past.

It is American because it seeks to inculcate (in a manner which the world without can have no idea) a feeling of Brotherhood among the citizens of Thirty American States. It is American because it regards the New World as the agent, chosen by Almighty God, for the regeneration of the Oppressed of all nations and races.

The Regalia which clothes the Brothers of the Order, costs but little—not one-tenth as much as the Regalia of the other Orders—and is more beautiful than the Regalia of any Order now in existence. This Regalia gives unity of appearance to the Armies of Organized Labor, embodied in the Brotherhood. It is the Regalia of patriotism, of progress, and of labor. It is not intended to create distinction, but to level all distinctions. Kings and Priests have had their Regalia long enough—their robes of purple and their gowns of velvet and lawn—and now **LABOR** claims its own royal robes, and wears them with honor in the **BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION**.

Be it understood that the investment of considerable sums of money *in costly and therefore useless Regalia*, is particularly opposed by the spirit and lessons of Brotherhood.

While the Brotherhood of the Union sympathizes with the various excellent Orders of the day—the Masons, the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, and others—while it numbers many of their members in its fold—it is superior to them all, and beyond them all, because it strikes at the root of those Evils which have so long degraded or oppressed the human race. This fact has been warmly acknowledged by eminent members of the Orders named above.

With regard to the Method of forming new Circles of the Order—

The Undersigned is for the present delegated and authorized to answer all letters which may be addressed to him on this subject. Any Ten Men who believe in God—who vow to maintain the American Union—and to defend the Rights of Labor—can obtain a Charter for a Circle of the Brotherhood. It matters not from what part of the United States or from what quarter of the American Continent the Petitioners may hail. We will send Forms of Application to all persons who may in good faith apply for them.

Let me briefly state the

PLATFORM

OF

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.

I.—*Its Motto.*—“TRUTH, HOPE, AND LOVE.”—It believes in the TRUTH that God has given the American Continent as the Homestead of redeemed Labor—it holds fast to the HOPE that the day comes when Labor shall be free from the death-grip of the Monopolist and the Tyrant—it cherishes that LOVE which is but another name for Universal Brotherhood.

II.—*Its Title.*—“BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.”—The Union of the good against the bad—the Union of the friends against the enemies of mankind—the Union of the Workers against the Idlers who do not work, but who do steal the fruits of Labor’s toil—the Union of Labor until Labor ripens into Capital.

III.—*Its Method of Work.*—The Combination of all true men into Circles of Brotherhood, scattered throughout the Continent, and held together by a common purpose, and by uniform regalia, rites, ceremonies, and symbols.

IV.—*To the great object of the Order,* regalia, rites, ceremonies, and symbols are held subservient. When the Order can work without them they will be dispensed with.

V.—*Its great Symbol*—a Circle, the emblem of God, of Eternity, and of Universal Brotherhood.

On behalf of the Supreme Circle,

GEORGE LIPPARD,

Philadelphia.

ARTICLE I.

The Name of this Circle.

_____ Circle, No. 1, of the Brotherhood of the Union, (encircled in the H. F.) of the State of _____, in town of _____, County of _____, and Circle No. — of the B. U. [H. F.] throughout the Continent of America.

ARTICLE II.

Its Powers.

All that belong to a Circle of Union—as defined by the B. G. C. which it shall exercise so long as it acts in obedience to the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

ARTICLE III.

Brotherhood.

No one shall be initiated into this rite who does not believe in God, the Father of the Universe; possess a good moral character; and on his solemn word of honor, vow, or promise, to maintain at all hazards, the existence or sanctity of the American Union, and the Rights of Labor. The Initiate must have attained the age of twenty-one; and not have passed the age of fifty. For all above the age of forty, an extra fee of not less than one dollar will be charged. The warrant of

the S. W. S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A. alone can dispense with any of these provisions.

ARTICLE IV.

How a Candidate must be Proposed.

In writing, by a Brother of the Union, who shall state the name, age, occupation, and residence of the Candidate. This shall be referred to a Committee of Three who shall report to the next stated meeting of the Circle.

ARTICLE V.

How Elected.

1. In case the Report is favorable it shall be laid on the Altar, when the question shall be presented by the C. W. "Shall the name of _____ be inscribed on the B. G. C.?" An election will then be held, and if it appear that no more than Three Brothers vote against the Candidate, the C. W. will demand their reasons, after which the question shall be again presented, as above, and a majority of the whole number of brethren, or two-thirds of those present will decide in the affirmative, and the C. shall be declared a Brother elect.

2. If it appear that a majority of the whole number, or two-thirds of those present, are not in favour of the C., the C. W. shall declare him rejected, and direct the H. S. K. to send notice thereof to the Supreme Circle of the B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

3. This election, and all other elections of the Circle, shall be conducted in accordance with the B. G. C.; that is to say, every Brother shall vote by rising, making the sign of the Order, and uttering in a distinct voice, either "Yes," or "No," or the name of the person, or the resolution for whom or which, or against whom or which he gives his suffrage.

4. The use of black or white balls, or any form of this kind is not permitted.

ARTICLE VI.

Initiation.

1. The Brother elect having paid his initiation fee—which shall not be less than One Dollar, nor more than Five—may, at the next stated

Circle after his election, and not before, be invested with the rights, powers, and privileges of a Brother of the Union (H. F.)

2. Unless initiated within four weeks after his election he must be proposed and elected again.

ARTICLE VII.

The Officers of the Circle.

1. Shall consist of the Chiefs of the six chairs or platforms, to wit:

The Chief Washington	}	T. or V. Degrees.
“ Chief Jefferson		
“ Chief Franklin		
“ Chief Wayne		
“ Chief Fulton		C. or H. Degrees.
“ Chief Girard		

2. In addition to these shall be:

The H. Herald of the Union—appointed by the Chief Washington.

“ H. Scroll Keeper	}	Who must have attained the Washington Degree.	
“ H. Register			
“ H. Treasurer			
“ H. Auditor			

and also,

3. The Watcher of the Day—who must first have taken the Girard Degree. The Watcher of the Night—who may be selected from the Hermitage Brothers.

4. These offices shall be held for one Term of the Circle of six months duration, and every officer must retain his place until his successor is properly installed.

ARTICLE VIII.

How Appointed, Elected, and Installed.

1. The last stated session before the term expires, shall be set apart for the election of officers, which election shall be conducted according to the B. G. C.

2. These officers shall be installed on the next stated session or convocation after their election.

ARTICLE IX.

Duties of Officers.

1. The *Chief Washington* shall act in every manner as President of the Circle, according to the Constitutions of the Supreme Circle, and the arts, mysteries, and ceremonies of the Order, as set forth in the B. G. C. He will take the Chair, or assume his Platform at all meetings of the Circle, enforce a rigid observance of the laws of the Order, give the casting vote when the Circle is divided, and draw upon the Treasurer for all monies voted by the Circle, and attested by the H. Scroll Keeper.

He will appoint a majority of all Committees, not otherwise provided for, and convene all special meetings of the Circle, either at his own discretion, or at the written request of five Brothers.

He shall lay aside all motions which he deems unconstitutional, permitting an appeal to the Supreme Circle. On the night when he ascends from his Platform, he will see that the two quarterly reports are made out and forwarded to the Supreme Circle during his term.

2. The other *Chiefs of Platforms* shall do and perform all such duties as may be enjoined upon them by the B. G. C. among which may be named, a faithful performance of their duties in the rite of Initiation to Brotherhood, and to the respective Degrees.

3. The *H. Herald of the Union* shall examine and take charge of the C. from the Porch to the A., and do all further services required by the C. W. according to the B. G. C. He shall take charge of the Insignia and properties of the Circle, and in this respect be under the supervision of the Chief Jefferson.

4. The *H. Scroll Keeper* shall keep the *Book of Record*, in which the proceedings of every meeting of the Circle must be succinctly written, with a synopsis of every resolution or communication or paper which may have been offered for the consideration of the Circle. He shall enter its laws in full upon the Book of Record. He shall note the sum or sums of money received at every session. He shall make out at the close of the first three months of his term, for the circle, a full report in writing, and in the same manner a full quarterly report for the Supreme Circle. And at the close of the last three months of his

term, he shall make a similar report for his circle and for the Supreme Circle.

5. The *H. Register* shall keep the Book of Register, in which the amount of all monies received by the Treasurer, at each stated Circle shall be fully entered, with the C.'s answers to the questions in the Porch. In this Book of Register, he shall keep a just and true account between the Brethren and Circle, credit every Brother with the amount he pays into the Treasury, and pay over to the H. Treasurer at the close of each circle, all monies received by him.

6. The *H. Treasurer* shall take charge of all monies, pay all orders signed by the C. W. and attested by the S. K., keep regular and true accounts in the *Book of the Treasury*, and in every manner perform the duties of Treasurer of the Circle. He shall give sufficient surety for the performance of his duties previous to his Installation.

7. The *H. Auditor* shall examine once a month all the books of the Circle, and report to the Circle, through the C. W.

8. The *Watcher of the Day* shall keep the Inner Door of the Circle, receive the 31 and 10-13 from all who apply for admission ; admit no one who does not give them, unless directed otherwise by the C. W., introduce all visiting Brothers, and perform his part in the Rite of Initiation.

9. The *Watcher of the Night* shall keep watch in the Porch of the Circle, receive the *first signification* of the 5 from every applicant for admission ; admit no one who does not give it, without first reporting to the W. D., and through him receiving the assent of the C. W. He shall also preserve order and strict silence in the Porch.

10. It is especially understood that additions to the duties of the above officers, or changes in their duties, may be made by the Circle, so long as those changes or additions do not conflict with the ancient customs of the H. F. as set forth in the B. G. C. and affirmed by the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

ARTICLE X.

Regalia, more properly called Insignia.

Shall be in accordance with the B. G. C. as defined by the S. C., and promulgated by the C. W. of this Circle.

ARTICLE XI.

Dues.

1. The regular dues of the Circle shall not be less than Five cents per week.
2. Every Brother shall pay fifteen cents per quarter to the Grand Fund of the Brotherhood, which shall be forwarded quarterly to the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

ARTICLE XII.

Benefits.

1. The Benefits of this Circle are to be proportioned to the *wants* of the applicant, and to the *capacities* of the Circle.
2. It shall be in the power of this Circle to decide whether or not stated weekly benefits shall be given to Brothers who are sick or in distress. Also, whether or not in case of the death of a Brother, or a Brother's wife, a funeral tax of not less than Fifteen cents, shall be paid by each Brother. Also, whether or not a sum of not less than Forty Dollars shall be provided for the interment of a Brother, and not less than Thirty for the interment of a Brother's wife.
3. Any Brother in actual distress, shall give the sign to a Brother, who shall without delay communicate his case to the Circle.
4. A travelling Brother in distress, will be relieved according to the capacities of the Circle.
5. A Brother who is out of work, or who is in difficulty proceeding from his being defrauded out of the fruits of his work, shall be considered as a Brother in distress, and his case shall be considered as equal in point of merit and urgency to any other case.

ARTICLE XIII.

Per centage to the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

Five per cent. of all monies received for initiations, degrees, dues, or fines, must be paid quarterly to the Supreme Circle, B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

ARTICLE XIV.

Vacancies in Office

Shall be provided for in all cases, by a new appointment or election, in the same manner as if the regular term of the vacated office had expired.

ARTICLE XV.

By-Laws,

1. Enacted by this Circle must be in conformity with this Constitution, with the B. G. C. and the Supreme Circle, otherwise they cannot claim obedience from any Brother.
2. No alteration can be made in them without one week's notice.
3. They must be approved by the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A., and a copy filed in the office of the H. Supreme Scroll Keeper of the S. C.

ARTICLE XVI.

Amendments and Interpretation of this Constitution.

1. This Constitution cannot be altered or amended, save by the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A. as set forth in the B. G. C.
2. In case doubt prevails as to the meaning of any article, it shall be submitted, by appeal from the C. W., to the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

ARTICLE XVII.

Monetary Affairs.

This Circle shall exercise exclusive control of its monetary affairs, so long as it acts in obedience to the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

ARTICLE XVIII.

Expulsion.

Expulsion may be decreed by this Circle, when its decision is affirmed by the S. C., for the following offences:

1. Violation of obligations incurred at Initiation into Brotherhood, or any of the Degrees, Platforms, or Offices; among which a betrayal of the 5, 31, or 10-13 stands among the most infamous offences.
2. Violation of the established principles, customs, and laws of the Brotherhood.
3. Violation of any article of this Constitution, or a second violation of any article of the By-Laws.

ARTICLE XIX.

Form of Trial.

1. A charge must be made in writing, addressed to the C. W., and signed by a Brother, and a copy sent to the accused, before the C. W. can order a trial.
2. At the same time that the charge is made, and the trial is petitioned for, the C. W. and the Circle, jointly, shall appoint a Committee of Five to collect evidence, examine witnesses—the parties included—and this Committee shall report to the next stated session of the Circle.
3. The Committee shall lay their report before the C. W., who shall put the question on its adoption. In case it is adopted, the C. W. shall then proceed to put the question in relation to the Trial—“*Brothers, ye have heard the Report. Is it of sufficient importance to warrant the C. W. in calling a trial and organizing a Court, according to the solemn forms of our Order?*”
4. If a majority vote in the affirmative, then the C. W. shall appoint a time (within two weeks) when the accuser and the accused may be heard in person before the Circle, organized into a Court of the H. F.—the Chiefs of the Platforms acting as Judges, and the Brothers acting as Jurors.
5. Two-thirds of the Circle, and not less, may render a verdict of guilty.
6. Always provided that the Brothers of a Degree inferior to the accused shall not be present or have a voice in the matter.
7. After the verdict of “Guilty” has been rendered, the C. W. must forward that verdict to the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A., for its affirmation or disapproval.
8. In case the Supreme Circle affirm the sentence or verdict, the C.

W. shall summon a special Circle for the purpose of celebrating the Ceremony of Expulsion, according to the Customs of the Order as set forth in the B. G. C.

9. The C. W. is amenable to the Supreme Circle, and can be tried on a charge preferred by a majority of the Circle.

ARTICLE XX.

Withdrawal of a Brother from this Circle.

Any Brother in good standing may withdraw his Medal from this Circle, for which he shall pay not less than twenty-five cents.

ARTICLE XXI.

Entrance of a Brother into this Circle.

Any Brother, from another Circle, wishing to enter this Circle, must send in his Medal and one-half of the Initiation Fee, with his application to the C. W. A committee shall be appointed, and their report acted upon, as in Article V.

ARTICLE XXII.

The Exalted Washington.

The Exalted Washington of the term shall faithfully comply with the conditions of his covenant with the S. W., and shall represent this Circle in all convocations of E. W.'s, and shall perform all such duties as may be enjoined upon him by the laws of the S. C.

ARTICLE XXIII.

The Circle of E. W.'s within this Circle,

Shall consist of all Exalted Washingtons who have faithfully fulfilled the conditions of their covenant, with the S. W., during the term immediately ensuing their occupancy of the C. W.'s chair.

ARTICLE XXIV.

General Rules for the Government of the Circle.

1. *Admonition to all Brethren.* This Circle must work in harmony—in Truth, in Hope, in Love. Otherwise it cannot be called a Circle

of *Union*, nor claim affinity with *Brotherhood*. In order to carry into effect the blessed Principles of the Order, to prevent confusion, or unnecessary debate, the following laws of order and decorum are promulgated. They must be strictly obeyed by the Circle, and faithfully enforced by the C. W.

2. *Sectarianism or Political debate.* Nothing of a sectarian or political character can be introduced into the discussions of the Circle.

3. *Indecorum—Levity.* No Brother shall fail to preserve a decorous solemnity while the ceremonial work of the Order is in progress. Any Brother guilty of levity, or manifesting a disposition to disturb the work or business of the Circle, by trifling or boisterous conduct, or by personally offensive remarks, shall be fined, suspended, or expelled as the Circle (acting under the Supreme Circle) may decide.

4. *Initiations—Infringements.* No infringement of the B. G. C. in relation to Initiations or other Work of the Circle will be permitted.

5. *Manner of addressing the Chief—Regalia.* Every Brother when speaking shall rise and address the C. W. (or the Chief supplying his place) by his proper title. No Brother shall be permitted to speak, or share in the deliberations of the Circle, who is not clothed in appropriate Insignia.

6. *In case two Brothers rise at once,* the C. W. shall designate which is entitled to be heard.

7. *Title.* Every Brother shall be addressed in debate, or in any communication made in the Circle by his proper title.

8. *When called to order,* a Brother must cease speaking and resume his seat until the question is determined.

9. *No Brother shall transgress the harmony of the Order* by speaking more than once on the same question, until all Brothers who desire have spoken. The C. W. may permit a Brother to speak more than once. On questions of order no Brother can speak more than once.

10. *A motion before being subject to debate* must be seconded and stated by the C. W.

11. *No Resolution nor Report of Committee* shall be considered unless presented in writing. Reports of Committees must be signed by a majority.

12. *When the decision of a question* is doubted by a Brother, he

may call for a division, and for a count of the affirmative and negative votes.

13. *No motion for reconsideration* shall be entertained which is not offered by a Brother, who has voted with the majority.

14. *When the time comes for putting the question*, (according to the request of the Circle, or a decision of the C. W.) the C. W. shall put it in this form :

"Brothers have you heard the motion? Shall it be placed upon the Altar, as the voice of the Circle?"

And in cases of election to Brotherhood these words shall be added : *"— and inscribed upon the B. G. C. as the law of the Circle?"* In all cases of important reports, laws, resolutions, this last formula shall be added.

15. *While the question is being taken* no Brother shall cross the floor, leave the room, nor maintain private conversation.

16. *No Brother from another Circle* shall be permitted to speak, unless by permission of the C. W.

17. *All questions of Order* shall be decided by the C. W., subject to an appeal to the Chiefs of the other Platforms, and then to the full Circle.

18. *When a blank is to be filled*, the question shall be taken upon the highest sum or number, and the longest or latest time.

19. There shall be no debate in regard to the C. W.'s decisions on questions of order, before made, unless by his request.

20. *The C. W. shall have the power of speaking* from his Platform, in all cases where the ancient arts, mysteries and ceremonies of Brotherhood are the subject of discussion and enquiry.

21. *The first Brother named on a Committee* shall act as chairman.

22. *No Brother shall pass between the A. and the C. W.'s Platform*, while the Circle is in session, and the C. W. in his P.

23. *Order of Business.* 1. When the C. W. takes the chair or P. and calls the Circle to order, at the sound of the B. the officers and brethren shall take their respective places.

2. The Circle shall then be opened in accordance with the B. G. C.

3. The H. S. K. shall then read from the Book of Record the minutes of the last meeting. Should no error appear they will stand approved.

4. Report of Messengers of Brotherhood.

5. Committee on Candidates.
6. Election of Candidates.
7. Initiation into the Rite of Brotherhood, or into Degrees.
8. Reading of communications from the Supreme Circle.
9. Reports of Special Committees by seniority.
10. Reception of new proposals for Brotherhood.
11. Unfinished business.
12. New business.
13. Adjournment.
14. By the vote of the Circle, or the voice of the C. W. the Rite of Initiation into Brotherhood, or into Degrees, may always be declared in order.

ARTICLE XXV.

Arrears.

1. No Brother shall be installed into any office who on the night appointed for his Installation is more than three months in arrears.
2. Nor shall any Brother have a right to vote who is more than three months in arrears.
6. Any Brother more than eleven months in arrears, shall be duly notified by the H. S. K. In case he does not appear within four weeks and pay all dues, or present a satisfactory excuse to the Circle he shall be declared suspended.

ARTICLE XXVI.

The Existence of this Circle

Shall not cease so long as six Brothers remain faithful to their warrant or charter of Brotherhood.

ARTICLE XXVII.

False Charges.

Any Brother bringing charges against a Brother, which he is unable to sustain, shall be fined for the first offence the sum of ten dollars, and for the second be expelled from the Circle.

ARTICLE XXVIII.

The Properties and other matters connected with the Ceremonial Work of the Circle,

Shall be in charge of a committee of three, to wit: the three Chiefs of the Temple, who shall be entitled the "Committee on the Work of the H. F.," and make all purchases necessary to the complete ceremonial of the Circle, when thus directed by a vote of the Brotherhood, or failing in this, the direction of the Supreme Circle.

ARTICLE XXIX.

The Hermitage.

1. Any Brother wishing to advance in the Order, by dwelling in the Hermitage, shall make application to the Circle in this form:

"I, _____ arise in the Circle and beseech the Brethren that I may be permitted to go on, in the great work of the H. F. by dwelling in the Hermitage."

2. A majority of the Brethren present will decide whether the Brother is deemed worthy.

3. When the majority decide in his favor, the Brother, by paying all dues, and the Hermitage fee, which shall not be less than fifty cents, shall receive a certificate from the H. S. K., which he will present to the C. W. and be further directed in all necessary steps.

ARTICLE XXX.

Intoxication and Disorderly Conduct in the Circle

Shall be punished with suspension for the first, and expulsion for the second offence.

ARTICLE XXXI.

Messengers of Brotherhood.

1. The C. W., the C. J., and the C. F. shall act as Messengers of Brotherhood, (or in case their time, or pressing duties of another kind, will not permit, the C. W. may appoint any three Brothers of the Circle.)

2. It shall be their duty to visit the sick without delay, and dispense the blessings of the Order to all needy and disabled Brethren, as laid down in the B. G. C.

ARTICLE XXXII.

The B. G. C.

It is especially reserved and provided by the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A. in framing this Constitution, that all its provisions, chapters, articles, sections, are to be judged by the standard of the unchangeable law of the H. F., to wit: the B. G. C., from which, at any time, any omissions or defects may be supplied by the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A.

ARTICLE XXXIII.

Convocations and Sessions.

Twelve monthly convocations of this Circle shall be held in every year of its existence. The convocations shall be held on the _____ of every month, and shall always be opened and closed in complete and ancient form. Between one convocation and succeeding convocation three weekly sessions may be held, by dispensation of the S. C. B. U. (H. F.) C. A. on the _____ of every month. At the sessions, the Rite of Initiation, and the Degrees of Hermitage are conferred. At the convocations, the Degrees of the Camp or Temple are conferred.

ARTICLE XXXIV.

The Library of the Circle.

It shall be in the power of the Circle, by a two-third vote, to assess a tax of not less than one dollar per year, upon every Brother, to be applied to the formation of a common LIBRARY, to be kept in the hall of the Circle, and to be used by every member without charge, subject only to the by-laws of the Circle.

ARTICLE XXXV.

“Union of Capital.”

It shall be in the power of the Circle, by a two-third vote, to assess

such tax as may be necessary, in order to form a "UNION OF CAPITAL," according to the principles of the B. G. C.

ARTICLE XXXVI.

Of Degrees

Refer to B. G. C.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

TO THE CHIEF WASHINGTON OF A CIRCLE OF UNION.

** So far as this constitution refers to the Rite of Initiation, you are invested with the following discretionary powers:

1. In case the length of the Rite of Initiation interferes with the other work of the sessions of your circle, you will initiate but once a month, or divide the Rite of Initiation into three parts, performing a part per night until it is completed; in this case the candidate will be introduced into the circle, on the second and third nights, without password, sign, &c., but by the C. W. vouching for him; the three parts are to be divided as follows:—The *first* extends to p. 45, line 2; the *second* from that point to p. 55, line 29; the *third* part comprises the remainder of the Initiation.
2. This constitution, filled up for your circle, with a proper form of by-laws annexed, is allowed to be shown to persons not members of your Order, and is the only part of the B. G. C. thus permitted to be shown.

B Y - L A W S .

I. Convocations and Sessions of the Circle.

1. Twelve Convocations of this Circle, shall be held per year; one on the _____ of every month; and forty sessions, three of which shall be held after each Convocation, on the three succeeding _____ of each month. In all cases, the year of the Circle shall date from the day of its organization.
2. The Circle shall be opened within fifteen minutes of the appointed time, in case there are six Brothers present, who are qualified to fill the chairs or platforms of the six Chiefs.
3. In case any officer of the Circle, (including the Chiefs, Treasurer, Register, Herald and Scroll Keeper,) fails in his attendance at the hour appointed for the opening of the Circle, he shall be fined, not less than _____ cents; in case he holds the office of Watcher of the D. or N. he shall be fined half that sum.
4. The H. Scroll Keeper who shall refuse or neglect to have his books present at the opening of the Circle, shall be fined, not less than one dollar.
5. The above fines shall be doubled, in all cases where the Convocations of the Circle are concerned.
6. The Convocations of the Sessions of the Circle shall commence at _____ o'clock in the evening, from the 20th of March to the 20th of September; and at _____ o'clock in the evening, from the 20th of September to the 20th of March.

II. Fees.

3. When elected by Dispensation of the S. W. and over the age of fifty dollars for each additional year.
4. For depositing Medal when the Brother has not taken any of the Degrees—one half of the Initiation fee.
5. When the Brother has taken the Hermitage—three-fifths of the Initiation fee.
6. When he has taken the Camp—three-fourths of the Initiation fee.
7. When he has taken the Temple, he shall pay nine-tenths of the Initiation fee.
8. When he is over the age of forty—one-third of the Initiation fee, shall be added to the above rates.
9. When he is over the age of fifty—two-thirds of the Initiation fee shall be added to the above rates.

III. Benefits.

1. In regard to Article XII. of the Constitution, this Circle decides in the affirmative, and therefore will give stated Benefits of dollars per week to Brothers in distress; and will give a sum of not less than dollars for the interment of a Brother, and dollars for the interment of a Brother's wife.
2. Having decided in the affirmative in relation to the Article XII. of the Constitution, this Circle does assess upon every Brother, a funeral tax of cents, to be paid quarterly.
3. No Brother shall be entitled to Benefits until six months after his Initiation, and until he has taken at least the Degrees of the Hermitage and the Camp.

IV. Dues.

The regular dues of this Circle shall be cents per week.

V. Messengers of Brotherhood.

1. The C. W., the C. J., and the C. F. shall act as Messengers of Brotherhood, or in case their time, or pressing duties will not permit, the C. W. may appoint any three Brothers of the Circle.
2. The Messengers of Brotherhood, shall visit once in a week, any

Brother who may be reported sick, disabled, or in distress, unless his residence is beyond visiting limits, or he is sick with an infectious disease.

3. The Brother highest in rank, shall be Chief Messenger. It shall be his duty to see that proper care is taken of the sick, and that their benefits or donations are received within forty-eight hours after being granted by the Circle.

4. The Messengers of B. shall report at each Stated Meeting of the Circle, specifying the condition of the sick, or distressed, the amount of monies received and expended, with all other business transacted by them.

5. The duties of the M. B. shall extend to three miles from the place of meeting, and further if they deem proper.

6. In case of infectious diseases, a certificate from a respectable physician shall be received as sufficient testimony of the sickness or distress of the Brother.

7. In case of residence beyond the visiting limits, such certificate shall be coupled with the certificate of some C. W. of the Order, or Justice of the Peace.

VI. *Library of this Circle.*

Shall be under the control of the Scroll Keeper, under the supervision of the C. W. and shall be governed by the following regulations:

1. Every Brother shall contribute to its support by paying cents per month, for which he shall be entitled to the use of any book without further charge.

2. Books shall not be loaned for more than weeks at a time, and shall be renewed before being loaned for a longer time.

3. New books shall not be loaned for more than week, unless by consent of a majority of the Circle.

4. Any Brother destroying a book, shall pay double its price, into the Treasury of the Circle, for the use of the Library; or damaging a book, shall pay twice the amount of the damage, as aforesaid.

5. The Scroll Keeper shall make a Quarterly Report of the state of the Library, and embody it in his report to this Circle, and to the Supreme Circle.

VII. "*The Union of Capital,*"

For the Circle, shall be formed by all the members of this Circle, paying into the hands of the Treasurer the sum of dollars, each, which sum shall be devoted to the benefit of all the Brothers of this Circle, in the following manner :

1. A majority of the whole number of Brothers shall decide in what business, trade, or work this sum shall be invested.

2. Two Brothers (of the Washington Degree) shall be elected respectively, to the offices of Buyer and Seller, and one Brother (of said Degree) to the office of Agent, which offices shall be held for the term of six months. It shall be the duty of the Buyer to make all purchases — of the Seller to make all sales — of the Agent to act in behalf of all the Brothers, in supervising such business, trade, or work, as may be undertaken by the Brothers, with the sum raised as aforesaid.

3. The Buyer shall receive a stated salary of dollars per week ; the Seller, dollars per week ; the Agent, dollars per week.

4. All things purchased shall be entered by the Buyer in a book, with the price and date annexed ; all things sold by the Seller, shall be recorded in a separate book, with price and date annexed ; and all the matters which shall come under the supervision of the Agent, shall in like manner be minutely entered in a book. These books shall be open to the inspection of all the Brothers at every Session and Convocation of the Circle. At the end of every three months, the Buyer, Seller and Agent, shall make a full report of all purchases, sales, profits and losses, to the C. W.

5. All purchases and sales shall be made for cash.

7. Every Brother of this Circle, who shall purchase anything of "the Union of Capital," through its Agent or Seller, shall purchase at a price of per cent. advance, upon the wholesale prices.

8. At the end of every six months, a division of the profits of the "Union of Capital," shall be made among all the Brothers ; share and share alike ; and the Circle shall be at liberty to continue or discontinue the "Union of Capital."

9. The Circle can at any time make an addition of dollars for every Brother, to the "Union of Capital."

10. All purchases or sales, or other business transacted by the Buyer, Seller or Agent, shall be done in the name of **ALL** the members of the

Circle, as *individuals*; said names to be written or printed in blank forms for the use of the Agent, Buyer and Seller aforesaid.

11. The chief W. and other Chiefs and Officers of this Circle, shall supervise the labors of the Agent, Buyer and Seller; and any violation of the trust reposed in said Agent, Buyer and Seller, shall be held as a violation of the B. G. C. subject to fine, suspension or expulsion.

12. The Scroll Keeper shall embody a Report of the affairs of the "Union of Capital," in his Quarterly Report to this Circle, and to the Supreme Circle.

Form of Application for Membership.

To the Chiefs, Officers and Brothers of —— Circle, B. U. [H. F.] C. A.

No. — of the State of —— and

No. — of the Continent.

The undersigned desires to become a Brother of your Circle. He has examined your Constitution and By-Laws, and is willing to yield obedience thereto. His age is —, his occupation ——, his residence ——.

Dated ————— 18

*Recommended by Brother }
}*

*A. P. Chamberlain
+ —
+ Westford. +
Oregon Co. N.Y.*