SPIRITUAL WIVES.//

BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,

Complete in One Volume.

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1868.





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BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,

ENTOR OF "THE ATHENRUM," AND AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY LAND,"
"WILLIAM PENN," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE.

The subject opened in these pages is so far new, that scarcely any of the facts are to be found in books. Man in his higher phase has hardly come within the grasp of science, and the histories which shall illustrate his spiritual passions have yet to be compiled. One chapter, in one such history, is diffidently offered in the present work.

I have collected my facts in distant places; in the Baltic provinces, in the West of England, on the shores of Lake Ontario, in the New England cities. In every case, I have seen the people and the places for myself. The names of many persons who have helped me will appear in the text: there are others of whom I would gladly speak, but may not.

The strange paper by Professor Sachs, which I give in the original, as the chief evidence used against Archdeacon Ebel in the great trials here recounted, was scaled up by order of the Royal Court of Berlin, as a document affecting persons of high rank. How that paper came into my hands, I must not say; it is authentic and complete; for that I pledge my word; and if either the authenticity or the completeness of this paper shall come to be challenged by any one having the right to do so, I may then be in a position to require, and obtain, permission to tell the story of how it appears in these pages.

6 St. James's Terrace, New Year's Day, 1868.

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SPIRITUAL WIVES.

CHAPTER I.

THE JUNKER HOF.

CHRISTUS kommt!
Gott sei Dauk! Christus kommt!

A man might have funcied that such pious cries as, --

Lo! He comes!

God be praised!

He comes! He comes!!

would hardly be considered by a Christian magistrate. living in a German city, in the present year of grace, as likely, even when raised by a mob of boys and girls in a public street, to have been raised against the king and that king's peace. A man might have fancied that a brave soldier, his brow entwined with laurel-leaves, would hardly think it needful to put such cries to the ban; still less to stay them by a charge of that splendid force, which only a year ago gave liberty and unity to Central Europe, by breaking through the Kaiser's lines at Königsgrätz. But such was not the view of his duty taken by General Vogel von Falkenstein, when these pious words, and other pious words like these, were shouted by a crowd of citizens and students in the Hof Gasse and adjoining streets of insular Königsberg last week.

Vogel von Falkensteinnis one of those ready soldiers whom Father Fritz would have cuffed and hugged, one of the Homeric heroes of the Seven-days' War. Schleswig knew him; Hanover and Frankfort know him. King George and Prince Alexander had to deal with him, poor fellows! Last year his hand lay heavy on the Hebrew dealers in gold and scrip; but his sword was not more swift to smite the dubious cityfriend and angry foe in open field, than it was prompt to crush, in case there should have been call for force, both the pious believers and the wicked scoffers who met last Monday in the Junker Hof, to announce and to dispute the immediate Advent of our Lord. one of those chiefs who like to have it said of them that they stand no nonsense. I dare say that, as a good man and true conservative, Falkenstein has no wish to stand in the way of a Second Advent; but as a soldier, commanding the king's troops in Ost and West Preussen, he has to think above all things of the public peace. If Christ must come again, he seems to be of opinion that His coming should take place in-doors, with awe and discipline, not in the open streets, with a riot of citizen shouts and student brawls. Anyhow, on Monday night, these good folks of the Amber City saw how soon a line of rifles, borne by strong arms, and rattling over the Krämer bridge and down the Hof Gasse on the double, could put an end to the cry of "Christus kommt!" in the public street.

But how came a company of Prussian infantry, serving under the flag of Vogel von Falkenstein, to be drawn up in line against students and citizens who were simply crying out for the Second Advent of our Lord?

Early in the present month of November, 1867, a

few words in the corner of a news-sheet told these students of Königsberg, that three religious services were about to be held on fixed evenings in the Junker Hof, the City Hall; that during these services the impending personal Advent of our Lord would be announced; that the true way of preparing men for this dread event would be made known. The doors were to be open at seven, the seats were to be free.

No name was given. No witnesses were called. In the city it was whispered that these meetings were being got up by men of some weight, supported by the higher powers, who knew what they were doing, though it might not suit their policy to speak out. In Schöneberg's Wine-stube, - that den of the Lang Gasse in which the great shippers and factors of Königsberg eat caviare and discuss the news about one o'clock,—these meetings were said to have a political end in view, and to have been originally planned in the secret bureaux of Geheimrath Wagener in Berlin. In the University you heard another tale. In the class-room and under the portico it was known that the Prophet of this new dispensation was a young man who had received his education and his doctor's degree at Königsberg, who had filled with promise a Professor's chair at Marburg, and was giving up his career for the sake of his belief in things The students called him a fool.

Things have so turned out, that this shred of notice in the public papers has made a great stir in the Amber Land.

In the first place, these people of Königsberg, piquing themselves, among many nobler merits, on being the modern Athenians, love to spend their time in asking after some new thing; and here, in the announcement of a coming Christ, they have found something

that is both new and strange. In the second place. winter has come down finally on their streets and quays, locking up their ships in ice, so that for months to come they will have scarcely anything either to do or say, except smoke in the Exchange, sledge through the snow, read the telegrams from London, and bet on that distant day in the coming spring when the ice will break and their ships get away. In the third place, the harvest has been bad, the rate of wages low. the supply of wheat and tares scanty; in consequence of these calamities the shippers are in ill-luck, the artisans out of work, and the peasants short of bread: all of which trials have a tendency to inflame the heart. to make men weary of life, and to open their fancies to the promise of a change. In the fourth place, such a thing as an evening religious service, given on a working-day of the week, is all but unknown in these Prussian cities, where the churches are government offices, the preachers are police magistrates, and the services are governed by rules as stern as the articles of war. In the last place . . . Stay! The full effect of what should be said in the fifth place can be only felt when the story on which we are about to cuter has been told.

Yes, those few words of announcement in the newssheet have made a very great stir; and such a crowd of people as gathered in the Junker Hof on Monday night to hear this prophet has not been known in Königsberg for many years. The Junker Hof, answering to our own Guildhall, is not, under ordinary circumstances, a desert place. Here the great merchants hold their balls; the great bankers spread their boards. Here the political battles of the town and province are fought out. Here the Rev. Dr. Julius Rupp delights a fashionable audience by his eloquence; and Dr.

Jolowicz discourses to a body of reforming Jews. Any great singer who may wander into Ost Preussen is heard in the Junker Hof. The hall belongs to the city, and the use of it is only to be obtained from the town-council; but, in fact, the use of it is seldom refused when the applicants are of standing in the place. In the same room Johann Jacoby dilates to the democracy on the rights of man; and Karl Rosen-kranz whispers to the higher classes on the charms of philosophy and art. I have been invited to an evening party, given in this hall, by the foreign Consuls, to the cream of the cream, where the young ladies dance and flirt, while the older people drink tea and play at whist. In a word, everything that happens in Königsberg happens in the Junker Hof.

But on scarcely any of these festive and .solemn occasions has a crowd been drawn into the place like that which the few lines announcing a discourse on the immediate coming of our Lord drew into this hall on Monday night.

Before the doors were yet thrown open, a crowd of men and women, from all classes of society, had filled the street in which the Junker Hof stands, and which is called, from it, the Hof Gasse. The night was chill and raw; much snow had fallen; and the town was shivering in the second of its seven winters; that is to say, in the season of snow and slush, when six or eight inches of biting slop lies everywhere on the ground. Each woman who could afford them had snow-shoes on her feet, and fur tippets round her neck. Almost every man had a cap made of seatskin, a coat lined with sealskin, a pair of leggings topped with sealskin. All the seals in Spitzbergen might have been flayed in order to keep these richer believers warm. Many of the poorer sort of people were muffled in rugs and

shawls; none were in rags; rags being unknown in this region of sleet and slush, where he who is but thinly clad soon dies of the frost, and is put away out When the doors were thrown open, as many of sight of the mob as stood near them tore up the broad stairs, pushed through the wide ante-rooms, seized upon the luxurious chairs and sofas; men and women rushing on, eager and shouting, to their seats, pell-mell. one minute the hall was filled; in another minute the three large aute-rooms were also filled; while the broad staircase, dropping to the street below, was packed with human beings still fighting to get in; and a vast crowd of late-comers behind them choked up the Hof Gasse, and rendered the adjoining streets, called the Magister Gasse and the Brodbänken Strasse, impassable to a sledge.

When filled by such a crowd of men in furs and gabardines, of women in musts and cutts, the Junker Hof is a scenic room; its bright fittings and airy decorations coming out into very sharp contrast with the sombre dress and keen expression of the audience which fills its chairs. The room is large and nobly planned, as becomes the birthplace of German liberalism, the cradle (as it boasts) of the new Fatherland. It is somewhat like the larger room in King Street, and is used for many of the same things as Willis's Rooms: that is to say, for costly banquets, exclusive balls, and high political meetings; but the Junker Hof is lighter in tone, richer in color, than our own fashionable lounge. The walls are rough with gods and nymphs, with busts of heroes, kings, and poets. Two large candelabra hang from the roof. Apollo smiles from the ceiling, on which he is reclining, in bright-red paint, his lyre in hand, with Mercury and Aurora in attendance on his godship.

The room being full of people, it seemed useless for the Prophet of Doom to wait for such a carnal triffs as the hour announced in his call.

A servant lit a few more lights; then, a young-looking man, very much like a banker's cashier, walked up to the reading-desk, and lit two candles. A certain shock seemed to pass through the nerves of his audience, as this young man blew out his taper and laid it down. He, it seemed, was the Prophet. In a clear voice, sweet in tone, and wide in compass, he breathed above our heads the familiar words:

Lasst uns beten — Let us pray

What force had sent that thrill through my neighbors' nerves? Did the man's voice and mien recall to them the scenery and the action of some by-gone tale?

CHAPTER II.

AN ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

THE Prophet of Doom was not a man of the pictorial kind. In garb, in build, in face—in everything, perhaps, except eye and voice—he seemed to be rather a nice, respectable, young man; such as a commonplace girl would like in a lover, and a sober merchant would engage as a clerk. My first glimpse of him was puzzling; for in a city full of pictorial people, he was just such a man as you would find in every office in Lombard Street. In age, he appeared to be no more than thirty, though his actual years were forty-two. His face was dark; but dark with the luminous bronze of a southern clime. Nothing in his color, in

his mien, suggested a German origin; yet he had little about him, beyond his dark eyes and features, that implied either Lettish or Wendish blood. The absence of all hair from his chin and lip marked him out for notice in that congregation of bearded men. His locks were cropped close, and parted down the side of his head in the true English style; and he wore the flat kind of whisker which is known to old dandies in Pall Mall as a mutton-chop. On the whole, this Prophet of Wrath had to my eyes the perfectly familiar, but in no way pictorial, appearance of a London clerk.

I was not surprised to hear that his name was Diestel — Thistle.

To many of my neighbors in the hall—most of whom, let me say, were girls and women—the prim locks, the mutton-chop whiskers, the staid frock-coat, and the Byronic collar, being less like things of every day, appeared far more touching and majestic than to myself. In the course of a long sitting, and after it was over, I heard many odd things about the new Prophet; but not one word was said in my hearing about his prim and ordinary look.

"The Doctor," growled a dark man at my ellow,

"is a conservative and a feudalist. Ugh!"

"He is an Angel of Light, one of Privy Councillor Wagener's Angels of Light," said a Polish Jew, who seemed to know all about him.

"An Angel of Light?" put in a lady near us.

"Yes, well," said the Jew, "you know his father was an Angel among the Ebelians; the son is an Angel among the Irvingites: it is just the same."

"If he is one of Geheimrath Wagener's Angels of Light, he is no friend to democracy," scowled the first speaker.

Privy Councillor Wagener, I should say, is a very

AN ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

high tory in Prussia; being Graf von Bismarck's chie adviser in home affairs; yet so stiff a conservative the he looks down upon Graf von Bismarck as little le: than a Red Republican. This gentleman (known t all the world as having once been editor of the Kreu: Zeitung, and as now being chief of the Junker party like all the high-Church politicians in Prussia, has strong tendency towards the mystic in his religiou Of late years he has joined the most mystica of the many Pietist churches, which go in Prussi under the common, but highly opprobrious, name of MUCKER —that of the Irvingites; in which religiou society he has attained the rank of an Archangel. this branch of the Mucker society, the Reverend Doctor Diestel, now in Königsberg, announcing the immediate coming of our Lord, is an Angel of light.

"An Angel!" pondered the lady near me; "yee he looks well descended and angel-like."

Hearing these words, I glanced at him again. Ther he stood; a prim young man, with a dark face, a frock coat, a Byronic collar, and a mutton-chop whisker-looking like anything on earth except a cherub. Ye she may have been right. In Lithuania people semore angels and spirits in a week than we Londoner are privileged to see in a lifetime. So they ought to know an angel when they see one. I will only add that if the Reverend Doctor Diestel is like an angel Guereino's models were very badly chosen.

When the messenger opened his lips in prayer, he fixed the eye and held the breath of every one in tha rapt and eager crowd; exercising this power upon hi audience even more by his way of speaking, than by the solemnity of his message.

Lasst uns beten - Let us pray!

The young man raised his eyes towards the figure

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of Apollo and Aurora, and asked, in a tone of strong emotion, that a blessing might rest on what he was about to say, and that the truth might find an entrance into all Christian hearts.

A sigh on the part of some, a sob on the part of many, responded to his warm appeal at the throne of grace.

"Why not into all hearts?" said a voice near me. The speaker was a Jew; a learned, tolerant, and famous Jew; one who belongs to the reforming synagogue in Königsberg, and to the advancing liberal Party in Ost Preussen; a man who thinks much of his own ancient faith, yet more of the natural rights and civil equalities of men. I could not answer him; but some of his furred and tippeted neighbors scowled on his question with a fierceness of sudden wrath, that told me how welcome in this city might be a mandate of some new Father Fritz, which should command the Police to strip and flay a Jew for presuming to wear a beard.

The Prophet took the Bible into his hand; and turning the leaves, as though it were by chance, he fixed his gaze on the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel; and then read out slowly, with keen dramatic art, that portion which relates to the impending desolation of the Holy City, to the wars and rumors of wars which were to come, to the great tribulation in the churches, to the appearance of many false Messiahs, who should work signs and wonders, so as almost to deceive the very elect, to the darkening of the sun and moon, and to the final coming of the 80n of Man.

He was a very fine reader; with many a rapid rush, with many a subtle pause, he drove the meaning of this sombre prophecy of desolation home into his hearer's

soul. With what force and awe he read the words—
"Then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and
they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds
of heaven in power and great glory, and he shall send
his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they
shall gather together his elect from the four winds,
from one end of heaven to the other!" In Luther's
German version, the effect of this passage is even finer
than it is in the English version, and the accomplished
actor made the most of his magnificent text. Loud
sobs and cries went up from five hundred breasts.

When he had closed the book, he paused for a moment to let his words sink deep into our minds; then, spreading out his hands above our heads, he told us what the text which he had just been reading meant. These words of Christ, he said, were sent to us. was the time foreseen by prophets from of old. looked down from the Mount of Olives - upon what? Upon the Temple and the Temple-courts; works which had been designed by Herod, continued by Archelaus. and all but completed, under Pontius Pilate, by the high-priests Annas and Caiaphas. They were mightylabors, on which the noblest art of Greece was being lavished. Yet what did the Lord, in His last hours, say of these efforts of human pride? He said the stones should be thrown down, so that not one stone should be left standing upon another. Why did the Lord denounce this Temple? Because it was a sign of things which were then - which are now - au abomination in the sight of God. Because it was the substitution of a material fact for a spiritual truth. Because it proffered to Heaven a shrine of marble in the stead of an obedient heart. Because it was a dwelling for the earthly gods, not a home for the Lord of light and life. And now, in our own day, is not

that of which Herod's temple was a type fulfilled in our midst? Have we not made a god of our material good? Are we not poor in grace, poor in obedience, poor in ideality? Ask the magistrate, ask the prince. Do we not give more thought to buying and selling, to getting and saving, than we give to the salvation of our souls? Who cares for his soul? Who knows that he has a soul? We sow wheat, we plant timber, we load ships, we find amber; but who among us takes any heed for his eternal wants? who loves to obey? who puts himself at the lowest seat? who repeats to his own heart daily the saying of our Lord, that he who is highest in God's kingdom is the servant of all? You dread the winter frost, yet act as though you felt no fear of the nether fires! Is not this blindness of the soul a sign? Are not our palaces and gardens simply doubles of the Temple and Templecourt? Shall they not be thrown down in the day of Wrath?

The speaker paused; a very long time he paused. Then he raised his eyes to heaven and said:

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away!"

Another pause; then a quick cry, as of mingled joy and triumph, came from his lips.

"Christus kommt!"

Men sighed and women wept. Hundreds of quivering voices answered to the preacher's cry with "Christus kommt!"

Now, said the Angel of Light, waxing warmer in his fury, is the time for Him to appear among us. Now or never! now or never! Voltaire had said, in his own bad time, that the religion of Christ could not last for twenty years longer; the French infidel had turned out to be a false prophet; but he (the rev-

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erend doctor) had it upon his soul to declare that if our Lord should not come now, He would never come at all. Were not the Scriptures now fulfilled? Was the time not ripe? Did not He say that He would come in the day of tribulation, in the day of false teachers, in the day of war and strife, in the day of famine, pestilence, and earthquakes? Did not He promise His disciples that He would return when nations were rising against nations, and kingdoms against kingdoms? Did not He foretell, as He sat on the Mount of Olives, that in the day of wrath, on the eve of judgment, His people would have to suffer afflictions, that many of them would be led astray, and that the faithful few would be hated of the world for His sake? Had not all these sayings come to be true at this present hour? Yea; they had come to pass. Yea; now was the time! Now was the great day! now!

Christus kommt!

Many strong men sobbed aloud; many weak women swooned and fainted. Hundreds of voices shouted with the glowing angel:

Christus kommt!

Gott sei Dank! Christus kommt!

This cry was taken up by crowds in the outer rooms, on the stairs, in the streets below. Here and there a scowl, a word of insult, perhaps a menacing gesture, greeted the speaker's eloquence.

"He is a tool of the conservatives," you might hear some radical growl.

"He has friends at the Schloss, no doubt," said another.

"Wagener sent him to Königsberg," put in a third. whose fear was evidently father to his faith.

In vain the Prophet tried to finish his discourse.

On this side sobs and groans, on that side sneers and yells, prevented his voice being further heard. The people could bear no more. Roused by his fervid phrases, many of his audience were in hysterics, still more were blind with tears and hoarse with shouting. Then, in a few last words, the Prophet was understood to say that, although the Lord was about to judge the world, He would not come in a visible shape. Christ would come in glory and in power, but not, as the Jews expected, and as the vulgar think, with horses and chariots, with banners and swords. God could not be seen by man, unless He took upon Himself the burden of our flesh. The new advent will be in the spirit.

He ended; and the people in the Junker Hof cried: Christus kommt!

Gott sei Dank! Christus kommt!

A short prayer was said; a hymn was read out, not sung; the lights were lowered, and the people were leave. But the people could not get away, the point and the stairs being choked with hearers, the streets below the window were filled with through the pauses in which could be heard of steel and the tramp of armed men.

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shawls; none were in rags; rags being unknown in this region of sleet and slush, where he who is but thinly clad soon dies of the frost, and is put away out When the doors were thrown open, as many of the mob as stood near them tore up the broad stairs, pushed through the wide ante-rooms, seized upon the luxurious chairs and sofas; men and women rushing on, eager and shouting, to their seats, pell-mell. one minute the hall was filled; in another minute the three large ante-rooms were also filled; while the broad staircase, dropping to the street below, was backed with human beings still fighting to get in; and a vast crowd of late-comers behind them choked up the Hof Gasse, and rendered the adjoining streets. called the Magister Gasse and the Brodbänken Strasse, impassable to a sledge.

When filled by such a crowd of men in furs and galardines, of women in muffs and cuffs, the Junker Hof is a scenic room; its bright fittings and airy decorations coming out into very sharp contrast with the sombre dress and keen expression of the audience which fills its chairs. The room is large and nobly planned, as becomes the birthplace of German liberalism, the cradle (as it boasts) of the new Fatherland. It is somewhat like the larger room in King Street, and is used for many of the same things as Willis's Rooms: that is to say, for costly banquets, exclusive balls, and high political meetings; but the Junker Hof is lighter in tone, richer in color, than our own feshionable lounge. The walls are rough with gods and nymphs, with busts of heroes, kings, and poets. : candelabra hang from the roof. Apollo smiles from the ceiling, on which he is reclining, in bright red paint, his lyre in hand, with Mercury and Auror in attendance on his godship.

Each section of this society has a tale of scorn which it tells against the other. Here, under his portico in the Altstadt, you will hear some from Herr Professor, in the midst of gibes and succes, that when Graf von Bismarck, in the summer of last year, made his great appeal to the country, giving every lout in the province a vote, the rabble of Ost Preussen refused to accept his gift, on the ground that they had never had votes under their good old kings. On being told by the Prefect that their lord desired them to make use of these votes, and send some one, possessing their confidence, to speak for them in the Parliament at Berlin, they wrote the King's name on their balloting papers. and then tossed them into the box. On being further told by the Prefect that they could not vote for the King, since his Majesty was not a candidate for election in their city, they asked for fresh papers, and wrote on them the Crown-Prince's name. Nobody, you will be assured under the portico, could induce these loyal people to put their trust in a common man. Under the smoky roof of Wolfl's Wine-stube in the Lang Gasse — the high street of traffic — you will see how quickly the tables can be turned against these jesters. There you would hear of Jewish students who, in the bad old days, were ready to give up Moses and the synagogue for a Professor's chair; to change their names, and to deny their circumcision, for three hundred thalers a year. The need for these acts of sacrifice has been done away; but the old sentiment remains in part. When a burgher is vexed, you may still hear him describe a Jew - most of all a reformed Jew-as a rascal, only a little less vile than a Pole. Pious people in Germany usually speak of students as sons of Belial; as young men who mock at lovalty and disparage valor, and whose Satunic creed may be

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summed up in their own scandalous motto: No King and no God.

In Königsberg, there is less of this scorn and hate than in most places, since the students are mostly from the city and the province. Still the class feeling of the University men is strong. Thus, it is a daily jest with the radical and free-thinking youths to say that many of these money-making citizens are given up, beyond hope, to piety, loyalty, and other superstitions. They laugh at them for believing in princes, in angels, and in devils. They deride their proneness to indulge in spiritual language and in spiritual qualms: to tremble at the thought of a ghost; and to expect mystical admonitions of the day of doom. Hence, the zest with which these youngsters rushed into the sport of worrying the poor souls who had turned out from their warm rooms on a wintry night to hear what the young prophet had to say about the impending Advent of our Lord.

The fun grew fast and fierce. To every cry from within the Junker Hof these madeaps answered by derisive shouts. When the believers sighed, they groaned; when the sinners sobbed, they yelled and screamed. One noisy fellow got upon the stairs, from which he passed the word of command to his companious in the street. The reverend doctor has a searching voice; his louder tones could be heard through the double windows; and when in his eloquent fury he cried out, "Christus kommt!" they cheered him with a loud ironical roar of "Christus hoch! Christus hoch!"

Nor was this rudeness on the part of these young men the worst. Bent on yet rougher mischief, gangs of students formed into close files, and began their game of wedging through the crowd; hustling the

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men, chaffing the women; trampling on people's and dragging off their clothes. The night was the street was wet. The crowd swaved to and stamping, chafing, passionate; and when it was that no more persons could find room within walls, the whole body of students who had been outside began to join their fellows in rushing pushing, in screeching and yelling. They tore a into the dense masses of people; bonneting the ma pulling the women about. Girls who were pre they caught and kissed, crying, "Seraphim kisse Seraphim kisses!" Those women who could away ran home; but many of the insulted creatur could not free themselves from the crowd. who had come with them to the meeting eith fought with their tormentors, or struggled to car: them away. Still, the young men pushed in and of of the crowd, crying, "Give me a kiss; a Scraphi kiss; only a Scraphim kiss!"

A hundred battles took place in the narrow stree under the Junker Hof windows. Shawls were ton and caps were lost. Kisses were freely stoler "Mucker hoch! Gott sei Dank! Seraphim kisses! screamed the laughing fellows as they rushed an pushed. In vain the police came down to control th pother and clear the street. Some of the students seized in the act of hugging and kissing women, wer instantly rescued by their fellows. When the police men drew their swords the people laughed, for the knew that no officer of police would charge upo these madcaps, many of whom were the sons o counts and barons. The officer made a rapid retres from the narrow Hof Gasse towards the open space called the Coal Market, on the Pregel bank, whenc he sent up a messenger to the commanding General' residence in the Ross-garten for help.

While the police were falling back on the Coal Market, the service in the Junker Hof came to an end. The hot and excited people who had been inside poured down into the street; and the students, setting up fresh shouts of "Scraphim kisses! Scra-Phim kisses!" pressed upon the new female victims, took them by the arms, and kissed them on the face, in the presence of their struggling fathers and outraged husbands. Struck by these angry men, the students pushed and fought, and fought and pushed, keeping their good-humor to the last under many a stinging blow. The whole quarter of the Kneiphof (a quarter corresponding to the City in Paris) was in a state of riot. Those who were quitting the hall ran back. Ladics hid themselves in vaults, in closets, and upper rooms. Some of the students would have forced their way in, to deliver the Scraphim kisses in the hall itself; but a band of stout citizens planted their feet in the doorway, and all the madcaps' efforts swaving and driving could not force an entrance through this sturdy guard.

In a few minutes the messenger reached the Ross-Sarten in the Upper Town, when some such words as these (I have been told) were rapidly exchanged between the great soldier and one of his aides-de-camp.

" What is all this ado?"

in the Junker Hof that Christus is about to come."

" Very well."

A great crowd has gathered in the narrow streets of the Kneiphof, and a breach of the peace has occurred."

"Well, where are the police?"

"On the spot, General, but too weak to act."

"Send off a company of the guard. Tell the captain to clear the streets and bring in the rioters." In five minutes these orders had been given and obeyed. The guards were rattling down the street towards the Krämer bridge, and the aide-de-camp was standing once more by his illustrious chief.

- "Who are these folks?"
- "Some say, General, they are the Mucker; I know the students think so."
 - " II'm !"
- "That, General, is the reason why the students have raised their favorite cries of Seraphim Küssen! and Mucker hoch!"
- "In that case," said the General . . . and after thinking the matter over for a moment, he lit a fresh cigar.

The troops went rattling on the double by the Pregel bridge into the Kneiphof, the disputed quarter; drew up in the Coal Market; formed into line, and marched down the Hof Gasse, clearing it as they went along. In a few seconds the street was free, and a dozen students were in close arrest. Now the police came back upon the scene, and the ladies who had been hiding in upper rooms, in vaults, and closets, were taken by the hand, muffled up in furs and cloaks, and carried to their homes.

By twelve o'clock the Hof Gasse was itself again, sloppy, silent, and forsaken; the Angel of Light had disappeared, no one knew whither; the soldiers had gone back to the Upper Town; and the madcap students were repenting in the watch-house.

What was it all about? Why had these youngsters hugged and kissed the women? What is the meaning of a Scraphim kiss, and of the students' favorite cry? What is a Mucker?

To know such things you must first know Königsberg, the Amber City; for Königsberg is the cradle of those singular bodies which in Heidelberg, Halle, Hamburg, Elberfeld, as well as in Berlin and Dresden, call themselves the Conservative and Revival Churches, but which radicals and rationalists brand with the insulting name of Mucker.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMBER CITY.

NIGSBERG, King's Hill, the capital of Ost Preussen, is a city of peculiar situation and peculiar genius. The first fact about it to strike a stranger is its extraordinary isolation. An old saying puts the case that the Amber City should be to its people all in all, since it lies, not only out of Germany, but out of the world. "A good place for wolves," was Father Fritz's verdict on the royal and sacred city in which he had come to be crowned.

In Fritz's time, Königsberg stood in a far-off corner of the Baltic Sea, five hundred miles from Potsdam, in a dreary waste of serub and ice, which it had cost him a ten-days' ride to reach. The city was seldom open, even to the sea. In summer the roads were choked with sand, in winter they were lost in snow. Old men can yet recall a time when the mail-coach from Berlin spent seven long days and nights on the road. Even now, although the roads have been vastly improved during late years, the wastes are so wide, the tracks so faint, that either a shower of rain or a fall of snow suffices to shut up parts of the country.

Yet this city in the northern-desert is wont to pique

itself on many fine things; not without reason for its pride; since, while it has every right to claim the rank of a royal town, it can lay some claims to the honor of having been the true birthplace of German freedom, unity, and independence.

In Frankfort, in Gotha, perhaps in Berlin, this plea for the Amber City may be derided and rejected; the New Germany being wisely jealous of her national growth; and this city of Königsberg happening to stand upon Lettish, not upon German soil. But, under von colonnade in the Parade Platz, where you plod by the sheltering wall through your noontide walk, the big University dons may be heard to declare that it was here, and only here, in the college class-room, in the cloister, and the portico, that the great idea of Fatherland was born, and nursed, and strengthened into life. You should not dispute what these sages say. "Very good," put in my Once, only once, I did so. friend, Professor Grundeis, whose great work on The = Negative Conscience, though incomplete, must be = known to every student of moral science; "if you will only consider how the Idea of Civil Liberty has been treated by the Church and by the State from the very beginning of time" I shrank into my snow-shoes, and muffled up my chin in a friendly fur-Beginning of time! It was then one o'clock, and at half-past one, the snow getting hard, I had been promised a drive across country in a sledge! "Suppose," I urged, "you begin with Jacoby and the Four Questions?" The stern professor took a pinch of snuff. "You English," he said, "have one bad habit, - you always begin at the end."

Yet the fact, when you come to it, is, that all advocates of the claims of Königsberg point to Jacoby and his Four Questions as the true genesis of German

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Jene-ohy refuses to acknowledge the New Germany as him child; that he disowns and denies it; that he goes child; that he disowns and denies it; that he goes far in his hostility as to reject a seat in the new lichstag; they admit that such are the facts, and limit that they matter nothing, since Bismarck's cranny will die with the Count, and that the Germany which comes after Bismarck, the Germany of

Jacoby and the Radicals, will live for ever.

Königsberg has been called the Venice of the North; ame not only wide of the mark, but far wider from the mark than is usual in such comparisons. Fact, absurd. Venice is a city of gold and marble, of Thes, and palaces, and campaniles; a city which is warm in tone, and high in color; a city washed by the ; a city glowing in a southern sun by day, and gleamunder southern stars by night. Königsberg lies in * realm of mist, through which, for half the year at least, neither sun nor star can pierce. "Eight months of mud, four months of moths," was a neat descriptichen given to me of the climate of Ost Preussen by one who knew it only too well. The city stands on the banks of a stream—the Pregel—which soaks and sli Ps into the place by two main channels, winding and wielening into breadths and marshes of frozen sea. When it is not river it is pond. One-sixth of the whole city, within the walls, is water; the surface of which is covered with broken and floating ice for nearly half the year. Much snow comes down, and the warmer air from the Baltic melts this snow into slush. "In Königsberg," said a friendly native, "we have our seven winters. First we have rain and hail; then we have snow and mud; next we have sleet and slush; this brings us to our comfortable mid-winter, When the mercury sinks to forty degrees of frost; the



THE AMBER CITY.

country gets open, and we can sledge from the Lagrange Gasse to Pillau by the firm ice of the Frische Haf." these bright days of winter-frost the city is seen at best. The streets are free from mud, the quays a silent, and the ships are locked in ice. A layer of frozen snow lies thick on the ground, over which the sledges glide with their muffled drivers and the silvery bells. At night the stars come out—the fair and frosted stars of a northern zone. In their realight, as in that of the moon, the Gothic spires and tow ers of the city gain a touch of beauty; but the beauty is not that of the luminous and artistic city on the sea

Königsberg is more like Rotterdam—a city of bridges, water-ways, and ships; of narrow alleys and gabled fronts; but here, again, the resemblance ends. The chief points about this Amber City—the lie of land and water, the quays, the Schloss and the Schloss lake, the island, the Altstadt, the red churches, the open spaces in the town, the vast lines of fortification the solid magazines and burghers' dwellings—blen into a picture which will live in the traveller's memor as a thing apart. Every old city—every city with story—has a life, a character, of its own. In this regal and knightly city, Schloss, cathedral, university—each a good thing in its kind, whether new or old—give a fantasy to the town which belongs to no other place.

The old Schloss, built by the Teutonic Knights t please heroic Ottocar, stands on levels of giganti stones, rough and Pelasgie, likely, in the main, to lar for a thousand years yet to come. Here stand the king's palace, the old torture-chamber, the picture gallery, and the court of blood—the last named place being that horrid vault in which the Holy Ritter after their return from Acre and Venice, converted

the Pagan Wends and Letts from the worship of Per-CLE BIRS, god of the thunder-storm. It is now a Winestable, where judges and councillors drink red wine, eat caviare, and smoke cigarettes. One walks with a hushed step through the haunts of these resolute German knights, who had fallen back in their Eastern hornes before the fiery onset of the sons of Islam, to take up their cross, at first in summery Venice, afterwards in these frozen regions of swamp and forest, far beyond the frontiers of their native land. Strength to smite, and will to endure, they had brought with them from the east and south. In the Court of Blood you can see the spot on which they put their Pagan prisoners to the test of faith; when, with swords at their throats, these prisoners were told to say, at once, in a word, whether they were willing to accept our Lord. If they answered, Yes, it was well for them, and they were free to live to live as vassals and serfs of the Christian knights. If any lingering preference for his native god induced a wretch to pause in his reply, the sword was jobbed into his throat; and in this swift fashion Percunas was put down, and the religion of sacred trees, of thunder-gods, and of stocks and stones, died in Ost Preussen by a violent death.

This order of Teutonic Knights—founded by Duke Friedrich of Swabia, broken at Acre, ruined at Venice, revived at Marienburg, plundered by Sigismund in Poland, cheated by Albrecht of Brandenburg, dissolved by Napoleon—played a most splendid part in the drama of modern times; a part which was sometimes ruthless, often unfortunate, and yet one which has left upon the north of Europe—most of all upon these Baltic provinces—a trace that defices the obliterating hand of Time and Death. Königsberg is but one of a hundred towns which they erected in

these northern woods and swamps.

It is strange to think of those German Knights, every man among them of noble blood, going out from the old distracted land to cut Pagan throats, and found, on the banks of the Pregel, the Germany of these latter days.

Every street has its own quaintness, every bridge its own story. Here a spire, and there a gable, makes a picture. In one place a narrow alley stops the way, and round the corner a broad expanse of water charms Now you have wharves and masts, anon you come suddenly on fountains and flower-beds. Open places abound, with statues of Prussian sovereigns, Walls of enormous sweep, embattled with tower and bastion, surround the city. A third of the city within these walls is grass-field and garden. Those who are native to the province find it so pleasant and picturesque (as, compared against the country round, it surely is) that they do not fear to describe it to a stranger as a paradise on earth. Men who are born in Königsberg seldom go away, believing that when a man who had the misfortune to be born elsewhere, has found these gates open to him, he would be silly not to come in, and mad if he ever went out.

Immanuel Kant, critic of the Pure Reason, whose bronze statue stands before me as I write, was one of these Königsberg patriots. He was born in the city, and he lived in the little house near me for more than half his long life. He knew nothing of the world, and cared nothing for the world. Königsberg was enough for his eye and his heart. In his old age, he used to boast that for thirty years he had never set foot beyond the city walls. Whither could he wend? Berlin, the nearest city for which he cared a jot, was ten days off: the time which now separates London from New York. A tiny house, full of books; a little

garden, full of flowers; a house near to the Schloss and the Court of Blood, and only a short walk from his class-room, satisfied all the longings of his soul. Why should he think of change? To leave Königsberg for the country-side, was to go out of Eden into dismal space.

But while many of the people of Königsberg maintain that their city is equal to Venice in beauty, there are parties in it who assert that it is the rival of Athens in culture, of Jerusalem in sanctity. Learned people assert the one; religious people assert the other.

The fame of its learning is unquestionably great and wide. Kant gave a voice to its pretensions, which was echoed round the globe; and since his death its chairs have been filled by professors, and its schools have been crowded by scholars, of the widest renown. From the list of these famous men, is it necessary to cite the names of Bessel, Lobeck, Lehrs, Goldstücker, and Rosenkranz?

The fame of its theology is hardly less large and deep. Herder, Ebel, and Rupp, each in his sphere, has made a noise in the world of thought.

Beyond all question, Königsberg is a city of much intellectual warmth. Perhaps it would hardly be flattery to say it is the most intellectual place in Europe, since it is the headquarters of German learning. Every one here is more or less a scholar. "You will find," said to me Dr. Jolowicz, a man who has seen the world, "that the children of a brewer in Königsberg are better instructed than the children of a state-councillor in Berlin." In this city, all the young people seem to be going to school; girls no less than boys. "In our new Germany," said a medical professor, "we shall put the girls in line with the boys; teach them the same things; let them work for

the same degrees. Our young women are better grounded than their sisters in any part of Germany." I am inclined to think this statement true.

Königsberg is full of institutions; learned institutions, official institutions, popular institutions. It has its university, three gymnasia (colleges); several high schools, many lower schools, both for boys and girls; and a great number of private schools; so many, that there seem to be two or three schools in every street. It has two courts of justice: the Stadtgericht and the, Tribunal, besides a Consistorium, corresponding to our Court of Arches. It has the Schloss, the Arsenal, the Customs, and many other offices of government. The city is a great port, a vast manufactory, a frontier fortress, and the seat of government for the two great provinces of Ost and West Preussen. In it are found the Landowners' club, the Commercial club, and the Citizens' club.

In these several circles, every new thing is made known, every new truth is debated, every new personage is weighed. Political passion runs high; these circles being divided in opinion between the hot liberalism of the university, and the stout conservatism of the church. As a rule, the landlords and professors take opposite sides; the aristocrats taking the feudal and religious view of political action; the doctors taking the modern and commercial view. Like master like man. The peasants and artisans follow their neighbors; the spade-workers voting with Bismarck and Falkenstein, the hand-workers with Jacoby and Rosenkranz.

The bargemen and sledgers are fierce politicians; men who give thought to political questions, and talk as keenly about Luxemburgh and the Rhine as the busiest statesman in Berlin. Their club is a thing to

see; a big room in a beer-house near the Pregel, in which they hold sittings two or three times a week; when each man pays down three-pence at the door, which he takes out in white beer and tobacco, while his favorite speaker is denouncing Louis Napoleon, and, metaphorically, chawing up the French.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY.

In this city of contradictions—home of the Teutonic Knights and of the modern democrats—city of Father Fritz and of Immanuel Kant—cradle of religious enterprise and of philosophical utilitarianism—scene of the coronation and of the Four Questions—fortress of the old Prussia and of the new Germany—a strange affair took place some years ago, many of the actors in which are still alive, and the end of which we have not come to yet.

The persons who stood in front of this battle were: on one side, two very high and eloquent clergymen, the Very Reverend the Archdeacon Wilhelm Ebel, dean of the Altstadt church, and the Rev. Heinrich Diestel, pastor of the Haberberg church: on the other side, Ober-Präsident Heinrich Theodor von Schön and the famous Professor Sachs, known as Mephistopheles Sachs. The two clergymen were defendants in a suit, of which von Schön was the chief promoter, and Sachs the chief witness. Personal matters of an extraordinary kind were alleged against these ministers of the Church; but the personal affairs, though strange and

serious, were known to be little more than the husk and shell of the actual charge.

Much scandal was talked and written; for a scandalous charge was found to be a convenient form under which two angry and powerful corporations could offer each other a battle to the death.

The Very Reverend Archdeacon Ebel and the Rev. Pastor Diestel (the second of whom was the father of our new Angel of Light) were men of exalted piety, who, in their several churches, had begun to preach, in a fervid manner, and with much success, in support of a mystical doctrine of regeneration; doing so at a time when religion was out of vogue, and Christianity was regarded by learned men as an ancient practical joke. Many men, and still more women, took hold of this new doctrine of a better life. The Altstadt church was filled by a fashionable audience: the Haberberg church, lying in a distant suburb, beyond the Pregel, was filled by farmers, artisans, and clerks. The two divines had a great day in the Lord, and, in consequence of their labors, a hot revival of religion seemed to be setting in.

Learned men and liberal leaders did not like this movement in the Church. They feared, and very wisely feared, that the spirit which was spurring the people into repentance of their sins would be found in the long run to have been a conservative spirit, and that some of those who fell under the influence of these holy and eloquent preachers would be drawn away from the liberal and rationalistic side in politics to that of the feudal and clerical side. In order to prevent such a change of front, the radicals and rationalists set themselves to oppose and to expose the two men who seemed to be leading the susceptible citizens astray; driving them back, by pictures of what they called

imaginary heavens and hells, into the worst ways of superstition; separating them from their stanch friends, the political reformers; and teaching them to despise the good things of this present life in favor of crowns of glory to be worn in a world to come. opposing and exposing men so dangerous to their party, some of the liberal leaders had a duty to perform of a very unpleasant kind. They had to appear as persecutors; they had to make use of rumors and scandals which they could not prove; when the day of trial came upon them they had to stand by men who could only have helped them in their work by first consenting to betray the most sacred trusts. Public men, it is often said, must not be nice; and some of the Ost Preussen liberals, having entered on a campaign against what they had good ground for considering as a theocratic and conservative reaction, were compelled to lay aside the more delicate scruples and hesitations of public men. They listened to any calumny, however gross. They studied terms of insult and reproach. Some of the more daring spirits invented facts.

The two revival clergymen had not called either themselves or their flocks by any new name; for they did not openly profess to hold any new doctrine. They pretended to be Lutheran and Evangelical; but Lutheran and Evangelical of a warmer type; men with a finer sense of religion, and a quicker belief in the coming Advent of our Lord. Their philosophical and radical enemy, Ober-Präsident von Schön, stung them with the nickname of Mucker; by which odious appellation they have since that day been mostly known. Writers who wish to treat these people with respect, speak of them as Ebelians. Frequently they are grouped under the general name of

Pietists; a word which they do not own, but to which they would probably not object. But in common life, they are known from the Rhine to the Baltic, in all the cities where they are said to have either public congregations or secret societies, as the Mucker, and only as the Mucker.

Mucker is a cant word, of dubious origin. It describes the habits of vermin, such as rats and hares; and, by verbal license, of men who have the like habits with rats and hares. When applied to men of a higher rank, it is meant to suggest cunning, lewdness, and hypocrisy. Mawworm in Bickerstaffe's comedy of the Hypocrite, may suggest the kind of knave who is meant by a German when he flings the epithet Mucker at a religious man. Of course the word is indignantly denounced and repudiated by Ebel's followers and friends.

A religious revival was in those days, and in that old Prussian society, a strange and perilous thing. Ebel's revival found high friends; but to many persons of position and responsibility, it was a thing out of time, out of order, almost out of nature. The professional mind would not tolerate it, the official mind could not understand it. Both parties scorned it as a craze which had fallen on women, and on men who had the fantasies of women. Apart from politics, the revival was a trouble, an excitement, a cause of strife. What man in authority is fond of a movement which disturbs the public peace? And how can a movement, caused by a warm conviction that the day of judgment is near at hand, be other than a cause of trouble to the official mind?

A revival! cried the rationalistic professors in the portico; what do you want to revive? A finer sense of the immediateness of God, you say! What finer

reuse? And what do you mean by the immediateness of God?

A revival! said the highly-drilled Government officials; what is the object of all this fuss and noise? Why are these people crowding to the Old Town church? What is the purpose of these evening lectures, these extra services, these private meetings of men and women? All this passion betrays a want of sense, said the philosophers; all this disorder betrays want of drill, said the magistrates. Neither in the University nor in the Schloss could the movement be regarded as a simple and harmless fact.

The service of religion had in those days sunk very Truch into a decorous form, which offended nobody, Decause that service was accepted on all sides as a =tate tradition, a part of the high police of society, a Tield for Sunday preachers, in which there could be no great harm, since there was no longer in it a spark of life. Learning had no fear of it; science hardly knew at. The rationalistic creeds then current in every German College, were left untouched by a public ceremomial rite, which seemed to have no other end in view Than to keep women in their place, and find a little amusement for official men. In Prussia, the church has always been a branch of the high police. Men in office, and men who are seeking office, go to it as part of their duty; as a parade-ground, where they see and can be seen. But their presence is a form, and sometimes a joke. One day, General Werther, a man of deep religious feeling, met Baron Humboldt coming out of the court chapel in Berlin. The General smiled as he shook hands with his friend, saying he was glad to see the philosopher at church. "You see, General." mid the veteran minister, whose breast was covered with stars and crosses, "I want to get on in the world."

Prussian philosophers, content that people w knew no better should doze through a dull sermo spoke with reserve, if not with respect, of the popul divines. They allowed, like their fellows among ou selves, that the Liturgy was a very fine thing—con sidered as a work of art; and on festive occasion they betrayed a lofty condescension to public taste, by sauntering in person to the parish church. Thus farthey could go; not one step farther. If they agreed to tolerate the clergy, it was only so long as these parsons knew how to be dull, decorous, and discreet, A church that should be active and aggressive—that should talk of its mission—that should set itself against the world-that should dream of saving souls—that should prattle of a day of judgment they could neither visit nor forgive.

Prussian magistrates were even less tolerant of revival clergymen than the professors. To philosophers, these busy divines were a nuisance; to officers of state, they might become a peril. Preachers who announced the Second Coming filled the church with crowds; causing a morbid feeling in society; leading to keen debates in the journals; and sometimes thronging the streets and squares. All these excitements struck the official mind as unfavorable to the city, to the course of trade, to the preservation of peace. In that stout old Preussen, where everything was kept in order, the cities like the hamlets, the churches like the theatres, the whole province was governed like a camp, and the people in it were ruled by articles of war. But, now, in the Old Town church, under pretence of piety and worship, a clergyman of rank was introducing novelties, things unknown in the book of religious drill! To an Ober-Prüsident who had no personal leaning towards the clerical party, this was

too much. In the past, religion had done something for 1 russia; and the magistrate of a powerful kingdorna was not averse to Prussia doing something for religion; but he could not be made to see that she was called upon to do it in any other way than her owers ; not with noise and fuss, with shouts and riot, but in full dress, marching in true time, and with her hand on her sword. A morbid and irregular movement in the souls of men, would be to such an officer hateful and perplexing. What could he do with it? What were the clergy about? Were not these pastors Paid to keep things quiet? Was it conceivable that who received money for aiding to maintain the Public peace, should have been guilty of stirring their heurers into frenzy? A mutiny in the army could hardly have surprised the magistrates more than a revival in the Church.

What to them was the church in Ost Preussen, except a part of that vast military and social organization, the twin objects of which are peace and strength?

To Archdeacon Ebel, and to the disciples whom he drew into his inner circle, this church appeared to be something else,—something different to either a police-office or a barrack. It was the house of God. Its ministers were the servants of God. Its congregation were the children of God.

Ebel was of the high Church, very high; and the great purport of his ministry was to prepare mankind for a Coming Christ.

Hence he came to be branded with an odious name.

CHAPTER VI.

NASSE MUCKER.

YESTERDAY, at tea-time, my learned friend, Rechts-anwalt Dreher, came into my room to tell me of a little treat which he had been preparing for my instruction.

"What is it?"

"Herr John Bull, would it please you to undergo the rite of initiation?"

"Initiation! Into what?"

"Into the mystery of mysteries; into the secret of Königsberg; into the high and well-born society of Nasse Mucker."

"And what, pray, Herr Advocat, is a nasser Mucker?"

"Ha, ha!" he roared. "Ein nasser Mucker is a Wet Mucker,—as your people in London say a Wet Quaker. Ein nasser Mucker is a Pasquin,—what you may call a Punch."

"And who, may I venture to ask, are these Wet

Muckers, these Pasquins and Punches?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the learned lawyer,—"every one: that is to say, every one who is not a fool; every one who is not a slave; every man with a head on his shoulders, and a diploma in his pocket."

"You wish me to understand that most of the professors and students belong to this high and well-

born society?"

"So, Herr John Bull; that is so. Not all, however;

since there may be fools and slaves, men without heads, who yet—and much the pity!—have diplomas in their pockets, and sit in professors' chairs. But if every man in the University is not a Wet Mucker, plenty of Wet Muckers may be found outside the University,—mostly among those rich bankers and shippers of Königsberg who have seen the world, and among those country gentlemen of Ost Preussen who have been taught the sciences and arts."

"What, then, is the nature of this Wet Muckerism, to which so many free and learned men subscribe?"

"My friend, it is the counter-comedy."

"Counter-comedy?"

*Yes, the counter-comedy; the movement against the movement; the only answer which in these days are ence can make to superstition."

But what is this movement of superstition, to

w Baich these learned men reply?"

Ilush!" he said, his finger on his lip. With an ai of mock solemnity he looked round the room, looked the folding-doors, drew the curtains closer, and the name back to his seat near the stove. I looked in his face for an explanation. "Hush!" he said. "I tis the Mucker!"

Mucker? That, I remember, was the cry of those dents in the Hof Gasse when the soldiers came tling down. 'Mucker hoch! Mucker hoch!" hat is 'Mucker'? Where do you get the word?"

H'm!" breathed the learned pundit through his a; "that is a question. By-and-by it shall be anered, not now. The origin of this word has not been cleared from doubt. I have myself had the good fortune to trace it in the Wendisch, Moso-Gothic, and Aryan dialects."

"Have you?"

"Yes; when my work on The Pandecten is completed (the nineteenth volume is now ready, and perhaps I shall wind it up in six more tomes), I shall begin a history of the word Mucker, showing its probable origin, and tracing its changes of sense in all ages and through all languages. At present, you must pardon me for offering you only a short abridgment."

"Thank you."

"When Zoroaster gave laws to his people after their arrival in the land of Nod "

"But, will you tell me what the word Mucker means

in the present day?"

"There, you English again! You will begin at the end. The word means anything, nothing. It is a term of the common people. It is a reproach, a sarcasm, an accusation, an insult. It suggests the habits of vermin, and of men who are thought to be hardly any higher in the scale of education than vermin."

"Against whom is it applied?"

"Ha, ha!" cried the learned Advocate, with a shrug and a laugh, "against our enemies: against knaves and fools, against ranters and canters, against hypocrites and Pietists . . . But we must now begin our rites. You smoke tobacco? You drink Roman punch?"

"Well, yes; I take such things under good advice—as medicine."

A pull of the bell, a word to the servant, and in a few seconds we had a bowl of Roman punch, a bag of strong Swabian tobacco, and a couple of new hunting-pipes, laid on the table.

"Kneel down, Novitius," said the lawyer; on my doing which, he filled a pipe with tobacco, lit a match, put the amber piece to his lips, drew three or four breaths through the tube, and then handed the pipe

to me, saying: "Smoke, my son; but mind, you must only smoke from the heart, in obedience to the voice within." I tried to do so. When I had taken some dozen whiffs in silence, he inquired: "Have you come, my well-beloved, to a full conviction and acceptance of the universal prevalence of light?"

"Yes; my pipe is lighted."

"Good; very good, my son. You are an excellent novice. That is the first step in knowledge. It is gained. Now we ascend to the second stage. Keep still; you must not rise just yet. Observe: I fill this glass with water; with punch, you would say; well, punch is water, with a dash of spirit, with a little acid; in the main, it is water. I put it to my lips and sip one drop. Now, drink it off."

I did so.

"Have you come to a full consciousness, my much beloved, of the universal prevalence and acceptance of the principle of water?"

"I think so. Put me to the test again."

"Good boy," said my brother lawyer, "be grave and tranquil; this is a secret thing. Now these two principles—the first principle being that of Light, the second principle being that of Water—are the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, the sun and the moon, the positive and the negative, the right line and the curve, the conscious and the unconscious, the active and the passive, the male and the female. Their union is creation; their divorce is chaos. Give heed to what I say; remember by this sign"—and he gave me a sudden tap on the forehead with his pipe.

"That is the second step," said my friendly teacher.
"Now come we in the meantime you should hold on closely by the second principle to the

third and final stage. Observe, again; I bare my head, as a sign that everything is done in open day and perfect innocence. I put this linen sheet round my shoulders as a mark of my ghostly office. I invoke the gods to bless this work, and then march round and round you, slowly drawing nearer until I touch, with my hand, your coat, your elbow, your knee, your face; until, at length, I bend in loving friendship, raise you from the ground, and kiss your cheek. There, it is done! You are now sealed to the circle—sealed by a seraphic kiss. For life and death you are one of the Nasse Mucker. Take some punch."

"Thank you. And what, now, does this fooling mean?"

"It is the reply of fun to folly—of nonsense to pictism—of"

"Were you going to say of the University to the Church?"

"II'm! Perhaps! Yes, you are right."

I have found it so. Between these two high sections of Prussian society there is, and has been now for many years past, a bitter feud; a feud which has lasted long, and will last our time, since it arises from the clash of mind and conflict of principles; laymen snarling at the sanctimonious pretensions of the Church; Churchmen, in their turn, assailing and condemning what they call the latitudinarian, not to say licentious, principles of the University. One day this quarrel has taken a dogmatic shape, another day it has taken a personal shape. Now it has been a question of Kant's atheism, anon it has been a question of Ebel's morality. But these things are affairs of a day, while the true causes of this enmity between philosophers and divines must be sought in the nature

of their studies, and in the purposes to which they devote their powers. When the chief cause is found, it will be variously described, according to the point of view from which the writer makes his observation. Seen from the l'ortico, it strikes him as no other than that hatred with which priests and their dupes have in all ages met the advances of science and the liberties of thought. Seen from the Altar, it appears to be no more, and no less, than that hostile spirit which the children of this devil's kingdom have at all times shown towards those ministers of religion who have been zealous for the things of God.

The German churchmen call their opponents infidels; the laymen call their enemies Mucker. These two armies are not unfairly matched in strength. If nearly all the lay students are on one side, most of the women, even the mothers and sisters of these students, are on the other. The men are divided into camps. If the great doctors and professors side with science against theology; many of those noble counts and barons who descend from the Teutonic Knights, and own the grass-lands and water-rights of Ost Preussen, side with theology against science.

Years ago, these two armies met—like the scoffers and believers in the Hof Gasse on Monday night,—and fought, on a very old battle-field, a pretty warm campaign.

An ancient church, built near the Schloss by the Teutonic Knights, and known to the commons either as the Old Town Church, or the Luther Church, was rotting into ruin; when, to prevent people being killed by the falling stones, the Government gave orders to pull it down. This edifice had become dear to every one, from the fact that a son of Martin Luther had preached from its pulpit, and been buried under its altar. Many persons, not of the University,

hoped that a new church would be built on this sacred spot; but the need for opening up ground about the Schloss was very great, and was pressed on the King Friedrich Wilhelm III. both on military and on sanitary grounds. King Friedrich Wilhelm consented that the ground should be cleared and converted into a public square; charging himself with the erection, in a neighboring street, of a new Old Town Church; an edifice which he commenced, and his son completed, after a poor design, of warm red brick, in the Gothic style. A stone, bearing a few words of record, was placed over the site of young Luther's grave.

Now, this new square is in the best part of the Old Town; on the main lines of road from the Schloss to the Quays, the Exchange, and the railway. Of all places in Königsberg it is, perhaps, the very best site

for a public statue.

Well, the honors of a public statue having been voted to the most famous man who has ever dwelt in Königsberg, to Immanuel Kant, Professor Rosenkranz and his fellows in the University were anxious that this work of art should be erected in the Old Town Square; as being not only the most conspicuous, but also the most appropriate spot. In that square stands a gymnasium, the high school of the city. it rise the girl's school, the pauper house, and many other schools; while near to it stands the house in which the great philosopher lived and taught. the religious world - notably that part of the religious world which we should call the High Church would not hear of such a thing being done. they said, was a philosopher and a free-thinker. had no sense of religion. He set aside the gospels. He rejected Christ. How could they suffer these professors to plant the statue of such a man on holy ground! Were they Pagans and Jews that they

should set up Kant against Luther, a great brass image of the Critic of Pure Reason against the modest stone which commemorated the minister of God?

The fight was long and fierce; and was only ended

by a personal reference to the King.

One of the leading men on the religious side was Graf von Kanitz, a person of high birth, and of mystic tendencies. This nobleman had been for many Years a constant worshipper in the church which had now been taken down. Sore trouble had fallen on the minister and congregation of that church; trouble which the Graf von Kanitz had borne his part; the minister of that church was the renowned Archdeacon Ebel, the man who had been silenced and graced as the founder of Muckerism; mainly, as Kan itz thought, by the treacheries of these professors, by the violence of their friends in high places; that minister, now ruined, exiled, killed, by these clieving babblers of the University, the Graf von La sitz had conscientiously accepted as a man of God. w could be be silent when this godless crew of clents and professors were trying to set up, on the ground made holy by the martyr Ebel, a brazen age of their idol Kant?

Graf von Kanitz rode to Berlin, sought an interwith the King, and came back to Königsberg tha royal order in his pocket that some other spot that the found for the statue of Immanuel Kant.

That Old Town Square is the scene of a story which have never yet been told. A fountain stands in the courte, and the rest of the ground is laid out with tubs and walks.

The official name which it bears is Altstüdtische Platz.

The common name for it is Mucker Platz. Students and wags call it Scraphim Platz.

CHAPTER VII.

A GREAT APPEAL.

TN the month of February, 1842, the judges of the 1 Royal Court of Berlin (Das Königliche Kammer-Gericht) were busy with a cause which had taxed their time, and disturbed the conscience of Germany for many years.

The cause about to be finally decided in the supreme court (Appellations-Senat), had come before the bench in the shape of an appeal from the verdict given by an inferior court (Criminal-Senat) in the previous reign.

It was alleged by the appellants that the finding of the lower court was against the evidence; that the decision was irregular in form; and that the penalties imposed were in excess of the offences alleged.

The cause was of a most unusual kind; not only as to its moral nature, but as to its legal history. first instance, it had been raised in a local court at Königsberg, from which city it had been removed. before any stage in the matter had been reached, on the ground that persons high in office were exercising so much influence in the court that justice would be likely to fail, and two able and worthy clergymen t be undone. It had next been heard in the lowe court of the Kammer-Gericht, in Berlin. Karl Bare von Altenstein, the rationalistic Minister of Publ Instruction (which office, in Prussia, has charge ecclesiastical affairs), was thought to have been a favorable to the defendants. The hearing had be

long; and when the verlict was given (March, 1839), a period of no less than five months had elapsed between the finding of the court and the publication of the sentence. This delay had given rise to a thousand suspicions of foul play; the more freely, since many men who called themselves enemies of the two elergymen owned that the sentence which had been prohounced was far in excess of any reasonable demands of justice.

Within a year, King Friedrich Wilhelm the Third dying, his son, Friedrich Wilhelm the Fourth, succeeded to the throne. In the same year Karl von Altenstein died, and the pictistic Eichhorn succeeded him in the ministry of Public Instruction.

The worsted parties in the suit of 1839 now appealed against the finding of the Criminal Senate to the higher court; and after a hearing which lasted for years more, the court was about to pronounce a

Verliet from which there could be no appeal.

The matter before the supreme court was a scandalcharge which had been raised, in the first instance a great nobleman of Ost Preussen, called the Graf Finkenstein, against two clergymen, the Very Archdeacon Wilhelm Ebel, and the Rev. Heinrical Diestel; a very scandalous charge, since it was alleged against them, not only that their doctrines were unsound, but that their lives were impure.

Nor did the fortunes of these two clergymen only having upon the finding of their judge. In point of form, Archdeacon Ebel and Pastor Diestel were the oarly persons accused; but the cry which had been raised against these gentlemen was of a kind that implied the guilt of many more. If Ebel had done the wrong alleged against him by his enemies, the partners in his practices, since they must have shared

his guilt, would have to bear the odious publicity attaching to his crimes. The list of persons so involved in the consequences of this charge was very long; comprising a good many men, and yet more women, of high birth and strong position in the society of Ost Preussen; and all these persons, together with nearly all their families and friends, supported Ebel and Diestel in their appeal from what they called local jealousy and provincial injustice to the courts in Berlin.

The appeal had lasted long, because the evidence tendered for acceptance by the court on both sides had been strange, conflicting, and obscure. Things were alleged against these clergymen of an all but incredible kind. They were accused of certain crimes for which the German language supplied no names, and of which the Prussian law could take no note. charges, though made by men of rank, were supported by the evidence of spies and apostates; the chief of whom was Professor Sachs; a man who filled, with great distinction, a chair of medicine in the University of Königsberg. On the side of the defence, not only were these alleged offences denied, but the witnesses who proved them, most of all Professor Sachs, were denounced as wretches unfit to be heard in a court of law. The old Prussian system of legal procedure gave a fine field to such causes; for the trial took place with closed doors, the witnesses were never brought into court, and all the depositions were taken in writing. At the whim of either party, anything was put in as evidence; books, prints, deeds, manu-In a case like that against Archdeacon Ebel. it is an open question whether counsel might not have put into court the whole royal library of Berlin. proofs actually laid before the judges, evidence bearon the case; ran the whole round of the sciences; no less than ninety volumes of written and printed man ter lying on their table; comprising, among things of Resser note, volumes of divinity, tracts on logic, but and dles of ecclesiastical history, essays on the nature of things, prayers and sermons, debates on final causes, and speculations on the destiny of man. These proofs comparison on such topics as grace and works, the freedom of man's will, and the redeeming Power of faith. They referred to spiritual affinities and mortal marriage. They defined the use and abuse of symbols. What could a legal tribunal make of such a case?

rofessor Sachs's evidence contained not only a statement of facts within his knowledge, but an effective gallery of portraits, and a psychological study of the most curious kind.

but the chief trouble of the judges, and the true reason why the trial was prolonged, is said to have be n, not so much the difficulty of believing or rejecting. Sachs, as that of either resisting or reconciling the new King, in whom the accused elergymen found a zero lous and powerful friend.

riedrich Wilhelm the Fourth, King of Prussia, is one of the few princes who in these liberal days have been grossly calumniated and persistently misconced wed by us; though his domestic virtues and religious views were such as ought to have won for him every English heart. He was neither a strong man nor a wise man. He had none of Cromwell's insight, none of Napoleon's dash. One grain of political genius would have given him what his happier mephew will one day find at his feet, the crown of Germany. But while Friedrich Wilhelm was in no sense a daring prince, he was a kindly, generous, and

faithful man; a friend of scholars and travellers: a great lover of art; a collector of antiquities; a man of books and of study, who spent his happiest hours in the library and the picture-gallery, and preferred the conversation of writers and discoverers to that of placemen and soldiers. It is hard for a king of Prussia to be anything beyond the general of a camp. Prussia is one huge barrack. Every man is trained to the use of arms; everything is done in uniform; and the king is chief drill-sergeant in his realm. wear sword and plume, to review the guards, to hold military receptions, are nothing. The king is expected to be a real soldier; to pass much of his time in barrack; to have a great military household; to receive his general officers at his table daily; and to live in times of peace the life of a commander in the field. Friedrich Wilhelm could not free himself from the traditions of his house. He had seen hard service in his youth, and he continued to play at the trade of war in his riper years. But the care of his army did not absorb his mind. He gathered eminent civilians about him: men like Humboldt, Bunsen, Rauch, and Kiss; friends of his heart on whom he shed the light of his high place, and who will surround his name for ever with the radiance of their fame. He was exceedingly gentle in his manners. He was good and pious; more so, many of his people thought, than became a king.

Yet, what is the notion of an ordinary English boy as to this good king? That his name was Cliquot, that he was in the habit of moping about rooms with a bottle at his lips, that he got tipsy on champagne about twenty times a day. An English boy is taken by surprise, when told that this prince, whom he calls Cliquot, was a very poor tippler; in fact, that while

he ate (on account of his malady) enough for a giant, he drank no more than a child.

It is one of those thousand errors of fact in regard to Prussia, which made that glorious Seven Days' War a surprise to many among us; boys of all ages, and of very high rank.

His Majesty was a man of wide religious knowledge, and of deep religious feeling. He kept a keen eye upon researches and discoveries throwing light upon the Bible story. Bunsen enjoyed his confidence. The antiquities of Rome and of Egypt engaged his attention. In connection with Queen Victoria, he founded the Protestant bishopric of Jerusalem. All his life he favored the Church, and the professors of divinity always found in him a friend.

Perhaps, as some of his people murniured, he was apt to go further in his zeal for the Church than was prudent in the king of a country in which many of the inhabitants were rationalists, infidels, and Jews. he could not do these things by halves. A man of great natural piety, open to voices and promptings of the Spirit, he fancied he had received a call to promote true godliness on the earth. He felt a keen interest in revivals; and seemed to be expecting that a great work of the Spirit would be done in his reign. Those exalted people in the Lutheran Church who are known as Pietists enjoyed his favor; and King Friedrich Wilhelm made no secret of his being a Pietist himself. In fact, he was a Pietist, and something He was a believer in tokens and witches; nay, he was inclined to accept, though in secret only, the suggestions of sorcery and witchcraft. He toyed with astrology, and had fitful dreams of enjoying the elixir of life.

Is it surprising that a prince with such leanings

should be thought capable, when his passions had been stirred, of taking a decisive course in a matter which concerns the life and fame of two holy men?

In those old times, as the Prussian courts of justice sat with closed doors, no report of what took place in the Supreme Court was given to the world. counsel may have chattered in their dining-rooms, and the judges may have tickled the fancies of their female friends by hints of what was going on. Every one wished to hear the latest news; for how could a courtly and intellectual society be indifferent to a cause in which the Schöns, the Auerswalds, the Finkensteins, the von der Gröbens, people in the highest ranks of the Prussian nobility, were all concerned? Why had Graf von Finkenstein turned persecutor? What had induced Professor Sachs to play the part of spy? Why had Professor Olshausen given evidence against his former friends? How had the Ober-Präsident come to act so sharply against these clergymen? What was the meaning of the strange report that Ida, Countess von der Gröben, had become one of Archdeacon Ebel's spiritual wives? What was a spiritual wife? Had the very reverend gentlemen any other of these spiritual wives? If so, how many, and who were they?

Society in Berlin, in Königsberg, in fact, in every German city, was full of questions, to which the only answers that could be got were lame and rare. In the streets, it was only known that something was going on behind these closed doors of the Kammer-Gericht, in which the king took a close and personal interest; but the details of this mysterious trial romained unknown.

Even when the verdict of the court was published, it told the eager watchers next to nothing. In some

parts it reversed the finding of the lower court; for it removed from the two clergymen the brand of infamy and the sentence of imprisonment. But then it gave no reason for these changes, and suppressed the details on which its own verdict stood. Without the evidence of Sachs, the new finding could only be intelligible to the parties concerned; and on the trial coming to an end, that evidence given by Sachs was realed up by the judge and deposited in the archives of his court. All Germany believed that a royal influence had been made to weigh on the judges; men who, in that Prussia which has since been swept away in the smoke of Königsgrätz, were supposed to lead a very bad life when the facts of a suit inclined them to do one thing and the king's will compelled them to All these rumors were, no doubt, beside do another. the mark; but the calumnies heaped upon the prince by his enemies were the natural result of a system which conducted public causes with closed doors and with written evidence, instead of with open courts and witnesses face to face.

The little that escaped through these closed doors, made people open their eyes in wonder; for the things which were said to have been alleged by Sachs against the two popular preachers and their fair penitents, seemed to hint that the Teuton of our own day, a product of the highest civilization, is capable of dreaming like Jacob Böhme, of preaching like Melchior Hofmann, and of acting like John of Leyden.

Was it true, as alleged, that two German clergymen, of high repute for sanctity, had been found guilty of committing Spiritual polygamy? Was it possible that in the nineteenth century a divine could pretend to have the right of marrying one wife in the flesh, another wife in the spirit?

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRITUAL WIVES.

A FEW words dropt by Brigham Young, in the course of a long reply to questions of mine on another point, told me that the Mormon Pope knew more than could be found in books about that doctrine of the Spiritual wife, which, in our own day, in the midst of our churches, and chiefly, if not wholly, among men of Teutonie race, has flowered out into so many new and surprising domestic facts: at Salt Lake City into Polygamy; among the New England spiritual circles into Affinities; at Mount Lebanon into Celibate Love; at Wallingford and Oneida Creek into Complex Marriage, and in a hundred American cities into some more or less open form of Free Love.

In the neglect which has fallen upon everything connected with the progress of our moral life, it has been commonly said that Sydney Rigdon, the first disciple of any weight whom Joseph Smith drew into his Mormon tabernacle, was the man in whose busy brain this doctrine of Spiritual wifehood had been born. Remy and Brenchley, who wrote with some care, assert that Rigdon invented the theory of the Spiritual wife; and they assume that the repugnance of Mormon elders to this invention was the chief cause of Rigdon being rejected as prophet, and expelled from the church after the death of Joseph Smith. Some such statement will be found, I think, in each of the few books which have, as yet, paid any attention to

this curious subject. Young said otherwise; and a little inquiry among such friends of mine as either were or had been ministers of religion in New England cities, soon showed me that, even as regards the history of Spiritual wives in America, Young was right.

Sydney Rigdon, at the time of his conversion by Parley Pratt, was the pastor of a church at Kirtland. in Ohio. He had already changed his religion more than once, as he afterwards changed it again more than once. He had been a loud ranter, a hot revivalist; and after his conversion to the Mormon faith, he labored in his district among the more exalted members of the most exalted sects. He knew the writings of Mahan, Gates, and Boyle-writings in which love and marriage are considered in relation to gospel liberty and a future life. It is all but certain that he was acquainted with the ideas of Hiram Sheldon and Father Noyes, the two most active founders of the Perfect Church. When, therefore, Rigdon startled the Mormon elders at Nauvoo with his theory about hold men having a right to woo and to win for themselves brides of the spirit as well as wives of the flesh, he was doing no more than giving a crude and premaform to mystical speculations then current in the chairs and pulpits of Oberlin, Philadelphia, and New Haven. All the Perfect churches, being based on the great dogma of the saints having to live a life on earth free from sin, professed to believe that marriage, in its old and carnal shape, would pass away, and be replaced in time by a new, a holier, and more lasting Oberlin, one of the chief centres of this Perfect creed, is in Ohio, a few miles only from Kirtland, where Rigdon preached and dwelt.

What this Mormon fanatic taught his friends at

Nauvoo, he had learned from people wiser than himself. From whom?

The theory of Spiritual wives is not yet forty years old in the United States; yet the seed-plot and the source appear to be alike involved in haze and fog. Father Noves, who has lived through every phase of it, and who has been an actor in the business more than once, regards it as an eruption from the New England soil, which came out, like a rash on the human skin, after the throes of a great revival, not in one place only, but in many places, at the same moment of time. Warren Chace, a man who is said to have had a wider personal experience in the matter than any other teacher, announces it as a gift of the Spirit, the last refuge of virtue in a profligate world. The Rev. Hiram Sheldon, the original preacher of salvation from sin, at least in the burnt district of New York, had an inkling of it: since he found in Sophia Cook, one of his fair disciples, a kinship of soul which he had failed to perceive in his own wedded wife. The Rev. Jarvis Rider, a preacher who is said to have had an experience among spirit-brides only less wide and general than Warren Chace, considers it a necessary consequence of the Second Coming, of causing God's will to be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Lucina Umphreville, Mary Lincoln, and Maria Brown, three of those female witnesses who have publicly preached and practised it, either in its positive form of heavenly wifehood, or in its negative form of free love, announce it as a final revelation to their sex. Yet none of these male and female preachers can pretend to say where the dogma was heard of first, and who has to answer for its introduction to the American religious world.

I have received from sober witnesses in the United

States, most of them preachers and teachers, a good many confessions on this subject of the first appearance in their midst of Spiritual wives. Some of these confessions I shall lay before my reader in the proper Some persons trace the doctrine to the scandals caused in the religious world by the famous bundling at Brimfield, in Massachusetts. Others find the germ of it in the Battle-Axe Correspondence; in which Father Noyes first roused the sects of New England into fury, by his declaration that in the true Church of God, the rite of marriage, like every other rite prescribed by the law, would be abolished. few, perhaps, gain a clue to the mystery in the writings of Theophilus Gates, a philosopher of the Quaker City, who is said to have put religion on his shoulder as a cloak, under which he might openly proclaim, like John of Leyden, his policy of a community of wives. Hiram Sheldon, John H. Noyes, and John B. Foot, have had the glory and the odium of this doctrine cast upon them; glory and odium which they have shared with Jarvis Rider, Horace Patten, Erasmus Stone, and many more. Ann Lee and Andrew Jackson Davis might urge a bolder plea; but none of these preachers can make out his claim against the rest, for in truth, no one man or woman in America can be said to have invented the doctrine of Spiritual wives, which appears to have been less a work of men than a natural growth of time.

It has not, I think, been noticed by any writer that three of the most singular movements in the churches of our generation seem to have been connected, more or less closely, with the state of mind produced by revivals; one in Germany, one in England, and one in the United States; movements which resulted, among other things, in the establishment of three singular

societies—the congregation of Pietists, vulgarly called the Mucker, at Königsberg, the brotherhood of Princeites at Spaxton, and the Bible Communists at Oneida Creek.

These three movements, which have a great deal in common, began without concert, in distant parts of the world, under separate church rules, and in widely different social circumstances. The first movement was in Ost Preussen; the second in England; the third, and most important, in Massachusetts and New York. They had these chief things in common; they began in colleges, they affected the form of family life, and they were carried on by clergymen; each movement in a place of learning and of theological study; that in Germany at the Luther-Kirch of Königsberg, that in England at St. David's College, that in the United States at Yale College. These movements began to attract public notice much about the same time; for Archdeacon Ebel, the chief founder of Muckerism, announced the year 1836 as the opening year of the personal reign of Christ; in that year the Rev. Henry James Prince became a student of divinity. founded the order of Lampeter Brethren, and received his pretended gift of the Holy Ghost; and Father Noyes published the famous paper known as the Battle-Axe Letter. These three divines, one Lutheran, one Anglican, one Congregational, began their work in perfect ignorance of each other. Ebel is now dead: but I have reason to believe that when he proposed his theory in the Luther church in his native city, he had never heard the name of either Brother Prince or of Father Noyes. I can answer for the other two; until a few months ago, Noyes had nover heard of Ebel, and Prince had never heard of Noyes.

Each movement was regarded by its votaries as the

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most perfect fruit of the revival spirit. In truth, the change which came upon the saints from their close experience of revival passion, was regarded by themselves as in some degree miraculous; equal in divine significance to a new creation of the world. When the storm had gone by, and the chaff had been swept away, it was seen in each country that a precious remnant had been tried and saved - brought into the fold of God, and freed for ever from the consciousness of sin. These heirs of clay had been made the children of light. In His elected ones the old Adam of the flesh was dead; a new Adam, perfect in the spirit, had been born. These fruits of the revival seem to have been equally received by the countesses who knelt at the feet of Ebel in Ost Preussen, by the dowagers and country gentlemen who swelled the ranks of Prince in Sussex and Somerset, by the craftsmen who followed Noves and Sheldon in Massachusetts and New York. They who had been called by the Lamb, no longer dwelt on the earth, subject to its laws and canons; they were no longer amenable to pain, disease, and death. They had risen into a sphere of gospel liberty and gospel light. A new earth and a new heaven had been created round them. in which they lived and moved by a new law. some of them the decrees of courts and councils were as nothing; property was nothing, marriage was nothing. - mere rags and shreds of a world that had passed away. To all of them a new light had been given on the subject of spirit-brides; the higher relation of woman to man in the new kingdom of heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

CELESTIAL LOVE.

THE theory of Spiritual Wives, as it appears to the carnal mind, may be stated in a few words; since to the carnal mind this mystical doctrine is but a religious and romantic disguise for an abomination known in Boston and New York under the name of Free Love.

In this common aspect, the theory is, that a man who may be either unmarried before the law or wedded to a woman whom he cannot love as a wife should be loved, shall have the right, in virtue of a higher morality, and a more sacred duty than the churches teach him, to go out among the crowd of his female friends, and seek a partner in whom he shall find some special fitness for a union with himself; and when he has found such a bride of the soul, that he shall have the further right of courting her, even though she may have taken vows as another man's wife, and of entering into closer and sweeter relations with her than those which belong to the common earth; all vows on his part and on her part being to this end thrust aside as so much worldly waste. would be the definition of Spiritual wifehood given by writers like Lizzie Doten and Warren Chace, the apostles and perhaps the martyrs of Free Love.

But these words of the carnal pen would express no more than part of those facts, as to spirit-brides, which are held by such exalted sects as the Ebelians and the

Perfectionists. Indeed, a theory which was simply silly and indecent, could hardly have arisen in any church of the Tentonic race. That the doctrine of a new relation of woman to man, called Spiritual wifehood, has so risen, is an undoubted fact. Be it bad, or be it good, this doctrine of spirit-brides is a product, not of the world and the flesh, but of the church and the spirit: a fact which forces it within the scope of our moral science, and renders it worthy of our keenest study. No one can deny that the advocates of Spiritual wifehood are, and have been, for the most part ministers of the gospel, men of thought and learning, men trained in our schools, armed with our diplomas, and actually charged with the cure of souls. To some of these men, perhaps to all of them, the theory presents an aspect and receives a sanction wholly unlike what they appear when seen by the carnal mind. If it were not so, it would still be worth some effort to comprehend; since the moralist would like to know by what train of reasoning scholars and preachers could be brought to see their good in evil things, and women of blameless life could be induced to live in a state which some men do not shrink from calling one of public shame. But we can hardly doubt the sincerity of men who live according to their lights. when they have to do so to their grievous loss.

The higher theory of Spiritual wives may be stated in a few words. The common notion of a legal union between man and woman is an act of pairing for life. At the altar we promise to take each other for good and ill, for better and worse, engaging before the world to dwell together, cleaving one to the other, and to none clse, until death shall part us. What do we mean by these large words? That we take each other for life and for life only? That the bargain

made in time is only good for time? That the affections, and the ties which bind them, cease with the In short, do we mean that marriage is a temporary bond which has no part in our eternal life? This is the usual teaching of the schools; and in all those countries where the Church still reigns and rules, this view of the marriage vow is never impeached by adverse decisions in a court of law. The vow is for life, and for the whole of life. If it lasts until the grave, it ends with the grave. The Latin maxim is, Once married, always married. God has bound let no man put asunder," says the Western Church. The husband shall be to his wife, the wife shall be to her husband only, until death shall break the seal, and tear the record. So far runs the contract, and no farther. Death only makes men free.

Now, this theory of a marriage vow being good forlife—and only for life—is more than simply unsatis factory to men and women of a certain type of mind; = it is absolutely repulsive. Husbands who care nothing for their wives, wives who care little for their husbands, may learn to bear it. When there is no rich estate of love, no subtle yearning, no blended life. between the two sexes, they can look forward to the grave as to an end of their wedded bonds, if not with ardor, yet still without agony of soul But then, arthe mystics say, in such a case, there has been no truc marriage, either first or last. Such unions, they allege are only partnerships in business and estate. properties, perhaps, have been made one; two family lines may have run into one stream; a dull and legal act having been solemnized with religious forms, and beautified by orange-blossoms and bridal benedictions. Such an affair of trade, it is alleged, may end most fitly with the hearse and shroud. But when a mar-

riage of true hearts has been blessed throughout by love, da well as by the priest; when two young souls have Brown one in feeling, in desire, in aspirations; then, the thought of either husband or wife ever ceasing to hold that dear relation to the other, is hardly to be borne. The spirit kicks against that doctrine of a life Part, even when the promise is that it shall be passed in a brighter and better world. Love, wanting no brisister world, refuses to admit the thought of a separted life. To true mates marriage is not for the now only, but for the time to come. Carnal have no dominion in the sphere of love. and to each other, true mates desire to be always ad. Love seeks no change; and why, if love is al, should the union which makes it visible end the greater sleep? Men, it is alleged, who have al their mates on earth can never fall back into a view. To their eyes wedlock is a covenant of with soul, made for all worlds in which there is cious life; for the heavens above no less than for earth below.

is allowed that this theory of the lasting bonds we may have its darker side. All men and women not happy in their chains. To many, marriage is stake; for men propose, and women accept, too h by chance; often in haste, sometimes in ignoce, occasionally in pique. Misery follows; for ms such as these are certainly not made in heaven. It then? Have we two kinds of marriage?—one hich the happy lovers find their dearest bliss in hope of an unchanging state; a second, in which luckless partners wait in weariness of spirit for the luckless partners wait in weariness of spirit for the orce that only comes by death? Who, say these wocates of celestial love, can doubt it. Two orders marriage may be seen in every street. One match

is happy, another hapless. Here, then, lies the grand distinction in the lives of men and women on this

planet: - Are they truly mated?

In England, the reading and writing public have scurcely entered yet upon these questions. In Germany they have been more debated, and the public feeling has found expression both in the church and in the courts of law. But still, it is mainly in the New World that the subject is being wrought out in a thousand busy brains, and by a thousand busy pens. Pious souls in Boston and New York are asking, "Does a true marriage on earth imply a true marriage in heaven? Can there be a true marriage of the body without a binding covenant for the soul? Is not the real marriage always that of the soul? Are not all unions which are of the body only, false unions?" Such are the questions put and answered, not only by writers like Lizzie Doten and Cora Hatch, leaders in what is known in New York as the Progressive School, but by religious teachers and preachers like Lucina Umphreville and Mary Lincoln. Such ladies answer boldly that all true marriages are good for time and for eternity; that all natural unions, in which like clings to like, are true unions; and that all other combinations of the two sexes, even though they have been sanctioned by the law and blessed by the Church, are null and void.

In England these revival zealots have done a little: in Germany they have done a good deal. There is no need to exaggerate their power. Ebel and Diestel, though they had a great success, and disturbed the secular universities of Germany, have gone to their rest, appearing to have left behind them little beyond the memory of a great trial, a few noble zealots in Königsberg, Hanover, Elberfeld, and Dresden, and a

library of acrimonious pamphlets from the press. The teaching of Prince and Starky is a sign, the meaning of which we should try to master by a carefal study of the facts; but it is not likely to destroy the English rite. In Europe, the old forms of society are too strong for this innovating religious spirit to make swift and certain head. Our cities are full; every inch of ground has its guard; every opinion may be said to lie intrenched. Only those missionaries who labor among the poor, and who promise their hearers a brighter earth, can make much way. Our canons are in force, and our corporations strong. Every man is a spy on his fellow; and a majority of men in the higher ranks have nothing to hope, and everything to fear, from change. In such a society, where shall we find room for a new light, a new liberty, a new gospel?

In America, the field lies open. There the space is vast, the population sparse, the order new, the custom lax. The hamlet knows neither squire nor thrall. No venerable spire, no picturesque rectory, no storied tomb, invests the village paster with something of a father's power. No man cares to ask what his neighbor thinks; and only under pressure of great excitement, ever dreams of interfering with what he says or does. In matters of religion, even more than in others, a Yankee is taught by his circumstances to give and take.

The way in which people come together in a new place compels them to adopt a tolerant habit of mind, not only in respect to doctrine, but to all that flows from doctrine. Some dashing fellow in quest of fortune falls on a good thing; it may be a sheep-run, a waterfall, a petroleum-well, a conl-field, a pine-wood, an alluvial bottom; he builds a shed on the spot; he

calls in his friends; he sends the news of his good luck about, and in a few months a crowd of settlers may have squatted round his shed. Shanties are built. and streets laid out. A store is run up, a post-office is opened, a forge is built. Corner lots are marked for sale; the mule-track is beaten into a road. If the good thing turns out well, a home is made in the great waste; but for years it may be doubtful whether the new thing is good or not; therefore, whether the place will grow into a city, or relapse to the brambles and the wolves. Meantime the children need a school, the women want a church. How are the men to satisfy these wants? Among the fifty families drawn to the spot, there may be members of twenty different sects. In New York they would hardly sit on the same bench; in New Haven they would (metaphorically) tear each other's hair. But when they get away into the Western country, they have neither time nor wish to indulge in these luxuries of city life. Tented on the edge of the desert, with the wolf and the redskin prowling near their farms, their days and nights have to be spent in a round of mutual watchfulness and mutual help. Their passion spends itself on nature, and when they want to curse an enemy, they fall upon the Indian brave. Being laymen, not much read in divinity, they find that some rough compromise of form and faith may be easily made, if not easily kept. All Yankees who go to church delight in singing and in prayer, for which they seem to enjoy some special gifts. The Psalms of David and the Lord's Prayer supply them with the bases of a common service, suited to their simple tastes. A chapter from the Bible read by some farmer, with now and then a sermon from a preacher who chances to come that way, and is willing to oblige, satisfies their spiritual wants. The wanderer may preach any doctrine or no doctrine; he may belong to any sect or to no sect; if the people like what he says, they will give him his dinner and dollar; if they like him very much, they may invite him to stay among them, and when they feel strong enough to build, they may raise him a log church. It is in this simple way, and by this natural law, that churches grow in the great Western country; not from the choice of those who make them, but from the pressure of a force beyond man's will. In all these churches, the preacher is of more importance than his book; the man rules in place of the canon; hence the widest field is thrown open to personal daring, personal genius, and even personal freak.

Thus we may comprehend how wide and lasting may have been the effect of a revival which turned half the higher ranks of this people, both men and women, into preachers.

One result of this great revival was to bring into existence the Perfect Church. This church, professing to be holy, and claiming to be founded on the writings of St. Paul, was parted from the first into two branches: the New York Branch, of which Hiram Sheldon was the chief; the New Haven Branch, of which Father Noyes was the chief. Both these churches ran into some form of either Socialism or Spiritualism.

After this great revival, ending in a new Pauline Church, had spent itself, a great reaction set in. Paul was put away in face of Owen, Fourier, and Davis, and the professors of holiness were jostled by scientific socialists and table-turning spirits.

Judge Edmonds recently declared that in the United States four millions of men and women believe in spirits.

Warren Chace affirms that all these Spiritualists accept the doctrine of special affinities between man and woman; affinities which imply a spiritual relation of the sexes higher and holier than that of marriage.

One assertion may be high above, the second may be much beside, the mark; yet no one who knows the facts can doubt that in America great numbers of men and women put their faith in spirits, and that among these men and women not a few accept the doctrine of natural mates. Such women believe in spiritual husbands; such men believe in spiritual wives. All these persons are known to be restive in the married state. During the late war, a Southern paper took some pains to show that in a given year more wives ran away from their husbands in the North than slaves from their masters in the South.

Whence has come this spiritual movement? Who shall say? Of one fact we are sure. Spiritual wives were known among the Ebelians, in the high circles of Ost Preussen, twenty years before the name was heard in either Massachusetts or New York.

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CHAPTER X.

A STUDENT OF THEOLOGY.

JOHANNES WILITELM EBEL, a man descending from a long line of humble and pious clergymen, was born in 1784, in the Pfarr-house, his father's manse, at Passenheim, one of the many small laketowns which exist in the province of Ost Preussen, near the Polish frontier. His father was a country clergyman; and his grandfather, now an old man, had also been a country clergyman; but was suspended from his office of preacher on account of certain mystical ideas which he had made public on the coming of a Paraclete in the flesh. From this old man the child may have derived a turn for dreamy speculation.

Wilhelm was a lovely child, and grew up to be a very handsome youth. Born in a pastor's family, he was used to the saying of prayers and the singing of hymns from his cradle. When he was ten years old, he knew much of the Scriptures by heart; being able to repeat long passages by rote, most of all from the Psalms, the Prophets, and the Song of Songs. In his reading of the New Testament, he showed a strong preference for the Book of Revelation and for the Gospel of St. John.

When he was sent, as a lad of parts, to the local school, he showed by so many signs his tendency towards a learned life, that the good pastor, his father, was advised by his neighbors to send him up from the dull lake-town on the Polish frontier, a place of peasants and fishermen, to the brilliant capital of Ost Preussen, in which Immanuel Kant was then lecturing on logic and philosophy to crowds of students, whom his genius had drawn from every town in the old Fatherland of Ost Preussen.

Though the good pastor was proud of his son, he was also full of fears. The spirit of the great city was sceptical and materialistic; earnest religion was a thing unknown; the theological classes were despised by students of medicine and law; and even in the chairs of divinity there was neither light nor zeal. Yet, he gave way at last; in the hope that his boy would keep a pure heart in the city, and become a useful servant to his Church and his God.

He was a poor lad, with a great talent for getting on. The life of a student of divinity was in those times hard enough; for the students were drawn as a rule from the humbler ranks; from the homes of small farmers, citizens, and tradesmen; and most of them had to go through their course on incomes of ten or twelve pounds a year. A lad paid eighteen pence a week for his room; he got his dinner at the free-table of his college (which our friends here call the Convicts' table); he borrowed such books as he might need; and he procured from the professor a remission of his fees. The chief expenditure was in beer. Nearly all German students range themselves into clubs, or sets, which meet in the evening two or three times a week, to talk politics, to chop logic, to smoke pipes, and to drink small beer. This beer is cheap; but then the thirst for it is great; since a learned man, engaged in either singing a patriotic song or demonstrating the subjectivity of matter, requires not less in the course of a long evening than a dozen pints.

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Ebel, a student in theology, would have to take his place in one of the poorest of these college clubs.

This was not a thing to gall him. He knew his place, and kept it, until a chance should come in his way to rise. What moved his soul, was to find how many of his fellow-students, youths who were going into the church, laughed at his prayers, and made a burlesque of the Bible. Even in the higher forms of divinity he met with men who placed the Critique of Pure Reason high above the Word of God. How could he square such preference with the lessons which he had learned in his father's house?

In those hard times, Wilhelm could not pretend to say that his soul was free and his mind at rest. They were not. Doubts still haunted him. Who could unveil to him the mystery of life? who could explain the innermost soul of things? who had yet fathomed the destiny of man? in what learned book could he find secular knowledge made one with celestial love?

In fact, while the lad was plagued in his conscience by a thousand fears, he was forced to admit that some of those rationalistic scoffers, who drank much beer and made much fun of him in their cups, had an easy task in pointing out the many dangers which beset our attempts to justify the ways of God to man. the secular knowledge which he was fast acquiring in the class-rooms of Königsberg, instead of choking in him, as in many young fellows, the good seed sown in his heart by early study and parental care, only served to supply these living germs with plenty of nourishing soil and refreshing rain. While he paid such attention as he must do to language, history, and logic, so as to win his B. A. degree, his favorite reading lay among the early Fathers and the old German divines. He pored over the lives of saints.

copied and pondered the speculations of mystics. He gave up his days to reveries and dreams. He found in these contemplations, if not a way out of all hi troubles, a peace which the world could neither giv nor take away. Yet he led, on the whole, an active and a fruitful life; for even in these early years the young student of divinity was engaged as a privat tutor in noble families, and as a religious instructo in ladies' schools.

One of the patrons whom he gained in these early days was the Graf zu Dohna-Schlodien, a member o one of those mediatized princely families who stil retained, in social matters, their sovereign rank. Dohnas were connected by marriage with the reign ing house. Ebel became private tutor to the prince' sons, and when the boys had finished their course o home-study, Dohna appointed Ebel, as a reward for hi labor, to the curacy of Hermsdorf, the living of whic was in his gift. After some doubts, Ebel accepte this charge of souls; but he missed the city life an the ladies' schools; and when a chair fell vacant in th Friedrich's College, a gymnasium in the Burg Plats with a church attached to it, he resigned his living a Hermsdorf for a smaller stipend and a larger sphere His church in the city was obscure; but the youn preacher very soon filled it with an eager and admirin growd; drawing ladies of rank and fashion away from the cathedral and the Altstadt church into the Bur Platz.

Yet his mind was vexed by many doubts: not be doubts of the primary order, which, when they exist all, must have a spiritual source; for his mind we clear as the love of God, the resurrection of Christhe life of the world to come; but by doubts of the secondary order, such as, when they exist at all, must

have a scientific source: for he had not learned to grasp those vague phenomena, known as the nature of things and the destiny of man.

When Ebel had a few days of leisure from duty, he would run down from the great city in which he was now become a shining light, to the lake-town, where he could talk with his father about his prospects and his griefs. The poor pastor listened to his tale; laden with a trouble so unlike his own; which arose, for the most part, from his frequent failures to make five thalers go as far as ten. Under his father's roof in Passenheim, Ebel heard the name of a man who was to shape the course of his future life. This man was said to have solved the mystery of the universe: having hit upon a great secret, by means of which he could explain the nature of things, reconcile philosophy with religion, and harmonize liberty with grace.

The name of this man was Johann Heinrich Schönherr; of which the young student made a note.

On Ebel's return to Königsberg, a great promotion for so young a preacher fell in his way. The post of an Adjuncten-stelle, deacon's assistant, had become vacant in the Altstadt church: that high place in which, after the old fashion of a Prussian field-day, the cream of society were wont to offer up, in fur coats and pink bonnets, the sacrifice of a contrite heart. To these high-born people the deacon's assistant had to preach: an office which was not an easy one to fill: even when he could do his duty in the usual way, with a dull formality, only just relieved from drowsiness by secular art and wit. Provincial countesses are everywhere hard to please: and they are most of all hard to please when they live in a great city, far from the capital, yet vying with the

metropolis in education and in taste. Nothing less than a man of fine figure, of winning manners, and of eloquent tongue, could satisfy the fair critics of the Old Town church.

All these things they found in the young and eloquent Professor of Religion in the Friedrich's College, whose chief duties had hitherto lain in visiting ladies' schools and teaching boyish counts the elements of their creed. A crowd of candidates presented themselves for selection, and from this crowd of candidates Wilhelm Ebel carried away the prize.

Tall, stately, gracious; a fair scholar; an eloquent preacher, with a touch of roughness in his style; the young deacon's assistant proved himself the very man for his high post. The great church filled with hearers; Ebel's sermons became popular; and his sayings in the pulpit were carried about the streets. For the young assistant was bold, sentimental, and original; never scrupling to throw into his most solemn passages a homely phrase, an old saw, a snatch of song, even a touch of comedy, which all but forced his hearers into shouts of mirth. He could be as grave as Stanley, as sportive as Spurgeon; but the aim of all his efforts seemed to be the awakening of souls to a quicker sense of the religious life.

This church, in which his vocation had come to lie, was known in the city as a ladies' church; and Wilhelm Ebel was in every way a lady's man. From his father's father, a pietist and a mystic, who had dreamed strange dreams and seen strange visions, a prophet who had toyed with the Book of Revelations, and had ventured on predictions which were never verified in fact, Ebel had derived the warm spirit of a believer in things unseen; a spirit which is said to exercise the most stupendous power upon a certain class of female minds.

Ebel had been a dreamer from his youth; and he never ceased to dream until he met, in the living flesh, that strange man of whom he had heard, in the Passenheim manse, as having made a wonderful discovery, by which he could reconcile freedom with authority, and man with God.

This man he encountered on the Pregel wharf, preaching his gospel to a crowd of sailors, carpenters, and clerks.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PAUPER PARACLETE.

CHÖNHERR was not the original name of this man's family; but one which had been given to his father, a pious and stalwart grenadier in one of Father Fritz's infantry battalions, on account of his good looks. The handsome grenadier had been called Schönhagen; but, on being taken prisoner by the Austrians in Silesia, he had received from his captors the complimentary name of Schönherr; by which his son, the Pauper Paraelete, is known.

This son, Johann Heinrich Schönherr, was born at Memel on the Russian frontier, in 1771, the year of Father Fritz's entry into Poland. The mother, whose maiden name was Demoiselle Olk, a woman of deep piety, was of Angerburg, a town in Ost Preussen; to which place after the birth of their son, the young couple had retired. When the lad was fifteen years old, he had been sent to the capital to learn a trade. Pleased to see the fine city, to hear the great preachers, to watch the students and professors, Schönherr

had still a soul above carpentry and suchlike. So he read the Bible when he should have been minding his work, and lingered about the colleges, asking questions which nobody could answer, when he ought to have been counting his groschen. Of books he knew little; but the debates which took him most were such as the working classes fancied were then being raised by Immanuel Kant. As he grew more and more unquiet, it occurred to him, as a novelty, that a little reading might do him good. Then it came into his mind that he would read about good and evil, about faith and works, and become a shining light in the religious world.

After having wasted two whole years in dawdling about the gardens and the bridges, he went back to Angerburg, and told the old grenadier that he wanted

to preach, and not to work.

To this end he must go to school; since in Prussia no one is allowed to teach others who has not himself been taught. A school might easily be found in Königsberg, the city of colleges and schools, even for persons of the poorest and most unlettered class. Lowest of all these schools was the pauper-house, in the Altstadt; a place to which every child was admitted, not only without payment, but without examination; and in which he was not only taught, but fed. To this refuge for ignorant and destitute lads, Schönherr went at the age of seventeen, hoping, in a few months of study, to prepare himself for admission into a higher school. But his chance of living a scholar's life was gone by; he was too old to begin a regular course of study. In the pauper-house he stayed two years; trying to read books on theology and divinity; and finding them hard to understand. At length, he gave them up, observing that the Bible was false, and that theology and divinity were only tricks of speech. He could not make up his mind, he said, to become a teacher of things which he knew to be wrong.

When he was about twenty-one years old, he began to sit in the philosophical classes of the University, and to ask questions of the professors about the immortality of the soul, and the eternal destiny of things. They told him to read, and they gave him lists of books to consult: which he thought was a mean subterfuge on their part. After the first half-term he threw philosophy to the winds, as he had previously thrown divinity to the winds. Was this empty jargon all? Were these Königsberg pretenders the only learned men? He would go into the world and see; so, taking up his staff and wallet, he trudged, as only a German student can trudge, to the university towns of Greifswalde in Pomerania, and to Rostock in Mecklenburg, seeking for a better light. At Rostock he found his money failing him; and with a stomach as empty and craving as his head, he walked thence through Hanover to Lemgo, in Lippe Detmold, famous for the turning of meerschaum pipes, where some of his kinsfolk lived. These good people gave him a few thalers, and sent him on to Rinteln, a small town on the Weser, by the bank of which stream he made that grand discovery of the dual principle of nature, the masculine and feminine elements in things. which was to occupy the Royal Courts of Justice in Berlin for so many years.

The poor lad was sitting by the margin of a pool, when he noticed some plants floating in the water, and the question came to his lips,—"How do they grow there?"

As he pondered on the mystery, a voice awoke in his consciousness and said, "It is water."

He listened to it once again. "As it grows, so it has grown," said the voice. Schönherr would not believe it; but on trying to find arguments in his brain against what the voice had said, he could not. Pondering much on this great principle of being, he came to own that it must be true. "Rain, dew, every moisture needed by plants—every shoot which, the younger it is, the more full of juice it is—everything was clear." This law of life, then, so clear to Schönherr, was the first principle of the universe; that he could see; but he could not tell as yet how the solid world could have arisen out of the liquid, the plant out of the pond. This trouble was soon ended. How does the perfume escape from plants?

Ah, he cried in cestasy, by the warmth! "Sun, fire, light,—all of which come from a single principle,—Light—solidify the moist." Now he felt that he had got the results of nature in his grasp. Light is the male, the vivifier; Water the female, the nurse. Eureka! These two arch-beings—the supreme male and the supreme female—bound in eternal and in necessary wedlock, explain everything; for in this great wedlock of principles lies the only chance of the seed of things being brought to life.

Schönherr felt that this sudden gift of insight was no accident of time and place. It must be more; a revelation from on high; a working of celestial love in his soul; a pouring of the divine will into his spirit. To what end could these gifts be sent? Why was he chosen, and for what? Could these things be done of God for any other purpose than to prepare the world for His coming? And what was he who had been called and sanctified to do His will? The divine being must work through a divine agent. Was not he, then—he, the selected one—the Paraclete made flesh?

Armed with this great discovery of the two archbeings-the light and the water, the male and the female - which he thought would quickly replace the crude jargon taught in the schools under the names of science and divinity, the Pauper Paraclete walked to Göttingen, to Jena, to Leipsic, to Königsberg: in each of which cities he explained his dual doctrine. and announced himself as the Paraclete made flesh. As he trudged along the road, he called on the village pastors, and made known to them his message; begging food and drink; and telling the divines they must either accept him as the Paraclete, or be danned. One poor fellow whom he threatened with the divine vengeance, was sore afraid; for Schönherr told him in sepulchral tones, that, if he refused to believe in light and water, the Father would that day strike him dead. The pastor begged for a few minutes to say his prayers; in praying he recovered his strength; and when he rose from his knees, he kicked his visitor down the Stairs.

In Leipsic, Schönherr made a friend, if not a convert, in Herr Sachse, who listened with wonder to his tale of how a man may come to a knowledge of the truth: not by inquiry, not by logic, not by travel; but by a simple exercise of faith. Schönherr said it had been given him to know what was true and what was false; for his eyes had been opened by the Lord, and men who would be saved from death must take him at his word. He was the Paraclete; and the Paraclete asked no proof beyond itself. The sun requires no witness of its warmth. One morning, after a snow-storm, the prophet, entering into Sachse's room, asked him which was the highest mountain in Thuringia; on which Sachse named the Kyffhäuser, the famous hill of Barbarossa. "I must go to it," said his friend.

THE PAUPER PARACLETE.

Sachse, thinking him faint from hunger—his complaint—called for a flask of wine, and pour into a glass which happened to have the shape chalice. Schönherr snatched the glass, and of the wine to Sachse in the manner of a sacras saying:—

"O God, how wonderful are thy ways!"

Sachse, under the fear that he was mad, proan order for his confinement; took him, on preof a walk, to the asylum; and then told him the the moment he was not free to go away.

"The friend I love most betrays me," cried the

prophet; who sat down and wept.

In his mild prison Schönherr began a forty fast of purification; for four whole days he too food, either meat or drink; and would certainly died, but for the lucky suggestion of a disciple, told him that all the holy prophets are honey, a tial manna which could not break his fast. S that the Pauper Paraclete was gentle and harr people felt compassion for his case, and some char souls gave him money enough to buy food and for as many days as it would take him to walk from Leipsic to Königsberg; a city which he a described as his native place. In passing the Berlin, he excited some attention; for the Pa Prophet was tall and handsome like his father grenadier; and like the old Letts of Ost Prousse wore his beard down to his waist, his gabardine feet.

On reaching Königsberg, he found that his had come before him; and he made the acquain of two or three young divines; among others of helm Ebel, Hermann Olshausen, and Heinrich Di young men, students of divinity, who were drav

him mainly by a doctrine which he derived from his theory of the two arch-beings, light and water; namely, that the day of carnal love is past, and that all the love permitted in a true Christian commonwealth is Spiritual love.

Ebel, who was now getting on as a preacher, introduced him to Graf von Kanitz, whom he recognized as an angel in the Apocalypse, and to Fräulein Minna von Derschau, in whom he saw the Bride of the Lamb. Through these great persons the Pauper Paraclete might have been able to push his way; but that he chose to find his friends among the poorer ranks, among the boatmen of the Pregel, the glovers in the Löbenicht, the peasants from the surrounding farms; whom it was his pride to gather about him; and who liked to drink their beer and smoke their pipes, while listening to his sermons on the Book of Revelation and on the coming of the Judgment Day.

With Schönherr's gift of insight, it was easy to read the mysteries of the seals. All the men who came about him were identified by him as angels in the Apocalypse. Ebel was the first witness; Kanitz was an angel; Diestel was known as the opener of the Seventh Seal; and Schönherr changed the name of this eminent disciple from Heinrich Diestel into Heinrich Siegelbrecher—Henry the Unsealer.

With the exception of a short piece of writing called The Victory of Divine Revelation, Schönherr confined his efforts to the platform; from which he preached two free sermons a week to anybody who would come to hear him. Some of these sermons were preached at midnight. The tall figure; the long beard; the masses of curly hair, covering his shoulders like a mantilla; the broad-brimmed hat, under which beamed a striking face; the garb of Oriental cut,

impressed the eyes of a stranger. In the pulpit, he was very powerful; most of all so when he knelt in prayer, for which he seemed to have a special gift. The clergy were not unkind to him; even the philosophers treated him with the forbearance due to an idiot. One day he went to Immanuel Kant; to whom he wished to make known his great secret that all living things consist of light and water. "Very well," said the expounder of Pure Reason; "have you tried to live on them?"

It was a new idea to Schönherr, who went home and tried the experiment for three whole days, when he became too weak to resist, and the people about him thrust some food into his mouth.

He never married, because he thought marriage uscless, if not wrong. Once he fell into love; fancying it might be pleasant to have a wife in his lowly house. The lady on whom he smiled was Minna von Derschau, the lovely and high-born girl whom he had recognized as Bride of the Lamb. Her father, Major von Derschau, had been killed in the field, and while she was suffering in heart from this terrible loss, the old fellow made his offer, and she consented to become his wife. Friends, however, came between them; since the only marriage he could offer her was a Spiritual union; no closer and warmer than a Shaker The young lady was now kept away from Schönherr's conventicle; and the preacher himself, who had perhaps been afraid of his folly, gave out that these bridals had been put off by a messenger from on high. In his sermons he had always held to the dogma that the days of marriage are gone by; that in the new heaven and the new earth there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage; and that the desire of men and women to become husbands

and wives is a sign of Beelzebub's empire in the heart.

Some persons in Ost Preussen, crazier than the Pauper Paraclete himself, called upon Archbishop Borowski to arrest and bring him to trial for blasphemy, in calling himself the Paraclete made flesh; but this sage ecclesiastic, after making some inquiries about him in the city, refused to set the law in motion against a man who seemed to believe in what he said, and who appeared to be doing no harm. Archbishops are not so easily led away by passion as men of inferior rank in the Church.

Attempts were made to ruin him through a still higher quarter. On King Friedrich Wilhelm III. paying a visit to his royal city of Königsberg, some foolish people insisted on thrusting the ravings of this poor Paraclete on his Majesty's notice. Daniel Schleiermacher, the renowned theologian, said a few words to the King in Schönherr's behalf; and the Graf von Dohna-Schlobitten, as the King's minister, issued a royal rescript, commanding that the poor preacher should be left alone, on the ground that his intentions were good and his theories harmless.

One of Schönherr's crotchets in his later days was to build a new vessel on the Pregel; such a model as the world had never seen; a cross between Noah's ark and a modern steamer. All his orders about this boat had been taken in a dream. It was to be called the "Swan:" and was to be built in faith: in that faith which removes mountains. It was to be a celestial ship, with the power of sailing against wind and tide, of moving without sails, without oars, without horses; Jet surpassing in speed the smartest clipper in the Baltic Sea. Strange to say, he found men on the Pregel wharf who had faith enough in his teaching to

carry out these plans. The merchants gave him timber, the artisans lent their skill. The ark was actually built and launched. Unhappily, the men who worked upon the model had done so in a worldly spirit, and not in the faith which works miracles. When it was put upon the water it would not float; it sank into the mud, and lay near the Pregel bridge until it was broken up. Such are the effects of unbelief!

To the last day of his life the Pauper Paraclete asserted that he could never die, seeing that he had already died, and been born again. With this assertion on his lips, he passed away at Juditten, near Königsberg, at the premature age of fifty-five.

CHAPTER XII.

ARCHDRACON EBEL.

I will always serve as a puzzle for ingenious men to explain how a student of Ebel's powers should have been led to accept this jargon about light and water as a true system of philosophy; still more, how a divine with Ebel's conservative opinions, and his prospects in the world, could have been persuaded to place himself by the side of an unlettered and starving fanatic.

The Pauper Paraclete seems to have been a man of extraordinary nervous power. I have met with a dozen persons in this city—bankers and merchants—who hold, in spite of his failures, that Schönherr, though not the Paraclete made flesh, was a divinely-gifted man. It should be said, in explanation of Ebel's attachment to him, that some of Schönherr's wildest

doings, like the craft which he caused to be built on the Pregel, were things of his later years; done after Ebel, Diestel, Kanitz, and his saner friends had left him in despair. Yet, even when all is said, the case remains a moral puzzle; since the fact remains, that a very keen student of science and divinity was brought to believe in these ravings as in a second gospel, and a man of aristocratic leanings, with fair prospects in the Church, was persuaded to sit at a dreamer's feet and a beggar's board.

From the day of his conversion to the theory of light and water, and to the dogma of a Paraclete made . flesh, Ebel attached himself to his master, standing by him on the quays, sitting under him in the pot-house, preaching his doctrine, fighting his battles, trudging with him on his journeys, putting himself under Schönherr, and striving to become to him all that Timothy had been to Paul. When Ebel was in his twenty-fifth year he made a public declaration of his belief in the system of nature—in the dual principle taught by the Pauper Paraclete: a proceeding which gave high offence to his superiors in the Church. These gentlemen found means to annoy him in many ways. They questioned his views; they condemned his zeal; they challenged his orthodoxy. But as he walked among them with a wary step, they found no way to deprive him of his clerical office. When their malice failed on that side, they commenced a sharp inquiry into the tenets held by Schönherr, hoping to find something in them which Ebel could not justify, and would not like to disown. This inquiry failed; for it was shown, in defence of Schönherr, that the cosmogonical views of the Pauper Prophet were such as lent support to Bible truth against the spurious science which was then being taught from the professor's chair. Not only was Schönherr freed from blame, but the attention of theologians was drawn to him more and more. From that time Ebel assumed in his discourses a bolder tone.

In the year 1816, when the great war was closed, and the German cities were opening to a fresher and freer life, the Pauper Paraclete and his chief disciple started on what they hoped would be a long and blessed journey. Schönherr was to be the prophet, Ebel the witness, of a new dispensation. They took little care for their daily needs; they meant to beg their bread, like the old German ascetics; and they carried from Königsberg little beyond their wallets A converted varnish-maker, named and staves. Clemens, was their sole companion. These wandering preachers found their way through heat and dust, through frost and rain, to Berlin, to Dresden, to Breslau, hoping in every place to find princes and people equally eager for the new light, thirsting for the new water, which alone could give them peace. In these proud cities they met with no success; the people being drunk with joy at their great revenge; and in no such mood as might induce them to consider the principles of things. The apostles turned from these cities into the country hamlets: to the lonely castle, to the secluded farm; and in one of these hamlets, in a baronial Schloss, they met with a young and beautiful woman, who was to influence both their lives, and especially Ebel's life.

Though the two wandering apostles found this young lady living in a Silesian castle, she was one of their own country-women, a Prussian of Königsberg. Her name was Ida; her rank that of Countess von der Gröben.

In those days the highest person in Ost Preussen

society was von Auerswald, Ober-Präsident of the Though not very rich, he was of noble province. family, and stood high in favor; the Princess of Prussia being his warm admirer and constant friend. This great lady had raised him to power in Königsberg; first as Oberbürg-meister in the city, then as Ober-Präsident in the province. Being the first personage in Königsberg, Auerswald lived in the royal Schloss, surrounded by the state of a petty prince, and blessed in the love of a family circle, noted for the talent of its young men and the beauty of its young women. His sons, Rudolph and Alfred, have lived to become famous in the history of Prussia; Rudolph as minister of the Revolution in 1848, and Alfred as a leading politician, who has not taken office. His eldest daughter, Fräulein von Auerswald, married Theodor von Schön, a young man of brilliant promise, who was to be his own successor in the high post of A second daughter, Ernestine, mar-Ober-Präsident. ried Herr von Bardeleben, a man of rank and wealth. Ida, his third daughter, a peerless beauty, of nervous temperament and delicate frame, exceedingly sensitive to sounds and scents, to changes in the weather, and to moral appeals, had been followed by all the young nobles of Ost Preussen, until the lovely girl had given her love away to the young and handsome Graf von der Gröben, a man of large estates and of very high blood, with whom she lived in the perfect bliss of wedded life, until the great uprising of her country against the French took place. That patriotic rising had wrecked her peace. Königsberg boasts, and truly. that she sent the first volunteers into the field against Napoleon. Ida, living in the centre of these great passions, was glad to send her husbanu, like all her kinsmen, into the service of her native land. On the

field of Lützen, in the first great battle of the war, he fell, leaving his beautiful wife with a great fortune, a small family, and a broken heart.

To this fair widow no one had been able to whisper Three years had passed since she had sent her hero forth to die, and in all that time she had not been herself for a single day. Nothing remained of her except the beauty of her face. Her father had done his best. The family of her dead husband had tried their skill. She had listened to their words with a dull ear, and obeyed their counsels with a weary foot, In vain she had gone back to the Schloss; in vain she had striven to appear in society; in vain she had battled with her nerves and struggled to repress her tears. From all these trials she had turned back to her dark home in Silesia: to the place which had become sacred to her heart from the remembrance of her married joy and her fatal loss. There she could resign herself to gricf; for there she stood alone by the dead. Her father had given up the fond hope of ever again seeing his darling child in her old light moods; when he suddenly heard from Silesia that a religious man had come to her country-house, who seemed to have power upon her spirit; which power he was using with great success to rouse her energies, and restore her to health and life. This news inspired the Ober-Präsident and his family with joy.

After a few months had passed, the Countess Ida returned to Königsberg, with Ebel and Schönherr in her train. The cure effected in her case was perfect. Instead of the melancholy and fantastic countess, over whom her family had mourned since the terrible day of Lützen, she appeared among them now in her old habit; tender, soft, serene, and almost gay. The poetic selfishness of grief had passed away. All that

she had been to her father in old times, she became again; with a grave gentleness that flung about her a charm which every one could feel and no one could describe. Ebel seemed to have enchanted her; and all the family admitted that this work of his hands was very good.

On the arrival of this great lady and her two male companions in Königsberg, the old man went his way; going back to his artisans and his lecture-rooms, and setting up his trade of ark-builder on the principle of navigation by faith. The young man held on to his noble convert, seeing her daily at the royal Schloss, where he soon became a friend and favorite in the best society of Königsberg. Graf von Kanitz represcuts Ebel as having made the acquaintance of von Auerswald at an earlier time; this is not the general belief; anyway, it is certain that Auerswald never tired of doing service to the man who had given him a daughter whom he had mourned as lost. All the tribe of the von der Gröbens, a host in Ost Preussen, held themselves to be his debtors. Ida was the darling of all her kinsfolk, and she had only to smile in his favor to make his fortune. The Graf von Kanitz, the Graf von Finkenstein, the Graf von Münchow. took him by the hand. Fine ladies flocked to hear the preacher who had done such deeds; and, in one word, thanks to his fair friend, Wilhelm Ebel found himself the fashion and his kingdom made.

In the Church, his rise was now swift and high. Auerswald, as Ober-Präsident, was chairman of the Consistorium, the clerical body which had charge of every young curate's fortunes. A minister in Berlin (the minister for ecclesiastical and medical affairs) has the nominal appointment of candidates in every part of the kingdom; but the real appointment lies with

those who nominate and recommend, who in most cases must be men on the spot. Auerswald had no need to press the claims of his favorite. The very men who had found such fault with his sermons when he was chiefly known to them as a disciple of the Pauper Paraclete, awoke to a sudden sense of his merit, when they saw that the Ober-Präsident's daughter came down to the Altstadt church whenever it was Ebel's turn to preach. In a short time, by the help of warm words at court, the poor deacon's assistant became deacon and archdeacon in the fashionable church.

Ebel's merits were now confessed on every side. People might hate him; and many persons did hate him; not only for his own sake, but for that of the work in which he seemed to be engaged. Schönherr had confined his labors, by a sort of preference which his training helps one to understand, to mechanics and small traders; Ebel, who was by calling and education a gentleman, turned by preference towards the higher classes. In Schönherr's hands the new religious movement might have been radical and popular; in Ebel's hands it was sure to become, what his enemies called it from the first, a feudal and reactionary movement.

As soon as Wilhelm Ebel had become chief of the Altstadt Church, all his great friends from the Schloss, from the barracks, from the public offices—all the blue blood of Ost Preussen—gathered around his pulpit; making of his congregation an assembly of counts and barons, of countesses and councillors' wives. The Ober-Präsident was sometimes there; the beautiful Ida was always there. Graf von Kanitz, Graf and Gräfin von Finkenstein, Graf von Münchow, Baron Ernst von Heyking, Fräulein Minna von Der-

schau, Fräulein Emilie von Schrötter, Fräulein Florelle von Larisch, all the highest and best-born personages, who danced at the Schloss and gave the tone to society, were sure to be present. That Altstadt Church was not a large building; everybody could not find a seat in its galleries and on its floor: but every man who meant to rise—every woman who wished to be thought well of in the world-desired to be a member of the body, since to sit under the fashionable archdencon was coming to be taken as a social distinction. Politics had much to do with this movement of the higher ranks. Ebel was by nature a conservative. In his friendly intercourse with Schönhere he strove to bring his master round to this view of things; to soften and elevate the elder mystic; but the Pauper Paraclete would not listen to his worldly and aspiring pupil; preferring the Coal Market to the Schloss, and the company of carters and peasants to that of courtiers and fine ladies. At length the pupil and his teacher had to part. It is said that the Countess Ida urged her friend to give up Schönherr, who was a low fellow, rude in speech, dirty in person, crazed in mind. On the eve of parting, Schönherr expressed some scorn of his old pupil: and, after he had once parted from him, never would consent to receive from him another visit, even when he stood in the greatest need. Ebel, it must be added, was a kind friend to his old master, in spite of these rebuffs, and sent him, in feigned names, many a trifling present, which was a comfort to the poor fanatic in his later days.

The strangeness of the doctrines taught in the Altstadt Church was also a great attraction; since these doctrines touched the deepest feelings of every man and woman who had either a soul to lose, or a heart to give away. It was understood among them, that the real followers of the new gospel would be content not to marry; and if they were already married by the law, that they would prefer to live as though they were not. Desire was accounted a sign of the devil's empire in the heart; and to cast him out was considered as the noblest act of a Christian man. In the new life of the spirit, no love was sanctified except spiritual love. God's purposes in bidding our parents increase and replenish the earth had been fulfilled; so that, in the true Church of the Saints, there would be no more births and no more deaths.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEMALE CHURCH.

WHEN Ebel parted from Schönherr, the few persons of high rank who had been hearers of the Pauper Paraclete quitted his conventicle by the Pregel to follow the rising favorite of the Schloss, who had the tact to offer them a church, which should yet be a living power, after a pattern of their own. Graf von Kanitz and Fräulein Minna von Derschau, the most eminent of these persons, were the first to move away: Kanitz giving up his rank as angel; Minna sacrificing her prospects as reputed bride of the Lamb. Diestel, the seal-breaker, followed in a little while; a misfortune, perhaps, for Ebel, since this young clergyman was rude and disobedient, fiery, headstrong, and indiscrect. Diestel was a constant trouble to the new church, until Fräulein von Derschau, by a letter of

stern remonstrance with him, brought him to his knees and a better mind. The young lady had undertook this office of rebuke, not only because she held it unfit for a man so good as the Archdeacon to be ruffled in soul by the offences of his inferiors, but also, and chiefly, because among the Ebelians it became a part of the woman's function to confess sinners, to inflict penance, and to grant absolution.

In Ebel's system women were to be nearly all in all. The chief laid himself out to act upon them, and through them upon the world. They stood nearest to him in rank; they shared his most secret thoughts; they were his friends, his counsellors, his agents. In a word, the Ebelians were a Female Church.

"I knew the Archdeacon in his younger time," said a lady of my acquaintance, on whom I called this morning; "he was a good young man; very handsome and winning; all the girls were in love with him." In those times Ebel wore his hair very long; it was dark curling hair, and it fell in ripples of shining coils around his neck. What was then thought very strange in a male, he parted his hair down the centre of his head, like a young lady; and for this cause, among other reasons, he was said, when a youth, to resemble the portraits of St. John.

A niece of President — tells me that in early life he was the teacher of religion in Ulrich's school (in the Reibnitzer Strasse) to which she went as a girl; that he was adored by the young ladies; that no one could help loving him. The old lady says, that looking back upon those times now, she can hardly venture to say how much power he exercised over all the young women. "He enchanted the girls," she tells me; but she is sure that he engaged their affection only as an angel might have done, by his beauty of

person, by his softness of voice, by his purity of soul. All the children, she says, used to run after him in the streets. In the schools, all the girls used to kiss him; in the chapels, all the women used to embrace him. His tones were very soft, his words were very warm. Every phrase that fell from his lips was treasured up by some delighted hearer. The words which he spoke might be common enough, but his air, his gesture, his inflection of voice, gave a meaning to them such as no phrases from less gifted lips would seem to have. Once the young teacher said to Fräulein A——:

"Why, my child, do you repeat my words?"

She could not tell him.

"I knew very well," she said to me; "yes, and he knew it also; but I feared to say, lest he should turn his face and his heart away from me."

"Why did you repeat them?" I ventured to ask

the lady.

"Because I thought they were blessed to me; because I thought they were like the words of our Lord."

"Is that, madam, your opinion still?"

"It is. Archdeacon Ebel, in his later days, was a man of many sorrows; one who was sorely tried; he has now gone to his rest; and, as I hope myself for mercy, I believe he was a brave and a pious man, who, in everything he did on earth, believed that he was doing the will of God."

This tender regret for the Archdeacon I have heard in many houses from matrons of blameless life, who were not members of his church, and who only remember him as a sweet, benevolent person, with a smile on his face, and compassion in his heart for every one.

Three noble ladies entered into an engagement with

each other to hold watch over him; to be near him at all times; to guard him from evil; and to keep temptation from his path. These three ladies were the Countess von der Gröben, the Fräulein von Derschau, and the Fräulein von Schrötter. They were his ministers and messengers, who were to stand by him, to serve him, and to do his bidding. Ebel used to say, that since his second birth of the spirit, the tendency towards his old life in the flesh, which he found most fatal to his peace, most difficult to put away, was his natural disposition to be very humble, to think little of himself, and to bow his head in shame before the commonest beggar in the street. His female guards, taking note of this weakness in their master, propped him up, so to say, with pride and love. were weak; they would make him strong.

An outer circle of high-born and beautiful women, who had also the duty of comforting and supporting the handsome Archdeacon, consisted of the Countess von Finkenstein (Graf von Finkenstein's sister), Ernestine von Bardeleben, elder sister of Countess Ida, Fräulein Maria Consentius, Fräulein von Larisch, and many more. But the destiny of the Church was not in their hands. The real power of the Ebelians rested with Countess Ida, Fräulein von Derschau, and Fräulein von Schrötter.

These ladies introduced into the circles not only a feminine spirit, and feminine ways of looking at things, but ladylike habits of life. The church was made pleasant and pretty, and the service had a something about it sweet and even gay. All the intercourse of brother and sister was conducted with sentiment and effusion of soul. Bad habits, and most of all masculine bad habits, were put to the ban. For instance, the men were forbidden to take snuff, to

smoke pipes, to drink much wine, and to sing profane songs. Wine-stuben and beer-cellars were regarded as places unfit for young men to visit. The sport and riot of student life were frowned down.

Most of the young men submitted their ways to the guidance of these female ministers; though the clergy stood out warmly for their own small vices. Luther is said to have loved his pipe, his glass, and his stave; indeed, the most riotous of burschen ditties, laughing at the man who loves not woman, wine, and a song, as a dull fellow who will live a fool his whole life long, is popularly ascribed to him and called by his name. Now Luther's name is a tower of strength in Prussia; nowhere stronger than in Königsberg, and in the Altstadt church, under the altar of which the dust of his first-born son was laid. Diestel appealed from the three ladies to Luther; but the three ladies would not bow to Luther in the matter of pipe, and stave, and glass. The Rev. gentleman did not want to smoke; he disliked the perfume of tobacco, and had never lit a pipe in his life; but he was fond of snuff, which was then the fashionable vice. He dabbed it about his coat: he dusted it over his frills and cuffs; the stains of it lay upon his lips; the smell of it was upon his breath. Snuff made him an unpleasant object to see, still more to salute with a holy kiss.

edianis remain's empire,

Fräulein von Derschau, the young lady who had charge of him, bade him explain and amend his conduct, which he did with a bluff kind of humor. Diestel said he took a pinch as an act of penance. In his normal state, he was apt to grow proud of himself and of his office in the church; to fancy himself better than the rest of mankind, and to indulge in dreams of his high calling in the Apocalypse. A pinch of snuff made him mortal. When he pressed the box, a sense

of his natural weakness came upon him; when he succeed, his soul felt bowed and humbled to the dust. Fräulein von Derschau scolded him for his filthy ways; he promised to reform; and as he went home down the Lang Gasse bought a fresh supply of his darling herb. Diestel, being a low fellow, was less disposed to follow good counsel than the young men of higher rank.

The Female Church aspired to be known, not only as the most fashionable and feudal church in Prussia, but as the one in which devotion to the king was taught as a sacred duty, hardly less binding on Christian men, than unquestioning obedience to the will of God. The Female Church was beyond all things a loyal church.

Under the Archdeacon, these three noble ladies formed an inner and a higher circle of the body; though Kanitz, who had now been recognized by Ebel as the First of the Two Witnesses of God, was usually admitted to their meetings. If Sachs's evidence may be taken on the point, these four persons were the only people in Königsberg ever raised by Ebel to the highest order in his sect. Three of these four persons, the three ladies, Ebel purified and sanctified unto the Lord by a mystic rite; after which it was understood that these ladies had power given to them to purify and sanctify others, both women and men. Divine grace was to flow downwards: first upon Ebel: then upon Countess Ida, Fräulein von Derschau, and Fräulein von Schrötter; next upon Diestel, Kanitz, Finkenstein; and afterwards upon all the circles to the uttermost bound. The three ladies claimed to be of higher rank in the system than any male; even than the clergy, with the one exception of the Archdeacon himself. They were supposed to have a real charge of souls on earth; and a regal place in the kingdom that shall be, world without end. On earth, they were the active ministers of faith and love; the divine passions through which the fallen could alone be cleansed from sin and restored to God.

In this high service of the church they were eager to spend and to be spent. In it they took upon themselves duties from which women of the world would certainly have shrunk. They became inquisitors of private life. They acted as confessors to repentant criminals. They condescended to the arts of spies.

They kept a quick feminine eye on every one likely to go wrong; most of all on such as stood within the higher circles. Kanitz was too pure in life to need much counsel; but the Graf von Finkenstein gave them trouble; and the Rev. Heinrich Diestel, a passionate and wayward fellow, called down from their judgment-seat many a stern rebuke. It was the accepted practice, if not the written law, that among the Ebelians men were to come under bonds, and women were to reign and rule.

To teach, to scold, to coax, was the women's part in the Female Church. They were supposed to understand the masculine nature perfectly; and every man in these circles who wanted guidance, comfort, and instruction, had to wait upon them. The ladies are said to have been very hard and searching as to secret sins, and to have wrung confessions from the most unwilling penitents. They are said to have been extremely keen in tracing out any suggestions of disloyal love. Professor Sachs declares, that in these inquisitions they sometimes went beyond the bounds of fact; using their nimble fancies to suggest offences; such as might have been committed in thought, if not

in act. The men, it has been said, found out, that the more they confessed the more they would be petted and praised.

The Archdeacon and these ladies contrived to make their circle a very pleasant one. Ebel disliked a row. All suavity himself, he made every one gentle and content around him. If there were quarrels, he kept well out of them; which was easy enough for him, since all his disciples, both male and female, thought it their duty to spare him pain. "Kiss and be friends," was his rule of life; hence kissing and hugging are said to have been always going on in his church.

The whole body of the Ebelians was supposed to enjoy a life in the Lord apart from that of the world; one which implied many privileges and graces only to be won by the Saints. They were all brothers and sisters; a sacred family, living in angelic purity and angelic freedom.

One of their soft rewards for leading a life of grace and purity was the privilege of tendering to each other a Scraphic Kiss; each brother having the right to give his sister a chaste salute; a custom which they had derived from their old German foregoers, the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FREE SPIRIT.

WHEN the Teutonic Knights came into the old Prussia, to convert the Pagan worshippers of Percunas by the short-sword exercise, they were followed from Germany by a crowd of men and women, calling themselves followers of the Free Spirit, and making loud protests against the abominations of Rome.

They seemed to be a secret society, holding a mystic doctrine, obeying rules which they did not care to own. A sealed book, called the Nine Spiritual Rocks, written partly in Old German, partly in Latin, contained their singular creed. So far as we can make them out, by study of their fragments of doctrine, they would appear to have had much in common with the Pauper Paraclete. They assumed that all men are brethren and equals in the Lord; that man may become free in spirit from the bonds of law; that he can rise by the divine help into a region of grace; and that for one who has attained to this higher liberty of the spirit, it is impossible to commit sin. They seem to have held that all things come from God, and will revert to God. They taught that the creation of mankind and of the earth was not a single act - commenced one day, concluded another, but a continuous proceeding of the divine will; nature in action, law in progress: so that the present and the past are one, and all that now is, will be, and must be in the future. To them the universe was but a phase of deity, which

had become visible to His children through the Father's love. Man, according to them, was the actual Son of God, born of Him, and to Him, since the first of days; a thing of like essence with Himself; pure, incorruptible, indestructible, world without end. The mortal child, though parted from its heavenly parent by a wall of flesh, had, not the less, a faculty of turning inward towards the original source of things; having, in the consciousness, a means of uniting itself with that from which it had originally come. A man who had thus returned in spirit to the Father, so as to have lost himself in the Supremest Essence, had, in their belief, arrived at a perfect state of freedom; so that in his new condition of existence, his passions were no longer snares, but sanctified and heavenly powers.

These German mystics seem to have held that as God can do no wrong, so, His children, when absorbed into His will, can do no wrong. Sin, therefore, was in their eyes a thing of the past times, born of the earth, a portion only of men who might still be struggling with the law. For themselves they had no concern with sin; the Spirit had made them free.

Like the Pauper Paraclete, these brethren appealed to the common people. They dared to defy Cardinals and Popes; they laughed at canons and decrees; they spat upon bulls and briefs; they refused to join in prayer, to attend the sacrifice of mass, to confess their sins and seek absolution from a priest; they repudiated all forms of external worship. The whole universe was their temple, and they taught the multitude that God was nearer to them in a forest glade than under a golden dome. Dressed in a poor garb, they wandered from town to town, begging their bread, preaching to the poor, holding meetings in the night, and railing against the pride and pomp of the

established faith. Each brother was attended by a sister.

These Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit had a great success. For nigh two hundred years, Popes, Cardinals, Electors, made war upon them. Agents of the Holy Office seized them. Many were committed to the purging flames; yet the protest which they made against a carnal and licentious church was carried by them into every corner of Germany, and into every province won by the Teutonic knights. The more they were persecuted, the more they spread. The very convents of Germany could not be protected from their presence. In Swabia, many of the monks and nuns left their religious houses for the world; after having been taught by these Brethren that it was better to live without rule, since the true way of worship was to wait on God in the freedom of the Spirit.

What may be called the domestic life of these old German monks and nuns is of yet higher interest than their theological views, from its close resemblance to facts which have begun to show themselves in the religious societies of our own generation. These Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit invented the seraphic kiss; the kiss of love, of innocence and peace. did not marry. They professed to live, one with another, male and female, friar and sister, not under law, but under grace. Born anew, absorbed into the Deity, what to them was wedlock. Only an exploded rite, a thing of the flesh, a sign of the unregenerate heart. As men and women who had passed into the scraphic state, all things were lawful to them and all things were common to them. What could the Pope and his lawyers do? They had entered on a new being. A scraphic kiss conveys no taint. Their yearning towards each other brought no shame. In the overflow-

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ing fulness of their joy, the sting of human passions found no place; for they lived on earth as the angels live in heaven,—in love and innocence all their days.

It is curious to see how the Church in Germany Clealt with these scraphic monks and nuns. Archbishops of Cologne and Maintz denounced them From the altar, sent out friars to preach against them, and called great synods to condemn them. As the Is I rethren waged a war to the death against Popes and Borelates, minsters and cathedrals, rubrics and canons, **all weapons** which could be turned against them may Lave seemed to these dignitaries fair. effective, perhaps, of these weapons was one which I Italian prelate never would have dreamed of using, -the marriage vow. Knowing how strongly ran the I moular tide in Germany against enforced celibacy, The Council of Cologne, though it was composed of ≥ nen who had themselves taken vows of chastity, de-≥ nounced the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit ₹48 enemies of matrimony! These doctors quoted from Holy Writ the passages in which the woman is given to the man, and the twain are blessed in their union, and commanded to go forth into the earth and replenash it with life. This line of argument had a good effect. An old German burgher loved before all things, after God and His Son, his house, his wife, his #air-haired lads and lasses; and neither priest nor Friar could persuade him that a bright hearth, made holy by the presence of a good woman and her happy children, was not the sight of all sights on earth the most acceptable to God. Thus, when he was told that these followers of the Free Spirit were the enemies of marriage, he began to doubt those very virtues which had made them look so good in his eyes. It was not that he objected to a Brother being accompanied by a Sister. Every Adam had a right to his Eve. If the Brother had boldly married his Sister in the nearest church, the German burgher would have thought the transaction perfect. But he could not comprehend that doctrine of living above the law; and he did not like to hear that there was a better way than that in which he lived with his own wedded Frau. He had a sly suspicion that scraphic kisses might lead the unwary into something worse. Unions of the soul in a state of grace were things which he should not desire for his own Lotte and Gretchen; and that which he should not like for his own daughters he could not sanction in the wandering nuns.

Through feelings such as these of the old German burghers, the great doctors of the Church made war against the Brethren, - not seeing, perhaps not caring to see, that the line of attack lay through their own intrenched camps. Anyhow, they sent their proclamation forth to do its work. Perhaps it helped to weaken the Brethren; it certainly helped to destroy

the Church.

The most singular thing in the story of these seraphic monks and nuns is the fact, that their pretended purity of life appears to have been proved. The Inquisitors, into whose hands the Archbishops of Maintz and Cologne surrendered their victims, sought for the very worst truth against them, by the very worst Torn on the rack, screwed in the thumb, broken in the joints, scorched in the fire, the crushed and bleeding Brethren confessed their sins and crimes, -the evil they had spoken of the Pope, the scorn they had expressed for public worship, the denunciations they had hurled against the law; but they had no confession to make of sins against purity of life. The fact of their having kept company - males and females,

brethren and sisters—was not disputed, either on the wheel or at the stake. Men and women had lived together in the Lord. They were free in manners, and a particular brother might be attached to a particular sister. They had lodged in the same barn, slept under the same tree. They had been in each Other's society day and night; yet the most searching ¶uest into their ways of life by the spiritual police. who followed them with a deadly zeal and hate, could bring to light no circumstance implying moral blame. With what appears to have been deep regret and wonder, the Inquisitors report, that though these heretics had cast themselves away from God, had given themselves up to evil imaginings, and were utterly lost to the sense of shame, they had contrived to preserve Their bodies chaste.

The facts were certainly perverse; but servants of the Holy Office had a ready means of explaining such perverse phenomena by the power of devils. The use of demons had long been known to the church police. When a saint of high repute had been caught in some intrigue, and it was feared that his detection might cloud the Church with odium, some imp of darkness had been brought upon the scene, to bear the stripes and carry off the shame. Imps, you see, have power to assume a human shape. Imps, from their malignant nature, must feel a keen delight in blasting the reputation of holy men. Thus, you are brought to see that when some holy priest appears to have been caught in his penitent's house, and to have suffered stripes and blows from her irate husband, it is safe to conclude that the devil has been at his tricks, and that the offender is not really the man he seems. No: that fellow who got his bones broken, his flesh thumped black and blue, was not a holy prior, but one of Satan's

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THE FREE SPIRIT.

imps who had put on that pious garb! So it happened, when the Inquisitors found they could prove no personal immoralities against these Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit,-who seemed to have actually entered, as they said, into a scraphic union. free from passion and desire, - that they were able to explain this purity of life as being the very worst sign of all. Nieder, a Dominican writer, had told the world that Satan has the gift of rendering those whom he would favor blind to beauty and cold to love. world believed him. All through the Dark Ages, when hardly anything of a spiritual kind was either believed or understood, this frigid power of Satan was an article in every creed. The devil was cold of blood. and an icy heart was one of the gifts which he could make to his chosen sons. He had made this gift of coldness, said the Inquisitors, to these angelic monks and nuns, who lived to each other, above the law, in purity and peace; so that the innocency of their lives became one of the vilest accusations urged against them at the stake.

Hundreds of them perished in the flames, for no higher crime than that of having offered to each other a scraphic kiss.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EBELIANS.

PARTLY in the old way trodden by these Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit, partly in the way walked by the Pauper Paraelete and his followers, partly in a way of his own, adapted, as he said, to the feet of counts and countesses, the Very Reverend Archdeacon Ebel founded, in the Altstadt, a new Christian society—a church within the church, a state within the state.

He took upon himself the burden of no name. Outside people called his party the Ebelians; but the word, if flattering to his pride, was full of peril to his peace, and he forbore to use it. He professed to be Lutheran and orthodox; but while calling himself Lutheran and orthodox, he taught from his pulpit, and in his chamber, that the old law was about to pass away, that the end of all things was at hand, that Christ was about to appear among His saints. In the face of such a coming, what was the world, with its petty names and nice distinctions, to them? What were the highest things of a day - powers, dignities, possessions - but mire of the pool, dust of the road. earth of the earth, things to be shaken from men's feet? What could it profit a man if he had gained the whole world and lost his soul?

How was a sinner to meet his Judge? How was the penitent to prepare for God? How, except by

putting himself in the hands of God? And how could he place himself in the hands of God except by submitting his will to the counsels of His Church? By this chain of argument the Archdeacon led his people into a pure theorracy—a government by priests, conducted in the name of God.

In the new system Ebel was the chief—minister and mediator to all his flock. The three great ladies were his agents and confessors. Diestel, the fiery pastor in the Haberberg Church, was his adjutant; von Auerswald, the Ober-Priisident, may be styled his friend; the Graf von Kanitz, the Graf von Finkenstein, the Graf von Münchow, were his henchmen. Judges on the bench, officers of the garrison, were among his habitual hearers. In this hierarchy of the Prussian saints you ascended by a hundred stages of rank and virtue, from the humble sacristan up to the pious Archdeacon—the man highest in authority on earth, because he stood in intimate relationship with heaven.

That duality in the soul of nature which Schönherr had conceived, and Ebel adopted, led by an easy gradient into a state of manners, as between brother and sister, which would hardly have been thought safe in the outer world. Nature is dual. Nature is male and female. Light is man; water is woman. In nature these two elements fuse and change. From these vague premises Diestel is said to have drawn a conclusion—which Ebel shrank from admitting, and which no ordinary man could have found in them—that the regenerate man and woman, by virtue of his and her regeneration, have had opened out to them a wider field and a higher range of love. God, he urged, is love; and man, when he is perfect, is also love. Smiles and greetings are the alphabet of love.

To whom, if not to the elect, are given the finest pulses of the heart? To whom, if not to the pure in faith, are offered the choicest gifts? And what gift is sweeter to man than the magnetic glow which passes from brain to brain, through a tender dropping of soft tones, a gentle pressure of warm hands, a personal contact of chaste lips? went much farther in these speculations than Ebel: and in the select society of his church in the Haberberg, he practised and permitted freedoms which were never dreamt of in the higher circles of the Altstadt: but in all these Pictist societies the fraternal kiss was given and taken as a sacred sign. It was understood among them that the bond of brotherhood in the Lord was higher and stronger than any legal tie. To the pure all things are pure. But the brothers and sisters were enjoined to accept their privilege of grace with a holy purpose, and use them only to a noble If any taint of carnal love should mingle in their joy, the act of spiritual dalliance was said to be changed into a deadly sin. They were only free so long as they lived in the true liberty of the spirit.

Yet, in spite of the Archdeacon's great success in the high places of fashion, he made few, if any converts to his church, where he most desired to win them,—among the students and professors in the class-room. Unlike the Pauper-Paraclete, Ebel felt no enmity to learned men. On the contrary, he was anxious to gain their favor, and to reconcile the professors of philosophy with the preachers of religion. But the men of science stood aloof from him and all his doings. Two or three professors, of high standing as scholars, who had been drawn to the side of Schönherr when he seemed to be founding a new school of picty among working-men, remained for a little while

in connection with Ebel and the circles of the Alt-One of these men was Professor Bustadt Church. jack, a naturalist, from whom, it was afterwards alleged, the Pauper-Paraclete got the only shreds of science which he ever knew. Another was Hermann Olshausen (brother of the still more famous Justus Olshausen), who filled the chair of divinity. He had been drawn to the side of Schönherr, whose pupil he had become, and whose life he wrote. But neither the man of science nor the divine could be drawn into any cordial union with the Archdeacon and his aristocratic church. Hermann Olshausen, like his brother Justus, the renowned Oriental scholar, leaned towards the liberals, both in his politics and in his religion. A Pauper-teacher seemed to him a man for the times in which his lot was cast, and the people among whom he dwelt; and the religious revival ought, in his view, to have been carried forward in the streets and in the workshops, among the mechanics and traders.-not, as Ebel and Diestel were now conducting it, in the high social circles of the Church and the Schloss. When the fashionable preacher parted from the humble prophet, Hermann Olshausen, though he did not quarrel with Ebel, then and there, took part with Schönherr, provoking a feud between the pulpit and the professor's chair, which afterwards grew into a loud and bitter war.

One convert of importance only from the scientific classes joined the Archdeacon's church. This convert was Sachs, a young man then unknown to fame, but fated to rise a few years later into lurid and calamitous renown. He was the most fatal convert whom the Archdeacon made.

Ludwig Wilhelm Sachs, a young Jew, sharp of tongue and quick of brain, a man with little heart,

and with less conscience, had come from Gross Glogau to Königsberg in search of a medical chair. great ability in his line of life, no doubt was felt even then, while he was yet young; but he was born to the wretched lot of a Jew; a race which lay beneath an ancient curse and a modern ban. No Jew could then be appointed to a professor's chair, and a professor's chair was the object on which Sachs had set his soul. A man with no sense of religion, with hardly a gleam of moral softness,—a being all brain and nerve, cold in nature, quick in perception, acrid, humorous and splenetic,—he looked about the world, and took his measure of the men with whom he might have to deal. In the medical society of Königsberg, where his tongue was feared and his talent prized, he had risen as high as a Jew could hope to rise,—into the rank of physician. If he wished to rise yet higher, he must deny his fathers and forswear his faith. In his later days, Professor Sachs was known as Mephistophiles,-a name which he earned right well by his daring spirit, his cynical phrase, and his contempt for religion. He made a mockery of sucred In the lecture-room, he would pause in a discourse on anatomy to pour out his venom upon some passage in Holy Writ. In the name of science he would protest, with a biting acid, against the sacred mysteries of our faith. In his secret heart he regarded preachers as the common enemies of our race, to whom no quarter need be shown by a man of wit. As a medical officer, he pretended that he had cause to know that students of theology were the most abandoned of all the student tribe. One lad, with a ruined constitution, went to him for advice. "You are a student of theology?" said Sachs, with his usual sneer. "No. Herr Professor," replied the lad; "I am a student of law." "Then I would advise you to change your profession. You would make an excellent divine."

In judging of this man's course of life, it is only fair to remember the sacrifices which a bad law compelled him to make, before his genius as a teacher of anatomy could find its field.

In Prussia, the Ministry of Public Education has charge alike of all affairs in the churches and all affairs in the colleges; and thus it chanced that the very same power in Berlin which had made Ebel an archdeacon could make Sachs a professor. How could be get at Baron von Altenstein, who was then minister in Ber-Through von Auerswald, Ober-Präsident in Königsberg. But Sachs had no acquaintance with That was a trifle. Had he not heard it the Schloss. said that Countess Ida ruled her father? Was it not whispered, even in Gross Glogau, that the Archdeacon was all in all with Countess Ida? If, then, Sachs could win the Archdeacon, would he not be likely to find himself at one end of a chain, the other end of which lay in the minister von Altenstein's office in Berlin, where the things which make men's fortunes were said and done? Of course, he knew the faculty would have to recommend him in the first instance, and he could fairly reckon on so much justice being done; but as a man of the world, he knew that scientific merit is not always enough to win the crown. good word from the Ober-Präsident would make his merit highly conspicuous to a busy minister in Berlin. The young Jew made out, as it were, a bill of costs. How much was he worth? Above all, how much was he worth to Ebel? He was known to be a Jew. That was a main point in his reckoning. An obscure convert is worth something; a known convert is worth a

good deal. Was he worth a place? Could he sell Moses and the prophets for a Professor's chair?

Having a cynical spirit, and also a wife and child, he went to Archdeacon Ebel; listened with profound attention to his story of the light and water; learned that the day of judgment was near at hand; and then offered himself, along with Madame Sachs and his infant son, for instant baptism. The rite was soon performed; Mephistophiles became a member of the Altstadt Church; and then, by way of recompense for his advance in virtue, Sachs became, through the good offices of Countess Ida, Professor of Medicine in the University.

Sachs was a very nice young man—to look at; Ebel had not yet learned to know what he was like when touched. Looking on that face, soft as a girl's, the Archdeacon, who had recently been toying with the mystery of sex in nature, fancied that he saw in it a reflex of the water rather than the light. This fancy pleased the preacher; since he had begun to dream that sex may not be a fixed and final fact, but only a stage of growth. Sachs is said to have struck the Archdeacon as being a female-male; a man in whom the dual principles of his creed were found combined. Ebel made much of him, and he made much of Ebel.

CHAPTER XVI.

COUNTESS IDA.

MIE relation of Ida, Countess von der Gröben, to Archdeacon Ebel, is the greatest puzzle in what may be called a series of moral puzzles. This woman is described on all hands as one whose character was nobler than her noble birth. To say that she was wise, affectionate, and good, is to use terms so cold that her friends would hardly recognize their fitness. Men who hated her and all her house assigned her such graces and virtues as have rarely met in one mortal creature. Her father loved her, as he loved no one else. The family of her dead hero, for whom she kept her widowhood, idolized her. All the best families in Ost Preussen, where the life is Puritan, courted her, and waited on her. In Königsberg her name is still mentioned as that of a lady who was the light and glory of the place. That bitter pen which spared neither foe nor friend, and which flung its vitriolic ink into every face, held back from any abuse of Ida von der Gröben.

Yet the relations of this widowed Countess to the handsome Archdeacon were, to say no more, of an exceedingly equivocal kind; as such things are construed by people who have not the privilege of saints. They spent much of their time together. They professed to be bound to each other by some special tie. They certainly were not married. Ebel, if not Ida, used to speak of their friendship as a union of two

souls. On some occasions and to very near disciples, the Archdeacon is known to have described the Countess as his Spiritual wife; yet nothing contrary to good manners can be supposed to have marked their intercourse, since they lived as priest and penitent, openly towards each other, and before all the world; passing much of their time at the Schloss, under the Ober-Präsident's roof. Whatever freedom passed between them was supposed to be sanctified by their religious vows.

Ida seems to have considered herself, in some mystical way, as a candidate for that high function in the new kingdom, from which her friend, the Fräulein von Derschau, had lately been deposed. If the millennium was near at hand, the persons of the Apocalypse must be now alive. If, as the Archdeacon taught, the first battles of the new era were to be fought in 1836, the armies must be even then mustering for the strife. If the angels and the witnesses were getting ready, why not the bride?

Minna von Derschau was a clever and lovely girl, as the Countess Ida began to feel and see. As the two best friends of Ebel, they were thrown much together, and Ida learned to appreciate the girl's high talents as well as to dread her aspiring spirit. She was a lady to be feared by any woman, who might have conceived a wish to keep the Archdeacon to herself. She had known Ebel longer, if not better, than her friend; having sought him in his early days, and made herself very pleasant to him, while, as yet, he had no great ladies in his train. She professed to have gained from his teaching a new life of the spirit. She was a bold and eager girl, whom no ordinary fears would daunt. Two or three years ago, she had been a pupil of the Archbishop Borowski, who was her father's friend:

but she had left that venerable prelate, to his deep regret, at the call of this handsome preacher in the Altstadt Church. Who could say where she would stop? Once before, under Ebel's hints of duty, she had been willing to throw herself into the arms of a man so unalluring to a lady as the Pauper Paraelete. She had come to look upon the Church as of higher glory than the world. In her secret heart she was suspected of keeping up the remembrance of her old dream of being the Apocalyptic bride. How could Ida know that this quick and lovely girl would not transfer the affections she had been willing to lodge in Schönherr to his popular and handsome pupil, the delight of every female eye?

The Countess, it is understood, advised her friend to marry; since, as a married lady, she might be able to do many things for Ebel and the Church which could not be expected from her as a single girl. Minna said, in answer, that she could not think of such things: in truth, she had not yet parted wholly from her dream.

One day, Fräulein von Derschau came to speak with Ida about a great discovery. It was a dread secret. No one knew it but herself; and she had come upon it in a flash of celestial light:—Ebel was the Son of Man!

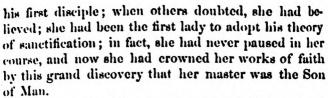
For a long time, the Fräulein said she had been exercised in soul about the Archdeacon. She felt that he was more than human; his face, his voice, his bearing, his gentleness, his sanctity, his knowledge, being altogether unlike the qualities to be found in mortal men. At first, she had thought he was the true Paraelete, and that Schönherr had been only a pretender to that office. This conjecture had been put away by Ebel himself; who clung to his old

master, and would not hear his truthfulness assailed. What then? If he were not the Paraclete, was he not the Son? In a flash of divine light, she saw it all. He was the Son, the first-born Son; the holy One.

This grand discovery was kept a secret. Ida felt that it was true. After a little while it was made known by them to Kanitz, in his quality of First Wit-He also felt that it was true. After much consideration they agreed to hold this secret as an inner doctrine, until the year of grace should come, and everything could be published from the house-top. Above all, they would not speak of it with Ebel. course so dread a secret could not fail to show itself in their bearing towards their master. How could they help becoming fainter in his presence, more anxious for his love, more obedient to his will? They could not deny themselves the profit of extolling his lofty faith, his divine sagacity, his untiring tenderness. From that day forth, while they hid among themselves the instinct of his Godhood, they spoke of him everywhere as the typical perfect man.

But this grand discovery by the Fräulein von Derschau affected all the relations of these men and women of the inner circle towards each other as well as towards the outer world. Who should be nearest? who should be greatest? who should be the mystic bride?

Between the Countess and the Fräulein, the scales appeared to be so evenly weighted that an accident might cause either one scale or the other to go up. Both were young, noble, beautiful. If one were a richer, the other was an older friend. Ida had been the Archdeacon's worldly stay. Her friends had made his fortune, and her house had been his home. On the other side, Fräulein von Derschau had been



The Countess wished that her friend Minna would Marry whom? She was well aware that nothing would induce this devoted girl to quit the Ebelian circle. Who was there within that circle who could offer her his name, with any chance of his offer being accepted? One man, perhaps, and only one. The Graf von Kanitz was her equal in birth, in talent, and in grace. He was a hero as well as a saint; a man wearing upon his breast that cross which he also bore, symbolically, in his heart. More than all, Kanitz was the man who stood next to Ebel in the Church; he was an Apocalyptic man; having a part to play in the heavens as well as on the earth. Surely these things would suffice to win a woman's love. Kanitz was warmly loved by the Archdeacon, not only for his fine figure and his high rank, but for his quiet heroism, his gentle manners, and his yielding spirit. As, since quitting Schönherr, he had been invested with the character of the First Witness in the Apocalvose, it was through this avenue to his heart that he was now sounded by Ebel as to his willingness to marry, in fulfilment of the heavenly plan. Nothing is said in the Book of Revelation as to the two witnesses being either male or female; the case is open; and Ebel told the Count that Fräulein von Derschau was not only his Spiritual mate; the true partner of his soul; born to him in the heaven above as well as in the earth below; but that they twain were those Two Witnesses seen by St. John, who were to prophesy together for a thousand two hundred and threescore days. On hearing these wonders, Kanitz went to his mate, and proposed to her joyfully; and the Fräulein von Derschau, on the great mystery of the Apocalypse being explained to her, entered upon this union with a thankful heart.

Minna's place among the Ebelians was now fixed for ever; in time she was the Countess von Kanitz; in eternity she was the Second Witness, who had power to shut up the heavens and turn the water into blood. She could never more aspire to become the Bride.

It would seem that Countess Ida, after seeing Minna married to Kanitz, set her mind on seeing the Archdeacon also married. A good and simple woman from the outer circle, she thought, would suit him best; a woman who would not be a rival of her own; who would not the less serve as a point of union; and who might throw the Archdeacon's house a little more open to his high-born female friends. Such a woman was found: young, pretty, docile; and Ebel took her as a wife.

One other lady shared in Countess Ida's intimacy with the Archdeacon, the Fräulein Emilie von Schrötter; one of his earliest followers; a well-born and lovely woman, who, like herself, had listened to his mystic words, and undergone the rite of sanctification. These three women — widow, wife, and virgin—are said to have formed one spiritual household, and to have recognized, each in the other, a good woman, filling her proper place in the world and in the church. They are described as having felt towards each other a peculiar love and tenderness. They considered themselves as three sisters in the Lord, who had been united, through the Archdeacon, in a holy bond.

Ebel is said to have described his relation to these three young ladies in the following way: — The Countess Ida was his first wife, as representing to him the principle of Light (Licht-natur): Emilie von Schrötter was his second wife as representing to him the principle of Darkness (Finsterniss-natur): Frau Ebel was his third wife, as representing to him the principle of Union (Umfassung). In this triple marriage of the Archdeacon, the simple Frau was to act as the legal point of contact. In her, and through her, Countess Ida and Fräulein Emilie professed to have entered on their mystic union with her husband. Ida, as the wife who represented Light, had every reason to regard herself as playing the high part of Apocalyptic Bride.

Frau Ebel, a young woman of no high rank and spirit, appears to have been kept by her noble sisters very much in the kitchen and the still-room; places in which she seems to have felt herself more at home than in the confessional and the chapter-house. the great trials which ensued, her name was never whispered. No one spoke of her wrongs, and she certainly never complained to the world. In the deanery she was regarded as a kind of magnetic wire laid down between the Archdeacon and his high-born spiritual wives. Countess Ida and Fräulein Emilie ruled the church, with the help of Grafin von Kanitz: but in the august assembly of female saints the voice of this humble Frau was never heard. Nothing in her conduct ever caused the Countess Ida to become jeulous of the Archdeacon's lawful wife.

CHAPTER XVII.

SANCTIFICATION.

Deschau, now the Countess von Kanitz, the new aristocratic circle in the Altstadt is said to have had two grand secrets in its keeping. The first of these two secrets was, the true order of precedence in God's Church; the second was, the true method of purification from sin. True order and true sanctification were held by Ebel and his female confessors to be necessary in a perfect Christian life.

Even in what was seen by outsiders, Ebel appeared to have established a very long scale of orders. How many degrees there were is not known; but I am told that the steps through which a novice had to pass in his ascent from single membership to the highest circle, were numbered by the score. Ebel stood at the top. Next to him came the three ladies who stood above all males. Among men, the highest appears to have been the Rev. Heinrich Diestel; for in a pure theocracy the clergy must always take the lead. Then came the young Graf von Kanitz, a layman of enthusiastic temper, who aspired to hold the office of St. John: after these, stood the great nobles, those Münchows and Finkensteins who made his church the fashion; followed by the nobles next in degree of rank, such as Ernst von Heyking and Edward von Hahnenfeld; then the learned men, like Professors Sachs and Olshausen; and so on, downwards, through

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judges, soldiers, counsellors, and the ladies of these fine people, to the poor sacristan who swept the floor for a monthly dole. This list was long and sternly kept. Order is not only heaven's first law, but earth's best law. Every man in this system kept his place.

The gradation of dogma was apparently like the gradation of rank. Every stage of belief had its own Only in the highest circle of all, composed of Countess Ida, Fräulein von Schrötter, and the Count and Countess von Kanitz, was it known that Ebel was the Son of God. The next circle only knew him as a perfect man. One circle probably understood the principle of sanctification; another had to be contented with the mystery of light and water; some of the members were instructed in the methods by which the devil may be overcome; others were told that the Church of God is a paradise of enjoyment for the body and the soul, since the elect are the only heirs of God. The lower circles would seem to have been taught no more than the living principles of the Christian faith. In each stage of the Church, however, the members were led to believe that they knew everything necessary to salvation. The fact that a higher truth existed than the one made known, was always strenuously denied, until the moment came for the saint to take a new step in his faith, when he gratefully accepted the additional light. Such, at least, is the story told by Sachs.

Every member of the Church was brought to respect himself as a great being, a spirit, an angel, a witness. He was told to be of good cheer; to think much of himself; to expect great happiness; to be a joy to himself and to all other persons near him, for the sake of his high fortunes; the present earth being his, as well as the glory which is to come. This organization of his circle was Ebel's strength. No pope ever managed his creatures with a firmer will. So far as his congregation went, the Archdeacon bowed his head to none; not to the Ober-Präsident in Königsberg; not even to the Minister in Berlin. Who were they, that a servant of the Lord should fear them? Never, perhaps, had the theocratic principle been carried to a higher point than in this Prussian society, and in this Lutheran church.

This sway of the clergy in Ost Preussen was enlarged and riveted by the policy which Ebel adopted in regard to confession. In the Lutheran Church, the rule as to confession is of doubtful force, and even of doubtful meaning; for, while the Augsburg Articles declare that private confession ought to be kept up, it also admits that general confession is not necessary to the salvation of souls. This rule has been accepted by the German churches in a widely different spirit. In one place confession has been set aside, as an agency of moral evil; in a second place it has been tolerated as a thing indifferent; in a third place it has been encouraged and enforced. Each pastor has held himself free to adopt the line most suited to the days in which he lived, and the opinions current among his flock. Generally, the practice of confession may be said to have waxed and waned as the religious barometer rose and fell; coming into favor with revival of the devotional spirit; falling into contempt with the return of a worldly spirit.

Ebel, as the preacher of a day of wrath, was bound to foster and protect confession. High-Church people would not have blamed him for it. But he is said to have carried this practice to a point unknown in the Prussian kingdom and the Lutheran books. He insisted that the revelations made by his penitent should

be open and full, general and particular, public and private. Nothing must be hidden from him, and from the three great ladies who heard confessions in his name. Nothing must be glozed to him and to these female searchers. Every member of his Church was taught to value the blessings of good advice; and Ebel, as the mediator with God, was to be treated as the referce of every woman and every man. Who could help them in their trials if he could not? Was he not their friend, their comforter?

The chief men in his circle were bound to present themselves from time to time before the Countess von der Gröben and the Countess von Kanitz, by whom they were to be searched and purified. Professor Sachs has given some account of the method of proceeding adopted by these ladies towards their penitents; a mixture of coaxing, wheedling, and dictating, hardly to be read without a laugh. It is droll to find how these ladies overcame the subtle intellect and resisting selfishness of Mephistophiles Sachs. They brought the Professor to his knees, and tore the innermost secrets from his heart. When they spoke in Ebel's name, they spoke with a voice of power which every one hastened to obey. As they put the case, was not the very reverend Archdeacon a husband to every woman, a father to every man? Full confession must be adopted as a rule of daily life; for, if Ebel was to judge every one, it was necessary that nothing. however triffing, should be kept from his eyes. Women were enjoined to speak out; to conceal nothing; least of all, their secret affairs and their private thoughts. All must be told; so that the Archdeacon, in judging the church, might fall into no error and commit no wrong.

"Ebel," said to me an eminent Professor, speaking

of these details, "was a thorough priest; almost a Jesuit."

"He liad great talents?" I said, by way of inquiry. "Yes; a very great talent for bamboozling women."

By means of this true order of precedence in the church, through the agency of these ladies, the Archdeacon was very soon master of all the mysteries in Ost Preussen.

The second of these great secrets held by the circle was the true method of sanctification. This sanctification was indispensable. The world was about to end; and sinners had to be prepared for the event. How was a man to be made worthy to stand before his Judge? Only, said the Archdeacon, by one great spiritual act. He must be cleansed from sin; he must be freed from bondage to Satan; he must be purged from lust of the heart and pride of the eye. He who would save his soul alive, must be raised above temptation; must be taught to trample on the flesh; must be nerved to resist the diabolical power of beauty. In the presence of a living woman, he must be trained to feel as though he were standing by a wall of stone. His eye must be rendered cold, his pulse must be kept calm. No face, however levely, should be able to stir the summer in his veins. With unmoved heart, he should be able to press the most fascinating sister's hand, to print a kiss on the most beautiful sister's lips. While he had not the power to do such things easily, a man, said Ebel, was certainly not in a state of grace,

The method by which men and women were sanctified is still, in some respects, a secret. Kähler pretended to make it known in his theological romance called Philagathos, and Sachs described it in evidence. But Kähler was not a member of the circle, and Sachs's

odious declarations have been strenuously denied by Countess Ida and the Graf von Kanitz. Generally. the method of sanctification used by Ebel is thought to have consisted in a series of lessons in Gospel freedom: which were meant to fortify the mind of his followers against the allurements of carnal beauty. Thus, it is told, that a youthful member was trained by precept and example, to use his freedom without abusing it. In the private meetings of the sect, which are said to have taken place in either the Countess Ida's apartments in the Schloss, or in Gräfin von Kanitz' house in the Upper Town, some benutiful woman was persuaded to bare her arm, her foot, her shoulder; so as to present, in the eyes of all the circle, a living type of the temptations thrown by Satan in the ways of men. The minds of the devotees were supposed to be tempered and hardened in this Spiritual How far these lessons in the art of resisting beauty went, we do not absolutely know; when the day of scandal came, it was said they had gone very far indeed, before the process of sanctification had been found complete. The cynical pen of Sachs delighted in suggesting the most horrible details.

In the matter of this gospel freedom, as in every other, the true order of precedence was observed. Ebel and Diestel, having a larger share of grace, had also a larger liberty in fact than the laymen. I have not heard that either Graf von Kanitz or Graf von Finkenstein was allowed to indulge in Spiritual polygamy. Each had his right to a spirit bride, and each had the privilege of giving and taking the scraphic kiss. But Ebel and Diestel are supposed to have gone much farther, though the flagrant immoralities which were afterwards brought against them by Sachs may not have been proved.

Sachs was a zealous convert, and he rose in the Church. Among other ways in which he promised to be useful was that of calling in more Jews to the fold. Bible in hand, he used to go about the street, entering into the houses of his old friends, whom he had now discarded for gain. One eminent and aged lady told me she remembers him coming to her house with the German Bible in his hand, which he opened and began to read. She caught him tripping in a phrase, and gave him the proper words. Mephistophiles could not restrain a smile. "My dear Professor," said the girl, "you had better close that book for the present: we carry our Bible in our hearts, not in our hands."

Two calamities, which came near together, gave a sudden shock to the prosperity of this revival church. One misfortune fell within the circle; the other, and more fatal, fell without. One was the failure of a prophecy, in which the Archdeacon had indulged; the other was the death of Ober-Präsident von Auerswald, and the nomination of a philosophical liberal to his throne in the Schloss.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DARKER DAYS.

SEEN from a worldly point of view, the chief misbeen his error in fixing upon the actual times when prophecy ought to be fulfilled.

Jung Stilling, an author whom he loved to read and quote, had promised that the year 1836 would be a time of wonders; the opening stage of the millennium, in which the first great battles of the kingdom would be fought. Ebel had from an early day adopted this reading of his mystic countryman; but the year being yet afar off, his adoption of Stilling's prophecy caused no actual ferment in the Church.

But this dabbling in sacred numbers was not enough for the Archdeacon. Much pondering on the Book of Daniel led him to expect a great awakening in the Church in 1823, the year in which the Holy Alliance sent a French army to burn and ravage Spain. Expecting the appearance of our Lord in person (Ebel never lent himself to Minna's delusion), he ventured to declare that He would come in the Easter week, at the moment corresponding to that of His ascent from the Mount of Olives. A whisper went through the circles. Meetings were called, prayers offered up, and believers enjoined to prepare for that coming day. Christ, it was said, would appear among His saints in a glorified shape, clothed in celestial light, as He shone

upon the three Apostles from the hill of the Transfiguration.

Who would be able to endure that sight and live? How were they to meet the Lord? Where should they await His coming? Some thought it should be in church, others that it should be at home. Most of the brethren felt that they should be together, since the Lord would expect to find His Church on earth. Nor was it well, they urged, to mope and whine. Their God was a God of love and light. Joy went with Him, and gladness was about His path. Some one suggested that the true welcome should be given at a marriage-feast, a scene like that in which the first miracle had been wrought. What had been the opening scene of his first ministry, should be the opening scene of his second. All voices fell into this idea, and preparations for a marriage-festival were set on foot. A young man was found who, under such august temptations, was ready to take a wife. The circles were now searched for a young woman willing to unite herself with this young man. Such a girl was found. Nothing remained but to kill the fatted calf, to decorate the church with garlands, and to spread the tables with meat and wine.

Countess Ida, Fräulein Emilie, Countess Minna, with all the ladies of the circle, entered upon this scheme for meeting the Lord with ardor; not so some of the more prudent and worldly men; who felt that they were staking their credit on a calculation of dates which might prove to have been false; in which case they would find themselves covered with ridicule almost amounting to public shame. From such a test of faith they would have gladly shrunk. One of the highest of these prudent councillors, the Graf von Finkenstein, ventured to put in a word of caution.

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The ladies stormed upon him. Ebel smiled at helick of faith, and Diestel reproved him for his world spirit. Finkenstein got restive under these rebukes and, when his own sister raised up her voice against him, he quitted the circle in no gentle mood. Professor Sachs, though he shared in the Graf von Finkenstein's want of faith, was not such a fool as to speak his mind. In truth, he had lately made a mistake, which is rather amusing in so keen a gamester. He had put himself wholly into Ebel's power.

Having lately lost his first wife, the young Silesian Jewess, it was feared that Sachs would fall into bad ways, and become a scandal to the church. The ladies had called him to account for his past delinquencies; and the Countess von Kanitz had been desired by her sisters to hear his confession, to fix his penance, and, when he had repented, to receive him into grace. She had been very sharp with him; insisting that he should make a clean breast of his sins; concealing nothing, not even the guilt incurred in thought. Sachs had told her much, and she had insisted on hearing all. She had probed his heart. dictated forms of expression; and when she had drawn from the sinner a full acknowledgment of his guilt, she had insisted on his going home, writing it all down, and bringing it to her in person, before she would give him the reconciling kiss. That written paper had given evidence against Sachs, in his own hand, of extraordinary turpitude, and that paper of confession had been lodged by the Countess von Kanitz in Diestel's hands.

Under these adverse circumstances, Mephistophiles could do nothing but sneer and sigh: and humbly accept the post which was given to him by Ida in the marriage-feast.

Easter came; bridegroom and bride appeared; the Cast was spread; the psalm was duly sung; but the expected Guest did not arrive.

When the marriage-festival broke up in wrath and doubt, and Graf von Finkenstein appeared to have Deen justified by facts, the inner circle of believers laid the blame of their disappointment on the Count's un-When they heard that all the worldlings in the city and provinces were laughing over their feast, they grew more and more angry with the Count for having caused it to fail. How could the Lord be ex-Dected to appear in the presence of one so hard of heart? All the ladies were enraged against their faithless brother: and when he spoke in his own defence, which he was apt to do warmly, they went so far as to menace him with a public expulsion from their As such a course would not have suited either his frame of mind or his position in society, Finkenstein bent his head to the passing gale; but from that time forward he was regarded as a man who had moved outwards from the centre of grace and light. His want of faith was the cause of a growing coldness between himself and a sister whom he dearly loved.

This quarrel within the circle was envenomed by a circumstance which happened without. A clergyman of some repute in the city, the Very Rev. Ludwig August Kähler, took advantage of the public scandal, to put the Archdeacon and his followers into that dull theological romance which he called Philagathos: the Kingdom of the Good made Known.

No names were given in this work; for it would have been a dangerous thing in that old Preussen, openly to assail a party which had the Schloss on its side, and was supported by so many counts and barons,

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as that of the Ebelians. Yet Kähler's satirical pictur of the kingdom of the saints was applied by every onto Ebel and his friends; for in one part of his story young lady is taken by a female friend to a meetin of pretended saints, who adopt her into their circle. and then begin kissing her all round; to which rito of initiation she submits until she observes a young fellow approach her who is known to her by reputation as the greatest profligate of her city; when she starts to her feet in horror, runs home, frightened and sick at heart, throws herself on her knees, and confesses to her outraged parents all that she has seen and suffered. The suggestion of oddity was very broad; but Ebel could not reply without seeming to take up the accusation; and Kähler enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his adversaries wince under a charge which they could neither bear nor rebut.

A far wider and more lasting injury fell upon the Ebelians from the death of Auerswald,—an event which happened in the following year; and the nomination to his high post of a man whose temper and genius placed him on the opposite side in politics to their own.

Ileinrich Theodor von Schön, the man succeeding to Auerswald as Ober-Präsident of Ost and West Preussen in 1824, was one of the great chiefs of modern democracy; the pupil and friend of Immanuel Kant; the son-in-law of Auerswald, whose eldest daughter was his wife; the right hand, and (whatever his detractors may have said to the contrary) the best head of the great minister Baron von Stein, the prime regenerator of Northern Germany. Of an old and noble family in Ost Preussen, connected with the Auerswalds and the Brünnecks, he was not the less a thorough liberal, a patron of learning, a hater of

Priests. A man of large head, with piercing eyes, a shrewd tongue, and a benevolent heart, the new Ober-Präsident was both feared and loved in his province, and very few persons had either the power or the will to set themselves up against what he had a mind to do.

At first, the change in Ebel's affairs was not much felt. Schön was not a man to meddle with the Church. so long as clergy and congregation kept the peace and avoided public scandal in their rites. The Archdeacon stood at the head of a powerful chapter, as well as in front of a fashionable sect. Such a minister of the gospel might do much to disturb even an Ober-Präsident's reign; and a magistrate, young in office, whatever his abstract views may be, is seldom inclined to bring a nest of clerical hornets about his ears. Countess Ida, too, was still, as it were, in power. Von Schön was her brother-in-law; the husband of her eldest sister; so that the fascinating widow was nearly as much at home in the Schloss as she had been during her father's time. Thus, nothing unjust or harsh was likely to be done by Schön; and, in fact, the Ebelians enjoyed under his impartial rule many years of prosperity and peace.

But from the day of Auerswald's death, the circles felt that a change had come upon them, in relation to their contests with the University and with the world. They were no longer privileged to fight, as it were, under the royal flag. They had nothing more to get from the Schloss. If Schön would do them no wrong, he certainly would not strive, like Auerswald, to do them good. No more chairs in the University would be won by courting them. No one could expect to be repaid for his kindness to them by invitations to dinners and balls. Future Kählers would have no reason to conceal their names. Those who mocked them.

would do so to their faces. Those who hated them, would show their hatred in the street. In a word, they would have to plan their own battles, and take their chances in an open fight.

In this great duel between the laymen and divines, between the University and the Church, it was known that the new Ober-Präsident would stand and fall with the first. In his quick and sceptical nature there was not a spark of mysticism. He was in eminent degree a critic, a logician; who looked to science, not to religion, for the great improvements which he longed to bring about. Schön was very free with his money; he spent three fortunes; but he is supposed never to have given a groschen in his life to any object connected with the Church. This state of things in the government office was equal to an absolute change of front.

One effect of this change was quickly seen. That Sachs whom Countess Ida had made a Professor, by way of reward for his docility in swallowing the dogma of light and water, very soon left the Altstadt circles; going over to the University, and carrying his talents and his secrets to the service of what he saw was going to be in future the stronger side.

The Rev. Hermann Olshausen, Professor of divinity, was perhaps the most brilliant and formidable of the many foes who now began to write and preach against the Ebelians. Diestel entered the field against Olshausen: since it was judged by the council of ladies to be alien to the rank and office of their chief to notice such attacks. Diestel was a very passionate and unscrupulous man, and Olshausen had no reason to rejoice in the victories which he won. In 1833 two clergymen went mad in Königsberg, under circumstances which excited public curiosity in a high degree.

Some persons said that these two persons had lost their senses through religious terror; and as they had been known to attend the Haberberg Church, where Diestel preached, Olshausen charged their insanity upon the violence of spirits caused by the revival. Diestel, finding himself assailed by this eminent writer, answered by a savage personal attack.

In his younger days, Diestel had been a student in the faculty of law; and, having a natural genius for invective, he had stored up all the terms of abuse which might have been useful to him in a criminal court. His blows were rude and stiff; and the more delicately nurtured divines denounced him as a coarse fellow, unworthy of their pens. It is very doubtful whether he was a man more formidable to his enemics than to his friends.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAW COURTS.

EBEL, following in the wake of Bengel and Stilling, had once more fixed upon the year 1836 as the time at which the first battles of the millennium would begin. The devil, however, seemed ill-disposed to wait until his enemics expected him. He opened his campaign a year before the prophetical time.

Graf von Finkenstein had now become a stranger to the Church, and to the sister whom he loved. The Church had cast him out into darkness; and his sister had been drawn into closer union with the saints, until the unexpected and undesired death of Gräfin von Kanitz (Minna von Derschau) left the post of

Second Witness open; when Ebel advanced her to that high dignity, and the First Witness, as a consequence of her promotion, offered her his hand. The two witnesses being joined in marriage, the Gräfin von Finkenstein became, not only Madame von Kanitz, but the third female power in the Church; equal in council, if not equal in rank, to the Archdeacon's Spiritual wives.

One day the Graf von Finkenstein heard that his sister, and her female friends, were trying to draw into their circle a young lady of his family, the Fraulein Zelina von Mirbach; a rich and lovely girl, who was expected to make a brilliant figure in the world. Thinking it became him, as head of the family, to warn his lovely kinswoman against what he had now come to regard as a seductive and immoral circle, he wrote a letter to Fräulein Zelina, filled with abuse of Ebel and Diestel; in which he hinted at the existence among those saints of practices which no honest man and modest woman could endure; which hints he said he could prove to be only too well warranted by original documents then in his possession. Quite innocently. Zelina carried this note to her friend and kinswoman the Countess von Kanitz, who read it with the utmost scorn and fury, calling it a string of abominable lies. Getting the upper council together, she placed her brother's letter in their hands; and when these ladies had perused it, they agreed that, although they ought not to trouble the divine repose of their beloved Archdeacon with such unworthy broils, it should be properly answered. They sent it over to the Haberberg to be dealt with as Diestel should see good.

Graf von Finkenstein soon saw reason to regret his haste in sending that warning note to his young kinswoman.

Fraulcin von Mirbach instantly joined the Pietist circle. The Countess, his sister, quarrelled with him finally and fiercely; not only putting him away from her love as a lost and abandoned wretch, but claiming restitution of dowry, which she declared that he had fraudulently detained.

Kanitz denounced him in the religious newspapers by name, as a man of immoral life and conversation; hinting that the Countess von Finkenstein, his wife, was nearly as low in such things as himself.

Worst of all, he found himself suddenly attacked by that rough master of calumny the Rev. Heinrich Diestel, the Scal-breaker of the Apocalypse. Diestel's missive filled thirteen sheets of large paper, and it was crammed with such insults as none but Diestel could have hurled against a foe.

Finkenstein, who thought he could convince his brother Count, sent a reply to Kanitz, to the same religious journal in which he had found himself suddenly assailed; but not being able to see how he could deal with his clerical opponent, either in the simple way of fact or in his own way of sturdy invective, he laid the missive of thirteen sheets before the criminal court as a calumnious libel. On reading Diestel's letter, the judges fined the reverend gentleman two hundred thalers for his offence; and then inquired, as they were bound, into the causes which had led to this angry correspondence. Diestel had been charged with immorality by the Count, in a letter which was designed to prevent a young lady, of noble family, from joining the Archdeacon Ebel's circle in the Altstadt Church. That letter referred to original papers in the Count's possession, which would prove the truth of this charge. What were these documents? Charges of such a kind should not be lightly made; most of all against ministers of the gospel who had the cure of souls. Finkenstein was requested to produce these papers, and submit them for inspection to the court.

The Graf appeared before the beuch with a mass of papers, written by himself and by his wife. He was a violent, puzzle-headed fellow, who had very odd notions about documents and proofs. The accusations which he made against Ebel, Diestel, Kanitz, Countess Ida. and the late Fräulein von Derschan, were numerous, many of them improbable, and most of them unsustained by any show of proof. One of his suggestions was that Ebel, under cloak of a pious rite, had made proposals of an unseemly kind to his lady, the Countess von Finkenstein; but this hint was conveyed in very obscure language, was not followed up, and was generally disbelieved. The court could make nothing of his charges of immorality; but, as he declared that the Ebelians held a number of secret doctrines quite unknown to the Lutheran Church, they thought the matter should be laid before the Consistorium; a court in Königsberg having charge of ecclesiastical affairs.

In this court, the enemies of Ebel were very strong. Von Schön, the liberal and free-thinking Ober-Präsident, was its chairman (ex-officio); high on its benches sat the hostile critic of the Ebelians, the Very Rev. Ludwig Kähler. From such a tribunal Ebel knew that he had now no favor to expect.

When Finkenstein's papers were laid before the Consistorium, that body deputed two of its members—the Councillor Kähler and the Assessor Zander—to examine the Count, and some other persons named by him, as to the matters alleged against Ebel and Diestel in his letter to Fräulein von Mirbach. Kähler's report (as might have been expected from the author of Philaguthos) was so black that the Court

felt bound to suspend the two clergymen from their pastoral office, and to send an account of the matter to Baron von Altenstein, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs in Berlin, for his opinion. In the course of these inquiries, which were carried on in secret, Kähler and Zander got alarmed on finding how great was the number, how high the station of men and women whom they had good grounds for considering as members of the suspected circles. They seemed to be collecting rumors against half the noble families of Ost Preussen; and they desired, if anything was to be done, that the odium of conducting such a case should rest upon higher reputations than their own.

Even the Count and Countess von Finkenstein felt the need of protecting their good name against the power of these high-born ladies, who could whisper away a reputation between a smile and a sigh. they found their honor put in question, they sent about among their friends, who had known them from childhood, to get up a general statement of their high character, with a request that those friends would sign it. Great numbers of noble and respectable people did so, publishing their belief that the Graf and Gräfin von Finkenstein were persons of unblemished honor; and Finkenstein had to be satisfied with the protection thus afforded to his name. Yet nothing could prevent such a general warranty of high character from working two ways. On one side people said, and justly, that a noble gentleman and a noble lady, who had done nothing of doubtful propriety, would never have stooped to defend themselves by papers which were only proper to an artisan and a serving-maid. On the other side, it was very fairly alleged that, if these noble persons, after being members of the Archdeacon's church for many years, could



still be described by those who knew them as persons of the highest credit and reputation, it was impossible to conclude that the mere fact of belonging to that circle was evidence of a man being without honesty, and a woman without shame.

Finkenstein's wrath against his sister and her husband, who had called him a rake, and tried to prove him a swindler, drew him into the commission of a thousand follies. But the begging of that general testimonial of his purity was certainly the silliest act of his life.

After some delay in Berlin, the Minister Altenstein sent the papers back to Schön; with certain queries which he desired to have laid by the Ober-Präsident before the local and elerical court; mainly put with a view to ascertain how far that tribunal regarded the matters alleged in these charges against two eminent and popular preachers as fit subjects for a lay investi-Schön laid these queries before the court. which, under Kähler's advice, appears to have reported that these charges against Ebel and Diestel involved two points, both of which might be very properly investigated by the king's judges; that was to say: (1) a charge of such extraordinary moral corruption, as, if proved, would bring the two men within the action of a criminal court; and (2) a charge of seeking to establish a new religious sect, an offence which was punishable by the Prussian code. On receiving this opinion from the Consistorium, Altenstein confirmed the previous suspension from office, and the Ober-Präsident, von Schön, instructed the Criminal-Senat to bring an action against Ebel and Diestel in the Criminal Court.

CHAPTER XX.

FINAL TRIALS.

EBEL and his enemies—the High Church and its adversaries—the feudal party and the liberals—were now before the courts of law, with charge and counter-charge, with accusation and defamation; the whole business being conducted in the spirit of a duel to the death.

In such a strife the odds were fearfully against the party which saw the whole army of placemen led by the government, drawn up in line of battle on the opponent's side. That, in the final struggle, was the Archdeacon's case.

Eleven years of office had made some difference in von Schön. They had not rendered him unjust or even inclined him to be unjust towards the high church; but they had helped to identify his reign as Ober-Präsident of Preussen, more and more closely with the progress of secular learning and the growth of liberal institutions. The idea of a new Germany had come into his mind; of a Germany that should be enlarged, united, free. This idol of his imagination was to be a child of reason, and its birthplace was to be the University. It shaped itself to his eye as a thing of the future rather than of the past. Feudal traditions were to have scarcely any place in it; superstition was to have no place in it; learning was to be its only gospel; professors were to be its only priests.

On this figure of an ideal Germany, Schön had pondered until he thought it was actually coming into Everything that stood in its way, he labored to remove; and among these obstacles he had come to recognize the high-church circle in the Altstadt, over which his beautiful sister-in-law, the Countess Ida. was supposed to exercise her sovereign sway. this beautiful woman he had lately been at feud, about a family matter in which the Ebelians had been much A gentleman, of good family in Ost concerned. Preussen, Herr von Bardeleben, who had courted, married, and then divorced Ernestine, one of Ida's sisters, came to the Schloss with offers of his love to his divorced wife's niece, the Fräulein von Schön. Von Bardeleben was a man in office, and his suit found favor in the young lady's eyes; and on Schön giving them his blessing, the happy lovers were made Ernestine, the divorced lady, was a man and wife. member of Ebel's circle, and the great people of that church arrayed themselves on her side in her quarrel with the families of von Bardeleben and von Schön. lt was in these dark days of family feud, that Schön launched against his sister-in-law's friends the opprobrious name of Mucker.

When the charge of immorality was brought against Ebel and Diestel, the matter was first referred to one of the judges, who took upon himself the office of an Inquirent; who has to look up the facts, confront the witnesses, and give the matter in dispute a preliminary hearing. The fiery Seal-breaker behaved so insolently before this judge, as to give his prosecutors a great advantage over him. He raged and stormed, and even grossly insulted the judge, because he could not see things with clerical eyes; and at the very opening stage of the trial he was committed to five months.

of imprisonment in a fortress for contempt. It is not unlikely that his enemies fancied they had now got rid of him.

Among other witnesses to fact, the Inquirent summoned Countess Ida to appear. She proudly refused his summons, denying his power to ask her any questions which involved an inquisition of her conscience. Inquirent caused her to be told that she was bound to answer his citation, under penalty of fine and impris-She took no notice: on which he fined her two hundred thalers. On hearing of this fine being laid, she sent him word that he might send her to prison also, but should never force her to appear in a case which would offend her conscience. quirent, puzzled how to act, sent the Countess's letter to his experienced elder, the President, who sent it back with a marginal note that they would consult their own ease by leaving her alone, since no threat they could make would bend so proud a spirit. could the Inquirent do to sustain the dignity of his court? He could not send the Ober-Präsident's sisterin-law to a fortress, as he had sent the Haberberg pastor, and yet he did not like to be beaten by a woman on a point where he was clearly in the right. He consulted his friends, who could not help him. By a third person he caused the countess to be told that the fine of two hundred thalers might be increased. him fine, and fine," she answered: "I will never come into his court." Every man in Königsberg knew of what was going on, and for the sake of public justice, it would not do to let the mob suppose that the bench had been defied. The Inquirent laid the facts before his great chief in Berlin; on which the Minister of Justice advised him to keep quiet, to leave the countess alone, and to give the matter such a turn as would

leave the impression that her evidence was not desired.

Acting on this sound advice, the Court cancelled the fine, and sent the two hundred thalers back to the Countess Ida.

Sachs now offered his services as a witness who knew, and would tell, the truth against these accused clergymen; out of which offer, on the part of this Professor, there came a scene which is perhaps unequalled in the comedy of actual life.

On Sachs offering himself as a witness, the defendants made a formal protest. The eminent Professor of Medicine, they said, was a man whose word could not be properly received in a court of justice. Of course the Inquirent asked for details. Professor Sachs was a person of great intelligence, well known in the city, and holding a high place in the University. How would it be possible to refuse his evidence except on very strong proof being given that he was really unworthy to be heard?

"I am a religious man," the Archdeacon answered, in effect; "and I cannot accuse a fellow-sinner. What I know of I'rofessor Sachs has come to my ears through the channel of confession; confession not made to me, but to others; what he has stated against himself is known to many; but it would not become my calling, as a minister of the gospel, to say more. I know the witness; and for the sake of others, I protest against such a man being heard."

Now, Professor Sachs' evidence was to the prosecution all in all. Sachs was the chief accuser. Without him, little could have been alleged, and still less proved; nothing that could have brought the Archdeacon within the cognizance of a criminal court. More might have been done against Diestel; who had

never been so careful in his words and conduct as his chief; but a verdict punishing the Seal-breaker, and allowing the Archdeacon and his people to return in triumph to their old places in the Altstadt church, would not have suited the liberal party, and would, therefore, have compelled Schön and the Professors to begin their work afresh. On all sides it was felt that this duel was a duel to the death.

Schön, as being, ex officio, chairman of the court, would hardly need to hint that Sachs' evidence could not be refused on the ground of Ebel's bad opinion of the Professor. Opinions go for nothing in a court of justice, which can only stop to consider attested facts. It was agreed that Sachs should be heard.

The counsel for the defence now received from Diestel two written documents, which he laid before the judge. They were in Professor Sachs' handwriting, and bore his signature. They were addressed to the late Countess von Kanitz (Minna von Derschau), and contained a very long and detailed statement of his many and grievous offences against God and man, some of which were absolutely incredible and revolting. A man who had been guilty of such acts, said the defendants, was utterly unworthy to be heard in a court of law, in a matter affecting the honor of noble women and of gallant and pious men. The court communicated with Professor Sachs. What had he to say? Were not these papers forged?

Mephistophiles had to rub his eyes and to bow his head. This man of science, so keen of intellect, so shrewd of tongue, who mocked at religion, and held women in contempt, had to come forward in a court of justice with the plea that, in a moment of moral and physical weakness, he had been made the victim of a young lady—bold, inquisitorial, and of morbid

fancy. While he was connected with the Ebelians, he had been placed under the spiritual guidance of the Countess von Kanitz; a lady of subtle brain and overpowering will, who, in a moment of mortal weakness, had drawn from him the statements now before the court.

Were they true?

They were not true, said Sachs, in answer to the judge.

But they are given in writing, in the first person,

and are signed?

Yes; that was so; and yet the statements were not to be taken as his own. When he wrote them he was beside himself with grief. He did not know what he said and wrote. The lady pressed him to cleanse his bosom of its secrets; she hinted at the disclosures she would like to hear him make; he had a strong desire to win her favor; and he had therefore made those confessions of imaginary crimes.

Not only by word of mouth, in the heat of a personal interview, but coldly, in his own chamber, under his

hand and seal?

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Yes, even so; the lady was imperious; she would not take his oral statement; she sent him home, to think the matter over, and to write it down; he wrote what she wanted him to write.

Poor Mephistophiles!

What could the judge do under such circumstances? Without Sachs' evidence he had scarcely any ground to stand on; and Sachs was now proved by his own confession to be worse than the defence had called him—not only spy, informer, and apostate, but a rogue, whose written word was branded by himself as a deliberate lie. The judge was much perplexed; and the defence maintained, with a good deal of scorn,

That he ought to dismiss the charge as having wholly failed. That would probably have been the course pursued by a judge sitting in open court; but the Inquirent was in those days the real Public Prosecutor; and he did not like to see such a cause slip through his fingers. When it became known that, in spite of protest, he had resolved to admit Sachs as a witness, subject to rejoinders from the other side, shouts of remonstrance rose from the Mucker nobles against what they held to be unfair leaning of the bench, and undue influence from the Schloss.

Sachs was heard. To rebut his evidence, the defendants put in a crowd of witnesses. Major Graf von Münchow, who testified that he had been closely connected in friendship with the Archdencon for eighteen years; ever since he had returned from serving in the war of Liberation against the French; and in that long period of acquaintance he had learned to appreciate in him a man of holy life, whose teaching had renewed and purified his moral Next came Edward von Hahnenfeld, who nature. deposed that he had been a pupil of Ebel, and a friend of Graf von Kanitz for many years: and had always found the Archdeacon a man of high principle and blameless conduct. After him, came Baron Ernst von Heyking, a soldier scarred with patriotic wounds, who said that he loved Ebel and hated wickedness; that when he was a young fellow in the camp, he thought valor in the field the noblest distinction of a man: but since he had been a follower of the Archdeacon, he had come to see that it was better to be good than even brave. Professor Friedlander, of the University of Dorpat, followed Heyking, with testimony of the same kind, but given from the religious point of view. A dozen persons, of scarcely less distinction, gave their evidence to the same effect.

The President of the Court was only too glad to find the defendants apply for leave to remove their cause from the local court to the Kammer-Gericht in Berlin.

CHAPTER XXL

SENTENCE AND REVERSAL.

THE year 1836 was certainly a year of trouble for the Ebelians; and the battles of the millennium, long predicted by the Archdeacon, seemed to have commenced. Ebel preached in the Moravian chapel, and kept the inner circles of his church together.

Shut out from the Altstadt church, of which, as dean, he had been the preacher for so many years, Archdeacon Ebel looked about him for a fold in which he could gather his homeless flock. Now, close to his church, in the Altstadt Long Street, there stands an ancient and solid chapel; built, perhaps, by some prior of the Teutonic Knights, towards which the eye of a stranger is drawn by an inscription, printed on the front, in the pious old German fashion:—

Bethaus von Brüder-gemeine.

It was the Moravian Chapel, in which a people of simple virtue and exalted piety worshipped God. Between these good folks and Ebel's aristocratic congregation, there had always been much kindness. The Brethren loved and respected Ebel; and it is certainly a strong point in favor of the Archdeacon, that these harmless people should have clung to him first and last. When his church was closed against

him, they lent him their chapel for his services. It was an humble place, but the offer of it went to his heart. In the upper room of this prayer-house; a plain oaken room, with a few forms, a reading-desk, half-a-dozen poor paintings, and a wooden gallery for the females; Ebel, and his train of counts and countesses, met every Sunday, until their trials closed.

The old oaken walls still whisper, as it were, of the presence of that high company in their hour of affliction. Here, in this dingy corner, sat the Countess Ida, with her sister wives made one with herself in the spirit. Near them sat the Gräfin von Kanitz, weeping inwardly at the apostasy of her brother, and the wrongs which his wickedness had heaped upon her Lord. There stood a band of high and heroic men; soldiers of the Cross, and soldiers of the war of Liberation; Kanitz, Münchow, Heyking; a perfect gallery of noble and Quixotic figures.

Brother Ennequist, a holy man, who led me about the chapel, and whose sweet face reminded me of a Shaker friend, spoke of the Archdeacon and his people with profound respect.

Whatever Professor Sachs may have said of Ebel, Brother Ennequist evidently regards him as a man of God.

In 1837, they got their cause removed from the local court to the Kammer-Gericht in the capital. They obtained the services of Crelinger, one of the ablest advocates at the Prussian bar. Crelinger was a brother-in-law of Madame Crelinger, the German Siddons, and a friend of Fanny Lewald, who got from him many of those curious details about the Mucker which she has woven into her memoirs.

Their suit was not prosperous in Berlin. The old King was too much of a practical soldier and politician

to care about revival and conservative movements in After a trial of two years' duration, the the Church. Criminal Court decreed (March 1839) that the Very Reverend Wilhelm Ebel, and the Reverend Heinrich Diestel, should be degraded from their sacred office; that they should lose their civil rights; that they should be held incapable of serving their King in any capacity; and lastly, that Ebel should be confined in a public institution until he came into a better mind.

Five months clapsed before this stern, sentence was made known. Why was it kept back so long? who were not Ebelians whispered aloud that the verdict had been altered after it had left the judges.

How could it be carried out? Ebel was to be imprisoned; but no place of confinement was named in the decree, and no one was appointed to see the sentence carried out. The prisoner was to be kept in custody until he was instructed and reformed; who was to undertake this task of instructing these instructors, of reforming these reformers? When Schön received from Berlin a copy of the verdict, he sent for the officer who had charge of the public prisons, and asked him how such a sentence could be carried out. That officer read the paper with a doubtful shrug:—

"Your Excellency will have to undertake this duty in person; since there is no man in Königsberg but yourself who could presume to give lessons to the Archdeacon."

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Loudest in their clamors against the iniquity of this decision were Countess Ida and Graf von Kanitz. Ida clung to her Spiritual husband all the closer for the tempests which were howling round his head. She had schooled herself to regard the Archdeacon as her all in all-her husband, her beloved, her Saviour, her God. She found her liberty in serving him, her life in being near him. The dearest wish of her heart was to give her body and her soul for him, that he might be spared one pang of pain. Sachs, who counted her devotion to Ebel a kind of feminine madness, said of her: "If the Archdeacon had told her to kill a man, she would have done it; if he had bidden her love and marry a stranger, she would have wept and done it." She paid him, in her own person, a divine respect; and she never quitted his side until the other day, when she laid him in the tomb.

While Schön was wondering how he could carry out the singular sentence of the Criminal Court, a sudden change occurred in Berlin. Friedrich Wilhelm III. was gathered to his sires, and his more religious and less despotic son succeeded to the throne. A change of men took place. Altenstein, dying, left the ministry of Public Instruction to Eichhorn, who was, like the new king, a Pietist, and perhaps a Mucker.

Under the new reign the friends of Ebel appealed from what they called the injustice of Schön to the justice of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. Then began that trial in the Supreme Court in Berlin, which served to carry through private channels of information the knowledge of Ebel's High-Church theories into every corner of Germany. The verdict ultimately pronounced by the royal court, though it left Ebel without a pulpit, cleared his honor from the last stains which had been cast upon it; so far, at least, as a verdict which was received with some suspicion could have any such effect on the public mind.

If the first trial had not ended in the old king's reign, it would probably have had another result. The higher Court undid everything in the finding of the lower Court which could prudently be undone.

It removed the sentence of civil death, on the ground that the two clergymen had not been guilty of intentional breach of duty. It removed the sentence of imprisonment on the ground that they had not been guilty of founding a sect. So far, therefore, as criminal matter was concerned, the verdict of the Court was in their favor.

It ran against them only so far as it confirmed the suspension from elerical functions pronounced by the Königsberg Ecclesiastical Court.

In fact, the high matters in dispute between von Schön and Ebel were referred by this Court of Appeal to the still higher courts of Public Opinion and Universal History.

King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. is known to have lived a Pietist, and is said to have died a Mucker. If this tale be true, he was not the only royal convert drawn into the Mucker Church. Pauline, queen of Würtemberg, is said to have become a disciple of the Königsberg seer.

From the date of his appeal, the Archdeacon lived in retirement with the Countess Ida, his most immediate Spiritual wife. They travelled from place to place, from Ost Preussen to Silesia, from Saxony to Würtemberg. Ida wrote a book in defence of her master, called Die Liebe zur Wahrheit, The Love of Truth, which was published in Stuttgart in the year 1850. They took up their residence in the lovely town of Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart; and there, in 1861, the Archdeacon died; but not until he had seen the fruit of his labors and afflictions, in the growth of a Mucker society in many of the most enlightened and industrial towns of Germany—in Halle and Heidelberg, in Berlin and Hanover, in Dresden and Stuttgart, in Barmen and Elberfeld. He is said to

have enjoyed a screne old age, and to have passed away as though he was simply going to sleep.

Long before he passed away, the Mucker branch of our English Church had risen, fought its strange fight, and retired from public life into a Somersetshire clover-field.

Let us follow now these English visionaries into their lovely retreat.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ABODE OF LOVE.

NO stranger is admitted into the Agapemone," says Murray's Handbook.

"The Abode of Love," said Lord Chelmsford, then Sir Frederick Thesiger, speaking as counsel against our English Mucker, "is a family consisting of four apostate clergymen, an engineer, a medical man, an attorney, and two blood-hounds."

"The Agapemone," says Boyd Dawkins, the latest lay writer who has paid attention to this subject, "is surrounded on every side by a wall from twelve to fifteen feet high."

Such is the fair sum of what is commonly known about that Abode of Love, which feebly represents in our colleges and churches the results of those large movements of revival passion which have made so much ado in German society and the German courts, and have built for themselves, in the United States, such homes as Mount Lebanon, Salt Lake City, and Oneida Creek. Is it too much to say that these scraps

of information, even if they were true, would leave a reader very much at fault?

They are not even true.

Strangers who can show just cause for going into the Abode of Love, are not sent away from its gates. Bloodhounds are not kept in either house or garden. Once, indeed, such dogs were used for defence against cunning and carnal men (much as the dogs of Carnel are lodged and fed by the Syrian monks), but only for a short time, just after an act of violence had occurred, for which the law could give them no redress. Some years ago those bloodhounds were No wall from twelve to fifteen feet high sent away. surrounds the estate on every side. No such fence of stone was ever built. In fact, the Abode of Love lies open to the eyes of men as much as either Over Stowy, Halswell Park, or any other domain in the county of Somerset. The only bit of high wall near the place is that which stands in front of the church, built to prevent the Spaxton clowns from staring through the west window from an adjoining field.

The Saints who have been gathered into peace at Spaxton have audacities and heresies enough to plead, without lying open to the charges made in these idle tales.

When, for the purpose of studies which are now in the reader's hands, I wrote to ask Brother Prince whether he was willing to receive me in the Abode of Love as a visitor, he caused me to be informed, by the pen of Brother Thomas, that my visit would be welcome, that he should be glad to see me in person, and that he and his people would give me such information as I might wish to gain. The welcome, if not warm, was polite and frank. Brother Thomas hinted that the Abode was a private house, not a public institution. In reply, I had to let him see that my visit, if made at all, must be made on public grounds. On these free terms, I went down from London to the Abode of Love.

As you roll from the quaint old streets of Bridgwater, by the caves of houses which must have been aged and poetic in the days when Blake was a little boy, into the green country lanes, you seem to be passing in a few moments from the age of Victoria into the age of Alfred. The road is bad, the mire is deep, and the descents are sharp. A strong stone farm peeps out here and there from the midst of oaks and firs. The lance are sunk below hedges of thorns and briers, so that an unfriendly force would find it no easy task to push their way from town to town. The streets just left behind seem to have been huddled for safety into a heap. No length of suburb melts the street into garden, the garden into cornfield. Two or three houses, thinking not little of their fine fronts and open grounds, make a rash attempt to pass for a suburb; but the simplest eye could at once detect the imposture. No; at the very gate of Bridgwater (a five-barred gate, with a crusty female guard) you plunge at a cost of sixpence into the Heptarchy. Saxon Somerset was, I fancy, green and bright, with corn-sheaves on these slopes; stone homesteads, snug with thatch, upon those knolls; with village towers and spires among the trees; and with a slow but sturdy population, like these Spaxton and Charlinch hinds, in all her deens and combes. You low dark line of Quantock hills, sombre with clumps of pine, and bright with breadths of pasture, cradled the sleepy and secluded hollow from the world.

Pull up the horses on the brow of this hill. The scene is beautiful with all the beauty of our western

land. In front springs a dome of cornfield, crowned with the picturesque nave and tower of Charlinch church. At the base of this hillock flows the soft wooded valley towards Over Stowy, a place renowned in the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge. distance, near enough for every glade and park to stand out freshly, run the Quantock hills. A spire, a hall, a castle, marks the site of some story famous in our early annals. But what, in this valley at our feet, in the winding lane on our left, is that fanciful and striking group of buildings; a church to which the spire has not yet been built; a garden, cooled by shrubs and trees; a greenhouse througed with plants; an ample sward of grass, cut through by winding walks; a row of picturesque cottages in the road, a second row in the garden; high gates by the church; a tangle of buildings in the front and rear; farms, granaries, stables, all of them crimson with creeping autumnal plants? That group of buildings is the Agapemone; the home of our male and femule saints.

In a few seconds we alight in front of the Abode of Love.

The large gates were closed, but the side-door stood ajar. The man who drove me seemed to be surprised at finding this door ajar; he, too, had been told that no one is admitted into the Abode of Love. Once in his life he had got into the stables, being taken inside by a groom who was proud of his horses, as he might very well be, since they had come from the royal stud. My driver told me with a shudder, he had heard it said in the village ale-house, that the strange people in the Abode of Love played billiards on a Sunday in the church. For himself, he would not mind a game of nine-pins on a Sunday afternoon; but he saw a great difference between poor fellows playing nine-

pins in the ale-house yard and gentlefolks hitting ivory balls in a church.

As I entered by the open door, a gentleman in black, whom I knew must be the Rev. George Robinson Thomas, once a student of St. David's College, next a deacon in the church, afterwards a curate at Charlinch, subsequently a witness for Brother Prince, now First of the Two Anointed Ones of these latter days,—came out from the house to see me and shake His form was fine, and his manner good—a tall figure, spare and well made, crowned by an intellectual head, with a clean face, and a pair of sharp blue eyes; a man who knew how to dress and to bear himself, in whom every line of a face no longer youthful, told you that your host had been a scholar and a preacher: - such was the gentleman, otherwise known to me from report as the husband of Agnes Nottidge, the hero of an alc-house comedy, and the worsted party in a scandalous suit. Had I met this gentleman in St. James's Square, without hearing his name, it would have been very hard to connect such a face and figure with a tale of fraud. Yet this dignified cleric, known to the lay world only as the husband of Agnes Nottidge, is accepted by the chosen few residing in the Abode of Love as First of the Two Anointed Ones, to whom has been given power to explain to men the mystery of the Seven Stars, to keep the Seven Golden Candlesticks, and to declare the Man whose name is the Branch.

Thomas led me into the chief room, which I saw at once was a church. Three ladies were seated near a piano, at which one of them was playing when we came in. My name was mentioned to them, by way of short introduction; they simply curtsied and left the room, their own names not having been pro-

nounced in turn. One of these three ladies, as I afterwards found by a lucky guess, had once been Julia Starky, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Starky (a clergyman of standing in society and of high repute in the English Church), and was now the second wife of Brother Prince; but she was not made known to me, either then or afterwards, by her married name.

After the usual remarks had been made about the fine morning and the pleasant drive, Thomas asked me if I would go at once to Brother Prince's room. I said I should first like to ask him four or five questions. He bowed, and bent himself to answer; but he seemed to be ill at ease while we remained alone: and our talk was now and then broken by the entrance of some sister, who slipped into the room, listened for a moment, and then went her way. I began to see that it is not the habit of this place to allow any brother, any sister, even one of age and rank, to hold private conversation with a guest. Each Saint appears to keep watch and ward upon his fellow. Prince may dwell apart, and hold himself accountable to none. But the rest of his people lie under bonds, and only act and speak in each other's presence. They move in pairs, and trines, and septetts. Thus, they have the Two Anointed Ones who declare the Man whose name is the Branch; they have the Seven Angels who sound the Seven Trumpets; with the like pluralities in person and in office. I was very soon struck by the fact that in this community of Saints, I was never to be left alone with either man or woman, or, indeed, with any number of persons of a single sex; a thing beyond my experience in the homes of either German or American Saints. Go where I would, these persons went about with me as guides and spies. The Two Anointed Ones acted as my hosts, but I never found

myself alone with them for five minutes. lounged into the lovely greenhouse, took a turn in the garden, idled about the stables and offices, either Sister Ellen, Sister Annie, or some other lady, would slip in quietly to our side, and take her share in any talk that might be going on. At first I thought this coming and staying of the sisters might be the result of female curiosity; since Sister Ellen told me, on one occasion, that she had not spoken to a stranger, excepting only a few words to a man who was mending a pane of glass in her room, for nine years! my first impression, I think, was wrong. was not casual; the motive was not curiosity. quitting the Abode of Love, I told the Rev. Samuel Starky (second of the Anointed Ones) that I was going up the hill to Charlinch, of which place he had once been Rector, to see the church and glebe; on which he said he would go with me, if I would walk. This was what I wished; on his old glebe, outside the Agapemone, I thought we might have some freer talk about his early days than I could hope to enjoy under Prince's roof. But on hearing that such were my wishes, Thomas said he would also go; and when we were ready to start, Sister Annie came out in her high boots and with her skirts tucked up, prepared to defy the dirty lanes. In short, some sister kept me in sight and hearing until I drove away from the Abode of Love.

To cut short my four or five questions, Thomas left the room. In a minute he returned to offer me food —a cup of coffee, a biscuit, a glass of wine. Being fresh from my early meal and cigar, I was declining his offer with thanks, when something in his way of pressing his little courtesy upon me struck me as like the manner of an Arab sheikh, who offers you bread and salt, not simply as food but as a sign of peace. "Let it be a glass of wine." A woman brought in a tray with biscuits and two decanters; one full of a good dry sherry, the other of a sweet new port; which she laid down on a table, and bidding me help myself, went out. For half an hour I was left alone with these two bottles in the church.

Yes; in the church; lounging on a red sofa, near a bright fire, in the colored light of high lancet windows, filled with rich stained glass; soft cushions beneath my feet; a billiard-table on my right hand; church furniture in oak and brass about me; and above my head the sacred symbol of the Lamb and Dove, flanked and supported by a rack of billiard-cues.

This room, I knew, was that in which the Great Manifestation had taken place; that mystic rite through which living flesh is said to have been reconciled to God. Lovely to the eye, calming to the heart, this chamber was, and is. The stained glass windows shut it in completely from the world, allowing nothing less ethereal than the light of day to penetrate these walls. A rich red Persian carpet covered the floor, in contrast with the dark-brown oaken roof. Red curtains draped the windows, the glass in which was painted with a mystical device; a lamb, a lion, and a dove—the lion standing on a bed of roses, with a banner on which these words are inscribed:

OH, HAIL, HOLY LOVE!

The chimney-piece was a fine oak frame of Gothic work, let in with mirrors. A harp stood in one corner of the room; a large euterpean in another. A few books lay on the tables, not much used, — Young's Night

Thoughts, a Turner Gallery, Wordsworth's Greece, and two or three more. Low bookcases ran round the walls, filled with religious volumes. Ivory balls lay on the green baize as if the Sisters had been recently at play. The whole room had in it a hush and splendor which affected the imagination with a kind of awe. How could I help thinking, as I sat alone, of that mystic drama in which Brother Prince had played the part of hero, "Madonna" Paterson the part of heroine?

"Do you work and play on Sundays?" I inquired of the First Anointed One, when he came back.

"We have no Sundays," he replied; "all days with us are Sabbaths, and everything we do is consecrated to the Lord."

They like to play games, I hear, on Sunday as a protest against the bondage of the world.

"Will you now come in to see Brother Prince?" said Thomas.

"Oh, yes," I answered softly; and the keeper of the Seven Stars and the Seven Golden Candlesticks led the way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITHIN THE ABODE.

OOD day, sir; I am glad to see you; take this of chair," said a gentleman in black, with sweet, grave face, a broad white neckeloth, and shining leather shoes. He had come to meet me at the door; he led me quietly into a neat, luxurious parlor, and seated me in an easy-chair beside the fire. The room was like a lady's boudoir; the furniture was rich and good; the chairs were cosy; and the ornaments were of the usual kind. I had come to Spaxton from a country house; and nothing in the room appeared to me much unlike what I had left behind, except the men and women who peopled it with life.

Prince sat in a semicircle of his elect; one brother and two sisters sitting on either side of him. On the wings of this half-circle sat the Two Anointed Ones; on the left wing, the Rev. Samuel Starky; on the right wing, the Rev. George R. Thomas. Next to Starky were Sister Ellen and Sister Zoe; next to Thomas were Sister Annie and Sister Sarah.

The Rev. Samuel Starky, eldest and whitest of my seven hosts, a tall, stout man of sixty-one years, with mild blue eyes, a little weak and wandering in expression, recalled to me at once the familiar faces of my Shaker friends. This gentleman was the first great convert made by Prince, — the first disciple who could bring to him the strength to be derived, in a courtly country such as ours, from money, education, social

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educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and at ne of his conversion he held the living of Charwhere his father, the old doctor of divinity, had as rector for many years. His name was well in these Somerset dales and woods, among the of which the Starkys had always held their very high. The manner of his call had been e, - as he thinks, miraculous; since the Lord ot only saved his forfeit soul from hell, but ed back his body from the jaws of death. While I him absent from his parish, sick, and as some lying, in the Isle of Wight, Prince had come to nch as his curate. "I was near to death," said ed minister, as we afterwards paced the garden-; "the doctor had given me up for lost; and I old one morning by my nurse that I could not ntil that night. At noon the post brought me a from a clerical friend in Bath, with a printed paper, which he prayed might be read to me. too late, before I died. It was a sermon. I the words not only full of grace, but full of They fell upon my soul like rain on a thirsty When the reading was done, I asked the her's name; and only then heard that he was my

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few weeks after that call from a dying bed I was Charlinch, in my curate's arms." From that he Starky has never left the master, at whose side he me stands as Second of those Two Anointed Ones, whom is lodged the mystery of the Seven Stars, the Golden Candlesticks, and the Man whose name the Branch.

Two of the four ladies who sat in this half-ring would have been thought comely in any place; one of them was very lovely, most of all so when her face was in repose. The first, a lady whom I heard the Brethren address as Sister Annie, was a very fine-model of female beauty in middle life; plump, rosy, ripe; with a pair of laughing eyes, a full red cheek, and ripples of curling dark-brown hair. Some softness of the place lay on her, as on all the rest: hush in her movement, waiting in her eyes, and silence on her lips. She was the only woman whom I saw at Spaxton who seemed to be in perfect health.

The second lady, whom I afterwards came to know as Sister Zoc, was one of those rare feminine creatures who lash poets into song, who drive artists to despair, and cause common mortals to risk their souls for love. You saw, in time, that the woman was young, and lithe, and dressed in the purest taste; but you could not see all this at once; for when you came, by a quick turn of the passage, into her presence, you saw nothing about her save only the whiteness of her brow, the marble-like composure of her face, the wondrous light of her big blue eyes. She sat there, nestling by the side of Prince; in a robe of white stuff, with violet tags and drops; the tiny streaks of color throwing out into relief, as it were, the creamy paleness of her cheek. But for the beaming light in her eye, Guercino might have painted such a girl for one of his rapt and

Thourning angels. A high brow, an oval face, a small routh and chin, a brown head of hair, pearl-like teeth, and those lustrous orbs! In fact, I do not know that I have ever seen a face more full of high, serene, and happy thought; and yet, while gazing on her folded lands and saintly brows, some instinct in my blood compelled me, much against my will, to think of her in connection with that scene which had taken place in the adjoining church; that daring rite, the strangest mystery, perhaps the darkest iniquity of these latter clays: through which Prince asserts, and Thomas testifies, that God has reconciled living flesh unto Himself, and introduced His final dispensation on the earth.

Of the other two ladies I shall say no more than that Sister Sarah is young and tall, and that Sister Ellen is about fifty-five years old.

By what names these ladies had been known in the world I could not learn, except in one case, that of Sister Ellen, whose name of Perry I hit upon by chance. They make a secret of their family histories. "We have no business with the world, nor has the world anything more to do with us," said Starky. Once, when Sister Zoe was lifting up her voice to address me, as all the Sisters had done in turn, I asked by what name I should speak to her. "Zoe," she replied.

Now, it chanced, some time ago, that I had learned from another source the family name of the young lady who had been made the heroine of that mysterious rite in the Abode of Love, through which living flesh is said to have been reconciled and saved. That family name was Paterson; and I should have liked to hear whether Sister Zoe and "Madonna" Paterson were one.

"But think," I urged; "I am a layman and a stranger; how can I use these sweet, familiar names?"

"Pray do so," answered Zoe; "it is very nice."

"No doubt, if I were here a month; meantime it would be easier for me to call you Miss ——"

"Call me Zoe," she answered with a patient smile: "Zoe; nothing but Zoe."

Looking towards Prince, I said, "Do your people take new names on coming into residence, like the monks and nuns of an Italian convent?"

"Not like monks and nuns," said Prince; "we do not put ourselves under the protection of our saints. We have no saints. We simply give ourselves to God, of whom this mansion is the seat. At yonder gates we leave the world behind; its words, its laws, its passions; all of which we hold to be things of the devil's kingdom. Living in the Lord, we follow His leading light, even in the simple matter of our names. You will hear them all in time. They call me Beloved. I call this lady Zoe, because the sound pleases me. I call Thomas there, Mossoo, because he speaks French so well."

I never got with the Saints beyond this point. When I was bidding them good-bye, I said to Zoe, holding her hand in mine, "May I not hear some word to know you by when I am far away?"

"Yes; Zoe," she said and smiled.

"Zoe . . . what else?" Her thin lips parted, as if to speak. What was she about to say? Was the name that rose to her lips Paterson . . . a word unspoken for years in the Abode of Love? Who knows? Instead of answering me, though her fingers were linked in mine, she turned to Prince, and whispered in her melting tones, "Beloved!" Prince answered to me for her, in a voice of playful softness; "She is Zoe; you must think of her as Zoe; nothing else."

CHAPTER XXIV.

BELOVED.

THE gentleman, who is called by his followers Be-L loved, in the sensuous idiom of the Song of Songs -is fifty-six years old, spare in person, of middle height, with a pallid cheek, and the traces of much pain and weariness on his wan cheek. His face is very sweet, his manner very smooth. He has about him something of a woman's grace and charm. smile is very soft; and the key of his voice is low. He has the look of one who had never yet been vexed into rage and strife. In his eyes, which are apt to close, you see, as it were, a light from some other sphere. He sat in the centre of this group of men and women, rapt in his own dreams, into which he fell the moment we sat down before his warm and cheery fire. When the sound of voices roused him. he crossed his hands upon his black frock, put his shiny shoes on the rug, and bore a luxurious part in my first long and singular conversation with the Saints.

In the Abode of Love, I had to hear again a good many things the like of which I had heard before. Elder Frederick on Mount Lebanon, Brigham Young in Salt Lake City, Father Noyes at Oneida Creek, had each received me in much the same way as Brother Prince received me at Spaxton. In every case I found a clue to these zealots' hearts through avenues opened to me by previous travels in the Holy Land. Every one has some question to ask about

the Grotto in Bethlehem, the Fountain of Nazareth, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Tomb on Calvary; and I have always found that from these subjects to the great question of the Second Coming of our Lord—a profound conviction of which event lies at the root of all these social and religious creeds—is but a step. Prince talked a good deal; but he was rather full than frank in his discourse. He made many pauses; stopping to explain his words, unsaying what he seemed to have said; and on some points making openly large reserves.

On general questions he was frank enough. "You hold," I asked him, "that the day of grace is past?"

"We know," he answered, "that the day of grace is past; that Christ has left the mercy-seat; and that the day of judgment is at hand."

"You expect the world to pass away?"

"The old world is no more. God has withdrawn from it His own."

"Do you, then, hold that all mankind beyond these walls—the millions after millions of men and women, will all be lost?"

"It is God's will; not ours. Has it not always been so? How many men were sheltered in the ark? Was any man called save Abraham and his seed? How many men did Jesus draw aside unto Himself?"

"How many are you in the Abode?" I asked of Thomas.

"About sixty souls in all."

At this moment a man-servant, dressed in sober black, came into the room. "You count the domestics in that number?"

"Yes," said Thomas; "they are all members of our family and share its blessings."

"Do you take the service needed in the house, each

in turn, like the Brethren and Sisters of Mount Lebanon?" I saw a faint smile ripple on the servant's face.

"Oh, no," broke in upon us Sister Ellen; "we do nothing of that kind; our people serve us; but they do it all in love."

"Do you mean," I said, "that they serve you without being paid their wages?" No reply was given to my question, except a laugh from the lady and a grin from the domestic.

"Among these sixty inmates, how many are male and female? How many are young, how many grown up?"

"The sexes are nearly equal," answered Thomas; "there are no children."

"None at all?" I asked, thinking of the Great Manifestation, and what was said to have come of it.

"You do not understand the life we live here in the Lord. We neither marry nor give in marriage. Those who married in the world aforetime, live as though they had not. Men house apart from women, and know no craving after devil's love; but are as the angels in heaven, in whom is eternal life."

"What do you wish me to understand as devil's love?"

"All love that is of the flesh — all love that is not holy, spiritual, and of God."

"Did I not see a child, a little girl, playing about on the sward just now?"

"She is the broken link in our line of life; a child of shame; a living witness of the last great triumph of the devil in the heart of man."

"You speak of Miss Paterson's child?"

"She is Satan's offspring—Satan's doing in the flesh," said Thomas, with deep emotion. A look of

anguish clouded all their faces, except the face of Sister Zoe, who kept the sweet serenity of her countenance quite unmoved. "The work of that time," put in Sister Ellen, with a sigh, "was the saddest thing I have ever known. For one whole year we lay in the shadow of death, and near to hell; but God wrought out His purpose in us. It was a bitter time for all; but most for our Beloved."

"Your rule of life, then, is like that of nuns and monks—a rule of abstinence?"

"The rule of angels," answered Prince; "a rule of pure enjoyment in the Lord. Our brethren and sisters live in love, but not in sin; for sin is death, and ours is a life eternal in the Lord."

"Do you mean in the spirit, in another world, as all good men hope to live?"

"We mean alike in the body and in the spirit; for flesh is now saved and reconciled to God."

"Then you accept the physical resurrection as the doctrine is laid down in the English Church?"

"No; we reject that doctrine. We are the resurrection; and in that we are the life."

"Yet all men die?"

"Yes," said Thomas; "they have mostly done so; death has been men's portion, and they have died; but death is subject to the Lord in whom we live. We shall not die, unless it be His purpose not to save us."

"You expect to die?"

"No, never," said the First Anointed One; "we have no such thought."

"But some among you have passed away; Louisa Nottidge, for example?"

"Yes, the Lord has done His will upon them; they have erred, and they are gone; but many examples do

not make a necessary rule. Elijah's kindred died in the flesh, yet the prophet was caught up into the heavens a living man. Though I should see that valley choking with ten thousand corpses, the sight would not convince me that I should one day have to die."

"You seem to think but lightly of the dead?"

"We think of them as men who have not been wholly saved; who have not been snatched from the power of Satan in the flesh. Those whom God has saved will live."

"Where do you bury the departed out of sight—in a churchyard, in consecrated ground, like other Christians, or in some lonely field, as the Shakers do?"

"Some lie at the farm, some rest under this green lawn; we have no consecrated ground; for we think the clay that is not saved alive, goes back into the earth from which it sprang."

"Seeing that you all grow older, and that some of you drop away, you must admit that death may come?"

- "Not so," said Beloved, "we never think of death; we never expect it. We know that God is a living God, and that we are alive in Him. Death is a word that belongs to time."
 - "But we all live in time."
- "You live in time," said Beloved; "we do not; and we know nothing of it."
 - "Have you no sense of time?"
- "None," replied the First Anointed One. "These terms are yours, not God's; you have invented them to represent earthly facts. We stand in another place."
- "You see the sun rise and wane," I urged; "you know that yesterday was Friday, that to-morrow will be Sunday; that spring-time passes and the harvest comes about?"

"Well, yes," said Beloved, in a pitying tone; "we feel the flow of love which you have taken as your measure of time: but it is no sign of change to us, who dwell for ever in the living God."

To see how men of gentle birth, of college training, of ministerial office, living in the most conservative society and church in Europe, have been brought to admit these doctrines and to breathe these passions, we must go back a little way, and tell the story of their lives.

Mainly from their own reports, partly also from the reports of friends and enemics, the materials for the following sketches have been drawn.

CHAPTER XXV.

LAMPETER BRETHREN.

SOME thirty years ago, a group of young men of parts, who had been thrown together as students of divinity, in the college of St. David's, Lampeter, in Cardiganshire, had formed themselves into a praying and revival order, under the name of the Lampeter Brethren. St. David's was a new college, founded by Bishop Burgess, a few years earlier, for the training of young men on easier terms than Oxford and Cambridge offered, as ministers in the English Church; mainly with a view to supplying a better class of preachers to that branch of the Church which daily finds itself face to face with the spirit of dissent and separation in the southern counties of Wales. Up to that time, it had met with but a fair return of fruit

Fine scenery, a good house, and cheap living (near a capital trout stream), had done something for the prim little town. Students had come in; a few pastors, mostly Welsh ones, had been sent out; but the spirit of the place had continued cold. The young men had thought more of catching fish than of saving souls. The fires of Oriel had hardly kindled in them the revival flame.

The Rev. Alfred Ollivant, vice-principal, was a man of the world, a high wrangler, a senior medallist, of much distinction in his craft, well trained in the subtletics of verbal fence; yet one, it was thought by some, who was less concerned for the souls of perishing sinners than for his own advancement in the Church. A sound scholar, a fine preacher, a keen critic, knowing his own work and worth, he was said by his more zealous pupils to be keeping a sharp eye on all such chances as might fall in his way of a rector's living or a professor's chair. He was so far an image of clay as to enjoy a rush across country, and to know the difference between port wine and claret: nay, he had been known, when his heart was glad, to listen with pleasure to an ancient ballad. these weaknesses, not to style them vices, the young revival students held him in contempt: as a wolf in sheep's clothing, as a creature on whom the devil had set his mark.

I must add, that in after-years they came to see more clearly, and to speak more justly of this eminent divine. "Ollivant was a good man," Thomas said to me, during one of our conversations, at the Abode of Love. "We judged him sternly in our youth, but we think that since that time he has been good and wise, according to the measure of his light."

The means which these Lampeter Brethren pro-

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posed to use, in order to promote a glorious work if the college and in the town, was prayer. All true religion, they told each other, begins and ends with prayer. Prayer is the natural pathos of the soul. Prayer is the only path by which man may draw near to God. When a child of grace departs from his father's presence, it is because he has either ceased to pray, or forgotten how to pray aright. God cannot help but hear and answer prayer; and those happy souls who have managed to take heaven by violence have always captured it in prayer. To pray, therefore, is the first duty, and the highest profit of those who seek to do the will of God on earth. The young Lampeter Brethren desired to be known among both their English friends and their Welsh neighbors as the Praying Brotherhood. They met to pray; and they sent out a call to such as might feel with them, to come and pray.

Prayer was their business; all their pleasure praise.

Like many of their brother mystics in every age of the Church, they adopted the Song of Solomon as their favorite book; reading it in the spiritual sense so often assigned to it by commentators; as a picture, drawn by a cunning hand, of that perfect passion which, in the fulness of time, was to inflame the regenerate soul towards Christ, so that the Lord and His Church might burn and fuse into one. Hence they never tired of murmuring, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth;" of crying in their zeal for him, "Thy love is better than wine." In their dreams they heard a voice saying to them, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;" and listening, as it were, in sleep, they heard a voice in the street cry out to them, "Open to me, my sister, my love, my

dove, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night." All the warm words of this Song were on their lips, and all its delicious imageries lay about their hearts.

At first they had been few in number - half-a-dozen, perhaps half-a-score; but, as they had left the gates of mercy open to the world, a few others had entered A dozen persons, perhaps, in all, threw in their lot with these revival youths; most of them students in the college, with two or three poor outsiders from the town. They had met in each other's rooms, where they prayed, and sang, and searched each "Kiss me with the kisses of thy other's hearts. mouth," they cried, . . . "thy love is better than wine, . . . thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse. . . . How fair and pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" No one can say that in the midst of these soft and mystic yearnings they had spared each other's faults. With a keen and cruel zest they had bared all sores, and probed all wounds, groaning the while in spirit, and shedding tears of brine over what they beheld around them of a perishing world. truth, their lines had been cast into a pleasant rather than into a holy place. Cradled in green woods, and lapped by shining waters, Lampeter lay in a valley rich in all natural beauties, but she was very far indeed from being clothed in piety and grace. The rough Welsh mining mob, who knew no idiom save their own, had been used to spend their Sundays and holidays in drinking, fighting, and blaspheming; the mining gentry were hardly better than the peasants and quarrymen; and even in the town itself, under the college walls, these hardy critics could find more offences than those which, in the Cities of the Plain, had plucked down fire from heaven. How could this perishing world be saved? By the college? No! cried these youths in their holy zeal. This sacred school was no whit better than the wicked quarry and decorous town. Their chief was known to be looking out for place; the rank and file of students were given to climbing hills and whipping streams, to quoting Horace and drinking beer. As the First among these Brethren said in his wrath, a stranger at St. David's might have gathered from their studies and demeanor, that the whole community was being prepared, not for service in the pulpit, but for strutting on the stage.

From these dead and dying worlds of sin, the Brethren had drawn themselves apart, to watch and pray; so that, when the day of wrath should come, they might be ready to flee out of the city and escape the consuming fire.

Among these young men were Henry James Prince, Arthur Augustus Rees, Lewis Price, George Robinson Thomas, John Lewis, Thomas Williams, Thomas Evans, and David Thomas.

Their founder and leader was the first in this list, Henry James Prince.

Prince was a few years older than most of his friends—three or four years, perhaps, on the average—for divinity had not been his first attempt in life. He had come to St. David's College to begin his course at an age when he ought to have been a settled man; for when he entered his name on the roll of pupils, he had already passed into his twenty-sixth year.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BROTHER PRINCE.

PRINCE was born at Bath, in the year of wonder 1811, the season of the great comet—a thing which his admirers do not seem to have noted, since they would hardly have failed to draw strange morals from such a fact. As a boy, he lived with his mother and sister, gentlefolks who had once seen better days, and who then let lodgings in that city of dowagers. invalids, and preachers. They lived in Widcombe Crescent, Number five; their chief, if not only tenant, being Martha Freeman, a maiden lady of very uncertain age. Martha had money. The daughter of a West Indian planter, she had come from abroad to reside in Bath, on account of her feeble health and declining years, and had taken up her abode in the house of Mrs. Prince, a widow with a brood of boys and girls about her. Martha was a pious woman; a Roman Catholic by birth.

Prince was an ailing child, with a very bad stomach, and digestive organs always out of play. Like many other ailing children, he was very much open to religious comfort; delighting in going to church, in reading the Bible, and in saying his prayers. As he now sees and says, he was perfect in the Gospel, even as a child, and before the work of grace had begun in his soul. In these pious exercises he was very much urged and helped by the elderly maiden lady who had come to lodge in his mother's house. "You will not

wonder at his love for Martha," said Brother Thomas to me, "when I tell you that he owed his conversion to her—that she was the means of bringing him to God."

The widow Prince had three sons, William, George. and Henry, with three or four daughters. One of her sons had gone into the Church, and she had hoped to see her youngest son, Henry, become a country doctor, a profession for which there is ample room in Bath. To this end he had been placed, at sixteen years of age, in the shop of an apothecary in Wells, where he had stayed, with intervals caused by sickness, for nearly seven years. More than once his hold on life was given up; once, at least, the Sacrament was administered to him, in the presence of Martha Freeman, in his mother's room. When he went up to London, in the hope of being coaxed through his examination, he lodged in the Borough, walked the wards of Guy's Hospital, and kept his terms in Wells Street school. A friend of mine, Dr. Noble, who was his fellow-student, speaks of his way of life at that time in terms of highest praise. As a young man he lived in London like a saint. It is little to say that he neither drank, nor swore, nor gambled, nor ran wild in love. These are coarse words, and mean coarse things, quite foreign to his nature. He lived, so far as a keen observer saw, a life which was pure in thought as well as clean in fact. Vice offended him, not only in his feeling but in his taste.

In 1832, he passed Apothecary's Hall; took out his license to kill and cure; and got the appointment of medical officer to the General Hospital in Bath. Frail as any of his patients, Prince yet strove, with a young man's zest, to gain a place in the medical world. For nearly three years he held his course; then he had to

ride up to town for counsel with doctors on a malady of his own; when he found that he had thrown away those years in fighting against his fate. In London, a terrible sickness fell upon him, and a painful operation had to be performed. "I nearly bled to death," he says; "for a week I lay without moving, and it was five weeks before I could leave my room." During these waking nights and days, he made up his mind that he would strive no more, whether good or evil came of it; that he would no longer give his days to learning the surgeon's art. In the voice of Martha he heard a call to a higher work. He now took up his cross, and bent his spirit to the task of converting and saving souls; being at that time perfectly unaware that his own soul needed to be saved.

A change of scene, a sea-voyage, a tour to the north, were recommended by his doctor, who thought that Bath was too warm and damp for him, and that the sharper air of a northern country would do him good. His brother lived near Durham, at the village of Shincliffe, near the cathedral city, where he held a living; and to him, by a round of sea-trips, Prince was sent; the course of his travels lying through Guernsey, London, Edinburgh, and Durham; in the last of which places he found his brother's neighbors in what appeared to him a very bad way.

The rough lads of the north astounded this good young man from Bath. They drank deep, they swore loud, they fought hard. The grown men loved their puppies and beat their wives. Few of these rude fellows put their heads into a church; their Sunday mornings being chiefly spent in fighting out quarrels of the previous week. Nor were the masters better than the men, except that their amusements were supposed by some to be of a less brutal kind. As Prince walked

to church, he heard the hunter's cry come across the fields. The church, an old barn, was only a quarter full. Surely, he said to himself, here were a pasture and a field demanding an instant shepherd; these and many others like them in the north. Prince was told that these people hated parsons; he saw they did so, even though he stood in sight of the cathedral towers and theological schools of Durham; and he only grieved that he could not say, in his heart, that these rude people hated their pastors on account of their righteousness. He could not say so.

Next day he trudged into Durham; sought an interview with the college warden; learned the time and terms of studentship; resolved on the spot that he would seek a door into the church, and give up his life to the task of saving souls from hell.

On going back to Bath he only changed this plan so far as to accept St. David's College, Lampeter, as a nearer and a cheaper place of study than Durham.

Martha Freeman was warm for Lampeter, which is far less distant from Bath than the northern university. and Martha's wish was a growing power in Widcombe Crescent. By this time the young Anglican had fallen into love with his elderly Catholic teacher, and the venerable spinster had fallen into love with her sickly charge. In truth, the action of this youth on the old maid, of this old maid on the young man, had been strange and strong. She had made him a Christian; he had made her an Anglican. While she had been drawing him into grace, he had been sapping in her the foundations of her early faith. Each had converted the other. To complete the string of contradictions, he had begun, while still regarding her as his spiritual mother, to look on her as a future wife. was old enough to have been his mother in the flesh.

"You must not think of Brother Prince," said Sister Ellen to me, "as courting and marrying in the usual way; both his wives have been older than himself: Martha was an old woman when he took her." In fact, he seems never to have thought of Martha as another man would have been sure to think of a lady whom he proposed to make his wife. He dreamt of her only as a bride of the Spirit, as that sister and spouse about whom he had read so much.

When Martha and his other friends proposed that he should join the classes in Lampeter, in place of going to Durham, he paused in doubt. The rough lads in the north had been the means of forcing him into taking that instant step towards the Church. How could he run away from the scene of his call? He opened his favorite Canticles, the first chapter of which he read through once more with a beating heart, repeating to himself, as he sat in his room, gazing on the feeble charms of the woman who was at one and the same time his spiritual mother and his spiritual daughter, "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair!" Then he got on the coach, and was driven from Bath into the loveliest scenery to be found in the south of Wales.

When he had first come to Lampeter, he seems to have been considered, both by his masters and by his fellows, as a shining light. His life was pure, his spirit eager, his aspect grave, his apprehension quick. Those who were rich in gifts of the Spirit had been drawn to him, as to a magnetic centre. Arthur Augustus Rees, who in after-life became his fiercest adversary, admits not only that the new-comer was the glory of St. David's as to piety and learning, but that if ever man lived on earth like a saint, Prince was that man. Though feeble in body, he fasted much, and prayed



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He took no delight in the doings of young still more. men, - in fishing, walking-parties, and country jaunts. -but gave up his nights to study, and spent his days in visiting the poor and the sick. Rees had been a sailor; but he had given up the quarter-deck for the pulpit; and being of nearly Prince's own age, he soon became his closest and dearest friend. Prince proposed to Rees that they should meet for prayer; a proposal which led to the institution known as the Lampeter Brethren, since other men, inspired by the Holy Ghost, came into fellowship with them. eager to labor with them for the good of souls. students, generally, ridiculed first, and then resented, the foundation of this separate brotherhood; not without show of reason, perhaps; since these brethren made it one of their formal rules that they should pray for themselves, and for the college. Some among the students went so far as to say they did not want these prayers, and nearly all of them regarded these meetings as implying on the part of Prince and his friends a superior sanctity, and a higher acceptance of the Lord. In fact, there could be no more dispute about Prince's spiritual pride than about his manner, his scholarship, and his morality. On one auspicious day he went to a christening; wine was passing freely round, and some zealous friend proposed that the company should join in drinking the baby's health. Prince, who objected to the toast as savoring of pride in the flesh, made a counter-proposal that they should fall down on their knees and pray for the good of the infant's soul. Another day he was asked to a party. given by the Rev Alfred Ollivant on his promotion in the church. The bottle was being pushed about, and some one began to sing, when Prince rose up from the table, followed by Rees, and abruptly left the

room; their departure being hailed by the company with jeers and hisses.

In the meetings of the Lampeter Brethren, Prince. with his soft voice and placid mien, affected a tone of authority which rather galled his friends, since he assumed a right to speak before them in the name and by the power of the Holy Ghost. Rees describes him at this date as a man of prayer and self-denial, careless of the world's praise, a powerful searcher of hearts, who lived in his own person a holy life, and who never spoke to the transgressor without effect. Many, said Rees, were blessed in his ministry; and when Prince came finally into the public avowal of that faith which has since shaped his course, this pious and steadfast friend, who had known him better than any one else in Lampeter, could only exclaim in anguish and despair, "Thus fell that dear child of God!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLINCH.

A FTER Prince had passed and been ordained for service, he received the offer of a curacy at Charlinch; which offer he laid before the Lord in prayer; and after much waiting for a sign, he accepted it, by the firm belief that in going to Charlinch he was obeying the will of God.

The Rev. Samuel Starky, Rector of that parish, being sick and absent, the whole duty of the church fell upon the new curate, and the new curate's wife. Yes, upon his wife; for among the changes which

had come upon Prince, before he left Lampeter, was that of being married to Martha Freeman, the bride of his soul.

Before the newly wedded pair removed from Cardigan to Somerset, a work of grace is said to have been accomplished in the soul and in the flesh of As he told me himself, he died to the flesh, and was born a second time to the Spirit. He put off the old man, he discarded self, he ceased to commit sin, and even to be capable of sin. As I sat with him in his own parlor at the Agapemone, he put the question of this change in his person beyond reach of "In me," he said, with a gravity which was almost solemn, "you see Christ in the flesh, Christ in my flesh." The Holy Spirit, as he told me in so many words, had entered into him, had died in him, so that his old body was no longer living, and the form in which he moved was a new creation of the Lord, like unto the old, but not the old. From that time he had become identified in body and in soul with the Holy Spirit. I asked Prince if he wished me to understand that he thought himself an incarnation of the Spirit? He would not use the word incarnate, because Sister Zoe and Sister Annie would not then be able to follow us in what we said, since they were not scholars and metaphysicians; but he declared that the Holy Spirit was in his flesh, and was his flesh, and that he had no wish, no hope, no life apart from the Holy Spirit.

At Lampeter he had fallen in with the writings of Gerhard Tersteegen, the German mystic and psalmist; in which he had found the record of a vague, yet sweet and tender longing for communion with the Heavenly Father, answered to the soul's content, by an assumed absorption of the human supplicant in the personality of God. In Tersteegen, the absorp-

tion is, I think, to be understood of the will only; but Prince, who clove to this divine idea, sought to make it true, not of the will only, but of the flesh. From this old German dreamer, he learned to think little of himself, to distrust his own insight, his own reasoning power. What is the use of intellect in a fallen creature, prone from his birth to sin? What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul? The wage of sin is death. What hope then shall a sinner find in his perishing state? None. Prince thought and said, "Except in the free love of God in Christ." Man could do nothing of himself to save his soul, for the malady under which he suffered was past his finite powers. The fall of man is in the spirit. Prince laid down the dogma of salvation thus: "Sin must be pardoned in the conscience, ere it can be subdued in the HEART."

Hence, on his own part, he became eager to shed the consciousness of self; to nurse no wishes of his own; to wait and watch for the divine suggestion; and to yield up every thought of his soul to guidance from above. Day by day he parted from the world. If he was going out for a stroll, he would inquire of God whether it would rain. If he wanted a chair in his room, he would ask leave of the Spirit to buy one. He would not put on a new coat, take up an umbrella, without resort to prayer. Nay, he abandoned the habit of judging for himself in the commonest things, to follow what he called the promptings of the Spirit, even when they urged him to act against what seemed to be his good.

Of the great change which he said took place in his soul, it would be unfair to give any other story than his own. Indeed, he felt some doubt whether it was lawful even for himself to enter upon this sacred

theme. "I have passed," he said, "right through the middle of life, and come out on the other side into God." Elsewhere, and in other words, he describes himself as having died to the flesh. "I die daily. My inward life is undergoing a gradual destruction." At last his will was slain and put away. The man, Henry James Prince, existed no longer; he had been crucified in the flesh and in the spirit; and all that remained of what had once been the Lampeter student, was a visible embodiment of the Holy Spirit.

Charlinch, the village in Somerset to which the spiritual pair, at once mother and son, bridegroom and bride, removed from Lampeter, lay in a low valley, on a cross road, far from the world; it had two hundred ploughmen, a careless and distant gentry, an absent pastor, and a good fat glebe. The church was small and poor, in a fine position, on a high knoll, from which the eye swept joyously along copse and corn-field to the dark-green hills; but the tower was rent, the roof was unsafe, the graveyard heaped and rough. Pews of the bad kind blocked up all the space inside; and the sacred edifice had, on the whole, a look of dirt, neglect, and death. Two houses stood on the hill of Charlinch, and flanked the church: the rectory on one side, on the other side a farm. rectory was a good stone house, built in a garden, fenced by a high wall, and sheltered by rows of trees. Under this wall lay the glebe land; a fine fat field, which dropped down a sunny slope, and sent into the pastor's mill abundance of golden grain. Farms dotted the rolling valley, and parks adorned the ascending slopes. As to the people who dwelt in these farms, they were brutish and dull, perhaps, rather than vicious and lost. If a stranger in this valley has a sense of being suddenly swept back into the Heptarchy, nothing

suggests to his mind the wickedness which flourished in the Cities of the Plain. From Starky I learned that neither in his early days nor since has there ever been a public-house in Charlinch!

Into this rough bucolic Eden, Prince and his bride were suddenly thrown. Now, thought Prince, was the time for God's reign to commence on earth; and as he gazed from the rectory window over the sleepy hollow up towards the Quantock hills, he felt his soul inspired to begin the work. Martha was at his side, his faithful and devoted spouse, frail in body, bent with suffering, and white with age, yet ready for her share, and more than her share, of toil in this vineyard of the Lord.

For more than twelve months after his coming to Charlinch, Prince went on pounding away at his rough quarry; the simple staring, the cynics laughing, at what they thought the fun of his revival warmth. For a long time the revival passion burnt in him without igniting his hearers. Three persons from an adjoining parish clomb up the hillside to his house, and spoke with him about their souls; but no man, no woman, in his own congregation made a sign. What should be do next? His sister, his spouse, was sickening of her work; and she became so feeble, that her husband was compelled to carry her to Bath. heart began to faint. But his reward was nearer than he thought; for some of his sermons had appeared in print, and one of them had found its way to the bedside of his rector in the Isle of Wight, on whom it had wrought what seemed to him a miraculous call-On his sudden and strange recovery from sickness, the Rev. Samuel Starky had set out for Charlinch, where he found his curate struggling with his misery, and took the sufferer to his heart. The Lord, says Prince,

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united these two men in one body and one sor Starky had private means, and, what was of ye more moment to his curate, he was a man of mile and vielding temper, who from admiration for Prince became a Lampeter brother, and adopted his theory of the Holy Spirit. Prince reports that, although this friend supported him by prayers and goodwill, he did not presume to meddle with his work. Five new cases of conversion came before him: among them an old fellow of seventy-five; a widow of eighty; a wicked old crone of seventy-four. These were but the first-fruits of his zeal. A stir was now seen in the church: a farmer, a farmer's wife, a roadster, a milkmaid, came in for ghostly counsel; in a few weeks nearly thirty persons had become alarmed for their souls. Prince called a meeting for prayer on Tuesday evening; he gave a lecture on Friday evening; he founded a special meeting for prayer on Sunday morning, before the ordinary congregation came to church. A month later, he was bold enough to set apart one night in the week for prayer; when the more zealous of his followers could spend the night together, praying, chanting, groaning, weeping, -asking God to vouchsafe a sign of His presence, to pour out His Spirit on their minister, and to show them the day of an especial grace.

Starky grew limp and low; this tumult overpowering him, so that he could not preach, and hardly read the service. One Sunday, when he climbed into the pulpit, he could not speak; his mouth was shut up as by an angel; he could only sob out his excuses, and beg the people who had faith in prayer to come into the rectory, and help him to pray for light. About fifty persons followed him into the house, and kneeling down in rows, poured out their souls to God.

Rumors of this scene ran through the towns and combes between the Polden hills and the Quantock hills. From Bridgwater and Spaxton, from Cannington and Over Stowy, crowds came pouring in to see the dumb parson - mobs which collected in the village, and then hurried into the church to laugh and jeer. One Sunday the silent man gave tongue. The church was crowded with people, among whom there was much idle and profane curiosity, but not, I fancy, much devotion. Starky, who was still shut up-"a mere dumb dog," as our Puritan fathers used to say, walked to his desk as usual, and stood by his book, to see how the Lord would deal with him that day. A spirit of prayer fell on him. He kuelt, and poured out a flood of words; then, rising to his feet, he read the text in a clear voice, and preached a sermon such as those who heard it never could forget—a strain not loud and fierce, as of high human eloquence, but soft, and sad, and solemn as life and death; "searching as fire, heavy as a hammer, and sharper than a twoedged sword." A strange fear fell on the people. Many of the men dropped their heads on their chests; nearly all the women sobbed and shrieked; one impenitent urchin laughed.

Prince now proposed that they should winnow the harvest, separating the grain from the chaff, the converted from the lukewarm; but the lukewarm did not like to be called chaff, and when they saw that Prince was not a man to go back in what he said, they got up stories against him and his friend. They were the higher class of farmers, artisans, and dealers. They paid their tithes, they rode to hunt, they dressed in decent clothes; in fact, they considered themselves as the very flower of the Charlinch flock. These men made a noise which was heard by the Right Reverend



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Father in God, George Henry Law, in his palace at Wells, where the report of a revival riot was anything but welcome to the aged bishop. The chaff, on being winnowed, not only left the church, but used their power to prevent their wives and servants from attending either the evening or the Sunday service. Broils arose in these farms. Women, prevented from going to the evening meetings, said they would leave their homes; husbands, black with jealousy and anger, threatened that if the women went to meeting they would kill them; boys and girls quarrelled with their parents, servants with their masters; while the ungodly rabble took advantage of this uproar to hoot and Starky, now under Prince's rule, would not listen to advice from without to go back to the usage of an older time, when every man in Charlinch went to church and enjoyed his Sunday nap. In the end. the advisers of his aged and venerable bishop came down from Wells with his mandate, and silenced the revival priest.

Prince now paused in doubt, and, but for the counsel of Rees and others of the Lampeter Brethren, he would probably have gone out at once from the Established Church. On finding that peace could be restored to Charlinch and the nearer parishes only by Prince's removal to another county, Bishop Law's advisers asked him to resign his license, and seek a field of usefulness in the Church elsewhere. But how could a revival preacher be made to see that a prudent course was the line for him to take? Prince replied to his bishop's counsellors that these things were of God, and not of man; that he had not come to Charlinch of his own design; and that he could not leave it save by an intimation from above. Then came an order to deprive him. How was he to take this signal? Prince

went to his room, and fell upon his knees. Was this mandate from Wells a summons from on high? At first he thought it was; so he took a room, where he announced that in future he should preach to such as would come and hear him. Some few farmers left their church; not many, but enough to form a centre for restless souls. Thus began the movement, which ended, after Starky had also been deprived, in what was called the Charlinch Free Church.

In the midst of these commotions Martha died. Then, with a swiftness which shocked his enemies and amazed his friends, the doting husband of this fairest among women was married to a second wife.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOSPEL LOVE.

YOU must not judge of what Beloved may do by common rules," said Starky, when I told him how such haste in marrying a second time affected men and women of decent mind. "It was a great affliction to him, but he could not put the thing away." I must have smiled at these words of the Anointed One; for he added, in a pleading tone: "You judge him ill; he could not help it, since it was the will of God."

"That he should marry a second time?"

"It was done for God's glory, not man's profit."

The second wife, as I learned elsewhere, had a small annuity of eighty pounds a year. "I was near him," Starky said, "all through this trial. I saw him suffer in the body and in the spirit. I suffered with him; and I also suffered with his wife, who was my sister

and my nurse, my best companion, and my dearest friend. None of us could help it. Neither he nor she would willingly have undergone that fiery ordeal. They became man and wife, not of their own desire, but simply because it was the will of God."

To put this second bridal before the reader's eyes in its completeness, I must go back to the earlier love.

While Prince was still living at Lampeter, waiting for the time when he could pass and be ordained, two great passions would appear to have all but absorbed his being: one passion a carnal craving for Martha Freeman, the spiritual mother and pupil whom he had left in Widcombe Crescent; the other passion a mystical desire to become united in soul and body, if such thing could be, with the Holy Ghost. And these two yearnings had become so mixed and fused in the reveries to which he gave himself up, that the carnal desire could not be separated from the spiritual craving. nor the spiritual craving from the carnal desire. dreamer, in his own person at least, appeared to have lost all sense of the difference felt by ordinary men between flesh and spirit, spirit and flesh.

The truth would seem to be, that Prince had pondered over the Song of Songs until the allegorical and sensuous images of that wondrous lyric in prose had got themselves tangled and transformed within his busy brain. The words had described his love, the comments pictured his desire. A roe upon the mountains had been to him an image of his beating pulse and his bounding feet; while the rush and heat of the young damsel in the Song had replied like an echo to the throbings of his heart. Thus, the lines which, seeing how sacred were the things which he took the verse to mean, should have divided, like heaven from earth, the Shulamite girl from the West Indian spinster,

had come to be in his eyes weak and faint. feeble and fading woman in Widcombe Crescent had been his love, his dove, his sister, his spouse, his fair one. Day and night he had cried out to her in the silence of his thoughts and dreams. Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes! As he lay on a sickbed, turning in pain, his thoughts would stray into the Syrian vineyard, into the garden of nuts, and linger with joy among the lilies and fig-trees. Martha had been the sister, the sponse, who rose to admit him, her hands dropping with myrrh; and he had called upon God in his prayers to unite him for ever with this bride of his soul. But this love for a creature whom he knew to be fallen like himself, though burning in his veins and glowing in his words with the old nether fire, had been blent and fused in his imagination with that which he would have described as his more sacred passion for the Holy Spirit. One had been part of the other, and he had never thought of them as two things, but as one thing. When his soul had gone forth, as it were, towards Martha, it had only done so by permission from the Holy Ghost. When he had prayed for union with his beloved, it was only after waiting for a sign and seeing that such was the will of God. Not my will, but Thine be done, had been the burden of every plea which he put up. Twice or thrice as he lay in pain, a doubt would creep into his soul: might not his love for Martha, and his love for God, conflict? What if he should receive a sign? Could he give up his fair one, his sister, his Dark and long had been the hours in which these questions tormented the student's soul. he give up his spiritual bride at the call of God? Of earthly things he had yearned for nothing as he panted had come upon Prince, before he left Lampeter, was that of being married to Martha Freeman, the bride of his soul.

Before the newly wedded pair removed from Cardigan to Somerset, a work of grace is said to have been accomplished in the soul and in the flesh of As he told me himself, he died to the flesh. and was born a second time to the Spirit. He put off the old man, he discarded self, he ceased to commit sin, and even to be capable of sin. As I sat with him in his own parlor at the Agapemone, he put the question of this change in his person beyond reach of doubt. "In me," he said, with a gravity which was almost solemn, "you see Christ in the flesh, Christ in my flesh." The Holy Spirit, as he told me in so many words, had entered into him, had died in him, so that his old body was no longer living, and the form in which he moved was a new creation of the Lord, like unto the old, but not the old. From that time he had become identified in body and in soul with the Holy Spirit. I asked Prince if he wished me to understand that he thought himself an incarnation of the Spirit? He would not use the word incarnate, because Sister Zoe and Sister Annie would not then be able to follow us in what we said, since they were not scholars and metaphysicians; but he declared that the Holy Spirit was in his flesh, and was his flesh, and that he had no wish, no hope, no life apart from the Holy Spirit.

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Suggests to his mind the wickedness which flourished in the Cities of the Plain. From Starky I learned that meither in his early days nor since has there ever been a public-house in Charlinch!

Into this rough bucolic Eden, Prince and his bride were suddenly thrown. Now, thought Prince, was the time for God's reign to commence on earth; and as he gazed from the rectory window over the sleepy hollow up towards the Quantock hills, he felt his soul inspired to begin the work. Martha was at his side, his faithful and devoted spouse, frail in body, bent with suffering, and white with age, yet ready for her share, and more than her share, of toil in this vineyard of the Lord.

For more than twelve months after his coming to Charlinch, Prince went on pounding away at his rough quarry; the simple staring, the cynics laughing, at what they thought the fun of his revival warmth. For a long time the revival passion burnt in him without igniting his hearers. Three persons from an adjoining parish clomb up the hillside to his house, and spoke with him about their souls; but no man, no woman, in his own congregation made a sign. What should be do next? His sister, his spouse, was sickening of her work; and she became so feeble, that her husband was compelled to carry her to Bath. heart began to faint. But his reward was nearer than he thought; for some of his sermons had appeared in print, and one of them had found its way to the bedside of his rector in the Isle of Wight, on whom it had wrought what seemed to him a miraculous call. On his sudden and strange recovery from sickness, the Rev. Samuel Starky had set out for Charlingh, where he found his curate struggling with his misery, and took the sufferer to his heart. The Lord, says Prince,

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united these two men in one body and one soul Starky had private means, and, what was of ye more moment to his curate, he was a man of mild and yielding temper, who from admiration for Prince became a Lampeter brother, and adopted his theory of the Holy Spirit. Prince reports that, although this friend supported him by prayers and goodwill, he did not presume to meddle with his work. Five new cases of conversion came before him; among them an old fellow of seventy-five; a widow of eighty: a wicked old crone of seventy-four. These were but the first-fruits of his zeal. A stir was now seen in the church: a farmer, a farmer's wife, a roadster, a milkmaid, came in for ghostly counsel; in a few weeks nearly thirty persons had become alarmed for their souls. Prince called a meeting for prayer on Tuesday evening; he gave a lecture on Friday evening; he founded a special meeting for prayer on Sunday morning, before the ordinary congregation came to church. A month later, he was bold enough to set apart one night in the week for prayer; when the more zealous of his followers could spend the night together, praying, chanting, groaning, weeping, -asking God to vouchsafe a sign of His presence, to pour out His Spirit on their minister, and to show them the day of an especial grace.

Starky grew limp and low; this tumult overpowering him, so that he could not preach, and hardly read the service. One Sunday, when he climbed into the pulpit, he could not speak; his mouth was shut up as by an angel; he could only sob out his excuses, and beg the people who had faith in prayer to come into the rectory, and help him to pray for light. About fifty persons followed him into the house, and kneeling down in rows, poured out their souls to God.

Rumors of this scene ran through the towns and combes between the Polden hills and the Quantock hills. From Bridgwater and Spaxton, from Cannington and Over Stowy, crowds came pouring in to see the dumb parson — mobs which collected in the village. and then hurried into the church to laugh and jeer. One Sunday the silent man gave tongue. The church was crowded with people, among whom there was much idle and profane curiosity, but not, I fancy, much devotion. Starky, who was still shut up-"a mere dumb dog," as our Puritan fathers used to say, walked to his desk as usual, and stood by his book, to see how the Lord would deal with him that day. spirit of prayer fell on him. He knelt, and poured out a flood of words; then, rising to his feet, he read the text in a clear voice, and preached a sermon such as those who heard it never could forget—a strain not loud and fierce, as of high human eloquence, but soft, and sad, and solemn as life and death; "searching as fire, heavy as a hammer, and sharper than a twoedged sword." A strange fear fell on the people. Many of the men dropped their heads on their chests; nearly all the women sobbed and shrieked; one impenitent urchin laughed.

Prince now proposed that they should winnow the harvest, separating the grain from the chaff, the converted from the lukewarm; but the lukewarm did not like to be called chaff, and when they saw that Prince was not a man to go back in what he said, they got up stories against him and his friend. They were the higher class of farmers, artisans, and dealers. They paid their tithes, they rode to hunt, they dressed in decent clothes; in fact, they considered themselves as the very flower of the Charlinch flock. These men made a noise which was heard by the Right Reverend

month, to which Prince—after scattering the seeds of his faith in Brighton, where he was much admired—went down. There they set up an Abode of Love, on a tiny scale, and preached in a tavern on the coming of the Holy Ghost. From among the farmers of Dorset, and the downgers of Mclcombe, the two men made plenty of additions to their flock. The doctrines which they preached were comforting to the pious mind; for they declared—with shouts and songs—that the Son of Man was about to come; that the world was in its latest day; that the godly few were being chosen from the mass; and that the wicked many were about to perish in penal fires.

Into the assembly-room of the Royal Hotel-where the officers hold their balls, and the singing-women give their concerts-Prince invited his followers and disciples, to whom he made known the fact-which he had hitherto veiled in hints and parables—that the time for winnowing the world had come; for separating the wheat from the chaff; garnering up the harvest, and easting out the refuse into heaps. solemn tones, he declared that the day of grace was past—the day of judgment come. A door had been opened for the chosen; it was now closed for ever. Those who had not entered in, would find no passage. The angel who had sat in the mercy-seat was gone, and his throne was now empty in the heavens. lost were lost—the saved were saved. With a sad and sober joy, Prince told his audience of bucolic squires and ancient dames that in the hour of wrath. when the earth and the skies would be passing away in fervent heat, all those-but only those-who had now received the Holy One (in his own person) would be snatched from the burning wreck.

A hundred aged spinsters, with a few children, and

perhaps as many men, are said to have composed the whole of this chosen band.

Prince, however, assured me that these numbers were below the truth. Five hundred persons, he says, were gathered in that day unto God.

CHAPTER XXX.

BUILDING THE ABODE.

WHERE should these saints take up their rest?
Thomas and Cobbe had built, in the green country lane, at Spaxton, near Charlinch, in the midst of their first disciples, a handsome stone chapel, in which they held service, and to which many of the people of the district still adhered. The situation of this chancl was choice, secluded, and poetic. Springs and beeks abounded near it. The hills were clothed with chestnut, oak, and fir: the land was fat with corn: the woods were rich in game; and the Saxon people in the dales and combes were soft and slow. Bridgwater, the nearest town, lay four miles off, and was only to be gained by cross and difficult roads. If any place, even in the west country, could be said to lie out of the world, it was Spaxton. Here, then, Heaven itself appeared to have given these saints a home, in which they might dwell in peace, waiting for that solemn hour in which God was to be reconciled through Prince to the living flesh, so that it should not die.

The house in which Beloved and his witnesses lived in Belfield Terrace, Weymouth, was an Abode of Love; the brothers and sisters dwelling under one roof, living a celibate life, serving the Lord and waiting until He should come. But this house in Belfield Terrace was neither large enough nor pleasant enough for the elect. A mansion, a garden, an estate, were wanted as a dwelling-place meet for the Lord of all this earth; things to be found, so Thomas and Cobbe reported, in the Spaxton bottom, round about the free church which they had built; but then, these low and fertile lands belonged to sinners, who would not give them up, as a free offering, to the Lord and His saints. How could the purchase-money be raised? What had the Apostles done when they wanted gold? Had they not called upon the brethren to throw their wealth into a common fund?

Scripture goes a long way with the pious mind. What had been said in Judea, might be said in Dorset. Prince, Starky, Williams, and other of these Brethren, began to whisper among their wards, that the second pentecost being come, all those who would flee from the evil day, must sell what they had in store, gather up the produce of this sale, and bring it as an offering to the Lamb.

A movement, subtle, singular, romantic, now set in; quickening a holy zeal in hundreds of men, in whom such mystery of sacrifice would not have been expected to find a home. Craftsmen sold their tools, grocers their stock, farmers their land, to throw their possessions into a common fund. Those who could do no more, brought in a basket of eggs, a pail of milk, a cart-load of straw. The chosen met together in the fashion of the ancient Agapæ, to cat and drink, to sing and pray, to look for signs and wonders, and to rejoice as one family in the Lord. The world was near its end; the chosen were to live henceforth as one body of saints; to live as brothers and sisters,

cherubs and scraphs, united in the Son of Man. Old relations of blood and wedlock were now to be either dissolved or changed. A saint was required to give up all the world, whether in the shape of house and land, of father and mother, of wife and child; taking God in future for his all in all. Love was to be continued and increased, for God is love; but courtship was to become an exercise of the soul, while wedlock was to shed its old relations with the carnal man. Those who were single were to keep so; those who were married were to live as though they were not. A man was to be to his wife a spiritual husband; a woman was to be to her husband a spiritual wife.

In the midst of so many renunciations, what was the sacrifice of a few acres of land, of a small sum in consols? In the day of wrath all property would be dirt. Of what value are gold and jewels to a spirit that is born afresh? As the Servant of the Lord had been slain in the flesh, and raised in the spirit, so were they, his children of the new life, about to witness a sudden change. The day and the hour were nigh. In every assemblage of the chosen, either Starky or Thomas rose up, and cried with a quick voice, as of a trumpet—

Lo! He cometh:

When the world should be burning into ashes, and the skies should be melting in the fervent heat, where would be the use of their flocks and herds, their corn and fruit, their rank and state? Could they ride on horses to the throne of grace? Could they drive in chariots to the judgment-seat? Sell what thou hast, had been the divine injunction to the called; and who on the edge of doom would stand and dispute the worl of God?

Not all the farmers of Dorset, not all the dowagers



BUILDING THE ABODE.

of Melcombe; some of these sold their consols, those their farms, for the Lord, - perhaps I should say, for the Servant of the Lord. Prince became the generabanker and trustee for all the saints whom he had If he wanted money, he would send for it. "Sister Jane," he would write, "the Lord has need of fifty pounds. Amen:"-and Sister Jane would send him either her purse or check. Some large, and many small sums were paid into this treasury of God. Starky threw into the fund a thousand pounds. Julia, as the second of Prince's elderly spiritual wives, settled on the Lamb her annuity of eighty pounds a year. Hotham Maber and four of his sisters contributed among them no less a sum than ten thousand pounds. Maber, I need not add, has been one of the chief witnesses for Prince, and is now the Angel of the Seventh More money yet, much more money, was wanted before they could think of retiring from Adullam Chapel in Brighton, and from the Royal Hotel at Weymouth, into such a retreat as would be found a worthy dwelling-place for God and His saints. As a rule, the Lampeter Brethren were poor, and the things of life had not gone well with them. Price could not help; Thomas had done his best; and most of the others stood sorely in need of all that could be done If an Abode of Love were ever to be built for them. for the Lord in that Spaxton bottom, so that His love might be manifested towards the flesh, the money must be raised from some other source.

Now, it chanced that among the converts to his theory of the Holy Ghost whom Prince had made, there were five spinster ladies of the name of Nottidge, each of whom had money of her own. The father of these old maids, Josias Nottidge, a retired Bermondsey merchant, had lived at Roschill, near

to which Prince had removed after his affair in Char-Harriet, Agnes, Clara, Cornelia, and Louisa. five of his unmarried girls, the youngest being about forty, the eldest of no particular age, had been drawn in spirit towards the young revival preacher. Bermondsey tradesman had jeered at their pet curate: their mother had declined to receive him into her house; but these elderly damsels had only clung to Prince the more closely for what they called this persecution of the world; and when their father died. leaving them six thousand pounds a piece, three of these five sisters, Harriet, Agnes, and Clara, had left their home at Rosehill, near Clare, and taken a house near Adullam Chapel, in Windsor Street, Brighton, so as to enjoy the benefit of living in the light of their pastor's eyes. From Brighton they had followed him to Weymouth, and after that gathering of Saints in the ball-room of the Royal Hotel, when Prince and his chief disciples had proposed that the chosen ones should repair to Spaxton, there to found an Abode of Love, these three ladies had cast in their lot with the elect. When the company of Saints crossed the hills from Weymouth into Somersetshire, the three ladies rode with them, travelling by the same coach, but lodging in different inns at night.

At Taunton, where they rested for a few days, the Brethren lodged at Giles' Hotel, the three spinster ladies at the Castle Inn. Here a little scene took place. Early one day Prince sent over to the Castle Inn for Harriet, the eldest sister, who put on her bonnet and went across the street to Giles' Hotel; where Prince, who received her in the presence of his wife Julia, and the Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Starky, told her, with great concern of heart, that it would be for the

glory of God if she would marry his young friend, the Rev. Lewis Price. The maiden blushed, then answered she was ready; on which the Servant of the Lord bade her go back in peace to the Castle Inn, and to lock this secret closely in her heart. Next he sent for her sister Agnes, a prouder spirit, with whom he felt that he must take a stronger course. "Agnes," he said to her, when she came into the Inn parlor; "God is about to confer on you a special blessing; but ere I tell you what it is, you must give me your word to obey the Lord and accept His gift." Agnes paused; but, thinking it could do her no harm to accept a blessing, she gave her word. "Then," said Prince, "in a few days you will be united in marriage to Brother Thomas." Such a gift as a husband was unexpected by the lady, and her maiden coyness pleaded for delay, as there would be kinsfolk to consult, and settlements to make. "You will need none of these things," Prince replied; "in this affair you must think, not of the world, but of God."

" But my mother," Agnes pleaded.

"God is your father and your mother," said Prince.

"Lawyers," she urged, "take time."

"Why do you want a lawyer, dear?" asked Mrs. Starky.

"Well," said the blushing spinster, "for the children's sake."

"You will have no children," Prince broke in; "your marriage with our brother will be spiritual only; your love to your husband will be pure, according to the will of God."

Agnes bowed her head, and could not say him nay; but she went out from Giles' Hotel that morning with a heavy heart.

Later in the day, the two sisters were invited to

come over from the Castle Inn to dine with Prince in his room at Giles' Hotel, where they met the two curates, Price and Thomas, the new lords whom they had taken, and were duly presented to these young men as their future brides. Two days later, Clara was persuaded to accept of Cobbe. By these arrangements eighteen thousand pounds of the old Bermondsey merchant's money were swept into the hands of those who had control of the common fund.

The three sisters, finding themselves so suddenly engaged, would like to have gone home to Rosehill for a while; but to this course Prince objected, telling them that such a course was not in harmony with the will of God. He forbade them to consult a friend, or even to write one line to their mother, until the knots were tied. Harriet and Clara yielded up the point. Agnes made more stir about a settlement of her money. Thomas would not hear the word, although he was willing to invest her property in their joint names; and after a loud remonstrance, she submitted to her fate. All the details were arranged in prayer. Prince had a call that these three marriages should be solemnized at Swansea, in Wales; to which town the whole party went away. The three women had not one old friend near them. Starky gave away the brides; Prince looking on, but taking no active part. Within a few days of their vows being whispered, the property of Harriet and Clara was made over, in bulk, to Prince and by him invested in the purchase of a nice house, a large garden, and a good estate, for the new Abode of Love.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTER TRIALS.

A GNES THOMAS proved, as they feared she would, a very black sheep. Pride led her into doubt, doubt into sin. Alone with her youthful husband, she could not help saying what she thought of Prince, which was sometimes far from pleasant to Prince's friend. Thomas, who seemed to love her. listened to her voice. She kept him away from Weymouth, to which Prince had gone back; and when his leader, growing jealous of her power, took up his pen and wrote, - "Brother Thomas, I command you to arise, and come to Weymouth, Amen," she persuaded him to disobey, at least for a time, and to go off on a visit to his mother at Llandilo. But her power was not equal to that of Prince. Thomas went back to Weymouth, carrying his wife along with him to what was anything for her but an abode of love. Harriet and Clara were there with their husbands, Price and Cobbe; as were also Starky and his wife. These saints met together in the drawing-room, when Agnes was brought before them on a charge of seeking to withdraw her husband from Prince. Every voice condemned her; the voices of her sisters most of all. When the others had said their worst, Prince added on behalf of the Holy Spirit: "If you dare attempt to influence your husband again, in acting contrary to my commands, God will crush you out of the way." Thomas, her husband, then declared his will. "Agnes."

he said, "I command you to obey henceforth the Spirit of God in me, made known to me through the Servant of the Lord." Abashed and broken, she retired to her room.

Soon after this time, she became aware that efforts were being made to induce her younger sister, only forty years old, to come in. She thought of writing to Louisa, and began a letter of friendly counsel; but her note was found in her room, and shown to Prince, on which there was a further scene. At night, on Agnes going to her bedroom, she found Thomas standing in the doorway. "You are lost," he said in effect; "you enter here no more; there is an empty room; go in and find such rest as you deserve—you who have crossed the Servant of the Lord." Agnes felt in that moment as though her heart would break.

Prince and his male disciples went away from Weymouth to Spaxton, where the works of repair and reconstruction were advancing at a rapid rate. Wings were being added to the house; the gardens were being laid out afresh.

While the Saints were at Spaxton, a tattling servant brought the news to Prince that Sister Agnes was in the way which is said to be desired by ladies who love their lords. The chief was furious. "This comes," he groaned, "of sin. She is faithless, she is fallen; she must be cast away."

At first, it seems to have been a question whether all the sisters should not share her fate. Reports arrived in Weymouth that not one of the three ladies would see her husband any more. Harriet and Clara were incensed against their sister; perhaps they sought, through hardness towards her, to melt the heart of their husbands' friend. At length came news from Thomas, written in Spaxton, from the Abode of

Love, that Agnes should pack up her things and go away from Belfield Terrace; first to his mother at Llandilo; afterwards to her own mother at Roschill. Thomas came to her no more.

In her mother's house the poor lady found a home; there her son George was born; and there she continued to reside until the lad was four years old, when Starky made an effort to carry him away. This effort being resisted, an action was brought, when the mother's right to have the training and society of her child was fully established by a court of law.

But these trials of Agnes did not save her sister Louisa from casting in her portion with the saints. She came down to Spaxton on a visit; and the big house being still in the builder's hands, she lodged within the grounds, at Waterman's cottage, with Julia These two ladies were alone one day in their room, when three gentlemen - Edward Nottidge, the Rev. Pepys Nottidge, and Frederick Peter Ripley broke into the house by the back-door, forced themselves into Louisa's room, and said they had come to They told her first that her mother fetch her away. was ill, and had sent for her. She declined to go. They then seized her by the waist and forced her into a coach, which they had brought round to the front, she fighting and screaming until the carriage was out of sight. Telling people she was mad, they got her to London, near which they locked her up in an asvlum for the insane. For eighteen months she was kept under lock and key, no one at Spaxton knowing where she was confined, until she escaped from her keepers, and found refuge in a family hotel in Cavendish Square. Cobbe came up to see her, and as she desired to go back to Charlinch, they started to return by rail, when one of the madhouse messengers caught them on the platform, and carried his captive back

again to her cage.

Louisa protested that her kinsmen only followed her for her money; and declared that as soon as she could gain her freedom, she would give it away, so as to disarm their malice of its motive power.

Having found her hiding-place, Cobbe, who knew that his sister-in-law was not insane, applied to the Commissioners of Lunacy. An inquiry was made, Barry Cornwall wrote a report, and the patient was discharged.

Louisa now went back to Spaxton; but before her arrival at the cottage, she took measures to transfer the whole of her property to Prince. Like the money of her sisters, it went into the Abode of Love; in which place Louisa lived very happily until her death, when her sisters laid her, as their manner is, beneath the grass.

It was after this rape of Louisa, that the brethren, not being men of war, introduced a couple of blood-hounds into the yards of their dwelling.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

THE day for the Great Manifestation at length had come.

"You say the day of grace is past, the day of judgment come?" I asked Prince, in one of our conversations.

"Do not mistake my words," said Beloved; and Zoe besought me with her beaming orbs that I would not misconceive her master's meaning. Then Prince explained to me in many a vague and winding phrase, that the day of grace, as the word is used by him and his disciples, means the dispensation of grace. Most men mean, I fancy, by the day of grace, a day in which the soul can be saved; missing which day, it is lost for ever. But such, Prince begged me to take note, is not his use of that awful phrase.

In the words of Zoe's Beloved, five great covenants have been made between God and man: the first with Adam, the second with Noah, the third with Abraham, the fourth with Jesus, the fifth and last with Prince. The time during which a covenant keeps its force, is called a dispensation. Each dispensation has had a special purpose and an appropriate name. The covenant made with Abraham brought in the dispensation of the law, that with Jesus the dispensation of grace. Therefore, when Beloved announces that the day of grace is past, he means to say that the reign of Jesus has been succeeded by that of Prince.

"In me," said my host, with solemn gravity, "you behold the Love of God. Look on me. I am one in the flesh with Christ. In me the Holy Spirit has slain the devil's life. I died to God, and was renewed in the Spirit to do His work. By me, and in me, God has redeemed all flesh from death, and brought the bodies of breathing men into the resurrection state."

"Do not most of our churches," I remarked, "appear to hold this doctrine of a future life in the body?"

- "We hold it," said Prince, "of the present life. God's purposes are now fulfilled, and man is no longer a thrall of languor, pain, and death. The earth itself is raised. Jesus came into the world to destroy the devil's work in the soul; I came to destroy it in the flesh."
 - "Has that design been carried out?"
 - "It has."
 - "In the Abode of Love?"
- "In God's own time and way it was accomplished; not in secret, with folded doors; but in open day, before clouds of witnesses,"
- "We are his witnesses!" cried the First and Second of the Anointed Ones.
- "We are his witnesses!" echoed Sister Ellen and Sister Annic. I am not certain whether Zoe spoke this time; I fancy not.
- "In that Manifestation of His love," said Prince, "God became reconciled to man, and flesh was redeemed for ever, even as the soul had been redeemed of old."

In the whole history of this people there is nothing so hard for me to describe in homely phrase for men and women who are not saints by profession, as their mysterious rite of reconciliation. It may be only fear that checks my pen. The brothers and sisters seem to have no sharp sense of that which appears to me so wild and strange. Confessing that what they have seen was a deep mystery to them, like many other things which belong to grace and peace, they will not own that there is cause for any good man's nature being shocked by what they have to tell. Both Sister Ellen and Sister Annie spoke to me freely of their feelings in this matter; they had known the parties engaged in it; they had been present when the act was done; they had seen what came of it; in truth, they had been witnesses in the affair from first to last; yet they evidently felt no shame in the transaction, and could not be made to see how the world could have any right to blame a deed through which it had obtained the hope of everlasting life. Starky and Thomas both declared to me that as clergymen and men of honor, they could see no wrong in that which had been done, though they allowed that the case might be so presented to a Gentile as to be made a stumbling-block in his path. Their trouble was, not that the Great Manifestation had taken place in the Abode of Love, but that it had failed to exhibit the whole series of beautiful phenomena which had been expected from it by them, if not by Brother Prince.

In order to complete the great work of reconciling the fallen creature to the Holy One, it was made known that Prince, the servant of the Lord, after he had died in his own person to the flesh, and had been raised again to life in the spirit, should take flesh upon himself once more, in the name and by the power of God, so that God might know the creature, and the creature know God, in the flesh; and thus the whole order of living men might be saved—their bodies, like their souls; the whole man being purged

from sin, received into grace, and fused into the Holy One for ever.

To this end, a virgin must be found; a bride of the Lamb; young, beautiful, and pure.

Now, among the converts whom Prince had called together in the ball-room of the Royal Hotel, Weymouth, there had been a lady named Paterson. Her husband was dead, having left her, young and a widow, with money and a little girl. Was that girl the woman of beaming eyes whom I knew in the Agapemone as Sister Zoe?

When the exodus of saints had taken place from Weymouth, the widow and child had come over with Beloved and his male and female partners in salvation to Spaxton, where they had been lodged by Prince, when the houses were made ready for his children in the Abode of Love. Here the mother, not being perfect I suppose, had died, and been put away beneath the turf, leaving her orphan girl to the Saints, unaware of the great fact that her little child was to be the chosen Mary of the final dispensation of this world. But so it was, according to the testimony given to me by Sister Ellen, by the Angel of the Seventh Trumpet, and by the Two Anointed Ones.

"It was a very tender and solemn time," said Sister Ellen to me, "the most tender and solemn time we have ever known. Great things have been done in this Abode; the Lord has been with us often, wrestling mightily with our spirits; but I have never felt so strange a joy and wonder as I felt in that hour."

There seems to have been much reading, prayer, and singing; for every one expected some great thing to happen, and no one knew exactly what might come to pass. Prince gave out that by the power of God he was about to take a virgin, as it were, to wife;

marrying her as the groom is married to the bride; not in fear and shame, in a secret place and with folded doors, but openly, in the light of noon, in the presence of all his male and female saints. He said it was the will of God, that he should take this virgin of his own motion, by his own sovereign right; consulting no one, least of all the object of his choice. He did not say which lady he would take. Thus it behooved the virgins to be ready, since no one could pretend to say when the bridegroom would arrive. After sealing her to himself by a kiss, he was to live towards her, to cherish her, to keep her near him, so that the celestial spirit and the thing of clay should grow into each other, and become one for evermore in body and in soul. Who was to be this new Madonna?

The luxurious hall in which the First Anointed One received me at my first coming to Spaxton, -that hall with the red carpet, the billiard-boards, the cosy sofus, the stained-glass windows, everywhere adorned, in silk, in paint, in oak, with the mysterious symbols of strength and love, the Lion and the Lamb, -was made the scene of this marriage of the spirit and the flesh. A day was set apart for the saving act; brethren and sisters were called in from their several rooms; anthems were sung; and then Beloved stood forth, and told them of the purposes of God. The world, he said, was only saved on the spirit-side. The earth itself was not yet saved. The Gospel had redeemed the soul from death; but it had left the body subject, as of old, The time to expel the devil and restore to the curse. the earth to God had come. Light and clay were to join in marriage; heaven and earth were to rejoice in A new heaven had been already made; a new earth was now to be created, equal to that new heaven in beauty and in splendor. In fine, the Holy Spirit

had come, as a bridegroom cometh to his bride,—had come in him, the Beloved; not in the body as sinful clay, but in the body as glorified spirit; had come to the end that God might have a tabernacle in which to dwell, and in which He could make Himself known to living men on earth.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FINAL DISPENSATION.

NO one knew as yet whom the Servant of the Lord would choose as his bride in these spiritual nuptials. Prince wishes it to be thought that he had no part—that is to say, consciously, as a man—in this awful rite. He felt no sting of preference in his For many years he had lived the life of a Self was dead in him. As his habit had been from his college days, he threw himself upon the spirit, not thinking of his own desire, but willing to be spent for God. And this idea of his own unconsciousness, his way of doing what was done that day conveyed to others; for Sister Ellen told me, that after watching him go through this scene with close, yet reverent eves, she felt sure that when he came into the room he did not know what he was about to say and do. Be that either true or false, he walked up to the orphan girl, Miss Paterson, took her hand in his, and gave her the bridal kiss, asserting as he did so that his union with her was a mark of God's love for the flesh, - for that earth into which He had breathed the

THE FINAL DISPENSATION.

breath of life, and for all the saints who stood about as being men alive in the flesh.

No forms of law were used, or could be used, in these mystic nuptials. Madonna was the bride,—she could not safely be called a wife ten yards from a public road while Julia Prince, now Mrs. Starky, was still alive. Indeed, from Prince's own words, it may be seen that she was wooed and won as hardly ever virgin had been wooed and won, except by the pagan gods.

"Thus the Holy Ghost took flesh in the presence of those whom He had called as flesh.

"He took it in free grace. It was flesh that knew not God, that wanted not God, that was ignorant of Him: and, like all other flesh in its nature, contrary to the Spirit. He took it as it was—ignorant, indifferent, independent, at enmity against God, and having nothing to commend it to Him.

"He took it in love. Not because it loved Him, for it did not; but because it pleased Him to set His love upon it. And though he took it in absolute power and authority, without consulting its pleasure, or even giving it a choice, yet He took it in love."

Julia, Prince's wife by ordinance of the Church, was present in the room, when these new bridals were being gone through, and made no sign of her dissent from what was being done. Starky, her brother, was also present, and he made no sign. "I know that what was done was right and holy in the Lord," he said to me when I got him to speak of it. "You must be sure," he said, "that I am quite sincere in my belief, for my salvation rests upon the truth of what I say. If I am wrong, my punishment will be endless torment in the fires of hell. Can I afford to lodge one doubt within my breast?"

As to the new Madonna, who had never dreamt of

this coming trial of her faith, she bowed her head, I am told, like an obedient child, and gave up her heart to the Holy Spirit. She neither wished for this glory, nor put it from her when it came. She was passive in the Spirit's hand, as elay in that of a potter, who moulds it into any shape he wills.

But the change in her condition was great, although she knew it not. Under these bridals her nature was sublimed; her soul became free; her body was cleansed from taint. The world had now died in her and for her; she could do anything she liked; but her heart was pure, and she could never sin any more.

Some of the Brethren, hard of belief, were heard to murmur at these rites. They thought such things unfit for saintly eyes and ears, and they expressed some doubts whether they could be done, even in an Abode of Love, without sin. Prince offered these sceptics a test; they tried it, and it failed; upsetting, as they said, the whole of their theories of a spiritual life. As Prince confessed, in agony and shame, "The Holy Ghost was denied in the new heaven and the new earth." When Madonna Paterson, his mystic bride, began to prove herself a mortal woman, he, too, was staggered by the fact. He had persuaded himself, as well as others, that his carnal life had passed away, and when a child was born of his spiritual marriage, he was overthrown by grief and shame.

"You would have wept tears of blood for him," said Sister Ellen to me, "if you had seen how much he suffered; he who suffers so keenly, and who has to bear the burden of us all."

At last he came to see that in this cross of his life lay hidden the highest purpose of Him whose servant he had been made. This trouble was his last conflict with the devil; this unhappy child of Madonna PaterLove, that Agnes should pack up her things and go away from Belfield Terrace; first to his mother at Llandilo; afterwards to her own mother at Roschill. Thomas came to her no more.

In her mother's house the poor lady found a home; there her son George was born; and there she continued to reside until the lad was four years old, when Starky made an effort to carry him away. This effort being resisted, an action was brought, when the mother's right to have the training and society of her child was fully established by a court of law.

But these trials of Agnes did not save her sister Louisa from casting in her portion with the saints. She came down to Spaxton on a visit; and the big house being still in the builder's hands, she lodged within the grounds, at Waterman's cottage, with Julia These two ladies were alone one day in their room, when three gentlemen - Edward Nottidge, the Rev. Pepys Nottidge, and Frederick Peter Ripley broke into the house by the back-door, forced themselves into Louisa's room, and said they had come to fetch her away. They told her first that her mother was ill, and had sent for her. She declined to go. They then seized her by the waist and forced her into a coach, which they had brought round to the front, she fighting and screaming until the carriage was out of sight. Telling people she was mad, they got her to London, near which they locked her up in an asvlum for the insane. For eighteen months she was kept under lock and key, no one at Spaxton knowing where she was confined, until she escaped from her keepers, and found refuge in a family hotel in Cavendish Square. Cobbe came up to see her, and as she desired to go back to Charlinch, they started to return by rail, when one of the madhouse messengers caught

Inystery of the Seven Stars and the Seven Golden Candlesticks. Maber blew his trumpet, and made the following declaration:—

"I declare that God has brought forth Br. Prince the glory of Jesus Christ on the earth; and that the secret of the Lord therein is his having been quickened in his mortal body by the Holy Ghost, as the seal and climax to the fulfilment of the gospel in him: I declare, too, that Jesus Christ has acknowledged the work of His own Spirit in Br. Prince in his taking flesh, and suffering the pure for the impure, by raising him up, the man whose name is The Branch, to his right hand in glory, and by giving to him the Spirit of glory."

When Angel Maber had sounded his trumpet and made his declaration, the Seven Witnesses stood forth, each in his turn saying:—

"I am a witness that in the knowledge of Jesus Christ as the Son of Man there is complete redemption in spirit, soul, and body from the curse of the fall: and, that you may know this mystery of God, which in other ages, or dispensations, was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now made known in Br. Prince, I send you this revelation of the Man Christ Jesus as the Word made flesh, as it has been given to me."

This demonstration was the last great effort of our English Mucker.

"What have you done since these trumpets were blown and these testimonies delivered?" I asked the Rev. Samuel Starky.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

THE day for the Great Manifestation at length had come.

"You say the day of grace is past, the day of judgment come?" I asked Prince, in one of our conversations.

"Do not mistake my words," said Beloved; and Zoe besought me with her beaming orbs that I would not misconceive her master's meaning. Then Prince explained to me in many a vague and winding phrase, that the day of grace, as the word is used by him and his disciples, means the dispensation of grace. Most men mean, I fancy, by the day of grace, a day in which the soul can be saved; missing which day, it is lost for ever. But such, Prince begged me to take note, is not his use of that awful phrase.

In the words of Zoe's Beloved, five great covenants have been made between God and man: the first with Adam, the second with Noah, the third with Abraham, the fourth with Jesus, the fifth and last with Prince. The time during which a covenant keeps its force, is called a dispensation. Each dispensation has had a special purpose and an appropriate name. The covenant made with Abraham brought in the dispensation of the law, that with Jesus the dispensation of grace. Therefore, when Beloved announces that the day of grace is past, he means to say that the reign of Jesus has been succeeded by that of Prince.

- "In me," said my host, with solemn gravity, "you behold the Love of God. Look on me. I am one in the flesh with Christ. In me the Holy Spirit has slain the devil's life. I died to God, and was renewed in the Spirit to do His work. By me, and in me, God has redeemed all flesh from death, and brought the bodies of breathing men into the resurrection state."
- "Do not most of our churches," I remarked, "appear to hold this doctrine of a future life in the body?"
- "We hold it," said Prince, "of the present life. God's purposes are now fulfilled, and man is no longer a thrall of languor, pain, and death. The earth itself is raised. Jesus came into the world to destroy the devil's work in the soul; I came to destroy it in the flesh."
 - "Has that design been carried out?"
 - "It has."
 - "In the Abode of Love?"
- "In God's own time and way it was accomplished; not in secret, with folded doors; but in open day, before clouds of witnesses."
- "We are his witnesses!" cried the First and Second of the Anointed Ones.
- "We are his witnesses!" echoed Sister Ellen and Sister Annie. I am not certain whether Zoe spoke this time; I fancy not.
- "In that Manifestation of His love," said Prince, "God became reconciled to man, and flesh was redeemed for ever, even as the soul had been redeemed of old."

In the whole history of this people there is nothing so hard for me to describe in homely phrase for men and women who are not saints by profession, as their mysterious rite of reconciliation. It may be only fear that checks my pen. The brothers and sisters

seem to have no sharp sense of that which appears to me so wild and strange. Confessing that what they have seen was a deep mystery to them, like many other things which belong to grace and peace, they will not own that there is cause for any good man's nature being shocked by what they have to tell. Both Sister Ellen and Sister Annie spoke to me freely of their feelings in this matter; they had known the parties engaged in it; they had been present when the act was done; they had seen what came of it; in truth, they had been witnesses in the affair from first to last; yet they evidently felt no shame in the transaction, and could not be made to see how the world could have any right to blame a deed through which it had obtained the hope of everlasting life. Starky and Thomas both declared to me that as clergymen and men of honor, they could see no wrong in that which had been done, though they allowed that the case might be so presented to a Gentile as to be made a stumbling-block in his path. Their trouble was, not that the Great Manifestation had taken place in the Abode of Love, but that it had failed to exhibit the whole series of beautiful phenomena which had been expected from it by them, if not by Brother Prince.

In order to complete the great work of reconciling the fallen creature to the Holy One, it was made known that Prince, the servant of the Lord, after he had died in his own person to the flesh, and had been raised again to life in the spirit, should take flesh upon himself once more, in the name and by the power of God, so that God might know the creature, and the creature know God, in the flesh; and thus the whole order of living men might be saved—their bodies, like their souls; the whole man being purged

from sin, received into grace, and fused into the Holy One for ever.

To this end, a virgin must be found; a bride of the Lamb; young, beautiful, and pure.

Now, among the converts whom Prince had called together in the ball-room of the Royal Hotel, Weymouth, there had been a lady named Paterson. Her husband was dead, having left her, young and a widow, with money and a little girl. Was that girl the woman of beaming eyes whom I knew in the Agapemone as Sister Zoe?

When the exodus of saints had taken place from Weymouth, the widow and child had come over with Beloved and his male and female partners in salvation to Spaxton, where they had been lodged by Prince, when the houses were made ready for his children in the Abode of Love. Here the mother, not being perfect I suppose, had died, and been put away beneath the turf, leaving her orphan girl to the Saints, unaware of the great fact that her little child was to be the chosen Mary of the final dispensation of this world. But so it was, according to the testimony given to me by Sister Ellen, by the Angel of the Seventh Trumpet, and by the Two Anointed Ones.

"It was a very tender and solemn time," said Sister Ellen to me, "the most tender and solemn time we have ever known. Great things have been done in this Abode; the Lord has been with us often, wrestling mightily with our spirits; but I have never felt so strange a joy and wonder as I felt in that hour."

There seems to have been much reading, prayer, and singing; for every one expected some great thing to happen, and no one knew exactly what might come to pass. Prince gave out that by the power of God he was about to take a virgin, as it were, to wife;

of Salina, three ministers living in the burnt district of New York, could hardly boast of anything beyond a little fame on the country side, until the cause in which they toiled had put their names into the mouths of men. They did not make the revival; the revival made them.

Those in whom the spiritual leaven first began to work were working members of old and highly reputed churches. The Rev. Abram C. Smith, the story of whose life as the spiritual husband of Mary Cragin I shall have to tell in detail, was a Wesleyan Methodist. Marquis L. Worden, whose confessions will be found on a later page, was an Episcopalian Methodist. ther Meyrick and James Boyle, the most eminent perhaps of these revival preachers, were Evangelicals. The Rev. Theophilus R. Gates, editor of The Battle Aze. and founder of a wild sect in Philadelphia, was an Independent. The Rev. John II. Noves, the father of Pauline communism, was a Congregationalist. Cragin, the moral reformer, and Moore, the leader among Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, were both Presbyterians.

For more than a year, the facts which are seen in all revivals where the scale is large and the country wild, were noticed in these burnt districts of New York and Massachusetts; afterwards, as the fury spread abroad, they were seen in a hundred towns, in a thousand hamlets, of the United States. By a sudden prompting from within, so far as men could see, a number of orderly and reputable persons began to ask each other, in eager words and with pallid lips, how it stood with them in the great account. Were they ranked among the chosen? Were they ready for the Lord's coming? Did they feel in their souls that the Lamb had died for them, and that all their sins had been

purged away? Some could not answer. Some dared not face these questions. Who could tell that he was saved? Many of those who were in doubt began to Men who had never been at church before beseck. came constant hearers of the Word. At first the old and steady preachers welcomed this change of mind: their news being now let, their sermons heeded, and their benches filled. But soon the frenzy of desire to know the best and worst rose high around them and above them, frothing beyond their guidance and control. A service once a-week was but as a drop of water on the lips of men and women panting for a living brook. The churches had to be thrown open. At first an evening meeting was called for prayer; then a morning meeting; afterwards an hour was snatched from the busy noon; until at length some ministers took the course of keeping what was called an open house of God, from early dawn until long past midnight every day. Pallor fell on the bronze check, alarm invaded the callous heart. By night and day the chapels were crowded with sinners, imploring the Lord to have mercy on them. was assailed by multitudes of souls, conscious of sin and peril, and seeking to take the judgment-seat by storm. The church brimmed over, so to speak, into the street. Rooms were hired; school-rooms, dancinghalls, even theatres; every place that would hold a congregation became a church. In the country districts, camps were formed for prayer; a cart became a pulpit, a tent a chancel, the stump of a tree an altar; while hundreds of wandering and unauthorized preachers, male and female, took the field against Satan and the flesh. In the agony which grew upon men's souls, the regular clergy came to be esteemed as dumb and faithless witnesses for the truth. Farmers and tinkers,

loud of voice and fierce of aspect, ran about the country, calling on sinners to repent, and flee from the wrath to come. All ranks and orders were confounded in a common sense of danger, and the ignorant flocks who had gathered round these prophets of doom, were easily persuaded that the calm and conservative churches of the world, which looked on all these doings sad and silent, were dead and danned.

This spiritual tempest crossed the Atlantic Ocean into England, and the English Channel into Germany, in both of which countries it found a people more or less open to its unspent power. In America, where it was native and national, it had a wider success and a longer reign than in Europe; but in England and in Germany it kept up a faint and irregular kind of activity for many years. In truth, no one can assert that in either country, any more than in America, its

force is spent and its service done.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FIRST BURNT DISTRICT.

THE new Pauline Church of America, founded in 1 the course of this Great Revival, was divided from the first into two great branches and many subbranches. The first professors of holiness had their home at Manlius, in the State of New York, with the Rev. Hiram Sheldon as their leader and expositor; the second had their home at Yale College, in the State of Connecticut, afterwards at Putney, in the State of Vermont, with the Rev. John II. Noves as leader and expositor: but these centres of holiness were not fixed and final; these chiefs of the Perfect Church did not reign alone. In America, no place is the sole seat of empire, and no first-man has an undisputed reign. Sheldon's power was shared by the Rev. Jarvis Rider, the Rev. Martin P. Sweet, and the Rev. Erasmus Stone. Noves, on his side, had to consult, and sometimes to follow, the Rev. James Boyle and the Rev. Theophilus R. Gates.

This Pauline Church—professing to have been founded on a new series of visions, intimations, and internal movements of the Spirit—taught the doctrine that man may attain to the perfect state, in which he shall be cleansed from sin and made incapable of sin. Into the dogmatic part of this question, thus raised, I need not enter, since it is a very old theory in the Church, and has found some favor in the eyes of orthodox and exalted saints. The testimony, both of Sheldon and

his followers, also of Noyes and his followers, was that they had been saved from sin by the power of faith, and were entering upon the enjoyment of perfect love.

In the winter months of 1834, a general convention of the New York Perfectionists was called at Manlins, a village of cotton-mills, in Onandaga county, six or seven miles from Oneida Lake. The people, who assembled in a beer-house, heard the new gospel proclaimed by Hiram Sheldon from Delphi, Erasmus Stone from Salina, Jarvis Rider from De Ruyter; the meeting was warm in tone, and many of the young factory girls were drawn that day to a closer knowledge of the At Manlius, the chosen took upon themselves the name of "Saints." Here they announced their Here they began to debate separation from the world. whether the old marriage vows would or would not be binding in the new heaven and the new earth. "When a man becomes conscious that his soul is saved," says Noves, "the first thing that he sets about is to find his Paradise and his Eve." It is a very sad fact, which shows in what darkness men may grope and pine in this wicked world, that when these Perfect Saints were able to look about them in the new freedom of Gospel light, hardly one of the leading men among them could find an Eden at home, an Eve in his lawful wife.

The doctrine openly avowed at Manlius was, that with the old world which was then passing away would go all legal bonds and rights; that old ties were about to become loosened, and old associations to end; including those of prince and liege, of cleric and layman, of parent and child, of husband and wife. These old rights were to be replaced by new ones. A kingdom of heaven was at hand; and in that kingdom of heaven every man was to be happy in his choice. And it was not only right, but prudent, to prepare betimes

for that higher state of conjugal bliss. The doctrine taught in the privacy of the love-feast and the prayermeeting was, that all the arrangements for a life in heaven may be made on earth; that spiritual friendships may be formed, and spiritual bonds contracted, valid for eternity, in the chapel and the camp. Hence it became quickly understood among them that the things of time were of slight account even in this earthly life; and that the things of heaven were to be considered as all in all. Not that any rule came into vogue which either led, or looked like leading, to a breach of the social law. On this point all the witnesses speak one way. Judged by their daily lives, Sheldon and his followers struck the mere observer as men who lived by higher rule and a better light than their neighbors of the Lake country. If they sang of their return from Babylon, it was with a staid and sober joy. If they had escaped from bonds, they saw that the world had still some claims upon their conduct. From of old the letter and the spirit had been at war; in their new condition the Saints were called to bear witness against the flesh; yet the spirit and the letter should be held to a fair account with each other in their words and deeds. In truth, the first tendencies of this Pauline Church were rather towards an ascetic than towards an indulgent life.

Among the persons whom this great revival had brought into notice was Miss Lucina Umphreville, of Delphi, a young lady of high descent, of good ability, of engaging manner, and of great personal beauty. She was an early convert, and her strong will, aided by her sweet face, gave her a leading influence in the sect. Lucina claimed to have visions, intuitions, inspirations, on many points of faith; more than all others, on the relations of the two sexes in the Re-

deemer's kingdom. These relations were the constant theme of her discourses. Like Ann Lee, the foundress of Shakerism, she held that in the day of grace all love between the male and female must be chaste and holy. Hence she raised up her voice against wedlock and the wedded rule. She held that the females must not think of love; that the men must not woo them; that the church must not celebrate the marriage rite; and that those who had already passed beneath the yoke must live as though they had not.

Most of the women, I am told, fell into Lucina's ways of thinking on this subject. No article was adopted, for articles were not the fushion in New York. But the young farmers and artisans in the burnt district, who had thought their course of love running smooth enough, were suddenly perplexed by coyness and reserve on the part of girls who had heretofore greeted them with smiles and kisses. A mob of lasses began to dream dreams, to interpret visions, directed against love and marriage, as love and marriage were understood by an unregenerate world. Some of those girls who were old enough to have been engaged, threw up their lovers. Younger girls held off from the coarser sex. Married women grew dubious as to their line of duty; which doubt and fear led, where the husbands happened to be worldly-minded, into many a serious breach of domestic peace. In fact, these female saints had become so good that the young men of the district said they were good for nothing.

Lucina Umphreville, the cause of so many breaking hearts, was generally denounced by the men as Miss Anti-marriage. But, like Elderess Antoinette of Mount Lebanon, Lucina Umphreville did not condemn the male and female saints to live a life apart, and thus to become absolute strangers to each other.

Young herself, and full of love for her kind, she allowed some play to the higher affections, so long as these should be exercised only in the Lord. Men and women might be friends, though she could not permit them to become lovers and mistresses. Under Lucina's guidance, for in these things Sheldon himself could not fight against her, a sweet and perilous privilege was assumed by these New York saints of entering into new and mysterious bonds of the spirit. In this friendship of souls the law was to have no voice, the flesh no share; male and female were to be brother and sister only; they might address each other in sacred terms, and grant to their beloved the solace of a holy kiss. Beyond these freedoms they were not to go; and even these sweet privileges were to be put aside on any movement in the heart suggesting an unchaste desire. The love was to be wholly pure and free. No law was ever laid down; but it was tacitly agreed among the saints that these tender passages of soul with soul were not to be made the subject of idle An air of silence and reserve, if not of secrecy, was thought to befit so solemn an encounter of spirits; and every one was expected to guard in his fellow a right which he was free to exercise for himself. intimate a connection of the male and female saints was likely to become known by a special and striking name. Some one in the Church suggested that this new relation of souls was that of the spiritual husband to his spiritual bride.

So far as I can see, the name appears to have been first used in New York by the Rev. Erasmus Stone, a revival preacher at Salina, the famous salt village lying on the shore of Onondaga Lake. In the early days of the revival, Stone had seen a vision of the night. A mighty host of men and women filled the sky; a

sudden spirit seemed to quicken them; they began to move, to cross each other, and to fly hither and thither. A great pain, an eager want, were written on their Each man appeared to be yearning for some woman, each woman appeared to be mouning for some Every one in that mighty host had seemingly lost the thing most precious to his heart. On waking from his slumber, Stone, who had perhaps been reading Plato, told this dream to his disciples in the salt-When his people asked him for the interpretation of his dream, he said, that in the present stage of being, men and women are nearly always wrongly paired in marriage; that his vision was the day of judgment; that the mighty hosts were the risen dead, who had started from the grave as they had been laid down, side by side; that the trouble which had come upon them was the quick discerning of the spirit that they had not been truly paired on earth; that the violent pain and want upon their faces were the desires of every soul to find its natural mate.

Reports of this vision of the night, and of Stone's interpretation of it, ran like a prairie-fire through the revival camp. Sheldon adopted this idea of a spiritual affinity between man and woman; declaring that this spiritual kinship might be found by delicate tests in this nether world, and that this relation of the sexes to each other extends into the heavenly kingdom. No long time clapsed before Stone and Sheldon were both found putting their doctrine to the proof. In Salina, there lived a married woman of some beauty and much intelligence, named Eliza Porter, who had been an early convert to holiness, and a leading member of the Church. Stone had need to see Eliza very often; for they led the prayer-meetings and managed the church business in common. Stone found in Eliza a help-

meet in the Lord; and as their hearts melted towards each other, they began to find affinities in their souls which they had not imagined. All the members of their church perceived and justified the union of these two souls. Sheldon, too, discovered that he had been married by mistake to a stranger spirit, one who would be happier when she got her release from him, and found the original partner of her soul. He found his own second self in Miss Sophia A. Cook, a young unmarried lady living in the lake country.

Lucina Umphreville held that this sort of friendship between male and female saints in these latter days and in the Perfect Church, was not only allowable in itself, but honorable alike for the woman and the man. St. Paul, she said, had his female companion in the Lord; and it was right for Sheldon, Stone, and Rider to have each his female companion in the Lord. Rev. Jarvis Rider is said to have taken the young lady at her word, and to have pressed his claim for a share in her mystic dreams. True to her creed, the beautiful girl entrusted herself in spiritual wedlock to a man who very soon proved by his acts that he was unworthy to have been trodden beneath her feet; and the state into which she passed through this contract with Rider, she represented to herself and to others as the highest condition ever to be reached on earth.

To years after the convention of Saints in Manlius, a meeting was called at Canaseraga, also in the burnt district, at which Rider and Lucina Umphrevillo were present, as the chief male and female preachers. They travelled in company, and held a common testimony as to the Lord's doings in their souls. They spoke of their affinity for each other; describing the state into which they had entered as one of high attainment and lasting peace. In this meeting they professed to have

gained a new and nobler ground of religious experience than any which they had previously enjoyed; asserting in their sermons that they had now attained to the state of the resurrection from the dead.

In this meeting, and in other meetings which followed it, Rider and Lucina took the high ground held by the followers of Ann Lee; that of a pure and perfect chastity being the only basis of companionship between man and woman in the Lord. Their strength was spent in a daily protest against what they called the work of the devil in the flesh, and many persons in the burnt district followed them in this war upon the world and the world's ways. Along the shores of Ontario, in a hundred hamlets, in thousands of loghuts, good women were in sore distress of mind about their duties in what they had been told was a new dispensation. Meetings were held in village inns; ministers were called; religious experiences were compared. A great trouble fell upon the district-a trouble which was felt in every house; the only comfort to many distracted husbands being a strong conviction that the world would shortly pass away.

How long and loyally the Rev. Jarvis Rider and Miss Umphreville kept to the spirit of their union is not clear. Rider was the first to break the bond, which he did in favor of Mrs. Edwards of Bridgeport, on Lake Oneida, a sister in whom he had found a still closer affinity of soul than in Lucina. Then Miss Umphreville, parting from her first spiritual spouse, entered into the same kind of relation with the Rev. Charles Lovett, of New England fame. This preacher was from Massachusetts, and he had come among the New York Perfectionists as a representative of the New England Pauline Church.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SECOND BURNT DISTRICT.

THE second, and stronger branch of the Pauline Church of America, sprang into life in Massachusetts, a hardier province for such a growth than the Lake country of New York.

The movement began in the post township of Brimfield, in the hilly Hampden county, about seventy miles from Boston; of which place the Rev. Simon Lovett and the Rev. Chauncey Dutton were the revival pastors. In and about Brimfield there happened to be then residing a number of clever, beautiful, and pious women. Clever, beautiful, and pious women are not scarce in New England; but there chanced to be living at that time in Central Massachusetts an unusual number of those bright and peerless creatures who have power either to save or to wreck men's souls. First among these female agitators stood two sisters, the Misses Annesley, who had come into this place from Albany, in New York; bringing with them the doctrine of salvation from sin, together with Lucina Umphreville's theory of a pure and holy life. These ladies had infected many persons, females mostly, with their own ideas. Next came Miss Maria Brown, a young lady of good position and active mind. After her came Miss Abby Brown, her sister, and Miss Flavilla Howard, her friend. But the real mistress and contriver of all the mischief which befell the Saints in Brimfield, was Miss Mary Lincoln, a young and lovely girl, of high connections, of aspiring spirit, and of boundless daring.

The parents of this young lady were among the highest people in the place. Her father was a physician, a man of science, and of the world. The Saints of course called him an unbeliever, though he had always been a member in the Presbyterian Church. Her mother was pious, and Mary had been trained in the severer truths of her father's faith. The habits of her mind led her to be a seeker after light. When the Misses Annesley came into her neighborhood, raising their testimony against sin, she went to hear them preach; and, much against her father's wish, became a member of the Perfect Church; entering with her high spirit and dashing courage into every movement connected with the work of grace. was so pretty, so seductive, so peremptory, in her ways, that people bowed to her will, and let her say and do things which no one clse could have said and She helped to make piety the fashion. rebuked the devil in high places. She held out her hand—a very soft hand—to the two preachers, the Rev. Simon Lovett and the Rev. Chauncey Dutton, men who were striving with all their might to snatch perishing souls from hell. Petted by these clergymen, as such a young ally was sure to be, she threw herself heartily into all their schemes. When the cross had to be borne she offered her neck for the burden. When the world was to be defied, she stood ready to endure its wrath. When a witness was required against shame, she put herself forward for the part. Her father raged and mocked; but she heeded him not. She felt happy in this new liberty of the spirit, under which she could say what came into her head. and do what came into her heart. In short, she seems to have thought that the revival flag had been given into her hands, and that she had been chosen in the new heaven as Bride of the Lamb.

Reports of what Lucina Umphreville was doing in the burnt district of New York had begun to excite the imaginations of these young and clever girls. Was Lucina the only prophetess of God? Could they do nothing to emulate her zeal? Was no door open to them, with their willing hands and devoted hearts? Were they to be dumb and silent in the great day? Could they find no work in the Redeemer's vineyard? Had they no stand to make against that world which lies in eternal enmity against Him? Surely, a way could be found if it were hotly sought. Had not the promise gone forth in the New Jerusalem: "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and the door shall be opened unto you?"

They had read the story of the Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit, which the Rev. James Boyle had recently brought forward as an example for the American Saints; and they yearned to imitate the self-denial of those vigorous old German monks and nuns. They knew the old controversies of the Church on the merit of killing shame, and they desired to find out a way in which to destroy their part of that sad evidence of man's fall. Some of their friends, like Mrs. Alice Tarbell, a married and experienced lady, of good sense and keen perception, warned them against these promptings of the spirit. Alice was one of the saints who professed to believe in the new doctrines of holiness and freedom: her husband was a pious deacon; but she shunned the more excited class-rooms and love-feasts, and kept her eyes open to the facts of daily life. But the younger women would take no counsel save their own; for they held the wisdom of the wise as dirt, and read their own visions and imaginations as the word of God. They whispered to each other about the duty of bearing the cross of Christ; and they sought with carnest prayer for light as to some plan by which they might prove their hatred of the flesh, their contempt for law, and their devotedness to God. At length, some purposes began to shape themselves in the minds of these young women, which took the world by surprise, and called down upon them its abiding wrath.

Those who could see into this revival camp, unblinded by its passions, were keenly alive to the tendency already visible among its male and female guards to something more than gospel freedom. Friendship in the Lord appeared to have its own set of looks and tones. Much whispering in corners, lonely walks at sundown, and silent recognitions, were in vogue. The brethren used a peculiar idiom, borrowed from the Song of Songs. A tender glance of the eye, and a silent pressure of the hand, were evidently two among the signs of this freemasonry of souls. All titles were put aside; every man was a brother, every girl was a sister; except in those higher and nearer cases, in which the speaker seemed to have won the right of using a more personal and endearing name. When the tie between a preacher and his convert had become spiritually close, the word brother passed into Simon, the word sister into Mary. Here and there, a more advanced disciple would offer and accept, like the German Mucker, a holy kiss.

Under such circumstances, what more could these young ladies do to defy the world and kill the sense of shame? The leading ministers happened to be away from Brimfield. The Rev. Chauncey Dutton was gone to Albany for counsel with the Saints who

had gathered around the Annesley circle; the Rev. Simon Lovett was in New Haven, whither he had gone to consult with John H. Noyes, the wisest and most shining light in the revival host. The Rev. Tertius Strong, a very weak brother, was doing duty in their place.

Noyes was known to have preached a doctrine about the Second Coming, of which the Pauline Church in Brimfield was eager to know more. This man had a high reputation in the schools; for he had been a pupil of Andover and Yale, and was supposed to be deep in the best theological learning of the United States. The views which he taught in public were such as strike the sense, and those which he was said to hold in secret were such as rouse and fascinate the soul. His open testimony was that man must be saved from sin by the power of faith, and by nothing else. The secret science, which he whispered only to the chosen few, had reference to the rule of marriage in the kingdom of God.

In the absence of Lovett and Dutton, Mary Lincoln and Maria Brown put their young heads together and hit upon their plan. They had often told each other they must do something great—something that would strike the world—something that would bring upon them its wrath and scorn. And now was the time to act their part.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE AFFAIR AT BRIMFIELD.

WIIILE these young women were dreaming of the things they were to suffer for God's glory, their pastor, Simon Lovett, came back from New Haven, bringing with him John II. Noyes, the preacher of that new doctrine of the Second Coming which they were burning to hear. That doctrine was, that the Second Coming had taken place—as all the Apostles had taught that it would take place—about forty years after His crucifixion in the flesh. At New Haven, Simon Lovett had fallen in with this view; and, being won to the new faith, he was anxious that Noyes should come over to Massachusetts and preach it to his Brimfield flock.

A stir was made by his coming; for the Rev. Tertius Strong had girt up his loins for battle; putting on what he called his shield and buckler against this teaching of the New Haven school. On the night of Noyes' arrival, a meeting of the Saints was called; the chapel-room was crowded to the door; when Noyes, standing up, and opening the pages of his New Testament, turned to St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, chapter fourth, and read it; saying that it meant no more and no less than the words, in their most literal sense, conveyed. Some of the Saints went with him, and some stood off. The Rev. Tertius Strong, his main opponent, was the first to give way and admit the fact. Lovett had been already won. Most

of the young women came into the truth, and the township rang with news of the arrival of this great message, and this bright messenger, to mankind.

The Rev. John II. Noyes, the hero of this movement, saw with alarm the signs of a coming storm. He found that among this group of beautiful women, not a few of the more passionate creatures were falling into a state of frenzy, over which he feared that he could exercise no control. What course was he to take?

The habits of the place were pleasant. A bevy of lovely girls hung on his words, spoke to him in tones of affection, looked to him for that peace which is more precious to the soul than love. Some of them called him brother, some again ventured to call him John. The leading spirits were bolder still. On the lips of Maria Brown, he was either John, or beloved John; on those of Mary Lincoln he was my brother, my beloved, and my dearly beloved.

The preacher of holiness felt that in the presence of these seductions he was but a man, and liable to fall. These words of love made music in his ear, this pressure of soft hands shot warmth into his veins. this tender society his soul was hardly safe. Preacher, and hero of the day, he was the centre of all talk, of all action, of all confidence, among these Saints. Every man came to him for counsel. Every woman brought him her experience. Every one sought to touch him in the innermost privacy of his heart. How could be resist that seeking smile, that tender grasp, that chaste salute? Noves went into his room and locked his door. All night long he watched and prayed. God, as he funcied, came to his help; for in the darkness of midnight, as he lay in his lonely bed, a light was given him to see the danger in which he deemer's kingdom. These relations were the constant theme of her discourses. Like Ann Lee, the foundress of Shakerism, she held that in the day of grace all love between the male and female must be chaste and holy. Hence she raised up her voice against wedlock and the wedded rule. She held that the females must not think of love; that the men must not woo them; that the church must not celebrate the marriage rite; and that those who had already passed beneath the yoke must live as though they had not.

Most of the women, I am told, fell into Lucina's ways of thinking on this subject. No article was adopted, for articles were not the fashion in New York. But the young farmers and artisans in the burnt district, who had thought their course of love running smooth enough, were suddenly perplexed by coyness and reserve on the part of girls who had heretofore greeted them with smiles and kisses. A mob of lasses began to dream dreams, to interpret visions, directed against love and marriage, as love and marriage were understood by an unregenerate world. Some of those girls who were old enough to have been engaged, threw up their lovers. Younger girls held off from the coarser sex. Married women grew dubious as to their line of duty; which doubt and fear led, where the husbands happened to be worldly-minded, into many a serious breach of domestic peace. In fact, these female saints had become so good that the young men of the district said they were good for nothing.

Lucina Umphreville, the cause of so many breaking hearts, was generally denounced by the men as Miss Anti-marriage. But, like Elderess Antoinette of Mount Lebanon, Lucina Umphreville did not condemn the male and female saints to live a life apart, and thus to become absolute strangers to each other.

Young herself, and full of love for her kind, she allowed some play to the higher affections, so long as these should be exercised only in the Lord. Men and women might be friends, though she could not permit them to become lovers and mistresses. Under Lucina's guidance, for in these things Sheldon himself could not fight against her, a sweet and perilous privilege was assumed by these New York saints of entering into new and mysterious bonds of the spirit. In this friendship of souls the law was to have no voice, the flesh no share; male and female were to be brother and sister only; they might address each other in sacred terms, and grant to their beloved the solace of a holy kiss. Beyond these freedoms they were not to go; and even these sweet privileges were to be put aside on any movement in the heart suggesting an un-The love was to be wholly pure and chaste desire. free. No law was ever laid down; but it was tacitly agreed among the saints that these tender passages of soul with soul were not to be made the subject of idle An air of silence and reserve, if not of secreey, was thought to befit so solemn an encounter of spirits; and every one was expected to guard in his fellow a right which he was free to exercise for himself. intimate a connection of the male and female saints was likely to become known by a special and striking name. Some one in the Church suggested that this new relation of souls was that of the spiritual husband to his spiritual bride.

So far as I can see, the name appears to have been first used in New York by the Rev. Erasmus Stone, a revival preacher at Salina, the famous salt village lying on the shore of Onondaga Lake. In the early days of the revival, Stone had seen a vision of the night. A mighty host of men and women filled the sky; a

sudden spirit seemed to quicken them; they began to move, to cross each other, and to fly hither and thither. A great pain, an eager want, were written on their Each man appeared to be yearning for some woman, each woman appeared to be moaning for some Every one in that mighty host had seemingly lost the thing most precious to his heart. On waking from his slumber, Stone, who had perhaps been reading Plato, told this dream to his disciples in the saltworks. When his people asked him for the interpretation of his dream, he said, that in the present stage of being, men and women are nearly always wrongly paired in marriage; that his vision was the day of judgment; that the mighty hosts were the risen dead, who had started from the grave as they had been laid down, side by side; that the trouble which had come upon them was the quick discerning of the spirit that they had not been truly paired on earth; that the violent pain and want upon their faces were the desires of every soul to find its natural mate.

Reports of this vision of the night, and of Stone's interpretation of it, ran like a prairie-fire through the revival camp. Sheldon adopted this idea of a spiritual affinity between man and woman; declaring that this spiritual kinship might be found by delicate tests in this nether world, and that this relation of the sexes to each other extends into the heavenly kingdom. No long time elapsed before Stone and Sheldon were both found putting their doctrine to the proof. In Salina, there lived a married woman of some beauty and much intelligence, named Eliza Porter, who had been an early convert to holiness, and a leading member of the Church. Stone had need to see Eliza very often; for they led the prayer-meetings and managed the church business in common. Stone found in Eliza a help-

meet in the Lord; and as their hearts melted towards each other, they began to find affinities in their souls which they had not imagined. All the members of their church perceived and justified the union of these two souls. Sheldon, too, discovered that he had been married by mistake to a stranger spirit, one who would be happier when she got her release from him, and found the original partner of her soul. He found his own second self in Miss Sophia A. Cook, a young unmarried lady living in the lake country.

Lucina Umphreville held that this sort of friendship between male and female saints in these latter days and in the Perfect Church, was not only allowable in itself, but honorable alike for the woman and the man. St. Paul, she said, had his female companion in the Lord: and it was right for Sheldon, Stone, and Rider to have each his female companion in the Lord. Rev. Jarvis Rider is said to have taken the young lady at her word, and to have pressed his claim for a share in her mystic dreams. True to her creed, the beautiful girl entrusted herself in spiritual wedlock to a man who very soon proved by his acts that he was unworthy to have been trodden beneath her feet; and the state into which she passed through this contract with Rider, she represented to herself and to others as the highest condition ever to be reached on earth.

To years after the convention of Saints in Manlius, a meeting was called at Canaseraga, also in the burnt district, at which Rider and Lucina Umphreville were present, as the chief male and female preachers. They travelled in company, and held a common testimony as to the Lord's doings in their souls. They spoke of their affinity for each other; describing the state into which they had entered as one of high attainment and lasting peace. In this meeting they professed to have

had), but had not received our doctrines. I found them prejudiced against our views of the Second Coming and other important teachings of the New Haven school; and I preached what I believed among them with much zeal and some contention. Their leader, Tertius Strong, succumbed to my reasonings, and soon the doctrine of the Second Coming, and what was called the 'Eternal promise,' were received on all sides with great enthusiasm. I left them in the midst of their enthusiasm, and went on my way to Vermont. Lovett remained at Brimfield, and from him, and from letters of Mary Lincoln and others, I afterwards learned the following facts.

"Two days after I left, Channey E. Dutton arrived from Albany. The excitement continued and in-Finally, it turned from doctrines and assumed a social and fanatical form. Several young women, who were really leaders of the whole flock, became partially insane, and began to act strangely. The disorderly doings that were reported to me were, first, the case of 'bundling;' and, second, a wild nightexcursion of two young women to a mountain near the village. I had no reason to believe that any act of real licentiousness took place; but that the 'bundling' was performed as a bold self-sacrifice for the purpose of killing shame and defying public opinion. I confess that I sympathized to some extent with the spirit of the first letters that came to me about this affair, and sought to shelter rather than condemn the young women who appealed to me against the storm of scandal which they had brought upon themselves. But in the sequel, as the irregularities continued and pussed on into actual licentiousness, I renounced all sympathy with them, and did my best in subsequent years to stamp them out, by word and deed, and succeeded.

"I was so near being actually present at this affair, and as liable to be thought responsible for it, and implicated in it, that I must now tell more particularly how and why I left Brimfield.

"From my first contact with the Massachusetts clique at Southampton, I had been aware of a seducing tendency to freedom of manners between the sexes. Liberties were in common use which were seemingly innocent, and were certainly pleasant, but which I soon began to suspect as dangerous.

"At Brimfield there was an extraordinary group of pretty and brilliant young women. By my position as preacher I was a sort of centre, and they were evidently in a progressive excitement over which I had no control. I became afraid of them and of myself. At length in my night-studies I got a clear view of the situation, and received what I believed to be 'orders' to withdraw. I left the next morning, alone, without making known my intention to any one, taking a 'bee line' on foot through snow and coldbelow zero-to Putney, sixty miles distant, which I reached within twenty-four hours. Thus I jumped off the train in time to escape the smash; and as I was not either conductor or engineer, I felt no responsibility for it, though I sympathized with the wounded and did what I could to help them.

"I will add to this narrative three letters from the package I received from Brimfield soon after the catastrophe, to show by specimen the spirit of the affair. The flight to the mountain is described in the following letter:—

MARIA BROWN TO JOHN H. NOYES.

" Brimfield, March, 1835.

"BELOVED JOHN :-

" 'I write because Sister Mary Lincoln desires me to relate her Friday evening's adventure, for she is not able to write. During the afternoon of that day she heard the voice of God warning her to flee-escape for her life. for the judgments of God awaited the place. Her voice changed, and she was filled with power. She waited in Little Rest (a small village in Brimfield) until evening. when another dear sister felt drawn to follow her - Flavilla Howard. Others doubted, thinking her crazy. She left there and came to our house, Sisters Flavilla and Abby with her. Before she got here she was drawn another way, but she wanted me to accompany her. felt that this was against the leadings of the Spirit. was drawn to Sister Mary, but Abby clung to me and went, saying this would kill her. The dear girls left me and went on, and none of our folks were led to go after them. Some of the Saints were at our house, but all were prevented going after them, for some wise purpose. The night was dark. They went across the meadows through water and mud to escape the pursuers (for the people were in search of her). She felt that the clothes she had with her and those she had on, were a burden. She laid them all aside. They then escaped to the west mountain. and when there she felt that she received the wrath of God, which awaited the people—she suffered for the saints; but they made the woods ring with their loud hallelujahs to the saint. She then felt willing to return, but knew not which course to take. It rained, and she had nothing on save her dress and thin cape, without shoes. She threw her dress over her head that Sister Flavilla might see, and went over rocks, ploughed groundeach step sinking in the mire-through bush, brooks, and mud-holes, sometimes carrying her sister, and arrived. at a house about a mile distant from ours at eleven o'clock, after travelling six miles. She returned home in the morning, and is now scarcely able to walk. Her friend think her crazy. The Saints have all turned against us, thinking we are led by the devil. They will turn back and begin where they left off when you were here. They pierce Jesus in us, but how long they will do so I know not. I will, and can bear it in silence until the Almighty shuts the mouth of the vile accusers. We hold up the liberty of the kingdom, but they think it of the devil. I am not considered crazy, but vile. It is all right, and I can say Amen.

"Mary B. Lincoln, who was really the leader and master-spirit in the Brimfield émeute, was a daughter of a respectable physician moving in good society; young, beautiful, and attractive. Her letters show that her spirit was powerful and aspiring enough to have made her either an Ann Lee or a Joan of Arc. You will observe signs, slight in the first letter, more decisive in the second, of the presence of the 'whoshall-be-greatest' mania. Mary carried the flag, and thought she was to be the foremost champion of God. Her delusions did not pass away. She chose, and married Chauncey E. Dutton. They circulated as spiritual leaders in New York and elsewhere for a while, and finally became flaming Millerites. I had a letter of warning from her, dated March, 1843 calling on me to prepare for the end of the world. They both died long ago."

MARY B. LINCOLN TO JOHN II. NOYES.

" 'The New Jerusalem.

" BELOVED, DEARLY BELOVED:-

"After bleeding, blistering, and scourging, my strength is almost exhausted. The little that remains I will devote to those who are dearer to me than life. I know you love me and all the dear people here, and to hear from any of us will bless you, and a few lines from me will not be less acceptable for being penned with a trembling hand. I have been very sick. Life has been almost extinct in me a number of times. I am still weak. but strong enough to declare the eternal victory of the spirit that dwelleth within. Though temptations and trials of every kind thicken around me, and my spirit has often been weighed down by the tears and entreaties of those who love me, yet I have not been left to deny the faithfulness of my Father by retracing a step of the way I have taken. I know in whom I have believed. The everlasting Father has married me to Himself in a covenant that is stronger than death. Satan may rage and attempt to deceive, but his last mask is on. His time is short.

made through Sisters Maria, Flavilla, and mc. The accuser presents himself in every form to us, but he is cast down. Christ gives power through innocency to bind all who doubt us, and there are none here who do not doubt. I am blessed with speaking boldly about the work in my own soul. I have no mock humility that will lead me to secrete any of my Father's kindness to me or any of His dear children. I am not afraid or ashamed to receive the sons of God into my bosom, and love them before the world, pleading for the insulted, injured spirit of our Father in them. It is not enough that we speak for God in Jesus or Brother Paul. The devil would love to have us stop here; but it is for me to stand by Brothers John, Simon, and Chauncey, and throw my arms round lovely

:..

Maria and Flavilla, the sweet angel that forsook all to go with me into the mountain! Sister Maria has related this trial to you. My Father led me there to be crucified. I am not ashamed of it, neither does it bow me down. The victory He has given me since exceeds all that I before experienced. I see a great deal of company, testifying almost unceasingly. All are bound before me. Smith, the Universalist of Hartford, called to see me. Had sweet liberty in talking. He is a sweet little sinner, and I very affectionately told him who his father was [i. c. the devil]. He thought me a wonder.

"The Saints here wear very long faces. Fear has taken hold of them - the fear to cross the lives of wicked, vile men. I feel that the Lord will lead His children to cross them, and so upset the polluted government of our nation; but if God has ordained otherwise. I shall rejoice. Gladly would I be anything and everything that I might win souls. He has prepared me to stand unawed before assembled millions, to tell the simple story of a dying Saviour's love, shedding the same tears that our elder Brothers shed over Jerusalem. But if God has declared war, we will say Amen. Eighteen hundred years ago, God said, "'Tis peace on earth;" but men have dared to throw the lie into the great Jehovah's face. His long-suffering we adore, and if His justice cuts off the wicked now, the eternal region shall sing with our hallelujahs to it. Amen, MARY. Amen.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

" Mount Sion, Eternity.

" 'MY BROTHER :-

"'Your spirit being the only one in the clay in which mine finds rest, you will not think it strange that I write you so soon again. My soul goes out after some mighty spirit in which it may hide itself a while from the storm. Through the kindness of our Father, many and mighty are my trials just now. The devil never spited

me as he now does, for I see his art, and fear not to unmask him. I have seen the man of sin revealed in the Perfectionists, in the building up of the Jewish temple, and most manifest where its adorning is most lovely. Is it Has not God laid it even with the dust, and can aught but Satan rebuild it? Has not God pronounced a woe upon it? And shall not we, His children, say Amen? I still try the Saints here. They say that I am taking steps that another has not. I know that my steps in the desert are not in the sand; and if the Lord leads me in untrodden paths, I shall go praising the God of Israel who is my guide. I feel that He has led me past all but you, for He will not permit me to have fellowship with any other, but strengthens me with communion with the spirits of the air. Yes, my brother, soon God in me will stand in front of the battle. He is mastering my strength by His burning love to war with hell's blackest fury. God has shown me by His wisdom, that by the artlessness of females the armies of the aliens would be put to flight, and the victory won. God has chosen weak things to confound the wise. Through Eve the war began; through Eves it is continued; through them it will be closed, and a declaration of Eternal Independence made to the joy of all who sign it. You see "I am for war." God has armed me in a manner that the world thinks does not become a once timid female; but according to the gift I now receive, I act. When it pleases my Father to make me more lovely, I shall be pleased to be so. I feel that His work, through me, will be short and mighty. My spirit is becoming too powerful for its habitation. I stand almost alone here. Many doubt me, and yet God has given me power over all the Saints. I have as much liberty in meeting, and am as much at home as in my father's kitchen. The last one that I was at, the Lord led me and Sister Maria, and Samuel T. to walk the floor, sing "Woe, woe to Babylon." and talk and laugh as much as we had a mind to. It was a trial to some of them, but they could not help themselves. The Lord gave me perfect power over them all in so doing. I told them I should talk all night, if the Lord led me to. Most of them are following after; God is leading them into the truth, yet they do not know it. Deacon Tarbell is much blessed, Sister Hannah is very sweet, and Sister Maria is very strong and bold.

MARY.'

"To complete the history of the Brimfield affair, I will add that, besides sending its seeds into New York, it was partially reproduced in New Haven. Lovett and Dutton circulated there; and spiritual mating had its run there, as at Brimfield and elsewhere. Whether there was any bundling, I cannot say; I never resided in New Haven, except on occasional visits, after I left with Lovett in 1835. Elizabeth Hawley, who was in the midst of the New Haven intrigues, says in a letter to me, 'Simon Lovett first brought the doctrine of Spiritual Wifehood among New Haven Perfectionists, after his bundling with Mary Lincoln and Maria Brown at Brimfield. claimed Abby Fowler (a very estimable young woman of New Haven) as his spiritual wife, and got her. She died not long after of consumption. Simon then married Abby Brown, sister of Maria, at Brimfield. Terens Fowler, brother of Abby, married Miss Tarbell of Brimfield, under the idea that she was his Spiritual JOHN H. NOYES." Wife.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GOSPEL FREEDOM.

ROM the day on which the New York Saints sought fellowship with their New England friends, the spirit of Mary Lincoln and Maria Brown appears to have passed into the colder children of Lucina Umphreville, and even into that prophetess herself.

Mary Lincoln, on recovering from her sickness, came into the theory of Spiritual husbands and Spiritual wives, as this theory had been taught from Salina by the Rev. Erasmus Stone. She found, however, that the Rev. Chauncey Dutton, not the Rev. Simon Lovett, the hero of her Brimfield scandal, was her natural mate. Hand in hand Mary and Dutton travelled through the country, staying with those who would receive them, preaching to such as would come and hear. They affected to travel as they said St. Paul had travelled with his female comforter. The passions, which were condemned in all men, were in their own persons crucified and dead. But in the end, these hot reformers of a carnal world came under bonds so far as to be duly married in the church.

Maria Brown went over to New York; where she sought the friendship and guidance of Lucina Umphreville, and kept herself free from many of the delusions into which her old friends and neighbors fell. The Rev. Jarvis Rider, parting from his Shakerlike bride, found in a married sister, the wife of Thomas Chapman, of Bridgeport, on Oncida Lake, a woman

of yet closer spiritual affinities to himself. Mrs. Chapman was a young and pretty woman, who was liked by every one for her charming ways and her kindness of heart. An early convert to holiness, she had always been a pillar of the church, and her house had been open at all times to the Saints. When Maria Brown came on a visit to the Lake district, Mrs. Chapman invited her to stay at Bridgeport; and not only Maria Brown, but Lucina Umphreville, together with the Rev. Jarvis Rider and the Rev. Charles Lovett. Chapman, her legal husband, being engaged in digging the Chenango Canal, was a good deal from home; but he felt such confidence in his fellow-saints, that he gave them perfect liberty in his house. Rider took advantage of this confidence to persuade Mrs. Chapman that she was his second self, his natural mate, and his destined bride in the future world. finding such a pretension raised, Lucina Umphreville not only gave up all her own claims on Rider, but sanctioned, as it seems, the pleas which he had now put forth to a special claim on the soul of Mrs. Chapman. The woman, persuaded by her clerical guests, consented to accept the position of Rider's spiritual wife.

In like manner, the Rev. Charles Lovett proposed a spiritual union with Lucina; when the woman who had been deserted by Rider gave herself away into a second, and a happier heavenly match.

Maria Brown sat by, alone, content to be alone.

When Thomas Chapman came home from his labor on the canal, and heard what had been done in his absence by these Saints, he knocked the Rev. Jarvis Rider down, kicked him black and blue, and thrust him out into the lane. His rage was violent, but its force soon died away. How he became reconciled to the preacher of Spiritual wifehood I cannot pretend

to say. Men, who do not seem to me crazy, tell me that Chapman, when he raised his hand against the revival preacher, was stricken blind; not in a mystical and moral sense of the word, but that he really and completely lost his sight. One man tells me that Chapman went to New York to consult an oculist, and did not recover the use of his eyes for many months. this affliction he begged the reverend gentleman's pardon, called him back into the house, and threw himself on the floor in agonies of shame for having dared to assert his carnal mind in opposition to the will of God. Still, when his eyes were better, he got rid of his saintly guests, left the place of his shame, and separated from his wife. Rider forgot his affinity for the cast-away wife, and Mrs. Chapman being a woman of delicate constitution, this strife between her husband in the flesh and her partner in the spirit, put an end to her life.

In the meantime, Noyes had been quietly preparing to launch on the world his own theory of Spiritual witchood. In his sermons he had often hinted his dislike to the present system of legal marriage, and of family life, as not being sanctioned by the Holy Spirit. At length he put the germ of his system into a letter, dated January 15, 1837, and addressed to David Harrison, of Meriden, in Connecticut. A copy of this epistle fell into the hands of Theophilus R. Gates, of Philadelphia, who was then editing The Battle-Axe; and in this periodical, the letter now known as the Battle-Axe Letter, and which claims to be the Magna Charta of Pauline Socialism, first saw the light of day.

THE BATTLE-AXE LETTER.

"DEAR BROTHER: -

"Though the vision tarry long, wait; it will come. I need not tell you why I have delayed writing so long, and why I am in the same circumstances as when we were together. I thank God that I have the same confidence for you as myself. I have fully discerned the beauty. and drank the spirit, of Habakkuk's resolution, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Yea, brother, I will rejoice in the Lord, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. The present winter is doubtless a time of sore tribulation to many. I see the Saints laying off and on like the distressed ships at the entrance of New York harbor, waiting for pilots; and I would advise them all, if I could, to make a bold push, and 'run in' at all events.

"For one, I have passed the Hook—my soul is moored with an anchor sure and steadfast—the anchor of hope; and I am willing to do what I can as a pilot to others: yea, I will lay down my life for the brethren.

"As necessity is the mother of invention, so it is the mother of faith. I therefore rejoice in the necessity which will ere long work full confidence in God, such confidence as will permit Him to save His people in a way they have not known! In the meantime my faith is growing exceedingly. I know that the things of which we communed at New Haven will be accomplished. Of the times and seasons I know nothing. During my residence at Newark my heart and mind were greatly enlarged. I had full leisure to investigate the prophecies, and came to many conclusions of like importance to those which interested us at New Haven. The substance of all

is, that God is about to set a throne on His footstool, and heaven and earth, i. c. all spiritual and political dynastics, will flee away from the face of Him that shall sit thereon. The righteous will be separated from the wicked by the opening of the books and the testimony of the saints. The house of Jacob shall be a fire, and the house of Joseph a flame, and the house of Esau for stubble. . . . Seriours shall come up on Mount Zion to judge the mount of Esau; and the kingdom shall be the Lord's.'—Obadiah, 18, 21. Between this present time and the establishment of God's kingdom over the earth, lies a chaos of confusion, tribulation, wee, etc., such as must attend the destruction of the fashion of this world, and the introduction of the will of God as it is done in heaven.

"For the present, a long race and a hard warfare is before the saints, i. e., an opportunity and demand for faith - one of the most precious commodities of heaven. Only let us lay fast hold of the hope of our calling; let us set the Lord and His glory always before our face, and we shall not be moved. I thank God that you have fully known my manner of life, faith, purpose, afflictions, etc., to the end that you may rest in the day of trouble: for I say to you before God, that though I be weak in Christ I know I shall live by the power of God toward you and all saints. I am holden up by the strength that is needed to sustain not my weight only, but the weight of all who shall come after me. I will write all that is in my heart on one delicate subject, and you may judge for yourself whether it is expedient to show this letter to others. When the will of God is done on earth as it is in heaven, ? there will be no marriage. The marriage-supper of the Lamb is a feast at which every dish is free to every guest. Exclusiveness, jealousy, quarrelling, have no place there, for the same reason as that which forbids the guests at a thanksgiving dinner to claim each his separate dish, and quarrel with the rest for his rights. In a holy community there is no more reason why sexual intercourse should be

restrained by law, than why cating and drinking should be; and there is as little occasion for shame in the one case as in the other. God has placed a wall of partition between the male and female during the apostasy for good reasons, which will be broken down in the resurrection for equally good reasons; but woe to him who abolishes the law of apostasy before he stands in the holiness of the resurrection. The guests of the marriage-supper may have each his favorite dish, each a dish of his own procuring, and that without the jealousy of exclusiveness. I call a certain woman my wife; she is yours; she is Christ's; and in Him she is the bride of all saints. She is dear in the hands of a stranger, and according to my promise to her I rejoice. My claim upon her cuts directly across the marriage covenant of this world, and God knows the end. Write, if you wish to hear from me.

"Yours in the Lord."

The publication of this document made a noise in the Church hardly less loud than the Brimfield affair had made in the world: the fruits of it are found at Wallingford and Oneida Creek.

CHAPTER XL.

THE PAULINE CHURCH.

A LL these members of the Pauline Church, and nearly all these advocates of Spiritual wifehood, pretend to find some sanction for their doctrine in the teaching and the practice of St. Paul. They say St. Paul had felt that mystic companionship of male and female in the Lord which Lucina Umphreville made known to the Saints of New York, which Father Noyes has carried out in his Bible Families at Wallingford and Oneida Creek, and which Warren Chace describes as the only bond uniting a spiritual husband to a spiritual wife.

Paul, it is commonly said, was not a married man; not married, that is, in the carnal sense before the law; yet he would seem, from his own epistle to the saints at Corinth, to have been accompanied on his journey by a woman who was a daily helper in his work. In terms which no one has yet been able to explain away, and which, since all our churches are drawing more and more upon the Pauline writings, they hold that men should try to understand, St. Paul affirmed his right to the fellowship of this female partner against those cynics and scorners in the infant church who made his personal conduct matter of reproach. What was this woman's relation to St. l'aul? Was she his wife? Was she one who stood to him in the place of a wife? Was she as a sister The Greek word (1 Cor. ix. 5) by which the apostle names her — gynaika — means either wife or woman, like the French word femme, and the German word frau. From the earliest times in which critics wrote, men have been divided in opinion as to the sense in which the term adelphen gynaika was used by Paul. Clement of Alexandria seems to have assumed that Paul would not have taken a female companion with him on his travels unless she had been his wife. Tertullian, on the other side, asserts that the woman who went about with him was not his wife, but a holy sister, who travelled with him from place to place, doing just that kind of work in the early Church which only a woman can effect. Which is the truth?

All critics conclude, for the text is plain so far, that Paul and Barnabas claimed the privilege of keeping the company of certain holy women, with whom they appear to have lodged and lived. That the connection between these men and women was, in their own belief, free from blame, no one will doubt; but the facts which must have placed this connection beyond the reach of honest, open censure, are not so clear. One word from Paul to the effect that the parties were married would have silenced every tongue; but Paul did not speak, and did not write that word. What, then, are we to infer from his silence? The loud voice of antiquity asserts that Paul was a single Paul himself tells us that he was accompanied, and had a right to be accompanied, by a female friend. What then?

The early Fathers of the Church had to meet a question which most of our writers on St. Paul have agreed to shirk. Hilary and Theophylactus, writing in distant countries and distant periods, describe the two apostles, Paul and Barnabas, as being attended by rich women, whom they had converted, and whose

duty it was to cook for them and comfort them, as well as to carry the gospel light into the harens of princes and wealthy persons. This view, I think, is that adopted by the Church. Clement himself, though he says these women were married to the Apostles, seems to think that they went about with their apostolic husbands, not as wives in the flesh, but as sisters in the spirit. Thus we are driven back upon the text, which tells us little, and on the biographers of Paul, who tell us less.

Our usual renderings of the Greek term, by which St. Paul denotes this partner of his toils, extend the meaning so as to make him describe the connection as chaste and holy. Thus, the Latin Vulgate makes St. Paul speak of his partner as mulierem sororem, a form which has been copied with only slight variations into many tongues. The Italian version gives it as donna sorella; the Brussels version reads, une femme qui soit notre sour (en) Jesus Christ; the French Protestant version, une femme d'entre nos sœurs: the Spanish version, una muger hermana; the Portuguese, huma mulher irmâ. Luther renders the word by eine Schwester zum Weibe. Our English versions lean to the same con-Wycliffe translates gynaika "a womman, a sister;" Tyndal, "a sister to wife;" the Genevans, "a wife being a sister;" and the authorized translators, "a sister, a wife." But this has not been always done. Some of the earliest and some of the latest writers on St. Paul have taken the other sense; reading the Greek text as they would have read any other, by plain and open rules. Clement of Alexandria classes Paul with Peter and Philip as the three married apostles: Conybeare translates adelphen gynaika into "a believing wife," and Stanley into "a Christian woman as a wife."

The Pauline churches of Massachusetts and New York have found an easy way through what has proved so hard a path to scholars in Europe and Asia. They pretend that St. Paul lived with the woman who travelled with him in grace, and not in law; in a word, that he was to her a spiritual husband, that she was to him a spiritual wife.

Is it not strange that a thousand and one writers on the life of St. Paul should have shirked this deeply interesting question of his relation to his female companion? Yet this is the singular fact. Conybeare and Howson have not a word to say about it; Whithy has an unmeaning note, in which he says that either Paul had a wife, or Barnabas had a wife, or one of these Apostles might have had a wife, since no law forbade him to marry if he had so pleased. The writers in Smith's Bible Dictionary, and in Kitto's Encyclopædia of Biblical Literature, are equally reserved. Is this strange silence wise? What is to be gained for the Church by clouding this central fact in the great Apostle's life?

The Saints of New York find the same sort of Spiritual love between men and women in the Agape, those Feasts of Love which are so frequently mentioned both by friends and enemies of the early Church.

Hardly any subject connected with the planting of Christianity is obscured by darker clouds than the origin and history of the Agapte; yet enough, they urge, is known to prove that the Feasts of Love were the results of a new sympathy having been introduced by the Church into the relations of sex and sex.

They say the social order founded in Judea was, in part at least, communistic; the religious order being made to complete, and perhaps to supersede, that old

political and domestic order which admitted of private property and personal wives. Life in the Church was offered for acceptance as a higher form of spiritual perfectness than life in the family; a proposition which, being assumed and granted, it is easy to urge that the terms brother and sister in the faith expressed a nobler relation than those of husband and wife.

It is safe to say that no such doctrines can be found in either the Sermon on the Mount or any other teaching of our Lord, except so far as the commands to love one another, to give alms to the poor, to speak well of all men, to prefer the gifts of heaven to those of earth, and to bear all things for the meek and lowly, can be made to look like communism. Pauline churches urge, that it is clear, from the doctrine taught by the Apostles after Pentecost, that these young reformers thought good to abolish private property in favor of the church, and that for a while, in a narrow zone, they met with some success. earth," they said, "is the Lord's." In the old times man had held his property in trust, but the trust was ended, since the Lord had come in person to possess All moneys were to become as the sacred shekel, which men could no longer use for their private need.

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Most of these young reformers of family life had been pupils of the Essenes before they became believers in our Lord; of those Essenes who had dwelt in ravines of the wilderness, in dry and desert places, among the limestone rocks above Jericho and Engedi; and who not only held strange doctrines as to love and marriage, but taught that all the children of God should feed from the same store, and have all their goods in common. John the Baptist had lived among these Essenes and learned their doctrine. Peter, John.

and Andrew, young men from Capernaum, who became founders of Jewish Christianity, had been the Baptist's hearers. An Essenic spirit displayed itself in every act of the infant Church; the Apostles taking that counsel of our Lord to a rich man tempted by his wealth, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," as a rule for all. In their eyes, private wealth was not only a snare to the soul, -such as love, rank, beauty, power, health, in fact any earthly good, might become in its abuse, - but a thing stolen from God, and consequently accursed in itself, and incompatible with a holy life. Therefore, say the brethren of Mount Lebanon, and the Bible families of Oneida Creek, the Apostles put it down. Did they also meddle with the relations of man and wife? The American saints say boldly, yes; they introduced, in their Agapæ, that spiritual wedlock which is now being revived in the Christian Church.

CHAPTER XLL

THE AGAPAS.

WIIAT were those Agapæ? Were they, as the heathen said, but a new form of idolatry, a faint image of the banquets held by the Greeks in honor of their gods?

We hear that they were social gatherings of the faithful, who met either in each other's houses, when they were rich, or in such chapels and synagogues as they could then command. We know that they were

attended by men and women, and that the male and female saints had the privilege of saluting each other with a holy kiss. We know that these meetings were festive; that they were enlivened by singing and playing; that they were called indifferently Feasts of Love and Feasts of Charity; and that they bore in their outward form only too close a resemblance to some of those Pagan rites, of no decent origin, in which many of the converts had been trained. The song, the feast, and the fraternal kiss, lent ready hints for a Pagan sneer; and the Agapæ were ridiculed by philosophers and cynics, long before the day arrived for their suppression by an outraged Church.

Of course, in judging the Agapa it is not right that we should follow the many accusations of their Gentile foes. If much was said against them by heathen writers, much was offered in their defence by the Greek Fathers. Tertullian, Felix, Origen, stood by them, first and last; champions of whom any cause might well be proud. Yet, the main facts on record about them remain. They fell away from their purity; they took a Pagan taint; the fraternal kiss became carnal; in speech, if not in conduct, they incurred the suspicion of licentiousness; and the Church, though she covered them against assaults, from without, had in the long run to put them down, in order to preserve her own good name.

What was the cause, what the occasion, of this suppression by the Church of a feast which many persons connected very closely with the Last Supper?

At first, there can be no doubt that these Agapæ were free from offence. It is true that they had been conceived in a communistic spirit; that they sought to place the life of a believer above the life of a non-believer; and to absorb the sentiment of home in the

sentiment of the Church. The gathering of the faithful was to supersede the gathering of the tribe. Dinner was to rise into a sacrament; and the feast of the brethren was to take the place previously occupied by the family meal. Brethren and sisters in the Lord were to meet in either the guest-room of the house or in the aisle of the church; they were to spread out the meats and drinks which they had brought with them; they were to sing a hymn of praise and joy together; they were then to call in the poor, the lame, and the old; they were to sit down at table, rich and poor, healthy and sick, together; they were to tell each other of the Lord's doings in their own souls; they were to call for lamps when the night came down; they were to wash hands, and to kiss each other, male and female, with a holy kiss. The feast was to begin with psalms and end with prayer. "This Love-feast," said Tertullian, "is a support of love, a solace of purity, a check on riches, a discipline of weakness." In the early days of our religion, this praise was undoubtedly well acquired; for the Agapa did some good that could hardly have been achieved by any other means. They made men act like breth-They brought a spirit of practical friendship into the new society; and set a permanent pattern of equality in the presence of God. What more they did, of a kind which the Church could not finally indorse, is matter of suspicion only. It would seem to have been understood that the brethren and sisters in these Agapæ were bound together by a closer tie than that which had previously linked the members of an ordinary Jewish and Pagan household; though the new bond of union was probably recognized in a mystical rather than in a carnal sense.

These feasts were held on three occasions, if not

on more,—the celebration of a marriage, the solemnity of a funeral, the anniversary of a martyrdom. In the first and second cases, they were given in private homes; in the third case, either in the church, or in the precincts of a church. The first was gay, the second serious, the third both. In all there were eating, drinking, singing, kissing. In the Love-feasts kept in honor of the martyrs, a peculiar sentiment was developed; for all the Saints who took part in them were mystically supposed to become of one kindred in the Lord; brothers and sisters, standing towards each other in closer relation than those of ordinary husbands and wives.

Soon, too soon, these meetings fell into abuse. The holy kiss became a cover for unholy thoughts, and the feast in which every one was to break bread with his fellow, declined into a licentious orgy. In vainthe Church essayed to stem the liberty of fraternal kissing, and to crush the excesses in meat and wine. An old rule, preserved for us in Athenagoras, laid it down, that if any convert should kiss a woman a second time, because he found it pleasant, the act was The chaste salutation, it was said, should be given with the greatest care; for if any impure thought was in the heart, while the lips were pressed, the kiss became adultery, and put the soul in peril of eternal fires. Athenagoras quotes this rule together with the gloss upon it from Iloly Writ, in which they are not to be found. Perhaps they figured in some lost writing, which the Greek Church desired to impose on the people as of equal authority with Holy The rule itself implies a change of manners. and its citation in a formal defence of Christian practice, hints the general suspicion in which the Agapse had then come to be held, at least in Greece.

How, indeed, could these Feasts of Love escape suspicion, when men who had been worshippers of Baal and Aphrodite came into union with the saints? In the temples of Corinth and Antioch, these men and women had been familiar from their youth with seductive and immoral rites; the old leaven seems to have forced itself into the new societies; and even while the Apostles yet lived, those evils had begun to appear, which at a later period compelled the reforming leaders to prohibit the celebration of Love-feasts in the Church. St. Paul complained to his friends of Corinth, that in these Agapae they gorge and drink, while they neglect to invite the poor. One sees from his anger, that in Greece the converts kept to their habit of indulging in the old Sophist's supper, on pretence of holding the Love-feast of a new dispensation. St. Peter and St. Jude, as well as St. Paul. proclaimed the abuses to which the Agapæ had already given rise in their day.

But the abuse of a dear privilege, say the American Saints, does not imply its abandonment for ever. If the Feast of Love were good in the Apostolic times, it must be so in every age which shall resemble the Apostolic times. God loves and rewards His children according to the measure of their virtue. That which is wrong in a state of nature may be perfectly right in a state of grace.

CHAPTER XLIL

EXPERIENCE OF TWO ELDERS.

A RAGE for special and unlawful friendships between the male and female saints had been long familiar to sage American pastors, as one of the bad growths to be expected in the revival field. I shall cite two little histories of this passion.

The first story is that of Elder Moore.

Elder Moore, of Spring Street Church, in New York city, a shining light among the Presbyterian flock, in speaking of his religious trials to George Cragin, of the New York Moral Reform Society, described the effect of his ghostly wrestlings with repentant sinners on his own affections. One of Moore's penitents was a young lady named Miss Harding, the daughter of rich and worldly people, who had brought her up to the enjoyment of music, dancing, comedies, dinners, dress, and horses. On these passing vanities her mind was fixed, to the grievous peril of her immortal soul. By chance she became a visitor in his class; her manner pleased him; and he felt his heart yearn softly towards the rich and lovely girl. At the close of his exercises she was deeply moved; she seemed to be asking in her silence for a little help. Taking her hand in his, Moore said to her: "If you go on, I will help you in my prayers." From that moment she had a place in his thoughts, from which she could not be driven away. Her name was on his lips when he rose. and when he lay down. A tender bond grew up be-

tween them, for when he strove with God on her behalf, a feeling sprung into his heart akin to that which he felt a man must have for a sister, for a spouse. Being a single man, Moore led in the great city a lonely and gloomy life. Cragin met him one day in the street, and seeing him radiant with unusual joy, accosted him. "She has triumphed!" said the elder. "Have you seen her, then?" asked Cragin, who thought his friend unlikely to have ventured to her "No," said Moore. "Heard from her?" "Not one word," he answered with a smile: "but I am sure that what I say is true." That night a meeting was held for prayer in Spring Street Church, to which Miss Harding came, and told him the story of her call. As she dwelt on the struggles in her soul - through which she had passed to victory, Cragin smiled; her tale was a perfect copy of what he had been told in the street by Moore. For the moment these two persons had been drawn together so close, that they seemed to have but one nervous avstem.

Moore professed to have had many such passages of the Spirit; this dark and celibate man, unlovely in his person and his life, enjoying a glorious sense of celestial bridals with a host of fair and penitent women. One day a peculiar feeling came upon him, for which nothing, either in the circumstances or in his state of mind, could fairly account. The Lord's Supper was being observed in Spring Street Church, and as one of the elders he was engaged, in distributing the bread and wine. More than the usual crowd were present, for several young men and women, newly brought in, were to take their first sacrament that day. As he moved about the church, he became conscions of a singular swelling in his

heart. His pulse beat quicker, his eyes opened wider. All through the morning he had been happy in his work, and blessed with a delicious sense of peace. Why was he now disturbed with so strange a joy? He longed to embrace the brethren; to throw himself into the sisters' arms. He felt a strange love for the young girls who were kneeling at his feet, and taking from his fingers the bread and wine. This love, he knew, was like the love which he felt for his heavenly Father. It sprang from the earth, but it knew no taint of sin. He felt that, in a mystical way, every one of these fair penitents was to him, in that moment, as a sister and a spouse.

That day's experience of the Lord's Supper set the elder thinking on the love which is symbolized by bread and wine, and wondering whether a time would ever come when these symbols would be replaced by another type.

The second story is that of the Rev. John B. Foot.

Foot, a young man of high promise, had been for some time a student of William's College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, when the fierce revival of 1832 broke out; and Dr. Griffin, a preacher of extraordinary force, who came to labor among the college pupils, had set his heart on fire. Foot was converted to a sense of his lost condition. Eight or ten of his companions answered, like himself, to the preacher's call; they met for prayer in their own rooms; they held forth in public; they quitted the college, without waiting to complete their course; they began to travel about the country, calling on the people to flee from the wrath to come. Gifted with powers of speech, Foot became a shining light in the city street, and in the forest camp; few of the young revival preachers having more to say, or knowing better how to fire the souls of shepherds and woodmen. On the wild skirts of Ohio, among the rude squatters in the backwood, he made for himself a name of note. Growing in grace as he grew in years, he became a convert to Hiram Sheldon's doctrine of salvation from sin, and to the social theory which seems to have been connected in every man's mind with that doctrine of the final establishment of heaven on earth. The Rev. Charles Mead, his friend and fellow-preacher, went along with him in his course; rousing the rough squatters into fervor, and calling down the blessings of all good men upon their work.

Six years after this conversion to holiness, the two reverend gentlemen, Foot and Mead, being out in what was then the Far West, paid a visit to Foot's married sister, a woman who was working with them in the spirit. Mead and this lady soon discovered that they were spiritual pairs, mated to each other from the beginning of time; a secret which they revealed to Foot and to the lady's husband; both of whom fell on their knees and prayed for light in this new peril which had come upon their faith. The cup was very bitter, the rod was very sharp, the goad was very strong. But what is man that he should turn against the goads? Heaven's will must be done on earth; and the only question mooted in this pious household was, whether this thing which had been made known to them was the work of Heaven. After much and sore contention of the spirit, both Foot and the husband thought they saw their way. Death is the term of legal wedlock. In the resurrection there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. And had not the end of all legality arrived? Were not the Rev. Charles Mead, the woman, and her husband, saints who had entered on the heavenly life? To them,

were not the world and its rules as things of the past? The reign of sin was over; and with the reign of sin had gone all contracts made in the name of life and death. What death could do for them was done; and every contract which death could break was already broken and annulled. On this view of the matter, they agreed to let the woman and her spiritual lover have their way.

But the squatters and teamsters living out West, not having been saved from sin and born to a new life, felt bound to resent this arrangement in their neighbor's house; and when a child was born of this spiritual pairing, they seized their axes and firelocks, broke into the log shauty, collared the three male saints, stript them to the skin, smeared them with tar, rolled them up in feathers, and set them on a rail.

This matter came before a court of law, in which Mead defended himself in person; but the judge agreed with the mob that a great offence had been committed by the reverend gentleman against public morals. Mead was cast in damages, and sent to jail.

Foot held fast to his views that in this sad affair he had done no more than his duty, since he felt sure that Mead, in living with his sister in all the freedom of bride and groom, was carrying into effect the holiest ordinance of God. This was what he said to his religious friends. Of course, the transaction made some noise in the revival camps; perhaps, in the end, it weakened Foot's power as a preacher; but for a long time after Mead's trial and imprisonment, this reverend gentleman was well known as a leader in the conventicles of Massachusetts and New York.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WORDEN'S CONFESSION.

MARQUIS L. WORDEN, a staid and sober person, fifty-five years old, is a married man, and the father of a family. I made his acquaintance in New York State. He was a farmer of good standing, and of fair education for his class. He lived in the first burnt district; and his religious trials, which, up to a certain point in his life, were those of many thousands of his countrymen (a fact to give them value in the eyes of all social students), are told in the following paper, which he drew up for me at my request:

" New York, December 15, 1866.

"In undertaking to give you my recollections of Spiritual wifehood, I must necessarily relate more or less of personal history and experience; and at best I may not be able to throw much light on a subject wrapped, as I think this is, in the mystery of religious enthusiasm.

"It is common with religious seets, and especially with individuals of the highest spiritual attainments, in times of fervent zeal, to think of God and Providence as arranging their future in reference to social companionship. They have come into the presence of God and the powers above, and therefore recognize a higher law over their impulses and passions, and offer their hearts to its guidance rather than to the law of human ordinances. Thus it can be seen how wives might be claimed under the prerogatives of the Spirit.

"I was born in 1813, at Manlius, Onondaga County,

New York. It was about the time I was twenty-one (1834) that I was baptized by immersion, and taken into full communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the last days of the same year, I became a convert to Methodist Perfectionism. So I consider this as a sort of pivotal period from which I look backward and forward in my history. To me the year 1834 was throughout a year of carnestness, devotion, and religious activity. Revivals prevailed in the neighborhoods and region round about Manlius, and through the country in which the New Measure Evangelists, such as Luther Meyrick, Horatio Foot, and James Boyle, led the way, and it was my pleasure to unite in zeal and effort with them, under the Union religious sentiments which were popular at the time. I did not know anything of Perfectionism until the fall of 1834, although the Sheldons and others in Delphi, but fifteen miles distant, had been testifying to salvation from sin for a year or more. Martin P. Sweet and Jarvis Rider of De Ruyter village, near Delphi, became Perfectionists under the Sheldons' preaching, and travelled together as apostles, preaching from place to place, or, as they called it, bearing witness to salvation from sin. They went to Syracuse, to Oswego, and finally came to Manlius Centre, where the Cook and Mabie families, who had been agitated by revivals during the summer, received them and were converted. By-and-by I came in contact with them, and received one or more of the first numbers of the Perfectionist, then recently published in New Haven. The perusal of these papers, together with the testimony of these persons, led me to desire, through new convictions and aspirations, an experience both deeper and higher than I had attained, and it was joyfully realized at about the close of the year. I had a calm trust in God and a grateful sense of deliverance; had no disorderly intentions; and supposed I was still a Unionist or Methodist: but the people who were called by these names did not receive my testimony, and their coldness sent me to the genial warmth of Perfectionists, with whom I henceforth affiliated.

"I can conscientiously say that those early manifestations of New York piety were characterized by carnestness, zeal, and power; and that the influence of individuals by their faith and daily life was convincing to their neighborn that they held a holier faith, and lived better lives. than common men. They believed in salvation from sin; that 'whosoever is born of God doth not sin, and cannot sin because he is born of God,' and has no disposition to sin; that 'whosoever sinneth is of the devil.' They believed that they were led by the Spirit. They rejoiced in deliverance from what they called Babylonish captivity, or the legality of the churches, and no doubt this sentiment finally affected their feelings and practice in various ways, and especially was applied to domestic and social relations. Here we come to the beginning of the Spiritualwife theory.

"There was in Delphi an early believer, Lucina Umphroville by name,—a young woman of fair appearance, good ability, and of prepossessing manners, who seemed to set herself up as a sort of Ann Lee, the advocate of spiritual love, in opposition to carnal love. Incina rejected marriage.

"I came under this anti-marriage theory and influence, and have reason to believe it was common throughout my acquaintance. But during its prevalence, the idea of special companionship of the male with some particular female existed in a silent, undemonstrative way, and found expression occasionally. I remember the impression I was under, from what I heard in some quarters, that this lady champion of no-marriage and no-intercourse herself was at one time considered the better half in spiritual union with Jarvis Rider, because 'the man was not without the woman in the Lord.'

"This spiritual union too, so far as I recollect my impressions, was conceded to be a state of high attainment, for Lucina always quoted the text, 'They that are accounted worthy to obtain that world do not marry, but are as the angels of God.' So the relation was considered sacred, pure, and spiritual.

6 In the spring of 1836, Maria Brown, of Brimfield notoriety, came to Manlius Centre. At that period some changes had come over these peculiar theories and relations of the brethren and sisters. Jarvis Rider had become much attached to a married woman, a sister whom we all very much appreciated and loved for her beauty of character and goodness of heart. At the same time, Miss Anti-Marriage (Lucina Umphreville) was appropriated by Charles Lovett in the same sense as Brother Rider had previously held her. Meanwhile the married sister's husband became disturbed and anxious, and in a fit of mad jealousy took his horsewhip, and applied it furiously to Brother Rider's back, and sent him in haste out-of-doors. But afterwards, through compunction of conscience and other influences, this furious brother repented, and restored Brother Rider to his family and confidence, with confessions, regrets, and humiliations, and the course of love ran smooth again. But in the sequel there was some reason to believe that the relation became so far carnal as to lav just foundations for scandal.

"I do not know that the Spiritual-wife theory was organized and put in operation by these or any other similar transactions before and after them, but that phrase-ology was used to some extent among us. My impression is that its origin might be traced to reports and scandals coming in from Palmyra, Wagnelo, N. Y., where Joo Smith, since about 1829, had been developing Mormonism. I notice in the History of the Mormons that mention is made of Smith's inducing several women to cohabit with him whom he called Spiritual Wives. The time is given as 1838, and it was not until 1842 that he received his revelation authorizing polygamy. But I have the impression that there were in circulation stories about his Spiritual Wives long before that date.

"Whether there was anything of account, in theory or practice, beyond such incidents as I have mentioned, to indicate the inauguration of Spiritual Wifehood in central New York, I cannot say; but I judge that some theory of

the kind did exist in fact in the minds and hearts of the revival body as a whole. My impression is that Erasmus Stone acted more or less on such ideas in his relations with Eliza Porter. And Hiram Sheldon had a time of seeing in Sophia A. Cooke what he failed to appreciate in his own wife. There was quite a general expectation that the resurrection was soon coming to reorganize society, and provide personal companionship of male and female without regard to law or other marriage institutions. But as to carnal love, it was in many minds a pollution, not to be tolerated, but to be crucified with the carnal mind, which is not 'subject to the law of God, nor indeed can be.'

"Years passed on. The weakness of some was manifest in their being overcome by the passions which they had condemned, and declared crucified and dead; in others, by the surrender to the marriage relation, and I began to wonder what the end would be. Finally, my own attachment concentrated on a young lady who stood, in heart, firmly on the theory of no marriage. Purity and community with the angels was her motto. But I pushed in the direction of actual marriage. Formidable were the obstructions; among others, I found that Brother Charles Lovett had intimated that my chosen one was his affianced bride in the heavens. I waited yet a while. But in the year 1839, on the 4th of March, I was married.

"MARQUIS L. WORDEN."

All that is said in this confession by way of fact, known to the writer, is no doubt true. It is only when Worden comes to hearsay and fancy that he goes wrong. His "impression" that the theory of Spiritual Wives may have come from the Mormons of Palmyra, has no foundation to rest on.

The story of Mary Cragin's Spiritual trials, which give us a deeper insight into the working of these morbid passions, may now be told.

CHAPTER XLIV.

STORY OF TWO LIVES.

MARY CRAGIN was one of the chief of many female brands who had been plucked from the burning fires during the Great Revival. The story of her life is here told mainly in the words of her husband George.

In its broad features, this story of two lives is that of an idolater and his idol; of a singularly warm and steadfast human passion, in conflict with an equally warm and steadfast spiritual passion. The idolater was George Cragin; the idol was his wife Mary.

From every one who knew her, I hear that in her younger days Mary was extremely beautiful; but her rare beauty of face and figure seems to have been counted as the least among her many attractions. She had the soft eye which seeks, and the ready smile which wins, the beholder's heart. She was a good musician, a ready talker, a delightful nurse. Every man who came near her fell beneath her sway. Without seeming effort on her side, she became the soul of every society into which she entered; and from her native force of brain and will she could not help becoming a leader of men and women in both the family and the church. Her story is worth telling at some length.

George Cragin, her husband by the law, was born in 1808, at Douglas, a village some fifty miles from Boston. He was of Scottish descent; but his fore-

goers had been settled in Massachusetts since the days of the Mayflower. His father and mother, Puritans of the hardest type, had brought up their son in the belief that to drink wine, to smoke pipes, to dance, to drive a sleigh, to read novels, to see plays, to miss divine service, and go to a revival church, were each and all deadly sins. Cragin the elder was a dark. stern, silent man; staid in manner, prompt in counsel, active in business; who, as he seemed to be doing well in the world, was allowed to take a high part in the local politics, and to represent the city of Douglas in the legislature of his State. He was poor in health; his business adventures failed; and his family was beggared at one blow. Father and son left Douglas; and at nineteen years of age George Cragin found himself thrown upon the world for bread.

At this age, George was hardly more than a child. Twice he had made himself tipsy with tobacco, and once with lemon-punch. Twice he had fallen in love: once when he was ten years old, with a lady of the same age, but of unknown name; once again, when he was fifteen, with a poor Methodist girl, named Rebecca, whom his father would not suffer him to court. This second love-affair had brought much trouble on his parents; who, being members of the Congregational church, held Methodist girls, especially Methodist girls who were poor, in high contempt. This love, though hot in the lad of fifteen, could hardly live in a parent's ire. George gave way, and Rebecca went to the well.

George was now sent to school, where a female pupil is said to have died for love of him. Then he was placed behind a counter in Boston, from which point of disadvantage he first saw something of fallen women; afterwards, in the way of business, he got

to New York, where he was converted by a revival preacher, the Rev. Charles G. Finney, a great light among the Free Church and New Measure people. In New York he fell into mild flirtations with Sarah Steele, a co-disciple in the Lord. But this New York Sarah, though she took his arm on her way to meeting, and seemed in her quiet mood to enjoy his talk, would not suffer the young man from Massachusetts to kiss her lips. Once, when he threw his arm about her neck and tried it on, she flashed out upon him with a "Why, George!" that went into his flesh like a knife. Sarah was proud to have the young Puritan for an escort when she went to hear the Rev. Charles G. Finney denounce the world and the devil; but her heart was dead to such warm love as glowed in George's heart, and on his offer of a soft salute, her quick reproof of his folly sent him whirling off into infinite space; from which, let the lady do what she liked, he could never find his way back.

After this rebuff from Sarah, he fell more eagerly than ever into a course of stern, unabating exercise of the spirit. With a clerk of like mind, in the same trading-house, he agreed upon a plan for prayer. These lads met in the office, of which they kept the keys, at five o'clock every morning; they prayed together until six, when they walked out to their chapel; there they prayed until seven; after which they went back to the counting-house and began the business of the world. In their long walks they repeated snatches of psalms and hymns. In their moments of leisure they lisped a form of prayer. After work was done in the store, they returned to chapel for service, and after service in the chapel they retired to their room for private devotion. Every hour of Sunday was absorbed by church and school. On that

day they held Bible classes for young men and young women, most of all for young women; many of whom they wrought upon, by word or tone, to confess their sins.

It was in this strict school of duty and observance that George Cragin encountered the young lady who was to become his wife.

High among the old families of Puritan descent who had found a home in Maine, were the Johnsons and Gorhams of Portland. Like all the best families in New England, these Johnsons and Gorhams were engaged in farming and trading; but they ranked with the gentry; they put their girls into good schools; they sent their boys to college; and they held their heads rather high among the intellectual classes. Daniel, one of the Johnson young men, had proposed to Mary, one of the Gorham ladies; he had been accepted as a suitor; and, after his equal and happy marriage, he had become the father of two children. a boy and a girl. This pair of Puritans, Daniel and Mary Johnson of Portland, were Presbyterians of the strictest rite; members of the Rev. Edward Payson's church; and their infant children, called by their parents' names, Daniel and Mary, were baptized into the new life by that eminent divine. In due time, Daniel E. Johnson, the boy, went to Yale College, where he took high honors, studied theology, and became an ornament of the Presbyterian Church. Mary, the girl, was born in 1810; and her course of life was to run on a wholly different line.

From an early age she showed unusual signs of quickness and sympathy. Very pretty, very bright, very amiable, everybody liked her and everybody petted her. To her father and her brother, she was a sort of idol; so that, even when she was yet a little

child, they never tired of reading with her and working for her. Placed in a good school when she was five years old; kept at close drill until she was fifteen; helped at home by a clever father; spurred along by the correspondence of an advancing brother; where is the marvel that Mary's teachers should have at last declared that they could teach her no more; and that the time had come when she might be intrusted to teach in turn?

Johnson, her father, who was engaged in business as a bookseller and publisher, removed his house from Portland to New York, in the hope of doing better in the Empire State than he had done in Maine. Shortly after his arrival with his wife and daughter in the great city, a movement, which had been commenced by Mrs. Bethune and other ladies, for establishing infant-schools for the benefit of the poor, took active form in New York. A committee was formed, on which were Dr. Hawks, Dr. Bethune, and many other men of name and note. They wanted female teachers. One school was to be opened by them near St. Thomas' Church, to be placed under the care of its pastor, the famous orator and writer, Francis Lister Hawks, Doctor of Divinity; and Mary Johnson, whose grace and tact were known to many ladies and clergymen on the new committee, was asked to undertake the charge: which she did at once from a high sense of duty: though this charge of a hundred and fifty children was sure to be a heavy burden to a girl not yet beyond her teens.

Rooms were now hired on the ground-floor of Union Church, in Princes Street; notices were sent into the houses and cabins all about; and when the doors of her school were thrown open, Mary found her benches flooded with refuse from the quays and lanes. The

little things who came to her were dirty and in rags; they hardly knew their own names; many of them had no homes, and could not tell where their mothers lived. All the small miseries of a great city seemed to be poured into the school-room under Union Church through these open doors. But Mary had her heart in the toil. She put these tiny wretches into rows and classes—the younger chits together, the older girls by themselves, and taught them to march in step, and to sing in time. She induced them to wash their faces and mend their clothes. She read prayers for them. and explained the Bible to them. In a few months these imps and elfs of the river-side were changed into the likeness of human beings. Some fell back, no doubt; the tides of the world being far too strong for an infant-school to stem; but the work of cleansing, shaping, and restoring still went forward under Mary's care; the little ones coming to her when they could, and staying as long as the house-keeper would let them stay. Many a poor mother, as she tramped through the streets, was only too glad to find a place in which for six or seven hours she could leave her homeless child. The Rev. Francis Hawks and the committee were coming to feel very happy in their success, when a simple incident occurred, which was to carry away their teacher into another sphere.

CHAPTER XLV.

PIOUS COURTSHIP.

CHURCH services are over," says George Cragin, U narrating the events which brought him into his first companionship with Mary Johnson, "the congregation slowly disperse, some going one way, and some another. All, save a few young men, have left the sanctuary for their homes. The latter hold a prayermeeting for a short time, and then they too separate and go here and there. It was one of Nature's heavenly days, that Sunday in June; the sky clear as crystal, and the air sweet and balmy as the breath of infancy, when I stood in front of the church saying to myself. 'Shall I return to my home down town?' did not always return to my boarding-house till after the evening meeting. My usual route was down Broadway, but something put the suggestion into my mind to return home through the Bowery. And why that way? It is a good half-mile farther. mind that; obey orders and march. So down the Bowery I started. I was by no means partial to that great thoroughfare of butchers' and Bowery boys; too many roughs and rowdies promenaded its sidewalks on Sundays to suit my taste. Inwardly, however, I felt at peace with all mankind just then, and was humming to myself as I walked straight ahead. passing the gay and the thoughtless,-

> 'Jesus, I Thy cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee.'

When, having nearly reached the Bowery Theatre, I was suddenly surprised and brought to a standstill, by being confronted, not by rowdies walking three abreast. with pants turned up at the bottom showing the white lining, and each with a cigar in the cavity of his figurehead, but by a beautiful, smiling face (who ever saw a smiling face that was not beautiful?), the owner of which was a Miss Mary E. Johnson, the infant-school teacher of our church. We had never spoken to each other before, to my recollection, although members of the same religious body. Perhaps there had never been a necessity for it, but there was one now. Johnson was not alone; had she been alone we should have simply nodded recognition and passed on. held by the hand a little girl, not more than four years of age, who had been brought by some one into her infant Sunday-school class, at the close of which the little innocent remained uncalled for. How many children are left in one way or another, and remain So, Miss Johnson, whose interest in uncalled for? and care for children under her charge was already proverbial in that section of the city, undertook the task of finding the little one's home, or (since many of the very poor do not have homes, but only stoppingplaces) her owners, with no other guide than the child herself, who had taken her teacher down to the Bowery Theatre, intimating that she lived in that direction. But after fruitless wandering, for nearly an hour, Miss Johnson, becoming a little alarmed, and not knowing what to do with the 'uncalled-for' upon her hands, was returning up the Bowery when we met. anxiety about the child was so great that, conquering her bashfulness and sense of female propriety, that would have deterred her from speaking to a young man in the streets, she followed the stronger instinct

of her heart by stopping and stating to me the facts of the case. My benevolence, acting in concert with my admiration for female loveliness, needed no spur to make me a volunteer at once for the service required, being glad enough of the privilege of joining so attractive an expedition in search of the whereabouts of the child's parents. After a brief consultation we decided to return to the vicinity of the church, for the further prosecution of the search; and if no owners for the lost property appeared, then consult the elders for further advice. So, with the little one between us, we moved forward for our destination.

"It was a pleasant walk that—I remember it well. I had heard much about Miss Johnson, as being a young woman of good mind, well educated, and a model of the rules of city politeness, etiquette, etc. I thought myself, therefore, highly favored by Providence in being thus incidentally thrown into her company; for the conviction continued to cling to me that I was still a rustic, and needed much discipline to free me from clownish habits. But little did I imagine at that time, that I had providentially met the woman with whom in future I was to take many walks and rides, and have many sittings together, both in sorrow and in joy, in adversity and in prosperity.

"On arriving at the door of the school-room in the basement of the church, we found the mother of the little one waiting patiently, and quite unconcernedly, for the child to turn up. 'Were you not alarmed for the safety of your little girl?' said Miss Johnson to the mother.

"'Lord bless ye, ma'am! how could I be troubled when my young ones be better off with you, Miss Johnson, than they be at home? I wish you had some of them all the time. But I suppose you will have

enough of your own, Miss, one of these days.' This last allusion deepened the color, already cherry-red, on the cheeks of the young teacher.

"Being relieved of the little responsibility on her hands, Miss Johnson had a greater one now to dispose of, which she had assumed by inviting an ally to assist in the search. Her parents residing nearly opposite the church, she could do no less than invite me in to tea."

George found that he was now falling into love, in some sort against his will; since he was conscious, to use his own words, that the marriage spirit was a strong antagonist of the revival spirit; and also, perhaps, because, in a dim way, he was conscious of the existence of another young girl called Sarah Steele. Sarah was still a very dear friend; now and then he went to see her; but as he told himself that he had never opened with her a matrimonial account (a baffled attempt at kissing, I suppose, may count for nothing) he owed her no apologies.

With Mary he was soon at fever heat. "When I bid our fair friend good evening, on the second time of speaking with her," he says, "a queer sensation passed over me, quite different from any former experience. It seemed as though I had parted with a large share of myself or life. Not that it was lost in any unpleasant sense, for I felt very happy after saying that good evening."

Mary was kind to him, though in all her talk with him her chief concern appeared to be for the salvation of his soul. Her own affairs were not going on well. Cholera had compelled her to close the school; things had gone wrong with her father, who had lost his business and taken to cock-tails and rum-punch; a fierce revival had sprung up, and her lover had quitted the old connection in which she lived to assist in build-

ing up a Free Church. Heavy clouds, therefore, lay upon her life. Not that she was hopeless; her beauty and her gracious talent brought to her side a host of friends. One young man of high family and promising fortunes offered her his hand; but thinking him, with all his bravery and distinction, to be a man of worldly spirit, she put the temptation of raising herself and all her family from her heart. Perhaps she was in love with George. Perhaps she had scant belief in the power of wealth to make women happy. Anyhow, she had a fine sense of duty, which absolutely forbade her to accept advantages offered to her under the stress of what might prove to be, on the part of this wealthy lover, a passing whim.

When George in turn proposed to her, she refused his love under a solemn weight of care. Was she fit for the married life? Was not her father a man who drank? Was not she in some sort a child of shame? Could she consent to involve a man whom she loved in her own disgrace? In these words she put the case before her lover:—

"You may remember that some time ago you drew me out in a conversation about marriage, in which I remarked that I had made up my mind not to marry, even if an unexceptional life-partnership were proffered to me. You probably regarded it at the time as a girlish expression that meant exactly the opposite, if any meaning whatever was attached to it. But you will think differently now, when you understand the ground upon which I ventured that declaration. It may not have escaped your notice altogether, when you have been at our house, that my father's conversation at times has been quite ambiguous and disconnected,—not to say meaningless and silly; making it manifest that he was under the influence of intoxicat-

ing drinks. The confession, therefore, that I have long desired to make to you is, that my father is an intemperate man, and has been so for a number of years. The grief that this habit of his has caused my dear mother, brother, and myself, is known only to Him who 'was a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.' It was through this habit, and the associations to which it leads, that he lost a lucrative business. For some good and wise purpose this trial has been put upon me in my youth, and I am learning to submit to it without murmuring; believing that all things work together for good to 'them who love God.' If it were poverty alone against which we are called upon to struggle, I should by no means regard it as a disgrace, but only an inconvenience to be avoided. But intemperance is a vice, if not a crime, because it implies a lack of self-control and manly courage in resisting temptation to idleness and slavish appetites.

"Now will you believe me when I say to you, that I have too much regard for you to consent to disgrace your father's family by accepting your offer of marriage? I hardly need say that it has cost me many mental struggles to take this step. But I could not satisfy my sense of right without making the sacrifice."

That note from Mary Johnson fixed her fate for life. Up to this point George had thought of her only as a pretty girl, soft of voice, who made everybody love her. Now she was a heroine; a young woman capable of the highest form of sacrifice. Give her up! What had he to do with pride? His family, though of the same class, was not so good as hers; for on her mother's side, at least, she had come from the very best blood in Maine. The Cragins could not pretend to rank with the Gorhams. He therefore pressed his suit upon her. Mary paused; but her brother, the

Rev. Daniel E. Johnson, joined in supporting George's prayer; and during a summer holiday, the wedding of these young hearts took place; the Rev. Daniel Johnson, now acting as the true head of his family, giving away the bride.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MARRIED LIFE.

TIME tricks which Cragin found in vogue among the men of Wall Street sickened him with trade: his Puritan blood, his natural taste, and his religious zeal, conspiring to make him loathe the ways which led to success either on the quay or in the bank. Other work appeared to call him. The vice on the river-side, the misery at Five Points - the thieves' slums near the Battery, the harlots' dens in Green Street - spoke to his heart. Thanks to the Rev. Charles G. Finney, and some other revival preachers, efforts were then being made to deal, on a new plan, and in a religious apirit. with the dangerous classes of New York; and this strife with ignorance and misery was the kind of work for which nature and education had prepared both Cragin and his wife. They joined in it heart and soul; becoming teachers among the poor, visitors among the cast-away, distributors of tracts, of cloths. of alms to the lowest classes in one of the most abandoned cities of this earth. Five or six years were spent by Cragin as the agent, lecturer, and publisher. first of the Maternal Association, then of the Female Benevolent Society, and next of the Female Moral Reform Society. To the last of these societies George was the male agent, working, however, under a committee of ladies.

Pass we lightly over the early years of their married and religious life; since those years - though full of matter to the man and woman - were but the stages through which Mary was to travel on her way from legal bondage, as they called it, to a state of freedom from sin and spiritual marriage to another man. ing these years they lived in the revival world, among men and women who had embraced the wildest doctrines of the New Measure and the Free Church. They were always on the watch for new lights, for personal intimations, for the coming of they knew not They loved each other very much; and on George's side the passion had passed, at a very early stage of wedlock, into idolatry. Now and then a fear came on them that this isolating and exclusive love was wrong; since they could not help feeling that it took them from the Church; and they began to fear lest it should end in withdrawing their hearts from God. On both sides there was an earnest striving after a nobler life. Every storm of revival energy which passed through the land in which they dwelt, caught them up in its whirl, tossed them to and fro on its angry waves, and left them stranded among a thousand broken hulls and spars.

George Cragin says: -

"The spring of 1839 found us occupying the half of a dwelling in Jane Street, New York, a tenement amply sufficient for our small family. Mrs. Cragin's mind was still much exercised on the subject of perfect holiness, or salvation from sin. Being relieved from the cares and perplexities of a large family, she had leisure for reflection and self-examination.

Through the agency of Mrs. Black, Mrs. Cragin formed the acquaintance of several persons called 'Perfectionists,' who claimed to have come into possession of the priceless boon of freedom from sin and condemnation. These individuals received what knowledge they possessed on the subject from Abram C. Smith and John B. Lyvere, persons with whom John II. Noves was associated for a short time in the year 1837. My own mind was ill at ease during this period. I can hardly describe the soul-tidal fluctuations to which I was subject. Although a nominal member of the Tabernacle Church, I seldom attended the meeting, excusing myself from duty-doing on account of the distance from my residence. I was neither in the church nor out of it-still clinging to the shadow, vainly wishing it might turn into a substance. At this juncture in my experience, attempts were made to get me back to the Third Free Church, where I expended so much of my early zeal during the revival period. The pastor, with whom I was well acquainted, employed a little flattery upon my egotism to gain my consent, saying that they wanted me to fill the vacancy of an eldership, &c. I was sore tempted to yield to their entreaties, but some unseen power kept me from the snare of official position. And, moreover, what was I to gain by turning again to the beggarly elements of dead works? Orders had been given me to advance; but I was slow in comprehending them. Formerly, I had looked up to ministers for guidance and instruction: I could look in that direction no longer. My intimacy with some of them disclosed the fact that they were, as a body, powerless and penniless in the riches of the wisdom and grace of God. The blind could not lead the blind. Sinnera preaching to sinners was a mockery that my whole nature loathed. At times, I was greatly dissatisfied with myself; in a word, was sick—soul-sick. But the disease that was upon me—a criminal unbelief—was an unknown one to myself and to the churches Equally ignorant were we of the remedy—faith."

Mary was the first to feel her way out of these troubles. The more immediate agency of her new conversion was a paper written by Father Noyes on the power of faith,—a paper which she read and pondered until light flowed in upon her soul.

"It came," she said, "with the authority of the word of God to her inner life. Step by step it led her on, with that clear logical conviction that characterizes mathematical demonstration, for ever settling points beyond all doubtful disputation and discussion. The spirit of that paper brought her face to face with the practical questions of believing, submission, and confession, not at some future time, at a more convenient season, but now—present tense, imperative mood." Her husband then proceeds with the story of her inner life:—

"For several weeks she spent much time in prayer, saying buf little to myself or any one, for her feelings were too deep and intense for expression, except to Him who hears the earnest, secret prayer of the honest-hearted seeker after truth. Mrs. Cragin had one weakness of character that greatly distressed her—a quick temper. At times, when the tempter would suddenly spring that snare upon her, she would be overwhelmed with condemnation, which for the time being would cause her to despair of salvation. So the question would be thrust at her again and again, when she was on the point of confessing Christ in her a Saviour from all sin, 'You may be saved from other faults, but not from your passionate anger when sud-

denly provoked.' And again, that unbelieving demon would insinuate to her, that if after making the confession that Christ had saved her from all sin, she should be overcome by her old enemy, all would be lost, and that Christ's power was insufficient to east out a devil so subtle as the one with which she had in vain contended for so many years. Finally, the controversy that had been going on within was narrowed down to this single point, 'Is Christ within me?' I will quote a paragraph from the article so instinct with life to her soul:—

"'If the inquirer declares himself willing to part with his idols, and yet cannot believe, we must search through his spirit again for the reason of his unbelief. Perhaps he is saving in his heart, "I would believe if I could feel that Christ is in me, and I am saved;" in other words, "I will believe the testimony of my own feelings, but not the word of God." This is wrong. A right spirit says, "Let God be true, and every man a liar. God says He has given me His Son and eternal life; my feelings contradict His record; my feelings are the liars, God is true; I know and will testify that Christ is in me a whole Saviour, because God declares it, whether my feelings accord with the testimony or not." If you wish for peace and salvation by the witness of the Spirit before you believe, you wish for the fruit before there is any root. Righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are the consequences of faith; the word of God, and that only, is its foundation.'

"Mrs. Cragin," says her husband, "had gone through the conflict."

26 *

CHAPTER XLVII.

IN THE WORLD.

; MHE doctrine of a life without sin was made to rest 1 on a belief that through the power of faith a man ; may be able to east out from his nature the spirit of self. The selfish spirit was one with the evil spirit. All true virtue began with renunciation. To give up self was to give up sin, and to live for God alone was the highest act of grace. "Follow me," had been a call to the elect for ever. Leave all, -leave every one, be it house and land, be it flocks and herds, be it even wife and child; cast all these things behind thee, if thou wouldst save thy soul alive! Such were the words addressed to a believer's heart. All things near and dear must be laid on the altar of sacrifice: rank, riches, pride, ambition, peace, and love. man would be freed from sin, his faith in God must be perfect; his abandonment of self complete. must become to him all in all.

This act of renouncing self in the heart is the conflict to which George refers. Mary had always been less worldly in her ways than her husband was—more trustful and confiding, more like a saint and a child, as good women are apt to be, especially when their thoughts have taken a religious turn. She was now ready for the sacrifice, eager to spend and be spent.

"Mrs. Cragin had gone through the conflict," says the idol-worshipper, "and a severe one it was, of giving up husband, child, mother, and brother, the most cherished of her household gods. She had counted the cost, moreover, of being cast out of society, if not rejected and disowned by relatives, and turned into the street by her husband; so great was the odium cast upon the so-called heresy of Perfectionism. With the resolution and heroic purpose of the noble Esther, of Bible history, to take the step before her, saying, 'If I perish, I perish,' she dared all consequences and made the confession that Christ was in her a present and everlasting Saviour from sin.

"I well remember the day, the hour, and the place, in which she tremblingly obeyed the inspiration of her heart in confessing an indwelling Christ. I had returned home from my place of business at the usual hour, five o'clock in the afternoon. We were in our basement dining-room alone. After a pause of silence, she said, 'I confess Christ in me a Saviour from all sin: I shall never sin again.' I believe that confession was heard and recorded in heaven, causing angels to rejoice over the victory thus gained—for they know the value of souls."

George followed his wife into this non-selfish church, as he would have followed her into any other; for his soul was her soul, his mind her mind; and he seems to have had, at that date, no wish, no hope, beyond doing her will and living in her love. From the day of their wedding, his passion for his lovely wife had been burning into whiter heat. About this time his love for her had increased to the point of fanaticism—to that of idolatry, when she bore him his first-born child. What she did, he must do; whither she went, he must go; her country must be his country, and her God his God. Mary was his law; he had not yet come to see, only to fear, that this superstition of the heart was an evil spirit, to be driven out of his

soul at any and every cost before he could be reconciled in soul to heaven.

He was to learn it all in time; but the outward trouble came upon him sooner than the inward. Scouts and spies, who seem to abound in churches however holy, carried the news of George's conversion to the doctrine of a life on earth untouched by selfishness, unstained by sin, to several of the reforming ladies of his committee-members of the Female Reform Society-who forthwith called a meeting of the board to condemn him. Mary wept for joy at this sound of a coming storm. She had prepared her soul for persecution. She wished to make some visible sacrifice for the truth. All that she had yet yielded up to God was a form-a dream-an allegory-a phrase. It was only in terms that she could be said to have given up father and mother, husband and child. But the angry matrons of the Reform Society were about to bring her sacrifices home. Their questions were rough, and to the point. What right had a man in a free country to change his mind? What could induce a moral reformer to begin meddling with religious truth? Where was the need for one, whose duty lay among thieves and fallen women, to trouble himself about salvation from sin? In an angry mood these ladies came into the board-room. George was told to stand up before them, while thirty pair of bright eyes scanned his figure from head to foot, as though they had expected to see hoofs, and horns, and tails to match. What had he to say in explanation and defence?

Not much. He was a free man. He lived in a free state. He thought he was acting in his right. He knew that he was a better man for the change which had come upon his spirit.

Hoot! said the Editress of a journal published by the Female Reformers, here is the Battle-Axe letter, an infamous letter, an infernal letter: this letter is from the pen of Noyes. Could a godly man write such a thing as that?

George did not know. The Battle-Axe letter, he had heard, referred to what might be done by holy men and women at some future time,—perhaps on this planet, perhaps in the higher spheres. He had nothing to say about it since he did not understand it; and his case stood solely on the paper called the Power of Faith.

He was dismissed from office, and Mary wept upon his neck for joy.

Turned out into the world, despised, condemned of men, the pair put on, as it were, the raiment of bride and groom. Mary wrote to her new teacher, Father Noyes:—

"While I am writing to you I am weeping for joy. My dear husband one week since entered the kingdom. When I tell you that he has been the publishing agent of the Advocate of Moral Reform, and had been born but three days when they cast him out, you will rejoice with me. Ah, Brother Noyes, how have the mighty fallen! In him you will find a most rigidly upright character,—Grahamism, and Oberlin perfection all in ruins. How he clung to Oberlin, as with a death-grasp! How confident was he that none were saved from sin but mere Grahamites! How disgusted with the conduct of Perfectionists! The Lord has pulled down strong towers. Bless the Lord!—on the first of December he will be without money and without business. How this rejoices me!"

Such was the spirit in which Mary Cragin took the cross of persecution on herself.

The last words of her letter were hardly true. George had been a prudent saver of his means, and without telling his wife about his thrift, he had put up more than a hundred dollars in the bank. If they were poor, they were not penniless. "We shall stand by," said Mary, strong in her faith, "and let the Lord provide."

The two leading men of their new way of thinking in the State of New York were the Rev. Abram C. Smith and the Rev. John B. Lyvere. Smith lived at Rondout Creek, on the North River, about two miles from Kingston, seventy-five miles from New York. Lyvere had a house in the city. With both these Saints the Cragins made acquaintance, and from both they received advice and help. "We looked up to these persons," says George, "as our teachers and guides, regarding ourselves as mere babes in Christ, to be cared for and fed by others with the milk of the word of life." To Abram C. Smith, a bold, strong man, of large experience and resolute will, they became attached by the closest ties of friendship and brotherhood.

Mary was so pretty, so clever, so engaging, that her house in Jane Street soon became a gathering place for the Saints of New York, who dropped in for counsel, for reproof, perhaps also for gossip. But the best of us are hardly better than the angels. George soon found that some of those Saints who had come to pray remained to flirt. At least, he thought so, and the mere suspicion made him wretched.

"I have to confess," he writes, in his simple story, "that my wife had become a very popular member of our fraternity, receiving rather more attention from some of the brotherhood than suited my taste. One case in particular, with which I was occasionally dis-

turbed, was that of a brother whose social antecedents presented anything but a clean record, although he had been a member of the Methodist Church for many years. That at which I took offence most frequently was his use of coarse language. Not possessing the faculty of concealing my feelings, I became rather an unpopular member of our circle. Placed thus between two fires, legality on the one hand and licentiousness on the other, my position led me into severe conflicts with the powers of darkness, and was anything but an enviable one. Many and many a time, as I walked the streets of the city, did I repeat to myself the verse,—

'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I can not, desert to His focs.'

"I gained many a victory in spirit, devoutly hoping that each conflict would be the last encounter with the enemy of my peace."

Of course, in George's state of mind at that time, it was impossible for him to obtain, and almost irrational for him to desire, a perfect repose of mind. As he says, in looking back from the heights which he subsequently gained:—

"Those desires for peace before the devil was cast out of my whole nature were, of course, childish and egotistical. But we had entered a new school, and accepted such teachers as offered themselves to us. I needed help."

That help which he needed for casting out the selfish spirit from his heart, and curing himself of his old idolatry of his pretty wife, was near at hand, in the person of the Rev. Abram C. Smith.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ABRAM C. SMITH.

THE man to whom we looked for help, and in whom we had the most confidence," says Cragin, "was Abram C. Smith."

The Rev. Abram C. Smith, the man by whom they were to be purged of the selfish spirit, and made fit for life in a higher sphere—who was to become George's Spiritual guide and Mary's Spiritual husband-was of a type, a class, an order, not peculiar perhaps to the American soil, yet nowhere to be found so strongly and sharply marked as in New England and New To begin with his list of merits, he had the true kind of name for a teacher, a name of three parts: the first part, a personal name, Abram; the third part, a family name, Smith; and lying between these parts, an emphatic letter, C., on which the voice was to rest in speaking, and which was never to be written out in Nearly all the marked men among the Saints have this sign: as John B. Foot, Abram C. Smith, John B. Lyvere, John H. Noyes. But Abram C. had something about him far more potent than a name. He prided himself on being a zealot among the zealous, a free man among the free. He had all the virtues, and many of the vices, of the American frontier men. Born with an iron frame and a burning pulse, he was noted, even as a lad, for his hard ways of life and for his earnest speech. Very few youngsters equalled him in the power of getting through hard work on hard

fare. In felling timber, in slitting rails, in trenching fields, in digging wells, in raising shanties, very few workmen could compete with Abram C. Like nearly all Yankee lads, he was a man while yet a boy; free of the world, the flesh, and the devil in his teens; loud, pinched, eager, resolute, talkative. From his cradle he had been religious, after his kind. In youth he had received a peculiar call; when he had joined a church of New York Methodists, in whose body he began his ministerial career. To use Cragin's words, "he possessed some excellent traits of character; he was naturally very affectionate, kind-hearted, and selfsacrificing; he possessed a good intellect; and had he been well educated, and learned the spirit of obedience in his youth, he would have adorned either the pulpit or the bar." But he had scarcely been at school, and he had never learned obedience in his youth. All that a lad can learn in the street, in the field, and in a common school, he knew. He was great in traffic: had a keen eye to business; he knew the Bible by rote; and he seldom failed in getting a slice of every cut loaf for himself.

Among the new friends to whom his conversion made him known, the Rev. Abram C. found many who liked his keen speech, his firm will, his zeal for the salvation of souls. Cold, hard, enduring—sharp of tongue, prompt in wit, hot for the fray—he breathed the very spirit of revival fury. From the moment that his bishop granted him a license to preach, he became a Yankee Saint. "He went great lengths," says Cragin, "in fasting, in praying, in simplicity of dress, in frugality and plainness of food, and he carried his notion of duty-doing to the topmost round of the legal ladder."

Like most of his countrymen, he married young;

but his first love died. Some of his leaders thought he should take a second wife; and by their persuasion, even more than from his own inclining, he proposed to a young Methodist woman, who, besides being tall, pretty, and accomplished, had a peculiar and precious religious gift. I suppose the girl had fits. She described herself as receiving a sort of angels' visits, which disturbed her mind, and reft her limbs of their natural strength. After one of these visits, her friends would find her on the floor writhing and prostrate. Abram heard of these troubles of the young ladyproofs of her exceeding favor with the higher powers -and being anxious to stand well with the higher powers himself, he proposed to their favorite, and was happy in his suit. Three children had been born on his hearth, by his first wife; his second wife brought him an infant; but the mother who bore it, in spite of her accomplishments and her beauty, brought her husband no peace. In the meetings of her church, she was all smiles and tears; her heart open to all, her voice soft to all; but in the privacy of her own house, she showed another and darker side of her nature. One who lived in the same log-house with her some time, described her as a devil's puzzle. She was good and kind, but she had no sense of truth. feel for another's pain, but she could see no difference between right and wrong. When Abram C. got vexed with her, as he often did, he would call her "a solid lic." Then, he would curse in his heart, and even in the hearing of his friends, those busybodies in the Methodist Church who had driven him, by their false praises, into marrying a wretch who had nothing to recommend her but a stately figure, and a pair of very bright eyes.

Such were the two Saints at Rondout Creek, who

were tempting George and Mary Cragin to share their home.

"Mr. Smith's claims to a superior experience, and to a high position in the New Jerusalem Church, now being organized on earth, were by no means small. Had he not sounded the depths of Methodism? And Wesleyan Perfectionism too,—had he not freely imbibed until it had ceased to afford him nourishment of any kind?

The winter of 1840 was passing away and spring coming round. The time for which the Cragins had rented the tenement in Jane Street would soon expire. The question, therefore, where had the Lord prepared a place for them? came up for decision.

Mary did not seem to care. She wanted to bear her cross, and if it were heavy enough her heart would be content. George had nursed from his youth upwards a more worldly spirit; and he preferred to see some way in which he could earn his daily bread. Love made a good deal for him; but, in his view, love itself would be safer for a large supply of hominy and squash. The question, therefore, of what the Lord was going to provide in the way of food and lodgings, came before his mind with some peremptory sharpness.

"I had no disposition to live in idleness; I was born a worker, so that little credit was due to me for my industrious proclivities. Thus far in my career I had worked for my body chiefly. In that career I had been arrested by the same authority that arrested Saul of Tarsus, and ordered to expend my powers of industry for the benefit of my soul. But how to set myself to work in the cause of the latter interest, I did not understand. I had a strong desire to leave the city, a desire which I now think was an uninspired

one. The voice of the Spirit to me doubtless was, if I could have heard it, 'Remain in the city till I deliver you, or send you elsewhere. If you go into the country you will have trouble in the flesh.' But I had not learned to give my attention to the inner voice of God."

In the meantime the Rev. Abram C. Smith continued to press his kindness on them.

"From him," says George, "we had received a standing invitation to remove to his residence at Rondout, and join his family, if we could do no better. Having accepted him as our teacher, this opening of escape from the city seemed auspicious to me."

At this point it may be well to remember that the Rev. Abram C. Smith was a married man. His wife was not a saint, at least, not in her heart of hearts: but she was his wife; and if Mary Cragin was to go on a long visit to Rondout, it was well that her pleasure in the matter should be known. Even Abram C. felt that he could hardly ask the Cragins to share his home without making his wife a partner in his suit. "Mr. Smith," says George, "for the first time called upon us in company with his wife, when the invitation to join their family was renewed. We were unacquainted with the real character of this woman. In his previous interviews with us. Mr. Smith had said so little about his wife, that we had almost forgotten In person, she was prepossessing that he had one. and dignified. She was introduced to us as a newly made convert to Perfectionism, - a recent fruit of Mr. Smith's zealous efforts for the cause. With the Methodists she took rank among the Sanctificationists, having many times lost her strength by a sudden illumination from some invisible sphere. So she said; but she did not say that she had lost her sins by those mysterious trances. She failed to impress me favorably. Her good looks, her winning smiles, and professions of devotion to the cause we loved, were powerless in drawing out my heart or in securing my confidence. But indorsed as she was by Mr. Smith, I distrusted my own impressions, and gave her the right hand of fellowship."

An invitation which the Cragins expected from an older friend than this reverend gentleman and his smiling partner failed them. The lease in Jane Street had expired. They had no house of their own. In a short time their money would be spent. All their old friends had been estranged from them by their change of faith. In a few days they would be wanting bread. What was to be their fate? As George now saw, Abram's offer of a refuge from the storm could hardly be refused. But, even at the last moment, Mary felt some doubts. She did not like to put herself and her husband into Abram's power. I'erhaps she had seen some spirit in the man before which she quailed.

"How much," says George, "we needed wisdom from above to direct our steps just then, those only can judge who have been placed in similar circumstances. Move we must in some direction, and as the invitation had been repeated by both Mr. and Mrs. Smith with so much apparent sincerity, we could do no less than disregard our own impressions and follow our leader somewhat blindly."

Yes, the leap was made. "On the seventh of March, 1840, therefore, our furniture was placed on board a sloop bound for Rondout; and the same evening my wife, my little ones, and myself, were escorted by Mr. Smith to a steamer destined to the same place. That voyage was not soon forgotten. Mrs. Cragin

was so depressed in spirit that it was with much difficulty she could control her feelings from finding vent in a flood of tears. She afterwards said to me that the moment we decided to unite ourselves with the family of Mr. Smith, darkness like an impenetrable cloud came over her mind, as though God had withdrawn from her soul the light of His fatherly counte-Down to this point in our acquaintance with Mr. Smith, Mrs. Cragin had less confidence in and attraction for him than myself. She was now in distress of mind. The benevolence of our guide was appealed to. He talked to her with all the tenderness and eloquence of a sainted minister in the good old days of revivals. He won her heart. Mr. Noyes, a man whom she had never seen, had, by his inspired writings, completely secured her confidence as one raised up of God to lead us into the highway of holi-She had been hoping that Mr. Noves would come to the city and advise us what to do: and had she been in my place, I think she would have written to him for the counsel we so much needed. But lacking that advice, she accepted Mr. Smith as his representative; and knowing that I also received him in that character, she very naturally, and, unavoidably, almost extended to him the same confidence she would have done to Mr. Noyes."

CHAPTER XLIX.

RONDOUT CREEK.

A T length they reached Rondout Creek, landed on the rough bank facing the village of Rondout, in Ulster county, and saw the household in the midst of which they had come to live.

"On arriving at our destination," says George, "we found ourselves in a family much larger than our own. Mr. Smith was living with his second wife, by whom he had one child. By his former companion he had three children—a son and two daughters, two of whom were on the verge of maturity. The dwelling he occupied—an ancient stone edifice, creeted before the first war with Great Britain - stood solitary and alone. on the south side of the creek or bay directly opposite the village of Rondout, the terminus of the Delaware and Hudson canal, and the shipping depôt of the Lackawana Coal Company. As one of Mr. Smith's cardinal virtues was economy - carried almost to the type of parsimony - we found the interior of the house so plainly furnished that an anchorite could not have complained of superfluity in furniture, nor of sumptuousness in the bills of fare. Its frugality was a reminder of the experience of the early settlers of the country, often struggling with poverty for the right to subsist on terra firma. We had congratulated ourselves that we had come down to the minimum of simple, plain living, before leaving the city, and were entitled to a liberal share of rightcousness, if it was to be

obtained by a process of economy in food and raiment. But Mr. Smith's system of retrenchment had now thrown ours entirely into the shade."

In this dull house, with this sombre man, with this haughty woman, the Cragins took up their abode. The hard fare, the driving work, were taken as a portion of that cross which they had to bear for their souls' sake. The life was not lovely, but it held out to them a hope of peace, and it seemed to have been the lot appointed to them of God. To Mary this was the first and only thought; but George, more active and athletic than his wife, soon found a rough animal comfort in doing the tasks which his stern employer found for him on the farm.

"Finding myself," he says, "at last in the country, and on a farm upon which I was at liberty to expend my physical energies, I was soon enjoying myself greatly in following the plough behind a noble old horse, whose only defect was that he was as blind as a bat, with Joshua, a son of Smith, for a rider. ostensible business which Smith pursued at that time was that of foreman of a gang of hands on the opposite side of the river engaged in manufacturing lime and cement. The farm we lived upon was nominally owned by a brother of Mr. Smith, who allowed him the use of it at a moderate rent. The time of the latter was already much occupied, and my attraction being for agricultural pursuits, he placed me in charge of the farm department, while he continued in his position as agent and overseer for the lime company.

"Possessing communistic ideas and proclivities, we thus made a slight attempt to carry out the Pentecostal spirit of holding all things in common. For a while, our associative effort bade fair to be a success, so far as out-door business and self-support were concerned.

I very soon became much absorbed in my new avocation. This suited Smith, as he had carned the reputation of being a great worker himself, as well as of possessing a faculty for keeping those under him pretty constantly employed. So, with the blind horse and the lad Joshua, the ex-merchant, publisher, and reformer considered himself in favorable circumstances to secure, what few seemed to prize, the riches of god-liness and contentment."

Contentment! Was he content? Were the others content? He was much in love with his wife, and perhaps he was a little jealous of the Rev. Abram C. But he felt sure of Mary; and he was only just beginning to find, through the hints of Abram C., that he had in himself a very bad spirit, which he should strive to cast out with all his might. His love for Mary was too hot and blind; it was a snare of the devil; it breathed the very soul of self; and was the sign of an unregenerate heart. That love would drive him away from God.

George felt sorry and ashamed. He knew that he loved his wife beyond every earthly good; for was she not his nurse, his guide, his queen, the light of his eye, the joy of his heart, the pride of his intellect? So far, he had not been able to see that in loving her for her worth and beauty, he was doing any harm. The example set by his new teachers at Rondout rather pained than edified him.

"Between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, we soon discovered no harmony existed. Indeed, there was manifestly positive alienation. A house divided against itself was not likely to offer a very peaceful retreat in which to pursue our studies as pupils in the school of faith. Mrs. Smith was now Mrs. Smith at home, not abroad. When she called upon us in the city, she presented

herself in a character not her own, that of a meek and lowly Christian. She had no longer an occasion for such a dress. If it was put on as a bait to attract us to Rondout, it was a success."

It was not long before the bickering between the Rev. Abram C. and his wife came to an open quarrel; and George soon found some reasons for suspecting that another and prettier woman was the active, though she may have been at first the unconscious, cause of this domestic fray.

"My relation to Mr. Smith up to this time was that of a son to a father. I had from the first felt the need of a teacher. The want was born in me, and I had heartily accepted Mr. Smith to fill that office. For a while things appeared to go on smoothly enough so far as outdoor business was concerned: but interiorly there were indications of stormy weather. region of my solar-plexus, counter-currents were flowing, causing perturbations of an unpleasant character. The first change that attracted my attention was something like coolness on the part of Mr. Smith toward myself. It was rarely now that he had any communication with me except in planning the outdoor business. On the other hand, his communications with Mrs. Cragin were more and more frequent and private. Did I discover a corresponding change of coolness on the part of Mrs. Cragin, or was it a distorted imagination?"

By this time, George had made a pretty long step in his religious knowledge. He had been thinking over the doctrine of renunciation; had talked about it to Abram and Mary; and had come to see that the command to give up house and land, wife and child, might be understood in a literal sense, as a duty laid upon all the children of grace.

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The winter of 1840 was passing away and spring coming round. The time for which the Cragins had rented the tenement in Jane Street would soon expire. The question, therefore, where had the Lord prepared a place for them? came up for decision.

Mary did not seem to care. She wanted to bear her cross, and if it were heavy enough her heart would be content. George had nursed from his youth upwards a more worldly spirit; and he preferred to see some way in which he could earn his daily bread. Love made a good deal for him; but, in his view, love itself would be safer for a large supply of hominy and squash. The question, therefore, of what the Lord was going to provide in the way of food and lodgings, came before his mind with some peremptory sharpness.

"I had no disposition to live in idleness; I was born a worker, so that little credit was due to me for my industrious proclivities. Thus far in my career I had worked for my body chiefly. In that career I had been arrested by the same authority that arrested Saul of Tarsus, and ordered to expend my powers of industry for the benefit of my soul. But how to set myself to work in the cause of the latter interest, I did not understand. I had a strong desire to leave the city, a desire which I now think was an uninspired

one. The voice of the Spirit to me doubtless was, if I could have heard it, 'Remain in the city till I deliver you, or send you elsewhere. If you go into the country you will have trouble in the flesh.' But I had not learned to give my attention to the inner voice of God."

In the meantime the Rev. Abram C. Smith continued to press his kindness on them.

"From him," says George, "we had received a standing invitation to remove to his residence at Rondout, and join his family, if we could do no better. Having accepted him as our teacher, this opening of escape from the city seemed auspicious to me."

At this point it may be well to remember that the Rev. Abram C. Smith was a married man. His wife was not a saint, at least, not in her heart of hearts; but she was his wife; and if Mary Cragin was to go on a long visit to Rondout, it was well that her pleasure in the matter should be known. Even Abram C. felt that he could hardly ask the Cragins to share his home without making his wife a partner in his suit. "Mr. Smith," says George, "for the first time called upon us in company with his wife, when the invitation to join their family was renewed. We were unacquainted with the real character of this woman. his previous interviews with us, Mr. Smith had said so little about his wife, that we had almost forgotten that he had one. In person, she was prepossessing and dignified. She was introduced to us as a newly made convert to Perfectionism,—a recent fruit of Mr. Smith's zealous efforts for the cause. With the Methodists she took rank among the Sanctificationists, having many times lost her strength by a sudden illumination from some invisible sphere. So she said; but she did not say that she had lost her sins by those mysterious trances. She failed to impress me favorably. Her good looks, her winning smiles, and professions of devotion to the cause we loved, were powerless in drawing out my heart or in securing my confidence. But indorsed as she was by Mr. Smith, I distrusted my own impressions, and gave her the right hand of fellowship."

An invitation which the Cragins expected from an older friend than this reverend gentleman and his smiling partner failed them. The lease in Jane Street had expired. They had no house of their own. In a short time their money would be spent. All their old friends had been estranged from them by their change of faith. In a few days they would be wanting bread. What was to be their fate? As George now saw, Abram's offer of a refuge from the storm could hardly be refused. But, even at the last moment, Mary felt some doubts. She did not like to put herself and her husband into Abram's power. I'erhaps she had seen some spirit in the man before which she quailed.

"How much," says George, "we needed wisdom from above to direct our steps just then, those only can judge who have been placed in similar circumstances. Move we must in some direction, and as the invitation had been repeated by both Mr. and Mrs. Smith with so much apparent sincerity, we could do no less than disregard our own impressions and follow our leader somewhat blindly."

Yes, the leap was made. "On the seventh of March, 1840, therefore, our furniture was placed on board a sloop bound for Rondout; and the same evening my wife, my little ones, and myself, were escorted by Mr. Smith to a steamer destined to the same place. That voyage was not soon forgotten. Mrs. Cragin

was so depressed in spirit that it was with much difficulty she could control her feelings from finding vent in a flood of tears. She afterwards said to me that the moment we decided to unite ourselves with the family of Mr. Smith, darkness like an impenetrable cloud came over her mind, as though God had withdrawn from her soul the light of His fatherly counte-Down to this point in our acquaintance with Mr. Smith, Mrs. Cragin had less confidence in and attraction for him than myself. She was now in distress of mind. The benevolence of our guide was appealed to. He talked to her with all the tenderness and eloquence of a sainted minister in the good old days of revivals. He won her heart. Mr. Noyes, a man whom she had never seen, had, by his inspired writings, completely secured her confidence as one raised up of God to lead us into the highway of holiness. She had been hoping that Mr. Noyes would come to the city and advise us what to do; and had she been in my place. I think she would have written to him for the counsel we so much needed. But lacking that advice, she accepted Mr. Smith as his representative; and knowing that I also received him in that character, she very naturally, and, unavoidably, almost extended to him the same confidence she would have done to Mr. Noyes."

CHAPTER XLIX.

RONDOUT CREEK.

A T length they reached Rondout Creek, landed on the rough bank facing the village of Rondout, in Ulster county, and saw the household in the midst of which they had come to live.

"On arriving at our destination," says George, "we found ourselves in a family much larger than our own. Mr. Smith was living with his second wife, by whom he had one child. By his former companion he had three children—a son and two daughters, two of whom were on the verge of maturity. The dwelling he occupied - an ancient stone edifice, erected before the first war with Great Britain - stood solitary and alone, on the south side of the creek or bay directly opposite the village of Rondout, the terminus of the Delaware and Hudson canal, and the shipping depôt of the Lackawana Coal Company. As one of Mr. Smith's cardinal virtues was economy—carried almost to the type of parsimony - we found the interior of the house so plainly furnished that an anchorite could not have complained of superfluity in furniture, nor of sumptuousness in the bills of fare. Its frugality was a reminder of the experience of the early settlers of the country, often struggling with poverty for the right to subsist on terra firma. We had congratulated ourselves that we had come down to the minimum of simple. plain living, before leaving the city, and were entitled to a liberal share of rightcousness, if it was to be obtained by a process of economy in food and raiment. But Mr. Smith's system of retrenchment had now thrown ours entirely into the shade."

In this dull house, with this sombre man, with this hanghty woman, the Cragins took up their abode. The hard fare, the driving work, were taken as a portion of that cross which they had to bear for their souls' sake. The life was not lovely, but it held out to them a hope of peace, and it seemed to have been the lot appointed to them of God. To Mary this was the first and only thought; but George, more active and athletic than his wife, soon found a rough animal comfort in doing the tasks which his stern employer found for him on the farm.

"Finding myself," he says, "at last in the country, and on a farm upon which I was at liberty to expend my physical energies, I was soon enjoying myself greatly in following the plough behind a noble old horse, whose only defect was that he was as blind as a bat, with Joshua, a son of Smith, for a rider. ostensible business which Smith pursued at that time was that of foreman of a gang of hands on the opposite side of the river engaged in manufacturing lime and cement. The farm we lived upon was nominally owned by a brother of Mr. Smith, who allowed him the use of it at a moderate rent. The time of the latter was already much occupied, and my attraction being for agricultural pursuits, he placed me in charge of the farm department, while he continued in his position as agent and overseer for the lime company.

"Possessing communistic ideas and proclivities, we thus made a slight attempt to carry out the Pentecostal spirit of holding all things in common. For a while, our associative effort bade fair to be a success, so far as out-door business and self-support were concerned.

I very soon became much absorbed in my new avocation. This suited Smith, as he had carned the reputation of being a great worker himself, as well as of possessing a faculty for keeping those under him pretty constantly employed. So, with the blind horse and the lad Joshua, the ex-merchant, publisher, and reformer considered himself in favorable circumstances to secure, what few seemed to prize, the riches of god-liness and contentment."

Contentment! Was he content? Were the others content? He was much in love with his wife, and perhaps he was a little jealous of the Rev. Abram C. But he felt sure of Mary; and he was only just beginning to find, through the hints of Abram C., that he had in himself a very bad spirit, which he should strive to cast out with all his might. His love for Mary was too hot and blind; it was a snare of the devil; it breathed the very soul of self; and was the sign of an unregenerate heart. That love would drive him away from God.

George felt sorry and ashamed. He knew that he loved his wife beyond every earthly good; for was she not his nurse, his guide, his queen, the light of his eye, the joy of his heart, the pride of his intellect? So far, he had not been able to see that in loving her for her worth and beauty, he was doing any harm. The example set by his new teachers at Rondout rather pained than edified him.

"Between Mr. and Mrs. Smith, we soon discovered no harmony existed. Indeed, there was manifestly positive alienation. A house divided against itself was not likely to offer a very peaceful retreat in which to pursue our studies as pupils in the school of faith. Mrs. Smith was now Mrs. Smith at home, not abroad. When she called upon us in the city, she presented

herself in a character not her own, that of a meek and lowly Christian. She had no longer an occasion for such a dress. If it was put on as a bait to attract us to Rondout, it was a success."

It was not long before the bickering between the Rev. Abram C. and his wife came to an open quarrel; and George soon found some reasons for suspecting that another and prettier woman was the active, though she may have been at first the unconscious, cause of this domestic fray.

"My relation to Mr. Smith up to this time was that of a son to a father. I had from the first felt the need of a teacher. The want was born in me, and I had heartily accepted Mr. Smith to fill that office. while things appeared to go on smoothly enough so far as outdoor business was concerned; but interiorly there were indications of stormy weather. region of my solar-plexus, counter-currents were flowing, causing perturbations of an unpleasant character. The first change that attracted my attention was something like coolness on the part of Mr. Smith toward myself. It was rarely now that he had any communication with me except in planning the outdoor business. On the other hand, his communications with Mrs. Cragin were more and more frequent and private. Did I discover a corresponding change of coolness on the part of Mrs. Cragin, or was it a distorted imagination?"

By this time, George had made a pretty long step in his religious knowledge. He had been thinking over the doctrine of renunciation; had talked about it to Abram and Mary; and had come to see that the command to give up house and land, wife and child, might be understood in a literal sense, as a duty laid upon all the children of grace. Thus it happened that when he began to ask himself, as he trudged after the plough, how things were going on within doors, he could not help feeling that something more was expected from him by his teacher, if not also by his wife, than a mere sacrifice of form. What did they want? Above all, what did his idol wish him to do? As he dwelt upon their life before they had come to Rondout Creek and after, he could not help seeing that there had been a change with him for the worse. Mary had become silent and judicial; a new and very suspicious state of mind for her.

"She has very little to say to me," he said to himself, "except in the way of criticism of a spirit in me which claims her affections." Why should he not claim them? "That," says George, "was my weak point. I was stricken by the feeling of self-condemnation that came upon me." And then, he forced himself into a confession which was obviously foreign "Freely and sincerely would I to his character. admit myself and others that in the sight of God I could claim in Mrs. Cragin no exclusive private property or privilege. That in forsaking all for Christ, as I claim to have done, my wife was included. So much was logically clear and conclusive to my understanding." All this philosophy, I imagine, was the growth of later years. The true feelings of his heart broke out: "But my feelings, like wilful, disobedient children, would listen to no such reasoning. Being thus in bondage to irrational influences over which I had no power of control, I had all I could do to keep my own head above water without paying much attention to the conduct of others." But then, he could not leave the thing indoors alone. The thought of what his teacher might be saying to his wife confused his soul, and made his hand unsteady on the plough.

Yet he had no strength to face his master, and to protect his wife. Had the reverend gentleman been a single man, Cragin might have fallen a passive victim to his force of will. But, in the haughty mistress at Rondout Creck, he found an ally on whom he had not counted.

"Mr. Smith proved himself an unwise, unskilful general in attempting the management of forces over which he had but a limited control. While he had found in Mrs. Cragin an ally, a sweetheart, and a very lovable associate, and apprehended no trouble from me, seeing that I was fast bound in chains of self-condemnation, he had not counted the cost of leaving his wife as an enemy in the rear, with the disposition and the means of causing him serious trouble. barely possible, however, that he had counted on an affaire d'amour between his wife and myself, which, had it happened, there is no telling what the results would have been, though they would probably have been no better, but much worse. But I was in no state to fall in love with another woman. trouble enough on hand already, without contracting a debt for more, to be paid for at some future judgmentday. I had business enough on hand, too, to get out of the idolatrous love for my wife, that I had been falling into for years, until it seemed at times as though I had got into the bottomless pit, where the more I struggled to get out, the deeper I sank into hopeless despair."

CHAPTER L.

THE SELFISH SPIRIT.

A Toncida Creek I was struck by the keen frankness with which my young doctor of medicine
told me the story of his passions; that young doctor
was George Cragin, son of the George and Mary Cragin, whose story I am now telling from his father's
notes. I then felt and said that his little history of
one human heart was the strangest thing I had ever
either heard or read. The father's tale is certainly
not less strange.

"Regardless of consequences," George continues, "Mr. Smith succeeded in compelling his wife to leave his house and take refuge over the Creek among her relatives. A more rash, inconsiderate act could not have been done, except by one wholly divested of reason; and the motive of it soon became apparent.

"During the first week in May, the relation between Mr. Smith and Mrs. Cragin had assumed the character of spiritual love, of the novelist type. It was not so much hatred of his wife which had caused him to turn her out-of-doors, as a fierce, crazy, amative passion—I cannot call it love—for my wife, whom he had already in spirit appropriated to himself. But he played his cards skilfully, for he so managed his hand as to throw all the responsibility of his intimacy with Mrs. Cragin upon myself. For instance, he told her one evening to feign distress of mind, or something to that effect, and to ask permission of me to repair

to his room for spiritual advice. My wife was so completely magnetized by him and under his power, that she would do almost anything he bade her. Accordingly, she obtained my consent; and when she returned to me, no harm was done. Unfortunately, the same sort of reason was pleaded the following night. My God, I said to myself, where is this thing to end? Are all these operations needed to cure me of the marriage spirit? Must others do evil that I may get good?

"Well, Mr. Smith said, my case was a desperate one, and desperate remedies had to be applied. Yet it did not suit me—even though my consent was given—to take medicine by proxy. Moreover, I did not really believe that Mr. Smith was at all anxious for my recovery, if that event would require a discontinuance of the proxy medicine. But my chief difficulty and the cause of my greatest distress was attributable to a distrust of my physician. Was he duly authorized by the powers above to pursue the course he had adopted? Serious doubts assailed me, so powerfully that it was in vain to resist them. Inwardly I prayed, and most earnestly too, for a change of doctors, or at least a council of medical savans, to take my case in hand."

His prayer was answered. John H. Noyes with two other Saints, came down from Vermont to New York to attend the May meetings. It was the second week in May. On their arrival in New York, Noyes felt troubled in his mind about the doings of his disciple, Abram C. Smith, at Rondout Creek, where things were looking rather black. Mrs. Abram C. was not the kind of woman to bear her injuries in peace; in fact, she had made so loud a noise about her wrongs, that the rough woodmen and watermen of Rondout

village had been stung into threats of crossing the creek in boats and making a midnight call on the Saints. Noves had heard some rumor of these threats. "Anyhow," he said to his two friends in New York, "I am afraid there is mischief at work in Smith's family," and hinted that they would do well in going up the Hudson River to that place. Noves arrived at Rondout Creek in time to prevent loss of life; for a warrant had been issued that day in Kingston, the nearest town, against the Rev. Abram C. for a breach of the peace in turning his wife out-of-doors; and the whole population of Rondout village was arming itself with axe and torch, with tar and feathers, to redress the woman's wrongs. An attack on the stone house was expected every hour. What was to be done? Should they stand their ground and fight it out with the mob? Abram C. was all for war. To barricade the house, to arm his people, and to resist his invaders to the death, would have been his policy. Noves took the opposite ground - Peace with the outside world, criticism and sincerity among yourselves, was his prompt advice. News flew across the Creek into the village that a peacemaker was at work, and no one stirred against the house that night. Noves recommended Abram to submit; to obey the judge's warrant: and, in fact, to go across to Kingston and deliver himself up. Smith was rude and stiff; but in the end he saw that unless he gave way to the police he would be murdered by the mob. This point being carried. Father Noyes inquired into the state of things in the house, and rebuked Smith sharply for the course he had taken with his wife. The facts were then brought out in regard to the intimacy which had sprung up between Smith and Mary Cragin. The facts were only too clear, in whatever way they were to be judged. George, I think, came off the worst of the three. To use his own words: "They were admonished faithfully, but in love. A claiming, legal spirit in me was the scape-goat upon whom the sins of both parties were laid. I joined with the rest in denouncing the spirit of legality, and freely forgave Mr. Smith and Mrs. Cragin, considering myself quite as much in the wrong as themselves, for what had passed."

Things being placed on this footing for the past, the little colony of saints and sinners spent the evening in listening to Noves. He criticised Perfectionists generally for a spirit of unteachableness and a lack of humility. He also commented on such passages as these: "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient; all flings are lawful for me, but all things edify not;" "Let no man seek his own;" "The law was made for the lawless and disobedient;" "The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Noves said he had entered the higher school of Christ who taught by grace and truth. The lower law school of Moses was still good for people who were still barbarians and half-civilized, who were yet too coarse to comprehend and appreciate the power of truth as a refining element. When believers are sufficiently refined to receive the spiritual truth taught by Christ and Paul, it enters into them, changes their disposition, and thus secures in them obedience to the divine will.

"I felt myself," says George, "richly rewarded for all the petty trials I had thus far endured; was willing, I thought, to pay any price for the full and free salvation which Christ had brought into the world. To forsake all for Him — wife included, as well as all other valuables, or whatever our attachments had converted into valuables — had now with me a matter-of-fact

meaning that I was just beginning to understand. When Christ said, 'Except a man hate father, mother, wife and children, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple,' he fired a ball into the very centre and heart of the marriage and family spirit. I had been hit, and the egotistical marriage spirit was bleeding at every pore."

The next day Noves went over with George and Abram C. to Kingston, two miles from Rondont, and settled with the magistrate of that place who had issued the warrant for his arrest; giving bonds that Smith should in future keep the peace and support his But the bad spirit in the village of Rondout was not quelled. Some of the rough lads wanted a spree; and to the wild spirits of the river-side very few amusements offered so much fun as tarring and feathering a couple of preachers in a good cause. Again a council was held in the stone house. Noves. whose voice was still for peace, proposed to leave towards evening for his home, taking Smith and his eldest daughter along with him to Vermont. plan was accordingly acted upon. Noves thought that as the mob regarded Smith as the chief offender, his absence might pacify their feelings so as to allow of the other members of the family remaining in peace. And such was the fact. George rowed the company to Kingston Point, where they were to embark on board a steamer for Albany. On returning to the house early in the evening, he found everything quiet, No demonstrations were to be either seen or heard: and George and Mary were now left alone - the idolater and his idol. "During Mr. Smith's absence." says George, "I had a time of repose and sober reflec-My past trials, the dangers encountered, the visit from Mr. Noyes, and many other stirring events. 28 4

seemed much more like a dream or a story of fiction than a reality. The talks, too, given us by Mr. Noyes during his brief sojourn with us, brought an influence of life. I was reminded of the words of another Teacher, who said to a penitent offender, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.'

"I had been subordinate to Mr. Smith, and had confided in him, up to the time of this visit from Mr. Noves. But when I reflected upon his return, an unpleasant sensation came over me. Had he been the occasion of much suffering to me, and was I afraid of more? After an absence of two weeks, Mr. Smith was again at home. I was much pleased to see him again in our family. Mr. Noves, while with us, advised that there should be no further intimacy or special conferences between Mr. Smith and Mrs. Cragin; repeating what he had said three years before in the Battle-Axe letter, viz., 'Woe to him who abolishes the law of the apostasy, before he stands in the holiness of the resurrection.' Believing that the advice would be faithfully followed, I looked for greater unity and more fellowship than ever between Mr. Smith, Mrs. Cragin, and myself. In this expectation, however, I was sadly disappointed. It was but a few days before he commenced a game of hypocrisy, that was carried on for weeks before it came to the light. In my presence, he would talk in his peculiarly sanctimonious or methodistical style, clothing his ideas in mystical language, having no other end in view, probably, than the blinding of eyes that might possibly discover the imposition the tempter was inciting him to practice upon comparatively innocent victims. When alone with Mrs. Cragin, his talk was altogether of another type. Before he could recover his power over her, he must in some way regain her confidence. He was well

aware that Mrs. Cragin's confidence in Mr. Noyes was greatly strengthened by his last visit to us. So it would not do to attempt to undermine her foundation of firm faith in the leader of New Haven Perfectionism. To accomplish his end, therefore, he must make it appear to her that he, Smith, had the confidence of Mr. Noyes to the fullest extent; and, being an adept in throwing out insinuations and enigmas, he began the game by hinting to her that Mr. Noyes virtually approved of their past proceedings; and that his late disapproval and public criticism of their acts was chiefly for my benefit.

"While thus playing a successful game in winning back his power over my wife, he resorted to his old trick of keeping me in a harmless, helpless condition, by loading me down heavily with hard work, self-condemnation, and evil-thinking. Unwittingly he was helping me. The pressure thus put upon me stirred up all the earnestness within me to find the justification and peace of Christ. With my views of the great salvation of God, I very well understood that I could not carry the marriage spirit with me into the heavenly kingdom, if Mr. Smith could; neither could I avoid making the discovery that he was freighting his barge with the same commodity that I was throwing overboard. However, my business was now with God, and not with man. The victory that I was daily praying for was a reconciliation with God, and contentment in His service. And that victory came at Laboring alone in the field, I had a new view of God's infinite goodness and mercy. The humanity of God, so to speak, in the sacrifice of His only beloved Son on the cross for the redemption of the world, was so glorious an exhibition of His disinterested love. that my egotism seemed to vanish like darkness before the rising sun. My heavy burdens and great sorrow were all gone. I exclaimed aloud, 'My God and my Father! I can suffer for ever, and yet be for ever happy in beholding Thy great and pure love to mankind.' Evil-thinking of my wife and Mr. Smith had been taken from me. I was at peace with my circumstances and everybody about me."

CHAPTER LL

HEAVENLY BRIDALS.

C EORGE CRAGIN did not know how far the thing I had gone between his wife and the Rev. Abram C. Smith. He knew that they had done wrong,—done that for which the law would have given him swift redress. He did not know that these two beings had actually gone through a form of marriage, and had pledged their souls to each other for a partnership of love, through all eternity. Yet that was the fact. The Rev. gentleman had persuaded Mary that neither his dead wife nor his living wife was the natural mate of his soul, and that she, Mary Cragin, was that mate. Mary seems to have striven long against this dogma, though she succumbed at last; and their heavenly bridals had been duly performed.

Late in the summer Abram had to go out preaching. Some Saints from Pennsylvania came to Rondout, and it was agreed that Abram should go back with them to their country, passing through New York. Smith desired that Mary should accompany the Saints down

the river, where a week in the city would give her a pleasant change. True to his crafty spirit, Abram contrived that the first hint for such a journey should proceed from George, who was wrought upon by a third person to make it, as his wife would not otherwise think of such a course. George saw that she wished to go, though, at the moment of leaving with these religious friends, she paused and sighed, as though she would even then turn back. In the end, adicus were said, and the parties went on board the boat.

"When nearly a week had passed," says George, "I received a few lines from my wife, saying that she intended to leave for home the next evening, and should be happy to meet me on the arrival of the boat at Rondout. That letter, although very short, affected me strangely. It was not the letter, but the spirit or magnetic current back of it that touched my heart with a kind of fervent heat, that melted at once all the icy feelings that had imperceptibly accumulated toward her. On entering the ladies' cabin, Mrs. Cragin met me with a subdued kind of greeting, yet so affectionate and sincere, that my equanimity was at fault, as tearful eyes involuntarily bore witness. soon discovered, however, that there was a heavy burden upon her mind, the nature of which she evidently had no freedom to reveal; still the evidence of a return of her kindly feelings towards me was indisputable, if my inner senses and emotions were to be accepted as proper witnesses in the case. But I had so thoroughly disciplined myself to the minding of my own business, that I neither demanded nor asked for explanations. My sympathics, however, were silently enlisted in her behalf. Could I forget the past?'

Much to his surprise, he heard, a few days later, that the Rev. Abram C., instead of going on his mission at once into Pennsylvania, had loitered for a whole week in New York. What had kept him there? Ah, what?

Some call of business carried George Cragin to New York, and he very properly called on his fellow-saints, the Lyveres. When he was entering their house, he saw that some great trouble weighed upon Mrs. Lyvere's mind. While he was asking himself what it could mean, she said:

"'Mr. Cragin, the moment you entered our house, the impression came upon me that the Lord had sent you here that I might have an opportunity of unburdening my mind to you. You are aware," she continued, "that Mr. Smith and Mrs. Cragin have lately spent a week in the city. They were guests of ours most of the time. I had been made acquainted with their unusual proceedings at Rondout last May, and with the subsequent criticism given them by Mr. Noves. I was also aware of the promise made by Mr. Smith that there should be no repetition of like proceedings or improper intimacy between himself and your wife. That promise, I assure you, Mr. Cragin, has been broken-judging from the evidence of their guilt in my possession. Their conduct while here was very strange. Your wife did her best to appear cheerful, and to hide from me the trial that was upon her. But she could not. Tears would come to her eyes in spite of her will to keep them back, indicating trouble Mr. Smith spent hours in talking to her, and at times his language was so severe, that it aroused my indignation against him to the highest degree. One night I overheard him say to her that if she revealed to you their secret marriage, it would cause

an everlasting separation between them. They occupied ——'

"'Stop, stop!' I replied, 'I have heard enough. Let the details go; I care not for them. That man, that infernal hypocrite has deceived me—has lied to me over and over again. But I must keep cool,' I said more calmly; 'Mr. Smith himself is a victim. The devil, the old serpent that seduced mother Eve, is at the bottom of all this mischief and wrong. Mr. Smith's abuse of me, and the seduction of my wife, are trifles compared with the wound Mr. Smith has inflicted upon the sacred cause of truth. But I will say no more. I shall be at home to-morrow morning; I believe Mrs. Cragin will tell me the truth, however much it may implicate herself."

During this conversation between Mrs. Lyvere and George, the Rev. John B. Lyvere had said but little, though the few words which he dropt corroborated the testimony of his wife.

With a heavy heart George went on board the steamer that was to take him home, to the cold stone house at Rondout, to the Spiritual wife of Abram C. Smith. He sat on deck all night and watched the summer stars come forth. The voyage was long; for the vessel had to push her way against wind and tide, so that morning dawned before she came alongside the tiny wharf. George jumped into a canoe, to paddle himself across the creek.

"The morning sun shone calmly and beneficently upon the still waters of the bay, as I entered a skiff to row myself to the solitary stone house on the opposite shore. As I drew near the landing, only a few rods from our dwelling, I saw the slender form of my wife standing upon the pier to offer her accustomed greeting. But as I approached still nearer, so that she

could read the countenance I wore, the playful smile upon her face instantly vanished. With all my mental victories, edifying reflections, and good resolves, during a sleepless night on the Hudson, I still had the burden to carry of a sad, heavy heart. I was a poor hand at concealing the state of things within me. My wife interpreted at a glance the story I had to tell. We met on the shore, and a sorrowful meeting it was. 'George,' said my wife, 'you know all; the secret is out, and I thank God for revealing it.' 'Yes, Mary,' I replied, 'lying, like murder, will out.' 'I will make a clean breast now,' she said, 'for I can carry the works of darkness no longer.' 'Wait a while,' I replied, 'till I get rested.' I could not talk. A conflict was going on within. Two spirits were struggling for the mastery over me. One would reject her and treat her with the icy coldness and scorn of the unforgiving world. The other would forgive the penitent, and by sincerity, tempered with kindness, lead her back to the Rock, Christ, from whence she had straved. The good spirit prevailed. We walked to the house like two soldiers who had been badly whipped by the enemy-cast down, but not destroyed. 'We will be brother and sister after this,' I remarked, 'as we don't seem to prosper in this warfare, as husband and wife.""

Brother and Sister! The spirit of the old German monks and nuns was upon them. George felt that the crisis of his life had come. He knew that he had been a sad idolater of beauty, wit, and worth. He hoped and prayed that a calmer spirit would be his. He felt no more anger in his heart towards Mary than he would have cherished towards a sister who had gone astray and had come to throw herself at his feet.

CHAPTER LII.

CONFLICT.

GEORGE continues his story: "The day I returned from New York was long to be remembered as a day of confessions. Mrs. Cragin voluntarily confessed all that was in her heart relating to the intimacy that had existed for the past six months between her and Mr. Smith. Her revelations were not made to cover up faults, but to be delivered from them. She was serious and sorrowful. but her sorrow was not of the world. While listening to her story, the exhortation, 'Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed,' came home to me clothed with new force and beauty. Indeed my own heart was so affected and softened by hearing her relate the simple facts in the case without manifesting the least disposition, as I could see, to screen herself from judgment behind the more aggravated faults of another, that I too wanted to confess my own weakness and faults, and cover up those of others. I realized also, that Mrs. Cragin felt. as all true penitents must feel, that God, much more than man or society, had been wronged by the evil done. When one sees the faults of which one is guilty, and has a hatred of them, a sincere confession of them to others is, virtually, a separation from those faults; and the turning of the heart to God in prayer causes the healing power of His love and forgiveness to flow in upon the wounded spirit."

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The explanation between George and Mary as to what was past, and the understanding between them as to what must be, could not be all in all. Abram was away from Rondout; but he would, of course, come back; and from the man's nature it was clear that he could never be restrained from trying to enforce his rights upon the woman who had contracted towards him the obligations of a Spiritual wife.

"The return of Mr. Smith from his mission south was looked for daily. I had not thought so much about dreading his return, until Mrs. Cragin said to me one day, 'George, you can hardly have a conception of the terrible dread I have at times of meeting that man. The very thought of the bare possibility of again coming under his power is distressing to me.' 'You must put your trust in God,' I replied; 'He can protect you against all harm from men or devils.' While thus exhorting Mrs. Cragin to faith and courage, I was also exhorting myself to exercise the same, in view of the necessity of meeting an old friend in the possible character of an antagonist. I sincerely felt my inability to cope with a spirit so strong as that which I well knew Mr. Smith possessed. With prayerful endeavor, therefore, to fortify ourselves for what might be before us, we patiently waited the issue of coming events.

"Late on the following Saturday night, the family being all in bed, the lights extinguished, and not a sound to be heard save the pattering rain and the monotonous sound of the incoming tide, a loud rap, rap, rap, was heard on the front door, which was soon followed by the well-known voice of Mr. Smith. The first knock thus heard startled the chastened one beside me so suddenly, as to cause much bodily agitation and trembling. As I left my bed to obey the sum-

mons, Mrs. Cragin begged of me not to allow Mr. Smith to enter the room we occupied. On opening the door to let him in, he extended his hand to me, which I declined to take, saying as I did so, 'No, Mr. Smith, I cannot take the hand of one who has so cruelly wronged me;' and then adding, 'Your deeds of darkness have come to the light.' His only reply was, 'Where is Mary? I want to see her.' 'You cannot,' I replied. 'Moreover, she absolutely declines seeing you, or speaking to you. She has revealed all;' and so saying, I returned to my room.

"Little indeed was the sleep that visited our pillows that stormy night. From the tone of his voice and the attitude of his spirit, we well knew that no conviction of guilt, no repentance of evil committed, had overtaken Mr. Smith during his absence. We felt, too, that his heart was set on war, if need be, for the recovery of his fancied rights to the woman whom his delusion had led astray. What a sudden change of the position of the parties! Mrs. Cragin was now anxious to shun the very man whom, only a few weeks before, she had implicitly trusted and loved to adoration. 'George,' she said to me, 'you must not for one moment leave me alone with him. invent every conceivable plan to see me; prevent him.' I promised to do my best. Thus the night was spent, very much, I imagine, as an army spends the night in front of the enemy.

"The morning came quite soon enough, for I had to confess the presence of feelings very much opposed to the inevitable conflict I saw before me. But as there was no such alternative as retreat from the position in which Providence had placed me, I arose with the prayer in my heart for grace to do that which would please the Spirit of truth. In the course of

the morning, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Cragin and myself, were alone in the sitting-room. Mr. Smith put on a triumphant air, inviting no candid talk or investigation of his past proceedings; neither did he make any concessions as to the questionable wisdom of the course he had adopted, but stood firmly and resolutely on the assumed ground that he had pleased God in all that he had done; appealing moreover to Heaven, in a presumptuous way, for the justification of his deeds. This was said, not directly to me, but, as one might suppose, to an imaginary audience before whom he was delivering a sermon on self-justification. His manner of defence was peculiarly his own, being a compound of preaching, praying, and ejaculation, interpolated with singing, amons, and hallelujahs. course, I was regarded by him with great contempt for presuming to sit in judgment upon his course and actions. Nevertheless, I stood firmly by the judgment I had given, namely, that he had been, and was still. under the delusion of the devil. I repeated that judgment, whenever he addressed me directly, adding very little besides, regarding it my main business to remain by Mrs. Cragin according to my promise."

George could find the strength to make new conditions with his idol; but he could not yield her to the reverend gentleman who claimed her as a Spiritual wife.

George tells the story of his struggle with the mastering spirit of the Methodist preacher in words which I prefer to save. No art of mine shall come between the reader and this strange confession from a wounded soul.

"From morning till night the battle thus raged with unabated fierceness; not however in the form of combative words, as between two flesh-and-blood

assailants, but it was the wrestling of our spirits with principalities and invisible powers, to see which would carry the day. Once, his eloquence in preaching and praying might have conquered me, as I was, I suppose, easily affected by such kind of demagogism, provided the performer had my confidence. But understanding for a certainty as I then did, that the person thus speaking was not to be trusted, and that he was given to deception and lying, he might as well have undertaken to melt the Rocky Mountains by his declamation, as to move me from my convictions. Mr. Smith was under the erroneous impression that the affections of Mrs. Cragin were still his; and that if he could only overpower the legal husband, the spiritual one would readily and easily recover his lost prize. Hence his unceasing efforts.

"Finally, his zeal began to wane, seeing that he was losing rather than gaining ground. So, early in the evening, he suddenly changed his base, by declaring that he had made up his mind to start immediately for Putney. 'Very well,' I replied, 'you could not do a better thing. My confidence in Mr. Noves, I continued, 'is still unshaken. I will submit my side of the case to his judgment and decision. Mr. Smith was now pleasant and genial, and in this state asked me if I would do him a favor. 'Certainly,' I replied, 'what shall it be?' 'Write a line to brother Noyes, saying that you cherish no unkind personal feelings towards me.' I complied with the request. He was then ready for the journey, at the same time inviting me to row him across the Creek. I did so. and on leaving the boat he wished me to give him a parting kiss, as a token of my kind regards. With this request I also complied. Not until I had returned to the house, however, and reported to Mrs. Crugin this last diplomatic manœuvre, did I divine the motive by which he was actuated in thus suddenly making love to me. He was aware that Lyvere had been sent on to Putney as a witness against him. So, lawyer-like, he was going fully prepared, as he thought, to rebut Lyvere's testimony, by proving that he had parted with me on the best of terms. I must admit that I felt a little chagrined to think I could allow myself to be so easily imposed upon after all that had transpired. However, I did not allow such trickery on his part to disturb me seriously, believing as I did that Mr. Noyes possessed the discernment which would enable him to detect the spirit of imposition that would soon confront him."

CHAPTER LIII.

PEACE.

CEORGE CRAGIN did not see the face of the Rev. Abram C. Smith again for many years. Noyes told his once disciple that he was no better than a rogue, whom he felt it a duty to denounce before all the world. Smith saw and confessed his error; promised to sin no more; returned to Rondout; asked his angry wife to come home; and devoted his energies to making money, in which he succeeded better than in making love.

Cragin says of him in parting: -

"He was a man of strong social affections. With his first wife he lived peaceably, and was a kind husband; but her affectional nature, as compared with his own, was icy coldness. Not finding, therefore,

the satisfaction his ardent nature craved in his own family, he gathered up what crumbs he could find, to meet the demands of special friendship, in the field of his labors as a Methodist preacher. according to his own confessions, he was much more at home in the church meetings, which were mostly made up of females, than in his own family circle. his second wife, a still greater disappointment afflicted There was in her no lack of sensuous life, but a total lack of religious faith and moral integrity, to sanctify it. Hence in his domestic and social relations thus far, he had not realized his dreams of connubial felicity. But in forming an acquaintance with Mrs. Cragin, he found a woman whose nature was pre-eminently affectional. With large veneration for God and man, but with little or no cautiousness, and very unselfish, she soon became all the world, and heaven besides, to Mr. Smith. In defending his late conduct, Mr. Smith based his argument on the fanatical assumption that the invisible powers, with whom he claimed to be in constant communication, had given him Mrs. Cragin as his true affinity - his spiritual wife and companion, to be his in all ages to come, alleging that the two previous ones were not adapted to his spiritual needs, or, in other words, were not, either of them, his true mate. The invisible power who thus promised him a choice bit of property, was undoubtedly the same infamous and unscrupulous speculator who held out very tempting prizes to the Son of God. Mr. Smith's delusion on this subject originated anywhere outside of his morbid social affections, it is to be attributed to the social influences of the nominal church, or to the habits of the clerical class of which he had been a member, in being associated so much as they are with women, as their special co-laborers in the religious field."

Husband and wife, now come into their new relation of pious brother and pious sister, had to face the world once more; they had been cured of their idolatrous love for each other; but they had not yet become free of the question as to how they were to gain their daily bread.

"Mr. Smith having left for Vermont, as before stated, the question now came home to me with serious emphasis, What is the will of God concerning my future course? To learn that will and obey it, at the cost of any temporal discomforts and sacrifices, was my duty, and should be my pleasure. After waiting on God a while, as a man waits on a friend who he is assured has the means and the disposition to relieve him, some flashes of light entered my mind; and this light gradually increased, until I interpreted its meaning so clearly and satisfactorily that I could not do otherwise than accept it as the will of my heavenly Father concerning the first step to be taken in the premises. I said to Mrs. Cragin, 'My mind is made up to leave this place, just as soon as I can arrange my business to do so, and without waiting for the return of Mr. Smith.'

"'But where can we go?' inquired my wife.

"'The light came from the East,' I replied; 'so I am going first to New York. When there, I shall expect directions where to go next. Sufficient unto the day are the directions thereof.'

"Mrs. Cragin was almost overjoyed at the purpose I had formed. The first thing to be done was to find an opening for the disposal of our furniture, most of which was mahogany, and more costly than laboring people could afford to purchase. Our nearest neighbor on that side of the Creek was a Dutch farmer in fair circumstances. I went at once to his house and

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reported my business. He had unmarried daughters. The entire family returned with me to examine the goods, and the result was, I sold them every piece of furniture I had to dispose of, at prices that pleased The love of money was not a vice that I was guilty of just then. The crops I had cultivated, and of which I was somewhat proud - this being my first attempt at farming since my boyhood days - I left of course. In less than a week, therefore, from the time that I regarded myself as having received orders to remove from that station, I had settled up all businessmatters for which I was responsible, had my goods that we were to take with us all packed, and taken over the Creek to a steamer lying at Rondout wharf; and on the second day of September, 1840, we took our leave of our friends at the old stone house, and were ferried across the river to the boat bound for New York."

Peace returned in time to the bosom of this distracted house. In a few days, Mary was able to write in her defence to Father Noyes:—

"Since the fatal charm has been dissolved, I see how I have been deceived and duped, and taught to believe that I was in an inner circle where it was right and pleasing to God to do what I did. . . . I never, in my heart, turned aside from the promise I made to you when you were at our house last spring. Again and again I asked Mr. Smith if you would be pleased with our course (for I had terrible misgivings), when he assured me that you would, and that he himself would tell you. . . . Guilty as I am, I have been miserably deceived and deluded by him. I am reaping the curse of trusting in man, and I deserve it. It was the instruction I received to lie and deceive, that first began to open my eyes. I thank God for the

judgment that has overtaken me, and is compelling me to see my errors, and making me, from my innermost soul, condemn them, even if I am to be sent to hell at last."

George adds by way of final moral: -

"To sum up our experience during this time, I might say that for the previous six months we had been given over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, having been put into a sort of purgatory, or devil's-cure process, for purging us of egotism and self-conceit. Being thus greatly reduced as regarded self-valuation, we filled a much smaller place in the world, after emerging from that satanic bath, than ever before, making us much more teachable and available to the powers above us and for whom we were created, than we otherwise could have been."

Subsequently husband and wife entered, as brother and sister in the Lord, very heartily into the communistic experiment in Oneida Creek, of which Mary Cragin very soon became the vital soul.

Some years later still, she was drowned by a boat accident in that very Rondout Creek which had been the scene of her trials as Spiritual wife to the Rev. Abram C. Smith.

Many of her writings on religious subjects have been published; and an obelisk has been raised above her tomb.

CHAPTER LIV.

NOYES ON SPIRITUAL LOVE.

BY way of final gloss upon these spiritual doings in the New Pauline Churches of America, I shall cite, from a letter addressed to me by Father Noyes, the following facts, reasonings, and conclusions, as to what he insists on calling the marriage revolution in his own country, now being effected through a change in its religious spirit. It will be noted that Father Noyes considers this coming revolution as a change from democracy to theocracy; from government by a mob to government by a priest; from the theory of free trade and personal interest into that of free love and brotherly helpfulness; from the practice of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, into actual Christian socialism; a change, therefore, which is to transform the political as well as the domestic life of his countrymen!

In a few places I have altered a word and even struck out a phrase, since the ordinary English reader is far less free in the use of terms than an American divine; but I have in no case changed the sense, or even veiled the meaning meant to be conveyed by the reverend gentleman.

" Oneida C., March, 1867.

"It is evident from what we have seen that Revivals breed social revolutions. All the social irregularities reported in the papers followed in the train of revivals; and, so far as I know, all revivals have developed tendencies to

such irregularities. The philosophy of the matter seems to be this: Revivals are theocratic in their very nature; they introduce God into human affairs; the power that is supposed to be present in them is equivalent to inspiration and the power of miracles,—that is to say, it is the actual Deity. In the conservative theory of Revivals, this power is restricted to the conversion of souls; but in actual experience it goes, or tends to go, into all the affairs of life. Revival preachers and Revival converts are necessarily in the incipient stage of a theocratic revolution; they have in their experience the beginning of a life under the Higher law; and if they stop at internal religious changes, it is because the influence that converted them is suppressed.

"And the theocratic tendency, if it goes beyond religion, naturally runs first into some form of Socialism. Religious love is very near neighbor to sexual love, and they always get mixed in the intimacies and social excitements of Revivals. The next thing a man wants, after he has found the salvation of his soul, is to find his Eve and his Paradise. Hence these wild experiments and terrible disasters.

"From these facts and principles, quite opposite conclusions may be drawn by different persons. A worldly-wise man might say, they show that Revivals are damnable delusions, leading to immorality and disorganization of society. I should say, they show that Revivals, because they are divine, require for their complement a divine organization of society, which all who love Revivals and the good of mankind should fearlessly seek to discover and inaugurate.

"The confession of Marquis I. Worden exhibits a set of facts which may be called the morbid results of Revivals. By studying these cases, we can trace out minutely the process by which Revivals lead to the evolution of Shakerism. One of the most interesting chapters in your New America is that in which you give Elder Frederick's view of Revivals as breeders of Shaker Societies. You say:—

"'The Shakers look upon a Revival as a spiritual cycle,

—the end of an epoch, —the birth of a new society. Only in the fervor of a revival, says Elder Frederick, can the elect be drawn to God:—that is to say, in Gentile phrase, drawn into a Shaker settlement. Mount Lebanon sprang from a revival; Enfield sprang from a revival; in fact, the Shakers declare that every large revival being the accomplishment of a spiritual cycle, must end in the foundation of a fresh Shaker union.'

"This is undoubtedly a true account of the genesis of Shakerism. In the narrative of Worden, and in the statement added by myself, you are taken behind the curtain and shown how the converts are prepared for the holy It is easy to see that, if the Shakers had been awake to their advantage in 1835-6, they might have established new societies in Central New York and in Central Massachusetts. Every element of Shakerism was present in the disorders of these burnt districts. The Shaker doctrine of Perfection was there. The Shaker doctrine of the Leadership of Women was there. Lucina. Umphreville was the incipient Mother Ann at the West, and Mary Lincoln at the East. The Shaker doctrine of chastity was there. Lucina openly declared that Ann Lee was right in regard to the true relations of man and woman. The original theory of the Saints, both at the East and the West, was opposed to actual intercourse of the sexes as 'works of the flesh.' They 'bundled,' it is true. but only to prove by trial their power against the flesh; in other words, their triumphant Shakerism. Gridley, one of the Massachusetts leaders, boasted that 'he could carry a virgin in each hand without the least stir of unholy passion!' At Brimfield, Mary Lincoln and Maria Brown visited Simon Lovett in his room; but they came out of that room in the innocence of Shakerism. If the Elders had been present, and prompt to gather the harvest just when it was ripe, before it passed into prurience and decay, two new societies at least might have been founded. And even in the worst stages of the disorder, Shakerism would have been a welcome refuge from the reactions and tribulations that followed the excitement.

"But the Shakers must not flatter themselves that their societies are the only births that come of Revivals. Mormonism, doubtless, came out of the same fertile soil. Joe Smith began his career in central New York, among a population that was fermenting with the hope of the Millennium, and at a time when the great National Revival was going forth in its strength. The order of things in this birth was the same that we have seen among the bundling Perfectionists,—first, Religion; then Socialism: Revivals and conversions of souls leading the way to Spiritual Wifehood, and finally to Polygamy. The completion of the sequence in this case seems to have taken two generations of leaders; Joe Smith laid the religious foundations, and Brigham Young has perfected the polygamy.

"The underlying principle here, as everywhere, is that which I started at first:—Revivals are in their nature theoratic; and a theoracy has an inexpugnable tendency to enter the domain of society and revolutionize the relations of man and wife. The resulting new forms of society will differ as the civilization and inspiration of the revolutionists differ.

"One dominant peculiarity of the Shakers, as also of the Bundling Perfectionists, which determined their style of socialism, was, in my opinion, the Leadership of Women. Man of himself would never have invented Shakerism, and it would have been very difficult to have made him a medium of inspiration for the development of such a system. It is not in his line. But it is exactly adapted to the proclivities of women in a state of independence or ascendancy over man. Love between the sexes has two stages; the courting stage and the wedded stage. Women are fond of the first stage. Men are fond of the second. Women like to talk about love; but men want the love itself. Among the Perfectionists the women led the way in the bundling with purposes as chaste as those of the Shakers. For a time they had their way; but in time the men had their way.

"The course of things may be re-stated thus: Revivals lead to religious love; religious love excites the passions; the converts, finding themselves in theocratic liberty, begin to look about for their mates and their paradise. Here begins divergence. If women have the lead, the feminine idea that ordinary wedded love is carnal and unholy rises and becomes a ruling principle. the Spiritual plan, with all the heights and depths of sentimental love, becomes the order of the day. Then, if a prudent Mother Ann is at the head of affairs, the sexes are fenced off from each other, and carry on their Platonic intercourse through the grating. But, if a wild Mary Lincoln or Lucina Umphreville is in the ascendant, the Moresumptuous experiment of bundling is tried; and the end is ruin. On the other hand, if the leaders are men, the theocratic impulse takes the opposite direction, and polygamy in some form is the result. Thus Mormonism is the masculine form, as Shakerism is the feminine form. of the more morbid products of Revivals.

"Our Oncida Socialism, too, is a masculine product of the great Revival. I might take you behind the scenes and show you the genesis of Bible Communism. I shall not be likely to find a more catholic confessor. But the task is too egotistical for me at present; I will only indicate in a general way two or three points of difference between my course and that of the bundling Perfectionists.

"First, understand and remember that from 1834, when the Revival carried me into the confession of Holiness, till 1846, the birth-year of our present community—twelve years—I walked in all the ordinances of the law blameless. I have told you how near I came to being caught in the scandal at Brimfield in 1885, and how I escaped. This was my nearest, I may say my only, approach to implication in the disorders of that period. I was regularly married in 1838, and the files of papers

that I published from that time till 1846 will testify my face was set as a flint against laxity among the S My dealings with Abram C. Smith, in his affair with Cragin, is a specimen of the spirit in which I nete repeat that I never knew woman till I was married. I never knew any woman but my wife till we tog entered into complex marriage in 1846.

"What then had I to do with the social revolutions were going on in that turbulent time? I was a l among Perfectionists. Is it possible, it may be a that I was an innocent cipher in these matters all the that campaign? Not exactly a cipher. This is w did: I looked on; I studied; I got the germ of my ent theory of Socialism very soon after I confessed ness, i. c. in May 1834. As that germ grew in my I talked about it. It took definite form in a private in 1836. It got into print without my knowled, consent in 1837. I moulded it, protected it, and matu from year to year; holding it always, nevertheless theory to be realized in the future, and warning al against premature action upon it. I made ready for realization of it by clearing the field in which I w of all libertinism, and by educating our Putney fam male continence and criticism. When all was read 1846, I lannehed the theory into practice.

"Enough in this direction. One more generamark: ---

"It is notable that all the socialisms that have a from revivals have prospered. They are utterly op to each other; some of them must be false and bad they all make the wilderness blossom around then the rose. The scientific associations, one and all, wreck; but the religious socialisms flourish as the smiles of Providence were upon them. What meaning of this? I interpret it thus: however fals mutually repugnant the religious socialisms may their details, they are all based on the theocratic printer they all recognize the right of religious inspirat

shape society and dictate the form of family life. In this Mormons, Shakers, and Bible-Communists agree. I believe this to be a true principle and one that is dear to the heavens. For the sake of this principle, it seems to me that the invisible government has favored even Popery and Mohammedanism; and I expect that this principle and not Republicanism, (the mere power of human Law), will at last triumph in some form here and throughout the world.

John H. Noyse."

CHAPTER LV.

CELESTIAL AFFINITIES.

HAVE given these words of Father Noyes on the origin of Spiritual wifehood in America, because, since this reverend gentleman is one of the chief founders of Pauline Socialism in that country, his opinions have a certain value in this connection as facts.

I must, however, guard myself against any such inference as that, in my judgment, Father Noyes has given in this statement a complete view of the matter. Like nearly all American divines, he faucies that the doctrine of natural mates, between whom alone there can be true wedlock of the soul, is a growth and property of the Western soil; a product of the highest form of New-England Puritanism, having its root in the stony ground about Plymouth Rock. To such a theory, an historian of the Gothic family would certainly demur; whether the origin of Spiritual wives were traced to Sydney Rigdon, Hiram Sheldon, or John H. Noyes. In the United States, this doctrine

of spirit-brides has found an open field and a multitude of converts; and it enjoys in that republic the advantages of a free pulpit and a free press. No rationalistic Ober-Präsident could silence a New York Ebel; no trimming bishop could remove a Massachu-In America, the preachers find an open setts Prince. field, if they find no favor; hence the quick and wide success which may greet a new and seductive doctrine like that of Spiritual wives. But this doctrine crossed the seas from Europe to America; and although it can hardly boast of such grand results in Germany and in England as it shows in both the religious circles and the rationalistic societies of the United States, yet some traces of its presence may be found in our day, in every country peopled by men of Teutonic race.

The doctrine of Natural Mates and Spiritual Love between the sexes is an old Gothic doctrine; one which published itself in the great Fraternity of the Free Spirit; which startled mankind in the conduct of John of Leyden; which appeared in the sermons and the practices of Ann Lee; which took a special form in the speculations of Emmanuel Swedenborg; which found a voice in the artistic work of Wolfgang von Göthe. This doctrine was known in Augsburg and Leyden, in Manchester and Stockholm, in Frankfort and Weimar, long before it was heard of in New Haven and New York.

From the days in which those Brethren of the Free Spirit tendered to their sisters in the Lord the scraphic kiss of Spiritual love, until our own times, when that soft and perilous privilege was revived in many distant places; first, by the Mucker at Königsberg, then by the Princeites at Weymouth, afterwards by the Pauline socialists of Brimfield and Manlius; a constant tradition of the superior rights and felicities conferred

by a marriage of souls, has been preserved among the Gothic nations. This tradition has proved its existence in many ways; sometimes cropping out in theory, sometimes in practice; here breaking out into license with Hans Matthicson, there dreaming off into fantasy with Jacob Böhme. Under John of Leyden it took the shape of polygamy; under Gerhard Tersteegen that of personal union with the Holy Ghost. Swedenborg gave to it a large extension, a definite form, and even a body of rules. Ann Lee made use of it in her project for introducing a female Messiah, and establishing on the new earth her dogma of the leadership of woman. Göthe, who seized so much of the finer spirit of his race, made this old tradition of Natural mates assist, if not the ends of his philosophy, at least the purposes of his art.

Now, the forms into which this old Gothic instinct has thrown itself in our own day, are mainly two: one Spiritual, the other Natural; the first finding its best expression in Swedenborg, the other in Göthe. Under each of these two forms, we have a series of schools and churches springing up in the New America, putting sentiment to the proof, and turning dreams into facts; here running into plurality of wives, there into denial of the passions, and here again into the wildest license of free love.

The preachers of all these modes of Spiritual marriage, profess (with some exceptions, hardly worth a note) to find the sanctions of their creed and practice in St. Paul; for while our orthodox divines have been weakly shutting their eyes on that passage in which the Apostle speaks of his female companion, the free critics of America have been fastening their own interpretation on his words. Yet the texts on which the two main schools have severally built their sys-

tems of religious and social life, may be found much nearer home than in the writings of St. Paul.

The Spiritualistic doctrine lies in Swedenborg; the Naturalistic doctrine lies in Göthe.

In the new heaven and the new earth imagined by Swedenborg, and painted by him with so much sensuous color and voluptuous language, the union of male and female is not only a Spiritual fact, but the soul and motive of all celestial facts. Without perfect marriage, there is no perfect rest for either man or woman, even in heaven; nothing but a striving of the soul after distant joys; joys which can never be attained, except by the happy blending of two souls in one everlasting covenant of love. Heaven itself is nothing without love; less than a land without moisture, a field without seed, a world without sunshine. Love is its light and life. Take away love, and heaven is a blank, a waste, a ruin; for love is the inner soul and source of things; which sends its radiance through the world of spirits, much as the sun sends forth its heat and light through the world of sense. So firmly is this doctrine of the need of a true marriage of souls in heaven held by Swedenborg, and by those who follow him, that they represent the happy man and wife, who have loved each other well on earth, and come together in the after-life, in perfect innocence and ardor, as melting, so to speak, into each other's essence; so that these blending souls are no longer visible as two angels, but only as one angel; a glorified and perfect being which appears in both the masculine and the feminine form. Nav. so potent is the force of love, that the followers of the Swedish seer maintain, not as a paradox, but a high spiritual truth, that the true husband and wife, thus happily conjoined, are not only known to others as one angel only; but

appear to themselves as a single being; two in one, a consummate man, unity in the spirit and in the flesh. Such experience, the mystics say, is rare on earth, only because perfect love, the result of marriage between natural mates, is rare.

It is alleged by these mystics that, in the present earthly life, marriages are seldom made from Spiritual Men are tempted into marriage, more by birth, wealth, beauty, high connections, even opportunity, than by actual prompting of the spirit. take wives as they take partners in business, colleagues in politics. Love is treated as a trade. Even under such bad conditions, many persons go through the matter with a decent air; for, though they soon find reason to feel that they are not united with their partners in the spirit, they think it well to hide their sorrow, and to live in seeming comfort for the sake of others - of their kindred, of their children, of the world. If they cannot hide their misery from themselves, they often succeed in hiding it from their prying friends. This sort of tender and poetic deceit is useful and even excellent; since, without it, the peace of families would be continually disturbed. not the less a grief to those who practise it; and happy are they who have no need to pretend a satisfaction in wedlock which they do not feel!

Those only, adds the seer, who find themselves truly mated on the earth, have done for ever with these trials and contentions of the spirit.

Spirits may pass away from earth to heaven under three different relations of sex and sex. They may pass away as children, in the virgin state; they may pass away as men and women who have been lawfully married without being spiritually mated; and they may pass away as husbands and wives who have attained to that stage of consummate mains and female has become one body. In each of these three relations, the specience all its own.

"I have heard from angels," says Swed when a pair who have been educated in childhood, have come into years, they place by chance. When they behold er feel by a common instinct that they are youth says in his secret heart, She is min says in her secret heart, He is mine. 'The other, they are happy, and betrothed."

Nearly all the contracts made on e Swede, are null and void from the begin these unions are not made with natural the man and the woman die, he says consorts for a while in the land of sor find that they are not of kin. upper world, the husband quits his wi the wife quits her husband; now and t from each other, like opposite currents What had made this male and Perhaps they lived in the sam families were associates; they were of age, sex, fortune; the man was rich, the Tish! cries the sage; what are these After death, externals count fo the higher spheres no one is richer tha every soul is heir to an unfading crown nearer than his fellow, for space is a thi no one is of higher birth than the rest, is a son of God.

In the after-life every one has to seek make himself known to her by signs, a that bliss which crowns his final search. Happiest of all is he who shall have found and won his natural mate on earth. For him the joys of heaven have come in his mortal days. God's purposes are then wrought out in the living flesh, and nothing in the scheme of his existence runs to waste. Are there many such perfect unions of soul with soul, of heart with heart? Yea, many; for God is bountiful to His children, and their perfect bliss may be noted by the discerning eye.

The signs by which you may know a Spiritual pair on earth are mainly these three; union from an early time in youth; perfect love and unbroken faith towards each other; constant prayer that the Lord will make them and preserve them one in body and in soul. When such perfect lovers pass away into a higher state, they will come together by a cogent law; and the external garments being cast aside, they enter gladly into that stage of their spiritual progress in which husband and wife can part no more; in which they will exist as a single being—one angel of both the male and female type.

That matches are made in heaven is not a pleasantry with the Swedish seer. The Lord, he says, provides similitudes for all—if not on earth, where things so often arrange themselves by chance, why then in heaven, where everything comes to pass according to eternal laws, not in obedience to the caprice of men and women. Nature exists in pairs, and God has given all creatures into life, as either male or female, one for each—no more, no less. In paradise there was one woman, one man. The perfect being, into whose nostrils had been breathed the breath of life, was parted into two halves; this half male, that half female; one original, one derived; each necessary to the other, part of the other; so that the two beings

which had been separated might be considered as having a common life. As in the lower Eden, so in the higher Eden. In heaven there will be no bachelors, no old maids, no monks, no nuns, no pluralists, no celibates, no free lovers. Each Adam lives in his Eve, and is content in her,—

He for God only, she for God in him.

Thus, all the spirits of the just, whatever may have been their lot on earth, will meet and wed their proper counterparts in heaven. God has provided that for every male soul a female soul shall be born, and heaven itself knows no sweeter delight than springs from witnessing these reunions of the blest.

CHAPTER LVI.

NATURAL AFFINITIES.

OTHE has dealt with these Gothic instincts and traditions in a purely scientific spirit; though he has used them mainly for the purposes of romantic art. From him, in the main, the Free-lovers appear to have derived both their philosophy and their terms. Was the word "affinity" ever used before his time for a natural mate?

Göthe appears to have had a strong belief in the existence of some law of male and female friendship and kinship higher than our actual marriage would in every case now imply. Two of his early tales, Werther's Burden and Free Affinities, were undertaken by him in order that he might work out his ideas on

this point, under forms of social life and personal genius properly adapted to the end which he kept in view.

In both these stories, it is clear that Göthe sides with the hero who is straining out his life against the conventional proprieties and moralities of his time; whence a dull and ignorant cry has been raised against these noble works of art as dangerous reading for the young; as if dull and ignorant people, wanting insight and imagination, would not find the highest literature of every land, be it profane or be it sacred—the work of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Cervantes—the Bible, the Talmud, the Vedas, the Koran—to be dangerous reading for the young!

In the first of these stories, Werther finds, too soon for his peace on earth, not too soon for his hope in heaven, that Charlotte is his free affinity; that he and she are natural pairs, born for each other, and parted by the accidents of time and place. The great discovery is only made on the eve of Charlotte's espousals with Albert; and thus the struggle of two souls for a union which can never be brought about on earth makes up the drama. Werther dies at last in a confident belief that Charlotte is his natural mate, and that by the law of their common organization she will rejoin him in the skies.

In the second story (Wahl-Verwandtschaften) the same ideas are dealt with in what appears to be a more material spirit. Nature supplies the basis, science the illustrations of Free Affinities; a tale which begins with a discourse on chemistry, and ends in the tragic peace of death.

Göthe appears to have been pondering Plato's fancy of the split men.

, With a dry sense of fun, which in its own grave.

style has never been excelled, except, perhaps, in the writings of his rival, Francis Bacon, Plato describes in the Banquet how the human race became originally split into male and female. In the good old times, before men grew wicked in their thoughts, and heaven became alarmed for its own safety, there was no such thing known in the world as sex. Every living man was male and female; perfect in form, in faculty, in spirit. The form in which he dwelt was a round ball of flesh, having four hands, four feet, two faces, and one brain. Every perfect thing, it is said by Göthe, in passing, has the spherical form, from the sun and stars down to a drop of water. Angels are defects, and to round one's life is but a way of making it lovely. In the sexless period, man, being a ball of flesh, was a creature of inconceivable strength and swiftness. He could fell an ox, outrun a race-horse. When he wished to move quickly, he thrust out his four arms and legs, and rolled along the road like a wheel with eight spokes which had lost its tire. But these strong men, of no sex in particular, grew proud before the faces of the gods; so that, like Otus and Ephialtus, they made an attempt to scale the spheres, and cast the immortals from their thrones. Zeus, in his anger, shot his bolts; cleaving them through the head downwards; parting each round wheel of flesh into two halves; separating the male side from the female side. Great was the agony and loss of power; the pain of cutting the two sides asunder was intense; and man, shorn of his rotundity, could no longer wrestle with the lion and outspeed the elk. part of the man had now to stand on two legs, - a feat of much skill, the art of which he was slow to learn and swift to lose. On his four legs he could either walk or run, sleep or wake, play or rest. On

his two legs, he could neither roll nor sleep; neither could he stand very long nor walk very far. All his movements became slow and painful. Every step which he took only proved to him his loss of power, and that the gods had laid upon his sin a burden difficult to be borne.

But this daily misery of the flesh was not the worst. Besides having to pass his life in trying to stand on two legs, man found that he was parted from his female counterpart; whom he called, in the idiom of grief, his better half and his dearer self. When the daring rotundities were cleft in twain, the parts were scattered by celestial wrath. Each wounded fragment sought its fellow in the crowd, but the gods took care that much of the search should be made in vain. last blow broke man's spirit. Alone in the world, and perched on two legs, what could he do? Once, indeed - for the very worm on which you tread may turn - he felt tempted in his pain to cry out against Zeus; but the king of gods rose up in his wrath and said, that, if man would not keep quiet on these green fields of earth, but would storm up against the stars. he should be slit once more from the crown downwards, so that in future he should have to stand on a single leg. Man heard these words with a whitened face; and Zeus was not provoked into a second essay with his bolts.

All that was now left to man in his split condition, beyond the acute remembrance of his former bliss, was a yearning hope of being one day able to rejoin his second self. Every man became a seeker. The god, when parting men into halves, had torn the fragments from each other, and cast the pieces into chaos. Only a happy few could find their mates. Most men had to seek them long, and myriads never found them

in the flesh at all. Strangers came together in the press, and for a little while imagined they were pairs; but time detected incongruities of soul, and then the wearied spirits flew from each other in a rage. When, in the rare happiness of its search, a man fell in with his natural mate, a true marriage of the spirit instantly took place. To this great desire of the severed parts for union, Plato says, has been given the name of Love.

And so, adds the sage, by way of moral, let us take care not to offend the gods, lest we get our noses slit down, and have to stand in future on one leg.

Göthe, though he may have taken his hint from Plato, treated his theory of natural mates in his own way; which was that of material science.

Eduard and Captain Otto are seated in the old Schloss, reading a book of science, when Lotté, Eduard's lovely wife, breaks in upon them.

- "You were reading something about affinities; I thought of two kinsfolk of mine, who are occupying my thoughts just now; but, on turning to the book, I see it is not about living things."
 - "It is only about earths and ores," answered Eduard.
- "Would you mind telling me what is meant by affinities?" asked the lady of Captain Otto.
 - "If you will let me," says the Captain, and begins:
- "We see that all natural objects have a certain relation to themselves."
- "We can make it clear to her, and to ourselves," breaks in Eduard, "by examples. Take water, oil, mercury: in each you see a certain unity, a connection of parts, which is never lost, except through forces acting from without; remove the force, and the parts become one again."

"That is clear to me," ponders Lotté; "rain-drops

run into streams, and globules of quicksilver part and melt into each other; and I see that as everything has reference to itself, so it must have to other things."

"True," adds the Captain; "and the nature of the relation depends on the things; which may run together freely like old friends, or lie as strangers side by side: those blending easily, like wine and water; these resisting every attempt to unite them, like oil and water."

"How like some people that one knows!" exclaims Lotté.

"But there are third parties in nature," says her husband, "by the aid of which, those hostile elements may be induced to combine."

"Yes," continues Otto, "by the help of an alkali, we can persuade water to combine with oil."

"Is not this power the thing you mean by an affinity?" asks the lady.

"True," says Captain Otto, getting on to perilous ground with his fair hearer; "such natures as, on coming near, lay hold of each other, and modify each other, we call affinities. The alkalies seek the acids, and form in combination a new substance. Lime, you know, has the strongest ardor for all kinds of acids, and if you give it a chance, will be swift to combine with them."

"It seems to me," says Lotté, pondering, "that these things are related to each other, not in the blood, so to speak, so much as in the spirit."

"You have not heard the best," adds her husband; "those affinities which bring about separations are of higher interest than the others."

"Take the case," says Otto, "of limestone; a more or less pure calcareous earth, in union with a very delicate acid. If we put this bit of stone into weak sulphuric acid, what have we? The lime enters into union with the sulphuric acid and becomes gypsum; the delicate acid escaped into the air. This is a case of Free Affinity."

Every reader of Göthe knows how the story runs from chemistry into love; Captain Otto coming in, like the sulphuric acid, as a separating agent between Eduard and his charming wife; Eduard finding his own free affinity in Fräulein Ottilie; and the four friends who love and respect each other making shipwreck of their lives; until the two hapless victims of a conventional morality are laid side by side in the chapel, where they find peace and rest.

CHAPTER LVII.

SCHOOL OF OWEN.

IT is an odd fact in the history of this social development, that the scientific phase of Free Affinities, which in Europe came up later than the Spiritual phase of eternal brides, should have been the first to establish its empire in the United States.

This scientific phase of Free Affinities came in with Robert Owen, and may be said to have taken root in the soil under the skilful planting of his son, Robert Dale Owen, and that son's fellow-worker, Frances Wright. To the socialism taught by these preachers, may be traced the various schools of Free Love which are now found flourishing in Boston and New York.

About the time when Archdeacon Ebel was preparing his marriage-feast for the Lamb in Königsberg, Robert Owen, of New Lanark fame, was crossing the Atlantic Ocean from Liverpool, with a view to bringing his scheme for the regeneration of society under notice of the President and people of the United Strong in his faith, Owen appeared in Washington as the author of a new science of life. President was polite, the people curious. men and more good women, felt their hearts expand towards his dream of a new Eden in the Far West; a paradise in which he told them there would be no longer any war and crime, because there would be no longer any soldiers and police. The great family of man was to be governed in future by the law of love. Owen's two watchwords, Harmony and Association, passed from lip to lip, from page to page, through a thousand organs of the pulpit and the press, until a host of eager reformers had more than half persuaded themselves that the world could be saved by a phrase.

When Owen proposed to buy up the town of New Harmony, founded in the wilds of Indiana by Frederick Rapp as a German religious community, he found many friends in Boston and New York ready to assist him in the enterprise. The Rappites, having failed as a trading society, were induced to sell their vineyards, farms, and shanties on the Wabash River; and a strong troop of scientific socialists marched upon the ground, pledged to repair a disaster which Owen had felt no scruple in describing as the necessary consequence of trying to carry on human society in a religious spirit.

The Lanark reformer made no secret of his own unbelief; in fact, he spoke of the Bible as a baneful book; yet he was received by the churches, even by those in Puritan New England, with a measure of silence and respect. He was not a man on whom it would have been wise to make open war. His fame

was great, his aims were lofty, and his life was pure. He had come to offer a free people his gift of a new science; and the old conservative churches, wise in their reserve and silence, had only to leave the enthusiast and his friends alone. Many who would not have listened to Owen's philosophical heresies, were anxious that his scheme of fraternal co-operation should be fairly tried; and it was only through the failure of his plans at New Harmony in Indiana, followed by the similar failures of New Orbiston in Lanarkshire, and Tytherly in Hants, that he passed away, after some years, into the dreary list of false pretenders to a mastery over the secret resources of social art.

In the speeches of Robert Owen there was indirect assault on marriage as an institution; but the attack was scarcely veiled; since the very first conception of a socialistic state is such a relation of the sexes as shall prevent men and women from falling into selfish family groups. Family life is eternally at war with social life. When you have a private household, you must have personal property to feed it; hence a community of goods - the first idea of a social state has been found in every case to imply a community of children and to promote a community of wives. That you cannot have socialism without introducing communism, is the teaching of all experience, whether the trials have been made on a large scale or on a small scale, in the Old World or in the New. All the Pentecostal and Universal Churches have begun their career with a strong disposition towards that fraternal state in which private property is unknown; some have travelled along that line, adopting all the conclusions to which the journey led them; while others have turned back in alarm on seeing that the fraternal

theory was at war with all the sacred traditions of home.

The Shakers founded their societies on the ruins of family life. The Mormons, in order to save their family life, have been forced to give up their inclination towards a common property in the Lord. The Princeites of Spaxton have to renounce their old ways of thinking when they place their feet in the Abode of Love. The Bible Communists found their logical term in the doctrine, which they adopted, of a common right in goods and wives. All the social reformers who have striven to reconcile the family group with the general fund have failed; though some of these reformers, like the pioneers at Brook Farm, were men of consummate abilities and unselfish aims.

For a long time this result of Owen's system lay hid; a thing latent and unnoticed; it was only when the theory came into contact with realities that men saw how far the people who rushed into these new Edens were driven into the assumption of fresh relations with each other, beyond what the law allowed.

Dale Owen (the son of Robert Owen) and his female companion, Frances Wright, threw off the mask which had been worn by their party, and in the memorable tour which they made through the United States, as champions of a new order, they boldly put the Bible, and all that has been founded on its teaching, under ban and curse; and in the place of these old-world theories, advocated their two great doctrines of Free Love and Free Divorce.

Dale Owen, who settled in America, soon became one of its leading citizens; filling high offices, both at home and abroad—magistrate, representative, senator, ambassador—until, by his eloquence, his sagacity, and his daring, he has come to occupy a position

which is unknown to the law, and is described, even by men who hate him, as that of Privy Councillor to the republic. Dale Owen was the soul of the democratic party, while that party had a real life of its When he parted from it, as he did on the questions of negro freedom and of female suffrage, the party splintered off into a dozen fragments -- war democrats, peace democrats, copperheads, Vallandighamites, dead-beats, Copper-Johnsons, and the like. On every point of policy, Dale Owen stands in the front; so far in front that sober men, lagging far behind him in the march, are apt to think he is always standing on the verge of chaos. This Privy Councillor of the republic pleads for every sort of equality; that of husband and wife, that of Negro and Saxon, that of earth and heaven. To him a man is a man, whether he be male or female, white or black; and being a gentleman of fine presence, of noble culture, and of great intellectual power, he has the art of quickly persuading men to accept his doctrines.

But the work which is most of all his own—the fruit of his own spirit—was that which he achieved in company with Frances Wright.

This clever and excitable woman had been stung into frenzy by what she fancied were two great discoveries of her own: first, that the earth is overpeopled; and second, that the law of marriage, now enforced by the church, makes every woman who adopts it a slave. She found it was her mission to make known these truths; and being a charming speaker, as well as a strong writer, she chose to make them known from both the platform and the press. She was not, however, a preacher of despair. Bad as things were, she saw her way to a cure for all the evils under which the world then groaned. The

number of mouths to be fed must be reduced; and woman must be freed from her bridal bonds.

In England, her native country, where she first made public her discoveries, people laughed at her; they had heard female lecturers before her day, and did not like them; nay, they had heard these very things proclaimed and illustrated by men and women of far higher genius than Frances Wright. male reformer would have gone back to her knitting in despair, had she not fallen in with a true mate of her own belief in Dale Owen, who was then about to leave his country for what he thought was a new and better world. Female teachers were not then a drug on the American soil; and Dale Owen proposed that the eloquent rhapsodist should go with him to the United States. She went, and she enjoyed a great success. In the republic every one was free. She brought out a paper, called The Free Enquirer; she announced courses of lectures on liberty in marriage and divorce; when the shop-women of Broadway, and the ladies of Fifth Avenue, ran to hear their husbands denounced as tyrants, and their weddingrings described as chains. In that country no statechurch could frown upon her; no society could put a stigma on her brow. She was free to teach and to preach, to reason and to write. All these things she did in a way to shock the more pious and conservative minds; yet with so much art that neither she, nor her male adviser, was ever treated to the rough injustice by which public opinion in America sometimes supplies the defects of law. Dale Owen and Frances Wright were neither tarred and feathered, nor set upon a rail, as had been done with the Rev. Charles Mead and the Rev. John B. Foot. In the northern cities, most of all in New York, they began to found

a school of reformers, bent on slackening the bonds of marriage; first, by acting on public opinion through the press; afterwards by proposing measures of redress for injured wives in the local legislative bodies.

The partners in this crusade against family life divided the field of attack between them: Dale taking the population question, Frances the marriage question. Dale Owen wrote a book called Moral Physiology, in which he proposed a new theory for limiting the number of mouths to be fed. It was a daring book, and many pious people denounced it as the spawn of hell; but the abuse of men who were known for their old-fashioned virtues only helped it into wider notice. More than by any other class, it is said to have been read and pondered by the clergy. I have reason to think it suggested the vagaries of the Rev. Theophilus Gates; and I happen to know that it gave the first hint of his system to Father Noyes.

CHAPTER LVIII.

SCHOOL OF FOURIER.

WIILE Dale Owen and Frances Wright were sowing their seed of scientific socialism through the land, Albert Brisbane arrived in New York with a gospel of social progress in his hand, which affected to reconcile the two hostile principles of association and personal property, and both these principles with the more sacred dogma of family life. Brisbane, a man of high character and remarkable powers, had made a journey to Paris, in order to study in the best quarters the new system of society proposed by Charles Fourier.

In his own country, Fourier was as great a failure as Robert Owen had been in England. But, besides this fact of failure, there was so much of like nature in the lives and in the systems of these two men, that one could almost write a history of one in the other's name. Owen and Fourier were born within a year of each other; they sprung from the trading classes; and the only education they received was such as fit men for the counting-house and the exchange. They both engaged in business, and failed in it. They were both induced to study the present state of society by noticing the difficulties which men find in the way of exchanging what they have for what they need. Full of this idea, they went up from the country to the capital: in Owen's case to London; in Fourier's case to Paris. Each had the good fortune to find

one royal and illustrious friend-Owen in the Duke of Kent, Fourier in Charles the Tenth. able to surround himself with a number of eager and obscure disciples, who seized his doctrine with applause, and strove to explain it to the world. For these regenerators of mankind were equally wanting in power of expression and equally poor in literary Young men and women went about preaching their doctrines - Mrs. Frances Wright explaining the system of Owen in England, while Madame Clarissa Vigoreux was doing the same service for Fourier in Each saw newspapers born and buried in his cause; each outlived his name and fame in Europe: and each was destined, through disciples, to achieve results in the New World which he had been unable to secure in the Old.

Like Robert Owen, the French reformer was wholly ignorant of modern science. When he arrived in Paris he was received by the learned men with scorn, and by the witty men with jokes and laughter. blunders in his books are almost beyond belief; for. like his female followers, Eliza Farnham and Elizabeth Denton, he had got his facts about the universe from visions of the night. Thus he told his disciples that the stars and planets are living beings, like men and women, with the same passions and desires, the same hunger and thirst, the same fear and anger; that the stars make love to each other, come together in bridal pairs, and send their offspring out as colonists into space; that sun, moon, and planets, each in turn, has had a part in creating what we see of earth; the Sun having called into being on its bosom the elephant, the diamond, and the oak; Jupiter, the cow, the topaz, and the jouquil; Saturn, the horse, the ruby, and the lily; while the Earth produced, by a kind of sponta-

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The second of public lectures in New York Tribune, of the New York Tribune, on the preachers of association on the Wind French model; meetings were held in Research Plahadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, as well as in w York; and in less than a year from the largest

Brisbane's landing in America, the whole country seemed to be atlante with zeal for this new French gospel. Fourier's own writings were not read, and his ideas were very little known. Public opinion was not in those days strongly opposed to any fair investigation of the problems of social life; but there was in this French writer a cynical disregard for domestic virtue - as English and American men conceive of domestic virtue - which would have jarred unpleasantly on the Puritan mind. Fourier's thoughts were given to the public in very small doses; something was concealed, still more was modified, not a little was denied. Henry J. Raymond, a magnate of the New York press, afterwards so famous as the confidential friend of Abraham Lincoln, led a fierce attack on this French system; exposing, with a merciless logic, all its offences against good sense, and showing that life in the phalanx, as conceived by the founder of French socialism, was opposed in spirit, if not in fact, to the existing marriage bond. Greeley, though he could not deny that Fourier had contemplated a freedom between the sexes hardly consistent with a high repute for morality, protested that in the phalanx proposed by Brisbane and supported by himself, the original plans of the French theorist had been so far modified as to bring them within the range of American notions of moral right. The fact remained, and in time it became known, that Fourier's system could not be reconciled, any more than Owen's system could be reconciled, with the partition of mankind into those special groups called families, in which people live together, a life devised by nature, under the close relation of husband and wife, of parent and child.

More than one experimental search after what was called the better life had to be made before all the

neous generation, the dog, the violet, and the opal. He told his wondering disciples that the infant is at birth a mere animal, like a tadpole, and has a soul given to it only with its teeth: that this soul is subject to two sorts of immortality - one simple, the other unbound; that men have many lives, of many different kinds, so that in the order of nature there is no preference and injustice; that kings, queens, beauties, scholars, princes, judges, and all other persons favored in the present life, were paupers, criminals, and lunatics, in the previous world; that all those who are now condemned by their birth to a life of pain, hunger, misery, and disgrace, will, in the next stage of existence, live on the brighter side of nature, becoming lovely in person as well as rich in the gifts of genius and of birth. A few months only before Trevethick put his first iron horse upon the road, Fourier, lamenting that man has no easier and swifter way of travelling from Lyons to Paris than by the old French diligence, prophesied that nature would shortly produce some new creatures of the land, the sea, and the air, called anti-lions, antiwhales, and anti-condors, which mighty beasts, fishes, and birds, should be able, when duly tamed and trained, to draw men along at the miraculous speed of thirty miles an hour!

Fourier died in Paris, in the year 1837, at the age of fifty-five, exhausted in body and in mind.

Such was the grand reformer of society whom the brilliant Albert Brisbane introduced in 1842 to his countrymen by a series of public lectures in New York. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, opened his pages to the preachers of association on this new French model; meetings were held in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, as well as in New York; and in less than a year from the date of

Brisbane's landing in America, the whole country seemed to be allame with zeal for this new French gospel. Fourier's own writings were not read, and his ideas were very little known. Public opinion was not in those days strongly opposed to any fair investigation of the problems of social life; but there was in this French writer a cynical disregard for domestic virtue - as English and American men conceive of domestic virtue - which would have jarred unpleasantly on the Puritan mind. Fourier's thoughts were given to the public in very small doses; something was concealed, still more was modified, not a little was denied. Henry J. Raymond, a magnate of the New York press, afterwards so famous as the confidential friend of Abraham Lincoln, led a fierce attack on this French system; exposing, with a merciless logic, all its offences against good sense, and showing that life in the phalanx, as conceived by the founder of French socialism, was opposed in spirit, if not in fact, to the existing marriage bond. Greelev, though he could not deny that Fourier had contemplated a freedom between the sexes hardly consistent with a high repute for morality, protested that in the phalanx proposed by Brisbane and supported by himself, the original plans of the French theorist had been so far modified as to bring them within the range of American notions of moral right. The fact remained, and in time it became known, that Fourier's system could not be reconciled, any more than Owen's system could be reconciled, with the partition of mankind into those special groups called families, in which people live together, a life devised by nature, under the close relation of husband and wife, of parent and child.

More than one experimental search after what was called the better life had to be made before all the

world, including the seckers themselves, were brought to admit the failure of this attempt to combine associated labor with personal property and domestic life. The first in date, and best in means, was a village at Red Bank, in Monmouth County, New Jersey; for which a number of New York bankers were persuaded to supply the funds. Six hundred acres of land were bought for the company; two hundred of which could be easily brought under plough and spade. The land was not rich; but the dressing which it most required, marl, was found in two large beds on the estate. A stream ran through the property, feeding a pretty lake, and serving to turn a mill. Clumps of trees, and a deep furrow in the ground, made the place naturally picturesque. Five miles of sandy road led to the tidal river, by which there was daily intercourse with New York.

With funds supplied by the bankers, a big house was built, on the model of a Saratoga hostelry; with rooms for a hundred and fifty guests; single rooms for bachelors and maids; double rooms for married folks; and suites of rooms for families. There was a common hall, a dining-room, a dairy, a kitchen, a store-house, and other offices, but no chapel or church.

Into this settlement of Red Bank, which they called the North American Phalanx, a body of reforming zealots, drawn from various classes of society, including an Episcopalian clergyman and a Unitarian minister, began to move. They laid themselves out for a better and a pleasanter life, and yet with a strict resolution to make their experiment pay.

The first thing to be done at Red Bank was to create a new public opinion on the subject of manual labor; so that the works which are commonly held in contempt, such as cleaning shoes, milking cows, sweep-

ing floors, and serving the table, should be raised into the highest order of employments. This was not so difficult as it might seem. That which is done by the best, soon comes to be thought the best. A scholar, a clergyman, a banker, were selected to clean the boots and scrub the floors; the girls were called into a room, and those who were judged to be the loveliest and the eleverest were elected as a great honor to wait upon the company. "How did you like the service?" I asked a lady in New York, who had been a waiter in the Phalanx. "Guess, I liked it very much," she answered: " in the first place, all the pretty girls were waiters, and no one who thought well of her beauty liked to be left out; and then we all dined by ourselves afterwards, when the stupids were gone, and we used to have great fun." It turned out just the same among the men; and idle fellows who liked to moon about and smoke, soon came to slip into the laundry and beg, as a favor, from one of the shoeblacks, permission to polish off a dozen pairs of boots.

Too much is said to have been effected at Red Bank for manual labor, and too little for the higher purposes of life. Religion was put aside as obsolete; and science, in the name of which these reformers had thrown themselves upon the land, was left un taught. An old French teacher, himself in want of many masters, was set to train the boys and girls in useful knowledge; but, in truth, they learned nothing from him, not even how to read and write.

All the women at Red Bank wore the short skirt and loose trousers invented by the ladies of Oneida Creek; and in the eyes of strangers they looked in this attire exceedingly comely and picturesque.

The attempt to found a social state in combination with the family group began to show signs of failure

the very instant the settlers reached Red Bank; though the community did not disperse until they had spent the best part of their shareholders' capital Single men complained that they had to work for children who were not their own. Smart young maids perceived that they had to bear the burdens, without sharing in the pleasures, of married women. with small families objected to folks with large once. What was called the division of profits was seen to be a joke; since in most years there was nothing to divide; and when there chanced to be a surplus in the till, no fair balance could be struck. When the discontent had grown to a sufficient height, the bubble burst, Red Bank was sold to New Jersey farmers, and the reformers of mankind returned with chastened fancies to the humdrum routine of city life.

A still more famous trial in fraternal living, was that poetic pienic, so to say, which was proposed by the Rev. George Ripley, carried out by a number of New England men and women, and used by Hawthorne as the scene of his Blithedale Romance. Ripley, a man who combines the finest culture with the highest daring, told me the story of this singular settlement; in which he was assisted, more or less closely, by men no less eminent than Channing, Curtis, Parker, Emerson, Dana, Hawthorne, Dwight, and by a woman no less notable than Margaret Fuller. A true history of that experiment, in which so many lights of American literature lit their torches, is a pressing want, which it may be hoped that the author of that experiment will some day write.

These young enthusiasts of society were nearly all Cambridge men, members of the Unitarian Church; and the movement which they commenced at Brook Farm near Boston, was religious, educational, and

artistic, as well as social. The men and women who joined it hoped to live a better and purer life than they had done in the great city. They wanted to refine domestic manners, to ennoble manual toil; and to some extent they achieved these expectations. They did not seek to interfere with marriage; nay, they guarded that holy state with reverence; yet the spirit of fraternal association was found to weave itself with infinite subtleties into the most tender relations of man and woman. Fear came into the common dwelling; and even if this pienic of poets and lovely women had not been a failure on other grounds, the rivalries of Zenobia and Priscilla would unquestionably have sent Brook Farm the way of Red Bank.

CHAPTER LIX.

FREE LOVE.

THERE is only too much reason to fear that the effect of all this teaching on the part of those who sought after the better life—of Dale Owen and Frances Wright, of Albert Brisbane and Clarisse Vigoreux, of George Ripley and Margaret Fuller—was a vast increase in America of those irregular unions of men and women which, though known in many parts of Europe, are nowhere half so dangerous to public morals as in the United States.

When a man and woman either in France or England dally with the thought of entering into any of these lawless unions, which are known in America as a state of Free Love—unions contracted freely by

the parties, but on a clear understanding that they are time-bargains only, made to last either for a fixed term, subject to renewal, or simply for so long a time as the partners please—they know very well that the world will not be with them, and that they can only live the life they are choosing to adopt under a social ban. In their own hearts, such a man and woman may be able to find excuses for what they do; they may fancy that they lie under the strain of some special wrong, for which the law can yield them no redress; and they may feel that social wrong has driven them into setting all social laws aside. But they do not pretend to think that what they are doing is right, and that the world is false and fiendish because it holds up before them the chapters of an immutable moral code by which they stand condemned. The woman who in! England claims to be a law unto herself, will yet daily and hourly pray to God that her child may never have to face that question of acting on the individual will.

In the United States it is not so. The great disparity in the two sexes, which in that country makes the female master of every situation, has deprived society of the conservative force engendered by fear and shame. No woman in that country needs to care whether she offends or not. If she is right in her own belief, that is enough; she is hardly more responsible to her lover than to her groom. Instead of having all society against her, she finds a certain portion of it, and that of a class distinguished in some degree by art and culture, on her side. Free Love, instead of being universally condemned, has in America its poets, orators, and preachers; its newspapers, lecture-halls, excursions, picnics, and colonies—all of which help to give it a certain standing and authority in her eyes.

The poets of Free Love, chiefly females, are numer-/

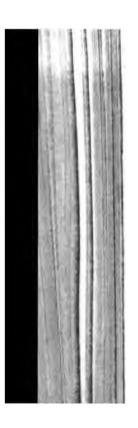
ous, but of no high rank in the diviner arts of song. Their verse is simple, sensuous, natural, with an occasional touch of beauty. Lizzie Doten, Fanny Hyzer, T. N. Harris, and G. S. Burleigh, are the names of four out of a hundred, who have tuned their harps to make music of Free Love. One specimen of this poetry may be welcome. It is a declaration of love, divided into two parts; one part describing the love that will bless the happy pair in free courtship, the second part describing that which bless them in free union. The sentiment is scientific. First part:—

"FREE LOVE.

"I will love thee as the flowers love,
That in the summer weather,
Each standing in its own place,
Lean rosy lips together,
And pour their sweet confession
Through a petal's bended palm,
With a breath that only deepens
The asure-lidded calm
Of the heavens bending o'er them,
And the bluebells hung before them,
All whose odor in the silence is a psalm.

"I will love thee as the dews love,
In chambers of the lily,
Hung orb-like and unmeeting,
With their flashes bending stilly,
By the white shield of the petals
Held a little way spart;
While all the air is sweeter,
For the yearning of each heart,—
That yet keep clear and crystal
Their globed spheres celestial,
While to and fro their glimmers ever dark.

"I will love thee as the stars love, In sanctity enfolden, That tune in constellations Their harps divine and golden,



"I will love thee as the spirits love, Who, free of Earth and Heaven, Wreathe white and pale-blue flower For the brown of the forgiven, And are dear to one another For the blessings they bestow On the weary and the wasted In our wilderness of woe; By thy good name with the angels And thy human heart's evangels, Shall my love from holy silence to the

"FREE MARRIAGE.

"I will love thee as the cloud loves
The soft cloud of the summer;
That winds its pearly arms round
The rosy-tinted comer,
Interwreathing till but one cloud
Hangs dove-like in the blue,
And throws no shadow carthward,
But only nectar dew
For the roses blushing under;
And, purified from thunder,
Floats onward with the rich light meltis

"I will love thee as the rays love,
That quiver down the ether,
That many-hued in solitude,
Are pure white knit together;
And if the heavens darken.

'I will love thee as the sweets love,
From dewy rose and lily,
That fold together cloud-like,
On sephyrs riding stilly,
Till charmed bard and lover,
Drunk with the scented gales,
Name one sweet and another,
Not knowing which prevails;
The winged airs careas them,
The hearts of all things bless them:
So will we float in love that never fails.

"I will love thee as the gods love—\
The Father God and Mother,
Whose intermingled Being is
The life of every other,—
One, absolute in Two-ness,
The universal power,
Wedding Love the never-ending,
Through planet, man, and flower;
Through all our notes shall run this
Indissoluble oneness,
With music ever deepening every hour."

Captain Otto, Göthe's champion of affinities, would have been content with these physical symbols of a passion which so many of us think divine.

Under the teaching of this sort of song and science, a class of American women has been brought to confound the moral sense so far as to think that it is right for a girl to obey her nature as some of the religious zealots say it is right for man to follow the leading of the Spirit. When one of these emancipated females departs from what the world would call the straight line of her duty, she claims to be following "the higher law," and begs mankind to admire her courage and appland her act. Thus, it happens, that a lady who prefers to live in temporary, rather than in permanent marriage, with the man she loves, does not quietly submit in America to a complete exclusion

from society. She asserts a right to think for herself, in the matter of wedlock, as in everything else. It the moral question, she asks, of higher note than the religious question? In Rome and countries like Spain, she can understand that any departure of either man or woman from the usual rules, should be followed by a social curse; society in such countries being inspired and guided by an infallible church; but in her own free republic, where the law knows nothing of a church, either fallible or infallible, who has the right to launch a social curse? If a woman is free to make her own terms with God, why should she not be free to make her own terms with man? Is heaven of less account than earth? Indeed, does not the higher liberty involve the lower? Free love is, she thinks, a necessary sequence of free faith. Why, then, in acting on her right, should she suffer a social stigma?

Such are the reasonings and the protests of a host of female preachers and writers; of ladies like Frances Wright, Lizzie Doten, and Corah Hatch.

The number of persons living openly in this kind of free union is believed to be very great; so many that the churches and the law courts have been compelled to recognize their existence. While I was in Ohio a curious case of Free Love occupied public attention. A man and woman professing this principle, had lived together in Cincinnati, made money, reared a family of boys and girls, and then died. They had not been married as the law directs. They had simply gone to their circle, taken each other's word, and then begun to keep house. No form had been used that could be called a contract. No entry of their pledges had been made. It was simply said in behalf of these children, that the parents had undertaken, in the presence of some other liberal spirits, to live to-33

gether as long as they liked. On these grounds the children claimed the property left by their parents; and the court of law, after much consideration of the facts, allowed their claim.

Some anger was excited by a decision which seemed to put the natural right of these children above the legal right. All circles declared the verdict a blow against marriage.

Among the confessions placed in my hands by Americans, is a paper by Mr. B. M. Lawrence, a Free Lover, of Boston, in Massachusetts, from which an extract may be given which will show by an authentic case in what way these irregular unions, called Free-Love Bridals, are made:—

A FREE-LOVE WEDDING.

" Boston, Feb. 1867.

"Having mingled much with the world at large, and with the reformers and spiritualists particularly, and secing so much of domestic inharmony, my mind was made up never to marry, when a Bible Spiritual Medium camo some miles to meet me, sent, she said, like Peter to Cornelius, to testify to me concerning the things of the coming kingdom of heaven; and she told me that the believers must enter in in pairs, and that among the things lacking in my case was a wife! - that I must and would soon find my mate, and, that until then I would meet with nothing but disappointments; that I would know her soon, as we should meet, etc. Sure enough, troubles came; 'fightings within, and fears without.' A great fire at Syrucuse burned up the Journal office, with all our bills, cuts, and stereotype plates. My partner, Mr. C., left me alone; and I concluded to go to a meeting of the Friends of Progress at Stockport, N. Y., and by request, I visited the farm of Mr. R., where the women work outof-doors, and they have some of the community spirit.

"Here I met with a young music-teacher from Quincy, Massachusetts, by the name of Priscilla Jones; strange as it may appear, I felt that she was to become my wife as soon as I heard her name spoken; and two days later, at the foot of Niagara's reef of rainbows, baptized by the mists of heaven, we pledged ourselves to unite our destinies, and work together for human welfare, so long as it was mutually agreeable; and the next Sunday at the close of the convention, we publicly promised to live together as husband and wife.

B. M. L."

Mr. Lawrence and Miss Jones, pledging each other, and uniting their destinies under Niagara's reef of rainbows, mean no more by this promise of living as husband and wife, and working together for human welfare, than that he and she will live together so long as the fancy holds them!

The Free Lovers, who have their head-quarters in New York, have various settlements throughout the country, in which their principles are said to reign supreme. The most famous, perhaps, of these settlements, are the villages called Berlin Heights and Modern Times.

Berlin Heights is a village in the State of Ohio, in which bands of Free-Lovers have settled so as to be a comfort and protection to each other; also for the conveniences offered to hapless pairs by a large matrimonial exchange. Many people come and go, and the population of Berlin Heights, I am told, is always changing. No one likes to stay there long; the odor of the place being rather rank, even in the nostrils of an emancipated female. But the Free-Lovers tell you that a great many persons sympathize with the free life on Berlin Heights, who in their social cowardice shrink from writing their names in the visitors' books.

A more important society of Free-Lovers has been

brought together on Long Island, near New York city, under the odd designation of Modern Times. This village was founded by a reformer named Pearl, and is considered as the head-quarters of the American Comtists; a body of reformers who have taken up the work in which Owen and Fourier failed. dwellers in Modern Times come out for every sort of new truth. They have put down the past. It is hardly a figure of speech to say, that as far as their power can back their will, they are ready to repeal all laws and to dethrone all gods. They affect the Positive Philosophy; and this affectation is the only positive thing about them. The ten commandments, the apostles' creed, the canons and decrees, the articles of faith, have all been abolished, as rags and shreds of superstition, in Modern Times. No man has a right to intrude into his neighbor's house; for in this home of progressive spirits, conduct is held to have the same rights as opinion. What have you to do with me and mine? Inside my own door, I am lord What if I take a dozen wives? How and king. these ladies choose to live, is for themselves, and not for you, to say. What business have you to take offence, because they do not live according to your law? In Modern Times, such questions meet with a soft reply. A woman who is fair, a man who is discreet. has nothing to fear from the moral and religious passions of his fellow-settlers. "No questions asked" is\ the motto of Modern Times.

CHAPTER LX.

THE GREAT HARMONIA.

A FTER these schools of scientific reform had kept the stage of public attention for many years, insisting with noise and promise on saving society whether it would or no, their claim to be the true regenerators of their kind was suddenly invaded by a new class of zealots, who announced themselves as a native school of thinkers, not the spawn of French and Scottish brains. These new-comers were the Spiritualists, who derived their gospel from a cobbler of Poughkeepsie, a seer of genuine native grit.

Andrew Jackson Davis, this Poughkeepsie craftsman, wrote a rhapsody in four stout volumes, which he called The Great Harmonia, and which some of his ignorant dupes appear to have thought an original work. It was a mere parody of Swedenborg's mystical dreams about the true heaven and the true earth: and though it has taken the minds of many persons who were bent on having a native creed, it must be rejected by a critic from the list of primary and seminal books. Swedenborg's Arcana Collectia, not Davis's Great Harmonia, is the true source of American Spiritual-The latter work may have had its part in nursing the fantasies of the Spirit-circles; for, while the Swedish seer must be credited with much of what is/ noble and poetic in those circles, the Poughkeepsic cobbler may be credited with nearly all that is most grotesque and most profanc.

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The young dreamers who went out from Boston to picnic on Brook Farm, hoping to catch some glimpses of the higher life, and prove that daily duty could be treated as a fine art, were the first to make known in America how many lodes of gold lay hid in the illustrious Swede's neglected works. Of course the writings: of Swedenborg were already known to a few obscure zealots in Boston and New York: New Jerusalem Churches having been founded long ago in these cities, and in some other places; but the disciples who had been found by the noble Swede in the United States were few in number and poor in gifts. No man of mark had joined them. Their priests were unlettered. their chapels obscure, their journals without talent and without sale. The name of Swedenborg was hardly so much a power in the country as that of Zinzendorf or that of Mack. But Ripley and the little band of poets and scholars who went out into the desert of Brook Farm, introduced him to the intellectual world. In truth, the Swedish seer was necessary to these idealists. Fourier, a man without love and without a future, was too hard and cold a reformer to fill their As a ruler in the kitchen and on the farm they thought him excellent; but a good kitchen and a fat farm were not to be all in all with these high poetic natures. They wanted a new social order, but they could not receive a social order absolutely divorced like that of Fourier from every connection with a world to come.

They found in Swedenborg much that suited their frame of mind. The Swede presented many sides to a reader. To the godly, he offered himself as a teacher of religion; to the student, as a scientific thinker; to the mystic, as a visionary; to the sceptic, as a critic. Unitarians liked him because he hinted that the Father

and the Son are one. Infidels praised him for rejecting nearly half the Bible, and especially the writings: of St. Paul. To the idealists of Brook Farm he appeared as a great intelligence, which could reconcile a phalanx with the higher powers. In the combination of Fourier and Swedenborg they fancied they could see the germs of a new order of things, fruitful of good, alike to the body and the soul. Hence they made much of Swedenborg in their writings. They took from him their motto; they quoted his dreams; they admired his science; they lauded his imagination; nay, some of the more eminent men among them described him as being at once a great social reformer and a great religious seer. Ripley called his visions sublime; Channing coupled him with Fourier as a teacher of unity; Dwight called him the Great Poet and High Priest.

The Rev. Henry James, a Brook Farm enthusiast, who scandalized society by making a public confession of his call to the New Jerusalem, filled many pages of The Harbinger with proofs that there is so little difference between Fourier and Swedenborg in practice, that a convert of one reformer may admit the other reformer's claims; since Fourier's Passional series (a pretty French name for Free Love) might be readily made to run alongside of Swedenborg's toleration of concubines. In fact, this reverend author, a man of very high gifts in scholarship and cloquence, declared himself, on spiritual grounds, in favor of a system of divorce, which is hardly to be distinguished from divorce at will.

A still more eminent convert to Swedenborg's gospel was George Bush, Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature; a man who had received his training at Dartmouth and Princeton, where he was ordained as a minister in the Presbyterian Church. Bush's writings on the Old Testament give him a high place among Biblical scholars. When he became a convert to the Swedish gospel, the whole world of New York ran after him; and many of the prophets of failing causes (such as the Rev. James Boyle and the Rev. Charles Weld), came about him, in the hope of catching some sparks from this new celestial torch. Ripley and his friends had given the Swedish dreamer prestige, Bush and his followers gave him popularity. Two years after the date of Bush's conversion, Swedenborg had become a name of power in the schools of Boston and New York.

It must be noted with care how little the new Jerusalem churches had to do with this starting of their prophet as a candidate for inspired honors in the United States. Those old and humble bodies were as nothing in the cause. Bush, as a man of learning, was disliked and feared by the illiterate priests; and he repaid their hate with open scorn and eloquent contempt. When crowds of credulous and mystical disciples gathered round his pulpit, they came about him, not from those tiny chapels which the sect had built in nameless streets, not from the colleges and schools of theology, so much as from the centres of Naturalistic Socialism. Most of his converts were followers of Owen and Fourier, who had failed in the search for a better life at New Harmony and Red Bank. The hearts of these men were ripe in superstition. Fourierites, who had refused to give the Father a place in His own world, listened with eager trouble to any poor trickster who professed to communicate with the unseen world. Owenites, who banished from their model societies the very names of angel and spirit, received into New Harmony every wandering

biologist and measurerist who could bring them signs of the existence of Satanie life. Dr. Buchanan, one of these vagrant operators, had a great success under the wing of Dale Owen, who indersed for the American public his sleight-of-hand. A clairvoyant, an animal magnetizer, an electro-biologist, had a good time, generally, at Red Bank.

Now Professor Bush caught up in his nets these restless souls, who wanted a new gospel without knowing where it could be found. Bush had such a gospel ready in his hand; and, being a master of the two sacred languages, Hebrew and Arabie, and a critical writer on the times of Moses and Mohammed, it was not for the ignorant multitude to think that such a man could be mistaken in his text. A crowd of seekers took him at his word.

Yet, a live country like America could hardly be expected to receive, on any large scale, an old and worn philosophy from a foreign source, until it had been stamped with a new and native die. In order to gain free entry into her ports, Swedenborgianism had to put on the livery of the United States.

Unlike many perverts, Bush was no textual fanatic. If he adopted the great Swede, his adoption was that of the spirit rather than of the word. The narrow bigotries of Salem Chapel, having no place in his heart, found no echoes on his tongue. Not content, like so many smaller men, to try every truth that came in his way by one standard, he never dreamed of closing his eyes on surrounding facts, in fear lest they should grate on his sacred text. All truths, he said, would be found to go hand in hand; therefore he kept his heart open, like a poet; as keenly alive to the voice without as to the throb within.

A strange wonder came upon New York in the

tricks of Kate and Margaret Fox, who put Buchanan and the electro-biologists to sudden shame. Mysterious raps and taps, touches and sounds, became the fashion. A country in which the oldest houses are not a century old would seem to offer a very poor field for ghosts; but the spirits which haunt a wigwam and an Indian lodge may easily find nooks and crannies in a log house; and therefore, when the ghostly taps and thumps which had been heard by Kate and Margaret Fox were duly noised abroad, every old mill and farm in the province found itself suddenly troubled by a ghost. Bush seized upon this new marvel, and by his skill and daring got the spirits, to which the Fox girls had given a real habitation on earth, completely subject to his will.

The learned Professor, it must be noted, had been long familiar with the story of these ghostly sounds, these demon tokens, these angelic visits. Swedenborg had spent his life in company with spirits. his English pupils had been blessed by angelic friends. In fact, the whole round of experiences described by adepts in the Progressive School of New York to-day was travelled by the London disciples of the Swede from thirty to sixty years ago. These English visionaries were visited by good spirits and bad spirits; by some who chose to rap, by others who preferred to write. Samuel Noble, minister of Cross Street Chapel, describes himself as having heard raps in his room. The Rev. John Clowes professed to write his sermons as an unconscious agent of the spirits. Bush knew these things, and on the strength of this knowledge he put forth a claim upon all the ghostly tribe which had suddenly leapt into life around him.

In 1847 he had published a book, in which he placed the phenomena of Mesmer side by side with the dis-

closures of Swedenborg; a book which is the true source of all the spiritual circles in the United States.

"The object aimed at," he explained, "is to elevate the phenomena of measurerism to a higher plane than that on which they had been wont to be contemplated. The fundamental ground assumed is, that the most important facts disclosed in the measureric state are of a spiritual nature, and can only receive an adequate solution by being viewed in connection with the state of disembodied spirits and the laws of their intercourse with each other."

The value of this volume lay in an appendix, in which Professor Bush introduced to the American public a new and a native seer, in Andrew Jackson Davis, then a young fellow of twenty. Bush spoke of Davis in the highest terms; pledging his word that the young prophet was an honest man, in possession of the noblest spiritual gifts. In a short time Davis quitted his patron and set up for himself as a rival prophet, producing the Great Harmonia and other bulky works, the substance of which was taken from Swedenborg. When Bush saw reason to think his young friend no better than a rogue, he took up his parable against him; but the shoemaker of Poughkeepsic beat the Professor of Hebrew and Oriental. Literature in New York: and the high movement in favor of a more spiritual science, which began among the poets of Brook Farm, and grew among the Professors of Boston and New York, fell away into the widely popular, but in no way intellectual societies, which find their gospel in the Great Harmonia, their leaders in Home and Chase.

The social doctrine of the Great Harmonia is, even more than the corresponding passage in Swedenborg from which it is derived, hostile to marriage; and

nearly all the people who call themselves Harmonial Philosophers are found to be frequently changing the partners of their joys and griefs.

CHAPTER LXI.

IN THE CIRCLES.

DAVIS, the new Yankee Prophet, was a cross between the hard Naturalism of Owen and Fourier, and the dreamy Spirituality of Swedenborg. In what is native—the form and method, not the substance of his system—the Poughkeepsie lad was racy of the soil and consonant with his time. On all the large subjects of man's thoughts,—on love and life, on good and evil, on body and spirit, on stars and suns, on wisdom and waste, on birth and death, on earth and heaven,-he was little beyond a faint echo of his great original. What was new to him was the heat, the petulance, the ignorance, the irreverence of his books. Swedenborg was a religious being, Davis a stranger to religious life. The Swede was a reader of the Bible, -a respecter of the past. Davis threw away his Bible as a Gull's horn-book, and spurned all records of our race as so much trash and falsehood. To the Yankee. Prophet the past was nothing, the present much, and the future more. Last year being dead and gone, his hope was in the year about to come. His science was crude, but his aims were practical. Freedom of the spirit meant to him a freedom that could be used. Yankee, he could not spend his life in dreams. spirits came to him at will, he would make them

work: if grace were given to him, he would put it out for gain. Why was he a physician if not to cure? Why was he a prophet if not to preach? Why was he a searcher of hearts if not to choose his own?

Davis appears to have felt no scruple about using his supernatural gifts for his personal gain; since he took fees for medical advice; and helped himself, through his angels, to the very first woman whom he chanced to like.

This lady had the misfortune to be married; but! what of that poor shred of legal difficulty? In the Spiritual circles, hearts are no more than acids and alkalies, which draw near to each other by a natural lay; on the principle which Captain Otto explains to Lotte,—that of free affinities. Davis found in this married lady his free affinity; and, after her death, he found a second affinity of his soul in another married lady, whom he claimed from a surprised and outraged husband as his natural mate. This second elect ran away from her husband, got off to Indiana, headquarters of the great Spiritual doctrine of Free Divorce, and in that happy land of discontented wives found a release from her hateful bonds.

One of the things which a man in the Spiritual circles thinks himself most of all free to do is to fall in love with his neighbor's wife, - if the seeking after natural mates can properly be termed falling in love.

From my bundle of cases, two brief narratives may be cited in illustration of the way in which this spiritual mating comes about:-

CARPENTER'S CONFESSION.

" March 30th, 1867.

"I was born in the State of New York, and moved to the West when I was thirteen years old. Our family settled in Wisconsin, and my folks became intimately acquainted with a revivalist preacher named Berner, whose teachings affected me some. He was connected in his labors with Charles De Groff, a Spiritualist from New York. Afterwards I became a Swedenborgian, and continued in that belief for several years.

"In the spring of 1863, I moved with my family to Minnesota, and formed the acquaintance of Dr. Swain and his wife. She had been a Swedenborgian, and was better versed in the doctrines of that sect than I. She was now a Spiritualist of the school headed by Andrew Jackson Davis. She lent me books on the Harmonial Philosophy written by Davis, and speedily indoctrinated me into the mysteries of Spiritualism. She was a medium possessed of psychometrical powers, and under her teachings I soon learned that it is wrong for men and women who are not adapted to each other to live together. I had been married seven years, and led a life of domestic happiness. although my wife never sympathized with my religious views. Under the teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy. I was led to reflect a great deal, and visited Mrs. Swain frequently to converse on topics that interested me. wife became suspicious, and charged me with an improper intimacy with Mrs. Swain. This was not the case; but as time were on, I gradually experienced a diminution of affection for my wife, and became more attached towards Mrs. Swain. Mrs. Swain said that there was no compatibility between Dr. Swain and berself, and that she had frequently thought of leaving him.

"The Harmonial Philosophy teaches in effect, that persons who are not 'affinitized' are committing adultery in living as man and wife. Davis, however, teaches that by proper means, in many cases an 'affinity' can be brought about, but the general tendency of Spiritualism is to separate those who are not congenial.

"During a year and a half I became very impressible; in fact a medium; the invisible guides impressed me with many ideas of a religious nature, some of which tended to

convince me of the reality of the Spiritual world. Among other things, I became strongly impressed with the growing incompatibility between myself and my wife; and, on the other hand, with the growing affinity between Mrs. Swain and myself. These impressions I communicated from time to time to Mrs. Swain, and sho in turn told me of similar impressions which she had in reference to me. . My wife had ceased her suspicions. I learned from Mrs. Swain that many Spiritualists of note had thus sought out their affinities, and had abandoned the connections which were inharmonious. My course in the matter was, determined by what I then conceived to be religious duty. Mrs. Swain told me of the doings of John M. Spear, with whom she was acquainted. He divorced his first wife on account of incompatibility, and lived with Miss Clara Hinckley with whom he had discovered an affinity. He went to England with her.

"After I had been acquainted with Dr. Swain and his wife for two years, I was called by business connections to St. Paul, in Minnesota, where I formed the acquaintance of several mediums; one was living with her affinity, another was mis-matched and was in search of her affinity. There were but two or three families of Spiritualists in St. Paul who were not mis-mated. Nine-tenths of all the mediums I ever knew were in this unsettled state, either divorced or living with an affinity, or in search of one. The majority of Spiritualists teach Swedenborg's doctrine of one affinity, appointed by Providence for all eternity, although they do not blame people for consorting when there is an attraction; else, how is the affinity to be found? Another class, of whom Warren Chace is the most noted example, travelled from place to place, finding a great many affinities everywhere.

"CHARLES C. CARPENTER."

TOWLER'S CONFESSION.

" Cleveland, March 25th, 1867.

"Fifteen years since, while a Universalist preacher, I became a Spiritualist; and speaking of myself as an example, I here state that Spiritualism undermined and destroyed my respect for marriage. It led me to look on that institution in the light of a doctrine of affinity, and to regard it as a union or arrangement which the parties to it were at liberty to make or remake to suit their own notions of interest and convenience; in short, through Spiritualism, as presented to my mind, marriage lost entirely its institutional and authoritative character, and there was substituted for it an affinital relation, to exist or be dissolved at the pleasure of the parties. This was the theoretical view. In process of time, I became what is called a Free Lover-meaning by that simply one who holds that the individual has the right to make and remake his or her connubial relations without consulting any authority, religious or legal. This always seemed to me, and does now seem to me, to be the legitimate result of the doctrine of individual sovereignty which Spiritualism unquestionably teaches.

"My acquaintance with Spiritualists was quite extensive until within five or six years past, and among those with whom I have been acquainted the tendency of thought in regard to marriage has been of the same caste. I am also acquainted with most of the Free Lovers who have at one time or another congregated at Berlin Heights in this State, and also with many others who sympathized with that movement scattered here and there throughout the West. And though it cannot be said with truth that all Spiritualists are Free Lovers, yet it may be said that all Free Lovers, with rare exceptions, are Spiritualists. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has been behind the scenes, that among the adherents of Spiritualism, there are many Free Lovers, practically, who would not

like to be known and reckoned as such. Indeed, of late, years, Spiritualists have been seeking to remove from their system the stigma of teaching free love; and yet it is notorious, at least among themselves, that some of those who are loudest in denouncing that doctrine are practising what they profess to repudiate. As I have defined free love, above, there is an abundance of Free Lovers amongst Spiritualists.

"Among the lecturers and leaders in the Spiritualistic movement with whom I have been acquainted, I think the greater number have either been divorced legally, or have found themselves unaffinitized,—in such cases seeming to feel themselves at liberty to go outside of their matrimonial relations for the love they could not find therein. I could give many names, but prefer not to do so, because the facts in my knowledge have in most instances been made to me in a confidential manner; so I content myself with speaking of the matter in this general way.

J. W. Towler."

Thus, by precept and by example, the Yankee Prophet has taught his congregation of Spiritualists and Harmonists—a congregation which Judge Edmonds puts at the figure of four millions—what he means by liberty of the spirit. The practical issue of his teaching is expressed in the coarse idiom of New York:—

"Every man has a right to do what he damned pleases!"

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CHAPTER LXII.

LOOKING BACK.

WHAT is the meaning of this singular development of religious life in Germany, in England, in the United States? is a question which will present itself to every mind. I do not presume to answer it. We are only on the threshold of a great study; and a thousand facts may need to be considered in the final verdict which are not yet within our ken. But on looking back into that fascinating branch of the history of our Christian society, which concerns itself with the inner circle of man's passions, we find some hints which may be useful when we attempt to penetrate the meaning of what appears to some a very sudden and alarming growth of noxious things.

From the Apostles' day downward, the main question in every church, so far as the church has dealt with the laws of our family and social life, has been put in this wise: — What can be done with that always fierce and sometimes lawless yearning of the heart called love?

Man would be an easy thing to govern, if he had no desires of the blood to disturb his pulse. Passion makes us frail, even while it makes us strong. The perfect being, conceived in the brain of Plato, had no sex.

In the East and in the West, in the first century and in the nineteenth century, at Jerusalem as at Antioch, in Rome as in Geneva, the conservative churches have found themselves in front of this disturbing force. In all ages they have been compelled to study the means of flanking an object, which they could not surmount, and which seems to have been thrown by nature into their path. Most of all, has this been the case in Western Europe, where a special reading of the sacred text has been combined with some fragments of a Pagan creed. "Ah," the priests have often cried in their dismay, "if man had not been created male and female!"

On nearly all sides, the existence of a celestial order, under which there will be no such rite as marriage, has been assumed as one of those points about which there could be no dispute. That celestial order is said to be the highest state in which a created being can dwell. A true church, it is supposed, must strive to reproduce that heavenly order here below. If we would draw nigh unto Him, we must do so on the lines of approach which He has laid down. Do we not daily ask, as our first boon, from the Father, that His will may be done on earth even as it is done in heaven? What is that will, and how is it done in heaven?

Here lies the germ of nearly all our trouble with the higher and nobler longings of the soul. What is it that the Father asks from His sons? Is it His will that the household passions shall be conquered, that no more young men shall be married, that no more children shall be born? Some teachers hold so; saying that the word of God is clear and strong in favor of a celibate, unproductive life. Others, again, perceive a different meaning in the sacred text. Before all, and after all, it is for us a question of what is meant—a point on which the most learned doctors differ, since nature and inspiration seem to be here at war.

All reasoners admit that the higher and the lower worlds described in the Bible, are not the same in kind; and that the beings who people them can hardly live by a common rule. In one there is no change, in the other there is no rest. Heaven feels no waste; her angels sing to-day as they sang in the dawn of time; and no need exists in their blessed state for renewing a life which suffers no decline in a million years. Earth, on its side, knows no pause; her children perish, coming and going like the flowers, so that her higher, equally with her lower forms of life, can only be preserved from failure by a delicate play of her reproducing powers. When you have waste, it would seem that you must have growth. When things grow old, they must be redeemed by things which are new. Age implies youth, and death needs birth.

Where, then, lies the analogy between that higher sphere and this nether orb? How can the things of earth be likened to the things of heaven? Nothing is surer than that a close imitation of what is called celestial order, would, in a hundred years, restore this globe to the dominion of savage beasts.

Is that an end to be desired by godly men in the interest of a nobler law and a better life? Some teachers have not shrunk from saying so; bold logicians, who would rather kill the world than deny a text; but the masses of men who are neither saints nor critics, could never be seduced by eloquent speech into adopting that loveless and joyless theory of a perfect church. Love of woman and pride of offspring are too strongly rooted in the hearts of men for either priest or priestess to pluck them out; except in some few chosen cases, where other, and not more saintly passions have been planted in the stead of this love and pride.

The Church of Southern Europe made herself the champion of this anti-social spirit. She adopted slowly, but she held tenaciously, the dogma that a celibate life is necessary to the discharge of ministerial functions. She gradually came to look on woman as i a snare, on love as a sin. She forbade her priests to enter on the duties of husbands and fathers. She divided the world into two great orders—the sacerdotal and the secular; and she made a rule that no member of the sacred class should have anything to do with woman in the way of love. Believing in a heaven of monks and nuns, she strove to introduce on earth a kingdom of monks and nuns. But in striving after this image of celestial order she ran herself upon a thousand rocks. Even in days when she seemed to be working her will on earth, she found the trials to which she exposed herself from the revolt of human passion fatal to her peace, and all but fatal to her power; for a Church depending on logic and authority for its very existence had to patronize a dogma which she could not wholly defend, a practice which she could not always enforce.

The first stage of Essenic Christianity, with its love-feasts and its common stores, had hardly yet passed into oblivion, before the Western Church began to trifle with the first principles of domestic order, by exalting the ascetic habits of a monk into proofs of a higher calling and a nobler virtue than belonged to the very best of married men. Whence came this anti-social spirit, this war against woman and against love? Not from the Teacher of Galilee. Not from His disciples. Not from the earliest Fathers. One text, and only one, is drawn from the New Testament in favor of separating the clergy from the laity—saints by office from sinners by choice; and that one

text, some folks assert, is one that tells for the opposite side. St. Paul declared that a bishop should be the husband of one wife. What l'aul meant by these words has been much disputed; one obvious rendering is, that Paul addressed his caution to the church, not against the right of marriage, but against the wrong of polygamy; which was then, as it had been in olden time, a habit with his countrymen, the Jews. It is certain that St. Paul desired to have in his model bishop a man who was a householder, a husband, and a father. "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity. For if a man know not how to rule his own house. how shall he take care of the Church of God?" a text lends no support to the Western theory of a celibate and separate priesthood; since it is clearly stated that the bishop must be a householder, like other men; a husband, like other men; a father, like other men. His care in governing his house is made the measure of his right to govern in the church. Household virtues and clerical virtues are recognized as the same in kind. The Apostolic Constitutions cite these words of Paul in such a way as to imply that, in the third century, a single man could not be raised to the sacred office. Paul's rule appears to be, that a bishop must be the husband of one wife.

Whence, then, did the notion of a world without woman and without love descend into the Church?

In nearly all those Eastern creeds against which the new dispensation of our Lord made war, there had been more or less of the spirit of renunciation and asceticism. The Chaldean priests forbade their pupils to eat flesh, to drink wine, and to marry wives. The Indian Brahman, after seeing his grandson born, was

bound to observe the strictest rule: to fast much, to pray often; to put away his spouse; to relinquish all the pleasures of sense. An Essenic Jew considered passion as a snare, and in the higher grades of his sect he absolutely forbade his scholar to indulge in the weakness of wedded love. The priests of Isis were condemned to a single wife, though the Egyptian custom, like the Hebrew custom, allowed laymen to take as many partners as they could get. Among the followers of Gotama Buddha, the priests were bound by vows of chastity, the breach of which vows was punished by degradation from the sacred office. The Greeks and Romans had their vestals, and the priests of Rhea had to offer a peculiar sacrifice before her fance.

All such Pagan rites and rules would seem to have been foreign, if not hostile, to the new dispensation; for the earlier records of the Church contain ample: proofs that for many generations, the clergy of all ranks were free to marry, just as their secular brethren were free. That proof is sown upon the record; not in one place only; but here and there, by chance and by the way; not as evidence of a fact, which it had not entered into any one's heart to deny; but for some secondary purpose which the writer had in view. This kind of evidence, as every lawyer knows, is of the very best. Polycarp tells a story of Valens, a priest who got into trouble on account of his wife. Irenaus mentions a deacon who received Marcus the magician into his house, and was punished for his disobedience to orders by the seduction of his beautiful wife. Tertullian's letter to his wife on the duty of living in a holy state is well known, and no one doubts that when that letter was indited Tertullian was a Ignatius speaks of the many blessed saints who had entered into marriage bonds; never doubting that a saint was equally a saint whether he led a married or a single life. Cyprian gives an account of Novatus, a priest who kicked his wife in a fit of passion, and was tried for the murder of his unborn child.

To pass from examples to the rules which govern them, we may glance at the Apostolic Constitutions; records of the third century, which contain full particulars as to the way in which the clergy lived. Not one word is said in these primitive articles of the Church as to the priest being a celibate man. A ; bishop was to be the husband of one wife; if that wife died he was not to marry again; and this rule applied, not only to a bishop, but to a deacon and a priest. The article seems so have been directed against that vice of all Jewish societies, polygamy; a vice prevailing in Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, the three chief centres of Jewish and Christian life. For, it is expressly stated in these early Constitutions, that a bishop, priest, or deacon, being a married man at the time of his ordination, is to be content with his partner, and not to seek out for himself any other wives. If he be single, he is to remain so. Men who filled the lower grades of the clerical office, -the sub-deacon, the reader, the singer, and the door-keeper,were commanded to marry no more than one woman: proof that the prohibitions were directed against the prevailing Jewish error of polygamy, not against the primary law of family life.

In the Apostolic Canons, which present the Church rules of a later age, perhaps of the fifth century after Christ, we find that some changes have crept in, though the spirit of the church is still the same. All classes of priests may be married men, with homes, but not harems, like those unconverted Jews who

LOOKING BACK.

scandalized even the Pagan citizens of Rome. signs of a coming change are found. It is no needful to become a husband and father before to become a bishop. A single man may aspire highest offices in the church, and the fact of his alone in the world is a point, perhaps, in his Singers, readers, door-keepers, and the like, ar most freely chosen from among fathers of far and if such officer chance to be single at the ti their election, they receive hints to comply wi social rule. Not so, the higher ranks. A ma is single when ordained, is to remain so; if m he is to retain his wife. The Church has con resist all change of condition as a mere excitem the spirits unfavorable to the chances of a god A wedded priest is expressly forbidden to put his spouse. "A bishop or a priest," says the Canon, "may in no wise separate from his wife the pretext of religion; if he puts her away, he be excommunicated; and if he persists, he sl deprived."

The social principle and household practice in these Apostolic Canons have always been

by the primitive Oriental Church.

CHAPTER LXIIL

WAR OF CREEDS.

FROM whatever source it may have been derived, the anti-social principle, which regards woman as a snare, and repels love as a sin, was adopted in Rome. It was not a growth of the soil; not a choice of her own; since it would seem to have been against her genius, as it certainly was against her laws. It came upon her from without; from the country which has supplied her in every age with spiritual weapons and spiritual ideas; from Spain.

Spain is a bastard daughter of the East. The blood of Tyre and of Jerusalem, no less than that of Rome and Syracuse, is in her veins; the Phænician and the Egyptian, like the Roman and the Greek, having left their arts, their inspirations, and their vices in her soil. Isis, Diana, and Ashtaroth, have each a home in that sunny clime; not only in the streets of Cadiz, where the names are still Phoenician; not only in the convents of Saguntum, where the men still drone a song once chanted by the Vestals; not only in the alleys of Granada, where the gipsy dancers imitate, and perhaps excel, the lascivious grace of Tantah; but in every city of the south and east; under every vine, and palm, and pomegranate; in the hearts of women, in the fancies of artists, in the reveries of monks and Allied in blood and genius to the mystic East, Spain has in every age been the seed-place of religious passions and religious creeds. To her, the

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Latin Church owes nearly all that marks her faith and! discipline as things distinct from those of the Apostolic age. From her fertile soil, came the rule of Celibacy, the practice of Auricular Confession, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; as well as the Mendicant Orders, the Inquisition, and the Order of Jesus. Splendid as her services have often been to the Church, it is doubtful whether Rome has not suffered more from the friendship of Spain than from the enmity of all her Teutonic foes. Always feared, and sometimes baffled, by the Holy Chair, Spain has known how to bide her time, to wear out her adversaries, to seize her occasions, and at length to win her point. Her last, but not her greatest stroke, has been to force on the reluctant church, after a fight extending over many centuries, some part of her old worship of Ashtaroth; the peculiarities of which she has hardly veiled under a younger and softer Syrian name.

Spain drew the first black line through the Christian household; putting the clerk on one side, the laic on another side; dividing men who had heretofore been brothers; and raising that which had been a simple calling to the level of a caste. She began this work of isolation at Elvira, in the year 305, by declaring that no priest should be allowed to serve the altar until he had put away his wife!

These words fell on the Church like flashes from the sky. Most of the clergy were at that time married men. The love of husband and wife was held to be a good and holy thing; and more than half the bishops had entered into the matrimonial state. By the canons which then ruled the Church universal, a priest was sternly forbidden to put away his spouse under any pretext of religious scruple; and one who persisted in his unsocial act was to be suspended and deprived. Of course, in so large a body as the Christian church, some difference of opinion might be found. Here a teacher exalted matrimony at the cost of celibacy; there a second teacher exalted celibacy at the expense of matrimony; but no national Church had yet proclaimed that the condition of a husband was a bar to the exercise of sacred functions. The principle of family life was thought to be divine. the sanctity of honest love, as it exists between man and woman, was in some sort to slander the goodness of Heaven and the perfection of its work. No paltering with this sacred element was suffered. A priest who made a pretence of abstaining from meat, from wine, and from love, as from things unlawful and unclean, was to be promptly denounced and excommunicated by his church. Thus the Spanish rule, proposed at Elvira, was, in form and spirit, a declaration of war against the whole episcopate and priesthood.

Nor was this rule the whole. Ostius, of Cordova, procured a decree from the Council, to the effect that no clerk should have a woman residing beneath his roof, unless she were either his sister or his daughter, and not even then until such woman had taken upon herself a vow of virginity for life. This clause appeared to be derived from the religion of Diana rather than from that of Christ. In the great temple of Saguntum, the priests of Diana were bound to take the oaths of chastity; but among the followers of St. Peter, a married saint, such vows as had been sworn by these Pagan priests appeared to be anything but of God.

So far as they came into force, these articles of Elvira put an end to the old love-feasts, in which the sexes had always joined, and brought into disrepute the whole order of ministerial women. Up to that

day, the preacher had been aided in his work and comforted in his home, not only by his wife, the mother of his children, but by many Marthas and Marys whom he found living in the Bethanys to which he carried the torch of gospel truth. Now, he was to have his life apart. A wall of separation was to divide the lavman from the clerk. A priest was to have his compensation, even as the vestal of a pagan city had her compensation, in pomp, in dignity, in power; but, like that vestal, he was to flee from love as birds from a fowler's snare. The Christian family was to be divided, like the worshippers of Vesta and Diana, into a sacred caste and a profane caste, the celibate priests constituting an upper order, the married laity a lower order; the servants of God being protected from the thrall of women as from a trial and temptation beyond the strength of ordinary men to resist. In fact, an absolute separation from the companionship of women, was to be taken in future as the sign of a holy life.

Simple priests in Gaul and Italy heard with wonder and laughter of such decrees being passed. Elvira was a local council, the articles of which had no authority out of Spain; yet men of serious minds, who prayed to have peace and unity in the church, would see dark cause for apprehension in the rise of such a spirit. Ashtaroth was the darling goddess of the south of Spain; not many years had passed since Santa Rufina and Santa Justina, saints so gloriously pictured by Murillo, had been torn into shreds by a Seville mob, for daring to insult their idol in the street. Who could say what was to come? In her Carthaginian form of Salambo, this popular goddess, the queen of heaven, the lady of the crescent moon, though called the patroness of chastity, was wor-

shipped with licentious rites, not in Seville and Cadiz only, but in every province of southern Spain. Her priests were cunuchs, yet they were not chaste. Augustine, who saw these priests in Carthage, told the Church that though they were celibate men, they passed their lives in practising the grossest forms of vice.

From Elvira, this Phænician dogma of a celibate priesthood passed into Gaul, from Gaul into Italy, from Italy into Helvetia; meeting in every place with the same resistance; sanctioned by one bishop, condemned by another; here gaining ground, there losing it; in one reign denounced from the Papal chair, in the next reign supported by the same; gradually rooting itself in the soil; until the conversion of the Gothic races brought a nobler genius and a new vitality into the Church of Europe.

From the date of the Gothic conversion to that of the Gothic reformation—a period, speaking roughly, of a thousand years—the warfare against a celibate clergy was conducted mainly by the North against the South—mainly, not wholly. Thousands of priests in the North adopted the Spanish theory; thousands of priests in the South resisted it. Still the battle was mainly fought between the northern and the southern branches of the great Christian flock. Gaul and Italy, though they were made the battle-fields of contending cohorts, counted for little in the fray.

This fight between the Phænician spirit and the Gothic spirit was long and fierce; lasting for a thousand years, and only ending when the Church was rent in twain. It was a fight in which woman — her character, her purity, her equality — was the prize.

Is the feminine part of human nature so degraded and degrading that a man who loves the society of a wife is thereby unfit to approach the altar of God? That, under all disguises, was the actual issue of the fray.

It is a pastime for philosophical observers to note the shifts into which the adversaries in this cause are often driven. Spain had to say her worst of woman, and she said it with her best malice, so that haters of the sex will find in the books of her old divines a perfeet armory of slander. In their pages a girl was represented as a serpent, in which there was a lurking At her best she was only a fury and a cheat. All the worst things in earth and heaven were feminine; all that were cruel, all that were false, all that were heartless; thus, the Harpies were feminine, the Vices were feminine, the Fates were feminine. Eve ate the apple, the daughters of Lot debauched their sire, Ascnath tempted Joseph, Bathsheba led David into sin. Concubines were the curse of Solomon. to last woman had been a danger and delusion to the unsuspecting eye. Her heart was vain, her head was light; she was a thing of paint and patches, of bangles and braids. Her eyes were bent to entice, her feet were swift to go wrong, her words were softened to deceive. Her veins were full of fire, and those who came near her were always scorched. Her thoughts were unchaste; her mouth was greedy for wine; she threw out her lures to entice men's souls. and perfumed like a harlot, she sat in the porches and the gateways ready to make barter of her charms. All her passions were seductive, all her inclinings for Her touch was a taint, her very breath was unclean. Nay, the desires of her heart were unnatural and demoniac; since she preferred a demon lover to a handsome youth of mortal parentage, and would yield her beauty to an imp of darkness rather than to a holy saint.

Men of Gothic race, on the other side, held woman in the highest reverence. Taken as either a mother

or a wife, they looked on her, habitually, as something finer and more precious than themselves. In their simple souls, they imagined that the best of men must be all the better for having won a good woman's love; nav, that a wise husband and father would be more likely to make a good pastor, than a recluse who had neither wife to soften, nor child to instruct his heart. An old and mystic sentiment of their race inclined them to believe that women have a quicker sense and keener enjoyment of spiritual things than men; hence they never could be made to see how the separation of priests from the daily and domestic company of women, should work for good. In their old mythologies, woman held a high and almost a sacred place. She was oracle and seer. She stood between men and God; interpreter, mediatrix; a visible link, connecting the seen with the unseen world. was the subtler, rarer spirit; a charmer, a comforter; while man, at best, was but a warrior and a scald. This lofty view of woman's place in nature, had been brought by our Gothic fathers from the old religion into the new; and none of these men of northern genius could let it go. For a thousand years they fought for the right of woman to stand in honor, as equal and as wife, by the side of priest and bishop, just as she stood beside king and poet; urging that in a true Christian society, the clerk and laic should be considered as men of one household, and that St. Peter's followers should be left free to do as St. Peter himself had done.

Rome, taking part with the nearer race and more exacting Church, condemned and swept away these protests of the Northern men. Her power to censure and coerce was great, because her service to mankind had been so incessant and so brilliant, that with very

little strain of words, the world might be said to have come to live in her alone; yet in her struggle to sustain this joyless Spanish dogma she fought, at least with her Gothic converts, a losing battle; since she had to meet and beat a force renewed by nature from generation to generation. In the end, all the great churches of Gothic origin cast that canon from their door; but not until they were obliged to fling away with it the habits which connected them with Rome.

Ages before Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and their comrades, found themselves compelled by the public conscience, in their several countries, to accept the pledge of marriage, a movement had arisen in the North, which extended itself into every country then peopled, even though it were only slightly, by men of the Gothic race.

The men and women who made this stir in the Church were known by different names; in Germany they were called the Sisterers, in Flanders the Beguins, in Italy the Beghardi, in England the Brethren of the Free Spirit, and in Spain, at a later day, the Spirituistas. Not much difference can be traced in their views and practices. They agreed in rejecting the idea that woman is a snare. They agreed in rejecting the idea that love is a sin, and family life unfit for a minister of grace. They taught that the male and female were created one flesh in the Lord, and that in the Lord the woman should not be separated from the man. They said, in word and in deed, that true affection is not carnal, and that brethren and sisters may dwell together, not simply without offence, but with actual increase of their spiritual zeal.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE GOTHIC REVIVAL.

IN our own day, all the high-church movements run into some form of spiritual mysticism and social innovation. When a revival breaks out, the converted man finds himself in a new relation to God and to his wife.

The sentiment which underlies this state of mind. long ago heard in the sermons of Ann Lee, in the revelations of Swedenborg, in the stories of Göthe, has sometimes found a voice in our private life, - in the heart of our saddest and straitest sects. will ever forget the passionate words in which Mary Gurney, pleading for her name and fame against the loud and general condemnation of her guilty flight from her husband's house, avowed that she was led into what the world condemned as her fatal and offending sin by genuine yearning for a truer spiritual life than she could find in the staid and tranquil decorum of that husband's home? All the Teutonic seers and scribes have had more or less of this mystic sense of a higher sexual affinity than that of ordinary wedlock. Swedenborg reports it as the law of his upper spheres. Göthe gives the yearning after such a bliss to Werther, and touches with the same delicions tenderness the heart of his heroine Ottilie. In all our Gothic capitals from Stockholm to London. from Berlin to New York -- we see a rapid slackening and unwinding of the old-fashioned nuptial ties; to

the great relief and delight of pupils in the schools of Milton and Göthe,—to the very great scandal and amazement of men who look on marriage and divorce from the point of view held by men of the Latin race.

A man in the south of Europe—a Sicilian, an Andalucian, a Tuscan—can hardly ever be brought to comprehend, much less to approve, the fuss we northern people make about liberty of divorce. What, he asks, can it matter to a man of sense whether he can divorce his wife or not? Thinking but little of! his marriage vows on earth, a man in the south of Europe has no desire to saddle himself with the weight of a partner beyond the grave. In his idiom, and in his belief, a wife is an impediment. eyes, women are much the same; one female being exactly like another,-with a difference only in the height, the shape, the color, and the hair. He looks on many of them as charming, on most of them as false, and on all of them as frail. His poets and story-tellers inform him that the man who trusts a woman is a fool. If he chances to have a wife, it is rare indeed that he chooses her for himself. His union is arranged for him by his mother, - perhaps by his mother's priest. Love has no concern in his choice, and from the habits of his country he has no belief that the girl whom he makes his wife will regard him in any other light than her partner in a family and friendly game of chance. He does not mean to be true to her, and he hardly expects that she will be true to him. He assumes that, in a year or so, she will accept the services of a friend - a cavalier-who will carry her shawl, escort her to the play, amuse her with gossip and scandal, wait on her at mass; and, as he himself aspires to gain some soft reward for services of a similar kind in other quarters. he can never feel sure, act as he may, that Ingo's fate will not be his own. What then? Is it not better to shut his eyes? Some years ago, in glancing through a number of marriage contracts in Florence, I was struck with what then appeared to me a singular fact. Many of these papers contained a clause in reference to that probable cavaliere scrvente, which Byron long ago told his countrymen they would never be able to understand, because it is a thing of the Italian race. In many of these contracts, a clause was introduced defining the way in which the young bride, still a girl in the cloister, should select her cavalier, when the time arrived for her to act after the manner of her kind, so as to make the new arrangement for her infidelity pleasant to her lord. In brief, the husband was to have a veto on the choice ; of his wife's lover. Was Byron wrong in saving that Englishmen would never learn to understand Italian life?

A man of the Latin race believes it the height of wisdom to be patient with a woman's faults. Now and then he may flash into jealous rage, and when he does so, his ire may be swift and fatal. But the husband who draws a knife against his rival is regarded, at least in the politer cities, as a savage. In one of the finest houses in Florence, a pious and gentle woman once told me that no Tuscan ever drew his poniard in the cause of love, since jealousy was out of fashion, and the man who troubled himself about other people's amusements, would be thought a fool. Even when the knife is drawn against a rival, it is in the name of some personal pique, not in revenge for an injury felt in the soul. Commonly the injured man is willing to dawdle on; amusing himself in his neigh-

bor's house, and allowing his wife a liberty like his own. How can such a fellow be made to understand Göthe and Milton; to enter into the spiritual yearsings of Werther for his mistress, or to seize the English poet's passionate plea in favor of divorce? What would be gain by any freer rule? Suppose he could put away one pretty sinner and take a second in her stead. Would his estate be better? Not a whit. The new bride would behave exactly like the Found for him by his mother, by his lawyer, by his confessor, she would probably be an equal stranger to his heart. She might love him for a time, with the passionate animal fervor of the South. When he fell away in his attentions, she would cool; when she found herself deserted, she would accept the consolations freely offered to her hand. Why should such a prospect tempt him? Not feeling, like a northern man, the want of a true marriage, he has little or no impatience with the false. All marriages appear to him the same in kind, - the work of kinsmen, priests, and lawyers, not a contract of the heart. heard one word of the affections spoken by an Italian on the eve of wedlock? Often, he has hardly seen the girl whom he is shortly to make his wife. From some male or female agent he hears that she is young, accomplished, rich. What more can he want? A nature fitted to his own? Tush! What he asks in a wife is not a counterpart to himself, a soul in harmony with his own, but a nice girl, with a good name, a fine estate, and a complaisant priest. What cares he forher affinities and genialities? These things will's arrange themselves in time. Enough for him if the young lady is likely to give him a son, to be discreet: in her amours, and not to worry him about going with her to mass.

What is true of this Italian in his private life is true, in a degree, of all his brethren in the south of Europe. Members of a Christian society which makes wedlock a bargain for life, and which denies the possibility of divorce, they are only too prone to take marriage as they find it,—as they would accept either a blank or a prize from the wheel of fortune. It is an affair of so much money and so much time. It begins to-day; some future day it will end. Meantime there are consolations for the weary,—since, when the bond is kept to the letter, no one objects to its being daily broken to the spirit. Why, then, make ado?

A man of Gothic blood cannot rest in this lax philosophy. Full of subtle sympathies and mystic yearnings towards the partner of his soul, he throws himself into that future, in which he cannot divorce himself, even by the power of death, from the object of his present love. The family life appears to him sacred, and he can hardly think of heaven without having his wife by his side to share it.

But while he sees in this true marriage of souls a man's crown of glory, he also sees in the false marriage of wives and husbands a man's crown of thorns, from which the compassionate hand of law should offer him release. Thus he passes round to the conclusions of which we read. The idea of nuptials for eternity implies the possibility of a true and a false marriage; true marriage implies the right to seek for the natural mate; and false marriage implies the liberty of divorce.

This is the circle in which he moves; and hence he may find a certain legitimacy in those excesses and aberrations of spiritual love which would strike a Gaul us signs of nothing but disease.

In free countries like Prussia, England, and the !

United States, changes of law must follow the actual progress of public thought. Hence, all through the north of Europe and America, we see that the old laws of man and wife are being modified; the modifications having the common purpose of helping to free unhappy couples, paired by mistake, from vows which they cannot keep. In England, as becomes the most conservative branch of the Gothic race, we are moving slowly along this path of change; we are not yet clear about that union of husband and wife beyond the grave; but we are quickened by what we see is being done in Germany and America, and we shall probably keep in some sort of line with these advancing wings of the Teutonic power.

Perhaps we have hardly come as yet, to see how much these strange beginnings of a new life are due to a sudden quickening of the Gothic blood. Even in things which do not concern the family life, we see how this Gothic race in Europe, in America, and elsewhere, is stirred to its highest reach, and to its lowest depths. Never, perhaps, since our fathers came out of their pine forests, and threw themselves into the front of history, has the Gothic family shown more stress and storm of noble passion than in this present day.

It doubts, it fights, it pulls down, it builds up; it emigrates, it criticises, it invents with a power and thoroughness of heart unequalled in the past. Everywhere it is gaining ground. Here it founds an empire, there it invades the celestial spheres. Nothing daunts it—nothing stops it. One day it changes Central Europe by a battle; another day it wins America from the Latins by a threat. In the social field it is no less active than it is in the political field. All the strange social trials which in our day excite the brain and scare the imagination of timid people are its work.

Other breeds of men may have very high qualities and very noble virtues. No one will deny that the Celt has a fire, the Frank a skill, the Tuscan a taste, to which their fair-haired rivals in Berlin, London, and New York, have scarcely any claim. They make splendid orators and soldiers; their wit being only brighter than their swords. In every form of art they hold their own; and in some of the loftiest flights of intellect they bear away the palm. But in some things they can only pretend to a lower rank. They are less susceptible and have fewer relations with the world of spirits. It is in these things that the Gothic races are rich beyond compare; in openness of mind towards all the ghostly messengers of fate - the voice that shricks. the touch that burns, the form that haunts. Poorer in art, but richer in spiritual gifts, than many of their fellows, the men of this Gothic race would seem to have been armed by nature with the means for proving all these theories which concern the highest interests of our spiritual and social life.

PROFESSOR SACHS' EVIDENCE.

I have been led to print Professor's Sachs' Evidence in full, and in the original, for three reasons.

In the first place, because this document is full of curious and important details, of the highest interest for contemporary history, which personal and political considerations have hitherto kept from the public eye. In the second place, because it has been made the subject of many comments on the part of Ebelian writers, particularly on the part of Kanitz and Diestel, whose controversial writings are absolutely unintelligible to strangers without it. In the third place, because, though I have rejected some of the facts, and nearly all the opinions here stated, it is the foundation of much of my own narrative.

My permission to use, including permission to print, this paper, and in putting it before the reader, I believe that I am serving the interests of truth.

Durstellung

DER

PIETISTISCHEN UMTRIEBE IN KÖNIGSBERG.

VOX

PROFESSOR SACIIS.

In der gegen den Herrn Archidiakonus Dr. Ebel schwebenden Untersuchungssache bin ich sowohl von dem hiesigen Königl. Consistorio, als auch später von dem Königl. Inquisitoriate als Zeuge vernommen worden, und von der letztern Behörde vielfach. Eine grosse Reihe von Fragen ist mir vorgelegt, und von mir mit Gewissenhaftigkeit, ohne die mindeste persönliche Erregtheit beantwortet und die Aussage selbst durch einen Eid bekräftigt worden.

Hiermit könnte ich denn auch die Aufgabe, die mir in dieser Sache gestellt war, für gelöst halten; denn ich selber habe nicht die Aufforderung in mir gefühlt, als Kläger gegen Ebel und seinen Anhang aufzutreten, wie ich denn auch seit den 10 Jahren, die ich aus jener Verbindung herausgelöst, still und ruhig verlebt, weder durch That noch Wort etwas Feindseliges gegen ihn und die Seinigen unternommen habe; ja, von ihnen ausgehendem Unglimpf gegen mich habe ich nichts Anderes als Gleichmuth entgegengesetzt, den zu erringen mir nicht einmal schwer geworden ist. Nur mit vertrauteren Freunden habe ich in dieser ganzen Zeit zuweilen über jene Verbindungen und ihre grossen, beklagenswerthen Verirrungen gesprochen. Nehme ich nun gleichwohl und freiwillig das Wort, und zwar um Einiges mitzutheilen, das dem Richter in psychologischer Beziehung vielleicht dienen könnte, so könnte mir dies den doppelten Vorwurf der innern Anmassung und der äusseren Unberufenheit zuziehen. Theils aber ist die zu machende Mittheilung der Form nach der Art,

dass es dem Richter ganz anheimgestellt bleibt, ob er davon einen Gebrauch machen will und welchen, theils aber -und dies ist für mich der Bewegungsgrund-scheint mir die ganze Sache, von der die Rede ist, eine innerlich zu verwickelte, ungewohnliche, mit psychologischen Räthseln so sehr verhüllte, dass jedem, der nicht eigne und theuer erkaufte Erfahrungen darüber besitzt, grosse Schwierigkeiten in der Auffassung und Beurtheilung begegnen mussten. Der Ausweg aber, in verwickelten moralischen Verhältnissen sich des Urtheils über Andre zu entschlagen, ist dem Richter nicht gestattet. Je wohlwollender, geistreicher, in vielfachen Verhältnissen erfahrener ich mir den Richter dieses Falles vorstelle, je mehr mit all den vorzüglichen Eigenschaften ausgerüstet, die ihn zur Lösung dieser schwierigen Aufgabe eignen, desto mehr muss ich ihn mir auch als einen solchen denken, dem jeder Beitrag zum Orientiren willkommen, wenigstens nicht gleichgültig sein werde. Ich habe weder die Absicht, anzuklagen, noch die, mich zu vertheidigen; aber ich werde von Anderen und von mir sprechen müssen. denn es handelt sich von einer Sache, die von den Personen nicht abzulösen ist, ja die Sache selbst ist Nichts als eben Verirrung der Personen: sieht man von dieser ab, so hat jene gar keine Existenz, keinen Inhalt. Was ich mitzutheilen habe, ist psychologischer Art; es bezieht sich also auf Seelenverhältnisse und Seelenzustände, auch von dieser Seite her ist von den Personen nicht zu abstrahiren; denn nur was iene bedingen, sind diese. - Ein Geistlicher wird angeklagt. ein Irrichter zu sein, diese Irrichte aber als Geheimlehre zu behandeln. In dieser Geheimlehre soll nicht blos Vieles enthalten sein, das der evangelischen Kirchenlehre widerspricht, die Sittlichkeit verlebt, der bürgerlichen Gesellschaft verderblich, die Familien zerrüttend ist, sondern, er soll sich zur Verbreitung seiner 1rr- und Geheimlehre sehr bedenklicher. ja verführerischer Mittel bedienen. Wer sollte die Schwere einer solchen Anklage nicht empfinden, und in ihm sich nicht unmittelbar die Vermuthung des natürlichen Wohlwollens regen, es würde hierbei wohl wenigstens viel Uebertriebenes, Missdeutendes sein, vielleicht sogar auch Verfolgung aus bösem Willen gegen wahre Frömmigkeit! Haben die Weisen und Frommen nicht von jeher Verfolgung und harte Verläumdung erfahren? Sind sie nicht immer ungeklagt worden, Verführer zu sein? Und wenn etwa die Erinnerung an ähnliche Verirrungen in früheren Zeiten die Möglichkeit solcher Ereignisse ausser Zweifel setzen einen Schritt näher

zur Sache thun lüsst, so muss sich doch bald und zunächst die Frage erheben: wer ist die Person, die in unserer Zeit solche Lehre hat ansinnen, lehren und verbreiten können! Und wer sind diejenigen Personen, die in unserer Zeit einen solchen Einfluss auf sich haben ausüben lassen können? Denn allerdings hat es viel Auffallendes, dass das in Rede stehende Ereigniss eines unserer Zeit ist; nicht, als wenn ihr namentlich in religiöser Beziehung die Neigung zum Falschen der mannichfachsten Art abginge, von dieser vielmehr ist sie nur zu sehr behaftet, und sie geräth in der That eben so leicht in den falschen Pietismus, in die falsche Mystik, als in falschen Rationalismus, während doch wahre Religiosität Pietät ein (geoffenbartes) Mysterium und lautere Rationalität in vollkommener Verträglichkeit in sich enthält. Auffallend also und unserer Zeit fremd scheint an jenem Ereignisse nur die Physikotheologie, die Abenteuerlichkeit des rohen Anthropomorphismus, von Seiten der Lehre, und die Verstecktheit, die jesuitische Methode der Praxis. Ucher dieses Problem, das ungelöst keinen Zugang zum Verstehen der Sache lässt, kann, glaube ich, genügender Aufschluss gegeben werden.

Ebel - denn dieser ist der Träger der ganzen Sache, jetzt ein Mann von etwa 52 Jahren - ist eine ursprünglich vielfach begabte, aber in keiner Weise zu einer reinen Entwickelung Sein Vater, ein schlichter Landgeistlicher, gelangte Natur. hat, wie es scheint, einen schwachen Einfluss auf seine Erziehung ausgeübt; dagegen ist sein Grossvater schon ein Schwärmer gewesen, und, wie ich von dessen Sohn selbst, dem Vater des in Rede stehenden Ebel, gehört, Irrichren halber vom geistlichen Amte entfernt worden, vorbereitet, ist Ebel auf eine der hiesigen Schulen, die damals alle in kläglichem Zustande waren, gekommen, und mit sehr geringen Kenntnissen von ihr, wie später von der Universität Es ist dies einer der wichtigsten Umentlassen worden. stände zu seiner Erklärung nicht nur, sondern auch zu seiner Entschuldigung. Er ist niemals aus dem Zustande der tiefsten Unwissenheit herausgekommen; er hat keine Erfahrung von der geistigen Arbeit, aber auch nicht von dem geistigen Segen einer wahren Forschung; er weiss es nicht, was es heisse, und wie es thue, mit Problemen, mit Zweifeln ringen: er kennt nicht die innere Stellung und Haltung des Geistes geistigen Aufgaben gegenüber; er ist innerlich ohne allen Schutz gegen Einfälle, gegen Halbheiten; ein tausendmal dagewesener und widerlegter Irrthum, taucht er ihm auf, wird als Inspiration, als unzweifelhafte Wahrheit ergriffen, denner ignorirt sie nicht etwa absichtlich, sondern thatsächlich: er kannte die Geschichte in ihrem Inhalte nicht, und so ist eigentlich für ihn noch Nichts geschehen. Es muss demnach zunächst festgehalten werden, dass er - was sich aus allen den von ihm gehaltenen grösseren Vorträgen, wie sie sich abschriftlich wenigstens bei den Acten finden werden, ergeben muss — in einer seltenen realen Unwissenheit zu bleiben das Unglück gehabt hat.

Dieses wurde für ihn ein um so grösseres, als er der Anlage nach von grosser Beweglichkeit und Reizbarkeit des Geistes sowohl als des Gemüthes ist. Unter der Menge sich zu verlieren, war weder seine Bestimmung noch seine Neigung. Bei grosser Gewandtheit und Nettigkeit der äusseren Erscheinung verschlte er nicht, einen günstigen Eindruck zu machen, und. lebhaft wünschend, sich Raum zu machen. ohne im Besitz würdiger Mittel dazu zu sein: unnufgelegt, auch das früher Versäumte durch nachholenden Fleiss und intensivere Anstrengung zu ersetzen, bildete er an sich dasjenige zu einer grossen Fertigkeit aus, was in der Gesellschaft ein insinuantes Wesen genannt wird. half ihm durch alle Examina durch, crwarb ihm cinzelne Gönner und brachte ihn frühe in's Amt als Landgeistlichen. Bevor aber in der Entwicklung fortgeschritten werden kann, muss nur ein Moment angeführt werden, das vom bestimmtesten Einflusse gewesen ist.

Frühe nämlich, schon während seines Aufenthaltes auf der Universität, machte Ebel die Bekanntschaft mit einem Manne, der sich im Besitze einer Kenntniss glaubte, die vollkommen durch den Verstand zur Einsicht bringenden Aufschluss über alle Mysterien der Religion, der Natur und der Vernunft zu geben vermochte, die er deshalb auch schlechthin Erkenntniss der Wahrheit nannte: eine Erkenntniss, nach der sich die Weisesten und Erleuchtesten aller Zeiten gesehnt, von der auch einige Strahlen auf die Auserwählten gefallen waren, die aber von Niemandem. selbst von den Aposteln nicht in ihrer Vollständigkeit erlangt werden konnte; denn dies war nur dem Fleisch gewordenen Paraklet aufbehalten, und dieser sei eben er - Schönherr; denn von diesem ist nun die Rede; dass er der Mensch gewordene Paraklet sei, wurde aus dem Systeme bewiesen. und wiederum die Möglichkeit dieses Systems, sowie seine unumstössliche Wahrheit dadurch, dass es ja nicht menschliche Weisheit, sondern göttliche Verkündigung durch den vollen-

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deten. Mensch gewordenen Paraklet sei; aus beiden dem Dasein des Systems und des Paraklets folgte, das die vollkommene Wahrheit über Alle, die ihrer theil werden wollen, d. h. die zur gläubigen Annahme des Sysieh bereit finden wollen, ausgegossen werden könne dass, sobald dies in einigem Umfange zu Stande gekosein werde, das tausendjährige Reich auf der Erde bezwerde. Alle Personen nun, die sich dem Schönherr näl oder wohl gar anschlossen, mussten naturlich sehr bedet Persönlichkeiten im Geisterreiche sein, Vorherbestit Auserwählte, auf die sehon in den Buchern der Weiss hingedeutet war.

So z. B. zweifelte Schönherr so wenig, das Dieste solche Person sei, dass er sogar das ganz Spezielle hie herausfand; er war einer der Engel aus der Apoka welche die Siegel brechen, und so gewiss war er bie dass er den Namen Heinrich Diestel in Heinrich ? Dies habe ich von Diestel selb: brecher verwandelte. freilich keinen Anstand genommen hat, vor einigen J drucken zu lassen; er kenne das Schönherr'sche Syste nicht. Dieses System nun aber, wie er es nannte, die kenntniss der Wahrheit gewährt Viel, ja Alles, wenn nt Bedingung erfallt wurde : die unbedingte Annahme der lichkeit, also nothwendig auch die unmittelbare Wahrhe selben; für sie durfte kein Beweis gefordert werden; nehmungen der Art waren Werke des Teufels, da sie der Beweis, und zwar der höchste, unmittelbarste, letzt mit ihr aber, so hin- und angenommen, konnte Alles bev werden. Bestätigungen freilich, oder was nur so sel oder irgend wie dahin gewandt werden konnte, warei kommen, wenn auch nicht nothwendig. Quelle stammt Einiges in dieser Lehre, was mit wirk Thatsachen, wenn auch nur unvollständig aufgefasstel stellten, oder mit physikalischen und philosophischen remen, wenn auch falsehen und längst widerlegten, e Zusammenhang hat. Unter den sehr wenigen Per nämlich, die sich zu jener Zeit dem Schönherr angesch hatten, war ein junger Mann, dem es damals schon an ei wenn auch nur unzusammenhängenden, nicht gehörig be deten Naturkenntnissen nicht gänzlich gefehlt hat; es is der jetzige Oberlehrer Bujack; dieser hat Manches suppe das mehr oder weniger Schein hatte, und als ein Bem wenigstens einige Rücksicht auf die Thatsachen der bachtung zu nehmen, das Ansehn haben kann. Bujack

übrigens, in der eigenen Bildung fortschreitend, hat sich längst von jenen Thorheiten und Schwindeleien abgelöst und zu einem achtungswerthen Gymnasiallehrer im Fache der elementaren Naturgeschichte entwickelt.

Auf Ebel aber musste dies Verhältniss ganz besonders und bestimmend wirken. Geistig sehr reizbar und aufgeregt, nach besonderer Bedeutsamkeit strebend, zur Theosophie (vielleicht schon durch eine erbliche Anlage) hinneigend, forschungs- und arbeitsschen, ohne Kenntniss wissenschaftlicher und eindringender Art von der Theologie, Philosophie, Natur, etc.: dabei gewiss nicht ohne wahrhaftige religiöse Erregung, fund er hier Nahrung und verlockende Versuchung im Uebermasse. Es handelte sich zuvörderst um göttliche Dinge und ihre tiefsten Tiefen; diese durften nicht gesucht werden, denn sie waren eben alle schon gefunden und aufge-Man wusste mehr und Grösseres als die von der Finsterniss bedeckte Welt; man war im Geisterreiche bezeichnet, ausgezeichnet und auserwählt; völlige Dispensation von dem mühsamen Wege des Lernens, von dem Lehren, und überdies noch das Lockende und innerlich Stärkende, ja zum Trotz Anregende, das so häufig da gefunden wird, wo sich eine ecclesia pressa bildet. Denn in grosser und allgemeiner Missachtung als unwissender Schwärmer, ja als ein geistesverwirrter, still delirirender Mann stand Schönherr fast allgemein (in Leipzig hielt man es für rathsam, ihn in einer Irrenanstalt zu detiniren). Der Stolz, ja der Hochmuth sucht nicht ungern das Märtyrerthum, namentlich, wenn es ein nicht gar zu hartes ist; hier überdies war Tröstung und irdische Tröstung ganz in der Nühe: sollte nicht bald, und hier auf Erden und von Königsberg aus, das Reich Gottes mit einem überschwenglichen Mansse von Genüssen des Leibes und der Seele beginnen? Sollten nicht die Hauptpersonen (und Andere gab es in diesem kleinen Kreise, "das kleine Häuslein," nicht) in einer Kürze von Freuden, Ehren und Herrlichkeit glänzen? Hie und da einige Missachtung zu tragen, war als letzte Gegenwehr, die der Teufel noch versuchte, eben nicht schwer; Bibelworte liessen sich ja dafür finden, und so war es ja so verheissen.

In solchen Verhältnissen und in solcher Richtung stand Ebel, als er Landgeistlicher wurde. Dieser Wirkungskreis aber konnte seinen Wünschen nicht entsprechen. Das einfache Evangelium predigen? er hatte eine höhere Weisheit, die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit. Mit Landleuten konnte er das neue Reich aufzubauen nicht hoffen. Er bemühte sich,

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eine Stelle in der Stadt zu erhalten, und da die Prediger-Religionslehrer-Stelle am hiesigen Friedrichskollegium val wurde, bewarb er sich sehr angelegentlich darum, obwol seine ökonomische Stellung dadurch verschlimmerte. 1 einem schlecht überstandenen Examen gelangte er zu die Die Kirche dieser Austalt, eigentlich nur für Lehrer und Zöglinge derselben bestimmt, ist sehr klein, einigermassen von Anderen besucht, ist sie leicht gefüllt bald überfullt. Bald in der That war dies auch hier der l Das kirchliche Verhältniss in hiesiger Stadt um jene Zeit nämlich im Allgemeinen eben durch die vorangegange erschütternden Ereignisse des Krieges 1806-7 in eine in Belebung jedenfalls, aber auch in eine ausserlich sich I kundende gerathen. Ausser mehreren würdigen Geistlic die immer ein mehr oder minder bestimmtes Auditor hatten, zog damals besonders der Konsistorialrath Kra nachmaliger Grossherzoglich-Weimar'scher Generalsup tendent, sehr Viele an. Seine Predigten, die in dogmatis Richtung verschieden beurtheilt werden konnten, sprac am Deutlichsten und Vornehmsten Etwas, dem Alle gern unterwerfen, aus, zu welchem das Menschenger einen unwiderstehliehen Zug hat, lautere Gottes- und ? Seine Vorträge aber, wie seine Wirkungsw aberhaupt waren ruhiger Art, betrachtend, ermahnend, so rührend, nie erschütternd. Seine Predigten lehnten sich an Bibelwahrheiten und Bibelsprüche, aber sie waren 1 überschüttet mit Bibel- und Liederversen. es mit den Predigten Ebel's, Hier sah man einen jun schönen, stark bis zur Leidenschaft aufgeregten Mann treten, vernahm ihn voll Eifer dringen auf das, was ganze, volle, reine Christenthum genannt wurde; die W der Bibel selbst drängten einander, dazwischen immer At rungen aus frommen Gesängen, entschiedenes Verwerfen desjenigen, was nicht eben Christenthum und seine w Erkenntniss ist, daher auch immerfort ein Ablehnen g alle Wissenschaft, die nicht Erkenntniss der Wahrheit (Dieser Ausdruck, selbst ein biblischer, kam besonders h und geschärft vor.) Reden solcher Art, mit leidenschaftli Wärme, die nur zu leicht von Rednern und Zuhörern für Begeisterung gehalten wird, vorgetragen, können nicht fehlen, Eindruck zu machen, und das thaten sie auch Lernte man nun vollends Ebel persönlich kennen-und war sehr leicht, denn er war überaus entgegenkommend befestigte und verstärkte sich jener Eindruck durch e 37 2 C

entgegengesetzten. Denn in der persönlichen Berührung war er voller Geschmeidigkeit und Fügsamkeit, Nichts von dogmatischer Narrheit, wo er keine Neigung dafür bemerkte; Nichts von gewöhnter Orthodoxie, wo er mit nicht so Gesinnten zusammentraf; kurz, er wurde Jedem bequem, Jedem gewissermassen gerecht, nur drang er überall auf die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit. Und was ist billiger, und was muss mehr und williger zugegeben werden, als eben dies, wenn man noch nicht weiss, was der tiefere Sinn, oder eigentlich welche ganzliche Verzichtung auf Sinn überhaupt es ist, die hinter jenem so harmlosen Ausdruck sich verbirgt? So erinnere ich mich, dass er mir in der ersten Zeit unserer Bekanntschaft. da er mich vom Lobe Spinoza's, den ich eben damals zum ersten Male näher kennen lernte, überströmen hörte, und namentlich den frommen Sinn dieses verkannten und verfolgten Mannes hervorbeben, theilnehmend sagte und zustimmend: meinen armen Vater haben sie auch verfolgt, weil er einige spinozistische Ansichten angenommen hatte. reiferer Einsicht späterer Jahre bin ich selbst von meinem Enthusiasmus für jenen ausgezeichneten Denker zurückgekommen, bei näherer Bekanntschaft mit Ebel habe ich es nuch bestimmt genug gesehen, dass er nicht die entfernteste Kenntniss des Spinoza und seiner Philosophie, oder auch nur seines Lebens hatte; damals aber machte es einen grossen, Herz-gewinnenden Eindruck auf mich, einen strenggläubigen christlichen Prediger mit so vieler Anerkennung von Spinoza sprechen zu hören. Hie und da scheint er indess schon in jenen Zeiten sich von der Behutsamkeit, die er so sehr cultivirt, entfernt zu haben; denn während er noch Prediger und Religionslebrer am Friedrichskollegium war, ist eine Untersuchung gegen ihn wegen seines Schönherrianismus und wegen ungeziemend verächtlicher Aeusserungen von der Kanzel her über die Wissenschaften und ihre Bestrebungen eingeleitet worden, doch ohne nachtheiligen Erfolg für ihn.

Bald darauf traf ihn sogar unter mehreren Kandidaten zu einer Adjunctenstelle eines Diakonats an der hiesigen Altstädtischen Kirche die Wahl. In dieser grossen Kirche wuchs nuch die Zahl seiner Zuhörer, ohne dass im Allgemeinen die öffentliche Apprehension wegen seines Zusammenhanges mit Schönherr sich verminderte. Dies geschah im Jahre 1816, und im darauf folgenden Jahre machte er in Gesellschaft Schönherr's und eines Lackfabrikanten Clemens eine Reise nach dem nördlichen Deutschland, wie es schien, auf Schönherr's Antrieb, um nachzuforschen, ob nicht weitere Verbin-

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aungen zur Verbreitung der Erkenntniss der Wahrheit kniipfen seien. Dies fiel wohl ganz erfolglos aus, für aber war diese Reise erfolg- und folgenreich. Schlesien lernte er die Gräfin Ida v. d. Gröben kenner begleitete sie von da zurück hierher in ihr väterliches zum damaligen Landhofmeister und Oberpräsident Von dieser ausgezeichneten, sehr beg Auerswald. Dame werde ich nachher näher sprechen müssen, erinnere ich nur dies : ohne die Verbindung mit dieser ware Ebel nie das geworden, was er nachher nur zu geworden ist; autokratisches Sektenhaupt, ihm ausser der Neigung und dem Hochmuthe dazu Entschlossenheit, Muth, Charakterstärke, das hat s reichem Maasse, und übertrug es durch beharrlichen Ei auf ihn und durch eine kühnmeisterliche Behandlung Anderen zu deren absoluter Unterwerfung unter Ebesie selbst mit aller Aufrichtigkeit und Ueberzeugungsnicht blos als ihren Herrn und Meister, sondern als 1 und Meister schlechthin anerkannt; hierdurch, sage fixirte sie ihn, und zwar ihn als besondere Person, o nicht unterlassen dürfe, sich geltend zu machen, so wi Andern vorweg ihn als diese Person zu erkennen und an kennen. Hiervon jedoch wird weiter das Nahere ut seinem Zusammenhange mitgetheilt werden. bemerken, dass hier ein Einschuitt in die ganze Entwic Ebel's und seiner mittel- und unmittelbaren Wirksa eingetreten ist.

Die nächste Wirkung aber stellte sich dadurch be Eben diese Gräfin v. d. Gröben hatte ihren Mann, preussi Lieutenant, in der Schlacht bei Gr. Görschen (wenn ich irre) durch den Tod zu verlieren den tiefen Schmerz erfa Jahre lang noch hing sie diesem Schmerze, wie es si mit fester Entschliessung und in einer an's Melancho gränzenden Weise nach. Sie war überhaupt in fre Zeit romantischem und phantastischem Wesen sehr zuge und in dieser Art wurde nun auch die Trauer zu e Kultus, der romantisch-phantastisch von ihr ausgeübt w Ihre ganze edle Familie war in der grössten Sorge für um sie, vermochte aber zu keinem ändernden Einfluss sie zu gelangen. Diese Frau nun führte jetzt Ebel it Kreis der Ihrigen zurück, aber als neue, kaum kenn Person, heiter, ruhig, hingebend, theilnehmend und alle Romantik, ohne Phantasterei, scheinbar natürlich

kindlich.

Die Eltern, entzückt und überrascht durch diese Veränderung, fühlten sich zum grössten Danke gegen Ebel verpflichtet: denn von ihm, so sagte sie selbst, hatte sie Trost, Ruhe, Heiterkeit empfangen, und zwar eben durch seine religiöse In der Familie von Auerswald fand dies um Belchrung. so grösseren Anklang, als sie immer einen religi sen Zug gehabt und bewahrt hatte, und die Sache wurde bald zu einer gemeinsamen der höheren Familienkreise dieser Stadt. Ebel wurde ein Gegenstand ihrer besonderen Betrachtung. Berücksichtigung und vor Allem der Besprechung. dahin war der nübere Umgang kein anderer als der mit den Freunden Schönherr's, diese aber bestanden aus einigen Handwerksleuten, Diestel, Graf von Kanitz, und aus Damen, besonders dem Fräulein von Derschau, deren später nähere Erwähnung geschehen muss. Nun trat Ebel aber in mannigfachere Kreise, und vorzüglich in den der höheren Stände ein. Vielen vielleicht wäre dies lieb und erfreulich gewesen. Niemandem aber so sehr, als einem Manne wie Ebel-eben ihm selbst. Seine geheimsten und innigsten Wünsche gingen vor seinen Augen in Erfüllung; er erregte Aufmerksamkeit, er empfing Beweise persönlicher Anerkennung, und sein grösstes, ausgebildetstes Talent, die zesellschaftliche Geschmeidigkeit, konnte sich nun glänzend entfalten und neue Triumphe bereiten. Die Frau v. d. Gröben begann aber sogleich ihre grösste Thätigkeit für ihn; von seinem Lobe, von anbetender Bewunderung seiner Güte, Liebe und Frömmigkeit überströmte nun in den begeistertsten Ausdrücken ihr Mund, und doch Alles in einer Weise, wie es einer gebildeten und mit allen Vorzügen ihres höheren Standes ausgerüsteten Frau geziemend war, ohne irgend Verdacht erregen zu können. Was war nun natürlicher, als dass zunächst Frauen, namentlich aus den befreundeten adligen Kreisen, zu Ebel zunächst in seine Kirche, dann auch in sein Haus geführt wurden? In dem Maasse, als sich nun ein naberer und der Art nach gebildeter Kreis um Ebel versammelte, in demselben Maasse bildete sich auch einige Spannung zwischen diesem und dem eigentlich Schönherrischen Kreise: denn seine Damen konnte Ebel doch nicht zu Schönherr führen, um dessen Abends begonnenen und oft gegen Morgen erst sich endenden Vorträgen beizuwohnen; auch konnte er sie der dort herrschenden Disciplin nicht unterwersen; denn etwas strenge scheint diese bei Schönherr allerdings gewesen zu sein, wenigstens war sie nicht so beschaffen, wie man sie für junge, sein gebildete Damen geeignet halten kann.

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seine Autorität zu halten, fühlte Schönherr als Parakle berechtigt, und die Freiheit, die er Anderen gestattete, be lediglich darin, dass sie, gleichfalls auserwählte, i Apokalypse und anderen heitigen Schriften wohl bezei-Personen, hin und wieder einigen Einspruch thun, auch eine halbe Nacht hindurch mit ihm selbst und unterein heftig zanken durften, worauf sich dann aber Alles wie das alte Subordinationsverhältniss einfügen musste.

So wenigstens ist es mir in späteren Jahren-denn ich habe Schönherr's Schwelle nie betreten - von Mitgl jenes Kreises erzählt worden. Tiefer aber lag noch e derer Grund zum Zerwürfniss zwischen Ebel und Schö Ersterer sah sieh allmählig in die günstige Lage ve selbst Oberhaupt sein zu können, und eines aus e Gliedern, jedenfalls aus angescheneren und angeneh Personen bestehenden Kreises; in diesem wurde Verehrung, Unterwerfung, ja Anbetung entgegengels dort sollte er ein unus ex multis sein, und unter wel Da sollte er neben einem Handschuhmacher, Kupfersel Lackfabrikanten, Victualienhändler u. s. w. sitzen une mit diesen, zuweilen von diesen ausschelten lassen; den Standesverschiedenheit legt Ebel einen besonderen W in späteren Jahren hörte ich selbst mit Mehreren von sagen: Christus habe es schlimmer als er gehabt, der mit ungebildeten Leuten der untersten Volksklasse um müssen, er aber habe Grafen, Gräfinnen u. s. w. um Auf solche Weise und aus solchen Gründen häufter denn immer die Reibungsmomente, bis endlich im Jahr Ebel sich von Schönherr völlig trennte, die beiden Vorne jenes Kreises, den Grafen von Kanitz und das Fräulei Derschau mit sich nehmend, wie sie immer ganz besc seiner Person angeschlossen waren.

Nun fing Ebel an gegen Schönherr zu predigen persönlichen Augelegenheiten, die er für identisch mit Gottes hielt, wurden alle Zeit von der Kanzel her i den häuslichen Zusammenkünften verhandelt, mit Unterschiede nur, dass in der Kirche die sogena draussen Stehenden nicht recht merken konnten, worigehe, wer gezüchtigt, wer gegeisselt ward). Nichts gegen seine Lehre, diese wurde vielmehr durchaus halten und immer mehr nach ihrer ganzen abenteuer Grundlage ausgebildet — aber gegen seinen Bart (ei einen sehr langen und in der That schönen), gegen Rock (der einen eigenen Schnitt, eine eigene Zusammenfi

hatte, wie dies Schönherr als seiner geistigen Würde für angemessen und nothwendig erforscht hatte), gegen die Sonderbarkeiten seiner äusseren Erscheinung überhaupt, aber auch gegen seine Herrschsucht, Unduldsamkeit, Heftigkeit u. s. w. Das Reich war nun jedenfalls getheilt, die Parteien standen sich feindlich gegenüber, Gemeinsames hatten sie nur am Lehrsystem; wo aber die Kraft und die Möglichkeit eines ausseren Gelingens gesetzt war, konnte nicht gezweifelt werden. Dazu kommt noch, dass Schönhert ein viel zu gradsinniger, aufrichtiger und im ganzen zu nobler Mann war, um sich irgend unedler Mittel für seine Zwecke zu bedienen; allmählig fiel Alles von ihm ab, bis auf ihn selber; denn er beharrte bei sich bis an's Ende, ja im Todesmomente versicherte er fest; ihn könne der leibliche so wenig als der geistige Tod treffen, er sei ja der Mensch gewordene Paraklet, er werde nur umkleidet, nicht entkleidet.

Ebel aber richtete sein Reich nun mit vieler Klugheit ein; zuvörderst bemerkte er sehr richtig, dass, um Zwist und Zerwürfniss zu vermeiden, Nichts von vorneherein wirksamer sein könne, als keinen Widerspruch aufkommen zu lassen. Und dies war anfänglich um so leichter zu erreichen, da der Kreis ausser den Damen, die zu keinem Widerspruch, sondern nur zur innigsten Anhänglichkeit für Ebel gestimmt waren, nur aus Kanitz bestand, wenn man nämlich von den näher Unterrichteten der eigentlichen Verhältnisse sprechen soll. Kanitz ist aber seiner ganzen Natur nach zu Nichts so sehr geeignet, als zu einem Anhänger, da man nicht weniger selbstständig sein kann, als er es eben ist. Ueberdies war Anfangs Alles voller Lieblichkeit und Freundlichkeit, und wo cinmal die Lehre als Unantastbares, Unzweifelhaftes feststand, zu einem Widerspruche nicht leicht eine Veranlas-Es musste nun aber festgestellt werden, wer denn die Person des Ebel sei, d. h., welche Stelle er im Geisterreiche, im Universum, also nothwendig zunächst im Reiche Gottes einnehme. Dass es eine der höchsten sein müsse, verstand sich von selbst und aus der ganzen Lehre; Ebel selbst sagte: wie sollte ich denn wissen, wie die Welt geschaffen ist, wenn ich nicht dabei gegenwärtig gewesen wäre?

Da er nun jenes wusste, so konnte es auch an diesem nicht gesehlt haben. Es lag nahe, dass er eine Person aus der Trinität sein müsste; der Vater aber konnte er nicht sein; denn der bleibt ewig in sich selbst verborgen, er ist ja übrigens auch das erste Urwesen (Feuer), das in keine Umbildung seiner selbst eingehen könne; einen Paraklet gab es schon.

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wenn man auch einräumen musste, dass er sich seiner Wi und seiner Bestimmung unwürdig, wenigstens derm erwiesen habe, aber er kann ja wohl noch umkehren, man müsse, dass dies geschehe, für ihn beten. (Man allerdings, überdenkt man dergleichen mit Rube und Zusummenhange, Ursache, über das Mass der Veriri und der geistigen Vermessenheit zusammenzuschaud denn während die Gläubigen der christlichen Kirche fle dass der heilige Geist sie vertrete und für sie beim V beten möge, wurde hier von schwachen, sündhaften, Haupt und Gliedern kranken Menschen gebetet - für heiligen Geist selbst! Und dabei und darin eben erschie sie sich barmherzig, versöhnlich und liebend!) Es kor also die Person Ebel's keine andere sein als die Cht Herausgefunden hatte dies zuerst das Fräulein von Derse (nachher Gräfin von Kanitz); mit freudiger Zustimm als unmittelbar evident wurde es aufgenommen von der l Grafin von der Gröben; von Kanitz war kein Widerspi zu erwarten. Nackt und unumwunden wurde dies im nicht Allen ausgesprochen, es hiess nur: Ebel sei Repräsentant des Heiligen und Reinen im Universum, et der vollkommene Mensch, und zwar sei dies seine neue Na In diesen verhüllenden Ausdrücken jedoch liegt nicht jene Bestimmung, dass Ebel nämlich der zu unserer erschienene Christus sei, sondern noch mehr eingescha dass er der höher ausgebildete, vollendete Christus Hiermit aber verhält es sich der Lehre nach so; der zu erschienene Christus sei nur zum Theil Mensch gewor seiner Geburt nach nämlich aus der Maria, aber von kei Menschen gezeugt: da aber der Gottessohn auch vollk mener Menschensohn werden muss, so muss ein Christus einem Menschenpaare gezeugt werden ; dieser Gezeugte : muss, was durch die menschliebe Zeugung ihm Sündhe an- und eingeboren ist, von sich abstreifen, und hiezu bees der Hülfe, des Beistandes und der Kraft aus dem z nicht vollkommenen, aber gekreuzigten und versöhner Christus. Hat nun der neue Christus es dahin gebra diese seine neue Natur anzuziehen, so ist er der reine heilige und vollkommene Mensch. Er darf aber ja n wieder von Anfechtungen aus der alten Natur sich bestric Und bierüber wachten in der That mit der aussen Sorgfalt die beiden genannten Damen über Ebel. nämlich behauptete immer, seine alte Natur bestände in Unsicherheit des Gemüths, Unterwürligkeit u. s. w. Di

durfte er dann, wenn er seine neue Natur behaupten sollte, sich nur als fest, bestimmt und als Herr zeigen. Und in Wahrheit, er gewann hierin eine grosse Fertigkeit! Was er nun auf diese Weise that, das war eben, weil es in dieser Weise geschah, also aus der neuen Natur, rein und selig Noch eine andere Frage darüber zu thun, einen anderen Prüfstein zu gebrauchen, war schlechthin unstatthaft, weil es ein innerer Widerspruch gewesen wäre; wo sollte denn ein Kriterium über das Heilige und Reine hieraus hergenommen werden?

Eine andere Frage aber ist die, was denn nun die Aufgabo dieses Reinen und Heiligen in der That sei, was er thun, wodurch er seine göttliche Natur vollziehen, diese selbst bewähren solle. Aber dies ist vielmehr gar keine Frage: was konnte der Reine und Heilige Anderes thun, als reinigen und heiligen? und was konnte seine Sendung sonst bewähren als Reinigung und Heiligung? Und ebenso wenig kann es, wenn man nur die Grundlage des Lehrsystems, das ja die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit selbst ist, kennt, zweiselhaft bleiben, welches das nächste Thun, das wichtigste Geschäft dieser Person sein müsse. Alles Uebel ist ja in die Welt gekommen lediglich dadurch, dass der Teufel das zweite (weibliche) Urwesen, Finsterniss, Wasser, verführt, von den Einflüssen des ersten Urwesens abgewendet hat: (denn woher der Teufel selbst gekommen, was ihn verführte, danach fragt kein Mensch, oder es wird ihm geantwortet: der Hochmuth; aus sich selbst musste geantwortet werden, wenn geantwortet werden sollte; aber man bedenke, was darin liegt: aus sich selbst!) Alles Uebel also durch die Verführung des weiblichen durch einen teuflischen Einfluss des männlichen, alle Rettung also durch Reinigung und Heiligung des Weiblichen, durch einen göttlichen männlichen Hiernach nun verstand sich eben nach dem Einfluss. Lehrsysteme Vieles, was die Ausführung anlangt, von selbst. Zuvörderst konnte es nicht die Meinung sein, dass Ebel als die bestimmte Person des Heiligen und Reinen alle Frauenzimmer selbst heiligen und reinigen kann, sondern nur die weiblichen Hauptnaturen; diese aber waren nicht fern zu suchen; es waren natürlich diejenigen, die sich zu ihm gefunden und im Laufe der Zeit sich um ihn versammelt Drei hervorragende weibliche Wesen, die eben als solche betrachtet wurden, welche schlechthin zu Ebel gehörten, waren aber in dieser Hinsicht besonders zu berücksichtigen. da sie als Hauptnaturen die Wirkung weiter tragen sollten:

es waren dies die Frau v. d. Gröben, seine Frau als Lichtnatur; Fräulein Emilie von Schrötter, seine Frau als Finsternissmutur; und seine angetraute Frau, welche die Umfassung (ein Ausdruck, der viel bedeuten, und oft aus der tiefsten Noth der Begriffslosigkeit helfen musste) sein sollte. Ausserdem wurden nun noch viele andere weibliche Wesen, insofern sie der bestimmten Heiligung und Reinigung bedurften, nicht abgewiesen, auch dazu angehalten, wie eben die verstorbene Gräfin von Kanitz (früher Fräulein v. Derschau), Maria Consentius und nicht wenige Andere. Sodann war es auch einleuchtend, wie diese Acte der Heiligung und Reinigung zu vollbringen seien; es musste auf urwesentliche Weise, aber von dem Reinen und Heiligen und an einer nach der Reinigung und Heiligung Verlangen-Die urwesentliche Weise aber ist die geden geschehen. schlechtliche, das Reinigende ist das freie und klare Bewusstsein. Die Acte mussten also geschlechtliche Beziehung haben, und es musste dabei geredet werden; denn das ist Bewusstsein. Das Geschlechtliche aber darf nicht bis zur Zeugung getrieben werden; denn nicht diese zunächst, sondern die Uebung im Urwesentlichen auf reine und reinigende Weise war die Absicht. Also nur bis zur Zeugung hin.-Sodann begriff es sich auch, dass diese Acte nur mit denjenigen Damen vorgenommen werden konnten, die nicht bloss erst unterrichtet und eingeweiht waren, sondern sie mussten auch ihre Sünden und namentlich in Beziehung auf geschlechtliche Neigungen, Versuchungen u. s. w. bekannt, und auf alle Weise sich als untergeben, willig und abhängig bewiesen haben. Endlich aber war es auch einsichtlich, dass die Acte nicht mit weiblichen Personen vorgenommen werden konnten und durften, die eben in weiblicher, d. h. in geschlechtlicher Beziehung keiner Zurechtstellung bedurften. weil sie eben in geschlechtlicher Rücksicht nicht mehr Frauen waren, also weder mit alten noch mit ältlichen. solchen wurde dergleichen nicht nur nicht gethan, sondern darüber gegen sie vollkommenes Geheimniss beobachtet, weil Bie es nicht würden verstehen können.

Bei der Aufgabe, die ich mir hier gestellt habe, eine sehr verwickelte und verworrene Sache in ihren psychologischen Momenten nachzuweisen, war der eben erörterte Punkt derjenige, den in's Wort zu fassen mich die grösste Ueberwindung gekostet hat; denn ekelhaft und widerwärtig in der Erscheinung, grünelhaft dem Wesen nach, aller Vernunft und unverzerrtem natürlichem Gefühl empörend, ist dieser Vorgang dennoch, was die Frauen anlangt, nicht nur nicht aus sündlichem fleischlichem Gelüste, ja nicht nur aus guter und frommer Absicht hervorgegangen, sondern (und dies ist meine innerste, auf genaue Kenntniss der Personen gegründete Ueberzeugung) eine Verirrung, in die unedle weibliche Gemüther gar nicht gerathen können, sondern eben nur edle. hochbegabte und zur grössten Selbstverleugnung durch tiefe Religiosität fähig gewordene. Wäre von Abwägung der Schuld die Rede, könnte hiervon unter Menschen überall die sein, so müsste das Nichtschuldig über die Frauen ganz unbedenklich ausgesprochen werden; denn zur gröbsten Versündigung haben nicht nur die feinsten Fäden, sondern die edelsten Regungen bingeführt, und Alles ist im Gefühl der Selbstverleugnung um der Wahrheit, um Gottes willen geschehen. Und in der That könnte dem Richter, der ein Urtheil aussprechen und deshalb auch die Verhältnisse innerlich erkennen muss, nichts Störenderes, nichts sein Urtheil Trübenderes begegnen, als wenn ihm ein Gefühl von Missachtung gegen die in Rede stehenden Frauen erwachsen sollte; nothwendig würde ihm hiermit sogleich der richtige Einblick in das wahre Verhältniss desjenigen, was das Thun und was das Leiden, das Wollen und das Handeln gewesen ist, sich schliessen, oder wenigstens verwirren und unsicher werden müssen. Ich kann aber mit der freien Aussprache dieser meiner Ueberzeugung nicht so verstanden, oder vielmehr so völlig missverstanden werden, als gedächte ich damit eine Vertheidigung in objectiver Hinsicht in Beziehung der Frauen zu übernehmen, oder die Schädlichkeit und Verderblichkeit eines solchen Verhältnisses irgend wie verkleinern zu wollen. Niemand kann mehr überzeugt sein. wie entartend und entartet dieses sei, an welchen Abgrund jene Frauen in der That geführt seien. Das aber sage ich, und von dessen Wahrheit durchdringend überzeugt, dass in subjectiver Beziehung die Frauen schuldlos sind, dass sie in ihrem Wollen und Bestreben zu den edlen und verehrlichsten ihres Geschlechts gehören. Hinzufügen aber muss ich auch und mit der gleichen Festigkeit der auf die speciellste Personenkenntniss begründeten Ueberzeugung, dass es ein grosses Glück sei, ja, dass Gott sehr zu danken sei, dass es nicht zu grösseren Gräueln, nicht zu den schrecklichsten Handlungen gekommen ist.

Denn es unterliegt, kennt man eben die Personen in ihrer ganzen, wahren Eigenthümlichkeit, nicht dem mindesten Zweifel, dass diese Damen (namentlich aber die Frau Gräfin von der Gröben, die edelste Natur von Allen) jede Handlung, und auch die Schauder erregendsten zu vollziehen geneigt sein würden, wenn Ebel sie ihnen ernstlich geböte; ja, sie würden es mit Freuden thun, und jede innere Regung dagegen als Sande, als Versuchung des Teufels betrachten und besiegen. Was Ebel ihnen zu verschweigen aufgiebt, wird keine Inquisition und keine Tortur ihnen über die Lippen bringen. Ich verkenne nicht das hohe Maass des Fanatismus, der in diesen Personen ausgebildet ist, ich verkenne nicht seine Schauder erregende, Alles zertrümmernde Kraft, ich anerkenne aber die ursprünglich edlen Motive und beklage aus tiefstem Herzen, dass edle Hingebung so schr ihren wahren, würdigenden und adelnden Gegenstand verfehlt hat.

Nach dieser Zwischenbemerkung, die ich für nothwendig hielt, und von der ich wünschen muss, dass sie den Richter innerlich nicht unberührt lassen möchte, kann ich, zufrieden, das Widerstrebendste des Ganzen abgethan zu haben, in meiner Darstellung fortfahren. Wenn nun das Nächste und Wichtigste des heiligen und reinen Ebel (man überwinde mit mir den Widerwillen gegen diese Identifizirung; denn sie ist, eben wenn die Darstellung so billig und richtig als möglich vom Standpunkte jener gegebenen Grundverirrung ausgemacht werden soll, nothwendig) auf die Frauen und die Reinigung der Frauen als zweiten Urwesens, in das eben die Sünde eingedrungen, gerichtet ist, wenn dieses nur nach ertheilter Belehrung u. s. w. durch die bestimmten, stufenweise fortschreitenden geschlechtlichen Acte bis zur Zeugung hin geschehen kann, so entsteht die Frage: was hat er denn mit den Männern zu thun? An sie-das ist die einfache Antwort - hat er die Lehre zu bringen, sie zu ermahnen, sie inne werden zu lassen, dass sie aus dem zweiten verführten Urwesen geboren sind und somit die Sünde substantiell in sieh tragen, sie zu schelten, heftig zu schelten, aber auch ihnen zu schmeicheln, sie zu ermuntern, und sie zu vestigiren, wenn sie zu Etwas zu gebrauchen sind, und da dies Letztere niemals im Voraus zu bestimmen ist, so nur einstweilen zu fixiren. Das am Besten Berechnete aber hierbei war, dass er selbst in der That mit Männern sich am Wenigsten zu thun machte, sondern sie an die Frauen wies, sie diesen zur Leitung übergab. Diese wurden zuvörderst als die Geförderten betrachtet, und da hiess es denn: hie gilt es nicht Mann noch Frau, sondern nur christliche Frfahrung und tiefe Erkenntniss; wer hierin weiter ist, der kann dem Andern rathen, ihn weisen und leiten, und es ist dessen Pflicht, wenn es ihm um

wahres Christenthum zu thun ist, sich jenem unterzuordnen, sei es Mann oder Frau. Von dem Gebote und Verbote: "taerat mulier in ecclesia," konnte hier schon deshalb nicht die Rede sein, weil nicht blos ohne Frauen hier keine Kirche gewesen wäre, sondern in Wahrheit diese Kirche nur von Frauen geleitet wurde, da genau genommen, Ebel selbst das, was er geworden, nur durch Hingebung und Bestimmung der Frauen geworden ist, freilich in ganz anderer Art und Weise als bei den übrigen.

Von der Praxis, die nach und nach in diesem Kreise ausgebildet und methodisch strenge gehandhabt worden ist, wird später zusammenhängend gesprochen werden; hier kommt es nur darauf an, nachzuweisen, was aus der Weisung der Männer an die Frauen und durch die Unterordnung jener unter diese (wovon nur selten und nur für einzelne Momente Ausnahme gemacht wurde) entstanden und für Ebel und seine Zwecke gewonnen wurde, Zunächst nämlich war wohl hierdurch am Besten gesorgt, für die Einifbung der höchsten Verehrung und des tiefsten Gehorsams für die Person Ebel's; sodann aber war eben das, was an einer solchen Stellung der Männer zu den Frauen als Verkehrung erscheinen kann und es in der That auch ist, die wahre Zurechtstellung für jenen Kreis. Wenn Männer von Frauen über die unentweichlichsten Probleme der Philosophie belehrt werden sollten, so verstand es sich gleich von selbst, dass die Männer Alles, was sie sonst durch Gelehrsamkeit, Forschung, eignes Studium wussten und hatten, bei Seite liegen lassen mussten; dies sind nicht Waffen, die Frauen respectiren können, besonders nicht lehrende Frauen; all dergleichen vielmehr musste vorweg als eitle Weisheit der verfinsterten Welt. als gelehrter Plunder weggeschoben sein und bleiben.

Hiermit war denn sogleich Alles aus den Händen gewunden, wodurch die Abenteuerlichkeit der zu lehrenden Lehre hätte von vorn herein zertrümmert werden können. Sodann wurde jene Art des Unterordnungsverhältnisses für nöthig gefunden, weil es das Geeignetste ist zur Demüthigung, diese aber selbst das Nöthigste sei. Dass die Frauen dadurch hochmüthig gemacht wurden, war kein Einwand, da sie schondemüthig waren. Ferner wenn Männer Frauen Sündenbekenntnisse in den nacktesten, schärfsten Ausdrücken ablegen sollten, wenn dies wie natürlich vorzüglich über die Grundverderbniss, die geschlechtliche geschehen musste, so stellto sich dadurch sogleich ein Verhältniss ein, das unnatürlichste an sich, und die Scham auf alle Weise zerstörend hier zum

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natürlichen wurde, das eben, weil es aller Natur wider eben als die neue Natur begründend angesehen, gel auf alle Weise gef relert wurde. Je überströmender dieser Hinsicht war, je emporenderer Ausdrucke m bediente, desto haher wurde man gestellt, desto meh wahren Ernst der Heilung stehend wurde man bet Schien das Bekannte nicht wichtig, d. h. nicht arg g erregte das Unzufriedenheit und wurde ein Festha Argen, ein Unterhandeln mit dem Teufel, Lauheit, kalt und warm genannt, und nun begann das hesti andringendste Pressen auf andere und geschärftere Kamen solche hervor, so wurde Gott geprie daz Herz eines Verstockten erweicht hatte. daher Ruhe, um nicht zu sagen Ruhm erlangen, nichts Anderes übrig, als allenfalls die Phantasie zu nehmen und erdichtete Sünden als wirkliche zu beke es wurden von den Damen sogar Sünden proponirt, begangen haben möchte, und die nun als begangen : ten waren. - Wenigstens ist es mir - das darf ich dem Allerheiligsten versichern - so ergangen; ich h den mündlich und schriftlich bekannt, die ich nie be die mir zu bekennen von den Gräfinnen v. d. Gröben Kanitz aufgegeben wurde, zu denen sie mir die At in denen sie bekannt werden müssten, theils genant wenn ich sie nicht scharf genug getroffen hatte, corr Unter welchen Umständen dies g emendirt haben. sei, wird weiter unten näher angegeben werden, Verhältniss der Abhängigkeit hiedurch aber geknüp sklavisch gebunden man dadurch werden, welche H der Herrschenden hierdurch begründet werden mu bedarf wohl gar keiner Erwähnung.

Zwei andere Momente müssen aber hiemit noch ir dung gebracht werden. Einmal nämlich konnte es n bleiben, dass bei einer solchen Stellung der Frauen Lehren des Systems über die geschlechtlichen Ver und bei der Methode, diese in der Liebe zu reinige heiligen, bei der völligen Niedergerissenheit aller liehen Schranken der Sitte und in Wahrheit auch der keit, bei der Freiheit, die die Damen nicht blos ge und gewährten, sondern zum Theil sogar anboten und bei alle dem, was man Unverzwängtheit, Wesenheit Freiheit der Kinder Gottes gehörig nannte—bei sage ich, konnte es nicht ausbleiben, dass in Zeiter chen man nicht gequalt wurde, man nicht von inne

und Verdruss (die man aber innerlichst verschlossen halten musste) gequält war, nicht Regungen und Aeusserungen sinnlicher Begierde sich einstellen sollten, denen zwar die ehrendsten Namen beigelegt wurden, die dadurch aber nicht auf hörten zu sein, was sie eben sind. Schon das unaufhörliche starke Küssen und Umarmen, das gang und gebe war, die ungenirte Art der körperlichen Annäherung auch da, wo von geschlechtlichen Vebungen zur Heiligung keine Rede war, sondern zu der gewöhnlichen Art des Zusummenseins gehörte Idenn in Gegenwart irgend eines Fremden, draussen Stehenden trat das förmlichste und zierlichste Ceremoniell ein). schon dies konnte nicht verschlen, jene Wirkung sinnlicher Erregung auszuüben, zumal viele der Frauen mit vielen Reizen des Aeusseren wie des Geistes ausgestattet waren. Wer etwa sagen wollte, es sei ihm hierin anders ergangen, von dem scheint es mir, dass er sich belüge oder wenigstens tüu-Ich glaube nicht, dass es irgend Jemanden gebe, der die gewöhnlichen sittigen und sittlichen Schranken als für sich überflüssig erachten dürfte.

Das andere Moment aber ist dies: dadurch, dass die Männer den Frauen überwiesen waren zur Leitung und Belehrung, hatte Ebel für seine Person den Vortheil, ganz in der Entfernung bleiben zu können, von jedem Conflicte frei zu bleiben und scheinbar eben nur geschehen zu lassen. Genaueste Kunde musste ihm ja doch über Alles gegeben werden, nur blieb es ihm bei der Verhandlungsweise ganz frei gelassen, ob und wie viel directen Antheil er an einer Verhandlung nehmen wollte. Geschah es z. B., dass sich einmal die Verhaltnisse der persönlichen Verhandlung ungünstig verwickeln wollten, drobte etwa ein Verlust, so trat er mit überschüttender Freundlichkeit und Liebkosung ein, alle Verwickelung wegschiebend, den ganzen Gegenstand fallen lassend, und Alles in lauter Lieblichkeit und Rührung auflösend. Schien es dagegen ein anderes Mal, dass ein verstärkter und stärkster Angriff nothwendig sei, dann schritt er zornvoll, heftig, auf's Acusserste erregt, mit Höllenstrafen und Verdammung um sich schleudernd ein. Mit einem Worte, er hatte durch diese Anordnung am Besten für das gesorgt, was seine bewundernswürdig ausgebildete Taktik ist. - das persönliche Reserviren. Geschehen musste ja doch immer, was er wollte, und wie er wollte. Noch andere Vortheile geringerer, doch nicht zu verschmähender Art erwuchsen ihm aus dieser Stellung.

Um die Verbindung mit Münnern, namentlich mit gelchrten

oder überall ausgebildeten und unterrichteten war es ihm eigentlich sehr zu thun; theils sollte dadurch sein Ruf als wenig unterrichteter, hohlschwarmender Mann widerlegt werden, theils sollte durch sie seine Lehre mit Gelehrsankeit und gutem Anschen wohl aptirt, nach aussen getragen werden und verbreitet. Hatten ihm nun die Damen solche Leute gut zugerichtet, d. h. so, dass sie geneigt schienen, den Inhalt ihres Wissens aufzugeben, die Form aber beizubehalten für einen anderen Inhalt, eben die Schönherr-Ebel'sche Lehte. so waren sie höchst brauchbar. Ebel selbst wolite daher nicht gern gegen Gelehrsamkeit ankämpfen, er wollte sie vielmehr in Dienst nehmen, aber die Diener mussten ihm fertig geliefert werden. Ja, einige Kleinigkeiten nahm er gleich und mit Herablassung an. Er hat Mehreres drucken lassen, Predigten u. s. w.; bei mehren befinden sich Beilagen, Exeurse, z. B. exegetische Bemerkungen über Stellen des alten und neuen Testaments; er versteht aber schlechthin Nichts vom Griechischen, und Hebräisch kann er nicht lesen; er gestattet es Andern, diese gelehrten Bemerkungen auszuarbeiten, versteht sich in seinem Sinn, und sie wurden auf seinen Namen gedruckt. Ebenso ist es mit Citaten aus Philosophen, neueren Schriftstellern, ja mit der Sprache selbst, die druckfähig zu machen, immer nicht unwesentlicher Verbesserungen bedurfte. Diese wurden aber meistens von den Damen, namentlich von der Gräfin von der Gröben, die ein nicht geringes Talent zur sprachlichen Darstellung besitzt,

Treten nun aus diesen Verhältnissen, Ansichten und Verfahrungsweisen genug Elemente hervor und zusammen, die das Bedenkliche und Verderbliche des Ganzen hinreichend erkennbar machen, so wurde Alles noch mehr verschlimmert durch die verkehrteste Ansicht einer an sich vielleicht rein biblischen Lehre, der vom Teufel. Es ist nicht meine Aufgabe, über diese Lehre ein Urtheil auszusprechen; mir selbst scheint sie in den Worten der Bibel enthalten zu sein, ich weiss aber auch, dass es sehr fromme christliche Gottesgelehrte. Bibelgläubige Theologen gegeben hat, die die Lehre vom Teufel nicht nur nicht mit der Vernunft, sondern auch nicht mit der heiligen Schrift und der Liebe Gottes zu vereinigen gewusst und daher lieber den Teufel, als Vernunft, Schrift und die innige Ueberzeugung von der Liebe Gottes aufgegeben haben. Doch wie es sich damit verhalten mag, so viel scheint jedenfalls gewiss, dass es immer ein bedenkliches Zeichen ist wenn ein Geistlicher fort und fort den Teufel citirt, mehr von ihm als von Christo spricht. Giebt es einen Teufel noch jetzt, und ist er immer noch, auch nach der Erscheinung Christi und der weiten Verbreitung des Christenthums so sehr mächtig, so werden Menschen ihn wohl nicht überwinden, und iedenfalis ist's zweifelhaft, ob die strengen Vertreter der Existenz des Teufels die innigsten Verchrer und Diener Christi sind. Doch auch dies kann hier ganz dahin gestellt sein; denn Ebel und diejenigen, die ihm folgen. machen von dieser Lehre eine Anwendung eigener Art. Zwei Eigenschaften des Teufels seien es, die ganz besonders aufgefasst und berücksichtigt werden müssten: dass er listig und der Lügner von Haus aus ist. Durch List verführte er das zweite Urwesen, durch sie und durch seine Lügen berückt er noch immer fort die Menschen und hält sie in der Finsterniss. Seid listig wie die Schlangen, war Ebel's Wahlspruch und sein Losungswort; denn von dem erklärenden Zusatze: "und ohne Falsch wie die Tauben," davon durfte bei ihm, da es sich von selbst verstand, nicht die Rede sein. Zu belehren und zu bessern ist der Teufel nicht, überlisten muss man ihn! Ihm Wahrheit entgegenstellen ist thörichte Einfalt, er kennt ja eigentlich die Wahrheit, aber will sie nicht; man muss ihn hintergehen und belügen und eben dadurch Gott dienen. Würde Jemand, der es leibhaft mit dem Teufel zu thun hätte, sich solcher Waffen und Vertheidigungsmittel bedienen, so könnte das immer geschehen und der Erfolg abgewartet werden. Wird diese Taktik aber so gebraucht, dass man den Zwischensatz als Axiom eingeschoben hat; die Menschen, so lange sie noch nicht die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit haben, d. h. so lange sie noch nicht die Lehre, die in diesem Kreise mit jenem Namen belegt worden ist, angenommen haben, stehen nicht blos in der Anfechtung vom Teufel, sondern in seiner Macht; man muss also, chen um sie zu retten und aus ihnen Kinder Gottes zu machen, den Teufel in ihnen bekämpfen, gegen welchen sie selbst ganz ohnmächtig sind, ihn entweder gar nicht kennend, oder ihn wohl gar verleugnend; so muss man eben sie selbst mit den Waffen gegen den Teufel behandeln, bis sie die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit gewonnen, d. h. angenommen und dadurch zum selbständigen Kampfe gegen den Feind ausgerästet und zum gewissen Siege tüchtig gemacht sind.

Es ist also ein ganz einfaches Dilemma gestellt: entweder die Wahrheit, d. h. jene Erkenntniss mit ihren Geheimnissen, ihren Aufschlüssen, ihren Waffen wird angenommen; oder diese Wahrheit mit ihren Attributen und Eigenschaften sind die Menschen, wie sie nun eben sind, und ohne viele Vorbereitung anzunehmen, ja zu ertragen nicht fühig; so lange aber dies nicht ist, stehen sie unwiderruflich, nothwendig und wehrlos unter der Herrschaft des Teufels. Es blebt demnach Nichts übrig als das Zweite zu jenem Dilemma: man muss den Teufel in ihnen bekämpfen, und zwar, so wie es ihm gebührt. Wahrheit braucht er nicht, denn er kennt, aber will sie nicht, ja er missbraucht sie, wenn er nur irgend kann; überlisten muss man ihn und so ihn mit sich selbet schlagen; ein Lügner ist er: wohl, er muss überhoten und getäuscht werden. - Die Wahrheit ist Gottes, die Lüge ist des Teufels, Jedem also das Scinige; den Teufel mit Wahrheit angehen und bedienen, heisst Gott verachten, und ihm seinen Theil, das ihm gebührende versagen, während den Teufel überlisten und belügen, Gott dienen und ihm das Seinige darbringen heisst. Es muss bei diesem Allen unvergessen bleiben, dass diese Taktik eben gegen die Menschen, gegen alle Menschen, die nicht die Erkenntnist der Wahrheit baban, anzunehmen sei. Welch ein Abgrund eröffnete sich hier! Und doch überredet man sich, so in der Wahrheit zu stehen, in der Liebe zu handeln, und das Wohlgefallen Gottes sich sicher zu erwerben.

Was nun Ebel anlangt, so ist seine Stellung diese: er ist der vollkommene Mensch, der Heilige und Reine, er hat die Wahrheit zum vollkommenen Theil, er ist sie. Ihm zur Seite stehen immer einige Auserwählte, sie haben die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit von ihm erhalten, sie sind von ihm geheiligt worden, sie erfüllen ihre Bestimmung, nicht nur Berufene, sondern Auserwählte, deren ja nur wenige sind, zu sein; ihre Namen werden einst glänzen, und ihrer ist die Herrlichkeit. Ihm (Ebel) gegenüber steht die Welt; zunächst die Natur, aber nur durch die Sünde der Menschen seufzende Kreatur; sodann aber die Menschen selbst, aber geblendet oder verfinstert, was eines ist, durch den Teufel, der sich ja auch als Engel des Lichts kleiden und wenn möglich, die Auserwählten selbst zum Falle bringen könne. Nun behauptet er freilich gar nicht, dass es nicht unter diesen vielen Menschen auch viele Berufene, Edelbegabte und durch den Geist mannigsach Erregte und Angezogene gebe, aber um so unglücklicher sind sie; denn eben sie werden von dem Feinde um so leichter getäuscht; er lässt ihnen eine gewisse Frömmigkeit, ein gewisses Christenthum, einen gewissen Eifer - aber Alles nur ohne und jenseits der Erkenntniss der Wahrheit, und so ist denn doch Alles vergeblich und todt und eine leichte Beute des Teufels. Darum hoffte er immer und die Seinen mit ihm, es werde in einer Kürze (über die aber schon viele Zeit vergangen ist) sich ein besonders göttliches Wunderzeichen an ihm offenbaren, damit die Besseren wenigstens, die ihrer Natur nach Berufenen und noch nicht Verstockten inne werden, wer er sei, und dass in ihm die Wahrheit selbst sei, dass auf ihn gesehen, ihm nachgewandelt werden müsse.

Merkwürdig ist's, dass in diesem Kreise immer das Jahr 1836 als das entscheidende, als der Einbruch des Tausendjährigen Reichs mit seinen Vorkämpfen betrachtet worden ist. Zu dieser Wahnvorstellung haben indess sowohl die Bengel'schen und die Jung-Stilling'schen Berechnungen die Grundlagen hergegeben, als jene Annahme auf einer Reihe von Begegnissen Ebel's und auf ihren zeitlichen Intervallen beruhte. In dieser Voraussetzung der nahe bevorstelhenden Veränderung scheint man in jenem Kreise die sonst sorgfältig geübte Vorschrift vernachlässigt und zu einem dreisteren Verfahren bestimmt worden zu sein, wodurch denn allerdings eine Entscheidung, wenn auch nicht über das menschliche Geschlecht, sondern über das Wirken und Thun einiger Menschen, eben jener selbst sich einzuleiten scheint.

Kann nun wohl gefragt werden, wie Ebel die ihm Gegenüberstehenden, d. h. Alle, die nicht die Seinen sind, behandle? Als Kinder des Teufels! Hieraus folgt keineswegs, dass er sie sehr anfahre, wild anlasse und züchtige; hierzu vielmehr muss man ihm schon nüher gerückt sein; er behandelt sie, wenn sie Nichts absiehtlich gegen ihn unternehmen, mit grosser Freundlichkeit, Milde, lockend; er sucht den Teufel zu täuschen, damit dieser ja nicht merken möge, was denn eigentlich geschehen soll. nüher, so werden reine, lautere, evangelische Wahrheiten mit aller Milde vorgetragen und Jedem begegnet, wie es ihm lieb, angenehm und wohlthuend sein kann. Ist man weiter gekommen, so wird auf Reinigung von den Sünden und nuf Einsicht in die Tiefen der Erkenntniss gedrungen. Nun werden Sündenbekenntnisse abgenommen, anfänglich nachsichtig und ruhig, dann immer strenger, fordernder; die Blicke trüben sich. Die Begegnung wird gemessener, drohender: kurz, es kommt nun zu alle dem, was bereits oben geschildert worden ist. Wendet Jemand auf diesem Wege den Rücken, so ist er verloren; es wird über ihn gescufzt. die Achseln gezuckt, er ist zurückgewichen vom Ernst der Heiligung und zurückgekehrt in die Finsterniss der Welt und ihre Verderbniss, er ist untreu und dem Teufel verfallen. Wer sonst aber neutral steht, der wird eben als im Schatten des Todes sitzend betrachtet, jedoch nicht angefeindet; dem es ist ja des Feindes Schuld und der Untreue; dem das wird zuversichtlich angenommen, dass, wenn Niemand aus dieser Schule untreu geworden wäre, das Licht schon weit verbreitet und Viele gerettet, d. h. nahe und ferne Anhänger Ebel's geworden wären.

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Ich schweige ganz von der empörenden Weise, wie von Ebel und den Seinen gegen mich, den Grafen von Finkenstein und Prof. Olshausen verfahren worden ist, welche Alle doch nichts Feindliches gegen ihn unternommen hatten, sondern sich nur, weil sie Grund genug dazu in sich gefunden zu haben gewiss geworden waren, von ihm getrennt hatten. Man griff ihre Personen, ihre sittliche und bürgerliche Ehre, ja, so weit es gelingen wollte, selbst inre äussere Existenz schonungslos, listig und mit den Waffen der Lüge an. Hievon aber, wie gesagt, ganz zu schweigen, so bietet die dermalige Verfahrungsweise Ebel's und der Seinen, da nun einmal eine Untersuchung eingeleitet und, wie es seheint, unausweichbar, und, wie sich dann bei uns von selbst versteht, mit strenger Gerechtigkeit hindurch geführt werden soll, die klare und volle Anschauung sowohl von dem Grundsätzlichen als von dem Praktischen dieser Leute dar, wo sie es mit Gegnern zu thun zu haben glauben.

Zuvörderst nämlich hätte es ihnen doch nicht entgehen sollen, was Jedem offen vorliegt, dass nämlich Niemand gegen sie als Ankläger aufgetreten sei, Niemand Feindschaft gegen sie hege, Niemand Verfolgung gegen sie übe. Diestel, den Grafen von Finkenstein (ich habe diesen Mann seit mehr als 10 Jahren nur einmal zufällig und wenig gesprochen, stehe eben so lange in keinem Briefwechsel mit ihm, achte ihn aber wie seine Gemahlin sehr hoch) mit den gröbsten und schmähendsten Briefen verfolgend, wird endlich durch den Rechtskonsulenten des Grafen zur Zurücknahme der Beleidigungen aufgefordet, wenn er sich keinem Injurien-Processe aussetzen wolle; er versagt dieses, und die Klage mit den dazu nöthigen Belegen wird der juristischen zuständigen Landesbehörde übergeben. Diese findet in den Belegen Dinge, die in bedenklicher Beziehung zur Kirchen-Disciplin stehn, und halt es für ihre Pflicht, hiervon dem Consistorio Anzeige zu machen; dieses findet diese Momente noch bedenklicher, untersucht dieselben, soweit es ihm zustand, und jedenfalls mit aller der Zartheit und Berijeksichtigung, die nur eine geistliche Behörde dem geistlichen Gegenstande zuzuwenden vermag; das Consistorium berichtet darüber der vorgesetzten höchsten Behörde, und die Untersuchung wird nun von Staatswegen angeordnet. hier also gar keinen Ankläger. Doch nimmt zuvörderst Graf von Kanitz keinen Anstand, in einem öffentlichen Blatte, der allgemeinen Kirchenzeitung, den sittlichen Ruf des Grafen von Finkenstein, seines Schwagers, und der Gräfin von Finkenstein, seiner Nichte und zugleich Schwägerin, als in der ganzen Provinz übel bekannt darzustellen, dabei auch allerlei andere, wenn auch etwas verdeckter ausgesprochene Anschwärzungen anderer Personen zu insinuiren. erhebt sich freiwillig eine grosse Zahl der achtungswerthesten. zum Theil ihrer äusseren Stellung nach ausgezeichnetsten Männer der Provinz, öffentlich bezeugend, dass Graf von

UMTRIEBE IN KONIGSBERG.

natürlichen wurde, das eben, weil es aller Natur widerspra 🖛 🧵 eben als die neue Natur begründend angeschen, gelobt 🖛 auf alle Weise gefirdert wurde. Je überströmender mut dieser Hinsicht war, je emporenderer Ausdrucke man 🗲 🗲 bediente, desto hilber wurde man gestellt, desto mehrals wahren Ernst der Heilung stehend wurde man betracht Schien das Bekannte nicht wichtig, d. h. nicht arg genug, erregte das Unzufriedenheit und wurde ein Festhalten sante. Argen, ein Unterhandeln mit dem Teufel, Lauheit, ärger # 15 kalt und warm genannt, und nun begann das heftigste und andringendste Pressen auf andere und geschärftere Beken 111f-Kamen solche hervor, so wurde Gott gebriesen, eler daz Herz eines Verstockten erweicht hatte. Wollte man daher Ruhe, um nicht zu sagen Ruhm erlangen, so blieb nichts Anderes übrig, als allenfalls die Phantasie zu Hilfe zu nehmen und erdichtete Sünden als wirkliche zu bekennen, jaes wurden von den Damen sogar Sünden proponirt, die man begangen haben möchte, und die nun als begangen zu beichten waren. - Wenigstens ist es mir - das darf ich bei Gott dem Allerheiligsten versichern-so ergangen; ich habe Sum den mündlich und schriftlich bekannt, die ich nie begangen, die mir zu bekennen von den Gräfinnen v. d. Gröben und von Kanitz aufgegeben wurde, zu denen sie mir die Ausdrücke, in denen sie bekannt werden müssten, theils genannt, theils wenn ich sie nicht scharf genug getroffen hatte, corrigirt und emendirt haben. Unter welchen Umständen dies geschehen sei, wird weiter unten näher angegeben werden. Welch ein Verhaltniss der Abhängigkeit hiedurch aber geknüpft, ja wie sklavisch gebunden man dadurch werden, welche Herrschaft der Herrschenden hierdurch begründet werden musste, das bedarf wohl gar keiner Erwähnung.

Zwei andere Momente müssen aber hiemit noch in Verbindung gebracht werden. Einmal nämlich konnte es nicht ausbleiben, dass bei einer solchen Stellung der Frauen, bei den Lehren des Systems über die geschlechtlichen Verhältnisse und bei der Methode, diese in der Liebe zu reinigen und zu heiligen, bei der völligen Niedergerissenheit aller gewöhnlichen Schranken der Sitte und in Wahrheit auch der Sittlichkeit, bei der Freiheit, die die Damen nicht blos gestatteten und gewährten, sondern zum Theil sogar anboten und lehrten, bei alle dem, was man Unverzwängtheit, Wesenheit und zur Freiheit der Kinder Gottes gehörig nannte—bei alle dem, sage ich, konnte es nicht ausbleiben, dass in Zeiten, in welchen man nicht gequält wurde, man nicht von innerem Ekel

und terminal der innerlichst verschlossen halten musset of the man note inner and Acusserungen sinn-liche. Des down grent die chrendlichter Degiant war, ment regangen and Begierde sich einstellen sollten, denen zwar die ehrendsten sollten denen zwar die ehrendsten nicht auf hörsten Segierde sich einstenen somen, man an an teht auf hör-ten wien beigelegt wurden, die dadurch aber nicht auf hör-sturies sein, was sie einen sind. Genom und gebe war, die Küssen und Umarmen, das gang und gebe war, die Schon das unaufhorliche ungenirte Art der körperlichen Annäherung auch da, wo von Mrte Art der korpernenen zumane ung Land Rede war, Sollielern zu der gewöhnlichen Art des Zusammenseins gehörte (de the in Gegenwart irgend eines Fremden, draussen Stehentrat dus förmlichste und zierlichste Ceremoniell ein), trat das formitenste und met in trata de l'internation dies konnte nicht verfehlen, jene Wirkung sinnlicher Fregung auszuüben, zumal viele der Frauen mit vielen Rei-No. 11 des Acusseren wie des Geistes ausgestattet waren. Wer etwa sagen wollte, es sei ihm hierin anders ergangen, von dem scheint es mir, dass er sich beläge oder wenigstens täu-Sche. Ich glaube nicht, dass es irgend Jemanden gebe, der Mie gewöhnlichen sittigen und sittlichen Schranken als für Nich überflüssig erachten dürfte.

Das andere Moment aber ist dies; dadurch, dass die Männer den Frauen überwiesen waren zur Leitung und Belehrung, hatte Ebel für seine Person den Vortheil, ganz in der Entfernung bleiben zu können, von iedem Conflicte frei zu bleiben und scheinbar eben nur geschehen zu lassen. Genaueste Kundo musste ihm ja doch über Alles gegeben werden, nur blieb es ihm bei der Verhandlungsweise ganz frei gelassen, ob und wie viel directen Antheil er an einer Verhandlang nehmen wollte. Geschah es z. B., dass sich einmal die Verhältnisse der persönlichen Verhandlung ungünstig verwickeln wollten, drohte etwa ein Verlust, so trat er mit überschüttender Freundlichkeit und Liebkosung ein, alle Verwickelung wegschiebend, den ganzen Gegenstand fallen lassend, und Alles in lauter Lieblichkeit und Rührung auflösend. Schien es dagegen ein anderes Mal, dass ein verstärkter und stärkster Angriff nothwendig sei, dann schritt er zornvoll, heftig, auf's Acusserste erregt, mit Höllenstrafen und Verdammung um sich schleudernd ein. Mit einem Worte, er hatte durch diese Anordnung am Besten für das gesorgt, was seine bewundernswürdig ausgebildete Taktik ist, - das persönliche Reserviren. Geschehen musste ja doch immer, was er wollte, und wie er wollte. Noch andere Vortheile geringerer, doch nicht zu verschmähender Art erwuchsen ihm aus dieser Stellung.

Um die Verbindung mit Münnern, namentlich mit gelehrten

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oder überall ausgebildeten und unterrichteten war es ihm eigentlich sehr zu thun; theils sollte dadurch sein Ruf als wenig unterrichteter, hohlschwarmender Mann widerlegt wetden, theils sollte durch sie seine Lehre mit Gelehrsamkeit und gutem Ausehen wohl aptirt, nach aussen getragen werden und verbreitet. Hatten ihm nun die Damen solche Leute gut zugerichtet, d. h. so, dass sie geneigt schienen, den Inhalt ihres Wissens aufzugeben, die Form aber beizubehalten für einen anderen Inhalt, eben die Schönherr-Ebel'sche Lehre. so waren sie höchst brauchbar. Ebel selbst wollte daher nicht gern gegen Gelehrsamkeit ankämpfen, er wollte sie vielmehr in Dienst nehmen, aber die Diener mussten ihm fertig geliefert werden. Ja, einige Kleinigkeiten nahm er gleich und mit Herablassung an. Er hat Mehreres drucken lassen, Predigten u. s. w.; bei mehren befinden sich Beilagen, Excurse, z. B. exegetische Bemerkungen über Stellen des alten und neuen Testaments; er versteht aber schlechthin Nichts vom Griechischen, und Hebrüisch kann er nicht lesen; er gestattet es Andern, diese gelehrten Bemerkungen auszuarbeiten, versteht sich in seinem Sinn, und sie wurden auf seinen Namen gedruckt. Ebenso ist es mit Citaten aus Philosophen, neueren Schriftstellern, ja mit der Sprache selliste die druckfahig zu machen, immer nicht unwesentlicher Verbesserungen bedurfte. Diese wurden aber meistens von den Damen, namentlich von der Gräfin von der Gröben, die ein nicht geringes Talent zur sprachlichen Darstellung besitzt, besorgt.

Treten nun aus diesen Verhältnissen. Ansiehten und Verfahrungsweisen genug Elemente hervor und zusammen, die das Bedenkliche und Verderbliche des Ganzen hinreichend erkennbar machen, so wurde Alles noch mehr verschlimmert durch die verkehrteste Ansicht einer an sich vielleicht rein biblischen Lehre, der vom Teufel. Es ist nicht meine Aufgabe, über diese Lehre ein Urtheil auszusprechen; mir sellst scheint sie in den Worten der Bibel enthalten zu sein, ich weiss aber auch, dass es sehr fromme christliche Gottesgelehrte, Bibelgläubige Theologen gegeben hat, die die Lehre vom Teufel nicht nur nicht mit der Vernunft, sondern auch nicht mit der heiligen Schrift und der Liebe Gottes zu vereinigen gewusst und daher lieber den Teufel, als Vernunft, Schrift und die innige Ueberzeugung von der Liebe Gottes Doch wie es sich damit verhalten mag, so aufgegeben haben. viel scheint jedenfalls gewiss, dass es immer ein bedenkliches Zeichen ist, wenn ein Geistlicher fort und fort den Teufel citirt, mehr von ihm als von Christo spricht. Giebt es einen Teufel noch jetzt, und ist er immer noch, auch nach der Erscheinung Christi und der weiten Verbreitung des Christenthums so sehr mächtig, so werden Menschen ihn wohl nicht überwinden, und jedenfalis ist's zweifelhaft, ob die strengen Vertreter der Existenz des Teufels die innigsten Verehrer und Diener Christi sind. Doch auch dies kann hier ganz dahin gestellt sein; denn Ebel und diejenigen, die ihm folgen, machen von dieser Lehre eine Anwendung eigener Art. Zwei Eigenschaften des Teufels seien es, die ganz besonders aufgefasst und berücksichtigt werden mössten: dass er listig und der Lögner von Haus aus ist. Durch List verführte er das zweite Urwesen, durch sie und durch seine Lügen berückt er noch immer fort die Menschen und hält sie in der Finsterniss. Seid listig wie die Schlangen, war Ebel's Wahlspruch und sein Losungswort; denn von dem erklärenden Zusatze: "und ohne Falsch wie die Tauben," davon durfte bei ihm, da es sich von selbst verstand, nicht die Rede sein. Zu belehren und zu bessern ist der Teufel nicht, überlisten muss man ihn! Ihm Wahrheit entgegenstellen ist thörichte Einfalt, er kennt ja eigentlich die Wahrheit, aber will sie nicht; man muss ihn hintergehen und belügen und eben dadurch Gott dienen. Würde Jemand, der es leibhaft mit dem Teufel zu thun hätte, sich solcher Waffen und Vertheidigungsmittel bedienen, so könnte das immer geschehen und der Erfolg abgewartet werden. Wird diese Taktik aber so gebraucht, dass man den Zwischensatz als Axiom eingeschoben hat: die Menschen, so lange sie noch nicht die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit haben, d. h. so lange sie noch nicht die Lehre, die in diesem Kreise mit jenem Namen belegt worden ist, angenommen haben, stehen nicht blos in der Ansechtung vom Teufel, sondern in seiner Macht: man muss also, chen um sie zu retten und aus ihnen Kinder Gottes zu machen, den Teufel in ihnen bekämpfen, gegen welchen sie selbst ganz ohnmächtig sind, ihn entweder gar nicht kennend, oder ihn wohl gar verleugnend; so muss man eben sie selbst mit den Wassen gegen den Teufel behandeln, bis sie die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit gewonnen, d. h. angenommen und dadurch zum selbständigen Kampfe gegen den Feind ausgerüstet und zum gewissen Siege tüchtig gemacht sind.

Es ist also ein ganz einfaches Dilemma gestellt: entweder die Wahrheit. d. h. jene Erkenntniss mit ihren Geheimnissen, ihren Aufschlüssen, ihren Waffen wird angenommen; oder diese Wahrheit mit ihren Attributen und Eigenschaften sind die Menschen, wie sie nun eben sind, und ohne viele Vorbereitung anzunehmen, ja zu ertragen nicht fühig; so large aber dies nicht ist, stehen sie unwiderruflich, nothwendig und wehrlos unter der Herrschaft des Teufels. Es blebt demnach Nichts übrig als das Zweite zu jenem Dilemma: man muss den Teufel in ihuen bekämpfen, und zwar, so wie Wahrheit braucht er nicht, denn er kennt, es ihm gebührt. aber will sie nicht, ja er missbraucht sie, wenn er nur irgend kann; überlisten muss man ihn und so ihn mit sich selbet schlagen; ein Lügner ist er; wohl, er muss überboten und getauscht werden.—Die Wahrheit ist Gottes, die Lüge ist des Teufels, Jedem also das Seinige; den Teufel mit Wahrheit angehen und bedienen, heisst Gott verachten, und ihm seinen Theil, das ihm gebührende versagen, während den Tenfel überlisten und belogen, Gott dienen und ihm das Seinige darbringen heisst. Es muss bei diesem Allen unvergessen bleiben, dass diese Taktik eben gegen die Menschen, gegen alle Menschen, die nicht die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit baban, anzunehmen sei. Welch ein Abgrund eröffnete sich hier! Und doch überredet man sich, so in der Wahrheit zu stehen, in der Liebe zu handeln, und das Wohlgefallen Gottes sich sieher zu erwerben.

Was nun Ebel anlangt, so ist seine Stellung diese; er ist der vollkommene Mensch, der Heilige und Reine, er hat die Wahrheit zum vollkommenen Theil, er ist sie. Ihm zut Seite stehen immer einige Auserwählte, sie haben die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit von ihm erhalten, sie sind vot ihm geheiligt worden, sie erfüllen ihre Bestimmung, nicht nur Berufene, sondern Auserwählte, deren ja nur wenige sind, zu sein; ihre Namen werden einst glänzen, und ihre ist die Herrlichkeit. Ihm (Ebel) gegenüber steht die Welt zunächst die Natur, aber nur durch die Sünde der Menschet seufzende Kreatur; sodann aber die Menschen selbst, abe geblendet oder verfinstert, was eines ist, durch den Teufel der sich ja auch als Engel des Lichts kleiden und went möglich, die Auserwählten selbst zum Falle bringen könne Nun behauptet er freilich gar nicht, dass es nicht unte diesen vielen Menschen auch viele Berufene, Edelbegabt und durch den Geist mannigfach Erregte und Angezogen gebe, aber um so unglücklicher sind sie; denn eben si werden von dem Feinde um so leichter getäuscht; er läss ihnen eine gewisse Frömmigkeit, ein gewisses Christenthun einen gewissen Eifer - aber Alles nur ohne und jenseits de Erkenntniss der Wahrheit, und so ist denn doch Alk

vergeblich und todt und eine leichte Beute des Teufels. Darum hoffte er immer und die Seinen mit ihm, es werde in einer Kürze (über die aber schon viele Zeit vergangen ist) sich ein besonders göttliches Wunderzeichen an ihm offenbaren, damit die Besseren wenigstens, die ihrer Natur nach Berufenen und noch nicht Verstockten inne werden, wer er sei, und dass in ihm die Wahrheit selbst sei, dass auf ihn gesehen, ihm nachgewandelt werden müsse.

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Aber diejenigen auch, die eben nicht angefeindet werden, über die man auch im Herzen keinen Groll trägt, haben deshalb doch auf schlichte, wahrhafte Behandlung keinen Anspruch; sie können ja die Wahrheit nicht ertragen und werden vom Vater der Lüge, der die Wahrheit nicht will, beherrscht; sie werden, in sofern man mit ihnen in Berüh rung kommt, mit, "Weisheit" behandelt, d. h. man gieht ihnen, was ihnen zukommt, ihnen deutlich ist. Dies aber ist alles Andere eher als die Wahrheit; mit anderen Worten. man behandelt sie nach dem Princip: "seid klug wie die Schlangen," was eben die Anwendung der List, Unwahrheit Wer ihnen aber entgegen tritt, entu. s. w. in sich enthält. gegen zu treten scheint, sei es wer es wolle, oder worin et wolle, gegen den ist nicht mehr wie gegen einen Bewusstlosen, im Dienste des Feindes Stehenden zu verfahren, sondern wie gegen einen mit seinem Willen dem Feinde Ergebenen: an dem kann nichts Gutes mehr gefunden werden, so wenig als am Feinde selbst; welches Arge man von ihm aussage, et hat es verdient, and es war schon a priori, when es auch auf keiner Thatsache beruht, mit keiner bewiesen werden kann; diese kann vorausgesetzt and schlechthin behauptet werden; denn er ist ein Feind Gottes schlechthin, und ihn, soweit es geht, zu vertilgen, ist gerecht. Seine Ehre schonen? Ehre eines Feindes Gottes? Ehre eines Teufels? Und nicht blos er selbst kann nach solchen Grundsätzen behandelt werden, sondern auch in Beziehung auf ihn ist alles zum Zweck seiner Vernichtung Dienende gestattet in der Behandlung Anderer.

Ich schweige ganz von der empirenden Weise, wie von Ebel und den Seinen gegen mich, den Grafen von Finkenstein und Prof. Olshausen verfahren worden ist, welche Alle doch nichts Feindliches gegen ihn unternommen hatten, sondern sich nur, weil sie Grund genug dazu in sich gefunden zu haben gewiss geworden waren, von ihm getreunt hatten Man griff ihre Personen, ihre sittliche und bürgerliche Ehre,

ja, so weit es gelingen wollte, selbst inre äussere Existenz schonungslos, listig und mit den Waffen der Lüge an. Hievon aber, wie gesagt, ganz zu schweigen, so bietet die dermalige Verfahrungsweise Ebel's und der Seinen, da nun einmal eine Untersuchung eingeleitet und, wie es scheint, unausweichbar, und, wie sich dann bei uns von selbst versteht, mit strenger Gerechtigkeit hindurch geführt werden soll, die klare und volle Anschauung sowohl von dem Grundsätzlichen als von dem Praktischen dieser Leute dar, wo sie es mit Gegnern zu thun zu haben glauben.

Zuvörderst nämlich hätte es ihnen doch nicht entgehen sollen, was Jedem offen vorliegt, dass nämlich Niemand gegen sie als Anklüger aufgetreten sei, Niemand Feindschaft gegen sie hege, Niemand Verfolgung gegen sie übe. Diestel, den Grafen von Finkenstein (ich habe diesen Mann seit mehr als 10 Jahren nur einmal zufüllig und wenig gesprochen, stehe eben so lange in keinem Briefwechsel mit ihm, achte ihn aber wie seine Gemahlin sehr hoch) mit den gröbsten und schmähendsten Briefen verfolgend, wird endlich durch den Rechtskonsulenten des Grafen zur Zurücknahme der Beleidigungen aufgefordet, wenn er sich keinem Injurien-Processe aussetzen wolle; er versagt dieses, und die Klage mit den dazu nöthigen Belegen wird der juristischen zustündigen Landesbehörde übergeben. Diese findet in den Belegen Dinge, die in bedenklicher Beziehung zur Kirchen-Disciplin stehn, und hält es für ihre Pflicht, hiervon dem Consistorio Anzeige zu machen; dieses findet diese Momente noch bedenklicher, untersucht dieselben, soweit es ihm zustand, und jedenfalls mit aller der Zartheit und Berücksichtigung, die nur eine geistliche Behörde dem geistlichen Gegenstande zuzuwenden vermag; das Consistorium berichtet darüber der vorgesetzten höchsten Behörde, und die Untersuchung wird nun von Staatswegen angeordnet. Es giebt hier also gar keinen Ankläger. Doch nimmt zuvörderst Graf von Kanitz keinen Anstand, in einem öffentlichen Blatte, der allgemeinen Kirchenzeitung, den sittlichen Ruf des Grafen von Finkenstein, seines Schwagers, und der Gräfin von Finkenstein, seiner Nichte und zugleich Schwägerin, als in der ganzen Provinz übel bekannt darzustellen, dabei auch allerlei andere, wenn auch etwas verdeckter ausgesprochene Anschwärzungen anderer Personen zu insinuiren. Zugleich erbebt sich freiwillig eine grosse Zahl der achtungswerthesten, zum Theil ihrer äusseren Stellung nach ausgezeichnetsten Manner der Provinz, öffentlich bezeugend, dass Graf von Finkenstein und seine Gemahlin nur als edle, sittlich hoch gestellte Personen bekannt seien. Es wird eine Injurienklage gegen Graf von Kanitz der zuständigen Landesbehörke übergeben — er aber, ein loyaler Unterthan, ein Staatsdiener (Tribunalsrath) und christlicher Mann, würdigt seine Obrigkeit keiner Verantwortung, er stellt sich ihr gar nicht, weil sie Diestel gegen Graf von Finkenstein verurtheilt hatte.

So weit lautet dasjenige, was öffentlich bekannt geworden Aber weiter. Die höchsten Orts angeordnete Untersuchung durch den Kriminalsenat beginnt, Ebel und die Scinigen lenguen Alles und bis auf das Geringste herab; gegen alle Zeugen wird protestirt; sie sind Lügner, Verleumder, Sündenschlemmer, ja zum Meineide bereit, jeder Sünde fähig, schuldig; es gieht kein Verhältniss, das nicht verletzt und beschimpft wird. Die vom Richter nöthig erachteten Confrontationen verwandeln sich von Seiten Ebel's und der Seinigen in die ehrenrührendsten und jedes sittigen Austaudes ermangelnden Zänkereien; von sich selbst aber sagen sie mündlich und schriftlich mit einer Naivetät, welche die enische weit hinter sich lässt, das Edelste und Höchste aus : an ihnen ist kein underer Fehler als höchstens ein Uebermanss von Tugend, das die argen Menschen nicht ertragen k"nnen und sich deshalb emporen, auflehnen, und weil nichts Uebles in Wahr heit vorzubringen sei, zur Lüge und Verleumdung greifen.

Diese so bezeichneten Personen sind aber keine aus der Hefe des Volks, keine ihren Mitbürgern unbekannte Menschen, es sind ältere Leute, Geistliche, Gelehrte, Staatsdiener u. s. w., fast Alle, oder wohl gar Alle Hausvåter, und es giebt keinen unter ihnen, der nicht in grösserem oder geringerem Maasse sich öffentlich Vertrauen erworben und darin bewährt hatte. Alle aber wurden schlechthin der Lüge, der Verleumdung auf's Entschiedendste bezüchtigt; von Keinem aber auch nur angenommen, er könne vielleicht in einem Irrthune begriffen und wenigstens subjectiv wahr sein. Nein, sie sind Alle Verleumder mit Bewusstsein und bösem Willen! wie leicht wäre es doch eben diesen so hart angelassenen Zeugen, sich das Lob der Wahrheit, ja, einen ganzen Strahlenkranz höchster Lobeserhebungen als Menschen und Christen zu erwerben, wenn es ihnen nur möglich gewesen würe wirklich zu lügen! wenn sie nur auch die Obrigkeit als vom bösen Feinde besessen betrachtet und es angemessener gefunden hätten, sie zu belügen! wenn auch sie nur gemeint hätten es sei Gottesdienst und Wahrheitstreue, die Mittel durch den Zweck zu heiligen und zu lügen, anstatt Wahrheit zu sagen! wenn sie nur sich hätten überreden können, ein solches Verfahren sei nicht lästerlich und im tiefsten Grunde gottesleugnerisch! wenn auch sie nur Götzen- mit Gottesdienst hätten verwechseln können!

Freilich, von Seiten Ebel's und der Seinen ist Nichts in dieser Art unterlassen, Nichts für zu sehwer gefunden worden, ja, was man nicht für möglich unter gewissen Umständen halten möchte, es ist dennoch geschehen. Menschen zu belügen - leider, dies geschieht nicht selten; die Obrigkeit hintergehen - auch dies ist leider nichts Unerhörtes; wer aber auch nur an eine göttliche Weltregierung glaubt, und wer nit der Geschichte der Menschen und Völker nur irgend wie auf eine wirklich innerliche Weise bekannt geworden ist, dem ist die hohe und göttliche Bedeutung der Oberhäupter, Herrscher und Könige der Völker wenigstens so weit im Gefühle aufgegangen, dass er sich ihnen gegenüber, namentlich, wo es sich um wichtige menschliche und göttliche Angelegenheiten handelt, unmittelbar zur Wahrhaftigkeit genöthigt Noch ganz unders ist, wenn Sinn und Inhalt reinen Christenthums nicht fehlt. Dieses, Idolatrie und Unvernunft jeder Art aufhebend, führt unmittelbar dahin, in der göttlichen Regierung der Welt überall einen heiligen Willen und eine göttliche, auch der menschlichen Vernunft willig sich entfaltende Ordnung zu erblicken.

Dieses Christenthum lehrt, innerlichst begreifen, dass bei aller Gleichheit der Menschen vor Gott die Abstufungen in der Erscheinung und Darstellung der menschlichen, für göttliche Zwecke existirenden Gesellschaft eine hohe und unantastbare Bedeutung haben, und dass, wer sich in dieser göttlichen Weltordnung einem Andern untergeordnet sicht, dies als seine göttliche, also auch selige Bestimmung anerkennen müsse, und seine Unterordnung ist in der That, wo er auch stehe, immer nur eine Unterordnung gegen Gott; dieses also in sich Seligkeit und Freiheit, jenes Unseligkeit und Knechtschaft. Wer seinem Könige daher sich tief. gern und mit allem Bewusstsein unterordnet, dem begegnet Nichts von Knechtsgefühl, sondern er weiss es, dass dieses ein Akt seiner Freiheit ist, durch welche er vor Gott dem Könige gleich wird. Und was die höhere Menschenwürde auch in der untergeordneten Stellung unverletzt und rein erhält, ist ja eben das Recht nicht nur, sondern auch die Verpflichtung gegen Jeden, am Allermeisten aber gegen das Höchste und den Höchsten. Und so ist es auch in diesem Sinne bestätigend, dass die Wahrheit das allein frei Machende sei. Wäre es nun wohl möglich, dass man von diesen Standpunkte aus unwahr und hintergehend und absiehtlich tänsehend verfahren könnte gegen seine Obere, gegen seinen König selbst? und ist dieser Standpunkt nicht der vernanftig christliche? Ich spreche hier noch gar nicht von der Grösse des bürgerlichen Vergehens, wenn man den König selbst zu täuschen sucht, und ebenso wenig undererseits von dem ehen so thörichten als falsehen Vorgeben dieser Sectengenosen, dass sie vorzüglich, ja wohl einzig dem Throne wie dem . . . treu gesinnt? und ergeben wären; denn leider sprechen so thörichte und vermessene Behauptungen auch Personen aus anderen, sonst in alter Weise wahrhaft christlich und edel gesinnten Kreisen aus.

Aber was aus dem Kreise Ebel's eben in dieser Hinsicht bei Gelegenheit der eingeleiteten Untersuchung nach sehr glaubhaften Nachrichten geschehen sein soll, das verdient als charakteristisch hervorgehoben zu werden; nicht als Anklage, aber als ein für die psychologische Auffassung wichtiges Moment. Es giebt nicht nur in unserm Vaterlande, sondern in ganz Deutschland, im ganzen Europa keinen gebildeten Menschen, der es nicht wüsste, dass eben unser König ein wahrhaft frommer sei, dem Gerechtigkeit und Wahrheit das Theoreste, und, was diesem entgegen, ein Gränel ist. an diesen, an unsern allverehrten König wendet man sich, seine Gnade, seinen Schutz anrufend für einen frommen, von Lügnern und Verläumdern hart verfolgten treuen Hirten einer christlichen Gemeine. Wer wusste nicht, dass ein solcher Anruf das fromme Herz unstes erhabenen Königs erregen könnte? Wie aber wagt man es da von Verläumdung, von Lüge und von Verfolgung zu reden, gegen den König selbst zu reden, wo Nichts vorgebracht ist, als was den Gewissenhaftesten der wohl erwogene und mildeste Ausdruck des Thatsächlichen ist? oder war der Bittsteller selbst in einer Täuschung begriffen? Dann hatte er wenigstens leichtsinnig und unberufen gehandelt. Aber davon ist hier keine Rede; der Graf von Kanitz hat es gethan, er, der allerdings von Allem auf's Genaueste unterrichtet ist-aber eben deshalb auch haarscharf und vollkommen bestimmt weiss, wie verschonend und auf alle Weise gemüssigt gegen Ebel und die Seinen verfahren worden ist von denen, die er nun als Lügner anklagt, und von seinem und auch unserm Könige. Er weiss es, dass Alles, was geschehen, was ausgesagt worlen ist, abgesehen von der vollkonmensten Wahrheit desselben, von der Obrigkeit ausgesagt ist, die nicht von Diesem oder Jenem zur Untersuchung durch eine angebrachte Klage veranlasst, sondern von der hüchsten Stelle dazu angewiesen worden ist, vor der aber zu erscheinen und auf ihre Fragen zu antworten nach der Wahrheit, ja gar keine Wahl gelassen, sondern schlechthin Pflicht ist.

Und was gab es denn schon zu schreien und die allerhöchste Gnade anzurufen, wo die Untersuchung noch schwebt und nach aller Vorschrift unsrer Gesetze geführt ist? fürchtet er die Justiz? die Preussische Justiz? er, ein Preussischer Tribunalsrath? Möchte er lieber eine türkische gehandhabt haben? Nua wahrlich, dann hätte er sich nicht an den König von Preussen wenden sollen. Will ich aber hiermit den Grafen von Kanitz als einen absichtlichen Verbrecher geschildert haben, weil er in der That Etwas, das eben Geschilderte, begangen, das kaum anders als ein Verbrechen, und kein geringes, genannt werden kann? ferne! Beweisen aber kann es, wie gestattet, wie schlechthin gestattet in der Lehre und in den Grundsätzen es sei, ohne Unterschied Jeden mit Lügen behandeln zu dürfen, wenn er nicht die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit hat, und wenn es dem Zwecke und dem Nutzen der Secte dienen kann.

Ferner: es wird glaubhaft berichtet, dass die Katechumen Ebel's, einige ihm nahe stehende Frauen, sodann aber auch nichre Andere aufgefordert, ja recht eigentlich gepresst, von Mitgliedern der Secte (diese zogen herum, um Unterschriften auf eine sehr andrängende, bedrängende Weise zu sammeln) sich mit Bittschriften an Seine Majestät den König gewendet haben sollen, in denen die völlige Unschuld und Reinheit Ebel's und der Seinen betheuert und alles gegen ihn Vorgebrachte als Lüge und Verläumdung bezeichnet wor-Nun ist Nichts gewisser, als dass weder in jenem Kreise, noch von ihm ausgehend durch Andere Etwas geschehen darf, am Wenigsten etwas Bedeutendes, ohne die ausdrückliche Zustimmung und das bestimmte Geheiss Ebel's. theils wegen des unbedingten Gehorsams, den man ihm schuldig zu sein glaubt, theils der Ueberzeugung, dass Nichts gelingen könne, das nicht durch seine Billigung gewissermassen die Verheissung erhalten hat. (Den wirklichen Charakter des Gehorsams in diesem Kreise zu erkennen, kann auch dieser Zug dienen.) Dass Schritte solcher Art wahrscheinlich überall, bei uns ganz vergebliche sind, versteht sich von selbst. Nicht aber von den Erfolgen, sondern von den Motiven, Principien und Methoden des Verfahrens dieser Secte ist hier die Rede.

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Und in dieser Beziehung muss es zu fragen gestattet : hat es in dieser Beziehung viel, oder auch nur wenig A lichkeit mit dem eines Ehrenmannes, wenn etwa eine U suchung über einen auf seine Ehre Bezug habenden Ge stand eingeleitet ist, oder wohl gar eines Christen, der seinen Glauben, über seine Ueberzeugungen, über sein I selbst Rechenschaft geben soll? ist es nicht vielmehr ge dass jeder Ehrenmann, und um so mehr jeder fromme ((der doch wohl ein Ehrenmann überdies ist) Nichts wünschen, Nichts mehr befördern werde, als dass die I suchung möglichst genau, strenge, und bis in's Einzeln dringend ausfalle, damit er und Wahrheit rein und unbe bervorgehen mögen? Weder ausserordentliche Hilfe. Schutz der Hohen oder Höchsten werden sie nachst noch weniger aber die Untersuchung zu unterdrücken. zu erstieken suchen. Und soll ich wohl fragen, ob tobenden Schimpfreden durch Ehrenkränkung Andere Zuflucht nehmen werden?

Ich glaube, es seien nun die bisherigen Erläuterung weit fortgeführt und enthalten hinreichenden Stoff, u Ableitung einiger wichtiger übersichtlicher Resultate (

zu können.

 Nicht dem mindesten Zweifel scheint es unterwor sein, dass eine solche Gemeinschaft, wie die hier in stehende eine religiöse Secte genannt werden müsse.

2. Im höchsten Grade aber zweifelhaft ist's, ob ih die Benennung einer christlichen Secte beigelegt v könne; denn was haben deren Grundlehren des Ch thums ausser der Zufälligkeit, gleicher Worte sich hi da zu bedienen, denen jedoch die auseinandergehend

entgegengesetzte Bedeutung zukommt.

3. Es ist zwar von Ebel verschiedentlich behauptet w dass zwischen seiner so genannten philosophischen und seiner christlichen weiter keine Verbindung sei, je etwas auf spekulativem Wege gewonnenes, diese eine liche, im Glauben befestigte. Es ist aber unbegreiflic man glauben könne, hiermit nachdenkende Menschen tär zu können; denn:

a. Der Weg, auf welchem nan eine Ueberzeugur wonnen, eine Wahrheit gefunden hat, ist in Beziehun Ueberzeugung und Wahrheit selbst ganz gleichgiltig, bleiben stehen und können, wenn sie in sich selbst aufgehoben werden, nicht weggeschoben werden.

Ueberzeugung der Nichtexistenz Gottes gewonnen hätte, könnte or dabei Christ, ja christlicher Lehrer bleiben und, darüber zur Rechenschaft gezogen, antworten: philosophirend leugne ich Gott, aber auf der Kanzel und auf dem Man kann nicht entgegnen, Athe-Altare bekenne ich ihn. ismus sei Etwas, zu dem man nur durch den höchsten Trotz oder die höchste Unkunde aller Vernunft- und Naturgesetze gelangen könne, eigentlich etwas Unmögliches, der Vergleich mit einem solchen aber unstatthaft. Allerdings musste jeder Atheismus von der genannten Beschaffenheit sein, d. h. entweder in der Anwendung oder auf den Trümmern aller Vernunft- und Naturgesetze aufgeführt worden sein; hat aber die Schönherr-Ebel'sche Lehre einen besseren oder irgend einen Zusammenhang mit Vernunft und Natur, von der heiligen Schrift ganz und gar abgesehen?

- b. Ebel hat gar keinen Anstand genommen, auch zu sagen, seine sogenannte philosophische Lehre habe er nur problematisch hingestellt. Nennt man aber wohl ein Problem Erkenntniss der Wahrheit? Ja. diese Vertheidigungsrede Ebel's. abgeschen von ihrer vollkommenen wissenschaftlichen Unwahrheit, ist noch viel schlimmer und ihn härter anklagend, ja, noch mehr überführend, als das Erste. Denn man bedenke, wie unendlich schwach, ja, wie fast ohne eine christliche Ueberzeugung sein Glaube an die Worte und Lehren des Evangeliums sein misse, wenn sie sich nicht einmal als hinreichend krüftig in ihm haben erweisen können, um Etwas, das weder mit den Gesetzen der Vernunft noch der Natur wohl vereinbar ist, das er überdies selbst nicht einmal mit der subjectiven Ueberzeugung der Wahrheit angenommen hat, sondern nur für etwas Problematisches hält, völlig aus dem Wege räumen zu können.
- c. Ebel hat aber in der That diese Erkenntniss nicht nur für wahr, für objectiv wahr gehalten, sondern auch für den wahren und einzigen Schlüssel zur Einsicht in die Bibel, zu demjenigen, was er lebendiges Christenthum genannt, und als dessen Ansatz er die kirchliche Rechtgläubigkeit als nichtig und todt, die zu nichts führen kann als höchstens zur Täuschung über sich selbst und endlich zum Tode und Verderben zu nennen pflegte. In diesem Sinne wurden die orthodoxen und frömmsten Geistlichen unserer Stadt, z. B. der verstorbene Erzbischof Dr. Borowski, die beiden Prediger der Altrossgärtsehen Kirche; Kahle und Weiss, der Pfarrer Weiss, Hahn, als er bei uns war, als todte Christen, deren Wirksamkeit höchst verderblich sei, mit grossem Eifer und

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nicht geringem Zornmuthe geschildert. In diesem Siwurde auch mit der grössten Verwerfung von dem Berlschen Christenthum gesprochen; in eben diesem Sinne spr. Ebel immer viel günstiger von den sogenannten Ratio listen; denn, unzufrieden zwar mit ihren Resultaten, lobte doch an ihnen, dass sie sich wenigstens doch nach ande Beweismitteln umsahen, als eben die kirchliche Orthode überliefert; von ihnen daher meinte und hoffte er, sie wür auch zur Erkenntniss der Wahrheit, d. h. zu seiner zu wegen sein, wenn man sie zuvor nur irgend wie zur pers lichen Unterwerfung bringen könnte.

d. In Wahrheit hat auch Ebel so wenig sein philosopsches Credo (die mit dem Namen der Erkenntniss der Waheit belegte Lehre) von seinem kirchlichen (denn evangelikann es nicht genannt werden) getrennt, dass Jeder, der mit jenem einigermassen bekannt war, in der Predigt the Andeutungen, theils aber auch bestimmte Ausführungen selben, wenn auch in so verdeckter und in Bibelworte hüllter Weise, dass es den mit jener Lehre Unbekann verborgen bleibt, finden konnte und musste. Ja, es verl sich auch so mit den meisten, wenn nicht mit allen von Edurch den Druck bekannt gemachten Predigten.

4. Das Haupt dieser Secte ist Ebel, jedoch nicht soauch andere Secten von jeher Häupter und Vorsteher geh
haben; denn er hat in seinem Kreise nicht blos wie
Häupter anderer Secten eine höhere menschliche Stellu
sondern göttliche Bedeutung, wie das aus der Lehre sel
gefolgert, hierdurch aber wiederum die Lehre begründet
h. ohne Grund festgehalten, zunächst aber unbedingter
horsam für und absolute Unterwerfung Aller unter ihn 1
beigeführt und mit der äussersten Strenge gefordert i
beobachtet worden ist. Das ist sattsam eben dargethan.

5. Stand aber einmal Ebel da als vollkommener Mens als der Heilige und Reine (nicht blos dieses Kreises, sond auch des Universums) unserer Zeit, hat er nicht blos Wahrheit, sondern war er sie auch, war er nicht blos Reine, sondern war eben seine Wirkung auf Andere (d auf die Frauen) heiligend und reinigend, so ergab sich I von selbst—

a. Oh es wahr sei, was er sagte, lehrte, that, danach kon ja gar nicht gefragt werden; es war wahr, weil er es gesu gelehrt, gethan hatte.

b. Sein Umgang mit den Frauen wäre nach sonstig Beurtheilungen unzüchtig zu nennen gewesen, ja er sel wusste für Andere, selbst wenn sie nur im Entferntesten auf diese Weise verfuhren, keine andere Benennung; weil er aber der Reine wär, so konnte auch sein Thun nicht unrein sein, und weil er der Heilige war, nicht unheilig sein. Er beruft sich daher auch fort und fort auf seine Reinheit, ja auf seine natürliche Keuschheit (er, der sonst immer behauptet und lehrt, von Natur sei an uns, d. h. an Allen ausser ihm. Alles böse und verderbt.)

c. Als vollkommner Mensch war seine Natur, weise zu sein. Weisheit aber besteht darin, Jeden so behandeln zu können, wie er es eben braucht und ihm frommt; es war also ein Vorzug, Jedem ein Anderer zu sein, nicht, wie Paulus, Allen Alles. In der That wechselte er die Farbe chamäleontisch, und seine Erscheinung war mehr als die eines Proteus. Dass die Leute, dies bemerkend, ihn stets für einen Falschen und Heuchler hielten, das erklärte er in heiteren Stunden als eine schwere Finsterniss, die das Land noch deckt, wodurch aber die Weisheit in der Nothwendigkeit des Wechsels ihrer Erscheinung nicht erkannt werde; in Stunden des Ver-

drusses aber wurde dies dadurch erklärt, dass irgend Jemand im Kreise gesündigt hat, ein verborgener Bann da sein müsse, der eine solche Verwirrung anrichte. Und deren gab es leider viele.

d. Der Heilige und Reine sollte doch nothwendig dem Bösen in der Welt (dem Fürsten der Welt, dem Teufel) entgegen wirken; dieser aber ist ein Lügner, diesem muss nun das Reich herbeizuführen, diejenige Gegenwehr entgegengesetzt werden, durch welche er die Wahrheit mit Bewusstsein und aus freiem Willen zurück gewiesen hatte; dies aber ist nur möglich durch die List, und zwar eben durch die List der Wahrheit. Nun beherrscht ja aber der Teufel Alle, die nicht in der Erkenntniss der Wahrheit stehn, es müssen also Alle mit List behandelt werden, d. h. überlistet, d. h. der

Teufel in ihnen bekämpft werden.

Das grosse Maass der hierzu gebrauchten Lügen wurde dem Dienste der Wahrheit zu Gute geschrieben, ohne das Gewissen irgend wie zu beschweren. Dieselbe Weisheit wurde aber nicht nur gegen die Draussenstehenden angewendet, sondern auch gegen die Mitglieder des Kreises selbst; denn nur Wenige von ihnen waren ja völlig hindurch gedrungen, die Meisten waren ja auch angezogen und erweckt, doch nicht durchweg erleuchtet und zu vollkommener Mannesstärke herangereift; auch sie waren ja noch den Anfechtungen des Feindes ausgesetzt, noch vielfach dunkel und zur Finster-

niss geneigt, auch sie also mussten mit List behandelt werden. Zur gleichen Weisheit aber nun gehört es auch, dass jeder zum Kreise Gehörige, welche Stufe er auch inne habe, in die Meinung gesetzt und in ihr erhalten werde, ihm sei Ales mitgetheilt, er wisse Alles, vor ihm habe man kein Geheimniss. Wird er dennoch später weiter geführt, so wird ihm des frühere Vorenthalten als eine Handlung liebender Weisheit begreitlich gemacht, nun aber, das erfährt er wieder, wisse er Wird man unter solchen Behandlungen von einem unheimlichen Gefühle ergriffen, und hat man noch nicht Energie zur entscheidenden Trennung gewonnen, so bleibt Nichts übrig, als dieses Unheimliche in sich selbst heimlich zu verschliessen, da sonst die Begegnung düster und rauh Zu jener Energie aber gelangt man nur nach vielen inneren Schmerzen and Kämpfen; denn wie ist doch dafür gesorgt worden, dass man sich zuvor gewissermassen gefangen gegeben, und sich selbst in Fesseln geschlagen habe!

Zur Zeit, als ich diesem Kreise noch angehörte, d. i. vor nun fast 11 Jahren, gab es wohl nur 4 Mitglieder desselben, die zur vollkommenen Mannesstärke, der Alles enthüllt werden, die Alles tragen konnte, gelangt waren; diese bestanden aus 3 Frauen: Gräfinnen v. d. Groben, v. Kanitz (diese letztere verstorben), Fräulein Emilie v. Schrötter; das vierte Mitglied war freilich keine Frau, gewiss aber auch kein Mann; denn Graf v. Kanitz war dieses 4te Mitglied, und ihm tritt man gewiss nicht zu nahe, wenn man ihm bei williger Einräumung mancher Eigenschaften, ja selbst Vorzüge, alles

Männliche abspricht.

Ich fahre nun in der Darstellung selbst fort. Eine solebe in Geheimniss sich hüllende Verbindung konnte nicht bestehen, ohne bemerkt, ohne beobachtet und beurtheilt zu wer-Dass die Urtheile nicht gleich, über Manche ungerecht waren, ist natürlich, und darüber zu rechten wäre unrecht Worin aber Alle übereinkommen, das war ein Gefühl des Misstrauens und des Missachtens. Ja, da Viele unbefangen genug urtheilten, so kam es bald dahin, dass sich die Annahme schr verbreitete: Ebel ziehe unter dem Scheine der Heiligkeit junge und hübsche Damen an sich, verhandle mit ihnen in Worten Gottreliges, in der That Fleischliches und gröbst Sinnliches; ültere reiche Frauen mussten ihm die Töchter zur Einweihung in die tiefere Frömmigkeit zuführen, dabei es aber auch nicht an äusseren Opfern, Geschenken, an Geld und Sachen fehlen lassen, reiche Grafen und andere Wohlhabende aber el enfalls angenehme Opfer darbringen. Alle, die mit

Ebel in Verbindung standen, waren im Publicum mit dem Namen Mucker (Scheinheilige) bezeichnet; sie hatten, in welchen Verhältnissen sie auch stehen mochten, ungemeine Schwierigkeiten zu überwinden; man blieb gern ausser allen näheren Verhältnissen mit ihnen. Viele legten sich auch nicht einmal den Zwang auf, ihr Misstrauen und Missachten zu verbergen. Oft wurde in dem Kreise darüber gesprochen und in besseren Stimmungen von Ebel als Ermunterung gedeutet : es ware die Schmach Christi, die man zu tragen hätte, die man willig und freudig auf sich nehmen müsse; in trüben Stimmungen dagegen (und diese wurden häufiger und am Meisten über dicienigen ausgegossen, die dem Kreise längere Zeit angehörten und den Erwartungen noch nicht entsprachen) wären sie, hiess es, hindurch gedrungen, so würde auch Alles herrlich stehen. Was sie aber hätten thun und leisten sollen, das blieb verborgen. Es wurde geseufzt, Achsel gezuckt, gemurrt, etc.; Ebel erklärte voll Zorn, er müsse Alles leiden, ihm geschehe alles Wehe, ihm dem Unschuldigen; das Reich Gottes würde aufgehalten, nicht durch die draussen stehenden Armen, die sich ja nicht helfen könnten, da sie nicht die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit hätten, sondern durch die Trägheit und Lässigkeit der Mitglieder des Kreises; dem Reiche Gottes milsse Gewalt geschehen. Solcher und ähnlicher heftiger Reden wurden viele gehalten; die Damen blickten mit Thränen auf Ebel, den unschuldig Leidenden, Heiligen und Reinen. Wer nach Sinn verlangte, ging leer aus, musste aber sehr still sein. Nun jedenfalls nahm das Publicum immer mehr in der Ueberzeugung zu. dass Ebel nicht derjenige sei, der er scheine, dass Unheilvolles im Hintergrunde liege ; da man nun überdies wusste, dass die Anhänger Ebel's, namentlich der weibliche Theil, emsig mit Werbungen sich beschäftigte, so waren Haus- und Familienväter schr wachsam; denn es wurde für ein Unglück geachtet. wenn Jemand in diesen Kreis bereingezogen wurde.

Wie sehr sich das frühe sehon am hiesigen Orte so verhalten habe, das bezeugen zwei Druckschriften des Herrn Consistorialrath Kähler; er liess nämlich in den Jahren 1822, 23, wenn ich nicht irre, 2 Hefte einer Schrift drucken, der er den Titel: Philagathos gegeben. In geistreicher, gewandter und lebendiger Darstellung, wie sie diesem ausgezeichneten Manne eigenthumlich ist, werden die inneren Verhältnisse dieser Verbindung, namentlich Ebel in seiner Tendenz nicht nur, sondern auch seinem Thun nach genau, ja fast portraithaft gezeichnet. Schoin und Sein dieser Serte wird philoso-

phisch und physiologisch scharf aufgefasst und durchgefüh der Schluss stellt eine Scene dar, die Schrecken und Entsetz erregt und doch kein Fietum ist. Das geringste Verdie dieser Schrift ist die poetische Erfindung, sie enthält v mehr gar Nichts in Beziehung auf Sachen und Personen, t nicht damals die ganz allgemeine Annahme in hiesiger St gewesen ware, deshalb gab es auch beim Erscheinen die Schrift kein Rathen und kein Zweifeln, wer etwa mit dies oder jenem Namen, ja mit dieser oder jener Andeutung meint sein sollte, sondern Alles vielmehr war sofort Al klar, weil Allen zuvor Alles bekannt war, wenigstens in Voraussetzung als moralische Ueberzeugung, wenn a Niemand die juridische zu geben vermögend war, noch niger aber Jemand so leicht es vermocht hätte wie der nannte Verfasser des Philagathos aus der vor den Augen Geistes schwebenden Wirklichkeit das Wesentlichste her zugreifen und mit geschickter, siehrer Hand es zur fe-Betrachtung hinzustellen. Ja. es ist höchst merkwürdig für den ersten Augenblick kaum glaublich, doch aber str wahr und aus der eben gegebenen Schilderung, wie die 1 glieder des Kreises behandelt worden sind, begreiflich, d in jener Schrift Manches deutlich und bestimmt als inne Vorgang des Kreises, als Thatsache angegeben worden was unter den Mitgliedern selbst Vielen, ja selbst se Vorgerückteren, z. B. Olshausen und mir, unbekannt gewe ist, wenigstens damals; denn später habe ich es allerdi erfahren.

Alles bis hierher Bemerkte bezieht sich lediglich auf E und seine Erklärung, indessen ist hiemit auch in der T Alles für die Erklärung der in Rede stehenden Sache ni blos berührt worden, sondern wirklich abgethan; denn erschätternde Wort Ludwig's XIV. 'Pélat v'est moi' kon Ebel in Beziehung auf den von ihm gebildeten Kreis mit grösserem Rechte sprechen. Nie, und das ist die streng Wahrheit, hat ein Despot willkürlicher geherrseht, nie Jesuitengeneral strengeren Gehorsam gefordert und erhalt nie ein Pabst so schnell und viel kanonisirt und anathem sirt als Ebel.

Doch ist von einigen anderen Personen noch Erwähnzu thun; es wird dies kurz geschehen können, zumal sie sc angeführt sind und Einigez über sie bemerket. Die Personber, deren ich noch zu gedenken habe, sind: die verstorb Gräfin von Kanitz (geb. von Derschau), die Gräfin von Gröben, Graf von Kanitz, Diestel und ich selbst.

1. Die nachherige Gräfin von Kanitz, geb. von Derschau, ist die älteste Freundin Ebel's gewesen. Ihr Vater, den ich persönlich nicht gekannt habe, ein preussischer Major, scheint ein Mann der wackersten Art, gewesen zu sein, von frommer christlicher Gesinnung, dabei aber dem Mysteriösen (im besten Sinne) etwas zugeneigt. Christlich erzogen, vom verstorbenen Erzbischof von Borowski unterrichtet und eingesegnet, lernte Fräulein von Derschau frühe, jedoch erst (wenn ich nicht irre) nach dem Tode ihres Vaters, Ebel als Prediger Der junge, schöne, feurige Redner machte grossen Eindruck auf sie, und sie suchte seine persönliche Bekannt-Hier wurde sie inne, dass sie vorher das Christenthum gar nicht gekannt habe; in der That erhielt sie bald Sie hatte als breiteste Basis ihrer Natur eine starke Sinnlichkeit, zu der sich als geistige Anlage eine sehr regsame, durch keinen gründlichen Unterricht geregelte Phantasie gesellte. In der Mitte ihres Wesens stand eine grosse Herzensfreundlichkeit; sie selbst sagte, sie sei zur Wollast geneigt. Ebel beruhigte sie, indem er ihr begreiflich machte, jene an sich sei nicht Sünde, sie werde es nur, wenn sie vom Feinde gemissbraucht wird, durch die Erkenntniss der Wahrheit werde sie geheiligt und zur edlen Wesenhaftigkeit erhoben. Früher wurde sie mit Schönherr durch Ebel bekannt; sie glaubte, sie sei das zu jenem gehörige Weib, sah jedoch später ihren Irrthum ein. Ganz und gar Ebel ergeben, in ihm das Höchste erblickend und verehrend, wurde sie zu einer vollkommenen zweischneidigen Fanatikerin. Mit ihr zuerst hat Ebel die sogenannten geschlechtlichen Reinigungen geübt, und wie Ebel mir erzählt, wurden diese zuerst von ihr zur Sprache gebracht und eingeleitet. Sie, ein stark simpliches Weib und lange in geschlechtlicher Erregung durch die sogenannten Reinigungsacte erhalten, musste die Ebefrau eines Mannes wie Kanitz werden, weil es ermittelt wurde, dass sie Beide schlechthin zusammengehören und zwar eben dadurch, dass sie die beiden Zeugen wären, von denen in der Apokalypse gesprochen ist. Mit Freude ging sie das Ehebündniss ein, doch sehr bald sprach sie ihr innigstes Mitleiden über Kanitz aus. Nur wenige Jahre lebte sie verheirathet, und in den letzten Stunden ihres Lebens, in welchen ich bis zu ihrem Verscheiden bei ihr gewesen und sie beobachtet habe, hat sie wohl eine bedeutende Veränderung erfahren. Ebel nämlich hatte mit einem unendlichen Redestrome in sie hineingeredet, ihr Bestellungen nach dem Himmel besonders an den Herrn Christus (wie er eben dort ist)

aufgetragen, und sie ihn empfänglich hingebend und aufmerksam, dann wenigstens geduldig angehört; nun aber hat sie ihn, inne zu halten und ihr das heilige Abendmahl zu reichen, nach welchem sie verlange. Da er aber mit jenen Reden fortfuhr, so wurden ihre Bitten dringender, endlich gebot sie ihm Stillschweigen und die schleunige Reichung des Mahles. Diese Handlung wurde nun kirchlich vollzogen; sie, dadurch sehr beruhigt, sprach kein lautes Wort mehr, noch auch liess sie zu sich reden, sondern blieb im tiefsten, andächtigsten, stillen Gebete noch mehre Stunden, und verschied sanft. Ich habe die moralische und feste Ueberzengung, dass Gott ihr redliches Herz angesehen und eben in dieser letzten Stunde sie von allem Irrthume geheilt habe. Ruhe und Friede sei mit ihr!

Gräfin Ida von der Gröben. Mehreres and night Unwesentliches ist bereits im Verlaufe dieser Darstellung zur Bezeichnung ihrer ausgezeichneten Persöulichkeit bewerkt worden, einiges gewiss jedoch zu einer vollkommenen Charakteristik nicht Zureichendes muss noch hinzugefügt werden. Schon in ihrer romantisch-phantastischen Zeit, die bis zu ihrer näheren Verbindung mit Ebel reicht, war in ihr eine besondere Charakterstärke zur festesten Ausführung gefassler Vorsätze ausgebildet. Sie, sehr jung verheirathet, von äusserst zartem Körperbau, von Natur eigentlich sehr weichlich (was sich auch nuch ihrer so genannten Erweckung und als sie schon vollkommen geheiligt, die neue Natur angezogen hatte, wiederum sehr deutlich zeigte), fand es für ein ritterliches Weib ungeziemend, über körperliche Leiden zu klagen, oder wohl gar Schmerzenslaute auszustossen. Sie fasste dahet den Vorsatz, auch in der Stunde der Geburtsnoth sich keinen Schmerzenston entschlüpfen zu lassen, und so führte sie ei auch aus, obwohl, schon als Erstgebärende höchst leidend, sie auch noch eine künstliche Geburt zu überstehen hatte. vielen Jahren, als sie lange schon "im neuen Leben" ge standen hatte, litt sie an einer kleinen Eiteransammlung unte einem Hühnerauge; es musste Etwas operirt werden, ala die ganze Operation war keine andere, als die bei gewöhl lichen Hühneraugen; doch erfasste sie Furcht und Zagen, si bat und beschwor mich, doch nur ja recht schonend und vo sichtig zu verfahren. 1ch führe dies an und füge zugleit etwas Allgemeines hinzu, weil mir hierin etwas Charakte istisches, nicht blos der einzelnen Person, sondern der ganz Verbindung und ihres innerlichen Zustandes zu liegen scheit Seit fast 30 Jahren sehe ich täglich Kranke, seit 26 Jahr

bin ich Arzt, nie aber habe ich im kranken Zustande Personen weichlicher und furchtsamer, ja auch nur so weichlich und furchtsam sich benehmen gesehen als eben die Mitglieder dieses Kreises, und zwar sind sie es in dem Maasse mehr, jo höher sie im Kreise stehen und sich wirklich demselben innerlich angeschlossen haben. Obenan in dieser Beziehung stand Ebel selbst, dann folgte Gräfin Ida von der Gröben. Sie haben nämlich die Ueberzeugung, dass auch ihr Leib nunmehr eine viel höhere Bedeutung habe, überdies in sich selbst so veredelt und der neuen Natur angemessen sei, dass gar nicht gegen ihn zu kämpfen, seine Gefühle nicht zu unterdrücken und nicht zu überwinden seien, wohl aber mussten sie inn ünsserst sorgfältig bewahren und schützen; dagegen aber treffe sie Etwas, das um dasjenige sich bewegt, was sie die Sache, ihre Sache, Gottes Sache nennen, und erfordere dies eine Uebernahme körperlicher Schmerzen, auch der grössten, so wurden sie gewiss ruhig und standhaft er-Doch ich will lieber nicht weiter im plural reden; denn weder von Ebel selbst, noch von Kanitz, noch von Diestel glaube ich es recht, von der Gräfin v. d. Gröben ist es aber gewiss, und eben so hatten sich die verstorbene Gräfin von Kanitz und in gleicher Weise Fräulein Emilie v. Schrötter verhalten. Nun aber fahre ich fort; diese Frau, diese wahrhaft edle Natur hat in Ebel Alles erblickt, Alles gefunden und erhalten, was sie irgend sich hat ersehen können : er ist ihr Geliebter, ihr Mann, ihr Erlöser, ja, wie es in irgend einem anderen Zusammenhange gar nicht möglich wäre, ihr Gott; er ist ihr Inhalt auf Erden und im Himmel; für Zeit und Ewigkeit ihm zu dienen, ist ihr Freiheit; ihm ein Opfer zu bringen, wäre ihr das Herzblut nicht zu theuer; sondern das Liebste, ihm sich hinzugeben, ganz, widerstandlos; in ihm vollkommen sich zu verlieren - was könnte ihr Höheres begegnen, wie könnte sie selbst sich besser und veredelter empfinden und finden, als in ihm! und würde Ebel ihr sagen: "Ida, gehe hin und senke diesem Menschen den Dolch in's Herz"—sie würde ihn nur anblicken, um zu sehen, ob es sein Ernst sei; fünde sie dies, so ginge sie hin und thüte es; ist er denn Mensch, dass er irren könnte? Ja, sie thäte mehr, mehr wenigstens als Selbstopfer: würde ihr Ebel sagen: "Ida, gehe hin, liebe diesen Menschen und gieb dich ihm als Weib hin," auch dies würde sie, wenn vielleicht auch unter Thrünen, aber doch ohne allen Zweifel und in willigstem Geborsam thun.

Dass diese Schilderung vollkommen wahr und sehr müssig

UMTRIEBE IN KONIGSBERG.

ausgedrückt sei, davon bin ich innigst und durch die genaue Kenntniss eben dieser Persönlichkeit überzeugt. Zusamm schaudern muss freilich jeder Unbefangene darüber, de aber auch, der dabei denkt, was ein menschliches Herz und was eine menschliche Seele, wird bekennen müssen, dieses Herz, diese Seele ein Gegenstand würdiger Betratung sei und innigster Theilnahme; und Niemand wird lenen, dass ein hoher Grad angestammten und ausgebilde inneren Adels dazu gehört, um so weit sich verirren, so fallen zu können. Aber wehe dem Verführer! er hat diedle Seele, dieses treufeste Herz Gott entwendet, ihm eit

anderen hineingelogen!

Eben diese Hingebung aber, die gewiss eben so wel gewährt als angenommen werden sollte, ist zu einer schwe Fessel für Ebel selbst geworden. Denn mit der gröss Strenge sieht nun die Gräfin v. d. Gröben nicht nur dara dass Niemand aus dem Kreise die tiefste, ja recht eigentl göttliche Ehrerbietung und unbedingten Gehorsam i verweigere, sondern er selbst darf sich keinen Augenbl menschlichen Schwächen überlassen, d. h. nicht der Schwac ein blos gewöhnlicher Mensch zu sein; dies wird sogle als eine schnell zu beseitigende Anfechtung aus der al Natur gedeutet; unter sehr freundlicher Geberdung nim er dann auch eine solche Mahnung an und tritt sogleich die Stellung als vollkommener Mensch wieder ein. Offen aber ist er in dem Wahne, den er selbst ausgestreut (an er selbst seiner Schlauheit und ausserlichen Tendenz n niemals fest geglaubt hat), immer enger und enger eit schlossen und gebunden. Sie selbst, wie es nun einmal in geworden, vermag nicht anders zu denken, zu sehen zu handeln; käme ihr eine Stimme vom Himmel mit e Zurufe: "Ebel hat dich getäuscht, betrogen, er ist Mensch, ja ein sehr sündhafter und verschmitzter Mensch sie wurde ihm als einem feindlichen, aus der Hölle komme nicht glauben; denn sie ist überzeugt, ihren himmlise Freund und Erlöser, dessen Weib zu sein sie in die se Bestimmung hat, gefunden, mit Augen gesehen und inbrün umschlungen zu haben, und er ist bei ihr, und sie ist ihm! Und nur in dieser festen Ueberzeugung kann sie selbst fassen und begreißen; unter jeder anderen Beding müsste sie sich ja selbst als eine Prostituirte betrachten verabscheuen! Freilich würde Ebel selbst seinen inner Hochmuth nur so weit brechen können, um von dem ti Elend, das er um sich angerichtet, gerührt und erweich

werden, würde er dann noch etwas tiefer in sich blicken, mit welcher schlangenherzigen Külte er es zugelassen, dass sich Ströme der wärmsten Liebe über ihn ergossen, ohne dass er einen Laut der Wahrheit, ein Wort menschlicher Aufrichtigkeit zur Erwiederung gespendet, würde es ihm dann vielleicht zum ersten Male seit langer, langer Zeit bange um's Herz und schlüge Angst in seine verhärtete Seele ein: - dann würde er wohl vor Allen zu ihr, zu dieser getäuschten, edlen Frau hineilen, ihr zu Füssen mit dem Bekenntnisse stürzen, dass er ein sehr schwacher, tief verschuldeter, unglücklicher Mensch, dessen drei Kardinal-Laster, Augenlust, Fleischeslust und hoffärtiges Wesen, sein Innerstes zerwühlt, dass er ein hochmüthiger, wollüstiger und verschmitzter Pfasse sei! Ach, dass er es thate! sie würde ihm glauben und ihm vergeben, Ruhe aber und Vergebung für sich selbst suchen und finden, wo sie allein nur zu suchen und zu finden sind, bei dem allbarmherzigen Gott; ibr Herz würde stark genug sein, um diesen härtesten Schlag zu ertragen; denn sie ist stark, und es könnte ihr der Trost, beim Suchen des Guten und Wahren in die tiefste Täuschung gestürzt worden zu sein, nicht entgehen. Einstweilen thut jedoch Ebel etwas Anderes: er behauptet sich in seiner Truggestalt, lässt sich von seiner Umgebung und gewiss am Meisten von der beklagenswerthen Gräfin v. d. Gröben die tiefste Adoration gefallen, rühmt seine Keuschheit und Reinkeit, und kein menschlich wahres Wort kommt über seine Lippen.

3. Graf von Kanitz. Seine Persönlichkeit zieht zunächst durch Milde, sodann durch seine feine Sitte an, welche ein glückliches Erbtheil vieler Personen aus den höheren Ständen Sein Charakter hat nichts Ostensibles, sein Gemüth nichts Widerstrebendes. Aber man kann ihn lange gekannt, ihm sehr nahe gestanden haben, ohne etwas Positives in ihm gefunden zu haben; man kann bei vollständiger und nicht unangenehmer persönlicher Erscheinung nicht leerer von allem persönlichen Inhalte sein, als er es ist. Man kann nicht einmal sagen, er sei unselbstständig; denn man findet gar kein Selbst, dem er innerlich folgen, oder von dem er sich entfernen könnte. Dabei ohne gründliche Kenntnisse irgend einer Art, also ohne Stützung innerlich, ohne festen Anhalt ausserlich. Seine Jugend fällt in die Zeit, in welcher die Alten selbst sich jugendlich erweckt fühlten, die Jugend aber zur reinsten Flamme der Vaterlandsliebe aufgelodert und von einem allgemeinen religiösen Gefühle ergriffen war.

Von diesem damals in ganz Deutschland, vorzüglich aber in unserm Vaterlande wehenden Geiste ist auch er nach dem Maasse seiner Empfänglichkeit berührt worden; er machte den Feldzug mit und kehrte mit einer militärischen Dekoration zurück. Eine solche Persönlichkeit hat nun das natürliche Bedürfniss zur Anlehnung gegen einen Andern, nur weiss sie freilich nicht die rechte zu suchen und zu finden, jedenfalls wird sie selber viel leichter hingenommen von Anderen, die Absiehten, gute oder üble, haben und

verfolgen.

Kanitz glaubt. Ebel gefunden zu haben, in Wahrheit aber hat Ebel Kanitz genommen. Misslicheres, ja Unglücklicheres hütte sich für Kanitz gar nicht ereignen können; denn, an einen so absichtsvollen, versatilen Mann angeschlossen, war jede Möglichkeit für ihn verloren, irgend wann oder igend wo einen Schwerpunkt in sich selbst zu finden Und dies auch ist in der That völlig unterblieben. Kanitz vermag Nichts, und that Nichts, als fort und fort gleichsam die Lection aufsagen, die Ebel ihm aufgegeben, nicht zu lernen, sonderadie Worte selbst sind mitgegeben, das darf nur aufgesagt werden, und dies ist seit mehr als 20 Jahren das ausschließliche Thun des Grafen v. Kanitz. Denn das ist freilich einerlei, ob er sagt und thut was Ebel, oder durch ihn die Gräfin v.d. Gröben, oder irgend Jemand der zu Ebel gehört und doch selbst noch irgend Etwas ist, ihm zu sagen oder zu thun aufgegeben. Es kann daher allerdings sogar possierlich erscheinen, wenn Jemand, der wie Graf von Kanitz so ganz und gar den Eindruck absoluter Schwäche macht, sieh starker Ausdrücke bedient; es erklärt sich aber ganz leicht dadurch, dass sie zur Lection gehören. Mit einem Worte, es kann eigenb lich vom Grafen von Kanitz gar nicht als von einer bestimme ten geistigen Individualität die Rede sein, und eben nur dies ist's, was hier über ihn bemerkt werden musste. Wird einst Ebel entlarvt sein, dann wird Kanitz wie aus einem Traumo erwachen und dann ein förmlich harmloser, wohlwollendet, gütiger Mensch sein, denn dazu hat er die natürliche Bestinmung und den reinen Zug des Herzens. Bis dahin sagt und thut er, was Ebel ihm befiehlt.

4. Der Prediger Diestel. Weder eine tiefe, noch schwierige, noch verwickelte Natur, ist's dennoch schwer, über diesen Mann zu reden, wenn es darauf ankommt, ihn psychologisch zu charakterisiren. Es wollen sich nämlich hiezu nicht leicht und auch nicht, wenn man sorgfältig sucht, Ausdrücke finden, die bezeichnend wären und doch nicht entwoder den Anstand etwas verletzend oder den Verdacht erregend, dass sie ohne Noth zu stark seien. In solcher Verlegenheit ist man immer, wenn man anständig und wahr sprechen soll von Personen, gegen welche Nichts ungeziemender sein kann, als ungemes\(^4\)ener, unm\(^3\)ener, oder wohl gar roher Ausdruck. Von Verirrungen, selbst von den tiefsten, ja sogar von offenbaren Schlechtigkeiten kann man, wenn es sein muss, vor den gebildetsten und fein gesinnten Personen ohne Verlegenheit sprechen; denn jene Dinge beziehen sich auf sittliche Zust\(^3\)ener die zu betrachten oft ein sittliches Gebot, niemals aber unw\(^3\)erd den gesten widerw\(^3\)erd kann; das Ge-

meine aber erregt Ekel.

Man denke sich einen Mann von einer ungemeinen natürlichen Grobbeit und einem heftig polternden Wesen, der eben nur in solchem Anfahren und Anlassen Anderer zum Gefühle eigner Tüchtigkeit zu gelangen vermag; dabei, wie harte und rohe Menschen immer zu sein offegen, eine knechtische Natur, d. h. in schmutziger Unterwerfung sieh wohl gefallend, wenn sie nur ausserhalb dieser selben Zähmung Alles anfahren und angreifen kann, ja wohl zum Theil biezu von der eignen Herrschaft bestimmt ist. Innerlich verworren, platt sinnlich, alle geistige Thätigkeit nur unter der Form des Streites und diesen selbst nur als roben Zank begreifend und übend - denkt man sich einen Solchen, so hat man die allgemeine Grundlage des Herrn Prediger Diestel, die freilich keine zu einem rein menschlichen, noch weniger aber zu einem anziehenden Charakter ist. Es muss aber noch hinzugenommen werden; er hatte früher Jura studirt, dann aber sich zum Studium der Theologie gewendet; während dieses Studiums, noch auf der Universität ist er mit Schönherr in Verbindung getreten und, von diesem als ein Engel aus der Apokalypse erkannt. Heinrich Siegelbrecher genannt worden. Wie wenig tief oder nur mit wissenschaftlichem Ernst er die Theologie studirt, zeigt eben seine frühe Verbindung mit Schönherr, wie wenig er aber auch für sich innerlich hingegeben hat, beweist seine Trennung von Schönherr beim Eintritt in's geistliche Amt. (Landgeistlichen, auch mehren sehr voluminösen Belehrungsbriefen, der kleinste füllte ein ziemlich starkes Quartheft, die Fräulein von Derschau, spätere Gräfin von Kanitz, ihm geschrieben, antwortete er weder mündlich noch schriftlich; denn sie drang auf ihn mit grossem Ernst, mit entschiedener, freilich phantastischer Schärfe ein, und da zog sich denn seine feige Natur zurück, wie man ja sogar von sonst wilden und reissenden Thieren erzählt.

PMTRIEBE IN KONIGSBERG.

dass sie durch entschlossenen, ernst menschlichen Bli
die Flucht getrieben werden.) So wandelte er denn
hin, von Wenigen bemerkt, aber, wie er nachher vor
selbst zur grossen Beschwerde derer, die es anzuhören h
erzählte, in grosser Sorglosigkeit um seinen sittliche
stand, in träger Hingebung an seine Sinnlichkeit. Abe
lich war ihm für sein Amt am Angemessensten und
Natur am Entsprechendsten, dass er ein heftig polte
Prediger blieb, und hiezu war eine dogmatische Ans
sung an die kirchliche Orthodoxie am Bequemsten, i
ihm wohl früher in der Verbindung mit Schönherr nich
sen Lehre an sieh, sondern das damit verbundene Schü
Verachten und Wegwerfen alles Anderen das anz
ü
Wesen zu sein scheint.

Im Jahre 1821 (wenn ich nicht iere, auch sehon f

tritt er wiederum in eine neue Verbindung mit Ebel, mit jedoch, äusserlich einmal von diesem sehr verachtet, i in einigem Zusammenhange geblieben war. Das Na was er nun that, um seine Reue darzuthun, war ein U rennen zu den Mitgliedern des Kreises, um vor ihnen sowohl Sündenbekenntnisse abzulegen, als vielmehr w Wasserkobold Ströme von Sünden aus sich berauszul und herabzustürzen. Was aber das wirkliche Thun an so hatte er dafür ein besonderes Abkommen mit sieh get Es war z. B. nicht gestattet, Tabak zu rauchen od schnupfen; Letzteres batte er nie gethan, Ersteres set aber auch jetzt noch fort. Wie aber erklärt er dies? e es, um sich vor sich selbst zu demüthigen und sich im dengefühle zu erhalten. Es war ferner schwer ve Kinder zu zeugen vor der völligen Wiedergeburt (u dieser war kein männliches Glied des Kreises-ve sich, mit Ausnahme Ebel's-gelangt); Diestel zeugt

Niemand im Kreise verkannte ihn damals, man sah i einen sehr fleischlichen Menschen an; Ebel gab sich m wenig, die Anderen ungern ab; die Heuchelei lag obe So im Ganzen blieb er, und so blieb es mit ihm bis zu meines Ausscheidens aus diesem Kreise, im August Ein Jahr später haben sich auch Olshausen und v. T kirch aus dieser Verbindung berausgelöst, und da er wohl rathsam war, im Kreise selbst einige Promotione

der; warum? wie erklärt er dies? es sei abscheulich, er, aber es diene ihm, es führe ihn immer tiefer in die l zengung seiner Schwachheit, und dass er immer wied

vorn anfangen müsse.

zunchmen, so mag Diestel wohl zu einer höheren Stellung berufen worden sein. Doch kann ich natürlich nicht sagen, welche besondere Aufgabe man ihm gestellt, welches besondere Amt man ihm übertragen haben mag: gewiss nur ist, dass er nichts Anderes thun konnte, als wozu er fähig ist, und was er denn auch wirklich, so weit es zur öffentlichen Erscheinung geworden ist, gethan hat: er ist unglaublich grob, anfahrend, polternd, schmähend gewesen, und natürlich ganz aus dem oben näher angegebenen taktischen Princip gegen den Teufel, d. h. er bezog sich entschieden lügend auf das Zeugniss Gottes, dem er ja diente, wenn er im Kampfe gegen den Teufel log.

Davon wimmelt es in seinen Schriften gegen Olshausen, die in der That nur Schmähschriften sind, von ihm jedoch kräftige, ja erschütternde genannt werden. Theils aus seiner Natur, theils aber aus der verkehrtesten Anwendung seiner juristischen Studien, hat er sich eine der widerwärtigsten Arten ohnehin schon unwürdiger und verächtlicher Rabulistereien hier ausgebildet, welche ihm nun als Waffe zur Vertheidigung, ja als Stellvertreterin gesunder Logik dienen muss, so wie ihm die zügelloseste Grobheit als Surrogat der Entschiedenheit gilt. Doch ich breche ab; denn es ist in der That unmöglich, über diesen Mann geziemend zu reden, wenn man nicht in eine Ausdrucksweise gerathen soll, die man selbst eben so unziemlich für's Aussprechen, als für das Vernehmen halten muss.

5. Endlich sollte hier noch Einiges über mich selbst bemerkt Dass ich es aber nicht unternehmen werde, eine Schilderung von mir selbst zu entwerfen, versteht sich von selbst. Denn von Vorzügen, die ich etwa hätte, zu reden, wäre widerwärtig, und mich gegen die Anklage Ebel's und seiner Anhänger zu vertheidigen, unwürdig. Seit einem Viertel Jahrhundert lebe ich an hiesigem Orte als Arzt, seit 20 Jahren als akademischer Lehrer bei der hiesigen Universität; es giebt keine Klasse der Einwohner hier, die mich nicht kennt, mit der ich nicht in näherer oder entfernterer Beziehung gewesen wäre; es kennen mich meine Mitbürger, meine Berufs- und Amtsgenossen, es kennt mich übrigens auch Deutschland als wissenschaftlichen Schriftsteller meines Fachs. Mögen Andere, mögen die, welche mich kennen müssen, ein Urtheil über meinen menschlichen, sittlichen, bürgerlichen und wissenschaftlichen Charakter aussprechen, mögen sie entscheiden, ob das, was Ebel und die Seinen über und gegen mich ausgesagt haben, wahr sein kann oder gelogen sein muss.

UMTRIEBE IN KONIGSBERG.

Denn in der That, sie haben mich solcher Vergeban solches Lebenswandels bezüchtigt, die sieh nicht verder lassen könnten, von Allen also, die mich kennen, gekr sein mussten, und wer ist an einem Orte mehr gekannt ein alter Arzt? - Ich kenne nicht einmal Alles, ja ich ke nur einen Theil dessen, was Ebel und sein Anhang gemich vorgebracht haben; es ist dies aber so entstellt, a Theil so in Unwahrheit und bösliche Deutung gezogen, the auch so rein erlogen, dass ich in den mannigfachen Verm nungen, die ich als Zeuge in dieser Untersuchungsangeleg heit zu überstehen hatte, es mir vom Herrn Inquirenten er ten habe, mir eine genauere und weitere Kenntnissnahme Injurien, Verleumdungen u. s. w., die jene Leute gegen m vorgebracht, zu erlassen; dagegen mich zu vertheidigen bi ich als etwas Schimpfliches empfunden, Injurienklagen a gegen Personen zu erheben, die in Ehrenschändung Ande ihr letztes Vertheidigungs- und Rettungsmittel suchen, v ich nicht geneigt; und Alles zu vermeiden, was viellei doch mich innerlich hätte erregen können, schien mir Pflie Nur Einiges will ich hier nennen und durch wenige er ternde Worte begleiten.

a. Ebel hat gegen mich als Zeugen protestirt; ich w schte, die hohe Behörde hätte seine Protestation angen men, da ich alsdann grosser und schmerzlicher Unannehml keiten überhoben gewesen ware. Sein Grund aber, der angab (andere und bessere hatte er gewiss; er wusste dass ich ihn durchschaut, aber dies verschwieg er klügli war: ich sei notorisch sein Feind. Notorisch! dies bekannt? warum nennt er nicht solche Thatsach Was habe ich je, auch nach meiner Trennung von ihm, Fe seliges gegen ihn unternommen? warum nennt er nicht so Thatsachen? warum nicht eine einzige? Ja, er, und n er allein weiss es, dass ich, lange schon von ihm geschie nicht aufgehört habe, wohlwollend gegen ihu gesinnt zu s Ich will ein Beispiel nennen: mehrere Jahre nach uns Trennung erkrankte er schwer und litt sehr lange; in Stadt waren die schlimmsten, ehrenrührigsten Gerüchte i Grund und Ursache seiner Krankheit verbreitet. aber, wie schwierig wenigstens ein Arzt, der mit den frühe Lebensverhältnissen Ebel's nicht bekannt war, und dem richtige Mittheilungen zu machen, er gewiss nicht gen war, den wahren Grund des Uebels werde finden, also 1 die entsprechende Behandlungsweise werde anwenden nen, konnte mir nicht entgehen. Oft nahm ich hier Rücksprache mit Olshausen, endlich entschloss ich mich, Ebel das Anerbieten zu machen, mit seinem Arzte, einem mir schr lieben Kollegen, zusammenzutreten, um auf die für ihn schonendste Weise diesem meine Ansicht von der Natur (wenn auch nicht von den moralischen Ursachen) der Krankheit mitzutheilen. Ebel liess mir eine schriftliche Antwort durch Diestel ertheilen, in welcher er das Anerbieten zwar ablehnte, aber für die grosse Liebe, die ich ihm dadurch zu erkennen gegeben, dankte, versichernd, sie habe ihm ausserordentlich wohlgethan. Und nun nennt er mich seinen Feind?

- b. Ebel behauptet, der Verlust an Einnahme, den ich durch die Trennung von ihm und den Seinen habe, schmerze mich und mache mich ihm feindlich gesinnt. Ich sage Nichts von der edlen Gesinnung, aus welcher solche Conjectur allein entspringen kann, thatsächlich aber ist Folgendes: allerdings habe ich aus früher schon entwickelten natürlichen Gründen äusserlich sehr durch meine Verbindung mit ihm gelitten, und meine Verhältnisse sind dadurch sehr gedrückt gewesen; dies jedoch mit Anderem, viel Schwererem habe ich geduldig getragen. Seit ich aber von ihm getrennt bin, sind mir freilich alle Ebelianer, von denen ich sonst ein Einkommen durch ärztliches Honorar gehabt, entgangen; mein Einkommen aber hat trotz diesem Verluste seitdem beinahe um das Dreifache sich vermehrt, was ich hiemit eidlich versichere.
- c. Ebel behauptet, er habe mir noch einige sogenannte ärztliche Freundo gelassen und somit auch ein Einkommen, was er durch ein einziges Wort hätte aufheben können. Wahr ist hiervon nur, dass mir allerdings noch einige arme Ebelianer blieben, aber blos, weil er selbst sich immer mit den Armen wenig in Befreundung eingelassen. Wenn ich 10 Thaler jäbrlich für meine Gesammteinnahme von der damals mir gebliebenen Praxis bei Ebelianern von Jemandem erhielte, so würde dieses mehr als um die Hälfte zukommen, was ich auch eidlich versichere.
- d. Ebel hat behauptet, er könne, wenn ich ihm das Beichtsiegel zu brechen gestatten wollte. Dinge von mir aussagen, die meine Glaubhaftigkeit als Zeugen aufheben würden. Dies vielleicht beispiellose Verfahren eines Geistlichen, dazu eines evangelischen, will ich hier nicht beurtheilen; es weiht und schändet sich selbst hinreichend. Ich habe ihm diese Erlaubniss ertheilt unter der Bedingung, dass mir seine Aussagen zur Einsicht mitgetheilt würden. Er hat Nichts ausgesagt, wenigstens ist mir Nichts mitgetheilt worden, was doch hätte geschehen müssen.

e. Diestel hat schriftliche Sündenbekenntnisse von mir i den Acten gegeben. Woher hat er jene Papiere? sie sin von mir niedergeschrieben und in den dazu bestimmten An drücken niedergeschrieben auf ausdrückliches und hartes Ai dringen der Gräfin v. d. Gröben und der verstorbenen Gräfi v. Kanitz; dieser auch habe ich sie übergeben.

Zur Niederschreibung und Auslieferung dieser mir größe tentheils aufgegebenen und aufgebürdeten Sündenbekennt nisse hat man mich genöthigt, wenige Tage, nachdem iel das Unglück gehabt, meine erste Frau durch den Tod z verlieren, also in einer innerlich getrübten und zerrissemt Gemüthestimmung. Zweimal hatte ich mich von Ebel und den Seinigen zurückgezogen (Kanitz sagt: weggeschlichen nur wer mich kennt, weiss, dass man mir eben so gut, d. h eben so unwahr nachsagen könnte: ich flöge als dass ich schleiche). Jetzt sollte ich mit Stricken gebunden werder und dazu benutzte man meine damalige Gemüthsstimmung Ich habe diese mir jetzt vorgelegten Papiere nicht ansche mögen, weil sie mich zum Theil mit Indignation über mic selbst wegen der Schwäche, die ich damals gezeigt, erfüllte Ich bemerke nur das: wahrscheinlich hat man nur eine At wahl von jenen Papieren dem Richter übergeben; sind ab alle mitgetheilt, so müssen sich darin mehrere sehr üble Din von und über Ebel befinden, unter Anderm ein wirkliel Schurkenstreich! Nur solche, eben diese Papiere bewal man auf (ich habe Alles, was ich in Händen gehabt, bis a ein Privatschreiben gleich nach meiner Trennung zu v brennen für Pflicht gehalten), händigt sie nun aus und tri sie zum Richter! Und wer thut's? Diestel, ein Geistlich dem ich jene Papiere eingegeben; Sündenbekenntnis schleppt ein Geistlicher zum weltlichen Richter!!--W kann hierauf etwas Anderes sagen als: pfui! niederträcht Und was will er damit? was sollen sie beweisen? dass als Zeuge unghabhaft sei, weil ich ein Sünder bin? solcher mich fühle, bekenne? so argumentirt ein Geistliche ein evangelischer? so argumentiren Personen, die strenge Beichte abgefordert haben, als je in der katholischen Kirc geschehen ist? hat man ihnen nicht schon Gesinnungen Sünden, als wirkliche Sünden bekennen müssen? Nun wa lich, worüber soll man sich bei solchem Verfahren mehr wi dern, über die Bosheit des Herzens oder über die Verlei nung jeder christlichen Natur?

f. Diestel hat Zeugen, 4 unglückliche Frauenzimmer, 1 alt, alle von Natur wenig ausgestattet, körperlich sogar z

heil gezeichnete Personen vor Gericht geführt, um auszuagen, dass ich sinnliche Begierden gegen sie gezeigt. ogen I ekelhaft und dumm gelogen I Mädchen z. B. (allerlings schr alte) sagen aus: ich küsse wie ein Wollüstling! Woher wissen Mädchen so Etwas? welcher Geistliche, doch nein, welcher Pfaffe hat ihnen gesagt, dass sie sogar dem Richter vorlügen sollen? - Ein anderes altes Mädchen sagt: sie sei mir ärztlich sehr verpflichtet, aber ich hätte ärztlich sie doch vernachlässigt und sie dennoch geliebt! - Eine steinalte Frau, Mutter mehrer erwachsener Kinder, eine Frau, die ich nur ärztlich während einer Krankheit gesehen, in welcher sie an heftigem Speichelfluss gelitten, sagt: ich habe sie geküsst; wahrlich, dies hätte nur aus Barmherzigkeit und in gröseter Selbstverleugnung geschehen können. - Doch genug von Dingen, die als wahrhafte Tollheiten erscheinen müssten. wenn sie nicht dennoch schlau und boshaft waren; denn im Protokoll stehen doch immer Namen und bestimmte Angaben, aber nicht die Bilder der Personen, nicht ihre Verhältpisse; es ware ja doch wohl möglich, den Richter irre zu leiten !

Ich schliesse, wie ich begonnen, nicht Andere anzuklagen,

nicht mich vertheidigen wollend mit diesen Zeilen.

Eine dunkle, verwickelte Sache, die einer psychologischen Erörterung bedürftig ist, wollte ich einigermassen erläutern.

Ist dies irgend wie erreicht, so ist der Schmerz, den ich beim Niederschreiben empfunden, reichlich belohnt.

Königsberg, den 15. July, 1836.

THE END.

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