

EDITH H. CHAPMAN REMAINS
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E. H. CHAPMAN, will be published in
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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILSON.

CHAPTER XXII. THE REALITIES OF LIFE.

"And you, who sit aloft in earth's high places,
Turbid and your wealth you scarcely know
That West and East are leaving fearful traces
Upon the rolling multitude below;
From your abundance can you not bestow
A smile to soothe the weary path they tread?
Have you no sympathy with human woe?
No ray of blessed hope and joy to shed?
Upon the weary hearts that toil and grieve for bread?"
[SARAH T. BOWEN.]

The scene is changed. From the unveiled realm
of soul-land, we lead thee to the darkened earth;
from the luxuriant Tropics landscape to the wintry
gloom of the far-famed city of Brotherly Love.
There, amid life's stern and sad realities, we meet
again with the changed Cosella. She has drunk
deeply of the trial draughts of orphanhood and de-
pendence since last she prayed beside the willow
shaded grave of Shion. Unable longer to endure the
indefinite monotony of her life, she has left her hum-
ble friends, and the shelter of their cozy home, re-
solved to defy her destiny and perhaps realize the
wild hope living at her heart. With a morbid egle-
ness, she seeks in the newspapers for tidings of the
father she knows not how to name; she walks the
streets peering anxiously into the faces that bear re-
semblance to the one her fancy pictures. She has
put aside her costly robes, and sold all her valuable
trinkets. She wears the tattered gown, and on her
face is the badge of untold suffering. From the po-
lite life of ease and leisure, she has descended to a
dependent's scale; and in the houses of the proud
and fashionable she is received on most unequal
terms. The proud, brave spirit, that deemed itself
companionable to the highest, is superficially shown
the place the world allots to her. Women, devoid
of self-culture, address her condescendingly; men,
divested of the heart rules of politeness, call her in
a commanding tone. And while the indignant flush
mantles her cheek, and defiant glances break from
her eye, her lips are silent, and the high heart is
wrung with all the bitterness the unappreciated
knows. Cosella, the dreamer of the beautiful,
the free, wild, soaring spirit, is imprisoned by the re-
quirements of the daily needs. She, who gazed upon the
glories of the sunset from the Ganges' sacred banks,
who stood beside the sphinx in solitary meditations,
who drank in soul draughts of life lasting inspira-
tion on the Alpine mountains—she is now that saddest,
most unheeded thing of earth, a seamstress for her
daily bread!

No more the soothing lullaby of ocean charms her
to sweet dreams of poetry; no more the garden's fragrant
wealth invites her wandering steps; the hear-
ons, so blue and sunlit, gleam strange and far
above the thronged house-tops, and the message of
the golden stars is intercepted. The even monotony
of one of the finest cities presses heavily upon her;
the snow-white marble of the door steps, the long in-
terminable rows of brick houses, the denuded trees
that pry into the streets, the falling snow, the ice,
the cold, the chilling rain—all, all external changes
correspond to the gloom of soul in which the stran-
ger is so deeply plunged.

Leave girl! alone, unaided, save of spirit hosts,
she crossed the ocean and reached the land renowned
for liberty. She sought for aid and friendship from
those of her mother's race; she had read much of
the faith of sympathy existing between those of the
same faith, and she dreamt of protection, maternal
guidance, fraternal help, and sustaining friendship.
Not one of her dreams was realized.

She was rudely questioned as to her worldly
means, her parentage, her past life. "What can
you do for a living?" was demanded. And when she
replied that she had been unaccustomed to labor, she
was told that she "must learn to make herself use-
ful."

Thus repulsed, she resolved to keep her own secret,
and trust to God for the fulfillment of her most
cherished hope. She therefore gave her inquirers
such portions of her history as she deemed necessary,
and looked the rest within her breast. For a few
weeks she lived in one of those economical boarding-
houses abounding in large cities, where low prices
are in vogue, and the face is correspondingly ex-
citable. Then, finding her scanty means rapidly dimi-
nishing, she again made application to those whose
law enforced pity and protection for the orphan and
the stranger.

"I will briefly sketch from life some of the young
girl's experiences in the worldly, plausibly-reputed and
benevolent city of fraternal love.

"Can you do housework?" asked Mrs. S., a
pious, ignorant and fortune-seeking lady, of the
shrinking and embarrassed applicant.

"No, madam," replied Cosella; "I have never had
occasion to perform it."

"Very do you come from?" queried the Ameri-
canized German.

"From Santa Lucia in South America."

"That me! dat is fery far off, is it?—near Eng-
land?"

Cosella explained.

"De Spanish Miss!" exclaimed the lady; and
going to the head of the kitchen stairs, she called
out: "Modder, modder, come here right away! I
have a girl all de way from Spain; she wants someth-
ing to do; come and see her."

She was submitted to the scrutiny of the old lady,
who, taking the young girl's soft hand, said, in Ger-
man:

"Little, good-for-nothing hands! never did any
useful work."

"You do? My! how fery queer; were did you
learn? and can you talk French, and Spanish, and
Portuguese?"

"I learnt from my father," replied Cosella. "I
speak Spanish and understand the French."

"Can you sew?"

"I can."

"Can you make dresses? make shirts and boys'
panalones?"

"I cannot make dresses, nor boys' clothing; but I
have helped to make my father's shirts. I can sew
very neatly."

"The coarse, wondering souls before her little know-
ledge of the heart-pangs of wounded feeling, the depth of
humiliation, she was enduring.

"Vell, de neatness is all fery vell; but I want
some one to sew fast as blazes for me. How many
days will it take you to make a shirt?"

"I cannot tell, madam."

There was a whispered consultation, during which
she was scrutinized from head to foot. Then Mrs.
S. rejoined, "You may come next Monday, and I
will have de sewing ready, and if you suit me, I will
make some arrangement to keep you. You want a
home and your board, and dat I will give you, and
you need n't sew on Saturdays—de always keeps de
Sabbath holy."

The old lady murmured as she retired, "She can't
do much!"

This was her first introduction into the world of
actual toil. At the appointed time she came, was
reprimanded for her tardiness, and the pile of work
was placed before her. Never had she sat at one
continued task for a whole day. But she bore up
bravely, never uttering one complaining word,
though her temples throbbed with pain, and her fin-
gers, unused to such continued labor, ached wearily.
Her handiwork was admired, but she was told she
must learn to sew faster. She was shown into a
cheerless, fireless room, and she slept, after the day's
toil, and her dreams were sweet.

From early morn until eleven o'clock at night she
was compelled to wield the needle; making garments
for the children, which Mrs. S. out, mending,
and binding and stitching, until her eye-balls ached
and her head was tortured with a weary pain. For
all this she received her board, and now and then a
penny present. She sat all day in the close, cheer-
less kitchen, and was the constant butt of the cross old
lady and the rude, untrained children; the only
drop of balm mingling with the bitter cup was the
kindness and urbanity of Mr. S., who treated
her poor girl as became a gentleman; but he was
away from home the greater portion of the day, and
knew not to what tasks she was subjected. He
would often say to her, seeing her ply her needle in
the evening, "I fear you will injure your eyes, Miss
Phillips," (to that name Cosella had returned.) But
she, knowing too well what was required of her,
smiled gratefully, and continued her work.

At dusk on the Sabbath eve she was allowed to
go aside her tasks; and if the weather permitted,
she would steal forth into the open air. The Sab-
bath she spent in reading, and in taking exercise.
Sometimes she accompanied the family to the syn-
agogue, but her feelings of devotion had departed;
she saw only the outward form; she read the same
alms, the seeming, the mockery of true worship;
and she sought for light within, telling no mortal
soul of her internal struggles.

The heart that is repulsed by the world, its wealth
of love unacknowledged, its soul-needs unrespon-
ded to—that heart of necessity turns to its inner re-
sources, and forms to itself responsive and beautiful
ideals. On some imaginary shrine (imaginary be-
cause impossible of realization in this life) it places
its votive offerings of genius and faith, of truth and
affection. It endows with life and color, warmth
and music, this beautiful ideal: adding to its con-
ceptions of undying glory day by day, until it stands
face to face with its invoker, and its creator becomes
a longed-for reality. Then in the actual life, mayhap,
some one bearing a faint or strong resemblance to
this image in the heavens appears; and the seeking
heart, enwrapped in its own fair and pure illusions,
on the mantle of its dreams upon the earthly en-
vironment, who thenceforth becomes a God to be wor-
shipped for his attributes; a hero form to be enshrined
with loftiest deeds; a ministering spirit, an earthly
friend. With all things bright and good, this one
idea mingles, and the heart renders plastic by
sorrow receives the fair and false impression it
deems indelible. Thus are wayward loves admitted
—thus the mistakes of life are made.

Solitude, uncongeniality, morbid fancies, that
gained strength by nature, past trial, and present
uncertainty; the dreams she brooded over, and the
uncommunicated thoughts, had weakened the
strong resisting heart of Cosella. As time passed on,
and the hope of meeting her unknown father grew
faint and wavering, the hoarded filial tender-
ness, the woman's love sought for a resting place
amid the turmoil of life and destiny. She found
none she could compare to her noble father. But
she gave anew the treasure of her love, unthought
and unasked for; she showered its heart-wealth on
an unconscious head; she undrew with superhu-
man glory one who returned not the blessed gift.
She waited for his footsteps, listened to his voice, and
wove sweet heart-dreams from his smile.

He was the music teacher, who came thrice a week
to instruct the oldest Miss S. in the rudimentary
elements. The strange, fantastic and bewildering
harmonies that he drew from the ivory keys were
accompanied by Cosella's unspoken improvisations
of prayer and love. Sometimes, Mrs. S. repaired
to the parlor, and, as a favor, the seamstress was
allowed to follow her, to listen to the music while
she sewed. Thus it was that she gazed upon the
intellectual face of the teacher, that sometimes she
met his beaming eyes and encouraging smile. One
day he entered into conversation with her. His
home was upon the banks of the Rhine; there yet
dwelt his aged parents. Cosella told him of her
travels; and warming with a touch of the olden
enthusiasm, her cheek glowed with his recovered
roses, and the light of a new-born hope illumined

her eye. Mrs. S. had left the room for some
moments.

"You are out of your sphere, young lady, in this
company," he said, as he took up a portion of her
sewing.

"I learnt from my father," replied Cosella. "I
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and rude—just the man to inspire Cosella with a
fixed and settled aversion. He had offered her his
hand and heart, and dry goods store, all of which Co-
sella had twice refused. "But the persevering swim-
mer still hoped, and still visited the house, in the hope
of winning the 'spunky Southern girl.' Mrs. S. used
every argument within her reach, but in vain; and
as her seamstress threatened to leave the house
if she were persecuted on that subject, Mrs. S.,
fearing that her sewing would suffer, yielded re-
luctantly, and ceased to urge the suit of the wealthy
Helmerskop.

Cosella sewed and stitched from early morn till late
at night, determined to earn her bread. She sewed so
swiftly that soon there was scarcely anything left for
her to do; for Mrs. S., availing herself of so favor-
able an opportunity, at so cheap a rate, had provided
herself and family with all the necessary garments
for a long time to come. The seamstress was then
informed that she might seek for employment else-
where; and for a few weeks only she found it be-
hind the counter of a trimming store.

One day, she saw an advertisement in the paper,
that an interpreter (a lady) was demanded by a
family from Cuba. She applied for the situation,
and was told by the starchy and haughty senora,
that she required a person to assist in the charge of
her little girl, do her shopping, interpret for her, and
that person must submit to eat at the servants' table,
and sleep in the same room with her child's
black nurse.

Cosella told the lady she would submit to all the
requirements of the labor, but not to any personal
indignity. She would take her meals alone, and
have her own bed; if the senora saw fit to engage
her under those conditions, she was willing, not
otherwise. The proud Cuban reflected; she had
admitted many times without result; all that had
been applied were women of coarse exterior and uncul-
tivated minds, or ladies so refined and fastidious
they would not accept anything less than a man's
post. But this girl wore the semblance of lady-
hood; her speech was gentle and melodious, yet she
was humble, too. The proud Cuban knew not that
she had lost the dollar in the young girl's pocket.

"You may come, and make what arrangement
you please," she said; and Cosella sped away with
a lightened heart.

CHAPTER XXIII. TOIL AND SUFFERING.

"Not in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green cooling fountains, a pleasant shade,
At summer's noon is made;
And when soft evening hours
Steal the rich blush of the enamored flowers,
Dream I. For where the golden chariot lies,
At sunset, lay over the dusky sea;
And in pure bliss the heavily laden
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to heaven."

But when the luculent sun
Of iron bands, and roof of heaven thrusts,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long summer day is pouring in,
Till the day is done, and darkness does begin,
Dream I. As in the corner where I lie,
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky,
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to heaven,
Yet, those blind, soulless corners, yet I dream!

And yet I dream—
Dream with, when more just, I might have been,
[FROM A VOLUME OF "POEMS BY A SEAMSTRESS."

For three months of slavery, the young girl abode
with the pure-purposed task-mistress, subsisting on all
the varied humiliations that dependence imposes.
She was employed as errand-girl, attendant, nursery
maid, secretary and interpreter, all for the modic-
um of two dollars per week. But the labor
and fatigue bore too heavily upon her, and she in-
formed the senora of her intention of seeking other
employment. She was haughtily dismissed; and
around the wide city she looked for the means of
obtaining her subsistence, for the shelter of a home.
There lived in a fine house, with all the appliances
of ease and comfort, an invalid old lady, with whom
Cosella had become acquainted. Thither she re-
paired for a few days, until she should again obtain
a situation. She was cordially welcomed by the
helpless mistress of the house, but sternly scowled
upon the housekeeper, who feared every new
comer might prove her rival in the affections of her
employer, although affection was not the bond that
linked her to her service; she held much control
over the purse strings of the old lady, and ruled the
house at her own sovereign will.

She was a being low of moral stature, unrefined
in soul, and of speech. A thorough worker as
regards the vigorous use of broom and scrubbing
brush; she delighted in the confusion of house
cleaning, in the infliction of those minor deluges
upon windows and pavements, which form one of
the cardinal doctrines of Philadelphia cleanliness.
What stranger visiting that beautiful city, but has
gazed in wonder and alarm upon the torrents pour-
ing from four story windows? upon the winding
streamlets underfoot? Immutable as the decrees of
the Gods, as the "I have spoken," of the ancient
Sachems, is the custom upheld; and was to the un-
initiated, the foretold the coming waterfall, and
cannot agley spring from the daily inundation.

Miss Betsey Brian entertained a high opinion of
her own literary acquirements, choice use of lan-
guage, and elegance in dress and manner, no less
than in her peculiar and thorough-going mode of
housekeeping. The feather beds received not only
their due amount of lawful shaking, but also sundry
twists and punchings, as if an evil temper sought
to wreak the malice it could not vent elsewhere, upon
the passive mass; pie boards and rolling pins, broom
handles, and all things susceptible of the appli-
cation of scrubbing brush and soap, received such mar-
velous applications of what she refinedly termed "el-
bow grease," (that is strength), that their broad and
fair proportions shrank visibly, and dwindled away
from week to week. She was a wonderful cook, too;
she prided herself upon the invention of various
new and inappreciable dishes; she seasoned apples
with vanilla, and put her favorite essence of pep-
permint into soups and sauces. She was peculiar
in many ways; she sat down upon the floor to
knead her bread, and chop the mince-meat; sud-
denly recollecting some branch of her duties that had
been neglected, she would run and leave the dough

upon the board, the meat with its accessories upon
the floor. At such times, pious would help himself
and Miss Betsey returning with flushed face and
gray ringlets streaming, would vow to kill and for-
ever excommunicate that nuisance of an animal! Then
she would chase grinnings through the house, and
panting with excitement, "swow" that she would
murder him at the next opportunity.

Miss Brian wore spectacles, curls, collar and cuffs,
in the afternoon when her work was done, and she
sat down to her sewing. Her morning toilet con-
sisted of a short petticoat, a night gown, and a cap
to correspond. Of course she was invisible to
callers in this costume, therefore she managed to
keep a "half-grown girl," to do her errands, attend
to the door bell, and to bear with her outbreaks of
ill-humor, for Miss Betsey indulged in a "tantrum"
often, and the Irish girls she had hired could not
stand its exhibition.

She disclaimed the "horrible vulgar idea" of Hi-
berian descent; and told long and contradictory
stories of the glories of her ancestors, and the piety
and wealth of her forefathers. On her wrinkled
face there dwelt an expression of low cunning, and
the daily cultivation of an aversive spirit had
tightly screwed up her mouth into an utter denial
toward all charitable appeals. Affected, ignorant,
professedly religious, and practically selfish and
mercenary, this woman yet had her redeeming traits.
Toward the swarm of peepwigs and pieces that for-
mated her with visits, and urgent demands for aid,
she was kind and benevolent. Her heart, closed to
the duties of universal love, opened wide at the ap-
peal of kindred; that voice of nature that was al-
lied to her by the ties of consanguinity never pined
in vain; and a freshly roasted fowl, fine dish of
vegetables, or tempting tart, found its way to the
larder of her poor relations. From her own code of
honesty, Miss Betsey reasoned thus—

"The old thing I live with, do n't eat one half she
makes me get; and it is a sin to waste vittles; my
folks need it, and they shall have it, while the
breath of life is in my nostrils!" and the emphatic
individual enforced her resolve by a resolute up-
and-down shake of the head and a stamp of the foot.

Her life's ambition rested upon the hope, that the
old lady would make a bountiful provision for her
in her will. In view of attaining so great a boon,
she was profuse of flattery and attentions, little
deeming it possible, that the sharp eyes of her world-
wise employer saw clearly through her every artifice.

The old lady had often requested Cosella to make
her home there; a widow, her two sons living in
another city, she found in the pale, reserved and
silent girl that which touched her heart. Without
an effort, the orphan would have won her love, and
the rest of a quiet home. The helpless invalid,
yearning for some responsive soul to cling to, felt
her motherly affections going warmly toward the
unprotected girl. But she imprudently expressed
those thoughts before Miss Betsey, and that lady
formed her plans accordingly. She received Cosella
with a mixture of condescension and reserve, with
an occasional frown darkening her face.

"Dear me! Miss Phillips; I should think you
could have worried along with them Cuban folks a
little longer. See what I have to put up with. Mad-
am is calling, calling all day long, and at night I
don't close my eyelids; it's up and down, and up and
down, the blessed live long night. I think sometimes
I shall expect of heart-disease. And I have so much
to do there's pies to bake, and clothes to air, and
sewing to get off, and general sweeping, and last
week's ironing to do, and all the beds want shaking,
and the dust scouring; the windows must be wash-
ed, quilting done, and the preserves overcooked. Do
you know what a housekeeper's trial is? I swear,
you do not! I have marketing to do, the dressmakers
to hunt up—the desert to make, and that imp of a
girl to look after. *Scat! scat!* you best," she cried,
addressing the delinquent cat, who had mounted the
table with a chicken wing in his mouth. "You
abominably obnoxious critter! you vill you cat! you
villainous thief of a mischief! you sallow-gundian
scamp! you go-away! you scratching Lucifer! There,
now, bid, scratch, if you dare!" and she ap-
plied in quick succession a number of heavy strokes
with a brush handle to the unfortunate cat.

"Now go out of doors, you incorrigible demon! I
you pestiferous, owlish, miserable screecher! If
you dare to come into the house again to-day, I'll
chop you up for mince-meat, and sell you to the
butcher—the Dutchman that buys up everything
that crawls, for sausages! I swear if you come
again in this blessed day, I'll murder you, as sure
as my name is Betsey Brian!"

"Please, please!" interposed Cosella, as taking
the cat by the nape of the neck, she was about to
inflict a second series of strokes; the young girl's
tender heart could not brook cruelty to animals.
Miss Betsey took a few rapid strides toward the
door, and with a parting kick dismissed poor puss.
She returned looking flushed, weary, and exultant.

"See here, Miss Phillips," she said, placing her
arms akimbo, pulling off her spectacles, and speak-
ing rapidly, "you and I must come to an under-
standing if you want to make this house your home.
I won't bear no interference with my domestic and
household arrangements. I'm second captain here
and I won't give up to no *ferriners*. I hate ferriners,
anyhow, they're so tricky and intriguying; and if
there's a earthly thing I abhor, detest and abomi-
nate, it's intriguying and manuevering! So do n't
go to put on no airs; for I swear, I won't abide
it. I say to the young lady, you can't get a living soul
to do for you as I does, and if you mean to set any-
body up over me, why, if they stay, I'll leave! That
settles the Madam; she grows as soft as a new kid
glove. I'll have no intermeddlers with my affairs;
and the cat belongs to us. You may go up stairs
now, and see the Madam; but do n't stay long in
the room, for she exhorts the Madam; and do n't
talk much to her—that excites her nerves, and I'm
nervous enough myself. I'm ready to drop, with
all the work before me. You can read to the Mad-
am—that will keep you from gab. What a pity she

likes those old, trashy novels, when she ought to be
studying her prayers, and preparing for the great
eternity!" And Miss Betsey cast up her eyes, until
the whites alone were visible, and commenced sing-
ing, vigorously—

"If I can read my little clear!" &c.

Cosella sighed deeply, said not a word, but went up
stairs, and to the "Madam's" chamber.

She was cordially received, and indulged with
conversation that did her good; nor did

to ape their father's example; and the girls delighted in the repetition of words that caused Cosella to blunder as if in the presence of emboldened and growing girls. They amused themselves, these princely drosses of children of the rich, with calling Cosella "our hired girl."

"You are hired to sew, and that is the same as being hired to cook," said the rule Lucius; and his brother, Marcus, called her, "Old white face" and little Olivia, when desired to be quiet, gently replied, "You don't mind me, and this is not your house;" and Sarah, the oldest, took a malicious pleasure in making the loudest noises whenever the poor seamstress's head ached. They threw books and papers, balls and tops at her, and to her imploring entreaties to desist, laughed mockingly; and in reply to her indignant remonstrances, they threatened to "kill mamma."

"Mrs. Na—" coming in, in the midst of the hubbub, would remark "that children would be children, and that Miss Phillips must learn to exercise patience, and control her temper."

Oh the little thorns, the prickly briars of daily life! how the soul is fretted and the throbbing heart is enfeebled by these petty cruelties! The daily amenities, the sweet, humble courtesies—how they cheer and strengthen! How wearisome the plodding daily labor that is unblest by the sympathizing smile!

Cosella drew a grateful sigh of relief when the three weeks came to a close. Mrs. Na— paid her for her unremitting labor, not as had been agreed upon, but deducted a quarter of a dollar from each week.

"You have made a mistake, madam," said Cosella, gently. "I agreed to sew for you for a dollar and a half a week, and though you offered me less, you at last agreed to my terms."

"There is your money," said the stately lady, in a quick, impatient voice. "I shall give you no more."

"Don't you pay any more than you bargained for," said the lordly and tyrannical husband, who was sitting beside her and leisurely enjoying the fragrance of a fresh Havana.

"There is your money; take your things and go," said Mrs. Na—.

"I agreed for—" "I want no words upon the subject," interrupted the lady. "Here is your money, and there is the door!"

She took the money with a trembling hand; she controlled her quivering nerves; she bade the lord, indignant throbbing of her heart be still. A flood of recollection rushed over her spirit; Rhina's unflinching gentleness and goodness, the luxury and comfort with which Manassah had surrounded her, the past life of travel—dreamy, poetically fraught with varied and sometimes pleasant incidents—and now, the life of bitter toil and deepest humiliation! All the inborn pride, the outraged dignity, asserted its sway. With deeply flushed cheek, kindling eye, and proudly erect figure, she confronted her oppressors and spoke:

"You may wrong the orphan and the stranger, but you will not wrong the richer, none the happier! To willfully defraud me of the proceeds of my hard-earned labor, is becoming to such as you! But never, if I have to starve, will I touch a needle for you again—you purse-proud, vulgar, ignorant aristocrats! I feel myself your superior, and your money cannot buy that comeliness! Your religion is a sham, your lives hypocrisy! I scorn, I shrink from association with such as you!"

She rushed from the room as they recovered from their open-mouthed astonishment at such audacity. Out in the open air, she stopped and cried exultingly:

"I spoke my mind; I broke the slavish fetters of silence! I am not a slave; I will confront and confound these petty tyrants, though it cost me my life!"

The next day she sent for her things, and proceeded to fulfill an engagement with a shopkeeper whose principal gains were derived from the manufacture and sale of articles of female apparel. Cosella was employed, at the rate of a quarter of a dollar per day, in the making up of silk mantillas of the style and workmanship known as "slop goods." To sew fast, not neatly, was the chief aim of those employed, and it is customary for "smart hands" to make as many as nine per day.

The owner of the establishment was a shrewd, life-and-good-living Jewish son of Judah. His wife was a small, over-dressed, fussy and novel-doving lady; their daughter, Marianna, a spoilt, affected child, putting on many premature young-lady airs. Such souls could not peer into the sacredly veiled recesses of Cosella's heart or mind. But as in life, the ludicrous stands ever beside the gate of tears, and the heart-pangs of a settled sorrow may be momentarily lightened by the amusing occurrences of the day; so Cosella was often drawn from deep and painful musings, by the profound reflections of Mrs. A— upon historic characters, religious themes, and criticisms of the world.

"Oh, Miss Phillips," said the lady, one day, entering the back parlor where Cosella sat bowed over her work; "what a beautiful world it is that these novel-writers tell about! I got carried out of myself when I read those glowing descriptions of duchesses, and queens, and royal princesses. I can fancy myself in the bosom of Anna of Austria, and the fine figure of the Duke of Buckingham rises before me, all in velvet, and plumes, and diamonds! That blessed Alexander Dumas! to write so beautifully. I have read the 'Three Musketeers,' and am going on with the whole series. Dear me! what sorrows these heroes and heroines get into! and at the end of the chapter, or the week's newspaper, they always leave off in the most interesting place—leave them hanging head foremost down a precipice, or in the power of robbers, or just escaping, or being caught, or something else that is heart-rending and terrible!"

"Nonsense, nonsense! stuff and tomfoolery!" good naturedly rebuked the husband, who had come in in time to hear a part of the address; "novels are good for nothing trash. I want the news in a paper, and the price current—none of your highfalutin love-sick twaddle. I'd rather eat a good beefsteak any day than read a book."

"That's just like you men!" said the lady, with sentimental sigh. "We, of more delicate and ethereal organizations, we understand the ideal life; and it is hard for such refined tendencies to meet the roughness of the world and the uncongenialities that surround us. I never wrote a line of poetry in my life, but, how I adore it! Delightful Shakespeare! gigantic Milton! beautiful Byron! how I worship their writings! I and my Marianna, we ought to live in a world of our own—not in this toilsome, plodding, mercenary world we live in."

"It's as good a world as you've ever been in," retorted Mr. A—, "and I wouldn't exchange it for the silly things you read about. What good do you get out of all that fardoodle?"

"What good? Oh Adolphus, you have but half a soul! Don't I learn of all the miseries that afflict humanity? Don't I learn how great griefs are borne in silence and resignation? Don't I learn how kings and queens and princes live, and how they

come to poverty, and nobly bear it? Don't I learn—"

"It's all a pack of trash!" interrupted her husband. "If you're in search of misery, there are plenty of beggars to see after; you can take a ride to the almshouse, and see misery enough in one afternoon. You're not overfond of that sort of thing."

"I don't like vulgar misery," she replied. "Misery is misery, high or low, you romantic gossamer! And what have we to do with royalty? We sell dry goods and mantillas, and go to the quarter-dollar place in the theatre."

"I don't," said the lady, drawing herself up. "My motto is, 'the first place or none'; but it is useless to argue with you, Adolphus. I live in a paradise of my own—I soar away to the scenes of grandeur, I reach the stars, while you—" "Stand behind the counter, or eat my dinner sensibly," replied the still smiling husband.

"Dinner?" she scornfully replied; "how can you dwell so everlastingly upon your animal propensities? When I become absorbed by the delicious descriptions of high life, I forget all about such vulgar things as eating!" "See here, Sallic; don't young kings and high-lifers, your queens and court damsels ever eat?" "Oh, Adolphus, pray don't call me Sallic—that vulgar name! You know I cannot bear it. Do call me Belinda! Why, of course the queens and princesses eat, but it is gossamer food, arial dainties, nectarous draughts."

"Is that Greek you are gabbling? Can any of those articles be found in market? Is it fish, fowl, or vegetable?"

"You are incorrigible! Come here, Marianna, my love," she said to her daughter who had just entered. "Bless my beauty!" she continued, and she kissed the young girl on the cheek. "If the desire of her mother's heart were fulfilled, my daughter should marry a royal prince," she said.

With an amused smile, her husband responded: "How does that agree with your religious scruples, Belinda? There are no princes of the line of Judah, and would you have our child marry a Christian—say Belinda?"

"No, no; certainly not." "You would not give our Marianna to an unbeliever, even if he was worth a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Sell my religious principles for a paltry hundred thousand dollars! No, indeed, never!" "But consider, Belinda; supposing an English duke or a German count were to ask you for your daughter?"

"A count—a duke?" she said, hesitatingly. "No, I would not consent." "Well, then, a Prince of the blood royal, an heir to the king's throne—what, then, Belinda?"

"An heir to the crown? And my daughter stand the chance of becoming a Queen? Oh, he should have her! I would not withhold my blessing," rapturously exclaimed the ambitious mother.

"But your religious scruples, wife?" "I would submit to the will of Heaven, providing so glorious a destiny for my only child!"

"But the sin of marrying a Christian? She would have to conform to the usages of the unbelievers!" "I would sacrifice my own feelings for the aggrandizement of my child. Yes; if a prince of the blood royal should seek my daughter's hand, he shall have it!"

"In spite of religion, and prejudice? Eh, Belinda?"

"In spite of an opposing world!" she enthusiastically exclaimed.

"Yes, Marianna, my love; the crown-prince shall have you, whether your father consents or not!" Mr. A— left the room holding his sides. Marianna innocently inquired:

"Where is the prince you are talking about, mother?"

Cosella leaned back in her chair and indulged in a hearty outbreak of laughter. Mrs. A—, descending from the lofty and the regal, examined the work, praised Cosella's swiftness; and, with her daughter, returned to her room to commence the first chapter of a new novel.

From thence, after six weeks' constant and laborious toil, Cosella wandered to another transient home, still continuing the only available branch of labor that she felt competent to follow. She could not teach; her wandering life and desultory studies had unfitted her for that vocation. Her fine ear, and soulful appreciation of music had never been cultivated; her knowledge of languages was confined to an intuitive acquirity, that learnt easily, but could not impart its knowledge unto others.

Ever mindful of her ease and comfort, Rhina, with mistaken indulgence, had kept her aloof from all ordinary lore and household offices. Cosella could write poetry; and compose, as it were, without thought, prose-poems couched in choicest language and deep sentiment. She possessed enthusiasm, moral bravery, a tender heart, a soul overflowed with beautiful visions of the beautiful. But what cares the working, gold-worshipping world for this? She was not rich; what cared the careless passers-by on life's high road, for all the heart-wealth of her being? Once, her cheek had glowed with the fresh roses of health and happiness; now they were pale by sorrow and hard toil. Once, the sunlight of prosperity, the joy of independence, the inner calm had spoken from her face, and made it lovely. Kind hands had twined the curls around her brow, and placed sweet flowers and the shining tresses. Now, the light of soul seemed withdrawn from every location, and the care-mark stamped the brow; apathy and listlessness, distrust and hopelessness, rendered her almost invisible to praise or blame—

alone the light from her eye, and the beauty of expression from her face. Her hair put plainly back, revealed the sharpened outline; only momentary excitement could restore the rose flush to her cheek, the haughty self-possession to her manner. Yet she repelled all that savored of humiliation; she resorted to every insult; she allowed no doubt to linger on her name. Friendless, orphaned, solitary, she confronted the libertine who would avail himself of her helplessness, with the thundering accusations of innocence—with the seething rebuke of fearless virtue! She turned from the tempter with defiant horror; from a mercenary marriage with the shuddering of a virgin soul. The dying words of Rhina returned to her in all their awful clearness. She awoke at midnight, and beneath the plying pain of stars, she heard the solemn, thrilling words of the departed:

"Be true and pure, my child!" And, "I will, so help me God!" replied the sufferer, feeling love and hope's renewal.

She went from house to house for many weary months, unappreciated, superciliously regarded, poorly paid. She dwelt awhile with those of minds of coarsest mold, with those of most unfeeling natures. She labored where refinement and politeness were as things unknown; she lived on miserable fare, and slept on wretched beds.

In the houses of the wealthy regarded as an inferior being; by the coarse and vulgar treated as a companion, sometimes as a mere hireling, with no settled home anywhere in that white and hospitable city; it was to be wondered at that the heart of Cosella grew utterly supple and of its fellows? that she became moody and skeptical toward the highest illusions of her soul?

The spring time came, and she who loved Nature with an undivided heart, could not go abroad to cull the early violets and to sit beneath the leafing trees. She dared not leave the implement of torture that gave her bread even for a single hour. Oh, how she longed to gaze upon the sun's benignant face at early morn to revel in his smiling rays! to look once more upon the face of smiling earth, abroad in the fair green fields!

Summer passed; and she could not gather the June roses, nor twine the abundant garland for her brow. With a wild, vain, speechless yearning, she stretched her arms toward the sea, and beholding not its azure mirror, hearing not its sweet and solemn murmur, she would cry in soul to God, for one hour of freedom, for one ramble by the sea; for one glimpse of mountain and of plain! She was a captive, soul-bound, chain-forged, unto toil. So weary did she become when her week's tasks were over, that the exertion that would have led her footsteps to the summer fields, could not be taken. She threw herself upon her bed and slept, or indulged in the luxury of tears, from pride restrained during the laboring six days. Sometimes she visited the famous "squares," those miniature parks of Philadelphia, and beneath the tall trees there, and by the fountain in the "square" called by the name of "Franklin," she would sit and dream of the one wanting hope of her solitary life.

Autumn came and passed; the Indian summer with its hazy mantle and balmy breath, lingered long and lovingly, and still the child of misfortune wept and wailed. She barely earned her subsistence; the last vestiges of her former condition were gone; the last dress and trinket sold. She could no longer be distinguished from the sisterhood of toil that abounds in cities. She had another offer of marriage, but her soul rebelled, and she cast aside the glittering bauble.

Winter came its snowy drapey o'er the earth; Cosella shivered 'neath its cutting blasts, and dropped before its long continued gloom. The winters of that city are proverbially mild and pleasant; but to the dweller of the Tropics, the spirit long unused to the sudden changes of a variable climate, it was uncomfortable in the extreme. With scanty clothing, mechanically tolling fingers, almost breaking heart, she saw the seasons come and go; bringing to her nothing but pain, and no rest, to her soul no change. Thus four years passed; and she, once the admired of many, was known as "the cheap seamstress;" weaving life-dreams, soul-prophecies, and heaven-thoughts, queries and answers, in with the garments that her fingers wrought. And as time passed on, the hope that had cheered and brightened slowly died away; until she deemed that Manassah had spoken falsely, even in his dying hour. The future looked before her, dark and desolate; with clasped hands and eyes upraised, she would faintly murmur: "I can but die!"

Thus it was that her youth was passed and lost.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OVER THE RIVER.

Dedicated to my friend Maggie D., of Salem.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I am bidding in the valley,

By the river's side;

Dreaming 'neath the maple shadows,

And the mountain's pride.

On the river's placid bosom,

Sweet reflections rest;

Of the glowing noonday splendors,

And the gorgeous west.

Silver clear the rippling mirror,

Beauty-haunted by the forms

Of the cloud-land, changes darkly,

'Neath the summer stars.

Leaves wild the o'erblown willow

With a moaning loud;

Faithfully gleam the guardian mountains

Through their misty shroud.

Scattered wide the fragrant blossoms—

Whirling past the leaves.

Rain-drops musically patter

From the sheltered eaves.

Till anon, the crimson portals

Of the sky unclose.

And the azure's sunlit glory

O'er the hill-tops glow.

Then again the shrined mountains

Stand unveiled and fair;

Of the glowing noonday splendors,

And the gorgeous west.

From the hill-top and the valley,

Musical sweet is borne;

O'er the bright dividing river,

Chimes of ere and now—

And I dream beneath the shadows,

Dream of the life above;

Of the South-wind's fragrant sighing

Wafts the bearded loe

Of my spirit to the star-lanes—

To the mount and sea;

Wafts it to the land and sky;

And, thought-friend, to thee.

Brings thee blossoms rich and fragrant,

From the inner shrine;

And the South-wind's fragrant sighing

Wafts the bearded loe

Of my spirit to the star-lanes—

To the mount and sea;

Wafts it to the land and sky;

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TRUMPET STREET CONFERENCE.

QUESTION.—What is the theory that man is controlled by an absolute law of necessity in all his acts, be productive of morality or immorality?

Mr. ELSON in the chair.

Dr. CHILDS.—Is the recognition of the fact, that everything that is necessary, injurious to the morals of humanity? In answer to this question, I would ask, is a recognition of truth is injurious to the morals of humanity? Is a recognition of the complete power and wisdom of God in the government of everything is injurious to the morals of humanity? Is it a higher exhibition of morals made manifest, when a man stands apart and affirms that he transcends the laws of God in nature by living in opposition to those laws; by resisting temptation; by living and running counter to the natural tendencies of his soul? If he there be—and I believe there are some, so called—in the physical world, this affirmation, it seems to me, must be a large one. Is it good morality to tell lies? Is it not better morality to see God in everything, and have faith in his wisdom, power and love? No man runs counter to the natural tendencies of his existence. It is an impossibility for him to do so. Gravitation holds the physical body of every man and woman close to the earth. This power has never ceased to exist for a single instant. This law is a necessity. Who can run counter to it, and not fall if he does? Every law of nature holds us just as sternly and inflexibly as does the law of gravitation. This is a law of God and it speaks to us in silence every second of our earthly being. It is so common and so silent in its action that we are scarcely almost unconscious of its existence. Think of a man over a precipice, at any time, and the law of gravitation will speak to him in silence, but with awful power; he can't hold himself when he is falling. This law of gravitation holds our bodies down to the earth at all times, and in all cases, evenly, positively, inevitably. This is a law of nature, a law of God, and a mighty, and yet unbroken law of God. This law we cannot dodge, keep back, alter or break; no matter to what extent our conceived powers of self have grown, or to what heights our morals of self-righteousness have risen, we must obey this law of gravitation, and it is a necessity to our existence. A law of necessity that governs, is the law of gravitation. Everything we do in life is no less the consequence of the laws of nature over which, than is that power that makes a man fall when thrown over a precipice a consequence of a law of nature. Everything is natural. And everything to nature and in nature is a necessity. Let nature cease to be, and all creation ceases to be; all existence is a blank. Laws of necessity to us, exists everywhere, in everything.

At the conclusion of Dr. Childs' remarks, the chairman stated to those present that this was not a dispute, but a conference, merely, and all were at liberty to offer their views on the question.

Mr. EMMETT.—I accept what Brother Childs has just stated. It is true, beautifully true, yet I think it might have been said in a very different manner. He has spoken of the laws of nature, and contends that every law of nature holds us as firmly as the law of gravitation. I understand man to be a dual being. He possesses two natures, the spiritual and the animal, and there are two classes of laws in society to which he may be obedient—the higher, or spiritual laws, and the lower or animal laws. These laws clash. We cannot serve "God and Mammon." I know by experience. Man, it seems to me, lives in the natural. What may be natural to me now, may not have been a year ago; hence, what is natural for me to do today, may not have been then, and may not be in the future—for I progress. I like this question, because it opens up the affectional nature. The great thing needed is a desire to do as well as we know how, to develop and unfold the good in us, so that it—the high and good—shall be natural to us. True religion is said to be "visiting the sick and the widow." True religion possesses makes that style of living natural to us. It seems to me there are many men who profess Christianity, who do not express anything like that style of living. Why? Because they are obedient to the lower law of their nature. It controls them as rigidly as the law of gravitation. There are higher laws which will control the individual, and in proportion as they unfold their higher nature these laws will work. Dr. Childs says "everything is natural." All things are not natural to all men. It is natural for the pirate to rob and murder. It would not be natural for some to do so. Two classes of laws control man. The pirate is controlled by one; the man who cannot do these things is controlled by another. It is not in his sphere. I maintain that Jesus was controlled by the lower law when he betrayed his master "for thirty pieces of silver." It was absolutely necessary that Jesus should commit that abominable act. (The speaker mentioned the case of Dr. Pomroy, and held that it was absolutely necessary that he should do as he had done, in order to demonstrate to his own mind the wickedness of his own acts, and come into that condition we call repentance.)

Mr. WILSON.—I am somewhat disappointed in the form in which this argument has been carried on. I must ask what is necessary? The speakers have failed to tell us. Is it necessary for me to reach out my hand and rob my neighbor—to lie, or to traduce my sister? If so, then Doctor Childs' argument may stand good; if not, it falls to the ground. Whenever you appeal to the murderer, the pirate, or the prostitute, through the material relations, you touch the well of human kindness, and draw from them sympathy. They manifest repentance and humiliation. The speaker mentioned the case of obsession with which Dr. Childs was connected, and asked whether it was a necessity that the spirit Dr. C. cast out should hold control? Is not, said the speaker, the necessity manifested in the expulsion of that spirit rather than in the control of the spirit? Jesus betrayed his Lord; but when he saw the heinousness of his crime, did he not go and execute himself voluntarily? Which was the necessary act? Brother Childs tells us again that "whatever is, is right." Is it right for me to strike Brother Childs to the ground? If so, there is an interpretation to the word "right" he has not yet given to the world.

Mr. TRAVEL.—It seems to me the question before us this evening is a perfect anomaly. Let us look at it. I shall assume, if this theory is correct, that man can not do an act that is either moral or immoral. How can a man do a moral act if he does what he does from necessity? He does it because he can't help it. Is there anything moral in that? You convert him at once into a machine. I take hold of a machine and put it in operation—it does its work. Is there anything moral in it? If man does everything from necessity, because he can't help it, it is no credit to him if he does good. It is no discredit to him if he does bad. He can't help it. If I put my finger in a machine and get it out off, can I blame the machine? Of course not. Therefore if this theory of necessity is true, there is no responsibility resting on man whatsoever.

Mr. SPOONER.—I haven't had a single doubt in my mind for the last twenty-five years that man is a perfect machine, and nothing else. It's a satisfaction to me to think so, for I think I shall be operated upon better than I could operate myself. About all the comfort a philosopher can have is to think that some body else is moving the machine better than he could do it himself. All of us practically recognize this truth. The laws of mind are just as much fixed as the laws of matter. My opinion of this theory of necessity is, that it is a humbling one. The effect is to make man better. A man who believes in it, is likely to be a better man. I cannot see how it has any tendency to make a man immoral. What is morality and immorality? Those acts which contribute to the happiness of mankind are called moral. Those which tend to the unhappiness of mankind are termed immoral or bad. We say it is immoral for a man to eat too much. Will he be likely to do it again if he has had too much? Won't he see that he should not make a gourmand of himself? Now I can't see that this theory is going to make a man any worse. I think it is the other way.

Mr. TUNNICLIFFE.—It seems to me the speakers have departed widely from the question. As I understand it, it is simply whether the promulgation of the doctrine that man is governed by absolute necessity in all that he does, would produce morality or immorality in society. That is the way I understand it. They have argued it in the form of whether man is a free agent, or governed by circumstances. I should take the position of the affirmative; that this theory of man's being governed by necessity would produce morality. Man is a machine—a thinking and acting machine. Can any individual, did any individual, ever perform an act in his life that he could have done differently under the same circumstances which surrounded him? The fact that man performs an act, shows that he is governed by motives. I think this theory would be productive of morality, because it teaches within society at large the largest kind of charity. Suppose a man goes South and preaches the doctrine of emancipation. Take it for granted that the southern people know that this man is governed by a law of absolute necessity—that he must pursue his course anyhow—let that be a fact and what would be the consequence? Would they not say, "The man is necessitated to do as he does—let him alone." I believe there is a higher law, and a lower law. I believe an individual can be controlled by both laws, and to the same day. A man may be controlled by the lower law, one hour in the day, to commit a wrong act, and, at another hour, be controlled by the higher law, and repent of what he had done. In one, he was governed by the law of his animal nature; in the other, by the law of his spiritual nature.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—There seems to be a difficulty in my mind. One gentleman says he has "thought for many years that he was a machine," and is happy in the thought." In order to sustain this idea, the gentleman will need to explain some problems that seem rather difficult to me. If men are machines, and act only as they are acted upon, of course some superior power must exist; and to say, when a wrong act is committed, that the superior intelligence was its cause, is to me rather unexplainable. One of the gentlemen speaks about a man going south, and preaching emancipation, that it was a necessity, &c. But, can't the slaveholder come forward, and say, it is a necessity for me to keep my slaves? This philosophy is unground from the fact that man has a consciousness of right and wrong; and the idea of his doing every good act as he does by a fatal necessity, is contrary to his own consciousness. I can no more believe that than I can believe that I do so from an imperious necessity, than I can believe the world is upside down to-night.

Dr. GARDNER.—I look upon man as a dual being, and as a being that is controlled by the law of necessity, absolutely, fully, entirely, wholly. I fully endorse the ideas of Mr. Spooner, but I should like him to express in a little different language. I didn't understand him to mean that man was a machine like a printing press, or a locomotive, but an intelligent machine. It seems to me man is controlled by two sets of laws. First, said, when he would do good, he had evil present with him—both of them absolutely necessary—necessities in his existence. One of the speakers mentions Jesus, and the betrayal of his master, or friend, or brother, whichever you may choose to call him. The bribe that he received led to this betrayal, and his own consciousness of having done wrong led him to repent and hang himself. Here are the two natures. Paul speaks of the two laws, the animal and spiritual. Which was the animal law? That which caused Jesus to be bribed, and to betray Jesus for the thirty pieces of silver. Which was the spiritual law? That which caused him to repent, and voluntarily execute himself. I assume that man is governed by philosophical organization. A being is brought into this world without having the privilege of choosing his own parents. Under a law of absolute necessity, operating previous to his birth, all his animal faculties are largely developed—sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, &c.—while the top of his head is but and low, almost entirely deficient in the moral and spiritual region. Now, can that man prevent the manifestation of these lower and selfish faculties? Certainly not. It is an absolute law of necessity that he should be subject to those influences, and he cannot avoid it. But using him up, if such a thing were possible—give him vigorous health, let his intellect expand, let him have the same strong animal passions, bring some influence to bear upon him, and he will strike a blow to kill a man. At once the moral, intellectual and spiritual faculties will be brought into action, and he will regret the act, and manifest his sorrow for it. The first of these examples is the control of an absolute law of necessity, working through his animal propensities. The second is the opposite law of his spiritual, intellectual and moral nature, manifesting itself through an equally absolute necessity, and demonstrating the fact that he is possessed of these two natures, each absolute in its own sphere. No man can act without a motive, and the strongest motive will govern him. You never performed an act but by some motive. I take the ground that this theory must be productive of morality. It would, as one has remarked, develop "the largest kind of charity." It would lead us to look with more kindness upon the wrong acts of humanity.

Mr. GOSWORTHY made some remarks, and quoted a great deal of Bible testimony to prove that man was not a creature of necessity, but a free moral agent, and accountable for his own acts. He thought the idea of a man being a "machine," was rather strange. He said God looked upon man as a reasonable being, for he said, "Come, let us reason together."

Mr. TRAVEL commenced to make a few remarks, but gave way to

Miss LIZZIE DOWEN, who was controlled by a spirit, and spoke as follows:

I must tell you now something that the medium don't believe herself. I must speak what I think—not what she thinks. She thinks belief in this theory of necessity would tend to immorality—I don't think so.

You teach the law of necessity, and it will tend to the highest morality. It is a law of necessity that evil shall be overcome of good. It is a law of necessity that truth shall triumph over error. Teach this to man, and it will make him no worse—but better. Teach him that there is that in his nature which will enable him to progress from the lowest to the highest of principles and things; that from the lowest worm to the highest angel it is necessary that they shall pass from heaven to hell—from the state of innocence and ignorance, and pass again from hell to heaven. When there is any positive good in this universe, it is that man to man. You teach that doctrine to man, and it will tend to morality—to nothing else. Teach man also in being instructed in this way he will achieve his highest good, and you will never find it tend to immorality. In connection with this, I would repeat to you words previously presented through this organ. It is the voice of truth speaking a high word of promise for the future—

The world is my child. Though willful and wild, I know that she loves me still. For she thinks I fed with her holy dead, Because of her stubborn will. And she weeps at night when the angels light And she watches o'er the sky. Like a maid o'er the grave of her loved and brave; But the truth can never die!

One by one, like sparks from the sun, I have counted the souls that came From the hand Divine—all, all are mine, And I call them by my name. One by one, like to the sun I shall see them all return. Though tempter-tost, yet they are not lost, And not one shall cease to burn.

So you see that when you carry out this great doctrine of necessity, it is not a necessity that man should be evil. The spirit in control elaborated quite largely on this head, and also on the point of man's responsibility; but want of space prevents a more lengthy report. The same question will be discussed next week.

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RAINY DAYS.

When we go into the country to stay awhile, we like, of all things, on pulling up the quilts around us and settling our head in the pillow for the night, to hear the rain drip from the eaves upon the roof of the piazza. It seems to make the sense of coziness and comfort complete. If we were sure the world was to be drowned again before morning, it would scarcely rattle the repose of our spirit one whit. We lie and think of all brakes, pearls with rows of rain-drops, emptying their buckets into the tops of our boots—of wet bows in the woods, snapping their separate showers in our neck and face—of mill-dams carried off by rising floods, bridges gone, and Noahian deluge coming down between the singing shingles on the roof; but the effort is too great, and we sink to slumber among the murmurs of the rain as quietly as a child goes off, with its latest plaything held tight in its little hand.

They have no rainy days in the cities—such are only dark days, dirty days of mud, and slosh, and sour tempers—days of soggy boots, spotted hats, and wet clothes. In the country nature consents to show her face; and here it is not towey and scowling—it is fearful, more or less "blubbered," as Spooner would say, but all placid and calm underneath. The rain is no more than a mood here—nature comes out of it all the brighter and happier.

It is hard to tell if any two persons, harbored in the same place, get just the same sort of experience out of a rainy day. We have listened to the narrative of a great many on this theme, but each, we found, belongs to its owner, and to him only; the heavens do not shed the same influences upon all.

Rain affects us differently, in different places. It is one thing if you are snug at home, at the opening of a gay November storm, such as bores the hills of New England with wild-like mists—or chance to be weathered in some little country tavern, a long day and night before you, and nothing but a handful of loaves, a checker-board, and a fowl stove for social consolation. One might make himself very happy at home, with dog and cat and books and family all around him; but in these by-places the sentiment is rubbed off by the dirty clothes, and trampled to death under the muddy boots. They are very prison-houses for the spirit, then.

It is delicious to hear the big drops pattering on the roof; the garrer is the place to catch the true inspiration from the rain. What realms of pleasure do not the boys and girls explore there, rummaging the old garret over from end to end! Slide-scooters and ancient bonnets come forth from their twilight domains to do service once more for a generation. Faded pamphlets and one-cornered books—perhaps a fragment of Josephus, or the remnant of an old volume of Belshazzar—"History of New Hampshire," or, more likely, a pile of old almanacs, laid and overlaid with mud, and eaten of rats—find the embers of the youthful mind into a bright flame, and hours go by as silently as one's self off into deeper darkness. The Saturday afternoons are almost sacred; for the memories they have stored away in them; and the very mention of them with rain and country garrets, is enough to bring a man back entirely to himself again.

Rainy days at home, too, are apt to suggest thoughtful ramblings, slow and silent, over the domestic premises. We generally take these occasions to poke our nose into every old corner there is in a certain indefinable association, in our mind, of out-of-the-way books with old, rainy days. To listen to the water falling into the bog-hole, at the corner, from the eaves, is better than Cassia Diva, and the melodies strike faster in the heart. About the sheds bubble the poultry, then, with drooping tails and well-soaked feet; and they stand in little, close groups, watching the rain, and listening to its sounds, till they fairly fall asleep on foot from the narcotism of its monotony. The dog goes from the barn to the shed, and from the shed to the kitchen, and then back again, occasionally there is a weather-wise eye up at the clouds, as if he were wondering when it would clear off again. The cows have gone under the barn, and there they ruminate, and give off clouds of steam from their drizzled coats. The horse looks out of his stall window, becomes disgusted with the prospect, and draws his long face in again.

When the Spring buds are just ready to burst in millions of little green parachutes, and the brooks are rattling, and trout leap for their stray tributaries as they come swimming down, to be out in the rain is a happiness one may speak of as long as he lives. Then the drizzle is delightful. It seems to permeate the skin, and somehow refreshes, while it equalizes, the animal spirits. With such weather the sound of the running brook is in perfect tune. In the low, alluvial tract, sprout green sheafs of marsh plants, of gigantic promise, among the weeds that people swampy regions. The rain-drops fringe the black birches and the alder boughs, like lines of bells, dripping from them in rows with the slightest shaking. Then the torpid old fisherman, like the sun-loving turtle, may be seen glued to the rock by the pond-side, waiting for bites and a precarious dinner; yet if you go and sit down beside him in the same spirit, he will let you further into the still secrets of nature—about fish, new worms, minnows, high waters, wood craft, and river lore—than you will get out of the poets from a three-months' reading; and it will all be fresh and reliable, too.

A gray November rain, coming over the hills as if eager to wrap you in its chilly folds, has its charming side, too. We like to be in the pastures then; the stripped trees, the brown and matted grass, the faded ferns, the straggling sheep under the lee of the stone wall, and the distant woodland receding like cities in vast fog, press upon the thoughts with a crowd of familiar associations. The home comforts rise up before the vision, and the winter months are green with the landscapes of newly returning pleasures. These rains of the Autumn seem to shut one in upon him, self, and hence heget the close and cozy feelings that invest their coming with so much delight; if we look near enough, we can always detect the secret law that holds our souls to the heart of Nature.

The falling rains of this season find stout piles of wood about the sheds, ready for the busy axe of December, when the mercury is low and the blood is sluggish; they drive valiantly at the many-paneled homestead windows, and generally manage to force their way in a little, before they are done; they drip and drip from the boughs of the old elm before the house, and make sorry-looking work with the apple-trees behind it. Then, too, the barns swarm with associations, that draw one's feet to them magnetically. The bay is piled full, and the scaffolds overhanging with their sweet-scented burden. The poultry struts about the allot floors and in and out the secret nooks made by the hay, pecking stray seeds and enjoying the perfect protection from the storm. The cows love to stay late in the morning in their stalls, nor do they venture far from the door when let out. Occasionally, an old cat, half wild in her looks, crosses the hay-mow up near the ridge-pole, making rustling footfalls that break the silence ominously.

On rainy days, the old home-kitchens, so spacious and clean, are alive with work of all kinds; if it chance to be baking-time, the scene is one of industry indeed. Bowls and trays and wooden spoons, iron kettles of brown bread, pies by the dozen, and hogs pieces of meat all ready for the spit fire on the hearth, and fire wandering to and fro over the concave roof of the oven; mixed scents of all good things baking and simmering; every one busy and intensely interested; and the whole a picture of a family laboratory, where choice gratifications are produced for every variety of appetite. None but the thorough, well-ordered household has such an exhibit to make, and then it is one of the greatest of home attractions.

We like, too, to be riding in a rain—if the country roads are at all passable, shut in from the wind and storm, dry and snug as a mouse in a Cheshire cheese, your steel strong and sure-footed, and his face turned homeward—one feels a glow of spirits even in the spongy day, while driving, between dark stone walls and drowned reaches of woodland, that is truly exhilarating. Then it is pleasant to trundle by old farm-houses, seeing the smoking cattle in the barnyard, and the usual signs of inquisitive human life at the front windows; to catch the sounds of threshing flails from distant hill-side barns, of barking watchdogs, and shrill chattering in the pines. It is the more welcome and cheery, because home is ahead, with its bright fires and loving faces and dry comforts uncounted.

A rain need not be a spell of gloom, to be worried through as good people get through the annual Fast Day. Why should the clouds make or mar our happiness? Does not the sun shine at the centre of our being forever? On the contrary, rainy days, by all their ordered associations, make us better acquainted with our own selves, external attractions having lost their force; in this sense, they are over to be welcomed, and hoarded away as the golden days of our existence, on which we journey more pleasantly than on any other. At home, they serve to wash the heart of its worldlyness, even as they wash the windows with their welcome flood.

The Doctors.

The world moves. Harvard nods, but the world shakes its locks and looks around, for all that. Dr. Holmes—an "Automat" by divine right, as both his speech and writings show—has thrown a torpedo into the ranks of the medical fraternity, by boldly telling them, at their late anniversary meeting in Boston, that the world was drugged and doctored too much. There isn't a doubt about it. He bluntly remarked that doctors knew better than to take their own physic, and that their families were the least drugged of any on the face of the earth. They all know it, so, too, they hate to be told of it. And coming from a less man than the famous Dr. Holmes, who was able both by his reputation and attainments to maintain himself against all their frowns and growls, it is likely to perform a good service, not only upon the profession, but upon the minds of the unthinking public also. As it was, they hesitated a good while about agreeing to pay him the compliment of publishing his address, but finally compromised the difficulty by enacting a medical statute to this effect: that no person should be admitted to a membership of the Massachusetts Medical Society for the future, who practiced the art of healing by the aid, or after the methods of Spiritualism, Homeopathy, or Thompsonianism! That is to say, unless mankind will consent to be healed by the traditional, blind, and exploded methods known by the name of the "regular practice," the Medical Faculty would rather, a thousand times, make him should be delivered over to the fate! The doctors and the ecclesiastical will evidently go to the bottom in the same boat. They declare, with the Frenchman, that "they will drown," and that "nobody shall help them." Well, if we must all turn our backs, and take our leave of them, we don't see how we can feel responsible for their fate. They have been welded to false idols, and have obstinately turned away their faces from the living ones. And these are the men who think they hold the world in the hollow of their hands; who throw away the profound truths taught by intuition and by exact science, for the sake of old smoky superstitions and traditions that have been put too open shame by superior intelligence and knowledge, long ago.

The Reverend and Grand Discernment.

We now have this interesting debate ready for delivery, and call the attention of all parties interested to it. Mr. Grant is acknowledged to be one of the strong, out-of-the-way of the strange and unreasonable theology he advocates, and this fact, of itself, speaks volumes for the weakness of the whole "annihilation" superstructure. With Mr. Loveland all our readers are more or less acquainted, and in the discussion we are speaking of, he wielded the *baton* of truth with his usual ability, and completely overthrew the arguments of his opponent—a task quite devoid of effort.

This discussion will well repay a diligent perusal, and will serve to demonstrate to the unbiased mind the utter absurdity of such a fall as Mr. Grant's dissonant notes, at the same time showing how perfectly harmonious is the doctrine of human and universal immortality with all nature's laws, and consequently with God's.

The same book contains the affirmative of an argument between Dr. E. L. Lyon and Mr. Grant, and can be had at our office. Price thirty-seven cents.

About the Lungs.

It is well to know a little something about these matters—the liver, lungs, heart, nerves, &c.—and we quote from a recent writer, who says that the injurious effect of compression of the chest is shown by the fact that a man in a nude state is capable of inspiring one hundred and ninety cubic inches of air at a breath; but when dressed only one hundred and thirty inches. Ladies who encase themselves in tight-fitting under garments, should remember this fact. Though we draw into and eject a similar amount of air, it is not of the same quality. The air thrown out of the lungs has lost much of its oxygen, and has gained from three to six per cent. of carbonic acid, a large amount of vapor, traces of ammonia, hydrogen and other volatile substances.

Hillness of Edward Kendall.

We are pained to learn that this eminent artist, whose bugle performances have made his name famous throughout the globe, is now confined to his bed by consumption, and will never appear again in public. His friends in Boston are getting up a concert, to be held at Tremont Temple, on Wednesday evening, June 20th, the proceeds of which are to go to Mr. Kendall and his family, who are in needy circumstances. Hall's Boston Brass Band, Mrs. Kempton, (Jeanette Twitcheell), Miss Edna Brown, Mr. J. V. Fontarive and other artists, have generously volunteered their valuable services. They have prepared an excellent programme. Readers of the BANNER will not now, after he has added so much to your enjoyment during past years, do what you can to smooth his path toward the grave?

Sunday Meetings at the Melodeon.

During the warm season, there will be Conference meetings held at the Melodeon every Sunday, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock P. M. The morning meeting will be for the consideration of subjects having especial reference to the sublime and beautiful teachings of spirits from the angel-life, by speakers in both the normal and abnormal states.

The afternoon meeting will be for the discussion of all questions of a Philosophical, Scientific and Metaphysical character, having reference to the physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual development of man. All persons interested are invited to attend. A small admission fee of five cents each person, will be taken at the door, to defray expenses.

Bound Volumes.

We have a few copies of Volumes 5 and 6, bound in durable shape. Price \$3, at office.

Prince Napoleon is coming to this country.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Merrill May in Merril England Travel on the Thames; A Yorkshire Anecdote; The American Association at Charing Cross; Kelling, the American Artist; An Original of Raphael; Spiritualism in England; A New Correspondent.

DEAR BANNER.—Who would not continue to exist in the merry month of May, even if it had been a constant with which of his faint heart for the remaining eleven, to be relieved of the ceaseless care and turmoil of this mundane sphere? May, a month of budding trees and blossoming flowers, a season when it seems that the joyous Spring has poured the last drop of incense from her magic censur, until the very air is laden with perfume, and we grow fat in among the roses and carnations. In May the earth puts on her greenest green, and the glaucous, that-book their oaks arranged against the bleaker whiffs of March, or through which the Northern blast might sweep, till every limb, like some mammoth stately, gave forth the music of the storm; they too, pulse with the balmy breeze and put forth their tender leaves to kiss the zephyrs that venture in their midst. The birds tell their songs with merrier heart, sweet tales of love, and tenderness, and promise of which we know not, save that they are very sweetly told.

Even the rivers, all except the Thames, hurry on in their channels with a newer life and more inviting sound—for the Thames, doomed to a life of filth and slovenly, polished by the refuse of mighty London, it glides sluggishly on, dark, dirty, and odorous, by dusky walls and bristling towers erected years and years ago, as unlike the yellow Tiber that rolled by the purple hills of Rome, as one could possibly imagine, who has only read the poetry about the latter, and has seen enough to destroy any romance of the former. Still the Thames glories in being about the most useful of its kind in the world, and while we cannot with propriety speak of it as

"Threading its silvery way beneath the sun," it is but justice to say that "where would London be without it?" From 3 A. M., to midnight, pass swiftly back and forth countless grim little steamboats, loaded with living freight from Southwark, Waterloo, and Hungerford, from Chelsea, Putney, Blackfriars, and Vauxhall piers, passing by Police hulks, coal barges, cutters, greasy wharves, breweries, widows' public houses, grim and dirty, etc., etc. And this is the every day life of the great Thames river! May is nothing to it, neither is December, save that the freshening airs of winter leaves it to glory in a sweeter season.

How different the poetry of the babbling, babbling, sighing, singing brook, that finds its way through blooming fields and over pebbly beds. But this has little to do with London—great mart of men—where feelings are battered, bought and sold; where business occupation means fever, and rest means planning. But London had its May-day. Long years ago, a fair patrician lady lost her boy, a jewel set in the ruby of her heart. London resounded with the hunt—every street out of its usual thoroughfares echoed with the tread of the crier and every lane gave back the sound of his hoarse "Lost! Lost!" Every post, pillar and fence told its story of a child lost in the great heart of Babylon—of a mother gone wild in the greatest of her love. The boy was found, brought back to his mother's stately mansion in the black arms, folded to the white heart, of a sooty chimney-sweep. The proud lady, at sight of her restored child, with a shrill cry of joy threw her alabaster arms about the neck of the astonished sweep, and kissed his smoky face and blessed him with all a mother's love. The story ends. She prepared a gorgeous feast, at which she presided. To this also invited the sweeps of London on the first of May. They came, clad in all the fantastic costumes of a wild rite, uncultivated taste; and ever since that feast the first of May and the week following sees in the streets of London the jubilee of sweeps, masked as in a miniature carnival—as New Orleans on Mardi Gras.

A good thing went the rounds in London not long ago. A Yorkshire man whose father died intestate came to London for the purpose of settling some points at law. On speaking of the matter to his friend, his friend replied:

"You say your father died intestate, without a will, leaving three children, all infants except yourself, and you wish to be his executor?"

"Yes, that is it," replied the man.

"Well, then, go to the Temple and ask to see a villain and state to him the facts," said the other.

Off starts Mr. Yorkshire for the Temple, where the first man he meets he accosts with the following:

"Sir, be ye a villain villain?"

"Do you intend to insult me, sir?" said the villain.

"No," replied our hero, "I came to insult ye. Me father died intestate against 'is will, leaving three children, all bludfeds except myself, and I want to be 'is executor!'"

It needs no further remark; for the safety of the buttons on our waistcoat we objected to hearing anything more.

I took a stroll, the other day, with my friend, M. K. Kellogg, the American artist, into the American Association, Charing Cross. I was gratified to learn that this Club numbers over two hundred members. It is decidedly a national affair, and one of its prominent features—beside home-like comforts to its members, American papers, and that perfect liberty of manner so valued by the true American, so astonishing to the monotonous Englishman—is the faithful remembrance of the memorable 22d of February, which gave us as true a patron saint as ever any land could boast. It is a comfortable, genial home-place, to which I advise every American to go and see for himself.

Mr. M. K. Kellogg, at present residing in London, is a painter of no ordinary standing, and destined to win a reputation second to none. The most unfaltering attention for years in the theatres of the old masters—in fact, on the stage where they figured so prominently—cannot but insure ability and success. Such has been the course of Mr. Kellogg, and no one who has either sat for him, or given his productions a fair investigation, has ever failed to accord him a very superior artist.

Mr. Kellogg has in his possession a picture of incalculable value, and the possession of which is destined to render him not only famous, but in case of its sale—which by good rights ought to be a national affair in England—very handsomely off. It is no less than the original "La Bella Jardiniere" of Raphael. For the picture, it is a most wonderful production, and bears every evidence of being the handiwork of that great artist; it has been unhesitatingly pronounced to be what Mr. Kellogg claims for it, by every one who has taken interest enough to go and see it; and amongst those rank some of the best judges. Mr. K. is about to issue a statement of facts which go clearly to prove it the original; and, whatever opposition may be met with, there is little doubt but what the picture will eventually win, and its claims be recognized.

London, May 17, 1890.

J. R. M. SQUIRE.

Mr. Charles Waterman.

Messrs. EMMETT, I read the communication of the above person in your last paper; and there has nothing occurred within my experience that has afforded me such strong evidence of the fact of spirit communication as this communication. I was well acquainted with Mr. Waterman, having boarded in the same house with him for some time, and had received intimate information respecting some of the events of his life to which he refers, and they are correctly stated by him. It is a fact that he died as he states in the insane asylum at South Boston, and that while there he exhibited strong symptoms of insanity when conversing upon religious subjects," as he also states. The cause of his insanity, to which he alludes, and which he says is well known to his friends, and which he does not wish to make public, as it was of a domestic and personal character, is well known by me. And, so far as my knowledge extends, I should say that the whole communication is strictly correct. He has a brother now living in Boston, who can probably also verify this communication.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Miss A. P. PRATT at TAMES HATCH.—This good lady, we understand, is giving to the friends at the far off city of the Walsh, much pleasure and instruction at circles, by tests in writing, and in seeing and describing spirits, even to the surprise of witnesses—strangers to her—giving the names of their departed friends, of whom she had never heard a word. Her lectures, too, in public, have been well received. Some of them are regarded as very beautiful, and all of them as argumentative, logical, and well-expressed. Her mode of speech only lacks, it is said; some of the forcible eloquence of Miss Sprague, or Miss Hardinger; yet it is pleasant, graceful and persuasive.

DEDICATION OF THE NAUTICAL SCHOOL SHIP.—The fine ship "Massachusetts," which has been fitted up with great care and completeness for the purpose of a nautical school, in which to educate boys to become accomplished seamen, instead of educating them to become accomplished criminals, was dedicated by appropriate services on June 6th. The whole cost of both of the vessels to the State is about \$30,000, and for that sum everything has been purchased which can increase the efficient furtherance of the objects sought to be attained.

We have before us a bouquet of fresh flowers, culled from the garden of a particular friend, who resides in Somerville, the fair-haired beauty of which it is impossible for us to picture in words. He has our thanks. It is more precious than anything material wealth could bestow, as it was a heart gift.

Persons who steal the literary productions of others, and palm them off as their own, only seal their own condemnation in the estimation of a discriminating public.

The death of Theodore Parker was alluded to in many of the pulpits in New York on Sunday, June 3d. Dr. Chapin, among others, paid a tribute to the memory of the deceased. See Report on our third page.

The Convention of Spiritualists at Independence, Iowa, has been changed to Thursday, July 12th, 1890, when the committee of arrangements have secured the services of Warren Chace, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and other talented speakers.

Our Spiritualist friends in Williamstown are prospering finely, we understand. Their society is one of the best conducted in New England. Good speaking, full houses, and warm hearts, are the prominent features.

The sun, descending from his azure throne, Tinges the clouds with beauty all his own, And as he sinks behind the western hills, Reflects his golden sheen on all the valley's rills. So a pure man, his earthly duty done, Blinks to his rest like yonder glorious sun, Leaving on earth an influence refined, The bright symphony of a lotus mind.

Messrs. Silbee, Case & Co., the photographers, have commenced a suit against the Boston Courier for a libel, in alleging that they solicited Madame Gutzwiller to sit for her photograph, and then sent her a bill of \$68 or \$70, which she refused to pay. The damages are fixed at \$3000.

A man that will spit on a carpet, is just no man at all. This is *Dig*

ATTENTION! BEE KEEPERS.

KIDNEY'S NEW SYSTEM OR BEE MANAGEMENT—wherein a swarm of bees may be collected from one to five hundred pounds of honey in one season. Bees can be made to swarm any season, or prevented from doing so at will.

N. B.—Those too poor to pay, will be just as cheerfully
admitted to as any.

Highway—Corner of Edwards and Twelfth streets,
streets East and four South of the Great Western Railroad,
Depot 13w June 2.

DR. CHARLES TOLIN,
ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.
Room 5 and 1 Post Office Building, Hartford, Conn.

N. B.—All Chronic or Nervous Diseases treated by Elec-
tricity in some form, Electro-Chemical Sulphur Vapor, and
Medicated Vapor Baths. 3m March 3.

A. B. CRILL, M. D., DENTIST,
NO. 12 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

