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## COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY DORA WILBURN.  
CHAPTER XVIII.  
CHANCE.

"The spiritual ministry of light  
is all unknown. They take the senses mind;  
the night the senses mind doth blind;  
And through the silver robes of light,  
In dream and trance, she bears the soul away  
To the wide landscape of the hour day."  
—T. L. HARRIS.

One outward change, combined with many sad  
and solitary soul awakenings, had passed over the  
young Cosella. One sunny morning, amid conflicting  
feelings that rent her spirit while they deflected  
her face with a mortal pallor, she became a convert  
to the church. Attired in the white robes of lace,  
with bowing veil and myrtle wreath around  
her brow, she knelt at the altar's foot, and was  
accepted as a daughter of the Virgin mother. Amid  
the solemn tones of the rejoicing hymns sung in  
commemoration of her adoption of the new faith,  
there lingered, vague and troublingly, a whisper  
discreet that caused her heart to flutter with a con-  
fession of fear. The lady Teresa and the steady  
Don, her husband, called her daughter; and the  
stricken heart for awhile rested, as it fondly  
dreamed, beneath the protecting care of parental  
love, new found and blessed. She even adopted the  
name of her godfather and mother—for in that relation  
they stood to the young convert—and for some  
months a dreamy quiet, a salutary stillness, visited  
the soul long tempest-tossed and weary.

Then followed strange and troubling dreams that,  
like haunting phantoms, pursued her even by day.  
Now and then the heavy dream curtain was uplifted  
by a small white hand, and the spiritual glories of  
far-off, reaching worlds revealed. There, amid lifted  
banners, beamed smilingly the beatified face of  
Shina, and, sweetly exclaiming, her lips repeated  
her dying mandate, "Be ever pure and true, my  
child!" Standing erect in queenly majesty, or  
kneeling at some woodland fane, she beamed a mys-  
terious beauty, a woman's form, veiled in a robe of  
light, from which gleamed magnificently a hundred  
stars! A mystic diadem of rainbow hues encircled  
the lady's brow; a wand of power was in the tender  
hand. As a gleam of celestial melody, thrilled her  
voice to the heart depths of the enraptured dreamer;  
as a heavenly benediction, her sweet smile fell upon  
her. Strange and mighty revelations pertaining to  
the realms of soul life, whispered watchwords of the  
seraphic host, teachings from the inner shrines of  
being, earnest counsel, and saintly encouragement,  
were vouchsafed to the dweller of earth. And when  
tenderly telling her right from the respondent glow  
of that vision, Cosella ventured to inquire, "Who  
art thou, oh most beautiful?" the music voice  
replied—

"I am thy guardian angel!"  
And she awoke, strengthened and encouraged,  
and on her spirit fell the love-charm of celestial  
guardianship, and the balm of resignation settled on  
the sorrowing breast awhile; for her trials were not  
yet ended.

One memorable night Don Almiran was absent, and  
the young girl shared the spacious sleeping apart-  
ment of the Senora. They had retired early, and  
suddenly Cosella awoke to find the friendly light  
of stars withdrawn, the room shrouded in dark-  
ness, and the sea-breeze sighing faintly amid the  
curtains of the bed. In the corridor without, a lamp  
of coals but oil was burning, dimly. For awhile  
she lay there, pondering on the past, and dreaming  
of the future, while a heavy weight seemed to fall  
upon her heart, and a hushed suspense, a fearful  
expectation, took possession of her faculties. In  
vain she strove to banish the superstitious dread  
creeping so coldly over her frame, chilling the warm  
life currents, causing her heart to throb so wildly.  
At length, unable longer to endure the oppressive  
stillness, she spoke, in a trembling whisper, to her  
friend.

"What is it, Cosella?" replied Don Teresa.  
"I cannot sleep—I am afraid—I feel strange!"  
and her teeth chattered with cold; she raised her  
hand to her brow, as if to dispel the crowding, fear-  
ful thoughts demanding access.

"Have you been awake long? I, too, feel strange;  
I have not slept for some time, but feared to dis-  
turb you, so I did not speak."

Cosella noticed that the voice of her friend had  
faded. "Shall I bring the light in here?" she tim-  
idly demanded.

"Not yet, child; wait awhile; perhaps this op-  
pressive feeling will pass away. What time in the  
night is it, I wonder?"

"Do you, too, feel as I do? As if we were encircled  
by unseen things, as if invisible forces were directed  
against us, as if some impalpable evil surrounded  
us, as if haunting spirits came to—?" She stopped and  
wiped the perspiration from her brow.

"Santa Maria del Carmen!" cried the now  
thoroughly alarmed Senora. "Do not talk so, Co-  
sella! Holy San Antonio shield us! Holy Father  
Saint Francis, Saint Barbara and Saint Paul, guard  
and save us from the demons that waylay and  
ensnare souls! Pray, Cosella, pray! Holy Virgin  
of sorrows, I am oppressed and alarmed this night!  
To thy maternal protection I confide myself—save  
us, mother of God!" And now, thoroughly excited,  
the lady counted her beads, and implored her god-  
daughter to pray for relief.

lently she turned her eyes to Heaven; deep, within  
her soul, unuttered by the quivering lip arose the  
cry for help! And to the calm and beautiful regions  
of Faith and Love uprose the invocation that called  
her guardian angel to her side.

A soft breath, balmy and healing as the Southern  
violet freighted breeze, played over her brow and  
cheek; and she drew a long, long sigh of relief.  
Then, in the corridor without, were heard strange,  
 hollow sounds, signal knocks of the invisible mes-  
sengers, or summonings, from the unseen shores;  
who then could tell? Upon the walls they rapped  
again and again, over the floor they rolled—these  
strange, weird, midnight sounds for which human-  
ity had no interpreters then.

And Cosella listened with a beating heart, but  
with a courage not her own; her eyes sought for  
flickering shadows and passing forms, but naught met  
their strained and eager gaze. Troubling, upon the  
very verge of fainting, Don Teresa grasped the cur-  
tain of her couch and cowered from the darkness,  
the stillness, broken at intervals by the mysterious  
sounds.

The silver-tongued clock in the bed chamber rang  
out twice! There was silence for awhile, broken  
only by the labored breathing of the lady; and the  
deep drawn sighs of her companion. Then the  
knockings were renewed, as if with exultant glee, or  
fondling satisfaction. Over the walls, across the  
floor, into the chamber, they passed, unheeding the  
mortal terror they occasioned. But when loud and  
continued rappings were heard beneath the very bed  
on which Teresa do Almiran lay, the last remnant of  
her self-control took flight, and she broke out into  
wild, almost maniacal ravings; she accused her-  
self of sin and dissimulation; she uttered startling  
confessions to the ear of heaven, and frantically im-  
plored the intercession of the Virgin, to shield her  
from Satanic power.

Cosella heard but half of what she said, for her  
senses seemed bound in a trance of wonder, almost  
devoid of fear. A deep significance, that time would  
solve, she felt lay hidden in that midnight mani-  
festations. But the strange sentences, the self-accus-  
ing words, that broken and dreamily, confused and  
mingled with her own busy thoughts, fell on Cosella's  
ear; they startled and alarmed her, she knew not  
why.

Gradually the sounds departed; growing faint  
and few, until the former stillness reigned, and the  
frenzied stars beamed in at the casement. Assured  
that the strange visitation was over, Cosella left her  
bed and approached that of her friend. She was  
breathing heavily, and her hands were icy cold. For  
some moments she spoke not; and when her god-  
daughter held the lamp toward her, she was startled  
by the strange expression, the disturbed features  
that met her view. Surely some great wrong, or  
some grievous sin, preyed heavily upon the lady's  
soul. Quiet as the lightning's flash, the thought and  
the suspicion darkened the young girl's trusting  
faith, and with a repelling gesture was as quickly  
dispelled, for it is so sweet to love and trust; and  
the cruel awakening is that of the condoning  
heart, from its dream of worth and affection. Yet  
such is the inevitable destiny of those whom the  
angel's love—whom celestial guardianship ordains  
for the wearing of the trial crown, that they may  
gain the final palm branch of immortal victory.  
Such was Cosella's destiny.

"Virgin mother!" exclaimed Don Teresa, when  
her calmness was somewhat restored. "Are all the  
devils gone? Oh, have we dreamed all this, Cosella?  
What have I said? I was beside myself. I know  
not what I say or do when I am alarmed. You will  
not notice anything I have uttered, my daughter, my  
love, my dearest one?" and the loving arms were  
thrown around the neck of the innocent girl, and  
tender, maternal caresses soon dispelled the sudden  
and fearful illumination that had threatened to  
break upon her. She kissed her friend, and soothed  
her fondly; and when it was required of her to keep  
secret the strange occurrences of that night, she un-  
willingly complied, and felt not a doubt intrude  
itself upon her mind.

Time passed; no changes in that sunny land dis-  
turbed fair nature of her summer vestments; no cold  
winds tore the rejoicing flowers from their forest  
homes; no ice breath from the flippant streams; no  
sunny rays enfolded in a death-like sleep the wealth  
of earth; no blighting frost-touch withered; and no  
season's decaying hand despoiled the gorgeous  
coloring, the emerald verdure of the woods. Sum-  
mer, full and joyous, garlanded with bloom and  
warmth, rested in benignant blessing over that para-  
disean clime. But over the human heart, the au-  
tumnal and the wintry changes passed. God had  
made the soul-realm beautiful, but man invaded it  
with decorating wrongs, and stripped its Eden bow-  
ers, and froze its crystal waters, and fore rudely  
down its loftiest fane of worship.

Flowing over the young Cosella's life, that should  
have been an offering of devoted peace and joy, there  
gathered the gloom clouds and the tempest heralds  
of suspicion, doubt, and disenchantment. Over the  
heart aspiring to love had been cast the earth-  
woven veil of fear; the gathered flowers of pure  
friendship changed to cypress and mourning weeds;  
the unrequited soul deeped of the bitter draught  
of disillusion, and questioned of high heaven, if  
love and purity, trust and truth, were indeed things  
of this life? And for awhile there was no response  
to the anguished invocation.

Bereft of love, the pride of maidenhood and hon-  
or had come to her soul's rescue; she was strong and  
brave in that grandest and holiest element, conscious  
purity; and before the all-seeing eye of God, before  
the all-searching gaze of angels, she would have  
shrunk and blushed for shame, to harbor the weak-  
ness of loving, where affection was unworthily bestowed.  
Therefore, though she suffered keenly, it was not  
long as she felt that she had falsely embodied a  
divine and lasting ideal; she cast not love aside;  
but hallowed, exalted, sanctified, enshrined its holy  
image on a still loftier mind throne—gaining by the  
suffering and the experience, the sorrowful mistake  
of its first unwise earthly enamourment.

But in holiest friendship she deemed the ark of  
refuge gained. Every aspiration and thought were  
confided to the maternal guardian she deemed so  
true and good. On many subjects they agreed; on  
some they differed. Don Teresa continued to urge  
upon her charge at every available opportunity, the  
necessity of love and marriage as the great and only  
ultimates of a woman's destiny. And when Cosella  
offered fraternal and universal love, in place of ex-  
clusive dedication, her maternal friend smiled dor-  
sively, and called that a dreamer's plan.

Soon it was manifest that she strongly desired a  
union between her son Carlos and the now convert  
to the faith.

Cosella frankly told her that she cherished only a  
sisterly affection for her son; and when the mother  
spoke of the love that would grow out of compas-  
sion and time, it was Cosella's turn to smile dis-  
missively. She knew too much of his divine nature,  
of its spiritual demands, to believe its heart-tokens  
could blossom from the soil of fixed indifference; and  
as, thus passed on, a shadow brooded betwixt  
her friend's heart and her own, and home was dark-  
ened by it.

There came, a frequent visitor to the house, a  
Spaniard of lofty presence, courtly manners, and re-  
puted wealth. Instinctively Cosella shrank from  
him, she knew not why. In after years she learned  
that it was the unfaded bloom of purity within  
her soul, shrinking from the serpent's gleam. A re-  
fined sensualist, strangely mingling philosophy with  
grossness, this man approached the ear and heart of  
Cosella. His stern materialism was veiled by adroit  
sophistries, as was his theory of life and pleasure.  
Not many compliments did he waste upon the angel-  
guarded girl; for they elicited neither smile nor  
blush; he learnt to guard his speech, his eyes, in  
her presence, and often when she left the room, he  
would murmur with a sigh of relief, "Thank fortune  
she is gone!"

At first Don Teresa seemed to share Cosella's  
fixed aversion; she expressed herself with indignant  
warmth against his frequent calls, and concluded,  
with the public voice, that he had caused the death  
of his wife by cruel treatment and unfaithfulness.  
But soon this changed; gradually she grew to toler-  
ate his presence, then to declare herself his friend,  
and to admit that public opinion had wildly slan-  
dered a good and noble man. Looking up to her, as  
to a model of goodness and virtue, Cosella strove to  
share her views; but over that insurmountable  
shrink, that unaccountable repulsion, checked the  
intended speech or the friendly smile. Ever  
some intuitive whisper, some sudden uprising of  
soul, said to her audibly, "Beware!"

And Don Teresa rebuked her; at first gently  
and lovingly, at last sternly and strongly, for her  
marked avoidance and willful rudeness to Don Hy-  
ronomo Lanuz; and finding that her explanations  
only drew forth ridicule, the poor girl took refuge in  
tears; and the shadow brooding by the hearthstone  
swelled and darkened into gigantic proportions, and  
a new and mighty grief raged in the bosom of  
Cosella Wayne.

By degrees, the maternal fondness once displayed  
was altogether withdrawn; and coldness, irony, and  
petty humiliations substituted therefor. She was  
taught to feel as a dependant in the home once so  
freely to feel. From Don Teresa's husband she  
ever received kind words and gentle greetings; but  
he was often absent, and when at home often retired  
to his room and remained there for weeks, leaving  
his meals brought to him there. Carlos, despairing  
of ever winning Cosella's affection, sailed for Europe  
with his brother; and she was thenceforth taunted  
with having driven them from home and country.

A heavy curtain of mystery, that seemed to guard  
from the world some great and grievous wrong, en-  
folded that once happy household. And beneath re-  
peated strokes of petty tyranny, the heart of Cosella  
seemed dying out. Cold, doubt, and apprehen-  
sion, settled on her spirit; she grew pale and worn  
again with weeping; and but for the encouraging  
voices of the night, the dreams allotted, the glimpses  
of the hereafter, her reason, as well as her strength,  
would have yielded beneath the intolerable pressure  
of unmerited suffering.

The crisis came at last. The weary heart received  
the stunning blow of certainty. She became assured  
of the worthlessness of her life had she trusted with  
such fond and filial love. Don Teresa do Almiran,  
the honored lady, the devoted worshiper at the Pure  
Mother's shrine, the respected wife and mother, was  
false to woman's truth, to her marriage vows, to  
God and purity!

Oh, the bitter, bitter disenchantment! How cruel  
the rending of the heart fibres that clung around  
that woman's soul with such devoted, pure and  
dauntless love! She had borne coldness, scorn,  
ingratitude; but oh, this revelation of a soul de-  
spoiled of beauty, light and truth! Alas! uncon-  
sciously was Cosella led to the discovery; her para-  
dise had been horror-stricken to the pleadings of un-  
hallowed passion, and startled, they drank in the  
yielding woman's sinful arousal of return. She saw  
the tempter draw the mother who had repented to  
his breast. She heard the words of endearment that  
should be uttered only by the pure in heart, that  
were a blasphemy to love's divinity, on the lips that  
desecrated their hallowed utterance. With a reeling  
brain, a stricken heart, she uttered a piercing cry  
that must have startled the guilty plotters, and fled  
from her unthought hiding place—fled with wild and  
headlong speed, until at the end of the far garden  
she was caught in the arms of the black slave Pan-  
chita, and talked to rest upon that faithful and God-  
serving friend.

"What is it, darling—my little child, my pretty  
one, what is it?" said the old woman; and through  
her blinding tears, Cosella saw the glory of sym-  
phy illuminating that homely face, and felt the force  
of truth and tenderness in her endearing, oh! little  
words. Her arms thrown around the bondswoman's  
neck, her young head nestling on that true mother's  
heart, she kept her sorrow, but would not tell its  
cause.

"Who is with the Senora, my pet?" whispered the  
old woman.

"Alas! alas!" cried Cosella, with a fresh burst of  
grief.

"Is it Don Hyronomo Lanuz?"  
Cosella looked upon the woman. Intelligence,  
honesty, truth, beamed from her bon face; her  
large eyes were filled with pitying tears. Soul read  
soul in the exchanged glances of mutual sympathy,  
sorrow and indignation.

"Panchita knew it long ago, querida!" (little  
dear) she said, softly. "And Panchita knows what  
bitter and duty is, though her skin is black; and  
she has never learnt from books. Oh, my child!  
you are the Virgin's child; she alone can be a  
mother and protector to your innocence. Panchita  
is old, and black, and ugly; but she can look the  
Virgin Mother in the face, and feel that she is  
worthy of her sacred intercession. Do not remain  
here, my pet darling; for some day there will be a  
terrible outbreak, and the unhappy deeds will be  
brought to light. You, young and innocent as you  
are, will be called to an account, maybe. Flee this  
house, my child, for evil spirits hold possession of  
two souls in it. Take old Mamma Panchita's ad-  
vice; flee as you would from sin!"

"Where, oh where, my God, shall I find refuge?"  
Oh, that I were in my mother's grave!" cried the  
stricken girl, with a wild, appealing glance to heaven.  
Panchita gently rocked her in her arms, and con-  
tinued: "You have many friends, dear lady; any  
of them will receive you gladly, and give you the  
shelter of a home."

"I loved her as a mother! She was all of earth  
to me, and now, to be so cruelly deceived! Oh, is  
there any truth on earth?"

"There is, darling, much truth, and love, and  
good; and there is more in heaven. There old  
Panchita will meet her children, and there she will  
be blessed with the sight of the Saviour of the world,  
and with the glorified face of his holy Mother!"

Even amid her crushing sorrow, Cosella could not  
refrain from deep admiration of the humbly religious  
soul before her. With an impulse of tenderness at  
once true and graceful, she kissed both cheeks of  
the aged negro; and the warm tears that rained  
upon her face, their grateful acceptance, the fervent  
embraces, the inspired "God bless you, good and  
loving child!" was ample compensation for that  
spontaneous little deed of love.

"I shall sorrow for your departure, Senora; but  
it is for your good. Your old black mama advises  
you to go. I will go to see you sometimes, querida;  
but, oh, leave soon, for I feel a great black thunder-  
cloud! I see it in my dreams, and I feel the hot  
sulphur air streaming from it! It is settled above  
this house, and if you stay the storm will burst  
upon you, too. Oh, promise me, Senora, Cosella,  
my pet child, promise me that you will go!"

"I will! most assuredly, I will," she sobbingly  
replied. "I could not eat another meal in this  
house; I could not sleep; the guilt and horror would  
chase all slumber from my eyes. I will go, my good  
Panchita; I will go to-morrow. Heaven bless you  
for the words of comfort you have spoken. Oh,  
Shina! oh, mother! I would I were sleeping by thy  
side! But, whatever befalls me, believe that ever I  
will fulfill thy dying words. I will be true to God  
and the right!"

There is a sublime majesty in sorrow that invari-  
ably wins the homage of the good and disciplined.  
The faithful negro gazed in almost adoration upon  
the inspired beauty of the young girl's face, and  
then, resting her bony hand upon the bowed head,  
she blessed her solemnly; and by the responding  
thrill of deep emotion, Cosella felt that the bond  
woman's untutored and beautiful prayer was ac-  
cepted of the Father and registered by his angel  
hosts.

Slowly, calmly, and determinedly she returned to  
her use. She entered the drawing room to find it  
occupied by Don Hyronomo Lanuz alone. He arose  
to go; but she turned upon him a flashing  
glance, indignation choked her utterance, for a ter-  
rible rebuke, of overwhelming accusation, sought  
for speech. He read the storm and its cause, and  
his dark cheek paled, his fierce eye quailed, beneath  
the steady, accusing gaze of the brave, pure girl.  
In confusion he seized his hat, and muttered some  
incoherent apologies. One word alone escaped the  
tightly compressed lips of Cosella—"Temper!" He  
trembled beneath that one uttered word, and hastily  
fled from her presence.

It needed some strong incentive, some powerful  
moral stimulant, to urge Cosella in leaving the  
anger and the curse of her godmother. For many  
months her spirit had been bruised and almost  
broken by daily trials and a thousand variations  
of treatment. But where principle or duty was  
involved, the timid girl grew strong and resolute,  
and the opposition of a world could not turn her  
from her purpose.

It was with perfect self-possession, with calm  
and dignity, that she presented herself before the Senora,  
and told her of her intention of leaving her home  
and care. Don Teresa gazed upon her in astonish-  
ment, as yet with no suspicion of her real motive.

"What now freak is this?" she said, halting  
her brows. "Have I insulted your highness' dignity  
by some oversight? Or, have I failed to respond to  
some of your sentimentalities as you deem I should?  
Have I put a check upon your extravagances, or  
denied you some fondness? What occasions this new  
freak? Where do you desire to go?"

"I will not reply to your ironical words, nor enter  
upon any self-defence, Don Teresa. Where I shall  
go I know not just now; perhaps to Clara Maldo-  
nado's. She has often invited me to her home. I  
wish you to understand, also, that I leave your house  
forever!"

"Leave my house forever?" repeated the Senora.  
"Call me Dona Teresa? Are you insane—or what  
is it, my girl? Why do you not call me god-  
mother, as is your duty? Do you not know that I  
have spiritual authority over you?—That you dare  
not leave my guardianship without my consent?"

"You cannot withhold it, madam!" replied Cos-  
ella. "And I no longer call you godmother because  
I deem you unworthy of the name. Your coldness,

your neglect, your cruel treatment of me, I could all  
forgive; but this last terrible revelation—"

"Of what, girl? Of what? Speak, speak! must I  
compel you?"

The lady's face was livid; with a trembling, eager  
clasp, she seized Cosella's arm. Looking her steady-  
ly in the face, Cosella said: "You are no longer as  
a mother to me. I know you—you are false to God,  
to womanhood!"

There was silence between them for a while—  
breathless, uninterrupted reading of soul with soul.  
Teresa's eyes wildly sought those of her once-loved  
daughter. Cosella's gaze fell not before the search-  
ing scrutiny. She felt the hold upon her arm relax;  
her godmother fell back in the chair she had risen  
from, and two bright crimson spots dwelt amid the  
pallor of her cheeks.

"Go!" she said, in a stifled voice; "go when you  
will and where you will; but if ever"—she paused  
awhile, and then said, in a low and menacing voice:  
"Beware, Jewess! beware! If you breathe one  
word—not that your father has said, shall form  
the smallest atom of the terrible accusations that I  
will pour upon you! Breathe but my name, or com-  
plicity with—no matter—you understand me—and I  
will drag you from that pestilential of purity on which  
you so lightly enshrine yourself. You have driven  
my son from his home. You shall not stand between  
me and my happiness! Go, and may the demons at-  
tend thee! thou art a curse upon the household!"

"Madam!" replied Cosella, rising, and her man-  
ner was replete with dignity and self-respect; "I  
will not stop to talk to you of the sorrow I have en-  
dured on your account, for I believe you incapable  
of a pure affection. I see now that your love for me  
was all a scheme, a pretext. I know you—conso-  
quently I no more respect you. If you have not the  
love of right, and the fear of wrong, within your  
soul, no foreign interference can prevent you from  
sinning. I am a young and inexperienced girl; but  
I feel that you are preparing a woful return for the  
sins you commit. Senora Teresa, as a wife and  
mother, God and his angels hold you guilty! Your  
rest is broken; you are haunted by fearful visions;  
your contentment and peace is gone; your temper,  
once beautiful and gentle, is turned to one of gall  
and bitterness. I fear not your menaces, Senora;  
and if your conscience, your own soul, be not a suf-  
ficient answer to lead you back to innocence, fear  
not that Cosella will lead you there by force. But  
in the name of the mother who bore you, I entreat  
you go no farther in the path of sin."

She would have said more; but the thoroughly  
stung and vindictive woman arose, and with a mal-  
icious, such as Cosella never dreamed could pass  
those lovely lips, she violently thrust her from the  
room.

The doubly orphaned girl spent the night in prayer  
and in tears. The next day, collecting her wari-  
robe and the few trinkets left to her, she left the  
house wherein she had suffered so much, without  
another parting look or word to the unworthy woman  
she had clung to so lovingly. The husband and  
father was from home, and Cosella was spared the  
pain of parting with him, who had been ever good  
and kind to her. She departed with the blessing of  
the old Panchita on her heart.

## CHAPTER XIX. RETRIBUTION.

"Silently, strangely the darkness  
fell upon the way,  
And the sunbeams of the earthly morning  
For this small upon the day."

In a large and richly-furnished chamber that over-  
looked the sea, upon a bed of suffering and remorse,  
lay Manasseh Mosheim; and to his darkened sight  
the heavy and oppressive air was peopled with  
a host of phantoms; with the embodied sorrows his  
iron hand had inflicted upon the defenceless. Wall-  
ing and loud lamentation, outcry and menace,  
prayer and denial, were wafted to his ear; and white  
bands, worn and attenuated, beamed through the  
environmental gloom. It was his dark soul's revelation  
unto itself that (thus obscured the mid-day bright-  
ness; that, casting out the warmth and fragrance  
of the surrounding summer-world, brought demons  
to his pillow, and the gaping grave before his sight!  
The room was deliciously cool and inviting; soft  
folds of lace fell before the lofty windows, and swept  
the carpet of palest azure, on which white lilies and  
like the glowing roses were scattered with profuse  
hand. From vases of Parian marble and most deli-  
cately daint porcelain, the sweetest flowers of that  
abundant clime exhaled their choicest perfume. Rare  
pictures, in massively carved and gilded frames,  
adorned the rose-hued walls; and on tables and  
shelves of curiously wrought workmanship of ivory,  
pearl, and tortoise shell, glistened many costly speci-  
mens of mineral beauty, treasures from the mine  
and the sea, casquets inlaid with precious stones, and  
ancient volumes bound in richest velvet and in  
gleaming gold.

The green, low, drooping awning outside, sheltered  
the open windows from the admittance of the too  
fervid sun rays; the sea breeze swept unobstructed  
through that spacious chamber; laden with a briny  
fragrance, it rustled amid the rosy curtains that  
overhung the bed; toying with the flowers, waving  
mid the silken folds of couch and screen, it lingered,  
that blessed ocean breeze of healing! But it brought  
upon its cooling wings no freshness for the burning  
brow of the sufferer, who, with wildly distended  
eyes, and arms tossed aloft, saw not the glorious  
sunshine; heard not the soothing murmur of the  
sea; heard only the accusing thunder tones of con-  
science—saw darkness and dread phantoms there—  
and felt the glowing breath of a furnace upon his  
tormented heart and brain.

He lay thus for hours, tossing helplessly from  
side to side, in utter agony of frame and soul; mut-  
tering incoherently, crying out loudly; praying with  
eyes averted from the mocking fiends that surround-  
ed him! And as he lay there, the pale azure satin  
of the nearest couch changed to a floating bed of  
clouds, on which reposed in magnificent, terrible and  
accusing beauty, the spirit form of Lea! She came  
to sit in judgment on his soul for the wrongs com-  
mitted against her child. The waving lace of the

sweeping curtain folds, they changed to spectral  
messengers, unpeeling and stern, that came to call  
him doomed and lingering soul from earth. From  
his foot carpet of flowers, huge serpent shapes  
arose, that twined around the downy ottomans and  
hissed from amid the roseate folds of the pearl-  
studded Oriental seats that decked the room; their  
fiery eyes glared upon the transgressor, and endowed  
with mortal utterance, their forked tongues whis-  
pered, "Retribution!"

From the pictured, smiling landscapes on the  
wall, descended winged and horrible demons, wild  
birds of prey with outstretched sable wings; they  
perched upon his laboring breast, croaked hoarsely  
in his ear, and snatched his trembling fingers from  
his eyes! In at the open door, passing noiselessly  
between its folds of azure silk, cowered the arctic  
spirit of the much-wronged Shina, her dark hair put  
smoothly back, her pale face, sharpened by sorrow  
glancing stern and reproachful through the misty  
veil that pitying angels had woven from her earth-  
shod tears. From the open book in her hand, she  
read, in blood-red letters, there inscribed, the record  
of her wrongs; the manifold and pardonless sins  
committed against her life; and, at the close of each  
page was written the ever recurring, fearful word,  
"Retribution!"

There, in the corner, stood, accusing and defiant,  
the mother of Lea Montepessa. There, Shina's  
gray haired father pointed to him with a threaten-  
ing men, both asking and demanding that justice  
for their deed, of which they had been deprived as  
long. The imperious dame of Israel, the neglected  
father, both cried for "Retribution!"

In from the casement stepped, also pale and stern  
and unforgiving, the living father of Cosella; from  
the golden, massive goblet in his hand, he poured  
upon the shivering, wasted wretch before him, the  
crystal draught therein contained. It rolled upon  
him in a fiery stream, scathing, burning and with-  
ering with the lightning's power! In vain he shrieked  
for respite, pity, forgiveness; the blue eyes of Per-  
dita Wayne, robbed of all human tenderness, glared  
fiercely upon him, his lips with the disgusting im-  
press of utter scorn upon their placid curves, re-  
peated the one judgment word, "Retribution!"

Then, as if imbued with life-power, large gold  
coins rattled on the carpet, and huge sacks of  
gleaming silver were emptied over seas and bed.  
Now from the ceiling fell the golden rain; and precious  
stones, for which affection, truth and honesty were bar-  
tered, were thrown in at the open windows. White  
doves, bearing in their beaks ribbons flashing  
with the diamond's rays, chains of untold value and  
scintillating gems, flew hither and thither, as if in  
search of a resting place.

The golden shower fell heavily upon the sick man's  
breast, and beneath its accursed weight he lay as one  
crushed and breathless, yet intensely alive to pain  
and sound. Around him flashed, danced and quiv-  
ered, with blinding rainbow hues of splendor, the  
constantly sought for treasures of the earth, the  
objects of his unholly search; they burned him  
where they touched his shivering flesh, or dissolved in  
air beneath his frenzied grasp; while the demon  
bait applauded, and the night-birds waved their  
dusky wings and hoarsely croaked for joy!

The white birds dropped their glittering trophies,  
and they changed to wilder reptiles 'neath his gaze.  
The burnished gold and emerald beauty of the ser-  
pent's form clung to the curtain folds of his bed of  
torment; their steel like tongues darted shafts of  
agony to his soul, and whispered, "Retribution!" to  
his sharpened sense.

The sapphire and the ruby glistened from the  
lizard's scaly form; emerald and amber in the  
mocking clutch of shrieking vultures! And pearls  
wound a prince's ransom were twined around the  
sable wings of huge and motionless bats suspended  
in the lurid atmosphere. Sharp gleams of palest  
light, or dazzling glare and heat of most intolerable  
fire, revealed these distorted phantom shapes; then  
all again was darkness, and through it broke the  
sounds of weeping, menace and accusation, that ap-  
pealed his guilty soul. One panorama after another,  
filled with loathing horrors and fantastic terrors,  
sailed before his inner sight, for he was alone with  
conscience then; and no voice of sophistry drowned  
the clear, ringing, thundering tones, that spoke in-  
cessantly the one recurring, fearful word, "Retribution!"

Then, as



glens of returning consciousness illumined his haggard face.

"Water—oh, water!" he vainly supplicated. He heard the cooling, trickling flow of waves beneath his window, the droppings of the fountain in the court below. A deep groan burst from his heart; then came the conviction that he was left to perish of thirst and pain; and then followed resolution, brave and stoical, even for that dying man!

The God so long and practically denied, the truth and justice decried so widely; the outraged and accusing laws divine and human, all were meekly invoked, and re-litigated in the soul, in that supreme and self-investigating hour!

"I will make restitution, as best I can, and leave the result with God!" he murmured. And he arose from his sick bed, all worn, emaciated and feeble unto death as he was; he threw around his shrunken form his dressing gown of cool, white linen, and deliberately fastened it around his waist by its silken cord of blue; then with faltering steps, but strong, unwavering will, he reached his writing-table, and dropped into the cushioned chair that stood beside it. His trembling fingers lit the silver lamp, and drew forth the materials necessary for writing. For two hours his pen flew rapidly over the paper, and his plentiful tears lagged on the pages of his last confession. At length he paused:

"Oh, they will not send it! I am in the power of murderers!" he cried, with an appealing look to Heaven. "My labor is in vain; yet something tells me she will receive this letter. I must hasten; I have only to tell her her father's name."

A mist overclouded his eyes; he seemed overpowered by some sudden shock or influence that seemed new to paralyze his senses; his hand could only trace the first letters of the Christian father's name; the pen fell from his powerless grasp; the letter, with its unfinished revelation, lay upon the desk; and Manasseh Mosheim, reverentially covering his head, and rising slowly from his seat, repeated aloud, in clear and thrilling tones, the sacred association of God's Unity, the accepted prayer of Judah's scattered host:

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God, the Lord is One!"

And stretching forth his arms, and bowing low unto the ground, as before the judgment seat of the eternal, his spirit passed away, even before his lifeless body fell prone and heavily to the floor!

He lay there until dawn, and then the swarthy and malignant face bent over him, and looked around the room with covetous and guilty glances. He espied the letter upon the desk; he sat down to peruse it, taking no further heed of the human life before him.

"Well," he muttered in the Spanish tongue, "he does not accuse any one of his death, he gives no account of his sickness; and as this will prove to her what a rascal he has been, she will not enter into any vain investigations. He died of fever, that is evident; it is a malady peculiar to our climate. No one will dare to suspect me, and I will write a most brotherly and feeling letter of condolence to the senorita. I wonder who her father is? and why the devil, who has always assisted this blasphemous Jew, did not assist him to write out the name of the Christian gentleman? By San Antonio! the young lady will be grateful for the news; but as she is adopted and cared for, I have still less compunction in helping myself to what I need!"

And the reputed pious, seemingly wealthy, and ostentatiously charitable Don Jorge de Mas, opened his closet and drawer, and peered into all the secret nooks of the curiously constructed writing-desk. His swarthy countenance lighted up with furtive exultation, for he found much that was valuable in ancient coins of massive gold, in precious stones and rare trinkets. But in a secret drawer of the writing-desk he found a roll of bank notes, and a purse heavy with modern gold pieces. There was a fortune there that would have saved the world-outried Casella from toil and hardship, from the harsh experience of the thorny crooked pathways of necessity. It was not to be. The wretched girl's patrimony went to stranger and unloving hands.

When the sun rose high and gladdening above the hills, the robber ceased his search, and laid the lifeless form upon the bed. He folded and super-scribed the letter, and arranging a few trinkets in an ivory casket, he placed Manasseh's confession therein, and inditing a long, hypocritical missive of condolence, he directed all to the Senorita Casella Maria de Alivia, in Santa Lucia; and, taking the casket in his hands, he left the room to seek for a fitting opportunity to send it. Soon it was known that the stranger, so kindly and hospitably entertained at the retired mansion of the Senor Don Jorge de Mas, had departed this life; and as he could not be interred on the consecrated Catholic soil, the senor, in his kindness, permitted the poor heretic to rest within the limits of his plantation, and when the plain gray stone was placed above him, no one called, questioned, or marvelled; still less did they entertain a doubt of the devout and Christian gentleman who had sent the wretched man into another life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### English Humourists.

We take the following from Cozzani's Wine Press: "Not many of English growth, though," says Timothy Tittle, "Swift, Steele, Sterne, Goldsmith and Sheridan were Irishmen; Smollett was a Scotchman; and if one's birthplace be taken in account, then Thackeray is an Asiatic pundit, for he was born in Calcutta."

"Aye," quoth Joseph Jot, "and in other fields we have a share. John Singleton Copley, the artist, was born in Boston; so was his son, the present Lord Lyndhurst. The most eminent of all the Presidents of the London Royal Academy were Pennycuik—Benjamin West and Sir Charles Leslie. In that line, too, we may place Wicks, a Scot; Holbein and Pueli, Switzers; Vandeyke and Sir Peter Lely, Dutchmen; Gilbert Stewart Newton, a Nova Scotian; and Maclean, an Irishman."

"Yes," says Timothy Tittle, "and there is Walter Scott, himself, Campbell, Carlyle, Lord Brougham, Dr. Lardner, Hume, my Lords Jeffrey and Macaulay, Wilson and Lockhart, from the land of the Thistle."

"Aye, and Robert Burns," quoth Joseph Jot. "Yes, and Thomas Moore, Burke, Grattan and Curran, from the land of the Shamrock."

"To whom add the Duke of Wellington, from the island of Thander and Tort?"

"Yes, and the rival chiefs from Saxony and Hanover, who were transplanted within the sound of flow bells."

"Aye."

"And Handel, chief in music, and Herschel, in astronomy."

"Do not add any more to the list," quoth Joseph, "for fear the *Albion* will be down upon us."

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### OUR DAZZLING SLEEP.

[The following lines were written on the fifth into the spirit-world, at Claremont, youngest child of Hiram and Mary Snow, Cambridgeport, Mass.]

We placed him in the casket, clad in a snowy shroud, And we the cold and marble form the weeping parents bore. The eye is closed, the pulse is still—gone is the fluttering breath, While sweetly there he slumbers on the dreamless sleep of death.

We gaze upon his infant brow, white as the first pure snow, And feel that o'er his couch of rest no bitter tear should flow. That not one heart should wish to lure his young freed spirit back, From this bright world, the spirit-land, "to life's dim, faded track."

Oh, weeping parents! well ye know your child is happy now, That every trace of grief and pain has fled his cherub brow. Though he has left your cradling arms, yet he is there at rest, Folded within an angel's arms, upon the loving breast.

And though his lying, infant voice no more will greet your ear, O'er your fair child, robed for the tomb, shed not one burning tear; Though silence here, that sweet-toned voice now joins the angel's song.

Though passed from earth, he re-eth new amid a seraph throng. A little harp of spirit-flowers by angel hands is given, And its melodious strains are heard throughout the courts of Heaven.

List! we can almost hear the sounds of your sweet infant's life, As his soft hands, with gentlest touch, sweep o'er each quivering wire. Barely you would wish him back in this sad world of care, Where every pleasure has its pain, where thorns grow 'mid the flowers;

But with a calm and tranquil heart lay him beneath the sod, Nor murmur that the Father's hand has raised the chastening rod.

Above his grave the sweet wild flowers will bloom with cooling spring. Over his early place of rest may blithe a quivering wing; Gladly the rains and dews descend upon that sacred mound, While summer winds will pass it by with sweetly falling sound.

God gave—God taketh—let his will, his holy will be done; Breathe this low prayer along the dust of your sweet infant's bone:

Oh! stay your aching hearts on him who knoweth all your woes, And he will bear your spirit up, your tears will cease to flow.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### THE AVENGING ANGEL.

###### A Short Sketch.

I threw my knapsack on the ground, and was soon at full length beside it. My companion hesitated a moment before he resigned himself to the same grassy couch, for he well knew the difficulty of getting up again under the stifling and foot-galling effects of a thirty miles' walk, which we had taken, stiff in hand, in search of the antiquarian spots, halloved by time and history. My companion at last seated himself at my side with a heavy sigh, after having looked around in vain for a friendly village spire to direct us to some hospitable, where we might hang up our pilgrim staves, and rest from the almost overpowering heat of the sun.

In vain we turned our ears to listen to the sweet sound of some gurgling brook whereat we might moisten our parched lips and wash the dust from our eyes. No sound, however, but the faint bleating of the sheep that seemed stuck against the almost precipitous downs at our backs, and the tiny bark of the distant dog, greeted us.

My knees were just getting into that blissful confusion which is the threshold of sleep; another moment, and I should have knocked and gone in, but for the bell of some church near, which, sounding out its evening summons, started me up not quite half awake, and I fancied that I had arrived at some friendly inn, and was ringing a gigantic bell for the waiter to bring up a dozen of cold water. I turned to my companion, who was watching the fleeing clouds with a determination of making his bed where he was lying, and nudged him with my staff; we listened, and the breeze again bore us the welcome sound. Never did dinner-bell ring so delightfully to the ears of half-famished people, as that bell from the bumble village spire; the sound seemed animated with a desire to play bo-peep with us, dancing and revelling in the air like a wild spirit, almost tangible, and anon it was carried away upon the breeze, seeming to mock us, amidst the blue hills in the distance.

Our knapsacks were shouldered, and our staves grasped, as we rose with a determination to follow the fugitive sound. We started, but with no very elegant gait, upon the rough and uneven path, picking out most gingerly the patches of green grass and sheltered side of the hedges. Few words passed between us—all our jocularity we had left on the steep side of a hill over two miles in the rear. Our practical exclamations that had fallen from us at every step early in the day, such as "Beautiful!" "Delicious!" were all gone, or only applied by our imaginations to draughts of ale, or lamb chops, ham and eggs, or any other hoped-for condiments.

Oh, happy sight! At the corner of a copse we saw a stile—we reached it, and sat down upon it with the full assurance that we approached some village. After resting a few minutes, we ceased our tired legs over it, and entered a green lane shaded to perfect coolness by rows of stately trees, such as are seldom seen save in the approaches to the two manorial houses of the olden time.

At the end we could just catch a glimpse of the wild front of the grey old church, the bell of which had so perplexed us, buried as it was amidst the surrounding foliage. We soon emerged from our pleasant shade into the village, and saw the last of the sun that had been trying us all day, and who, seeing us near a positive shelter and out of his power, sneaked off to bed with a blush on his face, as if ashamed of having galled two poor devils so unmercifully.

The sign of "The White Horse" swung invitingly from the arm of an old oak, opposite to a most picturesque looking inn, at the door of which was a large, rosy figure of a man in his shirt-sleeves, enjoying his pipe and a mug of ale with the most enviable composure. He peeped at us inquiringly from under the shelter of a large straw hat, and kept puffing out his cloud until we turned off the road to enter his door. The touch of the hat and the "good evening," with a loud call of "house!" soon bespoke the landlord.

We uttered no useless words until we had slaked our thirsting throats to deep draughts of cold, brilliant ale, "worth a guinea a quart," at least so it seemed to value us. No drop was left in the measure—not even sufficient to wet a fly over the roles of his boots. The host's eyes sparkled as he watched our full enjoyment of his universal medicine; and he chuckled, as with a knowing look he asked how we liked that ale. Our mute answer was a smile, and the reversing of our measures, from which dropped no tear for the departed; there was a whole lodge of freemasonry in his winks; we were brothers from that moment.

He bustled about, showing us our clean, white, sweet-smelling bed-rooms, the windows of which were shaded by the honeysuckle and clematis, almost to the exclusion of the light, which was most grateful to us after the garish and oppressive heat of the day. Here, after arranging our knapsacks, and having the benefit of a copious ablution, we found ourselves in a comfortable state to join our landlord at his perch. Here we found him at old-fashioned high-backed arm chairs placed for us commodiously round the little oak table; he bustled about in the evident expectation of a cozy chat and something new from such a wandering looking couple as we were. After seeing our orders attended to, he relaxed with a heavy sigh into silence, with rustic politeness waiting for us to open the ball.

Across the little-lit road, immediately opposite, ran a shallow brook, evidently a tributary, with many others, to some large gathering of waters, the rush of which sounded soothingly not very far from the spot;

a thickly vegetated bank rose out of its modest bed, crowned with majestic old trees, that feathered away in the clear blue sky, and gave shelter to a cawing family of crows. An extensive meadow-like slope, darkened with the foliage of many trees, was occupied by grazing cattle lying upon the green sward in picturesque forms, chewing the cud and enjoying the cool of the evening. Near the centre of this meadow rose a pile of rubble and hewn stones, covered with moss and green ivy, looking like an old gable of some primitive convent, having a small lancet window only left on its extreme point, which appeared to struggle to uprear itself from the embraces of the snake-like ivy that reeled in a thousand tortuous folds around its base.

"Ah, gentlemen!" sighed the landlord, "you're looking at that corner bit; it's now all that's left of a fine old mansion. In my remembrance it was a fine old place. The avenue by which you came, was, fifty years ago, one of the approaches to the grand entrance. It sounded to the cheers of many a noble huntsman, and sheltered many a handsome dame; it was a paradise; but an evil spirit entered, and his grand halls have gradually become the grazing ground of cattle, and the old family name has passed away for ever."

Our four literary ears pricked up with eager delight at this little exordium of our worthy host; we saw a magnificent tale in perspective—my friend an excellent romance, with its everlasting "To be continued," to be worked out of the stock for a foreign journal. I, however, sobered down to a longing for the simple story, which lay before the countless readers of the *Banner*—all my dearest friend. We dared hardly venture an exclamation, fearing he might be thin, and excuse himself to the narrative. But, no; we had evidently, with great good luck, fallen upon the *Dwarf*, or tale-teller, of the whole neighborhood, for, after slightly prompting him with looks of eager curiosity, and an "Indeed?" and an "As how, good landlord?" he, with as modest a look, as such a jolly fellow could put on, commenced relating his tale, taking a few whiffs during which, as he said, he was collecting his thoughts. And thus his face grew big with his story—it spoke volumes—as he began the following tale:

"When I, gentlemen," was no higher than this table, a noble house stood upon that ground you look upon, and dark and neglected as it now looks, it then was the sure abode of fine old English hospitality, where wide open to succor the poor and helpless.

When the good old squire died, I can well remember the feeling of childish awe that fell upon me as I looked in the sad faces of all around me, and the silent multitude standing bareheaded beside that good man's grave. He left an only son alone in the world, for his wife's death had preceded his some years. This son was quite a boy, about thirteen or fourteen; I think I see him now—a pale strapping, standing out from amidst the throng of friends as chief mourner; every heart close to him, for each also felt he had lost a father. Clipped at the back stood a youth some two years his senior—his cousin Henry—who had been brought up with him as a companion. His father, the old squire's younger brother, left his mother a young widow, who soon formed another marriage, and left her child under the care of his uncle, who had well discharged his trust; for he had shared equally the advantages of the son and heir.

He was unlike his cousin in every respect; for though a noble boy, his Spanish-looking face inherited from his brutish mother, had always a haughty and repulsive look, so different from the open face, and blue eyes of his younger cousin; and as different were their dispositions; for the young squire gathered gold, as opinions wherever he went, whilst his cousin was not with fear and dislike from his arbitrary and overbearing conduct. He was dangerously proud for one so situated, and with a scant property he had continually to give place to the heir; and the feeling of being second galled him daily, and irritated a fiery and uncontrollable temper.

The churchyard scene appeared like a dream to me; but though so young at the time, I can remember the instinctive feeling of love I had toward one cousin, and the dread I always felt at the approach of the other.

Time rolled on, and the cousins became young men. The guardians selected a careful tutor, and sent the heir and his cousin on their travels. The old steward was my father. He was left an orphan to his young and generous master, with strict injunctions that the Hall should be the same as if he were at home, and that if he, as he said, "left for a while the hearthstone of his good father, it must never grow cold."

My father, from time to time, received letters from abroad, with instructions from the young squire as to improvements and alterations in the place, and farms, that he wished completed before his return, which he intended should be prior to his coming of age—as he ever he thought that could only be properly celebrated beneath the roof of his ancestor, and amidst the loving hearts that he might well call his own.

Travel in those days was a thing of much time, and no little danger, and letters were few and far between; and proud was my father to do out to eager and interested listeners paragraphs of his beloved patron's letters, wherein he described scenes of wonder and beauty in foreign lands, then little known or heard of in a remote village like ours. When it was known he had received one of these, to us, all important missives, he would have a continued levee in the Hall—or when he walked out, he had a tall like a Highland chieftain, which followed him with uttering pertinacity to pick up the smallest scrap, and then rush to the old and feeble, who were unable to accompany them, and retail the delightful news, and calculate how long it was to the happy day of his return.

Some few weeks before his expected arrival, notified by his guardian to his father, under whose care every preparation for his reception was confided, a knot of the old heads of the village were collected in deep conclave beneath the broad arms of an ancient oak, which had thrown its dark shadows across the grand approach to the Hall for centuries, and still flourished greenly, to welcome another heir to the domain, of which he alone seemed to be the perpetual king.

Upon its gnarled and twisted roots sat the synod, selected by my father as council upon the forthcoming foe, with its garlands, ox-roasting, dancing and festivities without end.

I was then a tall youth, and well remember the important looks of the chosen few, who seemed to have a weight of no little magnitude on their shoulders, almost too great for them to bear. Their deliberations were disturbed by the rattle of wheels, and soon, approaching rapidly through the trees, appeared a post-chaise and four. As they neared our party, the features of our young master's guardian appeared at the window. The post-boy stopped at his signal, and he beckoned my father toward him and bade him enter the chaise; the door was then closed, and they disappeared behind the copse, on their way to the Hall, and left us only to look in astonishment at each other.

We followed slowly, and on arriving before the grand front, I entered and found the domestics in tears; my heart sank within me at the fearful news—our beloved young master was dead! He had fallen into a chasm of the glacier, and his body had never been recovered. His cousin, who had been his companion, had been severely ill since from the shock, but would be in England soon after the receipt of the letter which brought the fatal news of our bereavement and his gain, for he was now undisputed heir to the large domain of his uncle.

In a few melancholy days he did return. No heart-felt welcome hailed the master to his home—no joyous revelling or smiling faces crowded round the house of his childhood; the deep gloom of eventful fell like a mourning pall over his noble front, and the wind moaned in fitful gusts through the broad avenues, as if bewailing the absence of the noble heir, whose body lay in the cold, unyielding embrace of the glaciers, in a land far distant from the graves of his ancestors.

Silent and cold was his welcome; his guardian, and a few officials concerned, alone were admitted. No other notice was to be taken, at his own request, of his return and taking possession. He received cour-

teously the necessary congratulatory visits of the gentry in the neighborhood; but after the first few days of bustle and arrangement were over, he wandered moodily over the park and grounds. Strangely, indeed, was he altered; the shock of his cousin's fate had evidently soured his nerves; his face was rigidly pale, and his feverish lips parted unwillingly when addressing any one; he prostrated strength even claiming the pity of those who felt they never could love him as they had loved the fair, departed boy. At last a sudden change seemed to come over him; he basked himself by making great alterations in the hall and grounds, having workmen, and artists from all parts to work out his designs, which were carried on unceasingly with an extraordinary, feverish excitement. Night after night would he sit up to carry out some favorite project, and only upon the return of morning seek his couch to the relief of the almost exhausted artisan. The old picture-gallery was augmented at an immense expense, and he became a ready purchaser of all articles of art and talent, until his house became a scene of great attraction for miles around. He allowed free ingress, but misanthropically refused all communication with his visitors.

He seemed, although a mere youth, to have lost all self-reliance for society. He very seldom went out, except on horseback—an exercise which he had always delighted in; but in this he appeared to have no object except to outstrip the wind in swiftness, for he would always return with his noble horse's drooping haunches covered with foam, and exhausted. The surrounding gentry at last no longer pressed their attentions upon him.

In the course of my duty, for I had been placed at the establishment for some time, I presented a foreign letter to him, the contents of which, from after instruction, I learnt were, that a German agent had notified him that he held a ticket which had drawn a prize in a picture lottery, and requested directions as to how it was to be forwarded to him. In the course of a week or two, a large packing-case was brought to the hall during his absence. It was taken, according to his previous instructions, as the gallery was nearly completed, into the ante-room of his bed-chamber, that he might first inspect his prize, and decide upon its future situation. The lid was unstrapped off and showed the inner case richly and curiously carved, with elaborate hinges of ancient workmanship nearly covering its beautifully embossed door. My master, on being told of its arrival, proceeded to the chamber alone. Hours elapsed; no bell was rung for attendance. When the evening approached it was thought best that I should venture to seek him. I immediately did so, and on arriving at the chamber, which was getting gloomy from the falling twilight, I was startled by the appearance of a figure standing motionless in the centre of the ante-room before the picture, the doors of which were flung open.

There was something awful in that motionless figure; no breath was distinguishable. After summoning up my courage, I ventured to speak. The figure was dissolved. My young master turned his colorless face toward me, and, without uttering a word, seized my arm, and rushed from the chamber, and hurried with terrific speed along the corridor. His grasp of my arm was terrible; he dragged me with him into the lighted dining-room, and threw himself into a chair. Violent shiverings, and belchings of cold almost icy, were turned toward me. Feeling to leave him, I rang the bell violently. My father entered with some domestics. In a few hurried words, delivered spontaneously, in a whisper, he bade my father send all from the room except me and himself. No word of explanation escaped him; no persuasion from my old father would get his consent to the sending for a medical man. He said he was much better, but we must not leave him. "Do not let me sleep," said he, imploringly; "I will rest by the fire until morning."

Ah, that night! almost without an end did it seem to me, as we sat beside that little more than boy, wondering yet not daring to utter a word, and watching his pale lips moving continually in muttered words, which I alone broke the silence of the weary night hours. The dawn at last broke slowly through the stained windows; and as the first rays of the sun fell across the floor, he looked inquiringly, first at my father, and then at me, sighed heavily, as if awaking from a trance; he arose, slowly, from the chair, and walked, without uttering a word, out of the room. We of course followed him immediately, of which he took no notice until he approached the ante-room of his bed-chamber. Here he hesitated for a moment, then turning toward my father, said, in a voice husky and trembling, he would try now to sleep, but to send somebody to him at twelve, at noon. He then closed the door upon us before we could answer him; and we descended slowly, to commune as to what, under the circumstances, was our best course to pursue—our deliberation ending in the determination to send for his late guardian. A man was immediately sent off to request his attendance and advice.

After some three or four hours, much to our relief, we heard the clatter of wheels and the welcome voice of his guardian, who decided upon proceeding immediately, with my father and myself, to his chamber. Upon our arrival there we found the ante-room fastened, and our frequent knockings and calls for admittance unanswered. The servants were summoned, and the door was forced. We rushed into the ante-chamber, and nearly fell over the body of our young master, who lay extended before the picture, on which all eyes were immediately fixed. The morning sun fell upon it, and gave the figure almost the appearance of life. The bottom of the picture was occupied by the figure of a man, rushing toward you with great speed, with his eyes filled with demoniac fire, and in his hand a gleaming scimitar. The stroke of light on the horizon showed a prostrate figure of one slain. Over the murderer's head floated a lovely female figure, with mild and calm features, appearing an hour-glass on one hand, whilst with the other she grasped a long and double-edged sword. On a scroll, embedded in the frame, was written, "The Avenging Angel."

Before this picture lay the pale form of our master, his hand being knive driven to the hilt in his heart. He had been slain by a cruel paper, which was taken from him as we laid him on his bed. A few words, boldly written, thrilled every heart as they were read:

"I murdered poor Frederick—my hand thrust him into the Gulf—and the avenging angel has found me!"

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

###### BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Father in Heaven! I thank thee for thy care  
And ceaseless love,  
Which, through my life, hath ever been my share,  
From birth to death.  
And as I feel thy mercies leading o'er,  
From day to day,  
Oh! teach my spirit unto thee to soar—  
Thy will obey.

I thank thee, Father, for the blessings kind,  
Thou dost bestow;  
And may I ever cherish in my mind,  
The debt I owe.

A debt that no immensity can count,  
None e'er can pay;  
Exhaustless are the hues from thy bound,  
That mark my way.

Humbly, my Father, on the wings of prayer,  
With grateful heart,  
To thy bright throne thy loaves I would bear,  
So good thou art.

Thou hast protected me up Time's rough hill,  
With watchful eye,  
And thy kind guidance doth my spirit fill  
With musing love.

Father of Light! accept the humble praise  
I faint would bring;  
Not words are weak, the soul-deep thought to raise  
To thee I cling.

Thou, Heavenly Parent, with thy thanks would bend  
Before thy throne;  
To thy high Altar may my spirit bend,  
To thee alone.

#### Original Essay.

##### ANCIENT OLIMPOS OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

###### NUMBER NINETEEN.

Mr. Grote informs us that when the Delphians were fearful that Jason of Thebes would approach and plunder the treasury of the Lord, they consulted the God to know what they were to do if Jason approached the treasury; upon which the God replied that he himself would take care of it—and he kept his word. This enterprising deity, in the flower of his age and at the summit of his power, perished most unexpectedly before the day of the festival arrived."

We read in Hebrew chronicle, of various omens for the chosen people, but we find these omens equally plenty outside the exclusive assumptions of the fragmentary humanity of Palestine. The barley cake of Gilcom, which was the sword of the Lord—the pillar of fire, by night, and cloud by day, exhibited by the tutelary Genius of Moors, and their counterpart prefiguring the successful expedition of Timoleon into Sicily. Says Grote, "The Gods held out to Timoleon the most favorable signs and omens. Not only did he receive an encouraging answer at Delphi, but while he was actually in the temple, a fillet with intertwined wreaths and symbols of victory fell from one of the statues upon his head. The priestesses of Persephone learnt from the Goddesses in a dream, that she was about to sail with Timoleon for Sicily, her own favorite island. Accordingly he caused a new special temple to be fitted out, sacred to the two Goddesses, (Diana and Persephone) who were about to accompany him. And then, after leaving Korkyra, the squadron struck across for a night voyage to the Italian coast, this sacred temple was seen illumined by a blaze of light from heaven, while a burning torch on high, similar to that which was usually carried in the Eleusinian mysteries, ran along with the ship and guided the pilot to the proper landing place at Metapontum. Such manifestations of divine presence and encouragement, properly certified and commented upon by the prophets, rendered the voyage one of universal hopefulness to the army."

Where in Hebrewdom is the Divine Providence more striking than this manifestation of the spirit given to the Hebrews to profit withal? Here are dreams, oracles and fire-lights, and not so open to question as the fiery chariot in which Elijah took conveyance into heaven; for as flesh and blood cannot inherit this, we must suppose the Hebrew prophet to have had rather a warm passage through consuming fire to be sufficiently rid of his body to tread the spirit-land. Spirit lights are quite familiar in modern spiritual unfolding, and we are not so infidel as to deny that some modern Elijah may yet take flight on one of these, transformed into a chariot of fire—only we think that the flesh and blood must be left on this side of Jordan. So, too, it appears, thought some in the case of the Hebrew prophet; for they would seek for him, thinking that the "spirit of the Lord had cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley."

There were other spirit manifestations in favor of Timoleon, with successes corresponding to predictions. These may be read in the ancient Scriptures, or as set forth by Mr. Grote, who fairly lets Gentileism appear in religious matters as nothing behind the very chiefest of Hebrewdom. A fair field and no favor will show that the Most High is no respecter of persons, nor partial to nations; but is ever ready to flow in so far as there is receptivity to influx. Timoleon was again and again rescued by divine interpretation of Providence; and "thus," says Grote, "did the Gods show their favor toward Timoleon by an unusual combination of circumstances, and by sustaining the enemies with blindness."

That is to say, Timoleon was the receptive or fitting instrument in the Divine order for the ultimate of certain results; and in this relative sense, may be considered the chosen of God, or in the language of his affectionate admirer, "Never had the Gods been so manifest in their dispensations of kindness toward any mortal." As signified was the hard sweating and hard fighting of the Palestine Lord, sometimes throwing down great stones from heaven, and soon breaking forth in artillery of sulphurous "voom and grape" that "tore hell's convulsions," and realized in grandest proportions the utterance of all Milton's "hell broke loose;" so too at the battle of Krinissus, when the Carthaginians were getting the best of the battle; says Grote, "The Gods yet further befriending Timoleon, sent the seal to their discomfiture, by an intervention manifest and terrible. A storm of most violent character began. The hills were shrouded in complete darkness; the wind blew a hurricane; rain and hail poured incessantly, with all the awful accompaniments of thunder and lightning. To the Greeks, this storm was of but little consequence, because it came in their backs. But to the Carthaginians, falling as it did directly in their faces, so that they could not see to deal with hostile combatants." The result was, "No victory in Grecian history was ever more complete than that of Timoleon at the Krinissus. Ten thousand Carthaginians are said to have been slain, and fifteen thousand made prisoners." This is equal to the battle which the Lord fought Joshua to fight as related by Hebrew scribes. And the Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gilcom, and chased them along the way that goeth up to Bethoron, and smote them to Azekah, and unto Makkedah. And it came to pass that they fled before Israel, and were in the going down to Bethoron, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died; more dead with hailstones than the children of Israel slew with the sword."

One mark of higher reach yet remains with the Hebrew, unattained by the Gentile. There is lack of time to finish the bloody work as yet undone by "the great stones from heaven," and by the sword. "Then smote Joshua to the Lord, Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the valley of Ajalon." The Sun thus bid to stand and deliver, obeyed, and the Lord fought for Israel. We know of nothing in Gentile scriptures quite up to this. It makes a strong case for the greater power of the tutelary genius of old Jewry; nor can we wonder that the Hebrew children exclaimed, "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?" when he slew some fifty thousand of them for attempting to get his measure by peeping into the ark.

We alluded in one of our papers to the plunder of the treasury of the Lord at Delphi by the Phocians. These afterwards took service in the army of Timoleon; and, so long as was necessary, they caused even the wrath of the Lord to praise him. But the fullness of time had now come, and the plunderers were cut to pieces by the Carthaginians. "Partial reverses were," says Grote, "in the religious appreciation of the time, proofs more conspicuous than over of the peculiar favor shown by the Gods toward Timoleon"—as whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. But to be entirely cut to pieces, as were the Phocians, could only have occurred as a signal vengeance of the Lord. "For," says Grote, "the soldiers thus slain had been concerned in the pillage of the Delphian temple, and were therefore marked out for the divine wrath; but the Gods suspended the sentence during the time when the soldiers were serving under Timoleon in person, in order that he might not be the sufferer, and executed it now in his absence, when execution would occasion the least possible inconvenience."

Timoleon having finished his great work as the Sent of God, enjoying the highest measure of public esteem, and loaded with honorary and grateful votes from the people, he had the wisdom as well as the virtue to prefer living as a private citizen. He dwelt in a house assigned to him by the public vote of the people, which he had consecrated to the Holy God, and within which he had set apart a chapel to the goddess Automatia—the goddess under whose auspices blessings and glory came as it were of themselves. To this goddess he offered sacrifice, as the great and constant patroness who had accompanied him from Corinth through all his proceedings in Sicily."

A celebrated French author of the time of Napoleon declares "that a woman who knows how to read has already lost half her innocence."

We have already alluded to the suffer of the Spartan Pausanias, who, while at Byzantium, says Plutarch, "cast his eyes upon a young virgin named Cleonice, and insisted on having her for a wife. The parents, intimidated by his power, were under the great necessity of giving up their daughter. The young woman implied that the light might be taken out of his apartment, who she might go to his bed in secrecy and silence.







### Reported for the Banner of Light. BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

The Boston Episcopal Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Bromfield street, every Wednesday evening. May 23 was discussed the following:

**QUESTION.**—What is that is denominated Instinct in animals? What is it that is denominated Instinct in man? What is the difference, if any, between them? Do animals have the power of the faculty of Reason?

Dr. GANNON.—The subject is broad in its scope, and of such importance that all the learned men in the world have never been able to elucidate it satisfactorily. In my opinion, Instinct and Intuition are the same—only differing in degree. In the animal it is more or less marked, according to development. It is said that man possesses in himself all the elements of the universe—all the primes and all the powers consequent upon it. The mineral kingdom possesses less primes than any other form of life. The vegetable kingdom is in advance of the mineral. Animals possess still more, but I cannot state what particular primes are manifested in men that are not in animals. I know the dog does not possess all the primes equally with man. Phosphorus is one of those in which he is deficient. It has suggested itself to me that this may be the key of the whole matter. May not reason depend upon the perfect possession and application of all the primes of nature? Thought goes forth and expresses itself in harmony with all minds in sympathy with the one from whom it originates. I believe Instinct and Intuition are the same, differing only in degree, from the fact that we see in animals the power of arriving at certain results by reasoning; but it only runs in one certain direction, each in the direction of the power absolutely necessary to its existence. The beaver will calculate with mathematical certainty. Man, on the other hand, has the power of reasoning out any result in any form which may be suggested. He has the power of sweeping the whole universe, while animals are confined to a particular line of action.

Mr. THAYER.—The more I think upon the subject, the more am I interested in it. I think it will lead us to understand our Creator in a new and different way from that in which we have heretofore known him. We have given little care and attention to the education of animals. I don't believe we deserve heaven any more than the dogs and cats. Dogs are discreet, and squirrels know enough to look out for their own safety.

Mr. WETHEBES.—There would be no dissenting voice concerning the dog and cat stories; every one admits them, and we all in our own experience know of facts equal to anything we have ever heard. But what do they prove? There is Instinct in dogs and reason in men. The more instinctive he is, the less mind a person has. The bee, otter, and ape, work in certain defined channels, and there seems to be a degree of something called reason; and this faculty does not seem to increase any. The human race improves and grows up as a child does; but the animals seem to be born into their knowledge. Perhaps man's power of progression is the result of his combination. To make this arch, it requires all the elements. It would seem as though all animals lacked the key-stone of the arch.

Dr. M. G. SMITH.—Reason is the result of mental organic combination, the product of thought, or it is the effect of experience. Do animals and insects reason? Whatever they do, is perfect in itself—it is the result of no thought, no experience, no observation. "The lowest forms of motion," says Muller, "are from muscular stimulus, not nervous." The fly trap (*Drosophila*) is a sensitive plant, which exhibits a sticky, mulligumous fluid; the fly alights on it, and is imprisoned by the plant. This secretion acts like gastric juice; it is dissolved, absorbed, assimilated. Does the plant reason in thus securing its food? The "pincer plant" muscularly opens itself when it rains, closes and retains the fluid when there is no rain. Does it reason? Certain plants open and close their petals at certain hours, and the century plant blooms once in a hundred years. Understand they botany?

On the open hand of a sleeping child lay your finger, and it will close; breathe into its face, and the disturbance, independent of all intellect or brain, will be mechanical, not mental; there is no consciousness of an outer world. The sea anemone sits on a coral rock, and silently penetrating the water with its long tentacles, allures the shellfish, which it devours.

Scientific men for years discussed of the best form for economical storage. The bee decided the controversy by her hexagonal cell and rhomboid bottom; but who taught her this? Did reason? Was it the result of judgment, experience? No; she never tried any other; and the first and last, are alike perfect. "Through-out all time, from a thousand different forms and angles," says Haven, "they select the same." Emerging from the egg, how is it the insect ever finds the same appliances and instruments for use?

The "Atlantic" records some excellent facts and suggestions, and says that Agassiz, knowing the savage, snapping character of the testudinate, under the microscope found the young turtle precociously snapping in embryo. A fly-catcher, just out of its shell, immediately picks at a fly. A young calf butts before its horns grow.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin says the young learn to swallow in utero, but mechanically, not intentionally. The solitary wasp constructs a nest (unmated,) deposits her eggs, and above each makes a hole in which she puts several caterpillars, just enough for the support of the young worm when it leaves the shell, near enough to be used at the very moment food is requisite. What is most curious, the caterpillar is taken there in a maimed and helpless state, so neither to do injury to the young, die prematurely, nor effect escape. Now the wasp has never seen this done before; she never feeds on caterpillars, nor has she any other way do this same.

Dr. Livingston, in his travels in Africa, says in that country there is constant war between the black and white ants. A few of the blacks run into a swarm of the whites, sting and eject a fluid very acid, which renders them insensible; then the black and white take them away to eat. Who taught these ants chemistry, or how to elaborate this fluid?

A large red spider (*Mygale*) tunnels the earth for its nest, closes the aperture with a door the size of a shilling; inside, while sticky substance; outer, coated with earth; its exactly: plays on a hinge, and detection is impossible, unless the door is left open. When pursued the door opens, and she is safe; and her hiding-place cannot be detected. Left to themselves, the young do it. Who teaches them?

A hymenopterous insect, called the plasterer, resembles the mason bee; is an inch long, jet black; enters a house; on its fore-legs she has a pellet of soft plaster, the size of a pea. When it has fixed upon a convenient spot for its dwelling, it forms a cell the length of its body, plastering its walls, making them quite smooth and thin. When all is finished, except a round hole, it brings in seven or eight caterpillars or spiders, each of which is rendered insensible, but not killed, by the fluid from its sting.

These it deposits in the cell, and then one of its own larvae, as it grows, finds the food fresh and just sufficient.

Insects are in a state of coma, but the presence of vitality prevents decomposition, or drying up, which in this warm country they would soon do.

When the young insect is full grown, its wings completely developed, it has no further use for the food. It then pierces the wall of its cell at the former door closed by its deceased parent, flies off, and begins life for itself. It takes insects much larger than itself, then they are suddenly made insensible, and by means of the wings and legs they are trampled down, under the influence of this stupefying and antileptic agent. It is a slow but painless death. Yet it feeds on them for the first time; they never saw it done before; and they never eat them again.

Curious insect species inhabit trees of the fig family (*Ficus*). Seven or eight of them cluster round a spot on one of the smaller branches, and keep up a constant distillation of a clear fluid, dripping on the ground, forms a little puddle below. A vessel placed under them in the evening contains three

or four pints of fluid in the morning. They distill this from the air at the rate of one drop every two seconds; four pints thus ounces every twenty-four hours. How can they thus labor, night and day, by some power of which we are ignorant, beside some nervous influence which causes constant motion, through life without fatigue? They abstract, says Dr. Livingston, the hydrogen from the air. What man has this power? They do it without, the young, without any previous experience, and when everything is dry around them. The carrier pigeon, taken any distance, returns in a straight line to the point from whence he took his departure. Fishes, for safety, enter streams to spawn. Fowls swallow stones. Who gave them a knowledge of physiology? Swallows open the eyes of their young with pebbles they get at the beak. Who made them occultists? Bees are geometrical; but, says Field, they get their geometry as a gift from the great Creator.

Newton says, God is the moving principle in animals and insects. This unfolding impulse in them leads them to rest without thought; but man goes to his work, after hours and years of mental toil. Man loves the beautiful, and ascends the mountain top and gazes with admiration on the sublime and beautiful. Animals go not forth to worship nature, but in quest of food. Man has affection, and is penetrated with filial and maternal love. Animal instinct repels their young they once so boldly protected. A mother's love is deathless. What affection is there in animals or birds? The swallow is almost the only bird who is distinguished for his constancy. There is no reflection, no judgment, but simply a restless desire to not. Hence a beaver, confined within a room or yard, and although there is no water, nor occasion for its use, secures everything he can to build himself a dam. It is his nature. The wildest and most savage man have been educated and converted. But some species of animals—the hyena and the gorilla—has been found impossible ever to change the nature of their young. A child may grow into an archangel, but you cannot make a mammoth out of a mouse. There is an end to brute progressions. He never aspires. They are not wiser by contact with man. Left to themselves, where is there any aspiration for thousands of generations? They remain the same, over since the morning of creation. The first bee, the first beaver, the young of all animals and insects, build their nests and cells now as well as they ever did.

Dr. Burns thinks that the difference between the highest men and the lowest animals is a capacity for science. Leibnitz, the great mathematician, says it is the formation of judgment. Man sinks as far below the brute when he is guided only by his sensations, as a brute rises superior to him by reason. Newton entered the world more helpless than any animal; yet on leaving it, in apprehension and comprehension, "How like a God!" "They do many things better than we do," says Descartes; "but this does not prove them to be endowed with reason—for this would prove them to have more reason than we have—and that they should excel in all things; for reason can act not only in one direction, but in all." Wherever there is reason there must be perception, reflection, comparison, judgment, conscience, aspiration, progression, accountability and immortality. Have they these? If not, do they reason? Is it not inspiration of the infinite, perfect in his kind above reason, and like the Father of the universe, beyond it? God never reasons, and the intelligence they evince is an infinitesimal portion of Deity.

Mr. EASON.—Instinct is a power to perceive. Reason is a capacity to choose and take the consequences. These animals which are the most perfect in instinct, have no power to choose. There is no improvement—they were perfect at the beginning. Perfect knowledge never uses reason. It has no use of it. It may be said the All-seeing Eye sees nothing, for it is all perception. I thank God that I have not attained all knowledge. It is true the animal may be learned, but not educated. It would be an impossibility to create a progressive being, and yet make him controllable by instinct. Freedom to do wrong is the only way to develop the soul to do right.

Dr. PAXON.—The subject under discussion is a review of the whole book of nature. Some speakers have asserted there is an intuition; others do not recognize intuition, while they recognize all the faculties of animal life; so it is a mere play upon words. Reopen classic fables; read under two heads—an enlightened, and a blind instinct. One sees the end from the beginning; the other knows nothing till it is unfolded. Animals, in the places of their birth, are always the same; but, transferred to other climates, their habits will undergo a visible change, to adapt themselves to their new condition. When a dog's head is developed up to the shape of a man's head, he will reason—not before. The surroundings of a dog will shape his organization. The hunter's dog will differ from the minister's. Their habits depend upon the traits of their masters. The African chimpanzee is educated to wait on a table, lay on his side, dress, undress, etc., as regularly as mankind. Travelers say they live together, cohabit, and produce results accordingly nearly resembling man. No animal but may be taught more or less. I have been sometimes ashamed to boast of the progress of the age, when I find four of the finest buildings in this State erected for mortals of deranged minds, and see how many thousands there are around us who ought to be in them, but are not.

Dr. WELLINGTON.—That animals reason, I do not see how any one can possibly deny. Reason seems to me to be the comparing of one principle with another. Unfold a dog as you may, it will never be a horse or a man. It can never be anything more than an unfolded dog. I have a high idea of man's ability to develop dogs and other animals, but I do not believe animals can ever have a consciousness of their own present identity. I have not an ounce of matter in my whole body that I had at my twenty-first birthday; nor a single idea, which is the same and unchanged—except one, and that is, that I am Oliver H. Wellington. I do feel consciously aware of my own identity. This faculty I do not think animals possess, more than that of reasoning with ideas. Man reasons on all the laws that relate to his own existence. It is impossible at ways to make ourselves clearly comprehended, because words with a vital distinction are often used synonymously. Thus we sometimes talk to no purpose.

The same subject will be discussed next week.

### IMPROMPTU.

As on my couch one still night I lay,  
I dreamed an angel hovered near to say;  
And as he prayed my spirit seemed to soar  
To scenes of beauty on the other shore.  
Music I heard enchantingly divine;  
Landscapes I saw exquisitely sublime;  
Flowers I beheld of varied colors rare;  
Naught on the earth with such could e'er compare;  
And silver lakes spread out before my view,  
And distant mountains peeped from haze blue.  
While yet I gazed, approached an angel throng,  
Gleaming rich robes to the feet of song.  
They passed came, when one reached to speak,  
And bade me welcome from the realms of sleep.  
She said my mission, which had just begun,  
Was to earth's people a most holy one;  
That she had known me while she dwelt on earth,  
But saw me closer since her second birth;  
I knew that voice, and grasped the proffered hand;  
She, smiling, said, "This is the Spirit Land;  
That you behold is not an idle dream,  
But to your vision just what it do seem.  
Here recluse others wait the balmy air,  
From countless flowers that blossom everywhere;  
Here the friend spirit wings its airy flight  
To golden realms of ever-living light.  
Where sweetest music from angelic lyres  
Enrapt the soul, and holy thought inspires.  
But, my dear friend, these scenes are not for you;  
Return to earth, where you have much to do—  
Teach mortals always to be ruled by Love,  
The only gateway to the Heaven above.  
I leave dear Fanny that I ever near  
To soothe her anguish and to dry her tear;  
But that I love her more than tongue can tell—  
But that her calm, for all will yet be well."  
My dream was over—each scene had passed from view—  
Yet still I feel that all I dreamed was true. I. O.

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### MORALS AND LEGISLATION.

We are not near as intelligent and enlightened, in this country, as we think for. Numerous and ridiculous are the errors we put on, on the assumption that we actually surpass the rest of creation in the attainments that go to supply wisdom; while the only admitted and incontrovertible fact is, that we possess larger freedom for the exercise of conscience than any other people on earth, by the help of which it is fair to infer that we are in the way of advancement more rapidly than they. Yet it is not on that account to be believed that we have at the present time become all that we are to become; we have not sounded all the depths of wisdom, nor drunk dry all the wells of knowledge. Because it is conceded that we have the opportunities, it does not therefore follow that we have made the most of them. Besides, if we were as wise as we think, we should be the very last to boast of it; it will be readily conceded that works, and not words, are the clear proof of superiority, whether of attainment or of character.

What immediately leads to these reflections is the continual disposition evinced by many people to help along the cause of morals by legislation. We give them all credit for being sincere to the fullest extent, but their sincerity, we contend, is both misplaced and the fruit of narrow-mindedness. Unquestionably they are in the way they think most likely to result in the establishment and spread of good principles, but they unfortunately fail to take large, charitable and sympathetic views of other people, and hence imagining that their method is the only right one, and their peculiar notions, preferences, and prejudices, even, on religious matters, are the very ones that can bring salvation to a people. There is a great deal of this business of judging for others, and much too little willingness to let others judge for themselves; it is pure meanness, a sign and betrayal of an arbitrary spirit; and merely because it is that, and nothing more, it works mischief everywhere, rather than outright good.

No man is going to be made a better man by crowding religion down his throat. It is not the natural law of a person to be made better, it is just because he does it himself, and in no sense because he has it done for him. One is not moral, or religious, against his will. There is no martyrdom about it. What he is, he becomes; he is not made so. The Scripture injunction, therefore,—"Work out your own salvation"—has a word of meaning and appropriateness. Whoever is good and pure by the sheer force and aid of circumstances, is not so radically, and from deliberate choice and conviction, but just because he could not well help it, and for no other earthly reason. None know what a virtue lies in the successful resistance of temptation, but those who have been tempted; and are morally weak to the extent that their powers have not been challenged, or called forth. Hence an untamed man cannot justly condemn, from his own standpoint alone, the one who has been set openly in the way of temptation, and who has at last proved too weak to withstand its power.

In the course of our legislation, both State and National, it is a very common affair for those who aspire to occupy the place of leaders and chiefs, to lay down certain maxims with all the form and solemnity of high priests, according to which it is enjoined that all other men must needs go. If they are to be saved to themselves. It is no new business, this of mixing up morals with legislation; the world has been at it since governments began to tolerate the legislative element at all. But we must not fail to look at the wretchedness that has resulted. It always will result, everywhere and in all time. Interference of any sort to compel men to improve their motives, is worse than idle. It is practically enough to compel one kind of persons to respect the common rights, by affixing penalties to their flagrant neglect of them; but further than this on the road to reform we cannot go by the power of laws; the rest must be the work of precept, and example. Besides, we should not be so extremely active in this business of trying to force others to be good, were we not so much disposed to set ourselves up as judges over others continually. There is where the shoe pinches. We establish a standard, and then insist that it shall be accepted as the only true one; forgetting that others have quite as good a right to do so as we have, and that we are just as much open to their criticism and judgments as they are to ours. Hence follows legislation; or the legalized force that is expected to convert bad men into good ones, even against their own wish and will.

There are some reformers and progressions, who are in the habit of measuring the morals of a community by the amount of law-making necessary to keep it in trim; overlooking the only fact that underlies, viz., that no community can arrogate to itself the title of moral, or religious, unless the controlling motives, purposes, and sentiments are all of that sort. The sublimity must be right, or the surface soil is scratched by the ploughs and harrows of legal enactments to no possible advantage. We never saw a man who was reformed by the operation of a stringent law simply, and stayed reformed long enough to make his example worth talking about. That is not the way the rules works at all.

We may observe the operation of these mistaken ideas relative to the moral improvement of men, whenever we see legislators busy over restraining enactments, that are calculated to make better the appetites, tastes, and moral opinions of people generally. All summary laws are founded on notions like these. They assume that the makers of them understand better than the people at large what is likely to promote individual morality. And the case takes on a still more complicated form, when it is made so apparent—as it frequently is—that the would-be makers of morals are not less human, and liable to temptation and error, than are the very ones for whom they legislate. Illustrations in abundance occur in the laws that are already written upon our statute-books. The cause of temperance, as a reform appealing to the reason and better feelings of men, has never been advanced by either compelling men to abstain from abusing themselves, or depriving them of their free choice to do well or ill, as they saw proper. And the illustration might be pushed still further, and in other directions.

It is a sorry testimony for the character of a community, that it is compelled to rely on its laws alone for its morals. It should be exactly the other way; the laws should no more than represent the moral tone and character of the people who sustain and obey them. Unless the true spirit is resident among a people, of what avail are their forms, their laws, and their empty proclamations? One must answer to and represent the other, or it has neither meaning nor force. Without a good nation, the statutes cannot be good. Legislation alone never made a people pure, and never will. Congress may try to legislate one particular set of morals up, and another set down, but to no practical purpose; men are made do better there by, even if it is certain that they are not made worse. The practice savors of hypocrisy, and men are thus instructed and contented in knavery. We can thus see where the attempt to legislate a commu-

nity into a moral condition is absolutely worse for them than to have left them alone.

Middleton judgments make a world of mischief. First and last. None of the hindrance that is brought to work upon human affairs is ascribable to this than to any other cause. We have no business passing judgment on other men's motives; these rest with themselves, and not with us. Besides, as much as we take from a man's individual strength and resources, hoping in this way to add him to the herd, by so much do we really incapacitate him for self-reliance and healthy exertion. We actually hinder, when we think, perhaps, that we are lending a helping hand. Fewer mistakes are more common than to suppose that law makes men moral or religious; the law takes them as it finds them; if that is worse than works, it is only because their own spirit has been infused into it, and it can offer no syllable on a higher key than do they. Much must be trusted to example—to the workings of natural laws. Each of us must work out his own renovation, or it will remain unaccomplished forever.

### The Cattle Disease in England.

The agriculturalists of England are suffering from similar diseases to those that infect the herds of Massachusetts. The *Veterinarian*, a British journal devoted to Veterinary science, enters into the subject of legislation for the purpose of limiting the spread of contagious diseases among cattle. The writer speaks of pleuro-pneumonia as the present pest of English herds, and says that no correct opinion can be given even of the number of animals which are the subjects of that malady at any one time, nor of its location. He recommends that steps be taken to register these losses, with a view of their being made public, so that the governmental machinery may be set at work to carry into practice such sanitary measures as are necessary to preserve the health of these animals which furnish food and clothing to the people. That the spread of this disease is due to its infectious nature, few will be found to dispute, and this without lessening any opinion they may entertain of the influence of secondary causes in its production. We infer that the cattle malady exists in England to a considerable extent, as the article before us says, "we are continually hearing of its ruinous consequences to individuals." On all sides, the British editor says, the question is asked, "What can be done to cure the disease?" He adds, "And gloriously are we looked upon when we reply, that, as a general rule, it is incurable, but that it can frequently be prevented, and would be so, were sanitary measures adopted by the legislature to limit the contagion." So it appears that our friends over the water are suffering as badly as we are from this great misfortune, and that they know just as little about the best method of checking it as we do.

### Restlessness.

Says the Watchman and Reflector.—"There is a restlessness and fretfulness, in these days, which stand like two granite walls against goodness. Contentment is almost necessary to goodness, and goodness is absolutely necessary to contentment. A very restless man will never be a very good man, and a very good man will never be a very restless man. 'Be still, and know that I am God.' Let us, restless, speculative, progress-ive Anglo-Saxon Christians, study the meaning of that beautiful sentence, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' Yes, that is all very well, we suppose; it is the old way of talking, however, with which we were familiar when we first began going to Sunday school. It is holding 'boon' in the dark, and trying to lighten us up into being 'good,' without permitting us to see our wits and reason at all. Now would the Watchman be so good enough to tell us what it means, when it says, 'I am God?' Does it mean itself, the Watchman, or does it mean the minister? There is where men's consciences have been pinched long enough; and now that light has penetrated the gloom of old superstitions, those poor-poor priests are not likely to keep their people 'still' any longer. It is a poor religion that will not permit every one of its believers to ask why they are as religious as they are, and to look about and see what likelihood there is of its being a permanent affair.

### Our New Neighbors.

The fellows from the other side of the earth, who have lately come among us, and are at present delighting and astonishing everybody—black and white—in Washington, are indeed objects worthy of our special study. We shall have them in Boston, by-and-by, and then we shall be able to speak, as Shakespeare says, "by the candle." Their habits are quite peculiar. They are extremely reticent in relation to their own affairs, but where there is anything to be discovered, their eyes and ears are wide open. Visitors say they do not think them remarkably intelligent—they are merely imitative and cunning. Why we are to look for examples of marked intellectual development in the Mongolian race, or any of its island branches, we cannot imagine; they certainly display in the past no pre-eminence of that sort, nor are their present achievements to be especially remarked in that line, either. Some argue, from their striking resemblance to the former inhabitants of this continent, that the Indian and Mongolian races were related. It is a not uninteresting topic for speculation. Perhaps it might aid in deciding if Adam was, as is asserted, the father of us all.

### Strawberries.

This delicious fruit ought to be in every garden in the land. Perhaps if housekeepers, and landholders, and tenants, once understood how easily they could obtain an abundant supply of it from their own grounds, there would be no need of importing them to us. Mr. R. G. Pardee is acknowledged to be the highest authority on this fruit in the country; and he remarked, at the late Agricultural Convention at Yale College, that any one who had the land could cultivate the fruit, and recommended the following manner:—

"Select a warm, moist, but exposed situation; for early berries let it slope to the east or south; for late ones, to the north. The soil should be a fine gravelled loam. Avoid high barren soils, and those which are wet. To prepare the soil, make it clean; underdrain, leaving the drains open at both ends, to allow the circulation of air. Plow twice at least two feet in depth, making ten per cent. of the soil as fine as superfine flour. For manure, apply thirty bushels of well-sifted ashes, and twelve bushels of fine-sifted wood-ashes, holding three bushels of salt in solution to the acre. Transplanting should be done with great care, and the roots of the plants injured as little as possible. The best time to transplant is in the spring; though, with care, it may be done any time during the summer. The lecturer said he would, in starting a new bed, place the plants three feet apart. Water may be added with great advantage, in large quantities, except during the flowering and ripening periods, provided always, it does not stand and become stagnant on the soil. The hoe should never be used about the plants, as it injures the roots. The productivity of the strawberry about New York does not average more than forty bushels to the acre. There is no difficulty in raising one hundred and fifty bushels, under the cultivation recommended. In winter the plants should be lightly covered.

### Gravestone Gifts.

How many there are, who leave bequests in their wills to this and that public church, street, sect, and institution, simply that their names may be kept alive after they have themselves passed away! This is not a mere suspicion—it is a fact, and one which they place in our possession themselves. It shows the earnest faith for posthumous fame, and the anxiety lest certain names may be forgotten. If it affords such persons the delight they pretend to, to give to the poor and needy, there are abundant opportunities for them to do so while above ground; but their stinginess, through life, compels the suspicion hinted above, that it is not for the sake of doing good, but for the sake of being known and remembered, that many dispose of their property in the senseless way they do. After all, men will have immortality in some way, if they can get it; living unknown is had enough, but to die and be forgotten is more than they can stand. And so they shell out their close-knit dollars to purchase a name that really does not belong to them, but which they have lived just long enough to see the value of.

### The Palace of Excommunication.

The Pope recently excommunicated a nation of brave Italians. In Latin, and gutta serena, "conveniently," in good Italian, for his pains. The Olive Branch, of this city, tells of an excommunication that was made, not long since, in Boston, wherein the bitter authority of the priest and ecclesiastical trident was vainly to make its puny power felt. The case occurred in a Congregational church, on a Sunday. (Good business, and charitable, for the Lord's day!) It was done after this wise: first, the church, assembled in secret convocation, deputed certain "erring" members in due form and provided therefore; next, the names of the offenders were called out before the congregation, and the cause for the act of excommunication duly given. All in public, mind! The reasons were as follows: The first person was charged with non-attendance upon divine service, and disbelief in the atonement; another, in abetting himself from meeting and the communion, and believing in spiritualism; and the third with unkind treatment of his wife. Upon which we were glad to see the Olive Branch was indignant, as it ought; and as all honest people, of sense and discernment, will, until these relics of a superstitious ecclesiasticalism are laughed out of the world with scorn.

### LITERATURE.

LEAVES OF GRASS. BY WALT WHITMAN. BOSTON: THAYER AND ELDRIDGE.

The people who have not yet heard of Walt Whitman are few indeed. This last enlarged collection of his Poems makes a stout volume, to which the bold and tasteful publishers have given a dress altogether striking, unique and original. All sorts of things—hard and soft—have been said by the literary critics about this same Walt Whitman and his writings. One paper, in commenting upon another's indiscriminate praise of him, remarks that it is "into this gentle garden of the Muses that that unclean cub of the wilderness, Walt Whitman, has been suffered to loom, trampling with his vulgar and profane boots among the delicate flowers which bloom there." &c.

Nobody who has read Whitman's poems, can question his originality. He betrays high culture, even when he seems almost awfully to ignore it. We think that few writers of our day, if any, whether in prose or verse, have so seized hold of the spirit of things—no matter what, where found, or intertwined with whatever associations—as this one before us. And the best proof of it is just that free habit of expression which all the literary pools are happy to style "barbaric." It is time their nobility was supplanted by strength of some sort, even if it be barbaric. We have had soft lute-blowing long enough; now let us hear the jarring screech of a fife. Our poet they call noisy, because he seems to be noisy; he has the right of it, beyond a question, calling a spade a spade, and a meat-axe a meat-axe; and in exercising his eloquent strength and motions, he doubtless takes a secret delight in the mere act of exercising them, and holding all napper-landy forms and by-laws in scorn; he proudly refuses to so much as assuage the prejudices of critics by respecting the commonly received statutes of the great literary Republic.

This man's verse—wild, rapid, oceanic, walling, grand, humble, innocent, defiant, irregular, defective, overfull, and altogether indefinable as it is—forms, after all, the truest illustration, if not representative, of the real American Age that is, and is to be. He has searched all truth, all knowledge, all science. Even when his expression torments you, the great, uncharged soul that throbs and plays underneath, looks forth serious and awful, refusing to be satisfied with itself, unsettling all things, breaking up the heavens into new and sometimes terrific forms, and pointing down to abyssal depths in human experience, to which even the most powerful sight of spirit has never penetrated. Above all other singers of songs—old or rhyming—Whitman binds to you of your capacity; if you have not yet awakened to the possession of any, you cannot understand him, of course. Neither can you understand him wholly, at best; for his own writings prove that he does not, and never will entirely, understand himself. And this is the mystery that gives life to his deep meaning.

The whole body of these Poems—spiritually considered—is alive with power, throbbing and beating between the lines. There is more here than mere oddity, and barbaric indifference to elegant forms of speech; there is a living soul—no matter whether its owner drove an omnibus once, or stands on State street and chaffs greedily every day for gold—and that soul insists on giving itself to its fellows, even if it has to ram the most sacred rules of speech to achieve its larger liberty. Carlyle did so, and triumphed; Whitman's way is as much his own, too. It is no way at all, to make up even literary judgment by examining the colors, and not the warp and woof. It is the texture of the stuff that tells, because it is that which is going to endure.

Thus much of the Poet Whitman; we leave our readers to examine his wonderful productions—to his ear, so fine, so entirely out of and beyond all rule—and know for themselves, as they would know a familiar friend, the spirit that lives in them. The *discreta* members of the man's speech we throw to the hungry critics, who are ever delighted to snap up such meaty morsels; of the soul that burns through—may, burn up all the more words, consuming the verbiage as fire flicks up dried grass, we are but too eager to speak as it deserves; and with that soul all other growing souls will hasten to make themselves acquainted. Whitman comes to us—perhaps not a discoverer, but certainly a grand interpreter. One-sided and all-sided—intense and indifferent—lazy and lashed into fury—spouting words and pouring out streams of rubies and diamonds—he is nothing more than the very child of nature, to whom accidentally has been given the name, WALT WHITMAN.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The June number of this admirable monthly is filled, as usual, with excellent articles, which we cannot allude to in detail today, but from some of which we may make extracts here, after. The contents are varied and interesting, and the tastes and culture of all readers will be gratified by the reading.

Published by Ticknor & Fields.

GRAND CHORAL BOOK. By R. F. Baker and J. W. Tull. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

We have here a handy and handsome collection of tunes and hymns for congregational singing, adapted likewise to Chorus and Social Worship. The selection comprises some of the bravest old airs that ever conquered human souls, and that will live as long as human hearts beat responsive to them. We observe that the authors kindly allow forty-five seconds for singing Old Hundred; we tried the thing, and found it could not be done, and we are no more "slow" than "fast."

On each page is the melody for the voice; at the top of the page, while at the bottom is the organ accompaniment; an excellent arrangement every way. The tunes are well adapted to congregational use, and among them are several choral and hymn tunes never before published in this country. The volume is very elegant in its external.

HOMES AND COLLEGE. By Rev. F. D. Huntington. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A private letter received in Boston, dated May 8th, confirms the news of Mr. Theodore Parker's illness. He had reached a condition of extreme prostration before leaving Boston, but his desire to go to Florence induced him to undertake the journey, even in opposition to the judgment of friends. An easy travelling carriage was obtained, and a coach prepared, so that he might remain most of the time in a reclining position. A chair also was provided, so that he could be conveniently removed into the village inn which was made the stopping place on the way. But this mode was found at length too fatiguing, and when the towns of Fiesignano was reached it was thought best not to pursue any further the road by Arezzo, but crossing to Anagnina, complete the journey by rail from St. Giovanni. Mr. Parker was accompanied by his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Appleton of Boston, and Prof. Sale of Zurich. His voice is nearly gone, from excessive weakness of the organ, and the patient is prostrated upon a bed from which it is to be feared he may never rise again.

IMMORTALITY.—We shall publish in our next a reply to Mr. Loveland's criticism on Prof. Spence's article on Non-Immortality, from the pen of Mr. B.

A report of a lecture by RALPH WALDO EMERSON, recently delivered at the Music Hall, Boston, will be found upon the seventh page of this issue.

The Assistant Postmaster General, Mr. King, reports that the books of the New York Post Office show a deficiency of \$170,000.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American says that in Belgium the cattle are inoculated with virus taken from the bodies of animals that have died of pleuro-pneumonia, and out of 600 so inoculated, during the prevalence of the disease in that country, not one of them died.

Men pursue riches under the idea that their possessions will set them at ease, and above the world. But the law of association often makes those who begin by loving gold as a servant, finish by becoming themselves its slaves; and independence without wealth is at least as common as wealth without independence.



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