

**Henry J. Horn**



*Strange  
Visitors*

# STRANGE VISITORS:

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL PAPERS, EMBRACING PHILOSOPHY,  
SCIENCE, GOVERNMENT, RELIGION, POETRY, ART, FICTION,  
SATIRE, HUMOR, NARRATIVE, AND PROPHECY.

BY THE \_SPIRITS OF IRVING, WILLIS, THACKERAY, BRONTE,  
RICHTER, BYRON, HUMBOLDT, HAWTHORNE, WESLEY,  
BROWNING\_, AND OTHERS NOW DWELLING IN THE SPIRIT  
WORLD

DICTATED THROUGH A CLAIRVOYANT, WHILE IN AN  
ABNORMAL OR TRANCE STATE.

1871

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

HENRY J. RAYMOND \_To the New York Public\_  
MARGARET FULLER \_Literature in Spirit Life\_

LORD BYRON To His Accusers

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE Apparitions

WASHINGTON IRVING Visit to Henry Clay

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE To The French Nation

W. M. THACKERAY His Post Mortem Experience

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES Two Natural Religions

EDGAR A. POE The Lost Soul

JEAN PAUL RICHTER Invisible Influences

CHARLOTTE BRONTE Agnes Reef. A Tale

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING To Her Husband

ARTEMUS WARD In and Out of Purgatory

LADY BLESSINGTON Distinguished Women

PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD Locality of the Spirit World

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN Hold Me Not

N.P. WILLIS Off-Hand Sketches

MARGARET FULLER City of Spring Garden

GILBERT STUART Art Conversation

EDWARD EVERETT Government

FREDERIKA BREMER Flight to my Starry Home

REV. LYMAN BEECHER The Sabbath—Its Uses

PROF. GEORGE BUSH Life and Marriage in Spirit Life

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH Acting by Spirit Influence

REV. JOHN WESLEY Church of Christ

N. P. WILLIS A Spirit Revisiting Earth

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM Alone

BARON VON HUMBOLDT The Earthquake

SIR DAVID BREWSTER Naturalness of Spirit Life

H.T. BUCKLE Mormons

W.E. BURTON Drama in Spirit Life

CHAS. L. ELLIOTT Painting in Spirit Life

COMEDIAN'S POETRY Rollicking Song

LADY HESTER STANHOPE Prophecy

PROFESSOR MITCHELL The Planets

DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS Causes of Disease and Insanity

ADELAIDE PROCTER The Spirit Bride

# INTRODUCTION.

\_BY THE EDITOR\_.

In placing before the public a work with such novel and extraordinary demands upon its consideration, a few explanatory words seem appropriate.

Its title and contents will doubtless at first sight cause a smile of incredulity, and will be regarded by many as one of the devices which are sometimes put forward to entrap an unsuspecting public into the perusal of a sensational hoax.

For a number of years past the community has been surprised with accounts of most incredible marvels; and from time to time the press has reported various phenomena in connection with an \_unrecognized force and intelligence,\_ as occurring in almost every locality throughout the habitable globe.

These phenomena are thought by many to be mere illusions, and by some attributed to peculiar electrical conditions; while others seek their solution in an abnormal state of the brain; and others still believe them dependent on an actual intercourse between mortals and those who have passed beyond the grave.

Having become interested in this mysterious and exciting subject, and finding the means at hand for testing the various phenomena, I resolved to undertake a series of experiments, with the hope of exposing a delusion, if such it were, or perchance, of clearing up a mystery which, by the magnitude and importance it has already assumed, is disturbing the foundations of old beliefs and steadily diffusing its theories and doctrines into the very heart of society.

Among other expedients to attain this end (assuming the hypothesis that spirits of the departed were in a condition to communicate with mortals), I interrogated, through the instrumentality of a clairvoyant gifted with the remarkable power of passing at will into an unconscious or trance state, the spirits of a number of well-known individuals concerning their views and sentiments in their present state of existence.

In response to my questions, an intelligent answer was received from the Countess Ossoli (Margaret Fuller), with the assurance that my desire was apprehended and would receive the hearty co-operation of those to whom it was addressed.

The process by which the papers were given was that of dictation through the clairvoyant while in an abnormal or trance condition and with her eyes closed. The matter was written in pencil as it fell from her lips, and subsequently transcribed for the press.

The difficulties attending the transmission of ideas through the medium of another mind, even under ordinary circumstances, must be apparent to all, and the unprejudiced reader may readily perceive obstacles to the literal reproduction of their respective styles and language by the various contributors.

Yet, notwithstanding the impediments to felicity of expression, I feel assured that persons at all familiar with the characteristics of the originals will readily perceive a marked resemblance in style to that of the authors named.

In the delivery of the articles, their composers would usually assume or personate their own individual characteristics; thus, Artemus Ward's conversation and gestures were exceedingly ludicrous. He was the very personification of mirth, occasionally going to the wall and humorously "chalking out" his designs. Archbishop Hughes expressed himself in a quiet, earnest, and eloquent manner. Lady Blessington was full of vivacity, and Margaret Fuller was our Presiding Angel; while Booth would become vehement to an intense degree, and at times would mount some article of furniture in the room, becoming passionately eloquent, as if again upon the "mimic stage of life."

An intelligent public will perceive the mental effort incident upon the production of a series of articles so unusually varied; embracing the distinctive qualities of Philosophy, Science, Religion, Political Economy, Government, Satire, Humor, Poetry, Fiction, Narrative, Art, Astronomy, etc., etc.; and the query has fitly been advanced,—what mind, in the exercise of its normal functions,—has furnished a consecutive number of essays so surprising in novelty, so diverse in sentiment, so consistent in treatment, and so forcibly original, as those embraced in this volume? What

intellect so versatile as to reproduce in song and narrative the characteristic styles of so many, and yet so dissimilar authors?

In designating the locality of the Second Life, frequent repetition of certain terms, such as spirit world, etc., were unavoidable. For weeks and months the unseen visitors were punctual to their appointments, and this novel mode of book-making proceeded steadily in interest and variety until the volume was completed.

The work is now inscribed to a discriminating public, with a lively confidence that the advanced intelligence and freedom of the age will yield it an ingenuous reception.

HENRY J. HORN.

NEW YORK, \_October 1st\_, 1869.

# **STRANGE VISITORS.**



## HENRY J. RAYMOND.

### TO THE NEW YORK PUBLIC.

I have often thought that if it should ever be my privilege to become a ghost I would enlighten the poor, benighted denizens of the earth as to how I did it, and give a more definite account of what I should see, and the transformation that would befall me, than either Benjamin Franklin or George Washington had been able to do in the jargon that had been set before me by Spiritualists as coming from those worthies.

“Stuff!” I have exclaimed again and again, after looking over spirit communications and wondering why a man should become so stilted because he had lost his *avoirdupoise*.

The opportunity which I boasted I would not let slip has arrived. The public must judge of how I avail myself of this ghostly power.

Now and then I was troubled with strange misgivings about the future life. I had a hope that man might live hereafter, but death was a solemn fact to me, into whose mystery I did not wish too closely to pry.

“Presentiments,” as the great English novelist remarks, “are strange things.” That connection with some coming event which one feels like a shadowy hand softly touching him, is inexplicable to most men.

I remember to have felt several times in my life undefined foreshadowings of some future which was to befall me; and just previous to my departure from earth, as has been generally stated in the journals of the day, I experienced a similar sensation. An awful blank seemed before me—a great chasm into which I would soon be hurled. This undefined terror took no positive shape.

After the death of my son I felt like one who stood upon a round ball which rolled from under him and left him nowhere.

The sudden death of James Harper added another shock to that which I had already felt. I did not understand then, though I have since comprehended it, that I was like some great tree, rooted in the ground, which could not be dragged from the earth in which it was buried until it had received some sudden blow to loosen its hold and make its grip less tenacious.

But in the very midst of these feelings I sought the society of friends, and endeavored around the social board to exhilarate my senses and drown these undesirable fancies.

Life seemed more secure among friends, but death was not to be dodged. It caught me unarmed and alone at midnight in the very doorway of my house.

I had crossed the threshold, and remember trying to find the stairs and being seized with a dizziness. The place seemed to spin around and I felt that I was falling. Next, a great weight seemed to press me down like some horrid nightmare. I endeavored to groan, to cry out and struggle from under it, but it held me fast. After this I seemed to be falling backward through a blackness—an inky blackness. It came close to me, and pressed close upon my lips and my eyes. It smothered me; I could not breathe.

Then ensued a struggle within me such as Lazarus might have felt when he endeavored to break through his grave cerements. It was frightful, that effort for mastery!

I understand it now. It was the soul fighting its way into birth as a spiritual being, like a child fighting its way out of its mother's womb.

I remember feeling faint and confused after that, like one who has long been deprived of food. An unconsciousness stole over me for a moment, from which I was awakened by a sudden burst of light. I seemed to open my eyes upon some glorious morning. I felt an arm around me; I turned and met the smiling face of my son. I thought myself in a dream, and yet I was filled with awe.

I had a consciousness that some strange transformation had taken place. My son's voice murmured in my ear, "Father, go with me now." As he spoke, his voice sounded like the vibration of distant bells. When he touched me a fire seemed to thrill through my veins. I felt like a boy; a

wild, prankish sensation of freedom possessed me. My body lay upon the ground. I laughed at it; I could have taken it and tossed it in the air.

“Come, let’s go,” said I; “don’t stay here.”

My chief desire was to get out of the house. Like a boy who must fly his kite, out I would go. I feared I might be caught and taken back if I did not hasten, and moved toward the door. The seams of that door, which I had always thought well joined, seemed now to stand twelve inches or more apart. Every atom of that wood which had appeared so solid to me was now more porous than any sponge or honey-comb. Out we went through the crevice. A party of men were standing upon the doorsteps. One put forth his hand to grasp mine. I laughed aloud when I recognized the person as James Harper! Another was Richmond; another, one of my associates in the editorial corps. I was perfectly amazed, and set up a hilarious shout, which they echoed in great glee. We started forth, a convivial party. The atmosphere hung in heavy masses around the houses, like the morning mists about the base of a mountain.

We did not walk on the ground; the air was solid enough to bear us. I felt that we were rising above the city. My senses seemed magnified. The comprehension of all I did was very acute. We kept along the earth’s atmosphere for quite a distance.

“Let us sail out,” said I, at last.

“We cannot yet; we must wait till we reach the current. If we go outside of that, we may be lost in the intense cold and the poisonous gases, or we may be swallowed up in the vortex of some flaming comet,” answered my wise companions.

The statement looked very reasonable, so I allowed myself to be guided and we soon found ourselves in a great belt of light of a pale rose-color, in which we sailed seemingly without any effort, moving the hands and arms at times and at other times folding them across our breasts.

As we advanced the channel in which we moved increased in depth and brilliancy of color, and I grew more and more exhilarated. Finally we paused and commenced to descend. The air was very luminous, radiating and scintillating like the flashing of diamonds, and so electric that the concussion of sound vibrated like the peal from some distant organ.

Looking down through the glittering atmosphere that surrounded me, I perceived what appeared to be the uplifting peak of a mountain. A halo of light rested upon its summit, and we seemed drawn toward it with a gentle force.

This mountain, I was informed, was one of a magnetic chain which belts the spirit world. In color and material it was like an opal.

I was told that a peculiar sympathy existed between it and the human spirit. When individuals on earth are in juxtaposition with this mountain they feel a strange yearning for the spirit home.

Now then the mysterious riddle is solved, thought I; and this must be the spiritual north pole!

We soon stood upon terra-firma, if these translucent rocks could be called terra-firma which rose in glittering and polished peaks all around us. They were wonderfully iridescent, so that no bed of gorgeously-colored flowers could have filled the eye with a greater variety of tints.

A few steps around a projecting bluff brought us within sight of what appeared to me a magnificent palace of alabaster. This palace I soon learned was a hotel, or place of resort for travellers.

In ascending its polished steps I was met by some half dozen persons whom I had known. You may be sure a wonderful handshaking ensued. We remained here but a few moments, partook of refreshments, and then proceeded to the court-yard, where I was told a car awaited to carry us to our destination.

The car seemed to be a frame-work, apparently of silver wire. We now comfortably seated ourselves, when two large wings struck out from it like those of some great condor. We moved rapidly over the acclivity. This is a new way of crossing the mountains, thought I; I will have to introduce it in the Sierra Nevada and Colorados.

I inquired how the machine was propelled, and was informed, "Simply by a chemical arrangement similar to your galvanic battery."

You may conceive my astonishment when we descended into a park of a vast city.

“My God!” exclaimed I, “it cannot be that I am in the spirit world! Why, look at the houses and churches, and temples! What magnificent buildings!” But I must say the material alone struck me as something sublime and unearthly. So transparent and rich in color, reflecting light as if through a veil or mist! “This caps all,” said I, as doctors and lawyers, artists and authors, whom I had known, stepped up to greet me, smiling and full of life. “Why, how is this?” “Is this you?” “Where did you come from?” Questions like these came from all sides. Francis and Brady, Willis, Morris, and a host of New Yorkers who had slipped out of sight and almost out of mind, now gathered around me as if by miracle. I rubbed my eyes in wonder. Spying Brown, I cried out, “Why, how is this, Brown? It can’t be that I am in heaven! Do you have such things here? Houses, stores, and works of art on every side?”

“Yes; people must live,” said he, “wherever they be.”

“And are men here the same, with all their faculties?” I asked.

“Yes; why not? Have you any you’d like to lose?”

I shook my head and walked on absorbed in thought. And are all our paraphernalia for funerals, our solemn black, and our long prayers but useless ceremonies? Why, according to this, the beliefs of the Chinese, Hottentot, African, and Indian are nearer the truth than our civilized creeds!

I find that there are few things in which society in this world so much differs from that of earth as in its social and political arrangements.

All the great system of living for appearances, and the habit of self-deception whereby men live outwardly what their secret lives disavow, are here entirely done away with.

In the first place the marriage relations differ materially from those of earth, and no false sentiment nor custom, nor religious belief, holds together as companions those who are dissimilar in their nature. Neither do men crucify their tastes and feelings from a mistaken idea of duty.

The miseries and disasters which are attendant on a life on earth they view as a parent would view the whooping-cough or scarlatina which afflict the body of his child—as necessary steps toward his growth and progress from youth to manhood.

A remarkable instance of this came under my own observation. You remember that the singular and sudden death of Abraham Lincoln was a matter of surprise to us. We could not see the purpose of an all-wise Providence in this sudden closing of an eventful career. It was discussed in every newspaper in the land, and the conclusion was that the Creator had some special purpose in his removal, and this we all believed.

But here the enigma is solved.

Standing face to face and walking side by side, as I have done for the last few days with this man, raised as some suppose for the special purpose of freeing the slave—a martyr for principle—I find that he enjoys as a good joke, this martyrdom, and I have also ascertained the solemn fact that he was removed, not by God, but by spirit politicians, God's agents.

And the state of the case is this: the Southern rebels, hot-blooded and revengeful, who were arriving daily by scores and hundreds, in the spirit world, finding their cause discomfited and worsted, became mutinous. They were too raw and new to fall into the harmony of the spirit life, and they threatened a second war in Heaven; a war which those young Lucifers would have waged with terrific power.

To quell this disturbance and produce a counteraction, it was necessary that one whom they looked upon as the great leader of the Northern cohorts should be withdrawn from the post which he occupied.

A man of calm, dispassionate judgment, not vindictive, who could hold the reins with a firm hand, yet look with a lenient eye on the follies which he did not share, was needed in the spirit world, and that man was Abraham Lincoln.

When those young Southern bloods had conspired with their co-patriot to his downfall, had instigated and accomplished his assassination, and when he appeared in their midst, the simple, unaffected, \_uncrafty\_ man that he was, a revulsion of feeling immediately took place.

The liberal party in the spirit world, friends to humanity and progress, could have prevented his removal had they wished; but not desiring to do so, they prepared his mind by dreams and visions for what was about to take place.

For a short time in the spirit world he held the position of Pacificator and chief ruler over that portion of the American, spirit world represented by the North and South.

But after averting this peril, which would have involved the States in anarchy and war such as they had not yet experienced, he retired to private life.

Another instance, proving that the inhabitants of the spirit world, like their great prototype, the Creator, do not look at immediate distress, but at the advantages that may accrue therefrom, presents itself in my removal from the sphere in which I had probably worked out all that would be useful to humanity.

Like a *\_chargé d'affaires\_* called back to Washington because he can fill a better post, so I, through the solicitations of relatives and fellow-citizens who have preceded me to this new world, was called here for the purpose of editing a journal and assisting in ameliorating the condition of the inhabitants of the Southern States, and also to use my influence in the Congress and Senate at Washington toward producing a better comprehension of their needs.

I have one thing to say to my brother journalist, Horace Greeley, and that is that the Utopian ideas which have for so many years formed the principal topic of his radical sheet are here put in operation.

Each one seems desirous of cooperating with his neighbor, and people of like tastes and feelings associate together and live in vast communities or cities. They do not settle down to one routine, as they do with you. The cost of travelling depending chiefly on the will and energy of the individual, the inhabitants are ever in motion, ever ready for a change, if wisdom or pleasure should dictate it. The condition of the common people is vastly improved, and America has been the chief agent in placing the lower classes in a condition which adapts them to a higher spiritualized life. I say lower classes, because under the system of monarchical governments, the peasants and laborers of Europe have been kept in a state of besotted ignorance, developing chiefly in the animal propensities, and not fitting themselves for the higher enjoyments of the spirit life.

Finding that the spirit world was likely to be overrun by this class of ignorant and superstitious people, its wise rulers have instigated the legislators of the United States to provide means for the education and development of these lower classes of society.

It is only by assimilating with those of a higher intellectual development that the ignorant become enlightened, and America, in throwing down all barriers to political and social advancement, has been the chief instrument of lifting the great mass of humanity to a position of power in the spirit world; still there are crowds of beings, ignorant and superstitious, who enter the spirit world, and their intellects can only be unfolded by the labor and guidance of some master mind.

I was surprised to find that physical labor here, as on earth, was one of the chief means employed to assist in mental growth; and I found swarms of English, Irish, and German people happily at work, cultivating the land and erecting houses for themselves and others, and assisting in the great machinery of life, which here, as in the other world, revolves its constant round.

I had nearly forgotten to mention that since leaving your world I returned on one occasion to attend a *\_séance\_*, as it is termed, for physical manifestations, and had the pleasure of seeing how our chemists combine from the elements the semblance of the human form. I had been interested when on earth in an experiment recently made by scientific men, whereby, through a peculiar combination of metals, a flame is caused to assume the shapes of flowers, leaves, fishes, and reptiles, apparently developed from the air, and I discovered an intelligent solution of the remarkable experiment in the manifestations I witnessed at this *\_séance\_*.

It appears that every particle in nature throws off a gaseous emanation, partaking of its particular shape. These gaseous particles are not discernible with the material eye, excepting when by chance they coalesce, and then a phosphorescent light ensues, which renders them apparent.

A similar effect to this is seen in electricity, which lies latent and viewless till by a sudden coalescing of its parts it manifests itself in zigzag lines and flashes of light which illuminate the heavens.



Now certain material bodies have the power of drawing those atoms in close affinity, and when they are thus drawn, the shapes alluded to are clearly discernible by the human eye.

I discovered another fact, and that is that every human being emits a light, and in the case of those called "mediums," it is intense like the Drummond light, and a spirit standing in its rays will become visible to mortal sight.

These experiments interested me highly, as they had been heretofore inexplicable to my mind.

\_Apropos\_ of the topics of to-day, I must here relate what I have heard of the "Lord Byron scandal," which is creating so marked a sensation at present. I am told by Byron and others that Lady Byron, recently arriving in the spirit world and finding matters very different from what she had expected, and that she was received nowhere as the wife of Lord Byron (who having resided there some thirty years had formed a new and happy alliance), was stung with jealousy and vexation and hastened to inspire Mrs. Stowe to repeat the story which had become a matter of faith with her, hoping thereby to inflict a punishment on Byron, who ignored his relation to her.

If she had waited until she had resided a little longer in spirit life she would not have pursued so foolish a course. But I must bring this long letter to a close, assuring my friends that I have the prospect of as active a life before me as the one I have just closed on earth.

## **MARGARET FULLER.**

### **LITERATURE IN SPIRIT LIFE.**

To a mind familiar with the literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which has studied the Scandinavian Edda, and is intimate with the more modern German, French, and English authors, the literature of the spirit world opens up a mine of interminable wealth.

The libraries in this world are vast catacombs or repositories of buried knowledge. Here are found histories of decayed races, dynasties, and nations which have vanished from earth, leaving scarce a monument of their progress in art, science, and mental culture. In these libraries the student of history will find the exploits of ancient peoples recorded, and a description of their cities, with the temples and towers which they built and the colossal images which they created.

I own to the surprise which I experienced when I discovered that printed books were a part of the treasures of the spirit world. But the scholar will rejoice as I did to find the literary productions of remotest ages garnered in the spacious halls of science that adorn our cities.

It is a principle of being—a condition of immortality—as inseparable from spirit existence as from earth life, that thought should express itself in external forms. Even the Great Spirit, the Creator of all, gives shape to his thoughts in the formation of trees, flowers, men, beasts, and myriad worlds with their constant motion, their sound and song.

It has been aptly said that the “stars are the poetry of God.” He, the Great Spirit of all, writes his thoughts legibly; and so man, like his originator, whether living in the natural body or existing as a spirit, gives outward shape to his ideas; hence books become a necessity of spirit existence, and the writers from earth have still a desire to perpetuate their thoughts.

Oral communication is too evanescent, and therefore the dear old books still find a place in the spheres.

There are various modes of making these volumes, and the writer may become his own printer.

Some authors prefer to dictate, and a little instrument marks off the variations of sound which make the word, and thus, as he speaks, the word is impressed on the sheet.

Others, if the thought be clear and distinct enough, and the will sufficiently under abeyance, act through the mind upon a conductor, which dots down the thought in a manner somewhat similar to telegraphic printing.

The material used to receive the impression is of a soft, vellum-like nature, which can be folded up in any manner without destroying its form; it is very light and thin, but opaque, like the creamy petals of a lily.

The phonetic alphabet is used extensively, though we have many books printed in the mode usually adopted on earth.

All nature is constantly changing and progressing. The bards who sang upon the earth centuries ago—Homer, Virgil, the Greek and Roman, the Celtic and Saxon writers of old—have passed beyond the spirit sphere which I inhabit to a spirit planet still more refined, and have left behind only the records of their strange experience.

The eighteenth century cannot walk side by side with the third or fourth century more readily in the spirit world than on earth.

The character of the spirit literature of the present day is essentially scientific and explorative. We have in our world, as you have in yours, intrepid travellers—learned men, who make voyages to almost inaccessible planets—and they return even as those of earth, with sketches and graphic outlines of the strange sights they have witnessed; and those less venturesome who remain at home are as anxious as your citizens might be to hear accounts of wonderful regions that have been visited. And such books of travel are sought eagerly.

We have but few works on theology; the nature and essence of God is discussed with us, but not so elaborately as with you.

Spirits who have passed into a second life have so nearly approached the mystery of a Divine Being that they do not desire to debate the subject.

A large proportion of our writers are devoted to what you would here term transcendental thought, a kind of literature which lies between poetry and music, which awakens a feeling of ecstasy, and gives, as it were, wings to the soul.

The poets who sang upon earth during the last century, of whom Shelly, Keats, and Byron are an English type, and Halleck, Pierrepont, Dana, and Willis the American representatives, are among the most inspired and far-reaching of our present writers of poetry and song.

Our literature has one great advantage over that of earth, in that our separate nationalities become merged in one grand unit. We do not need translators, as we have adopted a universal written language. There are some writers who still retain, as I have said, the modes adopted on earth, but those who have been resident any length of time in the spirit sphere employ the plan of writing by signs, which are understood and acknowledged by every nationality.

I should like, in closing, to introduce an extract from an old volume which I found in a library in the city of Spring Garden.

It was written by Addison during his sojourn in that city, in the year 1720, and is in the form of a letter, supposed to be written to a friend on earth. In it he essays to portray the expansion of mind he has experienced in his new home through the magnetic influence of thought language:

“Behold the far off luminary suspended millions and billions and trillions of miles in space; then turn the eye yonder and see that infinitesimal point of vegetation, earth—a speck, countless multitudes of which heaped and piled together would form but a point compared with that majestic sun!

“Yet behold it move and expand beneath the long fibrous rays which that effulgent orb sends down through so many billions of miles to the place of its minute existence. Even as that poor little existence shoots out its fibres to meet those rays which have travelled such great lengths, so a spirit in the spheres feels the quickening, effulgent rays thrown out by the brain of some prophet or poet existing millions and billions and trillions of miles away on some distant spirit planet, and his thought expands and enlarges beneath the warming action of that far-off brain, until it assumes a shape and form which its own emulation never prophesied.”

# BYRON.

## TO HIS ACCUSERS.

### I.

My soul is sick of calumny and lies:  
Men gloat on evil—even woman's hand  
Will dabble in the mire, nor heed the cries  
Of the poor victim whom she seeks to brand  
In thy sweet name, Religion, through the land!  
Like the keen tempest she doth strip her prey,  
Tossing him bare and wrecked upon the strand,  
While vaunting her misdeeds before the day,  
Bearing a monument which crumbles like the clay.

### II.

My sister, have I lived to see thy name  
Dishonored? Thou, who wast my pride, my stay;  
Shall Jealousy and Fraud thy love defame  
And I be dumb? Just Heaven, let a ray  
From thy majestic light illumine earth's clay,<sup>[A]</sup>  
That through her I may scorch the slander vile,  
And light throughout the land a torch to-day,  
Which shall reveal how false and full of guile  
Are they who seek thy name, Augusta, to defile.

[A] The Clairvoyant.

### III.

She who has borne my title and my name,  
In deeds fraternal saw some monster crime;

To her base level sought my heart to tame,  
Made mock of each aspiring thought sublime,  
And sought to bury me beneath the slime  
Of her imaginings. All—all are gone  
Who could defend me. From the grave of time  
I am unearth'd—by sland'rous miscreants torn,  
And rise to feel again the ills I once have borne.

#### IV.

Is this a Christian deed, to flaunt a vice,  
And with another's failings gild your own?  
To hearken to the whisperings and device  
Of old age, selfish, to suspicion grown?  
To misconstrue each friendly look—each tone—  
And out of natural love create vile lust?  
Must brother's heart his very kin disown,  
While rudest hand disturbs her mouldering dust?  
Is this a Christian deed? Shall mankind call it just?

#### V.

But let that pass. I hear a nation's voice  
Raised to defend the absent, wronged child;  
My hopes and aims were high, albeit my choice  
Was fixed on one who felt not for my wild  
And wayward nature; one who never smiled  
On imperfection. From my home of light  
Unscathed, I see life's blackening billows piled,  
Ready to sweep the daring soul from sight,  
Sinking his name and memory in darkest night.

#### VI.

I rise again above the woes of earth,  
Like unchained bird, seeking my native air.  
Men seldom see their fellow-creatures' worth,

But blot sweet nature's page, however fair.  
Away, my soul, and seek thy nobler state,  
Where loving angels breathe their softest prayer,  
Where sweetest seraphs for thy coming wait,  
And ne'er suspicion's breath can pass the Golden Gate.

# NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

## APPARITIONS.

Returning one evening from a visit to a friend on earth, I was impelled to take a route with which I was unfamiliar. It led me far beyond the habitations of the city, into an open country whose surface was diversified by sloping hills and broad valleys.

The sun was quite low in the horizon, and dark purple clouds, gathering in the west, indicated an approaching storm. Anxious to reach my spirit-home before such an event, I was nevertheless compelled to keep within the earth's atmosphere.

The aspect of the country became more uneven as I advanced, and the disappearing sun threw out the hills in cold blue relief against the evening sky. One peak to the northward stood high and isolated from the surrounding hills, and was crowned by a spacious dwelling house; the high peaked roof and dark gloomy color of its exterior comported strangely with the landscape.

To this building an unseen influence drew me. As I approached nearer I discovered the figure of a man walking with restless step upon the piazza which surrounded the dwelling. At times he would suspend his walk, and crouch, shuddering as with fear, against the shadowed balustrade. His face was of ashy paleness, and his hair, black as night, fell in neglected masses around his head. His eyes were bright and glassy, and their expression frightful to look upon.

Unconscious of my proximity, he arose from his crouching position, stood for a moment irresolute, and then walked up to the heavy oaken, door and knocked.

Presently the door was opened by a lady; she looked out, but could see no one. "It must have been the wind," said she, shuddering slightly, and drawing her shawl closely around her, was about to close the door. But



before she could accomplish her purpose the unseen guest had entered, with myself following closely behind, hoping to give comfort where it appeared most sorely needed.

Up a broad staircase he ascended and at a chamber door he paused—then entered. I followed. His presence seemed to cause the very furniture to shake and rattle.

“Here,” thought I, “I will solve the enigma. Here, without doubt, has occurred some grand disturbance of nature. The walls of this apartment, its casements, its decorations, have been witness to some fell crime. The spectre of evil impresses itself upon matter.”

While reflecting upon this wonderful law, which all my life I had perceived dimly, I observed with care the evidently unhappy man. A bedstead of rich workmanship occupied one side of the apartment. Rushing toward it he burst forth in a cry of frenzy, swaying his hands fearfully and ejaculating and groaning in most piteous accents.

At this juncture steps were heard outside ascending the stairs, and several members of the household entered, bearing lights. They looked about the room, at first timidly; then, gathering courage, peered under the bed, opened closets, and scrutinized every nook and corner of the apartment. Foiled in their efforts to discover the inmate they turned to each other with amazement.

“I am positive the sounds came from this room,” said one. “There is no one to be seen here,” replied another; “what can it mean?”

The culprit stood in the corner, gesticulating violently, but they with their mortal eyes could not see him. They passed close to him, but their lighted candles could not reveal the shadowless!

Having satisfied themselves that the room was tenantless, they departed. Then I approached the unhappy wretch:

“Friend,” said I, “let me aid you. Unburden your woe to me; I too have suffered and am not without sin.”

Casting his eyes upon me now for the first time, the man scowled with dogged sullenness, and said:

“I want no help.”

“Nay,” said I, “your looks belie your words; come, go with me to my quiet cottage; there you shall refresh yourself; you shall sleep to-night in peace.”

“Peace!” he repeated scornfully. “I know no peace; nor can I leave this spot till every eye beholds the horrid deed that I committed here.”

“Friend,” said I, “tell me the nature of your crime; reveal to me your secret and your heart will be lighter for it.”

“Ha! ha!” he answered, his voice dying away in a low wail. “Look upon that wall opposite the bed; it will speak better than I can.” I looked, and beheld a faint photograph or impression of the couch, with its handsome drapery. Upon it reclined the figure of a female, and bending over her appeared the form of a man, whose livid face and black, disordered hair I recognized as an unmistakable reflection of the unfortunate man before me.

“You see that ‘the very stones cry out against me,’” said he. “Every night for two years have I enacted that same scene, and I am held by some unseen, influence to this baneful spot.”

“Tell me your story,” said I; “hide nothing—I am your friend.”

He ran his thin fingers through his tangled hair, and with a voice husky with emotion answered:

“I will tell you. Some years ago, when a young man, haughty and passionate, I had the misfortune to love a girl whose youth and beauty proved my bane, and in a moment of recklessness I married her. In her nature were mingled the qualities of the serpent and the dove. She was my inferior, and I could not own her outwardly nor inwardly as my wife; but, unhappily for the peace of both, I could not rid myself of her. I gave her money, but it availed not; she was ignorant, and persisted in following me.” Here the man looked around with a nervous air, as if he expected to see the unwelcome face peering at him through the shadows.

“To avoid her,” he continued, “I secretly purchased this dwelling, remote from the place of her abode. There I lived for a brief time, happy; a new life with loftier purposes dawned upon me; I formed another attachment—a higher and more noble one.

“One evening as I was walking upon the balcony thinking of my new-found joys, a figure came creeping up through the shrubbery towards me. To my amazement it proved to be the girl who claimed me.

“When I saw her, rage entered my heart, and I felt as if I could annihilate her. But, suppressing all show of feeling, I went with her into the house, and appointed her this room for the night. A demoniac idea had presented itself to my mind; it came unsought, but under the excitement of the moment it seemed like a good angel of deliverance.

“To further this idea, I lay down beside her. Presently she fell into a light slumber. At first a slight expression of pleasure played upon her lips, but ere long the fatigue of her journey overcame her, and she slept heavily.

“Then,” said he, his countenance assuming a convulsive and ghastly aspect, “I arose on tiptoe, and collecting the heavy comforters and large downy pillows of the bed, I deliberately piled them on her one upon the other, and pressing them down with all my gathered force, I stifled her in her sleep!

“No cry, no groan from my victim betrayed the unhallowed deed, and before the first dawn of day I was driving furiously over the road to the river’s bank, from which into the watery depth below I threw this millstone of my life.

“When I drove back the morning had dawned. The daylight seemed to pry into the secrets of the past night. I would fain shun it—the garish light disturbed me. The morning sun, which had ever been my delight, seemed now a mocking imp of curiosity; the house and grounds looked bare and desolate; a blight had fallen upon their former comeliness.

“A strange fascination again drew me into the chamber which had been the scene of my crime. When there I re-enacted the last night’s work. The bed and furniture seemed to come toward me and taunt me with the fell crime I had committed. ‘I was justified in the act,’ said I to these dumb accusers, as though they had been, living witnesses. ‘She was the bane of my existence.’ And with cunning precision I arranged the disordered room, smoothed the pillows, and levelled the coverlet. ‘The dead cannot speak,’ said I. ‘This thing is hidden.’

“After this performance I went forth, hoping by a sharp walk to drown the memory of the momentary deed. I passed through the garden and reached the sloping hill. There, where the low fence joined the open road, I was met by the lady whom I loved. She was taking the morning air, and with her smiling face seemed drinking in its balmy freshness.

“‘You look ill,’ said she, with a pitying glance. ‘See what I have brought for you,’ and she held forth a newly-plucked bouquet of flowers.

“I took the proffered blossoms hurriedly, dreading to meet her clear eye, which I felt must surely read my guilt. Burying the flowers in my breast, and with an effort to smile that sickened me, I bowed low to the ground and hurried on.

“When beyond her sight I drew the nosegay from its hiding place—it was withered as if scorched by a burning heat! Upon looking closer at this strange phenomena, I beheld, to my horror, in dim outline, the face of the murdered! Whence came the impression? Had my riotous heart burnt the secret upon those blushing petals?

“Frantically I tore open my shirt, when lo! upon my breast I beheld imprinted a picture of the direful deed—seared in by rays more potent than the sun’s—photographed there, as if by the lightning’s fierce stroke!

“Presently a band of children on their way to school overtook me, and began to whisper to each other as they passed. I saw that they looked at me with suspicion in their eyes. ‘They too can see the brand,’ thought I; ‘they are mouthing about it now.’

“Urged to desperation, I plunged into a thicket near by. Amid a group of trees in its centre, one lifted itself higher and straighter than its companions. Upon its topmost branch, as I chanced to lift my eyes, I beheld to my terror the woman whom I had sent into eternity, looking down upon me with scoffs and grimaces!

“The ghostly apparition wrought me to frenzy. In hot haste I climbed the tree. Its straight, smooth sides, under ordinary circumstances would have proved a barrier to my efforts, but in my excitement they formed no obstacle. Reaching the top, I endeavored to grasp her. Stretching out my arms and clasping frantically the air, I fell dead to the ground.

“Thus was I born into the spirit world. The idea that last possessed me on earth, first possessed me in the spirit life.

“No mortal man can describe the horror I experienced on finding myself in the midst of a boundless space, face to face with mine enemy. Her narrow intellect and strong animal nature seemed to have expanded, even as I have seen the face of a child expand from pleasing infancy into idiotic youth. This animal part of her immortality roused my ire—struck some savage chord in my nature—and I rose up like a wild beast to attack her; but the creature laughed and jeered at my vain efforts. She led me thus, in fruitless pursuit, further and further into space; inciting me on by her taunts and ringing laugh, until I found myself in a dark and noisome pit, when she suddenly vanished.

“Ignorant of the peculiarities of spirit condition, I could not grope my way out of this place, which appeared to me a very hell. I wandered in this gloomy labyrinth, breathing the foul air, and uttering fearful cries which struck my ears with anguish. Black, threatening shapes appeared to stand in the intricate windings of that gloomy cavern, ready to seize me if I dared to essay my escape. When my agony had reached its utmost bounds of endurance, I felt myself growing strangely light, and like some thin vapor I ascended to the mouth of the pit and made my exit into the outer air.

“The place I then discovered to be merely a cavern or deserted mine, but to my unhappy condition of mind it had appeared as the home of the damned.

“Out into space again, I saw afar off, as across the continent, the dwelling where I had passed the last days of my eventful life. A current of air like the shock from an electric wire carried me back to the spot.

“Returned to the scene of my crime, I became possessed with the desire to expose to view the deed I had committed, and to reveal my villany to the community. For two weary years I have hovered around this place for that purpose; but I have failed hitherto, as you have seen me fail to-night.”

As he finished his narrative I observed he seemed about to relax into a morbid condition again. To prevent this, I seized him kindly by the shoulder and exclaimed, “Friend, you must come with me. Your life, your future

welfare is imperiled. You are like one shut up in a vault, breathing his own exhalations. You do not understand the science of mind.”

“The science of mind?” said he. “What have I to do with that? ’Tis the curse of Cain resting upon me. I cannot undo the evil that I have done. I am an outcast!”

“The wrong you have done,” said I, “becomes doubly, trebly magnified by thus living it over day by day. You have committed a crime. Do you wish to perpetuate that crime? You pursue the very course to make it permanent and enduring. Mind acts upon matter and matter reacts upon mind. You have made the house a partner to the deed you have committed by constantly associating it with the act. You have tainted its walls and poisoned it within and without.

“It becomes sentient and reacts upon you. It becomes a magnet, a loadstone to draw you. Your constant habit of associating it in your mind with the past, creates around it an atmosphere which is a part of your being and welds you to it, so that you, the house, and the deed, become one mighty monster, inseparable. The idea that you can expiate the deed by this self-torture is vain. You can neither confer good upon yourself nor your victim. Leave off and follow me.”

These last words seemed to have the desired effect, for he raised his eyes with a sad smile, placed his hand in mine, and said:

“I will go with you.”

Happy that my efforts proved availing, I hurried on in a joyous mood, soon rising above the earth and bearing my companion to my spirit home.

The pure air of the fragrant fields revived him, and by the time we arrived at my own garden-home he seemed born into a new life.

I set him down under my arbor, now dripping with golden fruits, and having refreshed him with cordial (angels’ food), I called his attention to the beauties around us; the birds, the flowers, and the luxurious growth of nature, which shed such abundance around my home.

“See,” said I, “how nature works. If the roots of the tree meet with obstacles they start off in another direction. They do not wind and wind themselves around one spot. If they did death would ensue.

“In every man’s life there are deeds to be regretted—wrongs which he would gladly undo—but painful imaginings and fruitless remorse will not set them right. Only by being actively engaged in some nobler direction can atonement be made.

“This woman, whom you have injured, is in magnetic rapport with you; and while you are in this moody, self-denunciatory frame of mind, your restless, unhappy condition acts upon her, preventing her from becoming contented and happy; then her state reacts back upon you, and thus an evil equilibrium is maintained.”

“I see my error,” he exclaimed. “Tell me what to do and I will do it.”

It was arranged that he should remain with me. We worked together; he became happy and his mind no longer reverted to the past, but active and healthful employment engaged his hours.

When he had recovered sufficiently I took him to see his former companion. He found her in a pleasant home, looking buoyant and happy. All that was demoniac had vanished from her face. Surprised, he burst into tears as he beheld her. “Weep not,” said she, “for I am happy now. The past is forgotten.”

They compared notes, and found that peace had entered into her soul when he had obliterated the past from his memory and commenced his labors in a new life.

Thus we see that the evil passions and attributes of one nature may awaken and kindle like passions in another, which can only be subdued by letting them pass unnoticed, and also by arousing the higher faculties into activity.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

### VISIT TO HENRY CLAY.

Having recovered my health after a sojourn of two weeks amid the charming scenery of Mount Rosalia, or the “Rose-colored Mount,” I set forth one morning, accompanied by a competent guide, to visit the home of my friend, Henry Clay. The morning was uncommonly fine, even for the sweet Land of the Blest, and the fragrance from the roses blooming upon the hill-side was fairly intoxicating.

Our phaeton was a small, white, swan-shaped carriage, ornamented with golden designs, and propelled by a galvanic battery in the graceful swan-head, which at my request took the place of the ordinary steed.

This was, to me, an exceedingly novel mode of travel, which my short sojourn in the spirit world had prevented me from before enjoying.

We glided over the electric ground with the speed of lightning and smooth harmony of music. The road over which we rolled was white and lustrous as parian marble, and adorned on either side with most rare and beautiful forms of foliage; ever and anon we passed gay cavalcades and bands of spirits, who were evidently, from their festal garments, and the bright emanations which they diffused through the air, bound for some harmonial gathering on one of the numerous islands which dot the sparkling river Washingtonia, so named after George Washington.

The distance from the point whence I started, according to earth’s computation, was over one hundred miles; but though I desired my guide to move onward as slowly as possible, that I might enjoy the prospect before me, we reached our destination in less than a quarter of an hour!

I had received a special invitation from Henry Clay to visit him on this occasion, as he had called together some choice friends to give me welcome; yet, although I knew I was expected, my surprise cannot be described upon beholding the air filled with bebies of beautiful ladies, like



radiant birds, approaching, with the sound of music and flutter of flowers, to receive me. Thus surrounded and escorted, I was borne to the noble palace (for such it may be justly termed) of Henry Clay.

The structure is of white alabaster, faced with a pale yellow semi-transparent stone, which glistened most gorgeously. The form of the building is unlike any order of architecture with which I had been acquainted. The avenue by which it was approached was decorated alternately with statues of representative Americans, and a peculiar flowering tree, whose green leaves and yellow blossoms, of gossamer texture, resembled the fine mist of a summer morning. Terminating, this avenue was the main entrance, surmounted by the grand dome of the edifice. In the rear of this rotunda, extending on either side, appeared the main building, rising, turret on turret, like a stupendous mountain of alabaster beaming as with soft moonlight in the clear summer air.

We entered by ascending a staircase composed of twelve broad steps. And here let me pause, before recounting my interview with the celebrated statesman, to describe the main hall, whose magnificence I, upon entering, hastily surveyed, but which I afterward studied more completely. The floor of this hall was formed of delicate cerulean blue gems. From its centre sprang, like a fountain, a most wonderful representation of a flowering plant resembling the lotus, composed of precious and brilliant stones. The green leaves forming the base were of transparent emerald, and the white lily which surmounted the stem blossomed out clearer than any crystal. The yellow centre, corresponding to the pistils, formed a divan. This beautiful ornament was intended for the desk of the orator. The dome, which was several hundred feet high, was open to the summer sky, and arranged in tiers graduated one above the other. The lower tier was filled with paintings indicating the progress of the United States of America. Surmounting this was a gallery of small compartments, each hung with silver and gold gauze drapery, and similar in construction to the boxes of a theatre; these opened into halls or alleys leading to private apartments connecting with the main building. Above these boxes were placed artistically-carved animals, representing the native beasts of America. Above these again, appeared groups in marble of the fruits of the country.

No sooner had I entered the building which I have been describing, than a peculiar rushing sound like distant music reached my ear; on lifting my

eyes in the direction of the sound, I beheld descending through the air the majestic form of Henry Clay. He approached with extended hand and fascinating smile to receive me. How like and yet how unlike the famous man I had known on earth! The gray hair of age had given place to the abundant glossy locks of youth. The intellectual eye beamed with a new life and his whole person sent forth an effulgence most attractive. Those of my readers who knew him on earth will well remember the peculiar fascination of his sphere, but they can form from the remembrance but a slight idea of the attractive aura he sheds forth in this existence. I immediately felt myself drawn by an invisible power toward him. He grasped my hand with the frank cordiality and grace of former days, and leading me thus, we arose together and, passing through one of the arched compartments of the upper tier, entered another portion of the building. As we moved on I seemed to live portions of my earthly life, long past. The gorgeous and fantastic architecture which everywhere met my eye reminded me of the halls of the Alhambra. Swiftly passing, we emerged through a spacious arch upon an open arbor, where were congregated the priests whom I had been invited to meet. I started back with a shock of delight when I beheld, in the centre of the group, the immortal figure of George Washington. I knew him instantly, partly from the likenesses which had been extant on earth, and partly from the noble spirit which emanated like a sun from his person. The group parted as we entered and I immediately felt, resting upon my shoulder like a benediction, the soft, firm hand of the Father of his Country. "Washington!" I exclaimed, fervidly grasping his hand. "At length we have met!" he responded, and a smile of ineffable joy lighted his countenance. He then spoke of the many changes through which the United States had passed since his removal to the spirit land. I was surprised at the extent of knowledge he displayed. Not the slightest variation in the scale of political economy had escaped his notice. He expressed himself pleased especially at the great progress and development of the people within the last twenty years. He alluded to their rapid march through the western territories; the founding of new and important States; the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of countries supposed to be almost valueless; of the invention and construction of machinery adapted to the wants and necessities of those new and rapidly-increasing States. "This marvellous growth is owing to their being essentially a mediumistic people—is it not so?" said he, smiling and turning to the assembled guests. "Yes, yes!" I

heard repeated on all sides. On this commenced a general conversation. I listened as one in a dream. Around me I beheld the faces and forms of the heroes of past history, each bearing the shape and semblance of humanity, though removed from earth millions of miles into space. One and all emitted, like stars, their own peculiar luminous aura. Collected in motley groups were Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, William Penn, Old General Jackson, John Jacob Astor, De Witt Clinton, and many of the old Knickerbocker residents of New York; with Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Hunt, Keats, Byron, Scott, Cowper, Hume, Goethe, De Stael, Mrs. Hemans, and many others.

“The people of America have progressed to an astonishing degree,” said a musical voice at my left. “We must initiate Irving into the means by which we impart knowledge to the mediumistic nation through the Cabinet at Washington.”

“Certainly,” responded Henry Clay. “Let all formalities cease. We will partake of refreshments, and then Franklin will make him acquainted with the wonderful aids to science and humanity with which he has supplied my residence.”

As he ceased speaking, a shower of sound, like the music from the ringing of innumerable crystal bells, filled the air. Accompanying this, and apparently descending from the ceiling, a soft light of aromatic odor diffused itself through the apartment. This was followed by the appearance of a shining disk of amber and pearl, revolving rapidly in its descent till it reached the congregated party. This magic circle (which Thomas Hood, who was present, facetiously termed the “wheel of fortune”) was supplied with refreshments truly supernal. Here were fruits of most brilliant dyes; some of soft, pulpy flesh, and others of the consistency of honey; some more transparent than the diamonds of earth; others substantial, seemingly intended to supply the demands of hunger. Here were confections resembling foam and cloud, whose very taste was elysium. The guests ate and chatted vivaciously. I received much information concerning the various products of this great land which were displayed upon the table. The most luscious fruits, I considered, both in flavor and quality, were those produced on an island in the spirit land corresponding to your island of Cuba, which was under the protection of a band of spirits called the “Good Sisters.”

The company having regaled themselves at the table, arose and divided into groups, laughing and chatting like ordinary mortals. I felt immediately attracted to a cluster of which Benjamin Franklin was the magnetic centre. I reminded him of the duties imposed on him by our host, and told him playfully that I desired to investigate the mysteries of this wonderful palace. He cordially acquiesced, and, in company with a few friends, we commenced our explorations. I inquired as to the construction of the table from which we had just arisen, so superior to the cumbersome ones of earth. "It is a very simple contrivance," he smilingly remarked. "You observe inserted in these twisted columns, ornamented with leaves, which support the ceiling, an electric wire, similar to that of a telegraph. From each of these central columns, this wire connects with the upper gallery. Here," said he, pointing to one of the leafy ornaments, "you perceive the means of communicating. Unobserved by you, our gracious host touched one of these springs which are connected with the crystal bells, and announced to his servants his desire for refreshments." "Servants!" exclaimed I. "How singular! I little supposed, from the religious teachings I had received, that there would be menials in heaven!"

"Thee has a poor memory," remarked William Penn, with a bright smile, "Did not the Bible teach thee that there was an upper and a lower seat? These servants are composed mostly of those who were held in slavery on earth and who desire to receive instruction that they may progress in the spheres. They are willing assistants; giving, that they may receive in return. If thee dislike the term 'servant,' thee may use the term 'friend,' for they are friends and co-workers. Through those doors in the gallery they bring the refreshments which they gather from the hanging gardens without, where they live like the Peries of the East. The luxury of the princes of earth cannot compare with the life of enjoyment and freedom led by those whom I have termed 'servants.'"

I here took the opportunity to ask Franklin if it was necessary, in communicating with absent individuals, to use those external appliances? "Not always; thought can commune with thought if upon the same plane; but a mind like that of our great statesman cannot readily communicate with one whose mind on earth never rose above the domestic affairs of life. In such cases, external means are necessary."

“Come,” said he, turning; “I will show you something more remarkable than this.” So saying, he led me through an open door into one of the spacious gardens which grace the palace on either side. We walked but a few moments, arm in arm, over a soft velvet like lawn, of the color of a delicate violet. Exquisite tints everywhere met my eye. The air was like wine, and so luscious and entrancing were the surroundings that I felt inclined to tarry, but my sage guide, calling my attention to the majestic dome towering in the air, desired me to exert my will to ascend. I did so, and immediately felt myself rising as if pressed up by some elastic substance, until I reached the top. The dome, which appeared to be composed of glass, I perceived, as I approached, was covered with a thin web resembling that of a spider. The apex of this dome was surmounted by a globe representing the planet earth, with its continents and seas. Openings corresponding to the different continents admitted persons into the globe. We entered that corresponding to the continent of North America. Each of these entrances, I was told, was particularly adapted to the admission of the inhabitants of the different localities they represented. On looking down I beheld the apartment I had first entered. It was no longer vacant—each gallery was filled with spectators. On the lily-shaped rostrum stood Henry Clay and George Washington—Washington speaking to the people. “You observe,” said my guide, “a secondary stem from that lily branches off and extends to this point. It appears to you a mere ornament, but it transmits the thoughts and words of the speaker to the city of Washington. Other branches, as you notice, lead in other directions. If the speaker desires his thoughts to be transmitted to any given point, he leans toward the stem leading to that point. This silken web which you have admired, is a sensitive electric telegraph. It is composed of the elements of mind; in the world you have lately inhabited it would be intangible, but it has a subtle connection with the human brain, and spirit thoughts directed through it go with the promptness of electricity to their destination. Thought is electric, but its power of transmitting itself is, like that of the human voice, limited; the voice requires the artificial assistance of a speaking-trumpet to throw its sound beyond the ordinary distance; thought requires a similar artificial conductor. You remember,” said Franklin, “in my early experiments with the kite and key, I could not obtain the spark until I had established the necessary attraction, although the air was filled with the electric current. So of the thought-electricity, which is constantly flowing; we have to apply

means to concentrate it and give it form and expression. On earth, word and gesture are media for thought, but the savans have not yet discovered the means by which unspoken thought can take form and expression. No galvanic wire nor chemical battery has yet been invented by them, through which these electric sparks may be drawn down from their unseen habitations among the clouds; but in the world of spirits this great discovery, as I have shown you, has been made. In this appliance you find the thoughts of the speaker running through these sensitive wires until, like telegraphic messages, they reach their destination on earth.”

I listened to Franklin’s explanation of this gigantic sensorium with my soul filled with love and admiration for the great Creator who had formed the human mind with its vast capacity for penetrating the sublime mysteries of nature.

After leaving the dome I continued my inspection of the edifice. But of its halls and galleries, its boudoirs, libraries, and peerless gardens, I will speak at some future time.

# **NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.**

## **\_TO THE FRENCH NATION\_.**

Triumph sits regent upon the Napoleonic banner. Napoleon the First is dictator to Napoleon the Third. By my side stands Josephine. We were not destined to part eternally. In Louis Napoleon Bonaparte her blood and mine commingle. *\_Restez-vous, mon patrie; Napoleon shall decide aright. \_No, petit garçon, \_Napoleon le Grand will place you upon the highest pinnacle of peace.*

Fate is inexorable. The decrees of destiny are more potent than the wisdom of man. France and Napoleon are indissoluble. The star of Bonaparte is destined to shine yet for the next half-century. None but a patriot shall rule France. No proud Austrian, nor weak and haughty Bourbon shall flame their colors from the palaces of France. No, my countryman! he who serves you, who leads your armies to victory, who raises your citizens to distinction, he whose courage is undaunted, he who has the power of prescience—is Napoleon.

When Louis shall join me his spirit and mine will still animate the Bonapartes who shall come after us.

Repose entire confidence in his discretion. Napoleon the Third lives only for France.

You cry for liberty of speech and liberty of the press. But liberty is anarchy. Would you demand liberty for the army? Without a head to guide and control it, the army of France would be a scourge.

Through calamity the most depressing, the hand of destiny has led Louis Napoleon to the throne of France, and against sickness and disease, against the hand of the assassin, and against vilifications of his enemies, it will hold him there, firm. His time has not yet come. Before he bids adieu to life he will secure an able leader for France.

I give him my hand. I embrace him in spirit. The shadow of Napoleon attends him by day and by night.

Adieu, NAPOLEON.



## W. M. THACKERAY.

### HIS POST MORTEM EXPERIENCE.

Poor Will Thackeray, when a stripling, was fit to kneel in the street before his mistress, that bright luminary who shone to his boyish eyes like a star of the first magnitude! Alas, he discovered her to be one of the sixteenth, and by the time he had ceased to care for polished boots and stiff, broad collars, she had dwindled down to an ordinary piece of humanity!

He found his boon companions, like himself, liable to mistake an ant for a whale and think the King of England next in royalty to a god!

What a fool he made of himself in the eyes of those who were wiser than he, when he swore the crown of England was made of unalloyed gold! The water he drank was filled with animalculae, yet he swore it was pure as the gods' nectar. The best and freshest air he breathed contained poison, yet his boyish wisdom knew better than that.

Poor Thackeray! wiser men than he knew that youthful imagination was a cheat; that the mistress of his heart was not a goddess; and wiser beings than they all knew—angelic beings, living in the golden streets of Paradise, knew—that the conception of what the spirit after death would be able to do was as far from the truth as were his boyish dreams of the mistress of his heart!

Poor Thackeray! he has attained that superior wisdom now! He walks, himself a ghost, among the ghosts of the past; and these "airy nothings" nod and smile, and shake hands, and say:

"Yes, we are ourselves."

He thrusts his hands into his trowsers pockets, and remembers the time when he thought it would be indecent to go naked in the New Jerusalem! Trowsers, forsooth! Yes, here they are, pockets and all; and he dives his hands in deeper, jingling something which strongly resembles cash; and struts about and hobnobs with Addison, Spencer, Sterne, old Dean Swift,

and he asks himself, “are these the great men of my fancy?” On reflection he finds he had expected to meet these luminaries shining like actual stars in the firmament, attended by some undefined splendor.

Poor Will Thackeray! he finds the same dross in the gold, the same animalculae in the water, the same poison in the air, the same fact that men are not gods in that much-vaunted place called heaven, as on the much-abused earth. But he wipes his spectacles, and clears away the mist of speculation and fancy, which has bedimmed his eyes, and looks about him more hopefully and trustfully than in the days when he walked through Vanity Fair and saw how Mr. Timms, with not a penny in the bank, pinched himself to give a little dinner in imitation of a great lord who gave a great dinner, and had gold beyond his count; snobs, who wore paste jewels and cotton-backed velvet, who cursed a fellow and strutted about in imitation of noble lords, who wore real diamonds and silken velvets! mimicking the follies of the great, but never their noble deeds and heroisms.

He is beyond snobs now. He is in the land of heroisms and heroes. Yet he feels he has been cheated by the fat parson who stole sovereigns from his pocket to keep him out of h——! His spiritual bones fairly ache with the leagues he has travelled, hunting up the throne of God! “Where the deuce,” he mutters, “is the showman?” He can’t find the lake of fire and brimstone without a guide.

Poor Thackeray! he again wipes his spectacles and feels he has been sold! This life on the other side of Jordan he finds to be what his American cousins would call a “humbug,” a downright swindle upon the sympathies and good taste of those who wear long streamers of crape, and groan and sob over his funeral rites! He feels in duty bound (out of consideration for those mourners who expect nothing else) to go scudding through the air in a loose white shroud, or to rest cosily housed away in the “bosom of his Maker,” like a big, grown-up infant that he is, or else to be howling at the top of his lungs hallelujahs!—he that could never raise a note. And, if not so, certainly, out of compliment to the judgment of his boon companions, he should be engaged in the dread alternative of sitting astride a pair of balances and being “weighed and found wanting;” or having been sent by the relentless Judge into everlasting torment “where there is cursing and gnashing of teeth,” he should be found there tormenting his fellow-imps!

But alas! to his mortification, nothing of the kind is occurring or seems likely to occur.

He has been as active as the next man since his arrival in ghostdom. He has peeped under the \_chapeaux\_ of every solemn pilgrim whom he has passed, but failed to find the four-and-twenty elders who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. What has he found? He really is ashamed to own up to the number of mountain sides and sloping hills he has inspected in the vain search for a place he used to call h—— (he thought it blasphemy to add the other three letters); but neither cloven foot, nor forked tail, nor horns, nor any kind of fearful person in black, has pounced upon him; nor has he been seized by any claimant for leaving the world unshriven, as he did.

Poor Will Thackeray! it has been a great disappointment to him! He expected some kind of sensational reception—thunder or lightning, or some big God whose towering front might vie with Chimborazo—to awe him into the consideration that he had become a spirit and was launched into the awful precincts of eternity! No wonder he feels dogged and put upon to find himself thus bamboozled! He undertook a long and venturesome journey to “see the elephant,” but it wasn’t there!

He can’t complain against the citizens of this famous “undiscovered bourne”; they have done all that’s fair and square by him; they have shown all that they have got; and he is too much of a gentleman to taunt them. He knows they feel ashamed that they haven’t those curiosities that their Vicegerents on earth had vouched for their having; he can see it in their faces; but he considers himself in duty bound to prepare his fellow-citizens for what they are to expect.

# **ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.**

## **\_TWO NATURAL RELIGIONS\_.**

There are two great natural religions before the world, the Roman Catholic and the Spiritualistic; and both are adapted to the wants of the race.

Man naturally gives expression to his thoughts by external forms corresponding to his ideas.

The Roman Catholic religion is accused of being a system of forms and ceremonies, but therein lies its wonderful adaptation to humanity. Thought ever seeks expression in form, even as a mother's love for her infant finds expression in her ardent embrace.

Love is the prevailing element of the Catholic religion, as shown by the love of the Son of God for poor, ignorant, sinful creatures.

We do not present this to the mind ideally. We call in the outcast and the beggar, and we expose to their view, in the great cathedrals, the Son of God, as he appeared in all his various experiences of human life.

The parent who can earn but a scanty pittance for his offspring, sees before him Jesus lying in the manger, equal in squalid poverty with the lowest of mankind.

The majesty and glory of the courts of Heaven are symbolized in the Roman Church. There is gathered the wealth of the world! All that is yet attained in the representation of the grand, the beautiful, the majestic, the sublime, and the devotional, is collected in the Mother of Churches.

What earthly king, in his noble palace, with its costly architecture, its ornaments of silver and gold, its rare paintings and statuary, the wealth and accumulation of many sovereigns, would admit into its sacred precincts the poor and the lowly, the beggar and the thief, the Magdalen and the Lazarus to sully with their presence his royal abode?

But we erect palaces to the King of Heaven! regal in architecture, and adorned with beauty surpassing in magnificence earthly royalty, in which the lowliest may enter on an equality with the prince; his untutored mind, his uncultivated senses may listen to music of the highest order. The pealing tones of the organ resound under the touch of the highest masters of art for his simple ear. Listening to those strains, his mind forms a conception of the harmony and beatitude of Heaven!

Even death is not looked upon with horror by the Catholic. If he lose a friend in this life, unlike the Protestant, he does not abandon him in oblivion, but his sympathies still extend to him by offering masses for his soul. And it is because it is so adapted to man's spiritual nature that the Catholic religion has withstood the shock and surge of ages!

The restless, heaving billows of time have washed against the seven-hilled Church in vain.

My soul rests in peace. It has taken its abode in Elysium. And in this world among the stars, seeing clearer and further than when I inhabited the lowly planet earth, I look down upon the struggling, dying race I have left behind, and feel still, that the \_Roman Catholic religion is the religion for the masses\_.

A great majority of men are born into the world but little higher than the beasts that perish. Their spiritual natures, though feeble, need food that is adapted to their wants. That food we furnish.

Our priests, our sisters of charity, our holy fathers, our Benedictine monks, our nuns, are to be found in every quarter of the globe. On the mountains of everlasting snow, among the icebergs of the Polar Sea, and in the sandy deserts; on inhospitable shores, in the torrid zone, under the burning rays of the equatorial sun; with the savage and with the sage they are found ever ready to stimulate the spiritual nature, to give earthly advice, and supply material wants.

As a spirit I speak of what I think best adapted to the needs of man. I endeavor to throw aside the prejudices of education. I look upon the Protestant religion as unnatural; a monstrous belief which deforms man. So far as I can see, its influence has been blighting. It takes youth, joy, and animation from the world. It grants no indulgence for sin, nor for the

mistakes of ignorance. It is cruel and harsh, and men become narrow and self-elated under its teachings.

The Spiritualistic religion resembles the Catholic in its breadth and amplitude, and in its humanizing and equalizing influence. I expect the day will come when all minor beliefs will be swallowed up in these two great religions.

The Catholic Church in the spirit world is not so extensive as it is upon earth. Its usefulness is more especially adapted to earthly conditions.

There are some noble cathedrals in the spirit world. Mass is offered up every morning at the cathedral of the Five Virgins in my bishopric.

The sisterhood of the Five Wise Virgins, newly organized, inhabit beautiful and commodious edifices adjacent.

It is their business to escort from earth youthful souls who have been baptized in the Church, and who are friendless and vagrant, having inhabited while on earth such parts of New York City as the Five Points and Water street, and having neither kindred nor connection to claim them.

These are received into the beautiful home of the sisterhood. They bathe in the golden fountains of youth, and are instructed in various ways. They are taught the uses of magnetism, mesmerism, and psychology, and return to earth to rap, write, and speak, through media, and to bring back the stray lambs to the fold.

**EDGAR A. POE.**

**\_THE LOST SOUL\_.**

Hark the bell! the funeral bell,  
    Calling the soul  
    To its goal.  
Oh! the haunted human heart,  
From its idol doomed to part!  
Yet a twofold being bearing,  
She and I apart are tearing;  
She to heaven I to hell!  
Going, going! Hark the bell!  
    Far in hell,  
    Tolling, tolling.  
    Fiends are rolling,  
Whitened bones, and coffins reeking,  
Fearful darkness grimly creeping  
    On my soul,  
    My vision searing,  
    She disappearing,  
    Drawn from me  
    By a soul I cannot see,  
Whom I know can never love her.  
Oh! that soul could I discover,  
    I would go,  
    Steeped in woe,  
Down to darkness, down to hell!  
Hark the bell! Farewell! farewell!

## JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

### INVISIBLE INFLUENCES.

A ship is on the ocean. The wind is fair. All hands are in motion. But a few hours since, it left port. Among its passengers is a gay traveller; he wears a silken cloak fringed with gold. The sailors admire his splendor; they gather around him as he walks the deck with his flying robe. They put forth their rough hands to feel its soft texture; its warm, bright color gives pleasure to their eyes. As they gaze their pulses heighten, their steps become unsteady, their eyes wander from duty, their great sturdy frames quiver with emotion. The captain rallies them, but in vain.

What secret foe is in their midst? Their parched tongues, cleaving to the roofs of their mouths, call for the surgeon. He comes—he questions, “From whence comest thou?” “From the Orient,” the traveller replies. The surgeon gasps and shakes his head. He, too, is stricken with fear. “’Tis the plague!” he whispers. An unseen, deadly foe is stalking beneath that gay cloak! The traveller hears and shudders; he flings off his gay vestment. The waves gather up the silken folds. But the sacrifice is useless. A fell hand strikes down both traveller and sailor. As they gasp and die they are hurried to the ship’s side; they are plunged overboard; a seething, foaming grave yawns to receive them.

The ship glides on. Those who remain wash the deck with water. They cannot wash away the demon, which is everywhere and yet nowhere.... Poisons as subtle attend the human spirit, baneful and contagious as the plague!

See yonder peaceful cottage, nestling by the hillside; hope and contentment dwell therein; within its walls beauty and grace awaken harmony. Lured by the bright sunshine, a stranger enters the door. He sits and chats awhile with the inmates. His talk is pleasant, and as he converses a cloud falls upon the house, the sunshine becomes darkened, and the dwellers within the pretty cottage shiver as with cold. They heed not the



change, for the chat of their guest delights them. But when he departs he leaves behind him a poison more baneful than the plague.

The inmates of the peaceful cottage look with gloomy eyes one upon the other; they become dissatisfied and distracted among themselves, and discord takes the place of harmony.

Secret influences are at work, poisons thrown out by the sphere of the guest. A worse fate befalls them than befell the sailors who were invaded by the insidious Plague.

I have seen in nature a fair face clouded suddenly—made gloomy and unlovely—by the unspoken thought of another. Thought is contagious—some varieties of it poisonous! I have seen the countenance of an innocent child transformed into ugliness by a poisonous thought. I have seen those who have looked upon her receive that thought and become likewise infected.

I have seen also to this picture another and a brighter side. I have seen secret influences drawing individuals together, sustaining and upholding them; as the long line filaments of wool clasp each other and draw together the separate particles, so have I seen individuals united. Thus was the first Napoleon united to Josephine. A secret influence as potent as the plague passed from one to the other; but it breathed health and not poison.

Napoleon, with his powerful will, disrupted these magnetic relations; he tore apart the unseen filaments that bound them; and, the sustaining influence gone, he fell—a mighty wreck—on the bleak shore of St. Helena.

What man or woman can comprehend the secret influences that surround the soul. Keep guard; and when the blood stagnates within, when secret shudders, and gloomy thoughts, and inharmonious feelings arise, be sure that some poison-breathing foe is at hand.

Set the door ajar, and resolutely turn your face from the secret influence that would destroy you.

# CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

## (CURREN BELL.)

### AGNES REEF.—A TALE.

#### CHAPTER I.

I was brought up and educated by my bachelor uncle. He was a reticent, moody man, and with his aged housekeeper and myself, led a solitary and unsocial life in the old rambling house which had been his father's before him.

I was but a child of six years when destiny placed me under his charge, and with him I remained eleven years; a scared, repressed little thing, revelling in strange fancies in the spidery attic rooms, and looking down through the dusty cobwebbed windows upon the life and movement below, unconscious that I formed a part of that active humanity.

Thus I lived until I entered my seventeenth year. For the last two years my mind had been expanding and growing discontented with my lot. The moroseness of my uncle, the sullenness of his housekeeper, the gloom and dinginess of the bare rooms had grown insupportable to me. These alone I might have endured, but added to them were other sources of disquiet, not the least of which being hints from the housekeeper that it was time I began to do something for myself. Youth, pride, and ambition stirred within me, and I actively set about looking, for a situation.

I had not long to wait; in one of the weekly papers, of which my uncle took many, I one day discovered an advertisement, which to my morbid fancy seemed sent by fate especially to me.

A young lady was wanted to take charge of the education of a boy of eleven years. Upon reading this advertisement, I immediately sat down and wrote a letter, offering my services.

By return mail I received a note acknowledging the receipt of mine, and stating that as I was the only applicant and my testimonials satisfactory, I was accepted.

I informed my uncle of my good fortune. He received the news with a gruff approval, adding that he hoped I would do well, as I could expect no further pecuniary aid from him than would be sufficient to carry me there.

My emotions, as I packed my little trunk on that memorable Saturday, were of a mixed character; but pleasure predominated. Hope beckoned me on; and the sadness attendant on breaking loose from the unfriendly home in which I had lived so long was but transitory.

Monday morning saw me seated composedly in the rail-coach on the way to "Bristed Hall," my destination. Towards nightfall we stopped at a station in a desolate, sparsely-inhabited district. My road diverging here, I hurried out, and the long train which connected me with my past life sped out of sight.

Drawing my veil closely to my face to hide a few falling tears, I looked around the desolate waiting-room, to see if any fellow-creature was expecting me. As I did so a heavy, thumping footstep sounded upon the platform, and a surly voice inquired:

"Are you Miss Reef?" accompanying the question by a slight pull at my shawl.

Turning, I beheld a deformed little man with long arms and a high back, awaiting my answer to his question. I summoned courage to ask:

"Were you sent for Miss Reef?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am Mr. Bristed's man. He told me to drive here and fetch home a Miss Reef—if you are that person, miss!" touching his hat with an effort at politeness.

"I am," I answered, and without further ado we proceeded to the carriage, which he had left waiting at the rear platform.

The evening air was chilly, for it was quite sunset. Drawing my shawl around me, I ensconced myself in a corner of the vehicle, and watched the fading landscape with stolid indifference to whatever might befall me.

We drove on thus for a good hour and a half, halting at length before a dark, massy object, the form of which my dozy eyes could not discern. However, it proved to be Bristed Hall.

I emerged from the carriage and passed up the steps to an open door which, at the pausing of our carriage wheels, had been set ajar. An old woman, the feminine counterpart of my sulky driver, stood in the dimly-lighted passage-way to receive me. She vouchsafed me but a grum welcome, but I felt already too desolate and weary to experience any further depression from her humor.

Bidding me follow her, and ordering the man to carry my luggage, she led me directly through the hall up the stairway to a chamber evidently prepared for my use. The apartment was prettily furnished, and its tidy appearance and the cheerful fire burning on the hearth quite roused my drooping spirits.

After assisting me to remove my bonnet and shawl, my conductress left me, returning ere long with a tray containing refreshments. These she set before me with silent hospitality; then bade me goodnight, saying she would call me in the morning at eight o'clock for breakfast.

My sleep that night was disturbed by dreams, which though vague filled me with terror.

I imagined that I was walking through a long corridor, opening into a sumptuous apartment, its interior partly concealed by rich folds of damask curtains. I lifted the heavy drapery and essayed to enter, but a cold hand grasped mine and prevented me. A woman's figure, slight and youthful, with white face, great sad eyes, and long yellow hair, stood in the arched doorway and pressed me back with her clammy hand. I started up from my pillow in alarm to find myself alone; the pale moonbeams streaming through the looped curtains of the window and glancing upon my forehead, I thought, probably accounted for the cold hand of my dream. I slept, and dreamed again. The scene was changed: a field of stubble lay before me; through it I must make my way; the rough ground hurt my feet; I stumbled and fell; attempting to rise, I saw painted in clear relief against the horizon the same female figure.

Her pale, golden hair hung long and loose over her shoulders. As she caught my eye she lifted her finger as if in warning, and disappeared from sight.

## CHAPTER II.

From these dreams I awakened in the morning perplexed, disturbed, and unrefreshed. After dressing, I was summoned to breakfast by the person who had received me the previous night. She led me down the stairway and through the hall into the breakfast room.

It was a long, narrow apartment, with wainscots and floor of polished oak. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth. A small round stand was set forth, upon which was placed my solitary repast. I seated myself and partook, with a relish, of the nice cakes, fragrant coffee, and sweet clover butter.

Having finished my meal, I arose and walked to one of the deep-set windows which lighted the apartment. Lifting the curtain, I looked out.

A grassy lawn overhung with trees; clear gravel paths and well-trimmed shrubbery; beyond, rocks relieved by a patch of blue sky; a thin line of light, neutral tinted, winding through the distant meadows, indicating a streamlet; these constituted the landscape.

Having spent a full quarter of an hour in abstractedly gazing at this scene, I was called to reality by the opening of the room door, and a strange voice repeating my name. The person presenting herself appeared to be an upper servant—a tall, thin woman, with dark hair sprinkled with gray, and an amiable, weak face.

“If you have finished your breakfast, Miss, I will show you to Mr. Bristed’s room.”

I assured her it was completed, and, following her. I crossed the hall and entered a door at the left. A pleasant odor of flowers met my grateful senses. The room was spacious, wide and deep, and handsomely carpeted. The walls were ornamented with paintings and engravings.

An ample arm-chair, which the owner had evidently just vacated, and a table containing books and papers, gave a tone of both comfort and elegance to the room, which was decidedly congenial to my taste.

Two great glass doors, reflecting clearly the morning sunbeams, led into a conservatory from whence issued the fragrance I perceived on entering.

Among the flowers moved a tall, manly figure. As I entered, the gentleman came forward.

“Miss Reef, Mr. Bristed,” said my companion, by way of introduction.

So this was my employer. As he stood before me, I surveyed him; a well-formed gentleman, above the ordinary height, with pale complexion, set off by dark, penetrative eyes; a shapely head covered with long, heavy masses of straight dark hair. The impression his appearance conveyed to me was that of a person benevolent but apathetic; unhappy without the will or power to shake off his burden.

He bade me be seated. “You are young,” said he, reflectively. “May I ask your age?”

“Seventeen,” I replied.

“Very young,” he reiterated, thoughtfully shaking his head; “however, as you are here, if you wish to remain, Mary will introduce you to your pupil.”

“I certainly wish to remain,” said I, impatiently; “I have journeyed quite a distance for that purpose, and shall be happy to commence the instruction of my pupil immediately.”

“Very well,” said he. “Mary, take her to the nursery, and attend to any of her wants.”

The girl opened a door adjoining that which we had entered by; a narrow hall and a flight of stairs led us to the room indicated.

A little solitary figure, breathing upon the window-glass, and tracing thereon letters with long, thin fingers, was the first object that presented itself to my eye,

“Here is your governess, Herbert,” said Mary.

The little boy turned and surveyed me with his large, blue, mournful eyes. They sent a quiver through my frame from their strange resemblance to eyes I had seen but the night before in my dream.

He was apparently satisfied with his inspection, and his thin scarlet lips parted into a smile.

I called him to me. He came forward timidly.

Taking his small hand, I asked him a few questions about his studies. I found him intelligent, but grave beyond his years; very docile and obedient, and ere the end of the day we became excellent friends.



### CHAPTER III

I had lived six weeks at Bristed Hall, and, excepting on my first arrival, had not interchanged a word with its master. 'Tis true I would see him at times from the school-room window, walking through his park, or smoking upon the long piazza, but he might have been across the ocean for all the intercourse we had together.

It was early June; roses bloomed on every hedge. A season of dry weather had succeeded the showers of spring, the mornings were sparkling, the air delicious. I arose early one particularly sunny morn, that I might take a walk, before the studies of the day commenced, to a natural lake which I had discovered about a mile from the Hall.

Herbert begged to accompany me, and I, who loved at times the quiet of my own thoughts, reluctantly granted his request.

We strolled out of the inclosure, and were leisurely wending our way over the road, when our attention was attracted by the sound of wheels emerging from a cross path. A carriage rolled briskly in view. The little hand of my companion, which I held locked in mine, trembled violently.

“Oh, Miss Agnes, Miss Agnes!” he cried, pointing to the occupant of the carriage, “there is Uncle Richard.”

As it neared us, the driver reined in his horses, which snorted impatiently as he paused, and a musical voice called out:

“Hallo! you young varlet; where are you going so early in the morning?”

Herbert answered faintly, “I am going with Miss Reef to the lake.”

The gentleman at this reply waved his jewelled hand gracefully toward me. “Miss Reef, I am happy to make your acquaintance. So you are the young lady who has undertaken to be bored with my little nephew?”

“He is not a bore,” said I, smilingly, captivated by the grace and abandon of the traveller. And truly his handsome countenance might have captivated a girl more experienced in the world's ways than myself. His was a gay, spirited face, complexion fair and rosy; full red lips, graced with a curling moustache; golden locks fit for an Adonis; sunny, dancing eyes, and a

figure rather massive, but well formed. Such was the impression I received of this "Uncle Richard."

"Allow me to give you a seat in my brougham," said he.

I thanked him, but refused.

"Bound on some romantic expedition," he said, laughing; "I can see it in your beaming eyes. Well, I suppose I must continue my solitary drive; but don't tarry long at the dismal lake; hasten back, as I shall want a companion to chat with in the empty Hall."

I found Herbert unwilling to talk about his uncle, so I tried to dismiss the new comer from my thoughts, and engaged with my pupil in gathering wild flowers and grasses wherewith to form wreaths and bouquets to adorn our school-room. After rambling about for an hour, we turned homeward.

I felt quite excited upon reaching the Hall, and hurried to my room to smooth my hair preparatory to commencing the labors of the day. If I stood over my mirror longer than usual, remember I was young, and had a laudable desire to please. As I surveyed myself in the glass, I was guilty of a pleasurable cognizance of the figure and face reflected there. The walk and unexpected encounter had given an unwonted brilliancy and vivacity to my countenance. My cheeks glowed; my eyes sparkled; and from my chestnut curls depended wild flowers, and wreaths of Herbert's twining; altogether a pleasing picture presented itself to view, which, without vanity, I was thankful to behold.

We had not been long at our lessons when a voice, gaily singing, approached the door, and without the ceremony of knocking, the gentleman whom we had passed in our morning ramble entered the room.

"I have been looking all over for you; why are you hiding yourself away up here?" said he, merrily. "Can you not take another pupil, Miss Reef?" at the same time drawing up his chair to the table at which Herbert and myself were seated.

"If he is as tractable as Herbert, I might venture," I replied, assuming the gay, mocking tone of my questioner.

I soon saw that he was bent on remaining; so, taking from my desk a drawing-book and pencil, I placed them before him.

“There is your task; please not to interrupt me.” I was determined not to be beguiled from my duty by this gay cavalier. He permitted us to pursue our studies uninterruptedly till he had finished his drawing.

“There,” he exclaimed, placing it before me. “Will you not reward me for my industry?”

I looked at the sketch. It was bold and clear, shaded with a firm hand, spirited and original. I was truly surprised at the skill evinced.

After that day he visited our room often, calling in during the morning to exchange a pleasant word, or at the close of the school hours to loiter over our drawings and chat of books and music. His visits began to grow too pleasant to me. Some effort must be made on my side to render them less attractive.

One afternoon he entered as usual, and waited patiently till Herbert had recited his closing lesson. Then he arose, and taking a guitar from its case, commenced playing and singing a song in a most bewitching manner.

“Come, Miss Reef,” said he, when he had finished, “that beautiful hand is just made to glide over this instrument. Allow me to give you a lesson.”

Feeling that if I permitted him to encroach upon my position as governess I would be lost, I refused. I must give him to understand that I know my place and will not be trifled with, I thought; so I arose and rang the bell for Mary. She soon appeared, apparently surprised at seeing Mr. Richard Bristed so much at home in the school-room.

“Mary, sit down; I wish you to hem this handkerchief for Herbert,” said I.

She seated herself with my work-box before her, and commenced plying her needle industriously. The young gentleman looked on my arrangement with a lurking smile for a few moments, and then uttering a long, low whistle, arose from his chair and sauntered out. Passing me, he whispered:

“I will remember you for this, Miss Reef.” He did seem to remember it, as several days elapsed without his presenting himself.

Once I met him in the hall, and he merely bowed. If he had wished to arouse in me an interest in himself, he could not have pursued a better plan; for I grew restless and uneasy, regretting heartily that I had offended him.

## CHAPTER IV.

After three days had passed thus, I concluded I would explain to him my motive. Accordingly, in the afternoon, when my hour of recreation came, I brushed my hair carefully, changed my dress, and descended to the piazza on which he generally lounged in the afternoon with a cigar.

As he was not there, I seated myself on a rustic chair to watch for him. I had not sat many minutes when I heard the wheels of a carriage on the gravel path; then the gay voice of Mr. Richard met my ear. I turned: he was seated in the vehicle with a valise beside him, and was apparently bound on a journey. As he caught sight of me, he raised his hat, bowed distantly, and drove off.

A dreary sense of loneliness crept over me. The setting sun filled the west with its golden splendor. Great yellow bars of sunlight streamed through the railing, and lit up the floor of the piazza. Sitting there I was bathed in its ruddy flood. Happy birds poured forth their evening song in the bushes near by; but I was miserable and alone. All nature seemed to rejoice, while I, her child, was desolate.

“You appear sad, miss,” said a voice close beside me. I looked up and beheld the elder Mr. Bristed. He had evidently observed my emotion, and his dark eye looked a reproof that his lips did not utter.

Presently, he seated himself near me, and asked a few questions as to the progress my pupil was making. Having satisfied him on those points, he inquired kindly if I was lonely or discontented.

“Oh, no,” I answered, heartily, hoping to place a barrier to any further inquiries on that point.

“But you have been weeping,” said he, in a subdued voice.

“Not because I am lonely,” said I, resolved to have the truth out; “but I fear I have wounded the feelings of your brother.”

“My brother!” he repeated. “Ah! you have become acquainted with him? He is bright and glittering like the sun; but be careful, my child, be careful! Young birds should avoid the glittering steel of the fowler. But youth will

seek its own experience,” he remarked, with a deep sigh. “No friendly warning will teach the young to beware of danger. But consider me your friend, Miss Reef, and let me likewise be your monitor.”

Without waiting for my reply, he hastily left me and entered the house.

## CHAPTER V.

Four weeks elapsed ere Richard's return. During his absence Mr. Bristed showed his sympathy for my lonely situation by many little attentions; sending up to the school-room, now and then, choice fruit from his hot-house, or a bouquet of conservatory flowers, and, several times in the early evening, he sent for me to read aloud to him.

I found him to be a quiet, polished gentleman; and I grew to like him, and to look for his tokens of kindness after my daily labors with growing interest, and, if they came not, to feel disappointed and unhappy. He had travelled much and could talk well, and under the influence of a sympathetic listener, his countenance lit up with kindly emotion, and the sad lines of his face disappeared beneath a happy smile.

But in the glowing midsummer his truant brother returned, and my new-born interest vanished like snow before the harvest sun.

Again Mr. Richard exerted his varied powers to fascinate and amuse me. Again I listened, and struggled, as formerly, against his wiles, and finally bent a too willing ear to his soft words of praise and admiration. With secret pleasure I reveled in his ardent language, hugging to my heart the belief that I was loved.

How that summer sped by on its golden wings! Time passed on, as in some delicious opium dream! And when the short days and long nights of the Christmas holidays set in, I found myself secretly engaged in marriage to Richard Bristed.

Of our plans and attachment his brother was not at present to be informed: this stern brother who shut himself up apart from his species, and who, Richard told me, was of too cold a nature to sympathize with love.

"He will dismiss you, Agnes, if he hears of it," he said. "Wait till I have settled up my affairs, and then he can do his worst."

I believed this statement; I forgot all my former good impressions of Mr. Bristed, and listened to the tales that were told me of how he had wronged Richard. I learned to regard him as a robber, a hypocrite whose statements could not be relied on; a false, dark, bad man. As for Richard, he seemed a

king in comparison; a noble, magnanimous being, whom some kind fairy had bestowed upon me.

But that cold, relentless Fate, which comes to tear off the painted wrappings of life, revealing the bare and ugly reality beneath, was fast pursuing me.

At the close of a cold, snowy day, I had retired early to my room, and having locked the door that I might be free from interruption, sat down to look over the dainty articles of dress which I had been shyly accumulating for my approaching marriage.

It was but a scanty outfit, but to me it appeared munificent as that of a princess. I could never weary of looking at these beautiful garments; I placed them in one light, and then in another; I folded and unfolded them, and finally ended by trying them on, and admiring in the mirror their perfect adaptation to my face and figure. A long time must have passed in this way, when the hall clock struck the hour of midnight. Astonished at the lateness of the night, I threw down the laces and ribbons which I was combining into some airy article of dress, and was preparing to remove my bridal attire, when I was amazed to hear a key turning in the lock of my door. Fear and surprise nailed me to the floor. The door glided softly open and in stepped Mr. Richard Bristed! He seemed surprised to see me thus.

“What! up and dressed?” he exclaimed, in a loud whisper. “O my beauty! my wife! I have come to claim you to-night. You shall be mine. No power on earth shall withhold us now!”

“How strangely you talk, Richard,” said I. “You forget it is so late. We cannot go to church at this hour.”

“Ah, dearest, this is church! See, I have brought you this ring. We will stand up before God and our own hearts, and I will marry you here. We need no other witnesses than ourselves and this ring!”

Though my youthful heart was blinded by love and passion, I was not prepared for this. Excitement and the strangeness of the proposition overcame me, and I broke forth into sobs.

He endeavored to soothe me, urging his request with a pleading force which I could scarcely withstand.

“I am not prepared, Richard,” said I, drying my tears; “this is so sudden, so unlooked for, I must have time for thought.”

But thought only revealed a gaping abyss, from which I must fly.

He continued to urge his plea; but seeing I would not yield, his countenance changed. The sweet, seductive smile vanished. He grew white as the moonbeam, and, clenching his hand and setting his teeth, bent over me, whispering huskily:

“Agnes, I shall not step from this room to-night. I have the key. You have promised to be mine. You shall keep that promise. To-night you shall keep that promise!”

If he was pale, I became paler. A cold chill crept over me. But I took my resolution, unyielding as death, not to grant his request.

A chasm seemed to yawn before me. The loneliness and friendlessness of my position were presented to my mind with terrific reality. A deadly swoon-like feeling ensued. To yield in this might seal my fate. I paced the floor rapidly, praying for help.

Help came suddenly. As I passed the door of my wardrobe, I remembered that the same key unlocked this and the door of my apartment. I drew it forth, and in the twinkling of an eye I was free.

The cool air from the outside passage, and the prospect of liberty, cooled my excited nerves, and revived me for the work I had to accomplish.

“Richard,” said I, my hand upon the latch, “you or I must leave.”

He made no reply, but violently rising from his chair, grasped something that lay near him, and tearing it to atoms, rushed by me without word or look, and reaching the stairs, hastened out of sight.

Mechanically I sat down, and with sad, straining eyes surveyed the wreck before me. My bridal wreath was shivered into fragments; its white petals, like fruit blossoms caught in an untimely blast, sprinkled the floor; my laces were in shreds like the riven mast of some shipwrecked vessel.

Of course there was no sleep for me that night. When worn out with thinking and weeping, I drew a large easy chair up to the door and sat there as guard, listening, with the hope which moment after moment grew fainter,



that he would return and whisper in my willing ear a sweet demand for pardon, some word in extenuation for his unseemly conduct; but he came not.

Toward daybreak, I was aroused from the lethargy into which I had fallen from sheer exhaustion by the sound of excited voices and hurried movements in the room below. As these subsided and the gray morning broke, I was startled by the sound of a horse's hoofs on the graveled walk.

A fearful foreboding possessed me; what could it mean? Somebody was riding away; who was it? Through the gate and down the avenue I heard the galloping steed.

I dragged my nerveless limbs to the window and peered forth. Clear against the horizon, now streaked with pale crimson rays of dawn, rising in bold relief I beheld the receding figure of Richard Bristed.

He was leaving me without word or sign. My head reeled; I grasped the window casement to steady myself, and sank insensible upon the floor.

## CHAPTER VI.

I must have remained in this condition some hours, for the sun was high in the heavens when I opened my eyes and became conscious. Where was I? Not in my own room, surely; the fragrance of exotics did not penetrate my lattice; the simple honeysuckle that twined around my window breathed forth a different perfume from this. My heart gave one glad leap. Oh, it is all a dream! I thought; Richard's galloping down the road, and all the past night's misery is a dream! With this reflection a happy tranquillity was stealing over me, when I heard a well-known voice exclaim:

"Look, Mary, attend her; she has opened her eyes, thank God."

It was Mr. Bristed's voice, and as he spoke Mary approached me, and bending over, bathed my head with scented water. "Hope you feel better, Miss," said she.

"Have I been ill, Mary? Where am I?"

"In master's library."

Surely it was so. I was lying upon a divan near the conservatory. Alas, I was not dreaming! I sat up and looked drearily around, and as I did so Mr. Bristed drew near with a beautiful lily in his hand, which he offered to me. He inquired kindly after my health and looked pleased when I told him I felt quite strong. Indeed I did feel strong for the moment, and arose determined to leave the room.

"Sit still—where are you going?" he asked anxiously.

"Going to the school-room—going to see Herbert," I replied.

"Herbert," said he, and his countenance darkened; "you cannot see Herbert, he is ill."

Not see Herbert, and he ill? What could be the matter? He was well but yesterday.

Mr. Bristed's strange manner, coupled with Richard's absence and the fearful events of the night, seemed likely to turn my brain.

He saw my startled look of inquiry, and said, "Be quiet awhile; I have something of importance which I will communicate to you by-and-by, when you are composed."

"Mary," he ordered, "ring the bell for breakfast to be sent hither; meanwhile, Miss Reef, while awaiting our coffee, if you will walk with me in the conservatory I will take pleasure in showing you my tropical curiosities."

I followed him languidly with wandering thoughts. Gradually, however, I grew interested and listened with increased attention to his animated description of the homes and haunts of the wonders by which he was surrounded. He had visited many climes, and gathered each strange flower and plant he had seen in its native clime. He became eloquent and genial as he described the strange habits and peculiarities of his floral companions, which he seemed to regard as a species of humanity; to him they were not inanimate existences—creations—but objects endowed with soul and sensation.

While we were thus conversing, Mary announced that breakfast was ready, and I reluctantly accompanied him to the library. He almost compelled me to eat, selecting for me dainty morsels to tempt my appetite.

Mr. Bristed evidently labored under some mental disquiet, which he evinced by undue efforts at cheerfulness.

Breakfast being removed I sought to withdraw from the room, but he requested me to remain, and dismissing Mary, seated himself in an easy chair next the ottoman on which I rested, and warming his hands over the fire, his eyes bent upon the blaze, said, with an abruptness that was natural to him:

"I am not accustomed to concern myself about strangers, Miss Reef, but in you I have felt a peculiar interest since the day we first met. You will remember I warned you then that you were too young for the responsibility which I foresaw awaited you. I feared at that time that Richard, on seeing so bright a flower, would endeavor to snatch it from its stem. My fears have been realized; you see I am acquainted with what has taken place, and now the hour has come when you and I must part."

"Oh no," cried I gaspingly, "not yet, not yet."

“Miss Reef,” he demanded solemnly, “why will you delay? I understand what you would say; you desire to see Richard again, but that can never be; you have looked your last upon him in this life. I know his magnetic influence over you; once again under that influence you are lost!”

I did not like what he said. He overstepped the bounds of courtesy, I thought. The warning which Richard had given me against him revived in force and I recoiled from him, saying:

“Sir, your brother is my friend; I can listen to nothing in his disfavor.”

He sighed, “Ah, Agnes, you are but a child. The sun just rising above yonder horizon must soon be darkened; I see the gathering cloud and would warn you of the approaching storm. Why will you turn from me when I desire to help you?”

His musical voice was so sympathetic that it moved me deeply; but I shook my head and answered passionately, “I cannot trust you. You wrong him, and would compel me to wrong him too.”

“My child,” said he sadly, “I had hoped to have saved you from further anguish, but perhaps it is best that you should know all. Come with me.”

He opened the door and led me to a room on the opposite side of the hall. I knew it to be the room where Herbert slept.

“Let us go in,” he whispered.

We entered softly: the apartment was darkened, but a dainty crib which occupied the centre of the floor could be dimly seen. As we stepped in, his nurse, who was bending over the cot, moved with hushed footsteps away to give us room.

There he lay, my dear, sick lamb! I was so glad to be permitted to see him. But the result of no ordinary sickness met my eye.

Great purple rings had settled around his closed eyelids, his lips were blue, his sweet mouth partly opened, he seemed to breathe with difficulty. I could not speak. Mr. Bristed turned down the coverlet from the little shoulders.

“Look, Miss Reef,” said he hoarsely, his voice quivering with agitation, pointing to some hideous marks on the little sufferer’s throat—“those are

\_his\_ finger marks.”

I sickened. What crime was this that he hinted at so strangely? But the insinuation was too incredible. The thought that he was working on my credulity exasperated me.

“If you want me to leave your house, Mr. Bristed, command me and I will go, but you cannot force me to believe this horrid inference.”

He must have felt the disdain with which I spurned him, for he turned upon his heel and left the room.

I then spoke to Herbert. At the sound of my voice he moved, and I seated myself by his side. Quietness seemed desirable, and I was not inclined to break it. Now and then I moistened his lips with a little wine and water. Seeing that I still sat by the crib, the nurse lay down upon a settee and fell asleep.

Hours thus passed. The days were short and twilight came on rapidly. Sitting there in the gathering gloom, I began to hum inadvertently a little song which Herbert loved me to sing to him. Hearing my voice chant his favorite ditty, the poor little creature stirred in his crib, and his pale lips parted into a smile. Presently, in broken tones he asked, “Is that Miss Reef?”

“Yes, Herbert, darling, I have come to sing to you,” said I, mastering my emotions and chirruping more loudly his beloved song.

The effect seemed truly magical—he endeavored to raise up his little body. “Oh sing it again,” he cried.

“Would you like to sit upon my knee?”

He nodded assent, and I made an effort to lift him up, but he was weak and heavy, and I not sufficiently strong to sustain him. As he fell back, my eyes caught sight again of those fearful marks. Some power outside of myself forced me to ask, “Herbert, what ails your throat; has any one hurt you?”

At the question, a tremor fearful to witness passed through his frame, and looking at me with an expression of preternatural intelligence, he whispered, “He tried to choke me.”

Stunned with horror at this again repeated assertion, I sank down and buried my face in my hands. I could think but one thought, and that was a wish that I were dead!

## CHAPTER VII

But my nature would not permit me at such a crisis to remain passive long. I must arouse myself and act. Calling the nurse to take my place, I went to seek Mr. Bristed. I found him, as usual, in his library.

“Sir,” said I, “I am calm now; will you not explain to me this frightful mystery? I will listen and thank you.”

He placed a chair for me to be seated, and taking my hand, said gently:—

“Miss Reef—Agnes, you are too weak to hear this that you seek to know.”

“No, no,” I exclaimed, vehemently; “I am not weak; I must know all.”

He arose and paced the floor hurriedly for a few moments; then muttering, “It is best—I will tell her,” he said:

“You have been surprised, no doubt, Agnes, at the frankness with which I have expressed my opinion of Richard’s character—let me inform you that he and I are not brothers. He is a half-brother, the offspring of my father’s second marriage; though indeed I doubt if he have a right to even that relationship. I have heard dark hints thrown out that my father had been deceived, and that this child who claimed to be his son should look in a lower quarter for his father. Richard’s mother was not a woman of high moral principle, and he partakes of her nature. My father provided for him well, but as I was the elder son the bulk of his large property became mine by inheritance; but Richard has always made the Hall his home when in England—indeed, he has a legal right during his lifetime to the use of the room he occupies. He has not, however, often availed himself of this right since I have had his son Herbert under my protection.”

“His son Herbert?” I repeated, mechanically.

“Yes, poor child, his son; though the boy has always been taught to call him uncle. Neither Richard nor myself desire the relationship to be known, and it is only in hope of serving you that I reveal it.”

“Richard married?” I said, falteringly.

“Ah, Agnes, there are many women whom he should never have seen, as he could not marry them,” said he, with the slow determination of a man resolved on uttering a repulsive truth. Herbert’s mother was a beautiful but penniless orphan of good family, who visited this house some years since in the capacity of companion to our great-aunt.

“During that visit I became enamoured with her, and we were secretly engaged in marriage. It was before the death of my father, and I was not my own master; but I loved her truly, and meant well by her, only desiring her to wait till I should be free to please myself. But Richard stepped in between me and my happiness. He stole this girl’s heart from me; gained her love as he has endeavored to obtain yours, by flattery and dissimulation you see I am not wily and smooth enough to please women—but also he destroyed her peace under promise of marriage; leaving her soon after and going abroad without acquainting her with his purpose.

“I was temporarily from home when this occurred. On returning in the course of a month, Richard fled, as I have stated; but I was ignorant then of the cause, and it was not till in the agony of shame she came to me for help with her secret, that I became aware of his perfidy.

“I need not tell you that I gave her all the aid in my power; her child Herbert was born and secretly cared for. When he was about two years old, the great-aunt of whom I have spoken died, leaving a large proportion of her property to Alice, of whose misfortune she had never dreamed.

“Wealth came to the unfortunate girl too late. The shock she had received from Richard’s deceit had preyed upon her health, and she was failing rapidly, when he, hearing of her good fortune, returned home.

“With his specious address he might have regained his old ascendancy over her had I not interfered. You know well, Agnes, his peculiar gift of fascination. I believe he could by some unexplainable psychological process make any great wrong appear right to a woman. But I induced her to bequeath her wealth to Herbert, and secure it, for a time at least, beyond Richard’s control—and he owes me a grudge for it.

“Herbert, she left under my care, unless, of his own free will, he chose to reside with Richard, who in that case was to become his guardian; and in the event of Herbert’s death before reaching his majority, the whole



property was to revert to Richard Bristed. You see she loved him still. Unjust but womanlike, her love was stronger than her judgment.

“Well,” said he, after eyeing me thoughtfully, “you listen as if you did not rightly comprehend what I have been saying!”

I was indeed stunned by his communication. Could it be, I thought, with suppressed fear, that the shadowy figure which had haunted my bed-chamber and had visited me in dreams was the same wronged Alice? Had she arisen from her grave beneath the granite of the church-yard to warn me? Or are the dead jealous of their rights? Do they cling to their earthly love? I queried. But when he spoke I shook off these thoughts that were rising like mist to obscure my judgment, and answered, “I am. I am listening; proceed.”

“Agnes, through your influence Richard has hoped to obtain possession of Herbert and control over his fortune. He has thought to entrap you as he did Alice, and through his power over you has calculated to carry out the project of his prolific brain.”

Till this moment I had listened silently to his strange recital, but I could not brook this insinuation. The story, to my mind, did not appear clear. How could Richard expect to obtain, through my agency, possession of a son whom he had never acknowledged? Tis true I remembered him to have said that he feared I would miss my pupil very much. He had asked playfully what would Herbert do without me, but he had not suggested taking the child away with us, and therefore Mr. Bristed’s charge appeared to my mind unfounded, and I told him so.

“Ah, my child!” he replied, “you know not the devising power of this man. He has an agent here in this place, in the shape of old Crisp, the hunchback. It has been his plan, under promise of marriage, to decoy you from this house; he would probably have left his child to Crisp’s good agency, with orders to join you. Herbert loves you, and would have gone willingly in your company, but alone with Richard he would not have moved one step. Once out of my reach in some distant city, he would have had the reins in his own hand. It was by an unexpected, but I hope fortunate chance, that I overheard a conversation to this effect between him and the deformed servant. I could not ascertain the day set for this adventure, but I surmised that it was at no remote date, and I have kept alert. You have

avoided me, Miss Reef, and I have been obliged to watch your movements distantly. Not from suspicion of you, for I know you to be pure and honorable, but because you are under my protection, and because”—he hesitated—I wondered what was coming next. I had a presentiment that he was about to make an avowal which I ought to shun, but before I could evade him he turned suddenly toward me, his face white with emotion, and continued—“I love you, Agnes, though it is no time now to speak of my passion, and have watched over you as a father, a brother, a lover would watch.”

This announcement affected me more than I care to confess, considering I did not return his love, but it was the allusion to his sheltering care that moved me.

“Yes, I have watched over you; orphan that you are, you need some guardian care. I knew by your frequent journeys to the village, by your cloistering in your own apartment, and more than all, by your speaking countenance, that you were preparing for some great event in your life.

“Last night I could not sleep; I laid my head upon my pillow, but finding it impossible to close my eyes I arose and dressed. Sitting by my window I thought I heard a commotion in your room. I listened until my surmises grew into certainty. The hour was midnight, and your door, which at that season is usually closed like a cloister-gate, swung on its hinges.

“This alarmed me; I unlocked my door and looked out. Soon a hasty step retreating from your chamber met my ear. Descending the stairs, this untimely visitor entered the room where Herbert lay sleeping. A strange suspicion came over me. Can the intruder be Richard? I thought. If so, what was he doing at that hour of the night? I seized a lighted candle and rushed to the boy’s apartment, and there I found Richard, maddened, and beside himself with liquor and frenzy. I was just in time to save Herbert’s life from his insane fury.

“I know not what had occurred between you and him, Agnes, but this I know, he had failed in some diabolical plot he had contemplated. Chance or a friendly Providence had thwarted his purpose. I had him in my power, and compelled him to leave the house, not to return until you have been removed where he will never find you.

“I cannot leave my beautiful bird, my pet dove, where the charms of this wily serpent may ensnare her.”

He ceased. My eyes were dry, my heart turned to stone. I arose, and mechanically moved toward the door.

“Where are you going, Agnes? Tell me of your plans; regard me as your friend, I beg.”

“Take me away—take me away,” I cried hysterically; “I must go! Oh, oh, oh!” I should have fallen, but he caught me in his arms.

## CHAPTER VIII.

On reviving came the dread feeling that I must go. Go whither? I had no home. I could not return to my uncle who had cast me adrift. The inquisitive glance of his grim housekeeper would annihilate me. But go I must, and that speedily.

With weary head and aching heart I commenced packing my little wardrobe. My bridal attire I hastily covered from sight that it might remain until time and mildew should obliterate it. My dream of love was past. I felt that my youth and beauty were buried in that crushed pile of broken flowers, pale silk, and dishevelled lace.

I had concluded my work, and was tying my bonnet-strings, when a knock at the door announced Mr. Bristed. He appeared surprised at seeing me arranged for my journey.

“So soon, Agnes?” said he. “You are not yet able to leave.”

But as I expressed very emphatically my ability and determination to start immediately, he saw expostulation would be useless.

“Well,” said he, “let me hear where you contemplate going.”

I told him I should take the railway or coach to some point, I cared not where; any distant city or village from whence I could advertise for another situation. I was too hopeless then to care whither I went.

“And do you think I would permit you to leave me thus at random, going, you know not where, without any preconceived plans? Oh my poor, poor child, to be thrown thus upon the world!”

He walked the floor several times, apparently in great agitation; then, suddenly pausing, said abruptly, almost violently, “It must not be! Agnes, don’t go,” lowering his voice, and placing his hand gently on my shoulder; “stay with me—become my wife. I love you and will cherish you. No rude blast that my arm can shield you from shall assail you. My life has been one of gloom, you can render it one of sunshine. Stay, dear one, oh, stay!” and in his transport he seized my hands.

“What do you mean, Mr. Bristed?” said I, recoiling from him. “Surely, you must forget yourself and the circumstances which have so recently occurred; you have accused me of loving your brother, how, then, can I transfer my affections to you? Oh, you are cruel, cruel!”

“Forgive me,” said he, penitently; “I will do anything for you, Agnes—take you away, if you wish; only let me go with you and see that you are properly cared for.”

I shook my head.

“Richard may seek to find you; you may fall again into his evil hands if you insist on going thus alone.”

“Mr. Bristed,” said I, “thus far I have acted as you directed. I will depart at your solicitation; but further than this, I must be free. If Richard seeks me out, and I can aid him, I will do so. Degraded and fallen though he be, my love will not shrink from him. I will help him to rise.”

“You are a noble woman, Agnes,” he said with a sad smile, “God protect you!” and he left me.

As he went out, I heard him order the carriage. The serving-man came for my luggage, and I summoned courage to pay a farewell visit to Herbert.

The poor little invalid became very much excited at seeing me, and clung so tightly about my neck that it was with effort I could leave. I did not then inform him of my intended departure, and with an aching heart and forced smile I parted from the dear sufferer.

I met Mary in the hall; she told me Mr. Bristed had ordered her to accompany me on my journey.

I did not want her company, my mind craved solitude; I would not have her. I sought her master, and told him so. “At a time like this I must be alone,” said I, excitedly; “I want no spy upon my actions. I will go wherever you wish me to go, but let me proceed alone.”

“Well,” said he, musingly, “I desire but to serve you. Go to the town of M., present this letter according to its directions. You refuse my further aid, but if ever you need a friend, send for me; otherwise, I will never trouble you.”

I answered that I would do as he requested, and with a heavy heart entered his carriage, which was waiting to drive me to the railway station.

## CHAPTER IX.

I will pass over my journey, and the lonely, miserable days which succeeded my arrival in M. I made fruitless effort to obtain service, and waited and watched for an application in my dreary lodgings until my small hoard of wages was nigh exhausted.

I had been in the city a fortnight, broken in spirit and dejected by want of success, when I happened to bethink me of the letter Mr. Bristed had given me.

I took it from its undisturbed nook in my trunk, and having read the superscription, set about to find the party to whom it was addressed. The direction led me to a large manufacturing establishment.

The gentleman to whom it was written appeared to be a foreigner. Having presented the epistle to him, he perused it hastily, then taking my hand with great eagerness, he exclaimed:

“O Mees! I am greatly honored. Mons. Bristeed is my very good friend; I well acquaint with him in Paris. I congratulate you on having one so grand a gentleman for your acquaintance. He tell me you look for a school.”

“Yes, sir,” said I, glad to find my tastes had been studied; “I do desire a school.”

“I will assist with pleasure, Mees. Be seated; in a few moments I will accompany you.”

I sat down, wondering whither the gay, loquacious gentleman would lead me.

He soon rejoined me, hat in hand.

“Will you accept my escort, Mees; the place is near by,” said he, reading the note. “No. 14 B——, street. Will you walk, or shall I call a cab?”

“I will walk,” I answered, scarcely knowing what reply was expected. As we turned the corner of the street I ventured to ask:

“Is it to some school you are guiding me?”

“Ah, Mees,” said he, rubbing his hands together and laughing, “it is some great secret. Mons. Bristeed would surprise you. Have a leetle patience, and all will be divulged.”

We walked rapidly for a space and then paused before a handsome building.

Entering the courtyard, we rang the silver bell. A servant answered our summons and invited us in. Seated in the drawing-room, I heard the buzz of many voices.

“Is it an academy?” I whispered to Monsieur Pilot, my conductor. He smiled encouragingly.

“This is a young ladies’ seminary, Mees.”

Before I could question further, the room door opened, and a lady of tall, imposing figure entered.

Monsieur Pilot commenced a vehement conversation with her in French. She responded in the same tongue. The dialogue ended, he turned to me and said:

“Mees Reef, permit me to introduce you to Madame Fontenelle.”

Madame smiled very graciously upon me, and then recommenced the gesticulation and babble of the two. At length she appeared satisfied with the understanding at which they arrived. I was growing uneasy at their prolonged volubility, when Monsieur Pilot pirouetted up to me, and said:

“Mees Reef, I beg to congratulate you. Madame consents to transfer this mansion into your hands, She accepts our recommendation and that of your own intelligent countenance. Mons. Bristeed was not mistaken in the impression you would make. I wish you joy in having become the proprietress of this splendid institution.”

“How,” I cried in astonishment; “I proprietor? I do not understand. Please explain.”

Madame looked blandly on; my remarks were evidently unintelligible to her.

“It is a very onerous and responsible position, Mademoiselle”—shrugging her shoulders—“I should not like to advise you. Do you



comprehend the extent of the undertaking? I should not be willing to trust my pupils in timid hands.”

Her remarks stung me, and gave, I presume, the favorable turn to my destiny, for I felt the power to undertake a task which I would before have shrunk from.

“I will do my duty in all cases to the best of my ability, madame!” was my brief reply.

“Ah, you do not comprehend, Madame,” said Monsieur Pilot, coming briskly to the rescue. “This is a surprise to Mees Reef. My very good friend Monsieur Bristeed has not apprised the young lady of his bounty. I have his commission to purchase for her this establishment, which he is aware you desire to dispose of, Madame. His recommendation of the young lady is surely sufficient.”

“The whole establishment?” I asked, with an effort at composure.

“Yes,” replied Madame. “I am obliged to start for the West Indies, and must dispose of all. The present instructors are thoroughly competent for their various positions; they merely need a supervisor. You appear young, but I presume experience has fitted you for the office.”

“Eminently so, eminently,” answered Monsieur Pilot promptly, as if he had been guardian of my reputation for years. “We will consider the arrangements as complete, my dear Madame. I will call tomorrow and close the transaction. *Bon jour*, Madame.”

And with rapid strides he hurried me away.

## CHAPTER X.

The school became mine. By vigilance and perseverance, I not only retained the pupils Madame had transmitted to my care, but added many thereto.

Monsieur Pilot, lively and friendly, visited me frequently. I liked the little Frenchman; his gaiety served to divert my mind from reflections on the past, which like spectres would sometimes stalk grimly before me when unoccupied, I sought the quiet of my own chamber.

With my increasing success, my pupils' interest fully occupied every moment of my time. Meantime, not a line or word reached me from Bristed Hall. Upon my installment as proprietor of Madame's seminary, I had written to Mr. Bristed, thanking him for his kindness, and informing him that I should take measures to repay the expenditures he had incurred in my behalf, by placing quarterly in the hands of Monsieur Pilot a sum such as I could spare from my income, by means of which I hoped in time to repay my external indebtedness.

The only reply I received to this letter was a peremptory refusal, sent through Monsieur Pilot, to accept any return.

I had been more than a year in my new home. Constant employment had developed my mind, and I flattered myself on having acquired a wisdom and sedateness such as ten years of quiet experience could not have given me. But of this I was lamentably mistaken.

Of my silly yielding to circumstances which follow, the reader must not judge too harshly. I was still but an immature woman, not yet twenty; the glamour of youth still hung over me. I craved human love, and took the first that presented itself, just as any other ardent, imaginative girl in my place would have done.

One night late in autumn, when the sharp winds were already giving signals of the coming winter, of leafless trees and frozen ground, feeling the usual sadness which accompanies this season of the year, I walked out upon the piazza in front of the house, looking down upon the street. I thought the keen air would put my blood in more active circulation, and thus dispel

from my mind the brown and yellow fancies that filled it as the dying leaves of October strewed the ground.

My pupils had all retired to their rooms, and relieved of my charge, my thoughts were free to recreate. I walked quickly back and forth, drawing in long draughts of the invigorating air, and reviewing the morning's duties. While thus engaged, my attention was arrested by the appearance of a tall man on the opposite side of the street, standing still and watching me. As he caught my startled gaze he lifted his hat and bowed, and before I had time to reflect on his strange proceedings, had crossed the street and was standing on the pavement below.

“Agnes!”

My God, he called me by name! My blood became like ice. Shaking from head to foot I covered my eyes with my hands, and would have run in, but the whistling wind brought the cry again:

“Agnes! Let me speak with you.”

Quick as the words were uttered the dark figure mounted the stone steps, only the little iron railing of the balcony dividing us.

I knew then who it was.

“Will you open the door, or shall I?” said a voice which I remembered too well.

I saw no alternative, without disturbing the neighborhood and betraying myself; so, like a criminal, I stepped softly to the hall and unlocked the door. He came in with a light, free step, and seated himself upon a couch with the ease of an old friend and accomplished gentleman. It was Richard Bristed!

I will not detail what passed at this interview. But I fell again under his fascination; his magnetic presence lulled my faculties, and, alas, I must relate that this nocturnal intrusion was followed quickly by others!

He assumed his old ascendancy over me. The past became like an unpleasant dream in my mind, dimly remembered, but never distinctly recalled.

Occasionally, however, a sharp doubt obtruded itself, and roused me for an instant. One evening I ventured to ask:

“Richard, why are your visits so brief, and made only in the night?”

“Why?” he repeated, as if startled by the suddenness of the question, then adding carelessly: “Because you always have that deuced old fellow, Monsieur Pilot, running here. I am not very jealous, yet it would torment me to meet one who dares raise his thoughts to my Agnes. He wants to marry you. Do dismiss him!”

This conjecture proved true, and I was obliged to give a cold rebuff to the man who had befriended me. It is possible Richard Bristed did not care to be recognized by his brother’s agent, but I did not think of this at that time.

## CHAPTER XI.

After this affair happened Richard visited me more openly, and my pupils, when by chance they met him, were charmed with the stranger. He was only known as "Mr. Richard." "Call me that, Agnes, I hate the name of Bristed. Introduce me to your friends as Mr. Richard," he said, and I had done so.

About this time he explained satisfactorily, to my credulous mind, the cause of his sudden retreat from Bristed Hall, and gave me reason to believe that the statements his brother had made concerning him were untrue and evil in design.

"My brother, as you have surely discovered, Agnes, is a cold, proud man, and as I was not his equal in wealth or position he selected an heiress, both old and disagreeable, whom he designed me to marry. Your youth and beauty he intended to appropriate to himself. I feared if I made him acquainted with my purpose to unite myself to you he would frustrate all my wishes, and when I discovered that he knew of my plans, I determined to forestall him by making you my wife that very night. I intended to have gone through the form of marriage, which the next day could have been legalized, for I feared the influence of his wealth and position upon your unsophisticated mind.

"However, you refused to trust me, and I left your room maddened by anger and the fear of losing you.

"I met my brother in the hall-way; he said Herbert was ill, and I accused him of trying to injure the boy that he might defraud me. Sharp words passed between us. I left him, and in blind haste mounted my horse, thinking I would ride over to N., a distance of some twenty miles, to get the clergyman of the parish, an intimate friend of mine, to drive with me to the Hall and perform the important ceremony.

"The ride I accomplished in a few hours, but I found my friend absent from home. The excitement and disappointment, added to the severe cold to which I was exposed, broke me down, and I was taken suddenly ill. When I recovered, I returned to Bristed Hall only to find my priceless bird flown, and no clue to be had to her whereabouts.

“As to the tale about Herbert, that is all a \_ruse\_; he is not my son, and only distantly connected with either of us. He is heir to a considerable estate, and Mr. Bristed is managing so that upon Herbert’s decease (and poor child, he cannot live long) the inheritance will fall to his lot.”

Such was his version of the story, and as I loved him I believed it willingly.

## CHAPTER XII.

In his gay society the winter passed quickly. With the opening spring he departed—on business, as he said. I felt his loss, but as it was a busy time with me it did not affect me as it otherwise would have done. Many changes were being made in my seminary. I was obliged to employ workmen to add new dormitories to the great house, for pupils were crowding in from every point.

The reputation of the school was growing; I was immersed in business. Some months elapsed; I ceased to hear from Richard, almost to think of him, amid the activity of the spring term.

“Circumstances,” some say, “are the Devil,” and I almost believe that saying. While employed I was happy, my mind well balanced and energetic; but unfortunately for me, summer vacation drew near. It came finally; a sultry sun, parched earth, and scorched verdure made life in the city undesirable. My pupils fled to the country and to their homes until the fall session, and I was left alone. Even my servants were absent, all save one.

Shut up in the empty mansion alone with my own thoughts, I was growing morbidly lonesome.

It was at this unpropitious moment that Richard Bristed returned.

## CHAPTER XIII.

He arranged quiet strolls to the country—little excursions here and there with himself as my sole companion—and many sweet happy days of unsullied pleasure I passed in his society.

One sultry morning, to my delight, he came in an open carriage, saying that the atmosphere was so heated he would drive me out of town to a charming little village with which he was familiar.

The prospect of such a jaunt was to me indeed agreeable; and as he liked to see me in becoming dress, I arrayed myself in white, placed a fillet of pale blue ribbon round my hair and a bouquet of blue forget-me-nots in the bosom of my dress, and thus adorned set forth, sitting by Richard's side.

I was as happy as a young queen; all the black suspicions which had darkened my horizon were absorbed in the fierce heat of that summer morning. His beauty, his fascinating smile, his lively conversation, filled me with rapture.

Arrived at the village, we stopped at a small but pretty tavern and alighted. While I entered the dwelling Richard drove his horses under shelter. He soon joined me, looking much disconcerted.

“Agnes, my darling, what shall we do? We cannot ride back to-night; the carriage is out of order, and I fear the horse is injured by the heat and rapid driving.”

“O Richard, I must return home to-night!” I answered decidedly.

“Well, I will see what can be done, but we will rest awhile and take some refreshments.”

A delightful half hour passed while we were regaling ourselves with country fare and looking at the strange place from the window of the little inn. Then Richard proposed that we should walk out while waiting for repairs to our vehicle. Together we strolled through the quiet lanes and open commons till we came upon a pretty, unpretending church, half hidden in ivy and creeping vines. The door stood open. “Come,” said he, “let us go in.” I followed him in. To my surprise I discovered a clergyman in his robes



at the altar. Richard whispered in my ear some words which I could not understand and their import I could only guess at, but his tender manner brought the hot blood to my face.

“Agnes,” he continued, speaking with quiet determination; “you must be mine; everything is in readiness. We cannot return to-night; Fate ordains it!”

It did appear to me that Fate, as he said, ordained the events which followed that country drive. All the love and sentiment of my nature was aroused; but reason told my intoxicated senses that I must not act without forethought, so I shook my head to his passionate urgency and endeavored to withdraw. But my companion pressed me gently back into an open pew, and hastened past me up the aisle.

A rapid conversation then took place between himself and the clergyman, who, after casting his eyes in my direction, went to his desk and took up his prayer-book.

Richard returned with quick steps to where I was sitting.

“Come,” said he, smiling; “he is waiting.”

Startled and trembling, I made no answer save an effort to reach the door.

“For heaven’s sake, Agnes, do not make a scene! Recover your usual good sense. Do you not see that it is best?” whispered Richard, with earnestness almost fierce.

And so hurried, flushed and doubting, overcome with heat and excitement, I permitted myself to be led to the altar.

The ceremony soon ended. As the clerk shut his book and we turned to depart, I could not realize that this abrupt, informal marriage was a reality. As I passed down the aisle, a white, fluttering, impalpable, and yet clearly-defined form arose from one of the empty seats, and unobstructed by carved wood or heavy upholstery, passed out through frame and plaster! The slight figure, the golden hair, I remembered too well—it was that of the ghost of Bristed Hall!

I clenched Richard’s arm so that he muttered an oath, and said sharply, “My God, Agnes, what are you doing?”

“Did you not see that figure? It passed straight through the wall,” I whispered in affright.

“Move on—none of your d—d nonsense, Agnes,” said Richard, scowling; then hastily adding, “Excuse me, love, you confuse me. My happiness makes me forget myself.”

My mind surged with conflicting emotions. I felt a secret joy in the knowledge that I was united to the man I loved. This romantic, half run-away match pleased the romance of my nature, and yet I was unable to resist the feeling that I had done wrong. A strange foreboding of evil intruded upon my joy.

Richard that evening was gay almost to wildness. “O Agnes! Agnes! we have outwitted them, the fools! They thought they had conquered me, but you are mine, and I have won!”

He talked so disconnectedly, I thought he had taken too much wine. Indeed, to this he owed.

“I could drink flask after flask of it, I am so happy!” he exclaimed.

We were happy that night and drove home in the cool of the morning.

It was arranged that our marriage should for the present be kept private, as Richard thought if it were known it might disorganize my school.

## CHAPTER XIV.

We had been wedded but two weeks when one morning Richard asked me to show him my deed of the property.

“How strange,” said he, as he looked it over. “Do you know, Agnes, before I wedded you I might have married many a woman of wealth, but I would not unite myself with a lady who would not honor me by giving me sole control of all her possessions.”

“Well, Richard,” answered I, laughing, “you can control mine if you like. It matters little to me who holds the deed, so long as my dominion over the young ladies is not invaded.”

“That is what I expected of your, loving nature, Agnes, and yet I suppose you would hesitate to convey your property to me.”

“No; why should I?” I exclaimed. “I will go with you to an attorney this moment, if you desire it.”

“Well, come, we shall see; get your bonnet,” said he gaily.

I tied on my bonnet, and accompanied him down the street into a little dingy office in a narrow thoroughfare.

At the door, laying his hand upon my shoulder, he said jokingly:

“Agnes, go back, I was only trying you; I wanted to see if you meant what you said.”

“Of course I meant it, and I will not go back till it is done.”

“Well, well, you must have your own way, I see!” and with a gay, exulting smile he led me into the office.

I signed the paper giving to him the house and lands, and was glad when it was done, for I felt that it might atone for any suspicion or doubt of his goodness which had crossed my mind, for he had made me very happy since our marriage.

I returned to my school and its duties. In the interval between the recitations, I had time to reflect. I had acted impulsively, and perhaps

unfairly. What right had I to give away a property given to me for an especial purpose?

Had I done right? That was the question which annoyed me—the question which constantly thrust itself before me during the live-long day. My sleep that night was disturbed. The form of the elder Mr. Bristed appeared in my dreams. He seemed to reproach me by his looks, and when I endeavored to speak to him, vanished from my sight.

Richard had left me after my signing the paper. He told me he was obliged to leave town on business, and I had no one to council with. My own thoughts startled me; I became nervous, and finally quite ill.

## CHAPTER XV.

At length, after two days of unrest and self-condemnation, I quieted myself with the assurance that I would go to the Hall and see Mr. Bristed; then also I could see dear Herbert, to whom my heart went often out with longing. His name was never mentioned between Richard and myself. I avoided the subject; a dread which I could not overcome forbade me to speak of it. But now a strange, irrepressible desire to see the child filled my mind.

Yielding to this intense feeling, I arranged my affairs, and taking a coach, set off early in the morning for the train which would convey me to Bristed Hall. To my astonishment I met Richard at the depot. Overwhelmed with surprise at the encounter, and ashamed to confess my intended journey, I made some petty excuse for being there, and returned home again. Richard handed me into the cab, but excused himself from accompanying me as he had a friend awaiting him.

That day, after luncheon, taking me aside he informed me that a noble lord had placed in his charge a lad who was partially idiotic and sole heir to an immense estate; that it was necessary he should have at his disposal a room in the upper part of the building in which he could keep him from observation, as it had been discovered the sight of strangers increased the boy's malady, and perfect seclusion would be the only means of restoring him to reason.

I immediately directed a servant to put in order one of the rooms in a remote portion of the dwelling; this was done, and towards dusk Richard, who had left the house, returned in a handsome coach with the poor, helpless, deranged boy. From the window I saw them alight. A slight, tall figure, wrapped in a cloak, descended from the coach. This undoubtedly was the afflicted youth. He walked so feebly I should have hastened to his assistance, but Richard's command that I should not permit him to see strange faces withheld me.

However, I stood in the partly opened door, hoping I should be called. As the muffled figure passed me on the way up the staircase I vainly sought to

catch a glimpse of the youth's face, but he turned neither to the right nor left.

Richard, however, saw me and shook his head, indicating with an angry, peremptory gesture, that I should withdraw.

For days I felt a strange curiosity about this youth, but as Richard gave my inquisitiveness no food, and conducted his attentions to his charge in an orderly, business-like manner, I dismissed the subject from my mind.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Nothing new transpired the remainder of those autumn days. November was now close upon us. About this time I remarked a sudden falling off of my hitherto prosperous school. Determined to know the cause, I inquired of one of my assistants, in whom I confided, if she was aware of the cause of this decline. She hesitated to reply to my question, but when pressed for her opinion she informed me that my pupils were dissatisfied with my relations with Mr. Richard, and also with his conduct respecting the youth who had been imprisoned on the upper floor. They asserted they had heard groans proceeding from the room he occupied, and feared to remain in a house where mystery and secrecy were rife.

I was astonished and alarmed at this information. You, reader, will be surprised to learn that I was at that time more ignorant of events that transpired around me than my own pupils. But I was not of a suspicious nature, and happy in my new life of love, the few weeks that had elapsed since my marriage passed as in a delicious dream.

But now I was thoroughly aroused and ready to return to duty. I thanked the teacher for her information and then dismissed her, as I wished to be alone.

When left to the quiet of my own thoughts I reflected how best to proceed in the matter. Richard was not at home, I could not question him, and he had the key of his ward's room with him.

I finally concluded I would go to the door of this private room and listen if I could detect any unusual noise from within.

With trepidation I ascended the back staircase leading to the secluded apartment.

Near the door I paused against the alcove of the great window that lighted the hall, and looked out. The sky was dull and leaden; a scanty snow was falling, and the wind, blowing furiously, drove it hither and yon. I stood for some moments looking out upon the gloomy prospect so in accordance with my state of mind. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of Richard crossing the street. I started when I saw him and was about to retreat, when a thought

arrested me. Why should I hurry away? Was I afraid of Richard? Was he not the proper person to consult in my dilemma? I would let him know that I desired to enter the room!

So thinking, I approached the door and tried it. It was locked, but at the sound of the turning knob a sad, dreary moan arose from within—a cry of mingled fear and weakness. The sound of that moaning voice seemed familiar to my ear. What could it mean?

As I stood thus in suspense, listening for further development of the mystery, I heard a step close beside me. I turned, and discovered Richard. His fair, handsome face scowled at me fiendishly; his countenance seemed transformed; his eyes gleamed like those of a panther.

“What are you doing here?” said he, laying a heavy hand upon me and speaking through his set teeth. “Go down stairs!” and he pushed me from him violently.

I suppose his physical power and angry mood awed me, for I forgot my determination to solve the mystery—forgot my own rights, and hurried precipitately down the stairs.



## CHAPTER XVII.

With my mind filled with dreadful forebodings, I reached my own private chamber, entered it, and bolted the door, that I might consider, undisturbed, the best course of action to pursue under these fearful suspicions that haunted me. Hour after hour passed as I sat thus absorbed in thought which seemed to turn my very hair gray from its intensity.

I heard Richard descend the stairs and go out into the street. Not long; after this the door-bell rang violently and the servant knocked at my door to say that a gentleman in the drawing-room wished to see me. Smoothing my hair and arranging my toilet, I obeyed the summons, but started back on discovering the stranger to be no other than Mr. Bristed. He pressed my hands and said:

“Agnes, can I converse with you in private here a few moments?”

My first surprise over, I answered, “Come with me; we will not be disturbed here.” Withdrawing to a small room adjoining, he drew forward an ottoman and seating himself beside me, said:

“Agnes, Herbert is missing; can you tell me where I can find him?”

“Herbert missing!” said I with a shudder.

“Yes,” said he, “I have heard, Agnes, that a gentleman visits you whom I surmise to be my brother, and, if so, I thought perhaps you would know through him of Herbert’s place of hiding.”

“Has Herbert left you?” said I. “Tell me—what do you mean, Mr. Bristed?”

“Yes,” said he; “some few weeks since, I left the Hall to visit an old friend. I expected to be absent a fortnight. While I was gone Herbert disappeared, the servants knew not how nor where. At first, hoping to discover that he had strayed off of his own accord and would soon be found, they searched the country in every direction, but in vain. They were at last obliged to send me word of his disappearance. You can imagine my sensations on arriving at the Hall and finding the dear child’s room vacant. I

made inquiries in every quarter, sent couriers out in all parts of the neighboring country, but no trace of him could be found.

“I at length thought of you, that you might have seen or heard of my brother. He is the one person likely to be concerned in the singular disappearance of Herbert.”

I trembled from head to foot. What could I say? Evidently he was not aware of my marriage with his brother. How should I act? Richard might come in at any moment and discover himself. I recollected him to have incidentally mentioned that the following day he had an engagement at the race-course with a friend; I therefore said hurriedly:

“Mr. Bristed, I have seen Richard recently, but tonight can tell you nothing further. If you will call to-morrow morning at eleven, I will tell you all I know.”

He seized my hand, exclaiming, “Tell me to-night, Agnes, and set my mind at ease.”

My head seemed on fire—I groaned audibly.

“I can tell you nothing of a certainty. It is all surmise, and my brain is distracted to-night. Give me till to-morrow.”

“I will, Agnes; I feel that I can confide in you.”

“Now go,” I replied. “My position is such that your presence here will only destroy the purpose of your visit.”

He clasped my hand in his and left me.

The next morning before leaving for the racecourse, while adjusting his neck-tie, Richard said:

“I fear we shall lose our imbecile pupil up-stairs, Ag. I brought a doctor in to see him last night, and he says he cannot live long.”

I could not see his face, for he looked persistently away.

“If he is ill, I must see him, Richard,” I managed to reply.

“Oh, no!” said he; “I thought you were foolishly scared to hear him groan yesterday, but if he does not get better I will send him home to his friends.” This he said carelessly, as he walked out of the room humming a lively air.

How coolly he talks about the lad! thought I, half ashamed of my suspicions. Perhaps I have wronged him. I have been too impetuous in my surmises.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The time drew near for his brother's arrival. He was prompt to the hour.

"Well, Agnes," said he, "I have passed a sleepless night. I hope you will relieve my mind of its anxiety."

"Mr. Bristed," said I, covering my eyes with my hand, for I could not endure his eager gaze, "I must first tell you I am married to your brother Richard."

"Married to Richard!" he exclaimed, starting up violently agitated; and seizing my shoulder with nervous gripe he set me off from him at arm's length—"You married to Richard! why, Agnes, that cannot be; has he not a wife now living in France? But be calm, child," said he, "be calm," patting me gently on the head; "perhaps I am misinformed; we will talk of this hereafter. Now about Herbert. Tell me what you know."

This question recalled me. I then informed him of the idiotic pupil who had been received in the house about a fortnight since, and how my suspicions as to his identity had been aroused the day previous.

He could scarcely wait till I had finished my account. "Come, quick! come! show me the way to the room!"

I led him up the stairs in the direction of the suspected chamber. As we neared the door a low moan could be heard distinctly.

"O my God, it is Herbert!" he exclaimed. "Quick, where is the key?"

"I have no key—you must pry the lock open." No sooner said than done—he burst open the door and entered. I followed. Alas! our surmises proved too true! There upon the couch lay the wasted form of poor Herbert.

As he recognized us his wan face lighted up with an angelic smile, and he endeavored to raise himself at our coming, but he was too weak, and his head sank nerveless back upon the pillow.

Silently and hushed, as in the chamber of death, we stepped to his bedside. He held out his thin hand to his uncle, who clasped it between his own, and, kneeling by his couch, bowed his head and sobbed aloud. His first moments of bitter grief subsiding, he said to me, "Send for some

wine.” Then, stroking the child’s fair forehead, he groaned, “O Herbert, Herbert, have I found you at last, sick and alone!”

Herbert attempted to reply, but his voice was weak and faint; we could not distinguish his words. A servant brought the wine, and I moistened his colorless lips with it. How I felt, it is useless to describe. Words would fail to express my terror.

The rich, warm juice of the grape and the application of stimulants seemed to restore him to life. His first effort on recovering was to call me by name. I answered by bending over him and bathing his pale forehead. At this he smiled, pleased and happy.

“Now, Herbert, my poor boy,” said Mr. Bristed, “if it will not fatigue you too much to talk, tell us how you came here. Who brought you? Why did you leave Bristed Hall?”

“Uncle Richard brought me,” said he, heaving a melancholy sigh. “He came after you had gone, uncle, and told me that Agnes Reef was sick and going to die, and wanted to see me and you, and that if you were home you would let me go, because you loved her; and I thought so too. He gave me this ring which Agnes sent so I would know it was her.” And, saying this, he held up a thin, transparent hand, and there, indeed, upon it gleamed one of my rings, so loose that the wasted fingers could scarce retain it.

“My ring! So Richard gave you that,” said I, with scorn I could not conceal, even in the sick chamber.

“Yes,” he murmured, “and he told me he would bring me straight back before uncle got home, and he brought me here into this room, but Agnes was not here. I could not find her. Then he locked the door and would not let me out, and I have been hungry and cold. And when I cried, he would kick me, and that made me sick, I think. Do take me home, uncle, before he comes, and I will never go away again!”

## CHAPTER XIX.

During this recital Mr. Bristed and I exchanged glances of horror. We could not speak. When it was finished, he said:

“Agnes, order the coach. I must take him away from this place.”

I felt that the boy was too feeble to move, but I dared not suggest it. I too wanted him removed from the baneful influences of the house. We proposed to carry him down on the pallet, and thus convey him to the carriage. One hour or more elapsed before everything was in readiness. While we were moving him Richard appeared, unannounced. A wild, unearthly scream from Herbert first gave notice of his arrival.

“O uncle! Miss Reef! save me! He will beat me to death!”

His uncle endeavored to calm him with his assurance of protection, and, turning to Richard, in a voice husky with emotion said:

“Look, this, is your work! If there is a God ruling the universe, your punishment, though tardy, must be sure.”

“I see nothing strange about it,” said Richard, with an assumption of indifference which made his handsome face look to me at that moment like that of a Judas. “If he is my child, as you say, why should he not be here? Who has a better right to him than I? The little imp professes to dislike me, but that is some of your teaching, and I will soon cure him of it.”

“You cannot have him, Richard. He must go with me.”

“I know my rights, and I will use them,” he replied, excitedly. “Move that boy at your peril;” and he clapped his hand upon his silver-mounted pocket-pistol. He had evidently been drinking. His day at the race-course had maddened him. He was in a dangerous mood to oppose. This Mr. Bristed evidently saw, as I did, for he beckoned me to go out for assistance. As I was moving toward the door for that purpose, Richard’s eye lit upon me.

“Ah, ha!” shouted he, coming toward me. “So you are the one who has been prying into my affairs. It is you I must thank for this interference. Out of this room directly! Get you gone!”

I should have obeyed, but a sound from Herbert's bed arrested me—a sound that awed me more than the angry voice of Richard! I hurried to the bedside. Mr. Bristed was there before me. I looked at the sinking boy. A stronger hand than his father's grasped him now. That hand was Death's!

No need now to remove the little sufferer from his couch to the carriage in waiting. He would be borne soon by the white-robed angels from the reach of us all!

Even Richard, whose cruel grasp he had eluded, seemed awed as the little spirit burst from its tenement, and a transcendent smile settled on the thin, waxen face, and the white hands folded themselves across the breast with an air of unutterable peace.

## CHAPTER XX.

Early the next morning Mr. Bristed accompanied the lifeless body of little Herbert to Bristed Hall. He begged me to go with him, but I refused his solicitations. I had other duties before me, which I must perform. I should have been glad to have rid myself from every one, but that could not be. Richard did not return, and I was alone; the days dragged heavily away. I felt that I stood on the brink of a yawning chasm from which I could turn neither to the right nor the left. The thought of remaining with Richard was abhorrent, and the prospect of leaving him and commencing life anew was also a dreadful alternative.

What shall I do?—I reflected, as I went my weary way through the classes. Richard solved that question for me when he returned after an absence of three days.

My pupils had just retired when a message came that he had returned and desired to see me in the library. With a heavy heart I went to meet him. He was not alone. A tall, passionate-looking woman, with dark hair and restless eyes, sat beside him. She was richly appareled, and gazed at me with a haughty stare as I entered.

Richard nodded to me a bare recognition and said, “I have sent for you, as I wish you to inform your pupils that they must leave in the morning. I have other uses for this building.”

At this cool announcement I staggered. Good God! would he undo me? What plan had he now in view? “Remove my pupils!” I exclaimed.

“Yes; do I not speak clearly? And as you have been plotting and scheming for some time against me, I would advise you to leave, also. Bristed Hall,” said he sneeringly, “is likely to prove an agreeable shelter to you.”

“\_I\_ leave!” said I, now fairly awake to the danger. “What do you mean, sir?”

“I mean,” he replied with diabolical blandness, “that this lady is my wife, and will from this time take charge of this establishment.”



“Richard Bristed, you cannot, dare not make that assertion! I am your wife, though I acknowledge it with shame and sorrow. He has misled you, madam,” said I, turning to the lady. “You are mistaken if you suppose I shall abandon my rights.”

“Ha, ha!” he laughed, “\_she\_ knows all about you. You cannot enlighten her, so you had better hasten and pack your trunks.”

“I shall not leave, sir; I shall defend my position here. I am a woman, and you shall not sully my fair name,” said I, maddened by his manner. “Your brother will help me—the law will aid me. Here I remain!”

“You will?” said he; “we will see. This house is mine,” and he drew out his pistol with which to frighten me.

“Richard,” said I, hoping to restore him to calmness, “put up that pistol. You cannot, dare not use it.”

“Dare not!” he exclaimed, coming up to me, his hot breath smelling of wine; “I will show you if I dare not!”

I was alarmed as he suddenly cocked the weapon. What might he not do in his drunken excitement?

“She is a coward, Dick,” said the lady. “Don’t trouble yourself about her,” and then turning to me and stamping her foot, “How dare you say you are his wife!” she exclaimed. “Go out from here!”

I shook from head to foot, but did not leave.

“Come, Dick, give me the pistol,” said the lady; “You don’t know what you might do with it.”

“Don’t meddle with me,” said he, as she attempted to wrest it from his grasp. “Why does that girl stand glowering at me?”

“O Richard,” I sobbed, “my heart is ready to burst! Don’t act so; remember Herbert!”

“Remember Herbert!” he muttered; “I do remember him. You killed him with your pranks, and now you would accuse me. Go, leave my house, or I will compel you.”

I believe he would have fired upon me at that moment, but the lady sprang forward and caught his arm. A slight struggle ensued, then followed a sharp report, and the pistol fell to the ground; a fearful shriek rent the air, and Richard fell heavily to the floor, covered with blood. I rushed to help him. He raised his glassy eyes to mine, and faintly murmuring “My God! I am lost!” expired.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The shock was too much for me. I was seized with fearful dizziness. The objects in the room became black before my eyes, and I fell to the floor beside the bleeding corpse, insensible.

Convulsions, I was afterwards told, followed this swoon. A raging fever attacked me, and for weeks my life was despaired of. At length the crisis passed; my youthful constitution conquered the disease, and I was again restored to the world in which I had experienced so much joy and so much misery.

One morning the delicious feeling of returning consciousness revived me. Where was I? The room looked familiar, yet strange. Surely I had seen that silken coverlet before! The carved footboard of the bed on which I was lying was not new to my sight. My weak brain was busy with conjectures, when a woman approached, carrying a glass and spoon. It was Mary, the housekeeper of Bristed Hall.

“Why, Mary, are you here?” I asked in surprise.

“Yes, Miss, but you must not talk. Take these drops. I am heartily glad you are better, Miss.”

A sense of rest and peace stole over me, followed by a few hours of natural sleep.

On opening my eyes from this refreshing slumber, I found Mary still sitting near me.

“Mary,” said I, “you must tell me where I am; everything here looks so natural, and yet as if I were in a dream.”

“You are not dreaming, Miss. You are in your own chamber in Bristed Hall.”

Bristed Hall! A warm gush of gratitude pervaded my being. So I was not friendless! I was cared for.

“Where is Mr. Bristed?” I asked after a pause.

“We have persuaded him to drive out, miss, as the doctor said you were out of danger. Anxiety for you and grief for Herbert’s death have quite taken his strength away.”

“I must get up, Mary. You must help me to dress.”

“Oh no, miss!” she replied; “you are not strong enough yet.”

“I am quite strong. Besides, it will revive me; I am weary of the bed, and need a change.”

She acquiesced in my wish, dressed me neatly, and smoothed my hair.

“Now, take me down,” I requested. “I wish to surprise Mr. Bristed.”

Of course she remonstrated, said I would bring on the fever again, and all that; but as I persisted in my determination, she led me down the stairs. The fresh air invigorated me; I felt every minute increased power. At my request, she took me to Mr. Bristed’s conservatory. The bright flowers, the singing birds in their ornamented cages, and the adjoining study with its well-filled shelves, all reminded me of the past. Tears came to my eyes as I recalled the bitter changes I had seen since leaving that sunny home!

## CHAPTER XXII.

I had not been long in the conservatory when I heard the wheels of a carriage. Mr. Bristed had returned. He ascended the steps: I heard his voice in the hall. His first words were an inquiry after my welfare. He was told that I was better. Passing through his apartments, he entered the study. I could see him plainly from the windows of the conservatory. He looked, I thought, thin and sad; his hair had become sprinkled with gray since the time when I resided in his mansion. Turning to Mary, who was waiting there for me, he said: "I feel faint; bring me a cup of tea."

Mary left the room on her mission, and I stole from my hiding place.

"Mr. Bristed," whispered I, coming softly up behind his chair.

He started. "Whose voice is that? Agnes, where are you?"

"Here, sir," I answered, as I touched him lightly.

He turned toward me, his face flushed with pleasure, his eyes expectant.

"You, Agnes—you, verily? How came you here? I thought you were ill off your pillow. What pleasant trick is this you have been playing me?" Then taking both my hands in his and surveying me, his eyes the while beaming with soft pleasure, he said:

"Oh, I am so happy that you are better. But you are wrong to come here; you will make yourself ill again."

I told him how I had awakened, and of my glad surprise in finding myself in my old chamber again, and how I had insisted on coming down to thank him for his kindness in bringing me hither.

"Don't thank me, Agnes; for you I could do anything. This place shall always be your home. Some day, Agnes, you may learn to appreciate the worth of a heart that truly loves you."

I fell upon my knees before him. "O Mr. Bristed, I do appreciate!" I cried. "I do know that you love me. Let me live for you. Let me by a life of devotion atone for the mistakes of the past!"

He lifted me up, and folded me to his breast.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

A few weeks of balmy spring air and soft sunshine completely restored me to health.

One day when strolling in company with Mr. Bristed through a path blooming with early hyacinths and crocuses, I ventured to ask him about my school.

“It is entirely broken up, Agnes. After the fearful tragedy that transpired within its walls, your pupils scattered like dust in the wind. I arrived the next morning after the death of Richard, unconscious of what had occurred in my absence, but intending to take you home with me. I found you, as I then thought, on your death-bed. I settled with your separate teachers, and closed the school. With the French woman who claimed to be Richard’s wife, and with whom he had probably gone through the form of marriage, as with you, I made an arrangement satisfactory to her to sell the property and give her an equivalent for its value.”

“But what motive,” I asked hesitatingly, “could Richard have had for his course?”

“Motive? The same that had actuated him through life. With you, Agnes, he would have lived probably as he did with others, until his versatile heart demanded a change. Then, with your little estate in his hands and Herbert’s property in his power, he would have deserted you for some new beauty.

“But let the grave cover his mistakes and evils. I believe that a good God will not punish him too severely for propensities which he inherited.”

Once more I yielded to the charms of companionship and love. Severe trials had proved Mr. Bristed’s worth, and when he again asked me to make the remnant of his life happy by my care and love—to become his wife, and share his home, and reign queen of his heart—I consented. When the June roses blossomed, we were married. The balmy air and opening buds spoke of a new life. They typified my new life, truly. The glitter and gloss which had deceived me in youth would never beguile me more. I had learned that it was not the external man, but the internal that was worthy of love.

The shadowy form of Alice never troubled me again, I believe reparation can be made beyond the tomb, and that in some far-off world the new-born spirit of Richard atones to Alice and Herbert for the wrong he did them in this.

# ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## TO HER HUSBAND.

Dead! dead! You call her dead!  
You cannot see her in her glad surprise,  
Kissing the tear-drops from your weeping eyes;  
Moving about you through the ambient air,  
Smoothing the whitening ripples of your hair.

Dead! dead! You call her dead!  
You cannot see the flowers she daily twines  
In garlands for you, from immortal vines;  
The danger she averts you never know;  
For her sweet care you only tears bestow.

Dead! dead! You call her dead!  
Vainly you'll wait until the last trump sound!  
Vainly your love entombed beneath the ground!  
Vainly in kirk-yard raise your mournful wail!  
Your loved is living in some sunnier vale.

Dead! dead! You call her dead!  
You think her gone to her eternal rest,  
Like some strange bird forever left her nest!  
Her sweet voice hush'd within the silent grave,  
While o'er her dust the weeping willows wave.

Dead! dead! You call her dead!  
And yet she lives, and loves! Oh, wondrous truth!  
In golden skies she breathes immortal youth!  
Look upward! where the roseate sunset beams,  
Her airy form amid the brightness gleams!



Dead! dead! You call her dead!  
Oh, speak not thus! her tender heart you grieve,  
And 'twixt her love and yours a barrier weave!  
Call her by sweetest name, your voice she'll hear,  
And through the darkness like a star appear.

Dead! dead! You call her dead!  
Lift up your eyes! she is no longer dead!  
In your lone path the unseen angels tread!  
And when your weary night of earth shall close,  
She'll lead you where eternal summer blows.

# ARTEMUS WARD.

## AND OUT OF PURGATORY.

### ARTEMUS WARD'S LECTURES TO POOR, PERISHING HUMANITY.

#### LECTER I.

You'll remember, relatives and nabors, how I crost the Atlantic Ocean and never agin set foot on my native soil. I naterally thought my opportunities there, in the British Mooseum and with those Egyptian Carcusses dun up in rags, and remaining for the space of six days and six nights with a skeleton grinning at me and pointing its long skinless fingers in my face and looking in an awful licentious manner, showing its pivoted legs—I say I naterally thought such an unheard-of experience would have prepared me for “the awful change” that follered. But it didn't.

One nite, cummin' hum from the Mooseum, where I had been instructin' and elevatin' several thousand pussons, male and female, I innocently swallered a fog—swallered it hull. I'd bin swallerin on 'em ever since I'd bin in England, but that night I took in a bigger one than ever, and it made me sick.

I sent for the physicians that received the patronage of the noble lords and dooks and they made me sicker; and finally for the physicain “to her most gracious majisty the Queen of Great Britain,”—but their aristocratic attention to me was of no use. As I lie tossing on what is known as “the bed of pain,” I seed a big light coming through the dark towards me. Behind that light appeared a grim skeleton, just like the pictur of Death in the Alminack, walkin' on tiptoe toward me; and quicker than a wink he put out his long bony hand and touched me—firstly, in the pit of the stomach, so I

couldn't holler; nextly, he pressed his finger tips on my eye-balls, and they sunk right back into their sockets.

I tried to shake him off, and to yell, but I couldn't! Then I knew I was "dun fur." Next came what a printer's devil would call a —— blank.

I was skeered out of my seven senses, and when I cum to and tried to recolect myself, I was like the old woman in the song who fell asleep, and

“By came a pedlar and his name was Stout  
And he cut her petticoats all round about;  
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,  
Which made the old woman begin for to freeze.”

I was in the same predicament, for I was now only in my bare bones, and knew I was a rolecking old skeleton.

Wall, it gin me an awful shock to find myself like a skull and cross-bones on a tombstone, sittin' on my own coffin!

Presently I was grappled by a big worm with a hundred legs. He then sent for his feller worms, and they licked me from skull to toe-jint. After I had stood the lickin' as long as I could (they tickled so), I concluded to run away, so I started on a full gallop, and arter I had run awhile, where should I fetch up but in the vicinity of Vic's Palace. I know'd by pussonal experience suthin' of the feelin' manner with which the British public look upon the Royal Family, and a sensation of relief cum over my mind as I thought if I once entered their ground no one dared foiler me. So I gin a spring and leaped right atop of the middle chimney. Owin' to private considerations, I did'nt mind the soot, but I clambered down, and there I was, to my amazement, rite in the private apartments of the Queen. She was sittin' at a table lookin' at a dogerotype of Prince Albert; and I walked straight up to her, not feel in' a bit afeared, and making my manners, axed her if I didn't resemble the Prince?—rememberin' that the preacher had kindly said over my coffin that “there was no distinction in the grave.”

I thought that as I was a pooty gay image of Death, I might remind her of the “Prince Consort.”

She looked up kinder sideways as I spoke, but she must have bin a leetle hard o' hearing, for she shook her head.

Then I thought I'd try her on another tack. So I placed my hands on my shakey knees, and bendin' over in this guise, so she could see me plainly, while my teeth rattled in my skull as I shook my head at her and growled:

“Haint you afeared of me, Madam?” With the pirsistent obstinacy of the feminine gender, she refused to notice me. So I thought she was kinder “set up on her pins,” and I shouted louder:

“Victoria \_Brown\_! Aint you afeared of me? Aint you afeared I'll tell Prince Albert of your \_dooins\_?”

At that she gin an awful yell, and flung herself down upon a yaller satin divan, trimed with gold, and slobbered it all over with tears.

I know'd then I had a “\_mission to perform\_,” and that my fleshless bones were not given me for useless pleasure, but as a “warnin' to my race.”

Arter this adventer I left the palace as I had entered it, “leavin' not a trace behind me.”

Since that affair, I have bin goin' about “doin' good,” frightnin' the wicked into fits, and follerin' in the steps of the parsen, and thus working my way out of Purgatory.

## LECTER II.

### ARTEMUS WARD.—OUT OF PURGATORY.

Relatives and nabors,—Thinkin' you'll, like to know whether I'd bin roastin' in brimstone, along with Solomen and Lot's wife, and that you might feel consarned to know sumthin' about my further adventers, I'll continoo.

One mornin' soon after this, havin' spent a restless nite, I was thinkin' what I had best do, when I seed, cumin' rite out of a big marble edifice, a nice little woman about as raw-boned as myself. As she carried an open paper in her hand which was certified to by two bishops and three clergymen that she'd bin baptised and her sins washed away, I felt it would be safe for me to foller her, knowin' I had no such dockermment to admit me into the good graces of Abraham or Peter, or whatever porter might keep the gates of Paradise.

She seemed kinder skeered and tremblin' like for a minit, not knowin' what to do; then with a sudden start she spread herself out just like the eagel of Ameriky, and soared rite up into the sky with nothin' to histe her by. I felt in my heart to foller her, and spread out just as she did, keeping near her on the sly.

As she went on she began to shine like a star, shootin' on through the azure heavens for all the world like a sky-rocket.

That put me on my pluck, and I bust out just like a sky-rocket too. My blazers! If it didn't make my head spin.

When I collected my idees, I thought I'd look and see if I resembled a glow-worm behind, and there, by thunder, was a long stream of light, just like the tail of a comet! I tell you, I felt happy! She's regenerated me, thought I; and I, too, am one of the "shining hosts"! And then directly, without any warnin' or noise of any kind, all around began to look about the color of a yaller sun-flower, and I began to scent a powerful smell of roses and violets.

The female sank down in the golden air, and I kept cluss beside her, and as she kept droppin' she suddenly changed, like the old woman in the fairy-book, into a bouncin' girl, the very pictur of the goddess of liberty!

Arter this, she turned and smiled on me. She looked just like alabaster cream; the most dazlingest creetur that ever startled the beholder!

I was took quite aback when she held out her little hand for mine; I felt kinder delicate like that she should see my big jint. But howsomever, "here goes," said I, and I stuck out my bony fist, and, by Jupiter, it was kivered with flesh, jest as soft and delicate as Uncle Sam's babies!!!

I stood starin' from my hands to her about a minit, and then she bust out a-laughin', and I bust out a-laughin' too!

"How shaller you be!" said she.

"It's duced amoosin'," said I.

"Who be you?" said she.

"Artemus Ward, the great lecterer on 'Women's Rites and Mormons,'" said I.

At this she seemed mighty tickled.

"I heerd you speak on those momentous subjects in Liverpool," said she.

"And arter that when I read the affectin' account of your death in a strange land, I cried."

"Cried?" said I, "I'm much obleeged to you, but there's nothin' to cry for as I know."

"So there be'nt," said she, puckerin' up her pretty little mouth; "but tell me, now, is this reely you?"

"I don't know," said I, "whether its reely myself or not, for I haven't seed myself—how do I look?"

She naterally blushed and answered:

"Ansom."

That was too much for me. I took her round her waist and whispered—I wont tell you what. She shook her head so that the ringlets fell downall over

her neck like the ashes from a tobacco pipe, and in a mighty reprovin' manner said:

“Artemus Ward, I am a poetess!”

(By Jupiter! that was a stunner.)

“Is it Mrs. Browning?” said I, ready to drop on my knees (thinkin' of Robert).

She shook her head agin, and moved off, and I follered, kinder ashamed of bein' so abrupt. Lookin' loftily at me, she said:

“I must leave you.”

“Leave me!” said I, “You cruel monster of beauty! Leave when I am sealed to you?”

(That kinder frightened her—I learned suthin' from bein' among the Mormons.)

“You may foller me,” said she, while descendin' in the midst of a garden which opened rite before us. I did as she advised, and stepped rite down in a place where there was a mighty display of trees, flowers, and fountains, and a pretty big sprinklin' of people.

Good Heavens! thought I. Is this the New Jerusalem? and lookin' around timidly for the man with the key, fearin' I might be turned out, but seein' nothin' but common lookin' men and women, and no “flamin' cherubim,” and creators with wings stuck on their heads, and no bodies, such as I had naterally expected to find in such a place, I took courage and stept forward boldly.

The people all commenced cryin' out as loud as they could:

“Artemus Ward! Artemus Ward!”

I felt kinder abashed at this, but advanced and called out, “Hear! hear! Friends, it's an amazin' mystery how you know'd my name.” (I felt diffident at not havin' my lecter in my pocket, and not bein' accustomed to speakin' verbatim.) Howsumever, as they continoosed to clap their hands and shout, I got together all the brass I used to carry “down East,” and jumped right atop of one of the roarin' fountains—the very biggest on 'em all. I surmised it was kinder dangerous, havin' always experienced a

religious awe of the “water of life,” and not knowin’ but what this might be it. “Here goes,” said I; “faint heart never won fair lady,” for rite at the foot was that bootiful poetess to whom allusion has been made, lookin’ straight at me with all her eyes.

I wanted to make a grand impression and let ’em know that I cum from a nation that could fight for the Constitution, and wasn’t afeard of spirits. And as for the “gold and pearls,” the “jasper and the sardonix,” they needn’t expect to snub me off with this, for I had been all through the gold and silver regions of Ameriky, and could tell as big a story as any on ’em.

“The fact is, friends and nabors,” said I, “it is one thing to read of a place, and another to see it. Now I must say, that geography and book of travels called the ‘Bible’ is suthin’ like ‘Gulliver’s Travels,’ rather loose in description; and, for all I see around me, the grand nation of Ameriky can beat you all holler in wonders.”

Havin’ thus spoken a good word for my country, I dismissed them, and hurried back to commence these lecters, which is only a beginnin’ of what I intend to do for the Amerikan People.



# LADY BLESSINGTON.

## DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.

It is remarkable to what a degree woman develops her intellect in the spirit world.

Freed from the cares of maternity, she seems like some young goddess fresh from the hand of Jupiter. All nerve, electricity, and motion—her thoughts sparkling and full of flavor, and light, and life, this new-born Eve of the celestial kingdom inspires the down-trodden Eve of earth, and kindles to a blaze the whole male population of the spiritual globe.

Prominent among the women of the times who have emigrated to these shores from populous America, stands Margaret Fuller—a tall and impressive blonde—a woman of strong bias, and resolute as a lion when she has set foot upon a project. Earnest, passionate, and brilliant in conversation, she wields a powerful influence over many minds of a peculiar order; and through the few mediums whom she selects to represent her characteristics, she displays a calmness and coolness of reasoning and an excellence of judgment such as few are able to exhibit thus second handed.

She has, through the exercise of her genius, erected a beautiful villa upon a southern island, wherein she has displayed her poetic taste to advantage. There, in the midst of a luxuriant garden, she resides with her beautiful Angelo, a child of graceful form who was washed ashore from the sad wreck years ago, but now approaching the years of manhood, and in his looks the very personification of a young Mercury, blending the fire and passion of a Southern nature with the zeal and activity of the Northern.

Count Ossoli and his noble wife tear themselves away from the pleasures of this delightful state of existence and devote their sacred energies to the enfranchisement of Italy.

No Roman patriot, neither Garibaldi nor any of his compeers, equals them in their efforts for the freedom of that sunny land.

Madame Ossoli is sanguine of success.

Defeat she considers merely the plough and harrow for the ripe harvest of victory which will follow.

From her own eloquent lips I have heard her address to the Italian soldiers who, defeated and killed, marched to the spirit land.

She told them how she, in the midst of her new-born joy, in sight of her own native land, fought the fierce battle of the briny waves, and felt as she sat dying on the sinking wreck, that all she had striven for was in vain; how she had found that defeat, that engulfing billow, had proved in the end a victory, and had placed her where she could watch over the destiny of Italia, her adopted country, and work for its regeneration, and fight for its liberty, as she could not have done had she been more successful in her plans on earth.

Another American woman, of less note, but also a reformer, is Eliza Farnham. She is not so emotional, has less sentiment and considerable originality, and is honest in her opinions and determined in her efforts to uplift her sex and ameliorate their condition.

She wields a powerful influence over a certain clique in the spirit world and on earth, and therefore deserves to be noticed among the women of the times. In person she is of dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, and strongly-marked brows, possessing much vivacity and caustic wit.

She is matron of a large Institution, or Circulorium, erected for the use of those spirits who make a practice of communicating with the inhabitants of earth. They there meet to converse upon the various means which they employ for transmitting intelligence, and to relate their successes and defeats with the various trance and clairvoyant mediums through whom they operate. There congregate those lecturers and orators who discourse through the organisms of numerous trance and inspirational mediums on earth. There also convene physicians and "medicine men" who control the large number of healing mediums who exercise their power throughout the United States and Europe. There, also, gather the prophets and seers, who, with vision clearer than that of ordinary spirits, warn mankind of danger

and impress individuals to pursue certain courses of action, to go or come, to undertake and prosecute great designs for the seeming weal or woe of humanity.

From this lofty aviary she still sends forth her delicious, strains. The children of earth hear them in fainter notes through young poets who catch her inspiration. What she is doing for women in the world she inhabits will be felt ere long in both the continents of Europe and America.

Another remarkable person in this coterie of illustrious women must be mentioned—Charlotte Brontë—a lady who feels the true dignity and intellect of her sex with a force akin to manliness. Modest and retiring, she would yet pick up the gauntlet like any knight against the man who should say of a work of literary merit, “that it could never have been penned by a woman.”

Soft and delicate, yet strong and full of heroism, she represents woman, quicker to perceive the right than man, and capable of undergoing greater perils in executing her duty.

Charlotte Brontë is a slight, brown-haired girl, with an eye full of clairvoyant power. With her father, sisters, and poor reprobate of a brother, all united like a cluster-diamond, she lives in a home which they have selected, remarkable for its wild and picturesque beauty.

As a family they are like the ancient Scots, clannish—not in a vulgar acceptance of the term, but for the reason that they are kindred souls. The torch of genius flames in every member of that family, but Charlotte is the mover, the inspirer of them all. She possesses a greater degree of concentration and energy, and is more chivalrous and venturesome. She is exceedingly interested in woman, and devotes daily a portion of her time to visiting earth and suggesting ideas and thoughts to those whom she can influence.

In her new home she draws around her a circle of chosen spirits, among whom may be mentioned Thackeray (who esteems her as about the finest specimen of womanhood he has seen), Prince Albert, Scott, Hawthorne, the German Goethe, De Quincy, and others.

Few writers of romance have done more than she towards raising her sex above the frivolities of dress and fortune, and placing them where they

shine conspicuous for their intellect and noble affections.

Bold and unsparing in analyzing woman's heart in its uncontaminated simplicity as well as in its subtlety, she lighted a torch in behalf of her sex which flamed throughout the literary world, startling and dazzling the beholder—a light which will never be quenched.

Charlotte Brontë was on earth what is now known as a medium. Her belief in the supernatural she evinced in her works. If she had not indicated so much intellect, the critics would have termed her superstitious. They have inferred that it was the loneliness and sadness of her life which caused her to imagine she saw her beloved dead and heard unearthly voices calling her. But she has since told me that those mysterious influences were not morbid fancies, but realities. Being thus endowed clairvoyantly, and not only receptive but able to impart that which she receives, she exerts at the present moment an influence in the world of letters little dreamed of on earth.

I may here, without infringing on the requirements of good taste, allude to the tale she has dictated through this medium. That it is a story of powerful interest, all who read it will confess.

To many minds it will prove that her power is unabated, but every reader will perceive the characteristics of the Brontë family in the tale—characteristics which cannot be imitated—which are individualized in that family, and breathe of the lone moor on which they spent their earth life, one of sad struggle of genius against circumstance and destiny.

## **PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD.**

### **\_THE LOCALITY OF THE SPIRIT WORLD, AND ITS MAGNETIC RELATIONS TO THIS\_.**

How near is the spirit world to earth? is a question often put by the inquiring mind. Some suppose it lies contiguous, just in the suburbs; others imagine the spirit world to be within the atmosphere of this earth; others again set it afar off in a given locality.

The last theory is correct, and the spirit world is really several billions of miles from earth; yet the suppositions are true (in a certain sense), for the inhabitants of the spirit world are migratory, and there are many millions of them living within the earth's atmosphere, drawn thither on errands of pleasure and duty.

But there is a spiritual earth revolving around its spiritual sun, just as this earth revolves around its sun.

It has shape and form like this planet, and is indeed the spiritual body of the earth.

It existed before the creation of man on this globe, and was ready for the reception of the soul or spirit of the first human being who perished on earth.

As a spirit's body is constructed from the spiritual emanations of man, so the spiritual globe is formed of the magnetic emanations of the earth. The refined gases which were thrown off during the process of the formation of the material globe which man now inhabits, form the basis of the spirit earth.

Each planet in the vast universe has its correspondent spirit world, and invisible magnetic rays are constantly exchanging between the spirit planet and its earth.

These magnetic currents or rays, like waves of silver light, constantly transmit thoughts from the spirit world to this.

All spirit is matter.

The spirit globe, being primarily composed of gases, in revolving around its central sun ultimates in a substance which is similar to the soil of your earth.

The same system which marks the development of the material world also is displayed in the development of the spiritual world.

Order is God. No spirit world can exist without form, neither can it exist without motion. Motion produces the spheroid, and the rotation of the spheroid produces atmosphere and diversity of surface; all these variations characterize the spirit globe.

When these facts are carefully reflected upon and understood, the majesty of the Creator assumes a magnitude most stupendous.

The astronomer searching through space for undiscovered planets and suns, has failed to fix his telescope upon these spiritual worlds, but the day will come when science will discover their existence.

The spirit world is not an arid desert. As I have said, it has soil. It is not a thin, vaporish flat, without depth or density; and its circumference exceeds that of the earth.

One of the component elements of its soil is magnetism. Its vegetation is of rapid growth and beautiful beyond anything that your planet can display.

As the atmosphere of the spirit world is not so dense as yours, and as the rays of the spiritual sun are not obliged to penetrate through so much cloud and vapor, the colors of all objects are sparkling and beautiful in variety and tone.

The specific gravity of the spirit upon his globe is not so great, comparatively, as that of man in the natural world. He can rise in his native air with little difficulty, and can dart with unerring accuracy upon the magnetic current flowing from the spirit world to the one he once inhabited.

The investigator in searching for the spirit world has but to direct his attention to the north star and his eye will embrace, unwittingly, the locality

of that world. The north pole is the great gate which leads to it direct.

The aurora borealis or Northern lights is an electric current which flows from that world to earth, and is sent in through the great gate. The scintillations of these rays are caught up by the clouds and vapors and are repeated in many portions of the globe, and faint rays from them are seen even in this temperate climate.

## ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

### HOLD ME NOT.

Up to the zenith mount!  
Far into space—  
Ah! all thy tears I count,  
Sad, loving face.

Clasp not my garments so,  
Love of my soul;  
Clinging, you drag me low,  
Where tortures roll.

Soil not my angel wing;  
Keep not from rest;  
How can I upward spring,  
Clasped to thy breast?

Hold me not, lover—friend—  
Earth I would fly;  
Passion and torture end  
In the blest sky!

Life brought but woe to me,  
Even thy kiss  
Gave me but agony—  
Remorse with bliss!

Let go thy earthly hold—  
Fain would I fly;  
Voices with love untold  
Call from on high.

Farewell—the dregs are drank  
Of life's sad cup;



It proved but poison rank;  
Life's lease is up!

**N.P. WILLIS.**

**OFF-HAND SKETCHES**

Since my friend Morris joined me, we've been as busy as Wall street brokers in a gold panic—eyes and ears, and every sense filled with the novel sights and sounds that greet us on every side in this most delightful, charming, incomparably beautiful summer land.

Whom have we not seen, from Napoleon down to the last suicide?

I have a memorandum which would reach from here to Idlewild, filled with the names of notables and celebrities, whom I have met in the short space of a year.

We do matters quickly here, among the celestials. I used to think life sped fast in the great cities of London, Paris, and New York, but we live faster here. With every means of travelling which human ingenuity can invent—flying machines, balloons, the will and the magnet—we fairly outdo thought and light, which you consider emblems of rapidity on earth.

Morris and I made a point of visiting Byron, Moore, Hunt, Scott, and that clique. You must bear in mind that we do not all live on one point of space here; among so many thousand million, billion, trillion, quadrillion, sextillion, and countless illions, there must be some persons who are further apart than Morris and I, who are side by side!

It is a peculiarity which you Yankees seldom think of, that Englishmen can't endure to live in America. Well, that peculiarity is just as active after they "shuffle off the mortal coil." They must have their little England, even in the spirit world.

So I telegraphed to that quarter of the celestial planet that two strangers from the great emporium of intellect, and civilization, New York City, were about to visit that locality. We so arranged our journey as to arrive about a day after the dispatch had reached them.

It was proposed that we should meet at the beautiful villa belonging to the Countess of Blessington.

I can assure you that on arriving there it was with a slightly palpitating heart I ascended the noble steps of her residence. The Countess met us graciously, and by her vivacity and charming candor dispelled the feeling of modest diffidence as to our merits, naturally awakened by the thought of being presented to those illustrious persons who so long held sway over English literature.

Ere we were aware, we were ushered into the midst of a hilarious group of authors, who welcomed us in a most cordial manner.

I did not need to have them introduced to me by name, as I recognized each readily from likenesses I had seen on earth.

Lord Byron's countenance is much handsomer and more spiritualized in expression than any portrait of him extant. I noticed that the deformity of his foot, which had been a severe affliction to him on earth, was no longer apparent.

Scott looked as good and as jovial as ever, and Tom Moore, the very pink of perfection and elegance.

As for the Countess, when I last saw her on earth I thought her incomparable. But whether it was through the cosmetic influences of the spirit air, or from other causes, she had now become bewitchingly beautiful.

After we had conversed awhile on general topics and I had answered their questions in regard to the changes which had occurred in certain terrestrial localities with which, they were familiar, the Countess invited us out to survey the landscape from her balcony.

The view from this point was extremely romantic. Just beyond the spacious park extended a lovely lake, whose waters were of a rich golden-green color. Upon its limpid bosom several gondolas floated, and gay parties waved their handkerchiefs to us from beneath the silken hangings as they passed.

"Countess," said I, after my eye had surveyed the fine landscape and noble residence, "I am but a wandering Bohemian, and you must excuse my audacity if I ask how it, is possible that in this "world of shadows" you have

surrounded yourself by so much that is beautiful and substantial? You could not bring your title and your lands with you from earth. Your jewels and costly raiment you must have left behind; then whence comes all this wealth and luxury?"

The Countess smiled. "Ah," said she, roguishly, "you did not study your Bible lesson well if you did not learn that you could 'lay up treasures in heaven.' Why, all the time I was living on earth I had friends working for me—admirers who had been drawing interest from my youthful talent and had laid it up to my account. We go upon the tithe system here, and 'render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

She told me that works of interest which are published on earth are reproduced in the spirit world and the author credited with a tithe of what accrues from them.

Byron, Scott, and Moore have also been doing double duty while on earth, and have been recompensed for their industry in the spirit world.

Byron, she privately informed me, had been united to the Mary of his early love, and under her sweet womanly influence had lost much of the misanthropy which had annoyed his friends in this life.

As my stay was short, I had only opportunity to converse with these men of mark on general topics.

On the whole, we spent a very interesting morning, and, after partaking of refreshments, we left, having inquired after Count D'Orsay, whom we learned was then on a trip to earth. Bidding adieu to the Countess and her friends, we started for the celebrated island called the "Golden Nest," which lies in a south-westerly direction from the Countess's villa.

After having travelled some hours in our own diligence (i.e., driven through the air by our own will), moving along quite leisurely that we might survey the country beneath us, we reached a group of beautiful lakes, reminding me strongly in size and appearance of lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, the famed lakes of my own native clime.

In the centre of the largest of these lakes lay the island we were seeking. We descended like skilful aeronauts into the centre of a group of happy children, who were playing like little fairies amid the flowers blooming profusely everywhere.

Singling out two of the prettiest, we addressed them.

Directly a merry band gathered about us, answering our questions intelligently and skipping before us to lead the way to the “Golden Nest,” as the superb structure was called in which these little soul-birds were sheltered.

Everywhere, as we advanced, our eyes lit upon pretty bands of children; some swinging in the tree-boughs like birds, some waltzing in the air, others sitting upon the green, chattering and singing, filling the surrounding air with their melody.

Certainly it was a most enlivening sight to witness their enjoyment. After having amused ourselves for a while with their gambols, we turned our steps toward the Home.

The building was oval in form, and composed of a golden fleecy incrustation from which it derived its name. Within, the “Nest” was like Aladdin’s palace.

Innumerable compartments, hung with silks and tissues of tender and harmonious colors, and decorated with birds’ plumage of varied hues, arrested the eye. These spacious alcoves were each furnished with a domed skylight, adorned with hanging tassels and glittering ornaments. Ladies were busy in nearly all of these compartments in instructing children under their care.

In some that I entered I was shown new-born babes not an hour old, torn from their mothers’ bosoms on earth, and lying upon fleecy pillows, attended by lovely women, who looked the angels which they were.

One of these gay baby-nests in which I lingered was decorated with peculiar tastefulness, and seemed like a perfect aviary. Singular birds of splendid plumage were perched on various projections about the spacious apartment, warbling away like silver bells.

The lady of this chamber was engaged in teaching a little girl of some two summers to mount to the skylight by her will.

This lady, I was informed, was the noble lady R——, so famed for her charity on earth.

She was very gracious and communicative, and told me that some children exercised their ability to rise in air more readily than others; that the difficulties their instructor had to guard against were the fickle, versatile nature of their wills, and their inability for continuous thought. Their wayward minds could not be directed long at one point. They would wander from the path like the poor little Babes in the Wood, and on their way to special destinations, would change their thoughts, unharness their will, and come suddenly down, sometimes in lonely and unfrequented spots.

Owing to this dereliction, it was found difficult to make frequent excursions to earth with them. Those attracted to their terrestrial homes were attended by ladies who had them in charge, and who would kindly accompany them, for one or two weeks, to visit their friends upon earth.

I told her that I had lost a child some years ago, and had thought till recently to find it still an infant.

Many cases of this kind, she said, had occurred under her observation. People did not view the matter rationally. Ladies had called at the "Golden Nest" to inquire for children that had left earth twenty or thirty years ago, and it was painful to witness the distress they exhibited when told that their children were grown men and women.

One lady had called there some three days since, and claimed as her own a little child, an infant about two months old, who had been brought from earth three weeks previous, while the child she had lost had been in the spirit world seventeen years!

But no amount of argument would convince her that her child had grown up, and that the infant she selected was not her own.

She was finally permitted to take the child away, as they knew it would be properly cared for. Many of the children while young were thus adopted.

"It appears marvellous," remarked this noble lady, "that any parent should wish to cramp the body and soul of his child by keeping it in a state of infancy, when, if it had remained on earth, it would necessarily have arrived at years of maturity.

"Nature does not suspend her operations in transplanting from earth to heaven! The soul is formed for expansion, and surely the spirit world is not the place to suppress unfoldment!"

As I listened to her intelligent conversation, I blushed to be reminded of my own error in supposing my own darling, who had reached the spirit world so long before, would greet me with the prattling talk of babyhood!

Pleased with our visit and the information we had received, we bade adieu to Lady R. and the "Golden Nest," and pursued our flight in another direction.

"Do let us next find out," said I to Morris, "what they do here with criminals; there must be many a wicked reprobate who arrives here from earth fresh from murders and villainies of all sorts."

As I spoke, two grave-looking gentlemen, whom I took to be either doctors or judges, crossed the path before us, and I proposed to make these inquiries of them.

Who should they prove to be but William Penn and the omnipresent Benjamin Franklin!

"Yes, yes," said Penn, in reply to our questions shaking his head deprecatingly; "'tis too true; we are obliged to have what Swedenborg calls "our hells," for you send your criminals from earth so hardened that we are compelled to keep them under guard. Come with us and we'll show you how we treat them."

We were very glad of this opportune meeting, and followed with alacrity.

Presently, leaving the beautiful country far behind us, we came upon a desert waste, and as I am extremely sensitive to conditions, I felt somewhat like a criminal in passing through it. Having got safely over, however, there burst upon our sight a scene of surpassing beauty; as far as the eye could reach extended a most highly-cultivated district of country.

Groves of fruit resembling the oranges and pineapples of our tropics, noble trees like the palm, the fig, and date, were to be seen in every quarter, rearing their boughs against the summer sky. The air was laden with fragrance from tree and vine.

Great bunches of purple grapes like the fabled fruit of Canaan in the Old Testament, a single bunch of which required two men to bear it, drooped heavily from twining vines, while from many a bough and twig swung

golden, crimson, and cream-colored fruit, which fairly made one's mouth water.

It was a picture rich enough in color for a Claude or Turner.

"This is delicious," said I to Penn. "Do tell us to what fairy prince this magnificent land belongs!"

"We will show you the fairy prince himself, very soon," said he. "Do you see the tip of his castle yonder?"

I looked, and as we moved swiftly in the direction indicated an unexpected spectacle loomed in sight. It was a building so delicate and perfect in its structure that it appeared like a vision.

Pillars and arches, dome and architrave, were wrought in a style exquisitely beautiful; the material of which it was composed seemed like polished sea-shells, so transparent that you could see through it the forms of the inmates.

"This," said William Penn, "is one of our prisons. Let us enter."

We followed in amazement, and were ushered into a hall hung with paintings rich in design and color, while distributed around in various alcoves were cases containing books and articles of curious workmanship, of which I had not yet learned the use.

This hall formed the court within the main building.

From where we stood we could see hundreds of men in white suits moving about. Some seemed engaged in conversation, others in sportive games, and others in various employments.

"You do not mean to tell us that these men are prisoners," said I.

"Yes; they have passed for years on earth a life of evil, yet all the beauty you behold here is the work of their hands. Idleness is the mother of crime. We teach them to become industrious, and surround them with beauty to develop their love of harmony.

"Ignorance and poverty are supposed to be the principal causes of evil on earth. But many fearful offences have been committed in high places from thwarted love and ambition. We have many of that character in this prison,



but they are young. This is intended as a place to educate and restrain men who would return to earth and incite impressible beings to evil.

“The material of which this building is composed, though seemingly so fragile, is a non-conductor of thought, and while detained within it the inmates gradually free themselves from their old influences and disorderly desires.

“Cultivating the fruits of the earth calls into action only their most harmonious organs. A great mistake made by the legislators of earth is in employing criminals in stone-cutting, or placing them in gangs, as they do on the Continent, to work the rugged road.

“Employment of this kind awakens the very propensities which should be subdued. The composing, softening influences induced by tilling the soil would go far toward converting your evil men into good citizens.”

I was struck with the truthfulness of his suggestions, and put them down in my note-book for the benefit of humanity, and now hand them over to my readers for consideration.

After leaving this place we paid a visit to Edgar A. Poe, whose unfortunate life on earth you are all familiar with. His brilliant imagination we found as active as of old. He welcomed us enthusiastically, and eagerly led us into a small theatre which he had constructed and filled with most marvellous creations from his own fancy. He inherited from his father and mother, who were actors, a love for dramatic effect, and in theatrical impersonations he found some vent for his exuberant imagination.

“Stand here,” said he, placing us near the entrance; “I have something curious to show you.” He then suspended upon the stage a curtain, whose peculiarity was its pure, soft blue color, like an Italian sky.

“Watch,” said he, pointing his uplifted finger to the hanging. Presently appeared upon it figures like shadows on a phantasmagoria.

One form was that of a female sitting upon a low chair, apparently reading a book.

“That,” said Poe, “is Miss D. I can control her and will her to reflect her figure upon the curtain; and that man is T.L. Harris. It is my own invention,” said he; “I studied it out and applied chemicals to my canvas till

it produced this sensitive surface. All I have to do is to send my thoughts to them, and will them to appear, and there they are. Coleridge has a similar curtain, and some few others. But it requires a peculiar spirit brain to magnetize the subject sufficiently.” He offered to show me in the same manner any friend of mine with whom he could come in rapport.

This proposition delighted Morris and I, and we spent an agreeable evening in seeing certain of our friends on earth thus revealed.

Some were busy eating at the time, the *\_gourmands\_!* Others, more studious, were poring over books and papers, and one, whose name I shall not mention, was reproduced in the very act of making love!

The, dear old faces awakened such sad memories, and the occupations in which they were engaged were in the main so ludicrous, that we were held between tears and laughter till after midnight. But that is an Irish bull—for you must know that we have no night in the spirit world. Our diurnal revolutions are so rapid, and the atmosphere so magnetically luminous, that it is never dark here. But, however, according to earth’s parlance, it was midnight before we got through.

I will now bid adieu to my friends and readers until we meet again.

# MARGARET FULLER

## CITY OF SPRING GARDEN.

I am at present domiciled with my excellent friend Abraham Lincoln, in the beautiful city of Spring Garden. This place contains between sixty and seventy thousand inhabitants, a majority of whom are engaged in literary and artistic pursuits. It might vie with ancient Athens for the wealth of mind which is concentrated within its precincts. It is not compactly built, the city covering about thrice the surface of ground that would be occupied by one on earth of the same number of inhabitants. The streets are handsome, the pavements being covered with a gay enamel which is formed by dampening a certain yellow powder, which, when hardened, shines like amber. They are laid out in circles, surrounding a large park of several acres, which forms the centre of the city. This park is embellished with trees and flowering plants of every description, and does not differ materially from the extensive parks to be found on earth, except in its management.

Booths are erected at the various gates, which are supplied with fruits and confections free to all who present a ticket to the keeper. These tickets are furnished by the city authorities to those who desire them. This class is composed chiefly of children, and of grown persons who are incompetent to supply by their labor their own wants. Here they can walk through the pleasant grounds, rock themselves in swings, which are numerous, and, when weary with exercise, their appetites stimulated by the refreshing air, which circulates through its hills and dales as freely as in the open country, they can apply for refreshments at any one of the booths or tables within the park. A very delicious drink manufactured from the exudence of a flower not known on earth may here be procured. The grounds are provided with various other apparatus for amusement and pleasure, among which are elegantly-formed sleds on galvanic runners, which glide over the ground with swiftness most exhilarating to the senses. Air carriages are also furnished, and, in short, nothing is wanting for the pleasure and entertainment of the visitors who throng daily the extensive avenues.

Forming an outer circle to the park is the main thoroughfare of the city. The streets, as I have said, are laid out in graduated circles which increase in circumference as they recede from the centre. The outermost circle is bordered by trees, which form a natural wall. This city might be called the circle of palaces, from the numerous magnificent edifices which adorn it at every point.

The buildings are of a light, graceful style of architecture, adapted to the climate and the out-door life which the people generally lead.

The street facing the park is devoted to the display of commodities and creations of the spirit world and its inhabitants.

In this section are exposed to view beautiful fabrics, finer than the web of a spider, glistening like threads of sunbeam and ornamented with most exquisite floral designs taken from nature. Some of these fabrics emblemize the blue heaven glittering with silver stars; others the clouds, with sunlight shimmering through them.

Some have shadowy designs of birds and curious animals strown over a ground of amber or violet. These beautiful devices are photographed on the material; or, as the transcendentalist would say, they are projected there by the will.

Electricity with us is so potent an agent that it is used for this purpose, transferring the image and stamping it there.

These fabrics are more delicate and gossamer-like than any with which you are familiar on earth.

Exquisite materials are not only indulged in by ladies, but \_male angels\_ robe themselves in attire more fanciful and gorgeous than they have been accustomed to wear in their first life; except, indeed, the Orientals, who more nearly approach us Celestials in that particular.

I will state for the benefit of ladies that we have no millinery establishments, as the females wear simply their own beautiful hair, which they adorn with flowers and a peculiar lace, as thin as a breath. The hair, owing to electrical conditions, is usually abundant and of beautiful texture, forming the chief ornament of the head.

On the street I have described are also many studios for artists. These *\_atteliers\_* are very ornamental in appearance, being placed in the centre of a large court. They are of various fanciful shapes, according to the design of the artist, generally open on the sides, with a dome supported by pillars, and resembling in form an ancient temple. Within, they are hung with rich draperies, which are adjusted at pleasure. The open dome admits the light and may be covered by a screen when necessary.

These studios are all on the ground floor, and usually with airy reception rooms attached, opening upon a court gay with flowers, birds, and fountains, making it a pleasant retreat for the artist and his friends. As my friend H—— gaily suggests, these accessible studios compensate the artist for the *\_attics\_* which he occupied on earth.

The art of painting is here carried to greater perfection than it ever has been on earth.

As the development of the intellect in the material world depends upon the subservience of matter to mind, so in the spirit world, the same principle is the great motor power; for there we have matter (that is, spirit matter), and this we work into forms of beauty as we desire.

Speaking of art, I must digress to allude to the *\_fête\_* which we held in our park in honor of three quite eminent artists, who have recently arrived in the spirit world and taken up their abode in this city.

As they were all new-comers, and but slightly acquainted with our manners and customs, we gave this celebration to surprise them, and also as a token of our appreciation of their efforts to spiritualize humanity; for art we regard as one of our most spiritualizing agencies.

In the centre of the park, I had forgotten to state, we have a temple erected, somewhat resembling those of ancient Greece, and which is for the use of orators and public singers. This temple was beautifully decorated with garlands and paintings by spirit artists. Within it were seated the visitors and a few friends, and without were stationed musicians, with curious instruments of melody, such as are unknown to earth.

Various ingenious machines for locomotion and amusement attracted general attention. Another source of interest were the graceful and picturesque groups of children moving in the air. At intervals, one of the

most fascinating of their number would descend with offerings of fruits and flowers for our guests. The amazement expressed by our visitors, as these lovely children would suddenly sweep down through the air like graceful birds of radiant plumage was delightful for us older inhabitants to witness.

This city contains several institutions of learning which are accessible to all; not only those can become inhabitants of this city who have a taste for the beauties and refinements of life, but needy aspirants from earth may be introduced by them into these establishments.

Previous to entering the spirit world I had supposed everything here would be free, but I have found here, as on earth, that nothing can be attained but by exertion, and that the great diversity of talent and of gifts necessarily enforces a system of exchange.

All men are not alike inventive in the spirit world. The inventor, by his fertile brain, constructs an article which the majority desire to possess, and for that article they give him an equivalent. It may be a picture or it may be a song.

Here the artisan is not hampered as on earth; his time—the mere time employed in mechanical labor—is of short duration. Our facilities for creating are so immensely superior to those of earth that but a brief period is required for producing a result. The remaining time is devoted mainly to the development of the mind, to amusement, and to scientific research.

I stated in the beginning of my letter that I was visiting the home of Abraham Lincoln. He is residing here with some members of his family, and appears very happy and contented. The son for whose loss he grieved amid the honors of the White House, is now his friend and companion.

Matters of state, as I learn from conversation with him, occupy his mind but little; but he is deeply interested in humanity, and is anxious to elevate and harmonize the whole human family.

His influence for good is powerful, and he exerts it constantly.

Theodore Parker and Hawthorne both reside in this city. Parker, as I have been told, when he first came here, decided to devote himself to the cultivation of land; but he has drifted again into the rostrum, and twice a week you may see the fair maidens and gallant swains of Spring Garden wending their way to his beautiful little home and garden in the suburbs,

where, amid the flowers, he descants to them, in his eloquent way, on life and the attributes of the human soul, and also upon his earth experiences.

So you perceive he exemplifies by his own actions the wise saying, "Once a prophet, always a prophet." His original mind cannot keep silent, and his thoughts find readiest utterance in speech.

Hawthorne is living here with his beautiful daughter, who devotes her attention to art.

His mind is as active as ever. He informs me that many of the mysteries that seemed inexplicable to him while on earth are now cleared up.

I have spoken of the noble buildings of this city, surrounded by spacious gardens and beautified by trees and flowers, fountains and singing birds; but I have not alluded to the way in which property is held, and the reader will naturally inquire if these handsome dwellings are owned by their occupants.

They are not, but are simply loaned to them. Spirits congenial to those at present residing here lived in them ages ago.

It is true, each individual taste may alter and embellish the buildings and surroundings, but these improvements belong to the city and not to the individuals. The titles are vested in the community, and its members can vote, as in the case of Abraham Lincoln, in reference to any individual coming among them.

There are three daily papers issued in the city, and only three. One is especially devoted to reporting news from earth,—revolutions that transpire, changes in state and national politics, recent accidents which have thrown individuals suddenly into the spirit world, and to recording the names, as far as possible, of persons who have deceased from earth.

Disasters that occur on sea and land are immediately telegraphed to the newspapers in Spring Garden and published for the use of the community.

It may be interesting to the curious to know that in cases like the sinking of a vessel, where fifty or a hundred individuals are suddenly ushered into the spirit world, delegates are sent out from this and other cities to meet the sufferers and offer them the hospitalities of the city, in accordance with their individual merits and degrees of development.

Our method of printing newspapers differs materially from that in vogue on earth.

Our papers might be termed photo-telegrams. A much less space is occupied by a communication of a given length than the same would require in your papers. We have a system of short-hand, understood by all, similar to that used by your telegraphic operator.

We have various places of public amusement, two fine theatres which are devoted to dramas originating with the inhabitants of our world, and another appropriated to the representation of dramas familiar to earth. Our places of amusement are of large capacity, hence but few are needed; and the people of this city being congenial in their natures, as many as possible like to assemble in one place.

The several actors who have been famed on earth appear at the theatres in Spring Garden. Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Booth, Vandenhoff, Cooke, Macready, Rachel, and Mrs. Siddons, visit us from time to time.

Among our distinguished actors are many who on earth were clergymen, politicians, and of other occupations.<sup>[A]</sup>

<sup>[A]</sup> I am told that the Rev. Newland Maffit is at present a distinguished actor in the spirit world. ED.



# GILBERT STUART.

## ART CONVERSATION.

People are fools in religion, and worship as divine the most stupid monstrosities ever conceived of! Only tell the masses that St. Luke, St. John, or Mary Magdalen was the author of some absurdity, which, if you or I had originated, they would scoff at, and they will clasp their hands in mute admiration over that miracle of art!

So it seems to me to be with Spiritualists. Drawings devoid of taste, hard, and out of proportion, are received by them with acclamations of joy, and credited, if they are figures, to Raphael, and if landscapes, to Claude Lorraine or some other great master of art.

Now I, for one, wish people would use their brains, and not be so easily gulled.

It is truly wonderful that a spirit can make a person draw a straight line who never could draw any but a crooked one. It partakes something of the miraculous, I admit; and that spirits should produce likenesses, and representations of flowers, scrolls, and ornamental designs, and unearthly landscapes, through mediums whose powers of representation and artistic talents have never been developed, is indeed marvellous! but that these drawings should be called works of art, and looked upon as the genuine offspring of those immortal painters, is ridiculous, and a thing to be deprecated by every intelligent spirit and Spiritualist, either here or in any other world!

Why, God Almighty himself could not take a raw, unschooled, undisciplined hand, and produce a work of art!

If a medium is content with what he has done, if he does not comprehend the faults of his work, if his eye and brain are not educated artistically,—then he must stand like a machine working in a groove.

Neither Phidias nor any of his descendants could inspire a high production through such means!

Now I do wish that \_educated artists\_ would seek to be controlled by us spirits; or that those mediums whom we do influence would go to school, and submit to the drudgery that is necessary to give them skill in design and execution.

Then could we hope to represent something of the progress of art in the spirit world; and would be enabled to depict marvels of landscapes, and the seraphic beauty of the human face with its grace and perfection of form, as it meets us in this artistic land.

You ask if we have galleries of art here. I should think so: art-love is immortal! You do not suppose that Benjamin West, Washington Allston, Henry Inman, Copely, Stuart, and we Americans who loved our art, would be satisfied with laying down the brush, and would have contented ourselves with singing and playing on cymbals constantly for the hundred years or so that we've been here? Now, where there is a will there is a way, and having the will, we have found the way to exercise the genius which God gave us.

Speaking of music, the gift is cultivated here to an extent that would set the \_dilettanti\_ of earth wild with ecstasy!

\_Music, Poetry, Art, Oratory\_, and \_Scientific Research\_, form the principal occupations of the beings in this immortal world of ours, and language is incapable of conveying an idea of the perfection which our noble and glorious faculties have attained.

Art is about to undergo a revolution. At present too much attention is given to the literal rendering of a fact, and imagination, which is merely a faculty for reaching the immaterial, is checked; but ere long painters will turn their attention to representing scenes in spirit life, and the inspiration which attended the old masters when they gave wings to their fancy and cut loose from identical imitation, will return.

Let the camera and the photograph reproduce the exact outline and minutiae, but let the artist paint with the pencil of imagination and inspiration! Only permit imagination to have root in the material world. As no man can become a good angel who has not developed his physical nature

in harmony with his spiritual, so neither painter nor medium can represent the artistic beauties of the natural world, nor of the spirit world, unless he has had a good physical training. It is only through the physical that the imagination can express itself with beauty and correctness. Truth is beauty, and is always proportionate; the light equalizing the dark, precisely as in the perfection of art a mass of shadow is balanced by a proportion of light.

One of the most agreeable places of rest or thereabouts is the artists' rendezvous—a building larger than St. Peter's at Home, magnificent in structure, and filled with wonderful paintings.

Here artists and authors of all nations are to be found. You can step in any morning and have a chat with Lawrence, Reynolds, Lessing, Delaroche, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Willis, Irving, Anthon, Sigourney, Osgood, Booth, Kemble, Kean, Cooper, Vandenhoff, Palmerston, Pitt, O'Connell, Lamartine, Napoleon, Margaret Fuller, Charlotte Brontë, Lady Blessington, and others of note, who have made themselves illustrious during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. People of congenial tastes and aspirations can readily obtain admittance, and all freely engage in conversation on topics connected with art and literature.

A large garden is attached to the building, filled with every manner of fruit-tree, and is accessible to all; any poor devil of an artist can go there and some bewitching Houris will present him with all the delicious condiments which his taste or fancy can demand.

In these matters the inhabitants of earth need to take a lesson from us.

I prophesy that America will be a pioneer in these reformatations, and will, in some Central Park, erect a building similar to this, where aspiring artists may receive food for the soul and the body, and where artistic minds can meet and interchange ideas.

# **EDWARD EVERETT.**

## **\_GOVERNMENT\_.**

The Christianized world supposes that the form of government now existing in the heavenly system is that of a monarchy; that God is the supreme ruler of the whole universe, embracing not only the little planet Earth, but the countless starry worlds and invisible systems that roll through space. But more directly in its imagination does it place him as the sole monarch and kingly ruler of the spirit world. It seats him in fancy upon a gorgeous throne, material in every aspect of its magnificence; a throne of gold and jewels, as described by that Miltonic poet, St. John, in his "Revelations."

This is the prevailing faith of Christendom; a faith which to the majority seems knowledge as positive as the fact that Victoria rules the British people, and sits upon the English throne.

Yet this is the conception of a people fond of barbaric pomp and splendor. A conception unsupported by reason and at variance with fact.

Nearer to the truth was the old Greek nation; a nation which embodied the intellect, the wisdom, and the refinement of the present age.

That nation, in its belief in the government of the spiritual universe, was wholly Polytheistic, believing in many gods, and, as I have said, approached nearer the idea of the form of government as existing in the spirit world, for it is a Republic of Gods.

It is a law of the universe that all vast bodies must be divided and subdivided into smaller ones. Every system is a constellation and every constellation is a congeries.

In accordance with this law, the universal world of spirit is broken up, is divided and subdivided.

In these divisions and subdivisions forms of government ensue, differing slightly one from another, according to the progressive development of the people; and an unlimited monarchy is not known in the spirit world.

There are some clinging to their old habits, associations, and education, who would fain raise the representatives of royalty on earth to the same positions in the spirit world when they become residents there. But the effort, when made, cannot be sustained. The one-man power is incompatible with spiritual laws and spiritual justice.

In a world where the external trappings are torn away and the internal nature of man is exposed to observation, the prerogatives of earthly kings have but little power.

The republican form of government is destined to overthrow all the monarchies of earth. As the world progresses and knowledge becomes universal, individuals will be able to govern themselves.

It has been only through ignorance and superstition, and the limited knowledge of the masses, that the kings and emperors of earth have been enabled to sway their jewelled sceptres over the necks of the people. But their reign is drawing to a close; their glories have culminated; and the day is rapidly approaching when earth will be governed even as the heavens above are governed. As in the world of nature, “the same chance happens alike to all,” and every child in time may become a man and every infant a father, and the experience of one becomes the experience of all, so in the government of the spirit world, every man can rise and become for a space of time the patriarchal dictator of a republic.

The prevailing form of our republic differs from that of the American republic in many particulars. Our term of office is of shorter duration than with you. Our directors while in office make friendly excursions to other republics. Matters of state with us are not so weighty or complicated as with you, nor are encroachments and reprisals so common. We are not compelled to sustain such vast armies and navies, involving the necessity of directing and superintending them.

As a rule, people who have entered the second stage of existence desire a change. They desire to live with more simplicity and freedom, and are eager

to begin their new life with nobler aspirations. Therefore, they assimilate with comparative ease with our form of government.

Our directors are our fathers. The nearest approach to our system is the government of the Mormons in Utah. Pardon me, if, in making this statement, I offend any delicate sensibility. I allude not to their creed, but to their mode of public administration.

As I have stated, the inhabitants of the spirit world are divided and subdivided into associations, or bodies, which in your world would be termed nations and states. For example, the nation to which I belong is represented by the American people. The nationalities of earth present different traits and characteristics which set them apart, though in a general aspect they present one whole. Even as in the ornithological world different species of birds represent the feathered race, and though differing in many particulars and forming separate varieties, yet assimilate as a whole, so nations migrating to the spirit world form separate nationalities. And, as I have stated, some of them, educated in the belief of the divine right of kings, choose a form of rule nearer approaching the monarchial than the republican. Among such often arises a Napoleon, a man of powerful intellect, a mind to grasp all circumstances, and a will to direct, who succeeds in placing himself in a position which he retains for years.

But as the hereditary right of kings cannot exist in the spirit world, the emperor or dictator is chosen by the people, as was the custom of the ancient Romans.

Intercourse of nations with us is not bounded by the obstacles that exist on earth. Prominent ideas prevailing among the most intelligent masses of spirits become the views of the whole. This your own world exemplifies. As the means of communication become more facile, as the various arts of locomotion obliterate distance, the remote and barbarous nations, brought into proximity with the civilized, assume their habits, adopt their modes of action, and follow their form of government.

I can safely predict for you a similar result. In the spirit world those nations once most tenacious of kingly rights and of the majesty of the throne, lay quietly down their regal crowns, and assume the unostentatious cap of the republic. So will all the nations of earth follow their spiritual leaders and hurl out from the round globe the crumbling thrones and

sceptres of kings and emperors and the tottering papal chair of Rome,  
down, down, into the vast tomb of antiquity!

# FREDERIKA BREMER

## FLIGHT TO MY STARRY HOME.

I was in Stockholm when the ambassador, who is sent by the all-wise Father to pilot his children to the unknown land of roses, called for me, and I was obliged to part with the body which, though homely and unattractive, like the dear, good “family roof,”<sup>[A]</sup> had rendered me service in many a stormy day.

[A] Swedish term for umbrella.

The feeling I experienced in taking my departure was like that of going out into a pitiless storm, and it was followed by an intense prickling sensation, similar to that familiarly known as the “foot asleep.” This, I afterwards understood, was occasioned by the electrical current passing through my spirit as it assumed shape upon emerging from its old frame.

Some twenty minutes perhaps elapsed after the breath leaving the body before I became perfectly conscious in my new form. Upon recovering the use of my senses, my whole attention was drawn from myself to the friends who had gathered in the room which had so recently been my sick chamber.

As I watched them combing the hair and attiring the white, stiff figure that lay so solemnly stretched upon the couch, my emotions were indescribable. I endeavored to speak, but my voice gave but a faint sound, which they evidently did not hear—as a spirit, I attracted no attention. This caused me deep grief, for I desired them all to see me still living.

My sad emotions were presently dispelled by the sound of most mellifluous music bursting upon my senses; and as I turned my eyes to discover the source from whence it proceeded, I beheld, resurrected before me, a group of dear old friends, whose bodies were already dust and ashes in the Swedish grave-yards, and in the cemeteries of the old and new worlds. A hearty burst of joy escaped from my lips as I recognized them. We laughed, cried, shook hands, and kissed first on one cheek and then on



the other, with the same enthusiasm and naturalness we would have shown had we been inhabitants of dear old mother Earth.

“Come, Frederika! Dear Frederika! don’t stay gazing on that old body! Leave friends who cannot talk with you and come with us!” they clamored on all sides. Their voices were like a full orchestra; besides, some had instruments of music, upon which they improvised little songs to my honor. I was fairly bewildered. Presently they formed a circle about me and commenced whirling rapidly around and around. I felt as in a hammock swayed by the wind; a dreamy lethargy stole over me, and I gradually became unconscious; and thus, I am told, they bore me through the earth’s atmosphere, out in the stellar spaces, to a new world—a world not of the earth, earthy, but the New Jerusalem which I had so often pictured to my fancy.

A soft, pleasant breeze blowing directly upon my face, restored me to consciousness. I opened my eyes, and, lo! I was reclining upon a divan in a great pavilion. The friends whom I had previously recognized were around me, some making magnetic passes over me, others engaged in preparations for my comfort. Upon seeing me awaken, several friends approached with flowers and fruits. The term “flowers,” though a beautiful appellation, gives but a faint idea of these marvellous creations.

My attention was particularly attracted to one whose corolla was of deep violet striped with gold, having long silvery filaments spreading out from the cup in lines of light like the luminous trail of a comet.

In a state of delicious languor, I watched the varied wonders before me. The pavilion, which was of silver lace or filagree woven in the most exquisite patterns, was a hundred or more feet in circumference, and adorned with open arches and columns on its several sides. These columns and arches were of coral and gold, which contrasted with the silver network, and the blossoms and foliage of curious plants and vines which graced the interior, forming altogether a structure of singular elegance and beauty.

Numberless forms like the fabled peris and gods of mythology glided in and out of these arches, and approached me with offerings of welcome. One blooming Venetian maiden presented me with a crystal containing a golden liquid, which she said was the elixir of the poets and painters of her nation.

The name she gave it was “The Poet’s Fancy,” and she informed me that it was distilled from a plant which fed upon or absorbed the emanations which the active mentalities of these poetic beings exhaled.

This information was quite new to me, and gave me pleasure, as it accorded with my ideas of correspondence. So I sipped the “Poet’s Fancy,” and imagined that its delicious, aromatic flavor vivified me like rays of sunshine. If, previously, I had been charmed, I now certainly experienced a power of enjoyment and quickness of perception tenfold increased.

I then inquired for Swedenborg, Spurzheim, and Lavatar. “You will meet them further on,” said she, smiling. “They are not here.” I was so well pleased with her that I twined my arm around her fairy-like form and we glided away together. As I desired to obtain a peep at the outside of the beautiful pavilion, my companion led the way, pausing here and there to present me to groups who had advanced for that purpose. The company I found to be composed of writers and painters, interspersed with a few of my own personal friends; and I felt gratified to find myself so well received by those whom I had known on earth as celebrities.

“’Tis strange,” I remarked to my companion, “that such choice minds should all be gathered together in one place.”

“They are spirits congenial to your own,” said she. “Like attracts like, and they have come from their respective homes in the spirit world to welcome you here.”

“Ah,” said I, “I now begin to understand what all this fine company means! This is my reception.”

As we were leaving the pavilion we were joined by Herr Von ——, the celebrated Swedish naturalist who had recently entered the spirit world. He congratulated me upon my safe arrival, and kindly offered to act as cicerone and to point out to me the marvels by which I was surrounded.

To my astonishment, on reaching the open air I discovered that the pavilion was located upon the summit of a lofty mountain. The face of this mountain was of many colors and glistened like precious stones. My friend led me to the point of a precipice on one side and bade me look down. This I did, and beheld phosphorescent rays issuing from the sides.

“What wonder is this?” I asked. He informed me the mountain was magnetic in its character, and that it was, so to speak, the first station from earth, and a point easily attained by a spirit newly arriving from that planet. He said I was not permanently to remain upon the mountain, but was placed there until I should become acclimated to the spirit atmosphere, and to acquire strength before travelling to that portion of the spirit land which would form my permanent abode.

The apex of the mountain formed a flat plain about two miles in extent. We walked onward some distance, when he pointed out to me another pavilion, much larger than the one to which I had been borne. The exterior form of each was alike, and resembled a Turkish mosque; the crown-like canopy which formed the top being surmounted by a ball so dazzling in brightness that I was obliged to turn my gaze from it. This ball was composed of an electric combination, which shed its rays far through space. “And,” said the good Herr Von —, “as the pavilion is used for the reception of the friendless and the homeless, they are attracted and guided to it by its coruscations.”

We proceeded some steps further, and he showed me how the mountain, which is steep and precipitous on the northern exposure, sloped into broken chains and lower elevations on the southern; and from this point, looking down, I beheld through the clear atmosphere a billowy landscape, clothed with soft, rich verdure, more fresh and green to the eye than that which covers dear mother Earth.

“How wonderful are thy works, O God!” I exclaimed, as we retraced our steps. And I could not but reflect upon the singular trait exhibited by Jesus of frequenting a high mountain to pray. Surely, altitude elevates one into the spiritual state, and no doubt Christ felt nearer to the spirit world when elevated far above Jerusalem, on the mountain-top, amid the clouds. Thus, looking down from the sublime height, I realized for the first time that I too was a spirit and an inhabitant of the world in which Jesus dwelt!

# LYMAN BEECHER.

## THE SABBATH.

In the days of my ministrations on earth, it was pretty generally believed that the Sabbath day was one of peculiar sanctity; and that the Creator, having completed the creation of the earth in six days, had rested upon the seventh from the labor attendant on that work. But science, which is ever at war with the Jewish record, has established the fact that the world was not created in that short space of time.

The multiplicity of worlds created also disprove the idea that the Creator could have rested during any set period of time.

Some zealous skeptics, to counteract the belief in the sanctity of the Sabbath, have asserted that mind can never rest, and that as God is a spirit, rest to him is impossible.

Even granting this hypothesis, history and research have proven the wisdom and utility of the Jewish Sabbath, as established by the great lawgiver, Moses.

The Jews at that time were an active, restless, laboring people. Their industry had enriched Egypt, and having escaped from her oppressive bondage, they were liable, in their efforts to found a nation of their own, to carry their habits of industry to excess.

Probably they overworked their slaves, their cattle, themselves, and the “stranger within their gates.” Their wise lawgiver, under the direct influence of spiritual guides, promulgated this law: “Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy man-servant, thy maid-servant, thy cattle, nor the stranger within thy gates.”

And this commandment has been handed down from the Jewish to the Christian nations. With the early Jews it was a day of recreation, of dancing, and of song. The early Christians employed the day at first in social

intercourse, afterwards it became a day of sacred ordinance; and, as copies of the Scriptures were rare, they met on that day to hear them read, and in their simple faith would select passages and apply them to their own necessities.

When the Christian religion invaded Pagan countries and became established, the days which had formerly been appropriated to feasting and sacrificing to the gods and goddesses became the fast-days of the Romish Church.

When Protestantism arose, she swept off from her calendar these fast-days, and returned to the simplicity of the Jewish Sabbath.

Puritanism followed and gave a literal meaning to the text, "Thou shalt do no work." Under her reign, all labor was suspended on the seventh day. A strict watch was set upon the actions of the individual: household duties were neglected: fires were not lighted or food cooked. The great world of activity stood still.

Rest so severe embittered men's judgment, and the Sabbath became a day for prying into the derelictions of each other. A rigid observance was placed upon men's actions, and stringent laws were made to punish the offender against this enforced rest.

So tyrannous and exacting did the Puritan observers of the Sabbath become, that their rigid formulas created a rebellion in the minds of the succeeding generation, and so great has been the reaction, that in our day it has become a common assertion that "all days are alike," and the steam-car and the horse-car, the coach, and the hack, ply their busy wheels through the streets of our large cities, and the church-goers travel thereon to their different sanctuaries.

"All days are alike to God," says the reformer; "why should we observe the Sabbath more than any other day?" I will tell you why: a concentration of the spiritual nature of men throughout Christendom necessarily creates a magnetic atmosphere through which spiritual beings can approach. The sincere and devout worshippers in every land congregating in churches upon one day, send forth waves of magnetic light which extend into the world of spirits. The music and the prayers are borne upward on this current, and great batteries are thereby formed that cannot but affect the

souls in Paradise. They respond to the music and the prayers, and worshippers in the churches feel their magnetic influences. Those who are sincere in their religious faith say that they feel "heaven opened to them." Even those who attend church from fashion, or for the purpose of meeting their friends and neighbors, are there brought in contact with spiritual influences which could reach them in no other way.

The experience I have gained since my entrance into my spiritual home has given me more liberal ideas of the uses of the Sabbath, and taught me that to the working man it is a necessary day of recreation. But I lift my voice against its becoming one of beer-drinking and boisterous sports. The workman who is confined to the bench or the workshop, in the midst of a crowded city, for six days of the week, will certainly be benefited by seeking the green fields and healthful influences of the country; but on reaching that desirable Eden, let means be provided for his instruction; so, while sitting under the leafy trees, his mind may be benefited, and his bodily organism rested, rather than injured by feasting and rioting in the public gardens and parks.

Field preaching should become a regular institution of the Sabbath; and discourses instructing the mind in morals and sciences should be given in the tent, or under trees, in parks and woods set apart for that purpose. Then would, the object of the Sabbath be attained. As I have said, the spiritual nature is more open to the reception of truth on that day.

The state of sleepiness, which is a well-known attendant on the Sabbath, is indicative of the magnetic influence; and those who discard the day, and secretly pursue their active employments, would do well to heed the remarks I have made.

Before I close, I wish to make some observations upon the present style of preaching as compared with the sermonizing of my day. When I occupied the pulpit, the doctrines of election and predestination were the principal themes that engaged the attention of ministers.

Free will and coerced will were questions which puzzled the theologian. Looking upon the Bible as an inspired book, the most careless sentence therein expressed became a word of weighty import. We engaged the minds of our hearers with abstract questionings and reasonings. But we never could make the doctrine of predestination accord with that of free will. Nor

could we clearly account for the presence of evil, while we believed the Creator to be all wise, all powerful, and cognizant of the end from the beginning. Yet these were the topics which the minister of my day discussed and endeavored to make clear to the comprehension of his hearers. We did not treat of every-day life; the pulpit we considered too sacred for such topics. Religion with the masses became an abstract state of holiness. Men assumed long faces and sober bearings upon the seventh day; but their every-day life was something different, which the minister and his ministering did not reach.

But the pulpits of to-day are platforms of another kind. They have altered, even as their shape has altered. Their outward construction corresponds to their teachings. In my day the pulpit was narrow and straight, and was lifted high above the people. But at the present day a step only separates it from the congregation. It is broad, low, and open. The teachings received from it correspond with its change of form. The ministers of to-day are one with their flock. Their discourses are practical, relating to every-day affairs. They no more discuss the questions of Satan, of angels, and archangels, nor arouse an undefined fear by descanting on the mysterious prophecies of Daniel: they talk to you like \_human beings.\_

I remember being somewhat shocked while listening to sermons preached by my son, H.W. Beecher. I recall sitting near his pulpit, and longing to get up and tell the congregation my views of texts and matters of which he was discoursing. I thought then it was because the race was going backward—becoming less intellectual—that men should be content to listen to sermons that contained so little theology. But experience in spirit life has caused me to change my opinion.

I now see that Beecher, Spurgeon, and a vast host of others, are teaching human souls the great truths which will fit them for life hereafter. I have done now with endeavoring to solve improbable problems, and with simple faith in man's efforts for his own progression, I give my testimony as to the uses of the Sabbath, and the advantages of religion in advancing their progress, and in preparing the spirit for its future home.

# **PROFESSOR GEORGE BUSH.**

## **\_LIFE AND MARRIAGE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD\_.**

The two worlds—the spiritual and the material—are like twin sisters whom I have seen, so similar that their acquaintances could not distinguish between them, and yet so dissimilar that an intimate friend would wonder why one should ever be mistaken for the other.

I propose to give a short account of the society and conditions of life in the spiritual spheres.

The Swedenborgian Society of which I was a member while on earth, continues to exist as a body in the spirit world, though Swedenborg, the great seer and founder of that sect, is not a leader among them. He has his country seat in Swedenborgia, a beautiful and intellectual settlement named after him, where he retires within himself, and directs his great mind in developing his science of correspondences, which he proposes to arrange so systematically that it will become a part of the teachings of earth's children.

It was never his design to become the leader of a sect, but his desire was simply to reveal like a telescope that which was unknown. He is deeply interested in the political condition of Sweden, Norway, and Germany, and exerts his vast intellect towards emancipating the minds of those nations from the bondage of church and state.

It is curious to witness with what fidelity Swedenborg described in many instances the condition of the soul after death; and also to perceive in other instances how utterly he misinterpreted the visions presented.

Such discrepancies are incidental to all clairvoyant states; and this is not surprising, for it is incidental to humanity.

Man sees clearly when the prejudices of education and the influence of his loves do not pervert his vision.



What political economist, strongly biased in favor of one mode of government, can contemplate dispassionately an opposing form?

The theological belief which Swedenborg imbibed in his early youth, tintured his description of the heavens and hells of the spirit world, causing him to represent the soul as reaching a period in its love of evil when it cannot retrace its steps. The hells of the spirit are similar to the hells of earth, being like them the result of the ignorance and perverted loves of animal man.

What hell more fearful than the hell of licentiousness? Yet it is merely the animal side of the heaven of love.

Swedenborg discovered hells in spiritual existence, where the inmates lived lives of prostitution. His statement concerning such hells is true. Individuals who have lived such lives upon earth cannot suddenly be transformed. Their habits become spiritual diseases with them.

Now, as to marriage, the mere form does not make the wife different from the courtesan, but her love exalts her above that condition. If she be united to a man who is repulsive to her nature, and yet submits to his embraces for the considerations of family, or home, or public opinion, she is on the same plane with the courtesan.

It is a proposition generally believed, that there is a soul-mate for every human being, and it is usually supposed that in the spirit world those mates are found, and that those united there live together inseparably. But as there exists in the spirit world the same states, the same variety of progressive development among men and women as in this world, so unions are formed there in which one soul develops beyond the capacity of the other, and in such cases changes must ensue.

I will now speak of marriages more in detail.

In the summer land the union of the man with the woman occurs from very similar causes to those which bring about like unions upon earth—the man is drawn to the woman and the woman to the man through the operation of a natural law. If instinct were not so impaired by the cultivation of the external faculties, there would arise but little difficulty—on earth in selecting partners adapted to each other. Considerations of wealth and

position are permitted to influence your selections rather than the idea of congeniality and adaptability.

In spirit life this method is reversed, and the marriages formed there are productive of greater happiness than those among men in the first condition of life.

But as I have stated, marriage in the spirit world is not an indissoluble bond. Some minds associate together in harmony and expand in the same direction, and with these the union is permanent. I have seen such in the spirit world,—beautiful and noble souls intertwined and aspiring together.

There be others whose states and conditions after a time become changed. Such seek new companions, and this is permitted without discredit to the individuals.

Many forms of marriage ceremonies are extant in the different societies and countries. Garlands of flowers and symphonies of divine music are bestowed upon the bride and groom. Bright bands of spirits from the celestial heavens attend them, for they represent in their love and in their wedded joy the harmonies of nature!

While they love, sin, sorrow, darkness, and all evils shrink from sight.

From these spiritual marriages are born soul attributes. Human beings are never generated in the second condition; they need what is known as the material world for their nurture and growth; and yet I understand that in some of the more refined spiritual existences births have occurred. The beings born there are indigenous—not generated by earth parents, but offspring of those refined conditions.

I know not of this as a fact; yet if we take the old Jewish Bible as a history, we find an analogous statement there in the assertion that Christ was born of God in a spiritual state of existence previous to entering this earth plane.

Spirit soils and atmosphere interblend and produce trees, shrubs, flowers, and the cereals, but the human being, after the second birth, ceases to reproduce his species. His children are thoughts born of the spirit. After birth succeeds death. The soul passes through many stages of existence in the process of refinement. The next state of existence to the material, I term

the spiritual, and the one beyond that the celestial, and beyond that the seraphic.

In the next state, to which I in common with all men who have not passed some hundreds of years in the spirit world belong, individuals pass through a condition analogous to death upon the earth.

Spiritual bodies are subject to a process of refinement and decay; and the soul, as the winged butterfly to which it is likened, throws off its cerement and assumes a new form.

But with us the transmigration is not veiled in darkness and mystery as with you. We can watch the transformation; we can see the spirit emerge from its old casement more ethereal than ourselves, but still visible; and we can hold communion with it.

So slight is this change with us that your mediums seldom touch upon the fact.

Spirit is inseparable from matter, and can give neither form nor expression without it.

The Great Invisible Creator of the Universe must have thought of trees, flowers, beasts, birds, fish, and the wonderful exhibitions of form through the vast realm of matter, previous to their existence.

But he had to give them shape in matter—perishable but re-creative matter; and if the Master-mind of all cannot express his thought otherwise than with this ever changing, yet ever reconstructing thing called matter, how can the human soul manifest but through a spiritualized condition of matter, ever changing yet ever re-creating and refining, mounting higher and higher, from the earthly to the spiritual, from the spiritual-to the celestial, on—on—till finally reaches Deity—himself!

# JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH

## ACTING.

All great actors are media for spirit influx. It would be a marvellous sight if the curtain which hangs between the spirit world and the stage were uplifted, and the invisible drama which is being enacted exposed to view. Then would you behold “the airy spirits” to whom Shakspeare so truthfully alludes, moving like comets in gorgeous light around the inspired actor!

Inspiration is motion, acceleration, intensity; it has no part or parcel with lethargy.

I recall my past experience, portions of which I review with regret. In endeavoring to obtain this energy, this motion, this acceleration, I was obliged in my ignorance to resort to artificial means. A knowledge of the laws of spirit life would have enabled me to have avoided this mistake; but that knowledge I did not possess.

The actor of the present day is blessed with the knowledge that he has merely to throw himself into the magnetic state, and become en rapport with spiritual conditions, to find himself inspired—inflated with the divine magnetic current which flows from the spirit world to the inhabitants of earth. If a player desires to represent a certain character,—let it be the subtle, fiend-like Richard III. or the crafty Richelieu,—the customary mode of studying such characters is to endeavor to imagine one’s self to be the person. That is the first step towards mediumship; for it is one degree from the natural, towards the superior state. Usually, through ignorance, the student proceeds no further than this point; and the spirit assistants can only partially aid him. But an actor possessing the knowledge of placing himself en rapport with these characters, whether traditional or real, is immediately cut loose from his surroundings and becomes the Richard or Richelieu whom he would personate.

From the brain of every spirit medium ascends a blazing sun, which burns the brighter when the magnetic relations between it and the spirit

world are most perfect. This blazing light, this radiant effulgence, is perceived instinctively, though not knowingly, by every individual who listens to a discourse from a “trance medium.” So from the brain of the actor this glorious light throws out its rays into the assembly, and when he becomes fully inspired, its magnetic influence is felt with overpowering vividness; and the result is, the audience themselves are set in motion, and from pit to gallery you hear vociferous applause.

There are actors who are good, and who acquire fame, who have never felt this divine afflatus. The intellect of the audience appreciates them for their declamation, for the art and artifice which they manifest; but the humblest and most illiterate of that assembly know well that this studied eloquence does not fire the brain.

But it will not do to trust blindly to spirit control; a knowledge and constant study of human nature is necessary.

It is a well-known fact that a person steadily looking at one point will influence twenty others to look at that point also, and to imagine they see some object before them. Understanding this principle, you may work upon each attribute in the minds of your audience. If fear is to be aroused, do as your neighbor does as he hastily enters your house after meeting with a fearful calamity. You become excited before even hearing the evil which has befallen him. Every faculty can be acted upon in the same manner—grief and joy alike.

Of the ventriloquial powers of the human voice, many speakers are ignorant. The tyro on the stage wishing to make the remotest individual in his audience hear, bawls at the top of his lungs. He is unaware that the organs of the human voice are a kind of electrical machine, governed by the will-power, and that the actor has merely to throw his will and direct his mind to a given point, for his voice to reach that point and produce a far more startling effect than the loudest blast that any pair of lungs could bring forth. Thus the lowest whisper can be made to tell at the farthest corner of the theatre.

But perhaps I have said enough of the methods best adapted to produce representations of character on the stage. The question may arise in the mind of the reader, whether there is any opportunity of exercising the talent

of acting in the spirit world, supposing that talent to have been cultivated in this.

In the remotest ages, and among the most uncultivated nations, as well as among the most highly civilized, the power of representing human passions and events has been exercised instinctively, showing this power to be as much a portion of the soul's attributes as the gift of thought or of fancy. If one belongs to the immortal condition, the other does also.

One of the chief enjoyments which the all-wise Creator has made attainable to the inhabitants of the starry heavens is that of dramatic representations of life, character, and events, transpiring in the countless worlds that wheel through space.

The field of the actor for depicting the truths of human nature in the world of spirits is vast and unconfined!

Eloquence is appreciated on earth, but that appreciation is weak and tasteless compared with the estimation of that "gift of the gods" by the inhabitants of the summer land.

Some blind, short-sighted investigators tell you there is no speech among us; they would lead you to imagine that we inhabit a world blank and void of sound; that stillness more unbroken than the grave pervades our mysterious realm.

Conjure up the picture in your fancy, reader—the soul shrinks back from such a state! The spirit world is all voice. Never have I heard notes clearer, louder, deeper, than resound through the electric air that surrounds my home.

The gift of speaking, and of representing individualities separate from your own identity, is a spiritual gift decidedly; and with us theatres and amphitheatres are as numerous as churches are with you. I will leave the description of these structures for the ready pen and speech of our friend Burton.

## JOHN WESLEY.

### “\_THE DIVISION OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, INTO SEVERAL BODIES, AND ITS RE-ORGANIZATION INTO ONE GENERAL BODY.”\_

I will take for my text this sentiment from the New Testament: “I will draw all men unto me, and there shall be one church and one people.”

The church which was organized by our Lord<sup>[A]</sup> Jesus Christ was designed to establish a feeling of brotherhood between separate and distinct classes of people, and to abolish the system of castes, which was the prevailing sin of the eastern nations.

<sup>[A]</sup> The word “Lord” is used in the sense of an earthly lord who cares for his people.

Christ made no distinction between the Sadducee and the Pharisee, the publican and the saint, the high priest of the temple and the lowliest of his followers. He placed the affections above the intellect, truth and sincerity above wealth and worldly position.

The church which he originated for many years followed in his footsteps. But as it increased in numbers it accumulated wealth, and with wealth came power, and from that power issued discord and separation.

Thus, the church divided and subdivided, and split into a thousand pieces, formed new interests, created new beliefs, and sowed dissension and envy with a free hand.

Such has been the condition of the church for the past ten or twelve centuries. Meanwhile, in the Heaven of Heavens, has arisen a powerful movement directed towards restoring it to its original state of purity and simplicity. This great movement, like a mighty river seeking its outlet, has

rushed on, diverging at several points, and at length found the reservoir it sought in what is termed Spiritualism.

The spiritualistic movement opened the gates for the expression of skepticism, which the formalism, the tyranny, bigotry, and externalism of the Church awakened in the minds of the people of every enlightened Christian nation; and the result has been a criticism so pungent, and an examination so thorough and direct, into the deformities of the Church, that she has been obliged to contemplate her own condition and the rottenness of her position, until she fairly trembles at the view of her disjointed parts.

On every hand now, at the present moment, efforts are being made to consolidate—to rejoin. On one side you behold the Protestant Episcopal Church offering to unite with the Methodists, from whom, since my day, they have stood aloof, as an illegal and fanatical people whom they could not fellowship.

On the other side, you see them stretching to the Roman Church, forming a brotherly compact of forms and ceremonies with Papacy.

One branch of the Presbyterian Church wears the robes of the Roman Church, and thus that is linked to Catholicism.

All these denominations which have stood apart so long, whose theology has been so antagonistic, are now merging into one Church.

In the face of the great danger which Spiritualism or Liberalism has brought to their sight, they endeavor to return to their first estate, but in returning they lose their identity.

This result is sure, though unperceived by them.

One by one, they will give up this point of difference and that point of difference, this creed and that creed, for the sake of harmony. This vestment they lay aside, and that form, until they will all be swallowed up, and neither Methodists nor Calvinists, Baptists nor Lutherans, Armenians, Jews, nor Gentiles, will remain. Then the primitive Church of Christ will be revived again upon earth, simple and unostentatious; its creed will be the creed of Jesus Christ:

“The brotherhood of man, and the love of God for his children.”



This creed, you perceive, embraces the whole of the spiritualistic faith, which is causing these great changes throughout the Church of Christ on earth.

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At this point it will not be inappropriate to make some allusion to the mysterious sounds which occurred in my house in Lincolnshire, England, at intervals within the space of three or more years during my earthly ministrations.

These mysterious sounds, even in that day, were supposed to have been caused by spirit agency. I have ascertained that that supposition was correct; and my attention has since been directed to the fact in Church history, that every separation from the Church body which has originated in a desire to return to the simplicity and purity of the primitive followers of Jesus, has been attended by similar mysterious demonstrations.

Luther and Mclancthon, Knox and Calvin, and the earnest dissenters and reformers of every age, have been haunted in like manner. I say haunted, for they generally have misunderstood the aim of these spiritual visitants.<sup>[A]</sup> It has devolved upon the scientific researches and the skeptical but investigating mind of the nineteenth century to form a process by which the spirit of the departed can communicate with the dwellers in Time.

<sup>[A]</sup> The spirit of Rev. Dr. John M. Krebbs, of New York, states through this clairvoyant that the cause of his mental aberration while on earth was a misinterpretation by him of a spiritual vision which he was permitted to receive. Thus misunderstanding the aim of his spiritual visitants, he became haunted with a fallacy which ultimated in his death. ED.

To me this science was unknown. Had I been acquainted with the facts with which I am now familiar, I might have established a more liberal Church, but as it was, this daily association with an unseen spiritual presence enlarged my views of the condition attending the soul after death, and caused me to give utterance to thoughts which happily have aided in preparing the world for the Universal Church which ere long will lift its towering dome toward Heaven.

**N.P. WILLIS.**

**\_A SPIRIT REVISITING EARTH\_.**

**(A FRAGMENT.)**

How wondrous I  
Through illimitable space, where myriad suns  
And systems roll their mighty orbs,  
The spirit moves like some strange wingless bird,  
Darting through space with rapid flight  
Until he nears his native home,  
The earth.

His home no longer;  
He has become the denizen of a world  
More rare and beautiful than earth.  
With quickening pulse and grand emotion  
He gazes down upon the globe,  
Whose habitations he has left forever!  
Cities with their palaces and towers,  
Surging seas, leafy forests, and fields of grain,  
The towering mountain and the massy  
Icebergs of the Polar sea sweep past  
His sight like fading visions.

# ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## ALONE.

Far away from earthly care,  
Free as a bird, I soar through air,  
And think of thee in thy sad, lonely home,  
Watching and waiting for thy love to come.  
Dost thou hear me call thee, Sweet! Sweet!  
Many the years till we shall meet.

My spirit home is bright and fair  
With flowers and birds and wonders rare.  
Seraphic the faces that on me smile,  
But the one I love is on earth the while,  
Will she hear me calling, Sweet! Sweet!  
Many the years till we shall meet.

Many the years I'll watch and wait  
Till I see thee at the golden gate,  
Then in my arms will I bear thee away  
To my jewelled home where sunbeams play.  
Then together we'll sing, Sweet! Sweet!  
Well worth the waiting thus to meet.

# **BARON VON HUMBOLDT.**

## **THE EARTHQUAKE.**

This mysterious and awful visitant, which convulses the earth apparently without warning, is, however, like all the manifestations of nature, preceded by signs which the observing and understanding eye can perceive and calculate upon as unerringly as the astronomer can determine the approach of a comet.

The inhabitable earth is merely a shell or crust over the great mass of uninhabitable matter. The world beneath the earth's surface is as diversified as the world above. It has its mountains, its streams, its plains, its caverns, and its internal volcanoes.

As fearful storms, accompanied by lightning and rumbling thunder, sweep over the earth's surface, so beneath the crust occur electric storms, accompanied with terrific combustions of gases, which in their efforts to escape convulse the outer earth, and in many cases rend the shell asunder.

The earthquake which has recently (August 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1868) shaken the Pacific coast was occasioned by the discharge of the pent-up gases beneath, and also in part by the heated condition of the outer surface.

The "tidal phenomenon," as it is called, is the effect of the electrical condition of the earth beneath. The chemical components of the sea form a sensitive magnetic body, which is subject to attraction and repulsion, and as the magnetic current extended for several thousands of miles, and was caused by a collision of negative and positive forces, the sea was attracted and repulsed along the whole line of the internal commotion by the action of these forces.

The northern portion of this globe has in times past suffered from convulsions similar to those which now visit the tropical climates.

The fearful privations and heart-rending calamities which visited the earlier inhabitants of the earth are only known to the student of the cosmos

of nature after he has attained the second birth.

The forces within and around the earth are now in comparative subjugation, but in the earlier periods of its existence, while still it was in the process of changing from a state adapted to a lower condition of animal life to one fitted to a higher state of animal and intellectual existence, the elements were in a frequent state of rupture and disorder.

No mortal pen can depict the scene which I recently witnessed on the occurrence of the earthquake on the Pacific coast. Forty thousand souls arising amid smoke and blackened clouds of flying stones and upheaving earth, with outstretched arms, and faces strained with horror, emerging suddenly from their old bodies into their spirit-forms—looking awestruck into each other's faces; a vast swarm clinging together almost as helplessly as young bees to their hive—suddenly cut off from their occupations and their pleasures, their homes, and their familiar affairs of earth!

But what they experienced, proud and noble cities of the past have experienced likewise. Grace and ornament, art and grandeur, beauty, love, and manly strength have been swept away time and again by the bursting of the treacherous doors that lead into the heart of the earth!

Change marks the footsteps of the Creator. The solid mountain, the firm, unyielding earth, which to the unthinking mind seem durable and eternal in their strength, like mankind carry within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution.

Yet the day will come when man, by the aid of science, will, through these premonitory symptoms, foresee the coming events, even as the wise physician can discern the time when his patient's soul will leave its body.

Nature misunderstood is a fearful mystery; but understood, she is a simple and beautiful piece of mechanism; and the earthquake may not be more disastrous than the flood or the avalanche when science and experience have taught men to avoid the localities of danger, and to watch the hour of its approach, that they may flee before it.

Nature is never abrupt in her actions. She heralds her intentions long before she enacts them, but as it requires the quick ear of the savage—the child of nature—to detect the far-off prey, so it requires the student of nature to discover the distant tread of the earthquake.

## **SIR DAVID BREWSTER**

### **NATURALNESS OF SPIRIT LIFE**

The human mind is subject to false and specious reasoning, and time after time opinions which have been held and argued upon with seeming logical acumen, have, by further developments and discoveries, been proven fallacious. And yet of so elastic a nature is the mind of man that he is not crushed nor discouraged by his mistakes, but immediately commences to build new theories; but as he establishes them by specialties instead of generalities, he is again defeated.

The European mind has adopted a certain line of thought respecting the future state of existence, which it substantiates by narrow reasonings and isolated facts.

Of the future we can only judge by analogy of the past with the present.

Nature ever shadows forth her new developments upon the old.

The many periods or stages through which the earth has passed in reaching her present state of refinement, have been stamped one upon the other so that the Geologist can determine definitely what would be the result of a certain period from the characteristics of the foregoing.

Now it is educible: if the Creator of the race of men who inhabit the terrestrial globe had intended for them a future state or destination differing in every respect from their present one, he would have prepared their minds for different pursuits, and ordained them for other occupations than those they follow to the very grave.

Take man in his most natural condition—examine those nations that are most ancient, and unmixed with other races—and you will perceive that their ideas of a future state were in accordance with the life they were living on earth.

The Asiatic race in burying its dead prepares the favorite food of the deceased, the fragrant tea, and the money so useful on earth. Also slips of paper on which messages are written to departed friends are lighted at these burial ceremonies, and reduced to ashes, that the spirit of the text may be transmitted to their friends in the world of souls.

In these “Pagan rites,” as they are termed, we discern the workings of an intuitive belief that the spirit of man still retains the sensations, attributes, and desires which have accompanied it through life.

The ancient Greeks and Romans held similar opinions, likewise the Africans, Hindoos, and the Indians of North and South America.

By far the largest portion of mankind believe in a natural state hereafter, corresponding to their earth existence, but the European nations which are supposed to be advanced in science, art, and philosophical attainments beyond all the nations of the earth, have, in their speculations and in their efforts to penetrate the mysteries of the world of spirits, lost sight, of the natural and entered the supernatural, where they are surrounded by fogs, clouds, and ignes-fatui.

Now if these people are told that the spirit world is divided into states and continents, cities and towns, as is their own world (though under spirit appellations), they would scoff at the statement.

But as mankind has a natural love of locality, and as congenial minds will select similar locations, adapted to their ideas of beauty and comfort, the result is that spirit inhabitants unite and form cities and towns as on earth. Thus combining, they must have some points of interest to occupy their minds, and as they still possess their power of construction and ingenuity, their love of beautiful forms and of architecture, they prefer not to live in the open air and on the bare ground (as they can certainly do), but choose rather to employ their various faculties in building cities and habitations in accordance with their tastes and ideas of convenience.

Once grant that man is provided with a spiritual body after he emerges from his original one—accept the hypothesis that this body must possess form and sensation, and with sensation, eyes, ears, mouth, taste, and motion—then you must provide means for that body to exist. In providing these means you must place him upon a soil capable of producing vegetation,

where his intelligence may compound the various articles adapted to his use.

Some individuals enter the spirit world deformed, some feeble in intellect, some incapable of constructing or arranging. All these must have provision made for them; their wants must be supplied. The effort to supply want or demand produces a system of exchange or barter.

Many of the inhabitants of the spirit world are both good and kind. They are spiritualized in their natures, and are influenced by a desire to assist those who are needy.

Nature, or God, has ordained that existence should depend upon effort; that a state of inactivity should produce dissolution; and much the same means are taken there to enforce activity as in the material world.

True, some men possess natural gifts, by which knowledge is acquired without labor. The power of seeing before the demonstration belongs to all humanity. It is the negative form of knowledge; but combined with that power is the positive, which compels man to desire a visible representation or demonstration of the knowledge he has received by intuition.

The astronomer thus, before he constructs his telescope, perceives intuitively the very stars which his telescope proves as existing, where none are visible to the eye.

It was this active-positive principle, that made him construct the instrument; and in the spirit world, as on earth, that active-positive principle acts in conjunction with the negative-intuitive one, in impelling him to exertion, and forcing him to acquire knowledge in every department of science, art, philosophy and religion. As well expect this earth to rest in her revolution and still retain her place in the solar system, as to suppose that the spirit of man can lose its activity and sink to rest eternal.

Man is not only active in constructing and exploring in the spirit world, but he is also engaged in inventions. Most of the discoveries that have lessened manual labor and made gross matter subservient to man's use originated in the land of spirits. The inventor finds full field for his talents in the superior state.

Man naturally delights in knowledge, and the individual who knows how to construct a steam locomotive finds a thrill of satisfaction in the



possession of that ability. So does he who can arrange and construct any piece of mechanism, any domestic tool. That feeling of gratification at the accomplishment of his plans accompanies man to the spirit life.

All persons do not follow the same pursuits in which they were engaged on earth, yet they adopt a kindred and congenial employment. The clergyman thinks his work done when he leaves the earth; but in the next state, also, he will find beings who need to have their spiritual and moral natures instructed—men who desire to be led—who cannot think for themselves, but lean upon the thoughts and inferences of others.

So with almost every pursuit—there is opportunity to exercise it in the world of spirits. The painter finds nobler themes for his pencil, more angelic faces for his canvas; and the desire to reproduce them as they appear is as intense there as it is here. Although a spirit can impress his form in color and raiment upon the sensitive plate in the spirit world, and the image remains fixed and permanent (for the photographic art is essentially spiritual in its origin), that result though definite, is as unsatisfactory to some minds in the spirit world as it is in the natural. And thus, while persons differ in their desires and perceptions, there will be the same varied modes of expressing thought in the superior life as in this.

The question is often asked, “Why should immortals walk, when they can move with greater velocity than light?”

In return I would inquire, “Why, when men can travel by the steam-engine, do they prefer the slow movements of the horse?”

Again, it is asked, “Why, if spirits can converse by thought-language—if they can express with their eyes, or impress magnetically their wishes, or the words they desire to utter—why should they employ their vocal organs?”

But I rejoin that the deaf and dumb on earth converse by signs with great celerity, yet would gladly express their thoughts with voice also.

Many transcendentalists and idealists fancy that the inhabitants of the spirit world do not converse audibly; yet they would be greatly shocked if told that in that world there reigned one vast silence; that sound was unknown; and yet such a condition would exist, if their mode of reasoning were correct.

No unbiased person would suppose for a moment, that song was unheard in this land of the immortals; that the voices of the spirit maidens never burst forth into melody; and that they could not give utterance to their feelings and sentiments, in the warbling notes of music!

Spirits can read each other's thoughts, although possessing a universal spoken language, and also retaining in many sections the native dialect they used on earth.

Though the spirit world is a world of marvels and miracles, and things unutterable, which the tongue cannot express, yet it is a world similar to the natural one; a glorified body of the old earth.

The soul visiting that new country will not feel itself an utter stranger on its shore, but will find that it can assimilate with the thoughts and feelings of the residents of that land, and the knowledge and experience which it developed on earth will be useful to it there.

If the teachers on your planet, and those who instruct concerning the condition of the soul after death, would employ the same reason and intelligence that they exercise in investigating any other obscure subjects—either chemistry, astronomy, or natural philosophy,—they would arrive at more truthful data respecting the spirit globe which ultimately they are all destined to inhabit.

## **H.T. BUCKLE.**

### **THE MORMONS**

Looking upon the world, the voyager through space discerns vast tracts of land, uninhabited barren wastes, and immense forests echoing only the tread of the wild beast and the cries of birds of prey.

It becomes the duty of the political economist to reclaim these lands and place them in the hands of civilization.

How is this to be done? Shall it be by following in the beaten track of custom? No: it can only be accomplished by the zeal of the enthusiast.

Joe Smith was an inspired man; even as Columbus was he inspired. Through his agency a colony was started near the dismal Salt Lake. Through his agency, and by the aid of his apostles or followers, the hardy men and women from the overcrowded population of Europe, cramped by man, and priest-ridden, have been brought across the ocean into republican America. They have been placed in this seemingly unpropitious Salt Lake country. There they have founded a city; they have erected factories and mills. The steam engine, the plow, and the sewing machine have aided them; and now, in place of a company of barbarous peasants, ignorant and benighted, and steeped in poverty, you find them transformed into energetic, intelligent citizens, surrounded with comforts and luxuries.

And all this has been brought about by a religious enthusiast; by an enthusiast whose religion is believed to be inferior to the religion of Protestants.

Imagine for a moment what result would ensue from a movement of this kind set on foot by the followers of the Protestant religion as it is taught by the churches of the present day. No theatres or places of amusement would add gayety to the sombre city. The dance and the sound of mirth would be hushed. The inhabitants would walk ever in solemn fear of the awful future that might await them; they would despise their physical frames, crucify

their passions, and trample under foot the most divine attributes of their nature.

But the religion of the Mormons is a natural religion; it is primitive. They people the world even as God peopled it in the time of Abraham and Isaac.

They enrich the state by their tithes. They bring in their corn, their wine, and their fruits, as offerings, and the state pays them back by improving their roads and building houses for instruction and pleasure for them.

Their domestic system, which has been so much despised and ridiculed, does not greatly differ from the custom of the civilized world. Such as are wives with them become with you the neglected women of the town. What with you is considered dishonorable, with them becomes honorable.

The man of wealth in Utah does not concentrate his riches on a few relatives; he distributes it among his many wives and numerous children. In all times, nations which have grown rapidly and have been developed in arts and sciences have been peopled in the same manner. The female element introduces into a community taste, ornament, and grace. Look at California previous to the emigration of women to that land! Misrule and misery reigned. It is a law of nature that men and women should be united. In the present form of civilization, a large proportion of women are compelled to remain single, and their usefulness to community and humanity is dissipated. The Mormon system eradicates this evil.

The progress of civilization points to a time when a magnetic relation shall be established between all the inhabitants of earth; when the globe shall form one vast circle of mind as it does now of matter. At present the chain is broken; the intermediate spaces are not filled up by population. The spirit world is using all its skill to bring about this magnetic connection, but till this is complete the magnetic relation between the spirit world and earth cannot be perfect.

Wise intelligences in the world of spirits have originated and guided the Mormon movement, and these intelligences will develop new communities under similar auspices. The legislators of the land, the Napoleons of the day, would do well to investigate the policy of the leaders of Utah.

The crimes common in your large cities are not known among the Mormons. They live on friendly terms with the red men of the plains, and

are just in their dealings.

Each citizen is taught that the public welfare is his own welfare. In your own large towns the citizens shirk public duties; but in Utah there is a oneness of feeling, which it would be well for those who consider themselves superior in the scale of civilization to imitate.

## W. E. BURTON.

### DRAMA IN SPIRIT LIFE.

“Honor pricks me on. Yea; but how if honor pricks me off when I come on? How then? Can honor set-to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word, honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o’ Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it.”

What is honor? A mere word. What is Heaven? A word—a phantasy. A vaporish place, too delicate and subtle for such fun-loving, corpulent specimens of the Creator’s wisdom as old Jack Falstaff.

O rare Jack Falstaff! He was a child of nature, and to my thinking, his homely phrases displayed more intuitive knowledge of the laws of nature than the finest transcendental imaginings ever discovered.

We shock the feelings of a thousand playwrights and play-goers by asserting that in this impalpable land of souls we are guilty of encouraging the playhouse! But so it is; we cannot live on “honors;” the fame and glory which has been awarded to us by our fellow-men on earth is like chaff to us.

It was with hardly an emotion of surprise that I beheld theatres in the spirit land, though I have seen many who, having been fed on the false system of religion, and pampered on glittering imaginings, start back with alarm on beholding the magnificent buildings we have erected to the drama, thinking, that by some strange turning, they had entered through the wrong gate.

The drama with us is a source of both enjoyment and instruction. The history of past ages in the spirit world is enacted with thrilling interest, and each new spirit from earth has an opportunity thus to become acquainted with the transactions of the past in the land of spirits.

The gay and brilliant theatre of which I have been induced to take the management, is original in its structure, and of a light and beautiful style of architecture. The balconies are suspended and movable. Outside the building, and overlooking a placid sheet of water, are galleries connected with and corresponding to those within, where persons who desire may pass out during intermission, and regale themselves with the fresh fruit and the fine prospect.

The partitions are constructed of light frames with ornamented pillars, covered with a fabric resembling parchment. As the climate is warm, the partitions on the outside of the gallery are merely trellis-screens, and the whole building is open in structure and perfectly ventilated.

The plays which are enacted are generally composed by persons in the spiritual condition. We have many good farces; and an unending source of material for amusing plays is found in the relationship between the spirit world and earth, and the eccentric conditions growing out of that relationship. For instance, there is a laughable comedy being enacted at my theatre, depicting the adventures of a pious merchant, who, after the toils and cares of life, becomes a resident of the spirit world.

The graces and beauties of the angelic women whom he meets on every side enamour him; he forgets his past life, forgets the wife who has ruled him on earth, and in a moment of ecstasy chooses another mate.

While in the enjoyment of his bliss, and surrounded by bands of immortals, the news runs through the electric wire that his earth-wife is deceased, and has come in search of him. The consternation and fear of the poor man furnishes ample occasion for amusement, hilarity, and fellow-sympathy.

Our tragedies are cast in a higher mould; many of them are more sublime than those of earth, representing the catastrophes of worlds. We also have dramas which awaken the affections, representing the condition of those from earth who are neglected, or who, in consequence of a long career of vice and misery, cannot be approached by friends.

These brief hints will give a slight idea of the source and character of our dramatic representations.

Some men are born actors, as others are born painters, poets or preachers; and in the spirit world they can no more lay aside those powers which have become a part of them, than they can lay aside the gifts of observation or reflection. Understanding this fact, it will not surprise you to learn that those most famous in the histrionic art exercise their talents to listening thousands in the spirit world.

Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Booth, Cooke, also Rachel, Mrs. Siddons, and a host of illustrious actors of different nations, are now “treading the boards” of spiritual theatres.

Their time, however, is not exclusively devoted to the exercise of these gifts, as on earth. A considerable portion is spent in the study of the arts and sciences; and many a noted actor becomes an able painter or musician, and many a low comedian a philosopher. Our life is one round of pleasant progression.

What I have said about our attractive theatre and my enjoyable condition, I hope will not induce any of you, my fellow-players, to emigrate to these shores before you are sent for; but, like good Jack Falstaff, I trust you will live in your own world as long as you can, and when Dame Nature is done with you, we will give you a hearty welcome and \_a free pass to the dress circle\_.



# **CHARLES L. ELLIOTT.**

## **PAINTING IN SPIRIT LIFE**

My friends know that I was not much given to writing or speaking, and I reluctantly answer the call that has been made for me to give my views on art in the spirit existence.

The old masters whom we have worshipped from boyhood, Raphael, Titian, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and all the illustrious names of the Bolognese and Venetian schools of art, have passed away from this sphere of spirit life, and no longer walk the streets of these wonderful cities which they have adorned with their works.

Reynolds, however, is with us still, and most of the army of painters who have been born on earth since his day, here live in bodily shape; and I have had the pleasure of meeting many admirable geniuses of the French, German, and English schools, and have seen some of their extraordinary works, which, for diversity of subject and majesty of conception, seem to rival omnipotence itself!

The great majority of American artists are secretly spiritualistic in their faith, and believe that they can be inspired by departed painters. Innes, Page, Church, and Powers, have each felt and acknowledged the inspiration of the spirit of some great master in art.

I must confess that these masters are not existing in the sphere occupied by spirits who visit earth, and will explain the manner in which they impress persons congenial and partaking of like sympathies with themselves.

I am informed that it is not material to what sublimated sphere they may have ascended; it is merely a mesmeric influence which they exert over their disciples, and this influence can penetrate through all degrees of matter.

The reason why all artists are not alike inspired by the great masters is that they are not all subject to mesmeric influence, or on the same plane of thought.

Every disciple of high art, I have no doubt, has observed the magnetic quality which seems to pour forth from the canvas of any great master.

This arises from the brain effluvia which they have left upon the canvas, which is more powerful in its quality than a grain of musk, which will impart its odor for a hundred years.

The colors which the artists here use are formed upon the same model as those they have been in the habit of using on earth. They are more brilliant pigments, but color has always the same origin. Some paint with the brush and some paint with their fingers.

I had heard it remarked that the spirit had only to breathe on the canvas, and his thought would be represented, painted, and shaded in a second of time.

The substance of this statement is correct, but there is a slight misapplication of the facts.

'Tis true we have the power which we had on earth to a modified degree, of projecting the desired form upon the canvas. I remember always, after looking at my sitter, I could trace in imagination on the canvas the outline and expression of his countenance. This is what we do: the power of execution is so rapid that the time required for painting a picture might with you pass for a moment; but it is only a trained artist whose thoughts and comprehension are skilful enough to produce an effect so rapidly.

Those who have not learned to give form and shape to their ideas while on earth have to pursue a more painful and laborious process.

The modern school of color differs widely from the Venetian, being crude, cold, and sharp in comparison; and, in accounting for this difference, I can simply state that one can only represent what one sees.

The poetic, dreamy age, when men saw nature as through a veil, is past; the matter-of-fact, investigating mind has lifted that veil, and now sees objects as if in mid-day; but, as no condition is stationary, I am told that the mind is gradually moving on in the world of art to a point where it will

again see nature in a more subdued and generalized light, as under the declining sun.

The past represented the morning, the present exhibits the noonday, and the future will indicate the evening.

Such is the constant revolution of mind, and its revolution though slow is certain.

In our works of art, sentiment is the prevailing characteristic. Portraits are in great demand.

Spirits send portrait-painters to earth to obtain likenesses of their friends; and those spirit-artists who have the power of seeing the lineaments of these friends and portraying them are constantly engaged.

Leutze has been employed by Lincoln and others to represent scenes in the American rebellion; and Colonel Trumbull, also, has executed some magnificent pictures of the battles of Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, and a skirmish at Hampton Roads.

Stuart has completed a splendid portrait of General Grant, and is now engaged by John Jacob Astor on a likeness of a beautiful lady dwelling on earth. I have received a commission from Mr. James Harper to paint a portrait of his daughter, who occupied the carriage with him when he lost his life. I am at present engaged on a likeness of a lady residing at Albany.

## COMEDIAN'S POETRY.

### ROLLICKING SONG.

Hurrah! hurrah I my boys so bright,  
For merry ghosts meet here to-night.  
We'll sing and dance till dawn of day,  
Then up we'll mount, away! away!  
Then up, up, and away!

We live in spirit land so gay,  
And with grim Satan's fires we play.  
You need not fear the future state,  
For we will meet you at the gate.  
Then up, up, and away!

Come, friends of earth, and read our bill,  
'Tis called the "sugar-coated pill;"  
'Twill sweeten all life's bitter care,  
And lead you up, the saints know where,  
Then up, up, and away!

Come laugh with us each man and wife;  
A player's stage is earthly life;  
The sting of death is only a prick,  
And hell the parson's "trap-door trick,"  
Then up, up, and away!

Here's Garrick, Booth, and Kean so bright,  
They shine like stars to give you light.  
So haste and join the merry throng,  
And loudly swell our happy song.  
Then up, up, and away!

# LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

## PROPHECY.

The star of prophecy shines in the east. To those nations who were first in the order of creation belongs by right the power of investigating the mysteries of life.

The people of the East have been known in all past history for their gift of prophecy.

As water gravitates to its level, so I gravitated to the East.

I left my native land, and for many years sojourned among the wandering Arabs. This course of action was not understood by my countrymen. They could not see the mystic star that drew me away from their busy haunts. The Magi of the East had stood at my cradle and endowed me with the noble gift of the Seeress.

The power of reading the future does not belong to the Northern people. It is the darkest and deepest well that reflects the star above it; the dark and swarthy East is thus endowed. The pale North cannot give out impressions. I was an exception to this rule.

There are those who at birth are possessed of Eastern spirits—Asiatics. Andrew Jackson Davis is not a Northern man—he is an Asiatic. Look at his olive complexion, his keen eye, his beard and hair of jetty black, his visage,—all betray the race which inspired him.

The faculty of discerning the future belongs only to certain races, and it cannot be universal. Many spirits profess to read the future, but few can do so correctly.

Yet the life of man is mapped out in every particular, even before his birth. Men are like planets. The future of the planet Earth could have been foretold before it was thrown off from the sun and while it was yet in a molten state; so each step in an individual life could be foretold: yet it

requires ability to enter into the peculiar magnetic condition in order to obtain the power of foretelling. It may be said if the future of man is thus mapped out, even as was the creation and progression of the earth, it becomes merely a scientific affair to prophesy the future of any given individual. This is true, but the inquirer will observe how many hundreds and hundreds of years science has been engaged in discovering facts concerning this world's history. The eye of prophecy could foresee those facts and foretell them, though it could not lay down any scientific basis in regard to them.

The events which will take place to-morrow may be said to have already transpired.

The water that is rising from yon creek will increase in volume. Conditions which have been for days and weeks in preparation will suddenly conspire, causing the stream to rise to such a height that the city will be overflowed, bridges swept away, and certain individuals submerged by the current and their lives lost.

This disastrous occurrence is governed by a law which the keen observer of nature could have foretold years previous to the event.

As in the natural world the traveller in the desert beholds the mirage of some city which is hundreds of miles distant, suddenly arising upon the sandy waste, so, in the spirit world, the spectrum form is projected, and events which are to take place are made visible before their actual occurrence. But, as in the natural world spectrum forms occur only under certain atmospheric conditions, so in the spirit world it is the conjunction of circumstances and the blending of magnetic currents that make it possible for coming events to be revealed upon the level plane which is set apart for this purpose in the summer land.

Man at the present day is so constituted that a revelation to him of coming events in detail would be injurious; and experience proves that such disclosures, when made to him in dreams or otherwise, are profitless, as he always fails to foil the evil of which he is forewarned.

History and biography show that individuals have time and again, been admonished by their assiduous friends of evils or calamities that were to befall them, yet the admonition, though timely given, seldom enabled them

to avoid their fate. Men have been warned of murderous assaults, but they have not evaded them; premonitions have been given of falling buildings, and these have fallen, involving in their destruction the loss of the individual's life at the precise date which his dream foreshadowed.

The time will come in the far future when man will understand prophecy as a science. There are few persons living at the present day, who, looking back upon their past history, would conscientiously wish it had been all revealed to them at the outset of their career.

The withered, faded beauty, at the dawn of her life of youthful triumph could not have endured a vision of the haggard unfortunate wretch which she would represent in the course of a few years.

These remarks apply more especially to the so-called civilized state of society at the present day.

The semi-barbarous nations, so termed, are in closer sympathy with nature. Life and death, prosperity and adversity, are to them as natural effects as the sunshine and rain of the terrestrial globe.

Their equanimity, their perfect repose upon the bosom of nature, causes them to see more clearly into the future than do civilized nations. There is a spirit of prophecy which does not comprehend the detail, and only takes cognizance of the grand events of life.

This prophetic condition is attainable by every being in a certain state of exaltation.

The poet, the painter, the statesman, the preacher, can alike in moments of ecstasy ascend this mount of inspiration, and foretell the advancement of the world in relation to art, science, and spiritual development. But the oracle, the sybil of the East can penetrate a height beyond and above this mount, and can perceive the detail of an individual life in its minutest events.

The Bible prophecy which foretold that "knowledge should cover the earth, even as the waters cover the sea," and that "the wilderness should blossom as the rose," was given in an ecstatic vision, and was simply a spiritual comprehension of the power of soul over matter.

As a knowledge of distance is relative, a keen perception on the part of the prophet revealed to him, as he beheld the birds soaring in air, that the journey to lands beyond the sea was no greater distance to those winged creatures than a few miles would be to him. The prophecy Isaiah made more than eighteen hundred years ago, is fulfilled to-day. Science has annihilated space; knowledge becomes universal, and the wilderness disappears.

The sages of centuries ago are animating the bodies of to-day. The doctrine of pre-existence is not a fable, yet to have lived two lives belongs only to a chosen few, or those whom a fortuitous circumstance has blest.

Napoleon was one of these. The spirit of a great warrior took possession of him at birth.

But the condition of a pre-existing soul taking possession of a body can occur only under peculiar circumstances. The soul principle is male and female, and its perfection depends upon the two sexes as much as the formation of the body depends upon the coalition of the two. In states superinduced by opium or intoxicating liquor upon one party, the spirit principle becomes deadened so that an active immortal spirit may take its place.

This male and female spirit principle, after forming a magnetic relation by the joined bodies, lies inactive in the soul atmosphere of the mother until material birth. If, as is sometimes caused through accident, there is but one spirit principle active, the child when born will be idiotic. If the male or female spirit of the pre-existing intelligence is of superior order, then the child, as its intellectual faculties develop, will display extraordinary abilities, which will be in accordance with the peculiar development of the pre-existent spirit.

The history of individuals thus circumstanced can be more clearly discerned than others. Prophecy in bold and clear characters foretells the events which will transpire in their earth life.

In like manner Jesus, the celebrated child of Bethlehem, had lived a pre-existent life on earth. He had reigned over a people in his previous life, a wise and loving king. Vague remembrances continuously fluttered across his vision and colored the thoughts to which he gave utterance.



When his mother conceived him, she was not conscious; delirium of religious ecstasy, superinduced by priestly influence, rendered her oblivious to events, and enabled this wise, tender, loving king to take the place of the native spirit. Christ never married in this life, because the spirits which possessed him were not male and female.<sup>[A]</sup>

<sup>[A]</sup> The well-known eccentric character of this writer while on earth may partly explain the singular views here set forth. ED.

The power of foretelling the future is yet in its infancy. Coming events are said to cast their shadows before; and as the barometer indicates to a skilful eye the approach of a storm when no sign is visible in the calm sky above, so the events which will befall an individual are marked upon the delicate spiritual barometer which forms a part of his being, and can be read with unerring precision by the clear and practiced eye of the optimist.

# **PROFESSOR MITCHELL.**

## **\_THE PLANETS\_.**

The worlds of light that nightly illumine the firmament of earth are not mere spheres of uninhabitable matter, nor are they simply appendages to earth,—glittering ornaments to attract the eye of man,—but vast systems of suns and tributary planets, with worlds whose products and inhabitants far exceed in organized development those of this little planet Earth, whose astronomers are just beginning to realize the capacities of the worlds revealed through their telescopes.

Many of these worlds have existed centuries prior to the formation of the planet you inhabit, and their inhabitants have attained a degree of civilization which only time can give to you.

The intellectual development of many of the dwellers of these planets is as far superior to your highest state of culture as your condition is in advance of the first stages of barbarism.

Men of earth erect temples to their God—their Deity—which to them are imposing and grand; but compared to the magnificent structures that rear their towers high into space from those glittering points that attract your eye, they are poor and insignificant.

Yet, as being the highest expression of your intellectual unfolding, we look upon them with admiration, even as you regard the rude attempts of the Egyptians and the earlier races in their grotesquely formed images and temples.

The inhabitants of some of the planets attain a life many times the duration of man's. One of the causes of this prolonged existence is the great age and refinement of the planet. While it is undergoing change, and preparing the vegetable for the animal, and the animal for the mental creation, the conditions that ensue are insalubrious, and conducive to disease and death. But when the perfection of the natural world is attained

—when it becomes, so to say, spiritualized, and its grosser elements are absorbed—then the human being can live on its surface and develop his faculties from century to century.

The thoughtful reader will perceive from this statement that the spirits who have inhabited these superior planets must have attained a far greater perfection than those who have inhabited your earth, and the spiritual existence, or heaven, to which such beings migrate, is in advance of the heavens in which the dwellers of earth are born.

The spiritual heavens correspond to the firmament of the natural world, and thus there are myriads of systems of spiritual worlds.

The residents of these planets visit earth as elder brothers who take by the hand the little faltering infants. But intercourse with the earth is more difficult for them than for your own native spirits, from the fact that the magnetic atmosphere does not assimilate with them. From the earth's spirit world, scientific minds of rare development only have been able to visit the spirit homes of those planetary inhabitants.

What I have said can give but a faint idea of the population of the unseen worlds. As a drop of water which is clear and unoccupied to the eye, when viewed through the microscope is found to be peopled with living creations, so the worlds that overspread the heavens are peopled in every part that the eye can cover.

Man is indeed nothing; and yet he is the whole—a mere speck, a point, and yet God himself in the aggregate.

**DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS.**

**\_THE INFLUENCE OF MIND UPON MATTER,  
AND THE CAUSES OF INSANITY AND THE  
VARIOUS DISEASES WHICH AFFLICT  
HUMANITY AT THE PRESENT DAY\_.**

The rude nations of the earth believed that disease was the result of evil spiritual agencies, and the untutored savage, without the aid of books or any of the advantages which the learned physician possesses of studying the human system, arrived at the conclusion that disease was inflicted by living, unseen individualities.

Science has discarded that idea. It has dissected the human body, and, finding the result of the diseases, has assumed to have found the cause; assumed that it is mere bodily disarrangement. Yet any intelligent physician will tell you that in his own experience he has witnessed the effect of mind upon the body; that he can give a bread pill to a patient, informing him that it is a purgative, and it will act in that manner; that a certain powder will create nausea or a burning sensation, and it will produce those results when the powder itself is harmless.

As the body, if permitted to decay, comes to be infested with vermin, so the spirit, if allowed to remain idle and inactive, will become infested by spiritual vermin which will taint and destroy it; and the savage idea that disease is caused by spiritual agency is correct.

If an individual permit any one idea to obtain predominance, and he dwell upon that idea to the exclusion of other thoughts, he will attract spirits who fill the air—not organized spiritual beings who inhabit the spirit world, but half-organized beings (polypus) who live in this atmosphere and were originated from the brains and the physical organisms of the inhabitants of the earth; these beings, finding his mind concentrated or magnetized to a point, will effect an entrance. Suppose, for instance the person centres his

mind upon the loss of a friend or of money: this concentration becomes a magnet, which, like the rays of sunlight acting upon a portion of vegetation, produces decomposition upon which spirit vermin may feed. So by dwelling too continuously upon one thought, certain faculties of the mind become excited by constant action, while others become paralyzed and the result is insanity.

Now spiritualists, or believers in spirit intercourse, should be the most healthy persons in the community, for they understand, or should understand, the laws of psychology which teach that constant dwelling upon one thought will bring spirits of like character who will intensify that thought, and they also know that they have but to use their will and the whole magnetic relations will change and a new influence will be brought to bear.

Tell a man he has heart disease, make him believe it, and his heart will beat like a sledge-hammer. Tell him his liver is diseased, make him believe it, and he will feel bilious and look bilious.

Tell a man he looks well, compliment him upon his appearance, and he will feel well, look spruce, and his spirits will become elastic.

It has been a matter of surprise to some why the spirits have taken such an interest in the science of medicine, and why they have developed so many as healers. It is that they may teach man that disease is generally a magnetic condition; and they hope to teach the community, through those physicians whom they develop, to discard drugs and rely upon magnetic influences and the power of the will to keep the body in its normal condition of health.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the power of the will in dispelling disease, and in expelling it.

A diseased patient may be likened to a medium who is possessed by a spiritual being of low order. The very low condition of the spirit causes him to adhere and cling to the medium, and unless the will is directed to exorcise him, he will keep his subject continually under his influence and the proper individuality of the person will be annihilated.

Thus, disease, like an evil spirit, takes its hold upon an individual, and can only be overthrown from its position by a strong will, which sends it

shrinking away like a criminal from the body it has infested.

If the will of the patient is not sufficiently strong, then the will of some good friend must be used. These good friends are known as healing mediums. Also a change of air and scene should be obtained, which brings the will into a new action, and thus dislodges the tenant.

The will is like a sharp two-edged sword, which cuts right and left, and leaves no chance for skulking to anything to which it has directed its power.

I will close my remarks by repeating that the savage is right in his belief, and that disease is indeed the result of—I might call them spiritual harpies, who, though they may not in these civilized times be driven out by the beating of drums, the tom-tom, and the howling of frenzied savages, yet can be dislodged by kindred manipulations, such as mesmeric passes, deep breathing, and a positive though almost quiet exercise of the will.

Some of my brethren of the profession will be surprised to find these views advanced by one whom they believe held more rational opinions on earth; but there are others whose keen intellects have pierced through the wisdom of the schools, and have discovered that the physics they have concocted, when applied to the complex mechanism of the human system, in palliating the disorders of one function disarrange some half a dozen others, and that the soul and the body are so interblended that we must heal a disease of the body through and in conjunction with the spirit, its counterpart.

## **ADELAIDE PROCTER.**

### **\_THE SPIRIT BRIDE\_.**

You told me you loved me, and vowed of old,  
When you reached that land of jasper and gold,  
To me you'd return in the hush of night,  
And show me a glimpse of your land of light.

I sit in the shadows, and wearily wait  
To see you throw open the starry gate:  
Through my golden ringlets the chill winds blow,  
While I watch your coming through falling snow.

How long must I wait? Are you ling'ring where  
The blue-eyed angels your sweet kisses share?  
Is your home so radiant that never more  
Your steps will be heard at my lowly door?

Ah! what do I see through my blinding tears?—What  
misty form through the tempest appears?  
A cold hand now touches my burning brow,  
A low voice whispers, "I am near thee now."

Bend low—let me kiss thee, thou viewless thing;  
No rising passion thy cold lips bring;  
But hushed is the throb of my burning heart  
As upward he bears me—no more to part.

THE END.