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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.
CHAPTER XX.

MANASSEH'S LETTER.
"Wherefore so sad and faint, my heart?
The stranger's land is fair;
Yet weary, weary still thou art—
What need'st thou want here?"
What wanting art, oh all I love!
Am I not loath to leave—
—LISA.

Several weeks have elapsed since Cosella left the
luxurious home of Donna Teresa do Almira, and
sought refuge in the humble but happier one of
Clara Maldonado. The ever kind and jocular hus-
band of her friend received her as cordially as did
Clara herself, and their two lovely children were glad
to have the stranger come. It was indeed a fitting
residence for Cosella's wounded spirit; and
whenever their humble means afforded was placed at
her disposal with frankness and good will. The
good old Panthea called often to see her; she heard
from her that her god father had returned, that the
Senora had held a long and private conversation
with him, and that the Senor had never mentioned
Cosella's name. "She has told him something,"
said the faithful negro indignantly, "or he would
not so neglect his Godchild." The young girl sighed
wearily and accepted her fate.

Her manner, patience and abstraction, proved
to Clara that some great grief weighed upon her
mind; but with true and intuitive delicacy she fore-
bore from questioning her. And Cosella was silent,
not from fear, but for shame of the unworthy
woman once deemed her maternal guide. It was with
her a season of unrest that preceded the coming
storm; strange dreams haunted her pillow, and a
wild desire to wander far from the scenes of her
discipline took possession of her every wish. Only
while in the presence of Clara, or while pressing the
children to her adoring heart, and replying to their
innocent prattle, did she feel the soothing calm of
that happy home; and for the hour she forgot the
sorrow and the foreboding that haunted her.

One afternoon, Clara's husband returned from the
post office with a letter and a package directed to the
Senorita Cosella Maria de Almira. "There, young
lady," said he smilingly, "is news for you, and I
doubt not a handsome present; come, please gratify
our expectant curiosity; see, the children are star-
ing at you, open-mouthed, hoping for a good supply
of candies. Clara, by her looks, thinks a fortune has
fallen to your share, and we are all ready to wish
you joy of your good luck, Senorita."

But a nameless dread possessed Cosella; a sudden
faintness overcame her; a chilling tremor shook her
frame.

"Cosella Maria!" (she was thus called often
since her admission to the church.) "What is the
matter, my friend?" and the sympathizing Clara
hastened to take the package from her hand.

"Open it, pray open it," said Cosella faintly; and
her trembling fingers proceeded to unseal the letter
she held in her hand. She was so long about it that
Clara had untied the parcel and cast aside the
wrappings, ere she had pursued the first lines. She
recognized an ivory casket that had belonged to
Manasseh, a few trinkets lay therein and an open
letter which she saw was in his handwriting. Her
heart gave a loud throbbing; then by a sudden
and powerful exertion of the will she gave her atten-
tion to the message she held in her hand. Her
friends looked on in silent wonder.

"This letter is from the island of Tullio—I have
no correspondent there," she murmured. "And
this casket, with a message from my father, what
can it mean? Lord! give me strength!" she ex-
claimed. And hastily she read the letter.

She read it through, with a blanching cheek and
with eyes dilating. Not a sound escaped her lips;
when she had perused it all, and read the signature,
she snatched up the casket and hurriedly left the
room.

"Some great calamity has occurred to our poor
friend!" said Clara, and she burst into piteous
tears, in which her tender-hearted children joined.
Cosella entered her chamber, bolted fast the door,
and sat down, pale and stern and tearless, to the
perusal of Manasseh's last confession.

She read it once, and the crimson of a sudden joy,
the pallor of a soul-deep grief alternated on her
changing face. Low exclamations burst from her
lips. "I thank thee, oh my God!—oh mother,
Shine! Father! Where, oh where!"—and then
with another effort to be calm and still, she read the
letter again; and drank in its overwhelming revela-
tions of life and blessedness; its testimony of peni-
tence and wrong.

She perceived it for the third time, and not until
then did she realize that Manasseh, her cruel
guardian, her calumniator, her ruthless foe was
dead!—With a prompting of exultant joy she clasped
her hands, thankful that she was liberated from
his grasp; free and glad and proud, that she was
not his child. Then came the human pity; the
mid-wife womanly angel of compassion knocked at
her heart, and the wronged girl's tears fell on the
letter luted by a dying hand. "God forgive thee
as I forgive!" she murmured, and then she thought
of him in his sunny noons, and in view of his tardy
but evil-wrought penitence, of the appeals to her
woman's heart for charity, she wept the heart-floods
of divinest pity over his death.

Then came the thought that indeed he had spoken
truly, that the loving Shins bore to her no tie of
motherhood; that in a far land she rested who had
given her birth. And then amid the isolation, and
the sorrow and thankfulness, there broke a gleam

of divinest light and hope. Her father, her loving
true, much wronged and seeking father, he lived per-
haps; and she would meet him on the earth. For
Manasseh had written thus: "often have I been
decoiled with tidings of his death; as if it were a
punishment for my sin, his haunting and living
image over pursued me. Only two years ago I
heard from him, he was then in England. Oh, for
give, forgive Cosella! I will make restitution as
our law demands. May you meet and be happy, for
in this my dying hour will I confess, that he who
has the right to call you daughter is one of earth's
noblest men. The veil of prejudice is withdrawn,
I stand upon the portals of another life. I feel—I
know my immortality now; and I tell thee, thy fa-
ther is a brave and most heroic soul. His name, oh
wronged and persecuted child!—his name is Per—"
thus far the falling hand had written when the sum-
moning angel called. A bitter cloud of disappoint-
ment lowered over her expectant hopes; and she
wept for the unfinished revelation; she cried aloud
that Heaven was unjust thus to defraud her of a
daughter's rights. But even amid the storm of
frustrated hope, there arose to her mind's vision the
welcoming form of him! it was her will to seek
throughout the universe! Tall, and majestic with
the power of innate nobleness; lofty-browed and
eloquent of speech; with face untouched by the de-
caying hand of time; unmarked save by the beau-
tiful lines of thought; with eyes of heaven's serene-
st, holiest blue, her father stood before her, opening
wide his arms, smiling with deep tenderness; calling
her by name to come and cheer his life! And as be-
fore some beaming reality, she bent her knee and
reverently bowed her head, invoking that most sac-
red boon, a father's holy benediction.

She had learnt her mother's name; she knew the
history of her proud grandmother, the sorrows of
her father's lot; and from that hour a wild but fixed
resolve dwelt in her breast; she would seek her
father; she would travel from place to place, guided
solely by the intuitions of a daughter's heart, and
if he dwelt on earth she yet would find him. Poor
Cosella! she thought not of her dependent condition;
she forgot that she was bereft of fortune; she knew
not that the grandest aspirations of the human soul,
the loftiest impulses of truth and goodness, are often
fettered in their expression by the iron hand of stern
necessity; by the galling bands of penury. The
dreamer knew not this; the denizen of fairyland
deemed not the earthly pilgrimage so paved with
difficulties; she, who worshipped heart-wealth could
not deem the world's obedience was most deeply re-
ndered unto gold!

Therefore she dreamed amid her sorrow, of home
and blissful reunion, of happiness and joy; and yet
there was a gleam of prophecy, spiritual and true,
in all the varied imagery of her love-yearning soul.
Cosella bathed her face, and arranged her hair;
then calmly walked into the sitting room and told
her friends of the announcement of her father's
death. But when alone with Clara she told her all,
and received that true friend's condolence and sym-
pathy. "I shall have to unlearn to call him father,"
she said, with a tearful smile; and from all the
world beside she guarded her secret.

For some months afterwards new and strange feel-
ings struggled in Cosella's breast. Gradually awak-
en, led to the bitter sense of dependence, she began for
the first time to think of the daily effort necessary for
material sustenance. She had ever been surrounded
with plenty, often with luxury; she had never
assumed her hands to toil, nor her brain to labor.
Her humble friends lavished upon her every kind at-
tention, and in return she compelled them to the ac-
ceptance of various gifts; such as dresses for Clara,
pictures for the adornment of the sitting room, play
things for the children. Cosella thought not, cared
not for the diminution of her resources; she knew
naught of the value of money; none but Manasseh
had ever ventured to her his mighty influence upon
the world. She dispensed gifts with a generous
hand, until she had no more to give; and with fold-
ed arms and eyes that sought help from above, she
queried of herself: "what next? what shall I do?"

She heard of Salvador del Monte occasionally;
she caught a glimpse of him sitting by a woman's
side upon the balcony of a house. But resolutely
she turned away her head, and when once he sent
her a message she declined receiving it. There was
no wavering in her soul when conscience pronounced
her fat. Hoping, waiting, praying for destiny for a
change to come, the months passed on; and many
changes passed over the interior life of the awaiting
one. Religious scruples arose; conflicts of reason
with traditional teachings. Which was the path
to heaven? Was it the faith professed by her
mother's people, to the last upheld even by the
scattered, persecuted tribes of Israel? Was it the Chris-
tian faith, with all its pomp of church and form? Was
it right for man to make unto himself embodi-
ments of things unseen, and worship them in lieu
of the divine realities? Was Jesus of Nazareth in-
deed the very God? And was that his God a spirit,
infinite and all-pervading; or was he some grand,
incomprehensible personality, dwelling afar in space,
where time is not? And heaven?—was it a place of
ever-enduring day, where Jehovah sat enthroned in
kingly pomp, where a blaze of glory veiled the Fa-
ther's countenance, and the occupation of the angels
was to sing and glorify him alone? And that mys-
tery of the Godhead—the Christian, the Catholic
Trinity—could the human intellect accept it, and
the human heart approve? The never-varying mo-
nology of heaven, the earthly glitter of its golden
streets, the imperial pomp presiding there as in the
court of some worldly despot—was it a sufficient
compensation for the trials and discipline of life?
What was to become of the holy ambition, the ever
upward tending aspiration, the love that demands
fruition and continuance of eternity? What is life
devoid of action, incentive, progression? What is
the hereafter, if divested of the noble affections that
embellish earth? What of the untold capacities,
here but half unfolded; the yearnings half untold;
the spirit-links of soul that would stretch from world
to world up to the infinite conception? What of the

slumbering emotions no wand of earth could reach;
the vague forebodings of angelo process, spiritual
dominion, holy conquests? The thousand guaran-
tees of immortality, how should they be realized?
In selfish rest within a glittering, sensuous heaven;
in prayer before Jehovah's majesty; in withdrawal
from all human and angelo sympathy? "No, oh,
my soul!" responded, silver, clear, the promising
voices of intuition within that seeker's breast. "Be-
lieve not creeds and rituals, they are the work of
man. From a low standpoint of moral fear and
grossness he has hitherto beheld his God; he went
outside of his own soul to grasp the infinite, and
found only shadows—looming horrors, myths, of
man's formulation. He has cast aside the ever-renewed
and holy volume of nature, to grope amid musty
books made sacred by the impress of antiquity.
The soul ever gives a truthful response; direct it
of fear; fill it with human and divine love; cast aside
the trammels of creed and the teachings of priest-
craft; question not thy educational prejudices, thy
passions—they are of the earth; but inquire of thy
freed soul, and the truth will respond.

God is no malignant tyrant, sending wars and
pestilence upon his mock-loved earth. He is not
jealous of thy human tributes rendered unto the
beautiful in art or nature. *La is a spirit*, present in
each form of life, speaking in a thousand voices, all
of love. When creeds and dogmatic dogmas cease to
satisfy the hungering soul, from nature's fountains
flow forever the myriads of living truths. The
bloom upon her sacerdotal vestment is as pure
and fair, to day, as ever; there is within her wild
aroma all that earth life can bestow upon the stu-
dent's soul. Her crystals teach the fashionings of
divinity; her piled rocks tell of the successive eons
of unfoldment; her vegetable realm teems with the
life-spirit, her floral treasures with the Godlike at-
tribute of beauty, her mines' wealth with the cor-
respondences of soul. Not a flower blooms, nor a
brooklet murmurs, nor a tall tree waves in the pas-
sing wind, but sends a link within the human soul.
From the atom up to God, the interminable chain
ascends. And there are chords within the human
breast responding to the wild bird's note, to the
angel's cry; to the Eolian breathings of the sum-
mer breeze, as well as to the reading of the thunder-
cloud and the passing of the storm. There are souls
on earth to whom the voices of the sea are the
teachers of a mystic lore. Beside the wave-washed
beach they learn what life shall be; how death can
be overcome, and heaven be gained. In that hal-
lowed spot of voiceless prayer they compose sub-
limest poems, never to be recited until the material
veil shall be withdrawn, until the lord and parted
shall meet in the Elysian star-world. Vows of
sublimest self-abnegation, promises of soul-advance-
ment, efforts for a world's redemption, have
been outspoken and outwrought in presence of his
recording witness—the guarding, faithful sea! Some
restless hearts have sung their hymns of devotion
beneath the silver stars of night, and to the lily
ear have breathed what man can never know. The
wild-wood solitudes have trained young souls for
the battle of this life; and the mountain's mist-en-
clored grandeur has inspired the epic poems, the heroic
actions of the ago. Calm, peace, and sweet endeavor
have been borrowed from the river's onward flow;
and the songs of joy that have blessed the laborer
have arisen from the wafted inspirations of the sun-
light and the dancing leaves. Thus everything
that bears the semblance of the beautiful appeals to
human knowledge—instructs, and charms, and
soothes—for it is ever God that speaks therein.

But heaven? where I shall meet my mother. Shall
there wander listless, hand in hand, surrounded
by a blaze of glory, feeling naught save self-satisfac-
tion? No employment, no incentive to effort, no
good to be achieved? And that other place—the
terrible to think of! There those I have loved
will dwell in perpetual torment, and I may not lend
the helping hand!

I am a human creature, full of faults, inharmonies,
and conflict; my eyes are darkened to the heavenly
light; suffering and disenchantment have made me
bitter, or rebellious. I repine when I should sub-
mit; I know not yet the wherefore of life and trial
—the necessity of being of endurance and sorrow.
But this I know, all faultily as I am—within my soul
there gushes forth a fountain of forgiveness, that, by
its sweetness, I know is divine. I have been cruelly
wronged, deprived of my rights, despoiled of love,
and disenchanting with the promises of friendship.
My soul is full of skepticism, bitterness, and suspi-
cion of humanity. Forgive me, God, that I have
dared to arraign Thee! It is not thou who inflamest
suffering, but thy human children upon each other.
Earth and sky are as beautiful, as true, as in my
childhood's days. These aspects change never! Yet,
I, striving to imitate Thee, learn to forgive. And
from my soul I do forgive Manasseh, cruelly as he
has sinned against me. Yet the priest tells me that
he is in hell; that the gentle, loving, timid Shina,
she whom I shall ever love, burns in perpetual tor-
ment, not for the sins of life, but for the difference
in belief! Oh, can this be, and art thou just? An-
swer me, oh voice of God! oh sacred intuition!
Tell me, is there an eternal hell?

The soft breeze that invariably preceded an im-
pression fanned her brow; calm descended on the
anxious heart; a sweet atmosphere of peace, through
which the commissioned angels communicated, en-
folded her thought. Framed into words, thus was
the response:

"There is no arbitrary decree nor place of punish-
ment; but natural, beautiful, and inevitable con-
sequence, that is the spirit's compensation for its
every act. The heroic, self-denying soul, yielding
obedience to the moral and physical laws that are
immutable, is a spiritual conqueror; and in the
hereafter, the soul-victories achieved, and the illu-
mination of truth and knowledge obtained, shall form
for itself external surroundings of the utmost
beauty. The purely loving shall dwell in Eden
bowers, such as their young imaginations pictured;
all that the mother's heart desired and dreamed of
for her noble boy or lovely girl, shall there be re-

alized. Not an aspiration shall be lost, nor one hope
remain unsatisfied; the material barriers removed,
the soul is free to act, to live, and to achieve. There-
fore the poet's eye shall be gladdened by the beau-
ties of the celestial worlds; the artist's soul drink
in the varying panoramas of the fitless realms;
the minstrel there shall hear the music-voices of the
stars, the floral concerts of the blessed earth. And
there will be labor for all; labor of love, and aid,
and sympathy; works of truth and goodness; com-
munication of Heaven with the worlds beneath.

The faint reflections of celestial heavens of
beauty and of peace may dwell within the human
spirit, while it dwells amid the disorders of the earth-
life. Angelo discipline, self-reform, will and truth,
may bring these bright reflections; and you may
dwell in joy, though surrounded by external inhar-
mony. And thus with the opposite picture; viola-
tion of natural and divine law, inevitably entails
remorse and untold suffering. Hell, with its demon
shapes and lurid fires, dwells in the guilty breast;
and it burns on, when the shores of eternity are
gained, but not forever. Thou, fallible and human
creature, cease to grieve; and think that the in-
finite possesses not that holy attribute in an infinite
degree? Human hatred would not consign its bitter
tee to a life-long torture, and yet it tells thee
of a God implacable and unrelenting; the chimera
of tyrant's brain; the offspring of ecclesiastical
fear and love of power, is this avenging and unfor-
giving Deity! The true God is a loving father and
a beautiful mother unto all souls.

All sins must be self-expelled; no church, no
priest, if gifted with the power of forgiveness.
The soul must, from its gained summit of spiritual
insight, learn to forgive itself, ere happiness can be
obtained. And this can alone be done by substitut-
ing deeds of love for deeds of hatred; by loving
truth and abhorring falsehood; by living purely in
place of living vilely. On self depends the gaining
of salvation, or the soul's immunity from evil. Pure
and lofty aspirations will attract kindred influences
that will strengthen the first feeble effort in the
right. But the first effort must be made by the
human will; it is the voice of God asserting its
supremacy; it is the God within dictating through
the reason, the affection and the intellect; and all
that conflicts with it is of the grosser nature, and
must be overcome in order that the Divine may
reign supreme. That voice hearkeneth unto obeyed,
the angels of inspiration hasten to the soul, to as-
sist with their encouragement; to strengthen with
their power; to elevate, refine and purify; therefore
no vicarious atonement can suffice; no priestly ab-
solution benefit; no obtrusive ceremony sanctify.
On itself depends thy present and thy future des-
tiny; knowing the beautiful compensations of good,
the direful and inevitable consequences of evil, what
soul would choose the latter?

There is a conscious self-respect, intuitive to the
soul, that makes it shrink from the arrangements of
conscience; it would not blush for shame before its
own august tribunal; it would stand erect on the
mountain heights of spiritual freedom, and proclaim
itself a worthy child of God! But in the homage
paid to externalities, in form and creed and cere-
mony, this consciousness has been lost sight of; and
many a soul harboring deep the hell-pangs of re-
morse, has been proclaimed forgiven by the judg-
ment of man. Many a human heart, tortured and
devoured by self-accusation, has received the church's
symbol of admission, the outward sign of the remis-
sion of its sins.

Follow the voice of truth and honor; the mandates
of purity, the laws thou feelest are divine; and break
from off thy soul the fetters of superstition, that ren-
der thee fearful as a slave! Leave all thy troubled
questions, those thy intuitions cannot solve, to the
guardian care of Time. Revelation, insight, spiritual
discernment, come to all that truly seek; but the
earth discipline is needed, and time is not ended
yet."

"Strange that I should have such thoughts!" said
Cosella to herself. "They come sometimes unbidden,
at other times invoked. What strange, new fancies
crowd upon my brain! Perhaps it is wicked in me
to indulge them. Heaven help me, I know not! I
seem lost in a labyrinth of doubts; what human
hand shall draw me hence? Oh, that I might know
of the Future, that a spirit might appear to me, and
tell me of the other world!"

Not yet, not yet, Cosella! For awhile the shadow
and the doubt, then with thou emerge into the free
and glorious sunshine.

The external beauty of the faith that had cap-
tivated her poetic fancy was fast losing its every
charm; for Cosella had learnt the hollow mockery
it concealed. Her active mind could not refrain
from reasoning, her heart from questioning; she
ceased to pay her usual devotions to the Virgin
Mary; she neglected the confessional; weary, dis-
pirited; skeptical, she fluctuated betwixt old opinions
and the throbbing thoughts that overcame her.
A feeling of longing, of homesickness, a restless
desire for change, for a return to the cold regions
of the North, possessed her. She often prayed to God
to send her deliverance, to reveal to her in what
place her father sojourned. Then for days a strange
excitation seemed to enfold her spirit; she seemed
to feel her father nearing. This was succeeded by a
sad recollection of feeling, in which she wept and
wildly accused her wayward fate. The strong and
unyielding grasp of an iron necessity approached;
the tenderly nurtured, dreamy Cosella was troubled
by the invading phantoms of compulsory toil and
privation; but as yet, they only loomed mistily in
the distance.

She retired as much as possible even from the
little world surrounding her; when she walked out,
it was to Shina's grave, or to the public beach. A
settled melancholy brooded upon her face; Clara
was tender and sympathizing; but Cosella for awhile
turned away from all human sympathy.

"If I can only find my father," she would think,
"I would believe that God is good, and that life is
beautiful; while that joy is denied me, I can only
mourn. Soon I shall be penniless, a burden to

my friends; before that time arrives, I must away—
away from here!"

CHAPTER XXI. ABOUT THE CLOUDS OF EARTH.

"Eye hath not seen it—
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy.
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there."
—LISA.

Thou teller for the multitudes! stay awhile the
earthly record, and come in spirit to the heavenly
land. Though thine eyes be veiled, and thine ear
yet closed, a gleam of beauty, and a low, faint strain
of joy, is vouchsafed unto thee; a revelation from
the worlds of soul. Calm all the anxious throbb-
ings of thy heart; be silent, all ye voices of the
outer world! Uprise, winged aspirations! nor stay
your flight until the Morning gates are reached!

Oh, world of life and youth external! thine at-
mosphere of blessedness encircles me! thy peerly
gates unclose; thy fragrant summer wreath is at
my feet, thy crystal streams flow on toward the
ocean of Intitude! The grandeur of thy wisdom,
temples and thy mountain-spires—the beacon-fires,
the love-planes of the soul's divine repose; the mar-
riage bowers, and the trying fanes; oh, blessed
land! I break upon my spirit's vision, all mistily
overhanging by my earthly imperfection's veil!

And wandering 'mid the avenues of light, resting
by the sunlit fountains, praying by the wildwood
shrines, mine eyes behold the faces of the glorified
and blest. I hear them joining in the harmony of
worship unto the true and living God:

"Father! with uplifted vision,
Freest the spirit, purified the soul—
Gaze up toward the worlds Elysian,
Where the planet Isles in music roll.

Where thy sun-winged messengers outvying
Thoughts intenser speed, are borne along
To the nobler worlds, in pity being
With the heaven-born gifts of love and song.

Starry Isles, the sacred fane of angels,
Gleam upon our loving, prayerful sight:
And of love divine, the soul's evangel
Graves the tablets of eternal right!

Father-spirit! from thy inner glory
And abounding Mother-love, we crave
Pitying response to Earth's saddened story,
Light to guide her souls beyond the grave!

By the tombstone broken hearts are kneeling,
Doubt and fear with mortal storm are rife,
O'er the senseless clay in vain appealing,
For the tokens of another life.

Priests are held the guardians in whose keeping,
Rest the treasures of celestial lore;
On the Present's knowledge falsely heaping,
Misty records of the myths of yore.

Thundering curses o'er the affrighted masses—
See, they hold dominion o'er the world;
Forged devices of the heavenly masses,
Fierce decrees of endless wrath are hurled.

By lips fallible, and weak, and sinning,
That presumptuous dare of thee to tell!
And with fabled glories seek the winning,
Of immortal souls from priestly hell!

Father! we, thy spirit-children, gifted
With enfranchised souls and hearts at peace—
Would, inspired by Thee, by Love uplifted,
Labor for a darkened world's release.

From the spirit-lands in distance gleaming,
From thy ascending organ of Thy Will,
From heights of power, and depths of loveful dream-
ing.

• Delignant wisdom speaketh to us still,
Of the sunrises of that inspiration,
Of the waters of eternal Truth,
And the amaranthine blooms of youth—
Of the love-fanes, and the marriage bowers,
Of the soul-laws of the upper realms;
Of the life-guard, freighted with God-power,
Ango-guarded at the prow and helm.

Would we tell Thy children; creed-bound, weeping,
As the orphaned, outcast ones of God?
Tell them, Life is endless—death no sleeping—
That no heart-pulse rests beneath the sod?
They should know Thee, Father! from the pages
Of Thy life-book, Nature, true and fair;
And the teachings of the bygone ages,
Sleep no more their souls in doubt's despair.

Earth is calling! myriads souls are pining,
God and Father! list the anguished cry!
In Thy Love and Wisdom borne designing,
Bid saving angels to the rescue hie!"

A kingly form, majestic in his bearing, with the
innate nobleness and worth of soul, steps from amid
the spirit-ranks. Light undulates in rainbow fanes
around his form; its condensed rays illumine as with
a diadem's transcendent lustre, the lofty brow; the
sceptre of moral conquest is held in his uplifted
hand. That is no *serafim* image, that is rendered
unto him; that the bowing of love-crowned and lily
encircled brows; the folding of strong and tender
hands in no mark of deference such as earth renders
to her princes and her rulers; it is the tributary
meed of the soul's obedience, law-giver unto Honor,
Truth and Wisdom. That kingly soul has gained
the victory in a hundred spiritual conflicts; that
noble heart has won the mountain summits of Sub-
limity Will; that regal hand has unlocked the
treasures of celestial life. And public acclamation,
and the inner dictate have enthroned him intellec-
tually; have given into his care the teaching of
souls—in his keeping the watchwords of Progress-
ion. In musical utterance his eloquent speech flows
forth, and is recorded upon the tablets of Eternity:

"Oh earth brightened! earth enshaded! thy sorrows
Have touched my soul with shafts divine of Love;
For thee uprolls the curtain now—the morn-
The dawn of Truth is breaking from afar.
Thou wert my birthplace, mother! and I love thee,
With all the grateful memory of young years,
And with responsive blessings I will seek thee,
And with sweet heaven-songs chase thy hoarded
fears.

Father of souls! before thy Omnipresence,
I bow the head and meekly bend the knee;
Awaiting from the Love-realms of thy Being,
The consecration of my ministry—
To bear to earth immortal truths, and win
The faltering, creed-bound souls of men from sin;

Commissioned of my heart and Thee, I go
To teach redemption to the world below!"

From the azure and rosy clouds, vibrating to a
strain of heavenly encouragement, there fell upon
the bowed imperial head a diamond-tinted shaft of
light. It was the signal of a divine approval; and by
its inspirational power, he felt commissioned from
the source of Truth.

"Blessed, thrice blessed, art thou, co-laborer for
the earth's redemption!" sweetly sang the spirit-
hosts. And he was led to the resolute and peerly
gate by the hands of the true and pure.

Radiant with the beauty born of heroic deeds, and
lofty soul achievements, a woman-angel, clad in the
azure vestments of the beatified, lending by the hand
a child immortal, thus addressed the silent ranks:

"Is it not woman's province earth to bless,
With the heart-offering of Love's sacredness?
A spirit's holiest task is to reclaim
Its children from their heritage of shame.
To break off fetters from the souls that pine
In earthly prisons, for the light divine;
To strive to whisper of a higher fame,
Than controversial fury in God's name!

On childhood's heart to pour the love of truth,
And beauty's secret to the ear of youth.
And to the mother and the maiden speak,
Of soul laws binding on the strong and weak.
To stand a guardian-angel by the side
Of tempted virgins to the sorrowing bride,
And weeping mourner, teach the law of love,
God's mandate of reunion from above.

Be thine my mission; bending heart and knee,
I seek Thy blessing, Spirit of the free!
Life of all souls! maternal source! whose grace
In love's splendor decks the human race!"

Around the kneeling form there fell bright golden,
and violet-tinted rays; a sapphire star, unseen be-
fore, glinted on her brow, and a wand of magic
power was in her hand; with a gentle gesture of
farewell she turned to her companions, who show-
ered flowers upon her pathway. Close beside the mu-
sic-organizing portal she paused, and gazed upon the
little child that in its snowy vestments, with its
wreath of jeweled roses rested by the fountain's
murmur. To her inquiring gaze the little angel's
lips responded in a quivering melody:

"I will go with thee, beloved, to the dark and stormy
earth,
And my soul shall whisper comfort to the mourner by
the hearth;
Where they weep for angel children, past the golden
flowing tide,
Where the seal of sorrow lingers, there wilt thou and
I abide.
I will press the rosy blossoms of my star wreath to the
lips,
Of the captive and the mourner, waiting for their life's
collapsing
I will speak of home and heaven, to the solers of the
land,
And the pure and the forgiven, shall behold me up I
stand.
I will sing sweet songs of comfort to the spring and
the wild,
And will tell the sorrow-stricken that he is the Angel's
child;
I will go with thee, beloved! by my ministry to aid—
The beautiful to blossom, in yon world which He has
made.
To the Father of the Living! to the Mother of all
souls!
The tide-flow of devotion through the boundless ether,
rolls!
And his spirit child invoking, all of inspiration's
might,
Lowly bows the heart and spirit in His omnipresent
sight."

Oh, the delicious tidal flow of melody that de-
scended from the unseen realms! Beneath its sol-
em and thrilling vibration every knee was bowed;
beneath the glory-flood of crimson splendor that
enveloped that radiant child-form, every eye was
veiled. Meekly triumphant, inspired and joyous, it
approached the maternal guardian, and the twin
descended to the awaiting earth.

From the angelic band of responsive hearts and
united souls, stepped forth a youth; the embodied
and exalted counterpart of the faded god of music.
A garment of the golden hues of morning, em-
brodered with the pearls of peony, threw around
him its ample folds, and at the waist was girdled
by a zone of precious gems his soul had gathered from
the mine of thought, the sens of revelation. A coronet
of sky-blue flowers that glistened gemlike and
transparent, encircled his youthful forehead, and
stray gleams of jewelled lustre broke from amid the
sun-gleams of his golden hair. The thought-fires of
celestial wisdom mingled with the angelo tenderness
that shone from those cerulean eyes; in his
hand he held the lyre of heavenly teachings; and as
he stepped forth, all bowed their heads and spread
their hands toward him, while he sang:

"I would leave the stary bowers, and the fanes
Of my soul's divine abode,
To bear to yon darkened world of sin,
The love-light of our God!
To bear to thy weary, storm-tossed souls
The palm branch from above,
With the magic of Truth to unbar the gates
Of the post-learn of love.
With a mission of grace and of saving power,
I would bid the mourner arise;
And in worship of soul seek the infant One,
In the inner life's paradise.
With a word to the erring that shall bid them unfold
In the rays of forgiveness divine;
With a song for the toiler, a hymn for the lone,
Deck with beauty the desolate shrine.
To the mourner's ear I would whisper the lore
Deep guarded in ocean's wild caves;
Of the spirits that glide, and the music that floats
O'er the sapphire and crystalline waves.
To the lovers of earth I would tell of the homes,
Of the blessed twin-angels of life;
From my liver-voiced lyre I would bid them bow
Of the clamoring phantoms of strife.
On the heart-wedded souls in yon terrestrial earth
I would pour the full tide of my song;
On their anguished brows, on the love-guarded hearth,
There should linger no shadow of wrong.
On the soul that aspires, on the worshipful heart,

I would cast the sweet spell that is mine; Till it broke forth radiant in triumph's refrain, And the earth was the scene of its reign.

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upper lands of love and knowledge, were the glad tidings borne; and thus the new era was inaugurated the earth blessed now with the spiritual intercourse of old.

Original Essays.

IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY.

REPLY TO J. H. LOVELAND. BY PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D.

Words are but arbitrary signs of things. It is therefore more important to know the existence and the qualities of things than it is to know their names.

The first paragraph of the review is an introductory statement of facts which needs no reply.

The second paragraph contains the following: "One of the loudest and most confident boasts of the Spiritualists has been that immortality was now demonstrated."

The third paragraph contains what is intended as a synopsis of my argument, as follows: "Let the harvest of nature be souls. 2d. Souls are organized entities."

In contrast with the above, I will give a synopsis of my own, in the very language which I used, wherever the case will admit of it.

works are the results of a growth—a gradual aggregation of elements. 2d. "Everything that grows begins as a germ, which, though possessing within itself the power of the possibility of being developed into the full form of its type, is just a very different thing from that which it is capable of producing."

The fourth paragraph of the review contains what Mr. Loveland believes to be a still further concentration of my argument, as follows: "The careful reader will see that the whole gist of the question hinges upon the assumed analogy between the organization of the soul and the body."

In the fifth, sixth, and seventh paragraphs of the review, Mr. Loveland endeavors to establish the following proposition, which will be found in the fifth paragraph: "Such are the discrepant differences between the lower and the higher departments of nature, that an affirmation strictly true of the one would be utterly false if applied to the other."

The 12th paragraph refers to the testimony of media; but as Mr. Loveland promises a separate article on that branch of the subject, I shall defer any further consideration of it at present.

The 13th and last paragraph contains the following: "The Professor, after elaborating his theory at great length, rejects the principle on which the soul depends, (analogy) except in a single item; he is compelled to believe that the soul is organic," but all the analogies naturally growing out of that belief, he is not compelled to believe except the principle of analogy—the soul may die.

The 18th and last paragraph contains the following: "The Professor, after elaborating his theory at great length, rejects the principle on which the soul depends, (analogy) except in a single item; he is compelled to believe that the soul is organic," but all the analogies naturally growing out of that belief, he is not compelled to believe except the principle of analogy—the soul may die.

The 19th and last paragraph contains the following: "The Professor, after elaborating his theory at great length, rejects the principle on which the soul depends, (analogy) except in a single item; he is compelled to believe that the soul is organic," but all the analogies naturally growing out of that belief, he is not compelled to believe except the principle of analogy—the soul may die.

The 20th and last paragraph contains the following: "The Professor, after elaborating his theory at great length, rejects the principle on which the soul depends, (analogy) except in a single item; he is compelled to believe that the soul is organic," but all the analogies naturally growing out of that belief, he is not compelled to believe except the principle of analogy—the soul may die.

The 21st and last paragraph contains the following: "The Professor, after elaborating his theory at great length, rejects the principle on which the soul depends, (analogy) except in a single item; he is compelled to believe that the soul is organic," but all the analogies naturally growing out of that belief, he is not compelled to believe except the principle of analogy—the soul may die.

and not in that of reptiles to which its progenitor, the frog, really belongs.

The sixth paragraph contains the following: "Who could imagine what animal would be, from what vegetable is? Or again, from the mode of vegetable production, who could map out the order of reproduction in the highest types of animal life?"

The seventh paragraph contains the following: "Following an evolution of analogy, which never fails or misleads, that every accession in the scale of growth outward is functional, we should naturally infer that, in the sublime process of soul reproduction, all lower modes would be so immensely exceeded that all analogies based on them would be illusory and false."

The eighth paragraph contains the following: "But the Professor overlooks all these facts, and protests he cannot and will not believe that there is an immortal soul in man during the fish and reptile stages of development, until he can believe that fishes and reptiles have immortal souls."

Again, the sixth paragraph contains the following: "Even if we allow what Professor Spence seems to claim, that soul is sublimated or spiritualized matter, such grosser organizations of matter, that no data furnished by them would be valid, as logical premises, on which to base inferences containing soul organization."

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What, the doctrine of no future existence, rather than that which fathers to prove that the present being—the only being that ever left earth—is annihilated?

I have two special little cherubs in the spirit-world. I have them there, notwithstanding Prof. Spence's argument, to prove the contrary, and the purest love my nature is capable of exerting, is constantly reaching out to those dear ones. In return, I hear their "day-raps," saying, "I love you still, dear mother."

Now is this all—they have been seen and accurately described by fire of the best mediums we have, and in all cases described alike, three of them never having seen them in life. I have felt distinctly the touch of their little spirit hands upon my face, this being confirmed by many spirits present, who said they saw them at the time. They have also given me names of relatives, whom they have met in the spirit-world, who died long before their birth.

And now, why am I a Spiritualist? Simply because I have received so great an amount of evidence; and that evidence has so commended itself to my reason and common sense, that I cannot do otherwise, unless I lay them both aside. But regarding them as the gifts of God, I do not feel at liberty to do so; consequently I became a Spiritualist.

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distinctive and peculiar characteristics? Have we not abundant evidence of the ascending series of a "development theory?" Does not the mineral kingdom which found and found with its repeated exhibition of form, the result of action, and the distinctive peculiarities of each metal and rock, but never falling above forms to life, or sensation, or even falling to produce forms? This showing that form is the never failing peculiarity of that kingdom out of which it cannot escape if it would, and above which it has no aspiration or desire that we can detect. Does not the vegetable kingdom equally well maintain its own distinctive peculiarities of life and growth, although localized and rooted in the mineral, and feeding upon it, still rising above it in the expression of life in every plant, from the simplest of the cryptogams to the most complicated of the phanerogams; and while the distinctive features of each species is maintained, the general and universal life is sustained by each and all.

Now we approach the subject of controversy, and let us hold to the law, to nature, and to reason, still. Is the human a separate kingdom with a distinctive feature and peculiarity of its own? Is it only a part of the animal, and not rising above it? If the latter, then all hopes of continued existence fall, and the aspirations, if we have them, fall to find an answer in the law of demand and supply. But if, as I believe, we are a distinct kingdom, with peculiarities of our own, the distinguishing feature must carry us above the ascending plane of the animal kingdom; and, certainly, the next degree is the spiritual, where the aspirations run, and the almost universal desire is answered for continued life, which desire was never known to rise above or out of the form in any kingdom below us; and every abortion must be a failure to produce a human being with a soul or spirit, or its distinguishing feature as the animal, or only falling to produce a particular species or character, or to complete and perfect it, still leaving the human being with its characteristic mark of humanity—a soul, or spirit, which would carry it to another life, even if it did not breathe the air of earth, or ripen and perfect its outer form. Abortions always fall below the kingdom, or leave the unfinished subject in it, to be completed by other circumstances.

If spirit-life is the distinguishing feature of the human kingdom, (as I believe it is), it will be difficult to crowd any human being out of it by any theory, as each is born into the form with an insalubrious inheritance, it, even though the embryo form had moved but four hours on its march, in its efforts to complete an earthly body, and is soon hurried to its home in the sphere of spirit-life, where humanity attimates and ripens in accordance with its aspirations, hopes and desires. I cannot see why this chain should break at our kingdom, and leave a portion of us abortive, to fall back into the animal kingdom, when no such break appears below us. But the distinctive feature of each kingdom is fully and perfectly maintained below ours. I am aware that some will contend that this is not the distinguishing feature of humanity, but that it is a power to reason. To such I leave the labor of proving where and how reason begins, and the discovery of the line between instinct and reason; and when they have found and determined this, I will claim them as the evidence of spirit-life, and then show that it belongs, by right of inheritance, to all human beings.

In the vegetable kingdom it takes years to develop a tree, but vegetable life can be found as soon as the germ starts; and this brings it into the kingdom. Is not the law as favorable to us as to plants? Is not spirit-life the distinguishing feature of our race or kingdom? And, if so, how can we be crowded out if they belong to the race or have ever risen to or started in it? If this life and above is the one in which we are to ultimate and all out and fulfill our existence, and the spirit-life is accidental, or accidental, or the result of special divine interposition, and not natural and inherent; then others may prove it, for my evidences from this source fall—but I have more of this kind. WARREN CHASE.

Written for the Banner of Light. SPRING. BY DANIEL PARKER.

Up from the tropics with thy rapturous love; On ample wings speed on with lengthening hours; Under the breezes from the orange groves; Come on with laughing waters, birds and flowers.

Bring back the robin with his orchard song, And tune the lutes in the woodland shade; Bring back the rice-bird, turtledove all day long, And bring the wood-thrush for a serenade.

Bring life to all I love, and others love, All voices make more musical and sweet; The spirit-life that waits thy warmth to move, Bring up delighted to thy knees meet.

Bring fresh new life with genial sun and dew, The cold blue skies light up with warmer tints; Let all the landscape wear its loveliest hue, And in its expanse show your flowery hints.

Turn all the snow-drifts into brooks and rills, That whitest drifts may tinkle on the green; That longing buds may graze upon the hills, And hunking wild geese may be heard and seen.

Bring back grim winter to his boreal home, Where he can need no mid-winter bygone; And from warm gulf-streams bid the summer come, And o'er the landscape wipe out all his tracks.

Bring out my soul as angelic as the birds, And like the flowers beautiful and sweet; Again like them make all my thoughts and words, And tune my heart in harmony complete. Billerica, April, 1860.

CHILDREN.—Whoever takes a little child into his love, may have a very roomy heart, but that child will fill it all. The children that are in the world keep us from growing old and cold; they cling to our garments with their little hands and impede our progress to perfection; they win us back with their pleading eyes, from cruel cares they never encounter us at all. A poor couple with no one to love them, is a most pitiful picture; but a home with a small face to fill a broken pane, here and there, is robbed of its desolation. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued—an infancy, a pastime, a day labor, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.

Written for the Banner of Light, HEART WEARY.

What did it say that was weary of life? Of envy and passion, of strife and strife? Do not faint in its windings here, And long to fly from this cold earth's sphere?

GLIMPSES IN ENGLAND.

By Our Jan. 1880.

NEWFOREST, NETLEY ABBEY, AND A SPIRIT MANIFESTATION IN 1701.

A visit, last week, took us into Hampshire, a county on the South Western coast of England, in which situate the New Forest, running over to the huge bluffs which form the channel coast.

By many writers much is said to the charge of William the Conqueror, for having laid waste to large tracts of land, and destroying populous towns in creating this Forest. LAMARQUE, in speaking of the New Forest, alludes to the circumstances in the following terms: "The New Forest—a large portion of Hampshire, which, after the opinion of the most and best approved historians, William the Conqueror laid to waste, destroying towns, villages, and churches, foresting miles long."

"Froud Nured first the bloody chase began A mighty hunter and his prey was slain, Our haughty Norman boasts that baron's name, And makes his trembling slaves the royal game."

But it requires the slightest attention to the actual history to satisfy oneself that the picture is overcharged, and is without question, that the afforestation was not attended with outrage or violence. The monical writers of the time first raised the cry against the king, but when it is remembered that they, as about his only biographers, were his bitterest and most rancorous foes, such interested evidence should be very cautiously admitted.

The scenery of the New Forest opens to us as great a variety of beautiful landscape, perhaps, as can be met with in any part of England. Its woody scenes, its extended lawns and vast sweep of wild country, untroubled by artificial boundaries, together with its river, rivulets and distant coasts, are all in a great degree magnificent. The chief characteristic of the forest, and the distinction on which it rests, is not for its beauty, but its extent. Its lawns and woods are everywhere divided by large tracts of heath, some of which extend several miles without interruption.

The wonderful oak of the New Forest are of the class of *quercus*. They are found scarcely elsewhere. They are short, thick, stunted, and very seldom rise into lofty stems, as oak usually do in rich soil. Their branches are twisted into the most picturesque forms, such as are mostly adapted for shipbuilders for knees and aboves. This peculiarity is said to arise from the roots having to pierce through a rocky stratum or hard gravelly bed—of which consists most of the soil in Hampshire—which obliges them to take a zigzag course, to which, it is supposed, the branches assume a corresponding direction.

Among some of the celebrated oaks of the New Forest, is one which we shall mention, called the Cadenham Oak. It stands at far from the village of the same name. It is regarded as one of the curiosities of the forest, having been famous for its premature vegetation. Its buds appearing every year in the depth of winter. The tree stands a short distance from the road, in a small enclosure, and in summer has nothing to distinguish it from the other oaks by which it is surrounded. After the buds have unfolded themselves, they make no further progress, as the leaves, unable to stand the season, immediately shrivel up and die. During the balance of the winter, the tree continues torpid like other deciduous trees, but again vegetates at the usual season. This unusual germination of the tree is attributed by the superstitious of the forest, to the influence of Old Christmas Day, and we were told that the very best evidence existed, that for a number of years the leaves never appeared until the morning of that day; but it is also equally true that the tree has indulged in the same eccentricity at various other times, doubtless owing more or less to the mildness or rigor of the season. The species of oak having this property, is known as the *Quercus semperparvens*.

Near Blouy Cross, stands a little north of Casle Blouy Cross, a triangular stone about five feet high, erected by Lord Delawar, on which is the following inscription: "Here stood the Oak-Tree, on which an Arrow, shot by King William the First, pierced the heart of King William the First, on the second day of August, anno 1100."

drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the Cathedral Church of that City.

Ann. 1715. That where an event so memorable had happened, might be better known, this stone was set by John, Lord Delawar, who had seen the tree growing in this place. The spot where Rufus is said to have fallen is a sweet acquiescent hollow, open to the west, where the terminating corner of a heath abate gently into it. It is sheltered on every side by groves and clumps of trees; and whether Matthew Paris is correct in his account when he affirms the death of the King "to have been occasioned by an arrow glancing obliquely from a tree, which pierced his heart," or Alanus de Insulis, who asserts that Tyrrell was engaged by Anselm, the Pope's legate, to shoot Rufus, it can add or take away little from the fact that the King would have found it difficult to have chosen a more beautiful spot in which to have died, than amid the varied splendor of the New Forest.

But here we are after a short ride by rail, in Southampton. Very much could be said of this place, as affording prominently in the days gone by. I shall, however, delay only to reproduce the little story of Canute, who, dreading the impious flatteries of his courtiers, represented them by a most impressive lesson. He had halted him as Lord of Nature, on which he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach, to which he descended, and, on seating himself, cried to the flowing tide, "Thou art under my dominion, and the ground on which I sit is mine, nor can any disloyalty with impunity; I command thee, therefore, neither to approach the feet nor to wet the robes of thy royal master!" But the rude waves, heedless of the voice of the unfeeling man, presently dashed over him, when, springing back, he exclaimed, "Let all the inhabitants of the world know that the power of sovereigns is weak and frivolous; and that none deserve the name of King, but Him whose will, by an eternal decree, the heavens, the earth, and the seas obey." From that period, it is said, Canute never wore his crown.

A stroll up the Southampton Water, in which the late Captain Harrison met his death, supposed to have been the Antonio de Tactus, brings us to the ruins of Netley Abbey, situated about three miles from Southampton, in a very beautiful situation, at a little distance from the water. This Abbey was founded about 1230, its inmates belonging to the Cistercian Order of Monks. The Abbey stands on the declivity of a hill rising gently from the water, but so environed by a beautiful woody scenery as to be nearly secluded from observation, except on a near approach.

Netley Abbey, rich with ruins which impress the poetical mind, has furnished a theme for numerous poetical descriptions and moral precepts. Keats, Southey, and Bowles have each struck their lyre in mournful plaudings over the fallen splendor of this foundation. From Keats' "Netley Abbey," a poem of touching sweetness, we extract the following:

"Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'ergrown, You penetrate walls their awful fate bemoan! Low on the ground their tumbled spires are thrown, One friendly mark to guide the wandering foot."

When in the height of its prosperity this abbey must have presented a very imposing appearance. The chapel, which was cruciform in shape, and still maintains that form, with the exception of the extreme north transept, which has been destroyed, was evidently not very large; but the ruins of the conventional buildings are extensive, and it seems as though they must have been much more spacious than would appear requisite for the accommodation of a fraternity consisting only of an abbot and twelve monks. The chapel is far gone to decay; huge heaps of rubbish are piled in the centre, covered with grass and wild flowers, testifying to the wreck of ages. Its windows, a little strip here and there, are bereft of their tracery, while the greater part of the chapel walls is mutilated. The east end is the most perfect, while some of the columns and arches which remain are beautifully light and elegant. The remains of a spiral stair-case are still to be seen at the north side of the intersection of the transept which leads to the upper part of the tower, said to have been ornamented with pinnacles, and served as a mark for seamen. Various devices and armorial bearings, supposed to be those of the benefactors of the abbey, may be seen on the ruins that strew the ground. The chapel was originally—so it appears to have been—two hundred feet long, and still in breadth. The Abbot's Kitchen, as it is generally called—though we should imagine it to have been an ancient crypt—is a curious vaulted apartment, we should think about forty-eight feet long and eighteen broad; nearly opposite to it is a dark vault or aperture, which the guide who shows the ruins informs us is the opening to an underground passage which led to a castle hard by. Some other portions of the building may be distinguished, with some faint remains of their once elegant architecture; these, with other entirely obliterated, seemed to have formed a quadrangular court, of which the walls now standing appear the boundaries. A moat, which once surrounded the abbey, may yet be traced, and near by, overlying with trees and undergrowth, are two large ponds, from which doubtless the Cistercians supplied themselves with fish. The profusion of ivy which clings to the walls, and generously hides the handiwork of time, gives a most charming effect to the building; while the soil-planted oaks, which have sprung into giant growth, now spread their ample arms where once the vaulted roof was suspended. We know of no ruin, among all which we have been permitted to see, that is more delightfully situated than this. From the top of its walls, over the belt of wood that lies between the abbey and the shore, the sea is seen shining and aweeping in long, graceful rolls up to the pebbly beach. We cannot refrain from introducing here a slight sketch of the ruin, by Horace Walpole, although since his day old time has been very busy with Netley, and made many ironies upon it. Writing to his friend Bentley, he says, "The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautifully fretted roofs peopled in the air, with all varieties of Gothic patterns of windows, topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprung up among the walls, and only want to be increased by cypresses. A hill rises above the abbey enriched with wood. The fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of a hill. On each side glitter in the view of Southampton sea, deep, blue, breaking with silver and vessels, on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle; and the Isle of Wight rises above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. Oh! the purple abbots! what a spot they had chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lovely, that they seem only to have retired into the world."

To a degree this picture remains to the present, and we should find no difficulty with the noble writer, in imagining the holy monks once more lounging along the smooth walks, some of which are still to be seen, busy in the orchard, or studying in their respective cell-towers. The fort, alluded to by Walpole, has been restored—the tower he would have built, is now erected. It makes a charming residence, its embattled heights looking over the estuary, whose waters, to stormy weather, thunder on to its very walls. No one who has the opportunity of visiting Netley Abbey should lose it; it is of world-wide reputation and a place of great resort, and the walk that takes you to the presence of its crumbling walls is excessively charming. In alluding to the destruction of Netley Abbey, we do so merely that we may introduce a circumstance of at least a peculiar nature, and which as a believer not only in the possibility of such an occurrence, but in its actuality, we regard as only another evidence of the truth of spiritual intercourse, and of the uninterrupted continuance, if the reader like, since the days of Adam. The first and earliest account of

this affair we transcribe from Brown's Will's History of Mixed Abbeys, vol. II, p. 215, London, 1710—(press 2002—N. Brit. Lib. Museum).

"Having no account of this Abbey, save that Au 1533, he remained in charge 41, in Fees, I crave leave to divert my pen with this remarkable history of the same, transmitted to me out of Henry's. The Church of Chancel of Netley Abbey (for by this the distinction is distinguished in these parts) was a large building built in form of a Cross, having a Nave and side-Isle, with a north and south side crossing in the middle the body or Nave, between that and the Chancel or Choir. Some part of this spacious Building was decorated (as Tradition says) by the King of France, who, living in the Abbey, converted the Chapel to one of the Chapels of the Crown, and a Wick, and other Offices, keeping the east end of it for the use of the King, in which state it continued till about 15 years ago, when Sir B. —, who had the Property of the Abbey, sold the whole Fabric of the Chapel to one Taylor, a Carpenter, of Southampton, who pulled down a great part of the walls. The entire Ruin of this noble Fabric, which the principal Undertaker did not wish to finish, having been since completed, and the Chapel and the Abbey being both of a new sort, transmitted to me out of Henry's, give some account of it, and add herewith the History of the Fate of the Undertaker Taylor, in regard that 'tis a thing so particular, and so generally known in the neighbourhood, and may be attested by divers Evidences, that I thought it not improper to relate; that this Taylor (who was a Dissenter) was in treaty with Sir B. — for the Chapel, he was much disturbed in his sleep with frightful dreams, and, as some say, Apparitions, in particular of a person in the Habit of a Monk, who appeared to him, and told him that he should befall him in destroying the Chapel, and pleading with him to desist; and one might be dreamt that a large stone, out of one of the windows of the Chapel, fell upon him and killed him. He was so affected with this dream, in particular, that he told what had happened to him in his sleep to a Person of the same Persuasion with himself, viz. one Mr. W., a serious man, who had a good esteem with him, who examining particularly into the Disturbances that had befallen him, and the Apparitions that he saw, he was in his Contract, there being reason to fear that some mischief would befall him if he did; and that the Notice which had been given him was to be looked upon as the Kind Admonition of Heaven to prevent his Ruin."

The undertaker, though he was somewhat staggered by these intimations that had been given him, yet (forasmuch as his other Friends' Advice, to whom he had universally imparted it, was different,) moved by the Gain he proposed to himself, finished his agreement with Sir B. —, and soon after fell on his knees pulling down the chapel. But he was not far advanced in it, when, endeavoring with a Pickaxe to get out some stones at the bottom of the West wall of the Chapel, he was so much surprised, that he called the whole Body of the Window fell down suddenly upon him and crushed him in pieces."

The above is the plain, faithful story of WILLIS, who assures us that the common property of every individual in Southampton—of persons who did not scoff at it, but were ready to accept the position of "credulous witnesses."

Grose, in his Antiquities, appropriates this account of Willis, in 1773; as also does Warner, in his History of Hampshire, in 1793; both of whom treat the account as true, and do not venture to the solution of the manifestation. Later, in 1805, it is worked in by Brayley and Britton, in their *Devonshire of England and Wales*, with such comments as probably they deemed, having meddled with a matter of which they knew absolutely nothing either of fact or principle, would be an excuse for their ignorance. Their story is as follows:

"An accident which befell Mr. Taylor, in consequence of this purchase, and which afterwards led to his death, has been regarded by the vulgar as a judgment inflicted by heaven for his presumed guilt in undertaking, in several particulars erroneous, as appears from the result of a late inquiry made of Mr. Taylor's family, and the substance of which is as follows."

Here follows a relation not materially differing from that of Willis', save that no apparition is made mention of, and his dream is accounted for by the fact that certain of his friends had observed to him in conversation that they never would be engaged in the demolition of consecrated places, and that these remarks very strongly impressed his memory. His dream was related to Mr. W. —. This gentleman was Mr. Watts, the father of Dr. Isaac Watts. Brayley and Britton refer the reader to Skelton's Guide to Southampton for the latest and most probable account, which they claim to give. But they have indulged in material alterations of Skelton's text, to suit, evidently, their own notions of branding such relations as "vulgar superstitions;" and in our opinion Skelton's statement in every way keeps up the mystery to such minds as Brayley and Britton, but to our own the mystery is merged completely in the conviction of its truth.

The relation is preserved again by Charles Knight, in "The Land We Live In," and he adds: "And the dream was brought to pass, the fatal stone falling on his head whilst taking down a piece of timber that was so very connected with it." We, however, prefer the relation of Brown's Will's, because he writes within fifteen years of the occurrence, and consequently is much nearer the safer truth. With this we close our glimpses at the New Forest and Netley Abbey, leaving our readers to put their own valuation on the spiritual manifestation which we have recorded; not hesitating, however, to freely state our firm belief that it was a veritable spirit manifestation, and perfectly in keeping with the manifestations agitating at the present hour.

STARBUCK AT SEA.

In a spirited letter from the above gentleman, that appeared in the Boston Transcript a short time ago, we find a scathing review of the reckless manner in which human life is placed in jeopardy on board our California steamships, which ought certainly to have its effect on the minds of the proprietors and managers of the lines in question. There have been catastrophes enough already, one would suppose, to awaken and fix the public thought; but it seems as if we were likely to have a repetition of such occurrences without end. This is the startling picture of a voyage to the Isthmus in one of these vessels, as sketched by Mr. King, himself a bona fide passenger:

"The boat is frightfully overloaded. There is no provision for the sick, and the second cabin staterooms occupy the centre of the upper deck, only half of which is given up to the passengers, state-room and all. There are at least a thousand persons on the steamer. It is far more than she can safely carry by day, and twice as many as can be accommodated. Every stateroom has three persons, and in the second cabin, which is below the main, or dining saloon cabin, scarcely less than one borrows of the middle passage are experienced. The prices which the second cabin ticket-holders pay are extortionate, at any rate in comparison with the charge and accommodation for the chief cabin passengers. But on this trip many of the first class ticket-holders are put in the second cabin staterooms. There are more than a hundred of the regular passengers below—many of them women with infants—who have no place to sleep—not even a mattress on the floor."

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EDITORS:

WILLIAM BERRY, Boston. J. R. BRITTON, New York. LUTHER COLBY, Boston. J. R. M. EQUINE, London.

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THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A friend stepped up in the street, the other day, and in the course of conversation, proceeded to lay down the following proposition: that no parties are, or can be, honest, except those at the two extremes: that all men who saw the pure abstractions and grasped the naked theories, were of necessity clean handed men, honest, upright, and would be true to the end—while the body that lay between these extremes were full of guile, mere policy hunters at best, not worthy of implicit confidence, shuffling, trading, cheating, and at together false and worthless.

The statement was a forcible one, we were bound to admit; but, after all, its real force depends on the standpoint from which we view it. Considered on one way, and that abstractly, all who accept and hold pure ideas must be honest, and cannot be supposed to be anything else; it is in their application to affairs that the ideas become mixed, and thus seem temporarily to pass under a cloud. The difficulty always is, in reducing theories to practice. Theories that are perfect in themselves, may prove marked failures in the attempt to reduce them to actual, every-day practice. And it is at this point that the minds that lead, and mold, and control, the middle classes, lying between the extremes, are liable to the charge of policy-hunting, of seeming inconsistency, of tergiversation, and even of open falsehood. Is it at all difficult to see how it should be so?

Admitting that all holders of pure ideas are honest, we ask what their boasted honesty avails them if they are not able to bring down those ideas into the dusty, sweaty, crowded arena of the world, and make some sort of attempt to carry them out practically? What is an idea ever to be worth, if it can never be made, in some sense, a working idea? How are theories to exercise an influence, if they cannot be made to bear upon the every-day interests and experiences of men? What avails your fine and high ideas, if they are so fine and high as forever to be out of the reach of common humanity? There are the pure truths, we grant; and there is the mass of men; the one need the help of the other, and the other needs the truth—perceptibly, experimentally, and visibly—until they are made to play their part upon the motives and conduct of men.

And here comes in the tag of work in life; the problem simply is, how to make the two parties better acquainted each with the other, so that the truths shall be made real, and humanity exalted? It cannot be disputed that here lies the great field of exertion and self-denial, where a man may work a thousand times harder than he ever could in the easy field of speculation, and in which martyrdom is secured, with all its crowns and glories, ten thousand times as readily. And he is the truest reformer and progresser—few as that class may as yet number—who labors for the love of the truth alone, and in no sort for the furtherance of his own ends. As human nature is made up—that is, in better phrase, as it is educated from its earliest infancy—it is not to be supposed that the men who work for the love of the race merely, outcount those who have a special regard for themselves; but that is a misfortune in itself, ending where it begins, and does not impair the position we assume in relation to their true work.

Thus, then, the whole case is made plain; it is ideas, and theories, and abstractions, on either extreme, and these are supposed to be pure, passionate, and un-mixed—while, in the middle, lying between these extremes, is the mass of humanity, with its developed passions, selfishness, and ignorance. Now the question is simply—how are the ideas, truths, theories, and abstractions to be applied so as to be practical—so as to perform good service, be beneficial, and exalt and make the most happy? That is the problem, and that is all. To call the dreamy and altogether unpractical speculators honest, and the actual workers dishonest, because the first are beset with neither obstacles nor temptations, and the latter are surrounded with them as with spears, is manifestly taking a hasty, narrow, and inconclusive view of things, and argues short sight and everything but a large comprehensiveness of mind and philanthropy of heart. Such a view cannot be a true one. It is not just to call men dishonest, merely because they are unable to do all they would like to do, from an insufficiency or impracticability of means.

Abstract principles must, of course, be held, be explained, and be defended; this calls to them the attention of the world, interests men in their truth and permanency, and eventually leads to their trial and adoption. But it is not the part of those who believe in and hold to those principles, that they should rage and roar at all others who, comprehending and appreciating them as well as themselves, are not able at once to inoculate the crowd with their own views. If the contemplation of pure truth has any effect upon a devoted soul, it certainly ought to make it more and more devout, humble, and worshipful—not disposed to wrangling, to fault-finding, and to wretchedness. And again, all men who know anything of movements in human history, know very well that all progress is made slowly, *scintilla fensc* being the rule; that often, as the waves rush on and their retire, one after another, seeming to lose the ground they have just gained, it is only to gather fresh strength for a push and a rush that shall overwhelm all obstacles; and that it will not do for the head of any movement to advance faster than that the body may keep up with it, so that there may be perfect homogeneity in the whole work.

Jefferson used to tell his more eager, but not more ardent and hopeful friends, when the work of disorganizing Church of England authority was going forward in Virginia, that they must be careful and not move too fast; for if the head of the liberal party traveled faster than the tail, it would not be long before the two extremes would be out of sight of one another, and the whole work in progress would come to a miserable end. "Ah, but Jefferson was a politician!" we hear some of our friends say. Yes; and it was because he understood human nature so well—in his own words, because he was a politician, that he gave the sensible advice he did, and that he knew how to apply it vigorously and effectively to the minds and notions of the people. This is what it is to be a "politician;" because there are plenty of the profession who make a dirty trade of their art, considering it to mean nothing more than purchasing votes, and falsifying to the people, and securing warm quarters at the public expense. It is therefore argued and inferred that all policy must be based and necessary. It was Edmund Burke who called politics—that is, policy—the "science of expediency;" and Macaulay has added that it substantially amounts to this, being the most one can with the means at hand. These definitions simply imply that there are two principles, on the one hand, to be reduced to practice, and, on the other, that there are human passions, human selfishness, and human ignorance, to be gradually overcome with them. And now we are not at all loath to add, that he who gets mad because the principle and pure abstraction, which he clearly beholds and joyfully accepts, is not at once made just as clear to the multitude, and accepted with

just as much joy by them, does not really believe in the principle he professes, and has not faith in its final efficacy and perfect operation. God furnishes the truth; it is left to us to discover it, to demonstrate it, and, both by example and precept, to make it popularly effective. But if, having once made the discovery of the precious gift for ourselves, we rave and rant because others, less fortunate perhaps, do not, or will not, see it yet, or because their blind selfishness causes them delay in bringing it into use—then we prove ourselves wholly unworthy of the trust committed to us, and only bet the air vainly when we endeavor to force human nature to accept our views and conclusions. Much is to be left to time, in the affairs of this world; if time is a wonderful mollifier, it is a great modifier also; what is voted to be excellent to-day, may not be good at all to-morrow; and hence, we are to allow much, in our present judgments, to the warnings and transpositions which time is always likely to produce. There is a power that rides over the whole of us; even our passions, our selfishness, and our ignorance, we are to give up ultimately to it. We stop and quarrel, one with another, about the proximate; we ought simply to wait until we see how we are to be overruled; the divine currents set steadily and strong above our endeavors, and even our self-will, and cause all to converge at last in a focus wherein burns the long sought happiness both of the individual and the mass. Thus we may be all right, and all wrong; God alone knows best. If we do the best we can, keep charity on our side, and remain conscientious to the end, we shall have produced lives full of the highest beauty and the largest use.

Death of Theodore Parker.

Late advices from Europe confirm suspicions entertained for many days past by us in relation to the close of the life of this marked and most useful man. He breathed his last at Florence, on the 30th day of May, having awaited his end for some time in serene hope and patience. Thus he has left us for a higher sphere at the comparatively early age of fifty—an age at which, under ordinary circumstances, his usefulness ought to have been at its height. But a life of labor like his could never have been prolonged; it was useless to expect it. He was beset with violent and unchristian foes, called and picked from all the sects of Christian denominations, from the day when he first announced his disbelief in the pious and miraculous inspiration of the Scriptures, hoping that if they "crushed him out," they were sure to make the truth, where it looked unpleasant, disappear. But they succeeded as well as all such billed zealots succeed; they were seeking to overthrow Mr. Parker, not to discover and publish the truth, and so they have been disappointed. It always results in that way.

The work given Theodore Parker to do he has well and faithfully accomplished. There is no palming that. He has done more than any one man of our times to scatter to the four winds the superstitious terrors imposed on the unhappy soul by a powerful and self-perpetuating ecclesiasticism, and let in pure light upon the mind of the hitherto perplexed inquirer; and as he has swept away the cobwebs of the creeds from the spiritual armament, showing men that they must stand alone and unsupported before God, casting loose from the shackles and shibboleths of all churches and more spiritual authorities, he was naturally the object of intense hatred on the part of well-paid and self-satisfied priests, and on his devoted head were rained all sorts of deadly missiles from their theological armory. But he is out of their reach now. It is no longer a battle for him. He sees a wider field of truth, and is hastening to a far more benevolent and firmly established, and that is the independent church, in whose pulpit any man may preach and pray to his hungering and thirsting brethren. A Free Church was a great want in those times, and he has done what he could to establish and perpetuate it.

We observe that Mr. Parker has done another noble act, as the crowning one of his life, and the one that will longest keep his name directly before the thoughts of the people; a fact which no man would be supposed to know better than himself. He has donated his splendid library of more than 30,000 volumes to the city of Boston, to become a distinct apartment of the public library. These volumes comprise the studios callings and pickings of Mr. Parker's entire life, and contain many works to be found in no other library in the land. Truly, this was the noblest of gifts, and the more so because the most enduring and useful. Henceforth, whatever Boston may have said or thought of him in the past, she will hold his name in reverence. He said truly, in his last wandering moments, that there were two Theodore Parkers;—one in Italy and one in Boston. There will be one in Boston always.

Leading Out a Few Holes.

The "Professor"—formerly the "Antocrat"—says some very good things about the restraints imposed on people by hard masters or unfortunate circumstances, and shows how it is that a man who has passed all his days in the country becomes the ready victim of designing persons when he comes to town. Says he: "People who have been living for a long time in dreary country places, without any emotions beyond such as are occasioned by a trivial pleasure or annoyance, often get crazy at last for a vital pyrexia of some kind or other. In this state they rush to the great cities for a plunge into their turbid life-baths, with a frantic thirst for every exciting pleasure, which makes them the willing and easy victims of all those who sell the devil's wares on commission. The less intelligent and instructed class of unfortunate, who venture with their ignorance and instincts into what is sometimes called the 'life' of great cities, are put through a rapid course of instruction, which entitles them very commonly to a diploma from the police court. But they only illustrate the working of the same tendency in mankind at large, which has been occasionally noticed in the sons of ministers and other eminently worthy people; by many attributed to that intense congenital hatred for goodness which distinguishes human nature from that of the brute, but perhaps as readily accounted for by considering it as the *gaining and stretching of a young soul cramped too long in one moral posture.*"

Early News.

What excites everybody to devour the earliest news? It is a peculiarity with our people, and of course is chargeable to that national and individual curiously which is remarked by every one who cares to study it. An American wants the news as much as he wants his dinner; he cannot live without it; he may be said to drink and chew out of all comparison with other men, but for eagerness in hunting out and snatching up the news he is unsurpassed. We honestly believe we would relinquish every other delight for the sake of this. It is, however, but a natural offshoot from the general activity and nervousness that characterize our people, and there would seem to be something wanting if this predilection did not balance the former tendency. The News is the god of the morning; he is saluted, fresh and early, by tens of thousands of us. That day would be a long one indeed which failed to interpret the world to us for the eventful twenty-four hours preceding. The newspaper is emphatically an American institution, and must live as long as we are what we are.

To New York.

We can commend to our numerous friends the Fall River route to the metropolis, having had personal proof of its superior advantages, comforts and conveniences. The cars occupy but little time in performing their work, while the boats on the line are in every respect magnificent. To cross the Sound at this season of the year, in one of these "floating palaces," is rare luxury. The sleeping accommodations are all that can be desired; the tables are surpassingly good; attendants are all polite; and the navigation is scientific. For ourselves, we can say that a trip to New York and back by the Fall River line is refreshing and long to be remembered.

Thoughts on Religion.

Many years ago, the poet Whittier penned the following beautiful thoughts on Religion, which best show the deep devotional nature of the writer's mind, and will not fail to gratify and benefit the souls of all who read them again. "We pity the man," says he, "who has no religion in his heart—no high and irre-sistible yearning after a better and holier existence; who is contented with the sensuality and greenness of earth; whose spirit never revolts at the darkness of its prison-house, nor exalts at thoughts of its final emancipation. We pity him, for he affords no evidence of high origin—no manifestation of that high prerogative, which renders him the delegated lord of the visible creation.

He can rank no higher than the animal nature; the spiritual soul never stoops so lowly. To seek for beastly excitements—to minister with a bountiful hand to depraved and strong appetites—are attributes of the animal nature. To limit our hopes and aspirations to this world is like remaining forever in the place of our birth, without ever lifting the veil of the visible horizon which bent over our infancy.

There is religion in everything around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which men would do well to imitate. It is meek and blessed influence, stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart. It has no terror—no gloom in its approaches. It does not rouse the passions. It is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is fresh from the hands of the author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit, which purifies and quickens it. It is written on the arched sky. It looks on from every star. It is on the sailing cloud, and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys—where the shrubless mountain tops pierce the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a foggy language upon the broad face of the unpeeling ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is in this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is full enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks, link after link, the chain which binds us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness."

Railway Management.

In a paper on the "Future of American Railways," a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who appears to understand the subject well, declares that one of the leading causes of our non-success with railways is the want of interest felt in them by employees. "To what," he asks, "is the extraordinary success of the Hudson's Bay Company owing?—that wonderful organization which rules the wilds of British North America with a discipline which has no parallel in the history of mankind, except that of the order of Jesuits? Simply to the fact that every man whose duties require intelligent action is a partner of the company, shares in its gains, and loses with its losses. And so it should be with our railway employees. Instead of exacting waste of time and property by the stereotyped phrase: 'The company is rich and can stand it,' they would strive to exercise a rigid economy, knowing that at the end of the week their pockets would be so much the heavier." There is little doubt of it. The principle of association has never yet been fairly tried in this country, in many particulars, and the railway business is a most excellent one to begin on. Even if the men made no more money out of it, they would have fewer human lives to answer for by their recklessness.

Old and Young.

Never let your youngling sleep, season after season, with its grand-mother. Old people insensibly draw away the magnetism from the young children, if allowed to rest with them, and finally sap their constitution. The nervous energy and physical health of many and many a promising child has been utterly ruined by this mistaken kindness on the part of parents. The old person is dying for want of magnetism, which is only this subtle nervous fluid which constitutes life—while the child, being electrically in a positive condition, is but too ready to part with its surplus, and, as a necessary consequence, its vital nerve-electric fluids are taken up without the least resistance. The elder, being electrically negative, and the younger positive, the whole operation is like the contact of any two bodies similarly charged with this subtle fluid. The grand-mother holds a longer lease of life, while the child pines, grows feeble, languid, and pale, and creeps along through life a poor, robbed and wronged creature. When we behold the ignorance that exists in relation to the commonest laws of life, we wonder there are as many whole and wholesome persons as we do find.

Affected Manners.

The secret of good manner, or what we all agree to call good breeding, is self-forgetfulness. When a man enters a company, thinking of nothing but himself, how he shall behave so as to secure the largest amount of admiration, what persons are going to think of him, and all that sort of thing, of course his manners are constrained, stiff, and awkward, and he does a great many things that he would not otherwise think of; but if he puts away from his thoughts all this vanity, and forgets all about himself, thoughtful chiefly and entirely for those into whose presence he is ushered, he cannot be awkward if he tried ever so hard, for the native grace and goodness of his heart overflow spontaneously toward all with whom he comes in contact, and the actions that are the result partake of their characteristics altogether. In such a case, he is beautiful in his manners even above his wit, his action being spontaneous in all its parts and points. In contrast with this, the manners that are incited by rule are wholly mechanical and hollow, and cannot be other than affected, false and contemptible.

What to Eat in Sickness.

Florence Nightingale—that queen of nurses—says in her little book, "Notes on Nursing," that in the disease produced by bad food, such as scorbutic dysentery and diarrhea, the patient's stomach often craves for and digests things, some of which certainly would be laid down in no dietary that ever was trotted for the sick, and especially for such sick. These are fruits, pickles, jams, gingerbread, fat of ham, or of bacon, suet, cheese, butter-milk. These cases I have seen not by ones, but by tens, but by hundreds. And the patient's stomach was right; the book was wrong. The articles craved for, in these cases, might have been principally arranged under the two heads of fat and vegetable acids. There is often a marked difference between men and women in this matter of sick feeding. Women's digestion is generally slower. The doctors do not know all the tricks yet, any more than the agriculturists.

Two Belts.

So, to settle their long-protracted squabble in England over the late light, it has been agreed by the two parties to the bloody contest to put up the old "belt" for any one to fight for who is ambitious of its possession under the "rules," and to satisfy the two men chiefly concerned by subscribing for a new belt for each of them—Hecan to head the list on behalf of the Sayers' belt, and vice versa. This looks very fair, and we suppose it is, though we are as ignorant as an un-pounded child of the "rules of the ring," or of what may be done in similar cases made and provided. Therefore we may consider this brutal controversy drawn to a close. Both have shown themselves to be "the best man," by being willing to do the handsome and kind thing by the other. Sayers fights no more. We beg Hecan not, to either. They can put their muscles to better use.

Hope.

We should be but poor wretches without hope to help us on. A man would refuse to make any further exertion when he found himself in a tight place, unless he felt a faith in his "star," or in something else, and was pretty confident that he was going to get out of it. Hope lends a powerful aid to the muscles, not less of the arm than of the heart.

Freedom of Thought and Action.

As we survey the various phases of being around us, we notice that nature has distinguished her productions by unmistakable peculiarities, not only of shape and size, but of instincts and faculties, and the appropriate instruments for their gratification. Each is so permanently and so securely confined to its proper sphere as if fastened by a chain. The quadruped must adhere to the ground; the fish cannot leave the water; and the bird may fly in the air. Man is no exception. His sphere is also prescribed. He can be neither horse, fish, nor bird; nor can they be men. His alleged or claimed free agency cannot metamorphose him into a quadruped, nor furnish him with wings for flight. Nor has he any more control over the natural flow of his own existence, than the smallest microscope may over its own. He cannot alter the physical law, nor the constitutional features of his own system, which determine the length of his life on earth.

So with his thoughts; their influx is not invited; for he knows not beforehand what they are to be, any more than he knows before his birth what kind of an entity he will be. All that he can do with them is, to let them enter as they abruptly bolt into his mind; or, if, impelled by some motive or other, heathen them after their entrance; for he knows not their quality, as good or bad, until they have entered, and he has examined them. Even his veto then is qualified, restricted, and by no means free. The decisions of his judgment in all matters are influenced differently at different times, by his feelings, circumstances, situation, &c. He will, but his will is directed by extraneous conditions. He resolves to go immediately homeward, and if he be not interrupted in his career, it is an easy matter to accomplish his resolve; but if something unexpected and effectual interposes, he is diverted, and his resolution is thwarted; he goes elsewhere than homeward. He is baffled; and this may serve as a sample for human actions generally. Many appearances may seem to conflict with this idea; but a vast overwhelming majority do not even seem to; and the seeming ones yield easily by examination. A man's career not even for a month or for a day, sometimes for a minute or a second, is precisely as he intended and strove for it to be. His acts are swayed from his intentions. The good that he would, he does not; and the evil that he would not, that he does. So says Paul. If an inspired man like him blunders, who is reliable?

All this indicates that man is by no means his own master; that an extraneous power controls him and his conduct in the smallest minute; and that what he seems to be about to do, is overruled by a superior influence. This tends to intimate that a conflict of opinion would produce confusion, that some one course must predominate among a multitude of projects, that a general or universal plan is to be executed by this superior power, and the selected course must accord with the tenor of this plan, and all human and other actions must conform to a single standard or end, and are wrought into the network equally with the pronounced good. In his *Arctic Boat Journey*, Dr. Hayes says, "It was not to ourselves that we were not at sea in that fearful storm. We knew not even where we were. We were not by any will of our own. There was a Providence in it."

It is indeed a grave question whether it is at all probable that one man is actually able alone to trespass on another's rights, happiness, life, health, or safety, however strongly we may suspect he can originate, shape, and control his own conduct as it relates entirely to permission, and even actual infliction, of higher authority than himself, injury, benefit, or in any way affect his neighbor or his friends? Is not the net work of the Universe so intimately connected that no one of its parts, however small, whether man or insect, can be affected without similarly affecting some one or more of its contiguous parts? Aiid has any one authority *ad libitum* to do as he may fancy—just as a floating whim may seem to influence him—to life, property, happiness, and interests of another and an entire party? Or is it not rather as Pope beautifully says—

"All chance, direction which thou canst not see!"

Are not the merest notions, actions, acts, however insignificant and trivial in appearance, just as necessarily issued, directed, and controlled from the moment of their emanation to the completion of their destiny, as a planet or a man? Can it be otherwise in a Universe composed of as minute parts as a vesicle of gas, a microscopic animalcule's organs, and an infinitesimal particle of matter; and without which minute items, all subject to uniform laws, that Universe could not exist, would disappear as an entity, and become a blank? No, all Nature is evidently constructed and operated according to one uniform plan, in its every motion and constituent ingredient, by one and the same Chief Marshall; and in the view of the dispensation and unjudged of mankind, "all things work together for good."

The Solar Eclipse.

The sun—or his Majesty, Oh Sol—goes into mourning on the 18th of July next. The affair will not be visible to persons living hereabouts, nor indeed throughout, but will have to be traveled after in order to be seen. Our government is despatching officers to Washington Territory, Hudson Bay Territory, and Labrador, where the eclipse is to be beheld in all its glory—and another party to Chilkot, to procure observations that shall be of the greatest scientific accuracy and value. The *New York Herald* very sensibly remarks concerning such an expedition—"This is a commendable idea. We have plenty of officers attached to the army and navy service, off duty, who, by education and taste, are fully competent to perform a duty of this character, and government could not employ them better than in the service of science and in the acquisition of knowledge relative to the phenomena of nature. We have a decided advantage over European countries, owing to our being in a more southern belt, and we should not wonder if the United States expeditions produce the most intelligible and instructive results."

How it Works.

The system of imprisoning witnesses, as it is practiced in some States, in order to secure their testimony on certain occasions which they could not well help seeing, is a cruel and unjust one, and ought to be brought to a speedy termination. We extract the following striking illustration of its unfair, and even wicked working, from the editorial columns of the *New York Atlas*:—

"When Macdonald shot Virginia Stewart, nearly a year ago, there were with her two companions—two young women, who, being unfortunately witnesses of the transaction, were held to answer and answer. They were residents of Mobile, and were without friends here, and through inability to give legal security that they would be present to testify on the day of trial, were placed in the White street jail. This detention, however nominal it may have been, in regard to their confinement within the limits of the apartment appropriated to their use, was to all intents and purposes an imprisonment. Meanwhile by such imprisonment—year and a half as they were—all the little property they possessed in Mobile, consisting of furniture, unsecured for and unclaimed, has been taken away or destroyed, and they are left measureless destitute. Now, being entirely destitute, save of what little they may have earned more than their expenses, they can go into the world with its curse upon their former lives ringing in their ears, reckless, helpless, its victims, not of their own desires, but of the law."

The Weather.

June came in blandly, like the opening of the beautiful poem it is. Green, leaves, blossoms, and everything else is green, bright, and happy. The cold, cool spell we had at the last end of May had an exceedingly ill effect on sundry human tempers, perhaps a little infirm to start with; but the incoming of such a month as this sweet and leafy June is a potent restorer of all good feelings again. We trust all our friends are as happy under the blue sky and over the green grass as we are.

Frederic's Mission.

The defection of Postmaster Fowler, of New York, calls out various comments from the press, and the *Monday Times* of that city improves the occasion to show up the whole system of placing mere party leaders in office, in the following beautiful manner:— "Government appoints politicians. It demands 'leaders' for high offices. It expects of them, as the condition of their continuance in office, that they should continue to be 'leaders.' It knows that leadership involves an expenditure of ten times the amount of the official salary. It knows how many hangers-on are to be provided for out of a high official purse; how he has to live; his suppers to be catered for; his free drinks and fees to all useful 'primary' rights, and convenient tools and hangers on of the party. Every administration, no matter what its party name, knows this. What, then, does it expect? Does it look for Roman virtue in all men? Does it or the public expect, or have they the moral right to expect, anything but defections? These questions are answered by the tenderness with which both press and public treat the defection of Mr. Fowler. The crime is admitted—the shame is sorrowed for; but no atonement is manifested—no violent sentiment of horror felt or expressed. We should like to know the number of public officers who cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, that until a radical revolution takes place, and either the salaries of public officers are raised to a sum sufficient to cover all the inside and outside duties imposed on them, or until it is no longer considered the subject of reproach also to be a party leader and pay the hire of every hanger-on for whom there is no subordinate place provided, such defections as Mr. Fowler's will be the rule, not the exception.

How to become Great.

With a searching sight into the springs of human progression, Emerson says—"A great man is willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantage, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented and defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance, is cured of the insularity of conceit; has got moderation and skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off with him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies."

To Subscribers.

Those who receive notices of the expiration of their terms of subscription, will do well to remit immediately, on receipt of the same, for the next term, as our published terms oblige us to discontinue promptly the expiration of subscriptions. And as we do print but a limited number more than is necessary to supply our list, those who do not attend at once to the renewal, run the risk of missing some numbers of the *Banner*. In this connection we will remind our friends that in order to keep the *Banner* within their means, we are not able to add any names from our list. We have met the public in a spirit of liberality unsurpassed, and we may say unqualified, by any publisher in the ranks of Spiritualism, and hope to receive a continuance of the liberal support extended to us heretofore.

How to Feature Them.

The *Philadelphia Ledger* has found out a way, and we should 't wonder if it might be the surest one; to put our new friends, the Japanese, to the test. It recommends that all the Missionary boards and delegates to Washington to lay before the Princes the leading points of doctrine, with a view to their proper understanding of the United States. What an idea! Ask a gentleman from the antipodes to "get the bang" of all the phases of belief that prevail here, in the short space of three months, besides seeing all there is in the country of a political and social character? It cannot be done.

Anniversary Week.

Last week was what is styled "Anniversary Week," in Boston, and a pleasant time our friends from the country had of it. The town was thronged. We have not seen so many strangers jamming together on our sidewalks in a long time. There was the usual amount of good and prosy speaking, the ordinary rendering of accounts, any quantity of pleasant interchange of friendly sentiment, and, on the whole, a good, substantial form of solid enjoyment. It is a fine thing for the people to come together occasionally, and get a little acquainted.

Lee Miller at the Melodeon.

Mr. Miller will speak at the Melodeon next Sabbath at 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. His subject in the afternoon will be, "Janner Life;" in the evening, "The Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism." This will probably be the last service at the Melodeon during the summer. A report of Mr. M.'s lectures on Sunday, June 3d, will appear in our next issue.

Spiritualists' Conventions.

The friends must bear in mind that the Quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be held at Burlington, on Saturday and Sunday, June 16th and 17th. A two days' Convention will be held at Burgin, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, June 9th and 10th.

Test Manifestations in Public.

Ada L. Hoyt will answer calls to give test manifestations in public, by her usual modes of rapping and writing, in any of the towns of New England accessible by rail from Boston.

We call the attention of our readers to the announcement in another column of the grand Mass Picnic, to be held in the Grove at Abington, on Tuesday, the 19th inst.

LITERATURE.

DICKENS' SHORT STORIES. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This handsome volume from the well-known press of Peterson contains thirty-one stories from the pen of Dickens, that have never before been published in this country. They stamp the volume with the same individual characteristics that made "Sketches by Boz" so popular, and betray, besides, a broader and deeper power on the part of the writer, gained from his long experience since. In the list are—"Three Detective Anecdotes," "Down with the Tide," "Bill Slacking," "Out of Town," "Our School," "Our Dore," and "A Christmas Tree." The Petersons have made a great hit in republishing Dickens for readers in this country, and his writings have thus been sent literally to every man's door.

For sale by Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

MY EXPERIENCE; or Post-Prints of a Presbyterialist to Spiritualism. By Francis H. Smith. Baltimore, 1850.

This little volume was alluded to by us last week. It is a record, more or less minute, of the various facts that were presented, from time to time, to the spirit; unalike faith, which operated with such force on the mind of the author as to compel his subscription to their authenticity. The statements are interesting, and his reflections are worthy of the striking facts elicited. The entire experience of the writer is given in such a style of candor and good feeling, betraying so unquestionably the sincerity and seriousness of the soul that is sure it has been born again, that we can hardly sit down to an examination of the volume without giving it a thorough and complete perusal. We bespeak for this little book a wide circulation and the best of friends it actually deserves.

TEXT-BOOK IN INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY, FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES; containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D. D., President of Waterville College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., 117 Washington street, 1860.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

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

QUESTIONS:—What is that fundamental instinct in man? What is that instinctive foundation in man? What is the difference, if any, between them? Do animals possess the faculty of reason? Mr. BROWN.—The opposite side make one great error. They think to show if animals have instinct, they cannot reason; they claim that instinct does not progress. The question is, whether the reason of animals improves. Animals have reason, but not so much as man. Man progresses in reason, and I cannot see why animals do not. It has taken man a million of years to come to the invention of the steam-engine. The human race progresses very slow. The human reason seems to be about the same as a million years ago. To do a thing because others have done it before us, not from reason. We find little progress in animals below us; but this slowness is not sufficient evidence that they do not improve in reason. I believe that horses and dogs improve by education. The idea that animals do not reason, is to me preposterous. The eight, smell and hearing of the dog implies mind; all his faculties imply mind. A cow goes to the best part of the pasture to graze. The dog decides by smell what he shall eat. Animals, I believe, are immortals as much as men.

Mr. WETMORE.—I must confess I was astonished at Mr. Spooner's remarks. Instinct and intuition are blended. No one can tell where one begins and where the other ends. I cannot see any progress in instinct. Reason has come to man, for he is on a higher plane than mere animals. They cannot speak, because they have got no organs to speak with. They are below the power of reason. Man possesses this power, and by speech can give it utterance. I cannot tell where reason begins and where instinct ends. We do not know but snakes had legs once, and hairy animals scales. I am of the opinion that animals reason and reflect. What animals do is very much akin to what man does. The latter we go in the animal, the less of reason we find until we go where we do not find reason.

Mr. EASON.—I was interested in the remarks made by Brother Spooner, but I cannot come to his conclusions. Blind and unlighted instinct makes a platform to bring us to reason. I cannot believe that the dog has a conscious mentality or spirituality, so that he can comprehend and choose. The human soul has conscious mentality and spirituality; can comprehend and choose. I agree that animals improve and progress, but this is through the reason of man. Animals, of themselves, never do this. The habits of a dog may be almost entirely changed by education; that comes of human reason. Why are we left, the last work of God, alone with the instinct possessed by animals? We

And quieted, and... Fair as the sunny sunlight... A blue-eyed, fair young mother...

BOOBY COMPANIONS.

After years of absence, when autumn had tinged... I find my boots and shoes... My eyes are dim and old...

And lighting the best and holiest purposes of man... What were the Egyptian forms of her whose every voice... My mind has turned to bitter north...

Applied Progress in Northern Ohio.

EDITHA BANNER—Spring is lavishing her sweet smiles upon us... I find my boots and shoes... My eyes are dim and old...

Report for the Banner of Light. LECTURE BY M. LYON, M. D. We publish below a lecture delivered in Boston... 'What must I do to be saved?'...

Progress of Spiritualism.

EDITHA BANNER—I have been a deeply interested reader of your journal... I find my boots and shoes... My eyes are dim and old...

As another illustration, take the case of the vile murderer of a lovely, pure, benevolent woman... 'What must I do to be saved?'...

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

MACONDO, BOSTON.—Leo Miller, Esq., will lecture in the Methodist Church... GARDEN CITY.—The Spiritualists of Garden City hold regular meetings...

SCOTT'S HEALING INSTITUTE. JOHN SCOTT, M.D. This being an age when almost anything is done... SCOTT'S HEALING INSTITUTE...

VERMONT QUARTERLY SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION.

The next quarterly convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be held at Troy, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, June 10 and 11, 1860...

SCOTT'S HEALING INSTITUTE. JOHN SCOTT, M.D. This being an age when almost anything is done... SCOTT'S HEALING INSTITUTE...

LOWE'S PATENT Printing and Letter-Copying Press.

The invention of this press supplies a want long felt by printers and others... It is a simple and perfect printing press...