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SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses
of H. W. Beecher, will be pub-
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EDWIN H. CHAPIN'S SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses
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in this paper each week.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY DORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XVIII. CHANCES.

"The spiritual ministry of Night
is all unknown. Her rules the seer's mind;
Her Night the silent quietude of light,
And through the silver robes of light,
In dream and trance, she bears the soul away
To the wide landscapes of the inner day."
—T. L. HARRIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For awhile Cosella strove to obey; her lips un-
closed to the customary forms of prayer, but her
heart went not with the formula. It was as if some
spell held every faculty in appalling and breathless
suspense for some greater terror yet to come. Fear-
less, she crossed her arms upon her bosom; at

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIX.
RETRIBUTION.

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

In a large and richly-furnished chamber that over-
looked the sea, upon a bed of suffering and remorse,
lay Manasch Mosheim; and to his darkened sight
the heavy and oppressive air was peopled with
a host of phantoms; with the embodied sorrows his
iron hand had inflicted upon the defenceless. Wall-
ing and loud lamentation, outcry and menace,
prayer and denial, were wafted to his ear; and white
bands, worn and attenuated, beamed through the
enveloping gloom. It was his dark soul's revelation
unto itself that (thus obscured the mid-day bright-
ness; that, casting out the warmth and fragrance
of the surrounding summer-world, brought demons
to his pillow, and the gaping grave before his sight!

The room was deliciously cool and inviting; soft
folds of lace fell before the lofty windows, and swept
the carpet of palest azure, on which white lilies and
like the glowing roses were scattered with profuse
hand. From vases of Parian marble and most deli-
cately-dusted porcelain, the sweetest flowers of that
abundant clime exhorted their choicest perfume. Rare
pictures, in massively carved and gilded frames,
adorned the rose-hued walls; and on tables and
shelves of curiously wrought workmanship of ivory,
pearl, and tortoise shell, glistened many costly speci-
mens of mineral beauty, treasures from the mine
and the sea, caskets inlaid with precious stones, and
ancient volumes bound in softest velvet and in
gleaming gold.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, as a picture of the future, invoked and
wrought by his most impious soul, he saw the life of
Cosella unrolled, and stretching far, far away

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The same subject will be discussed next week.

IMPROMPTU.

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

Banner of Light.

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MORALS AND LEGISLATION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Middleton judgments make a world of mischief. First and last. Sure of the hindrance that is brought to work upon human affairs is attributable to this than to any other cause. We have no business passing judgment on other men's motives; these rest with themselves, and not with us. Besides, as much as we take from a man's individual strength and resources, hoping in this way to aid him and protect him, by so much do we really incapacitate him for self-reliance and healthy exertion. We actually hinder, when we think, perhaps, that we are lending a helping hand. Few mistakes are more common than to suppose that law makes men moral or religious; the law takes them as it finds them; if that is worse than works them, it is only because their own spirit has been infused into it, and it can offer no syllable on a higher key than do they. Much must be trusted to example—to the workings of natural laws. Each of us must work out his own reformation, or it will remain unaccomplished forever.

The Cattle Disease in England.

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

Restlessness.

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

Our New Neighbors.

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

Strawberries.

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

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

Gravestone Gifts.

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

The Palace of Excommunication.

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

LITERATURE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Published by Ticknor & Fields.

GRAND CHORAL BOOK. BY R. F. BAKER AND J. W. TULL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

We have here a handy and handsome collection of tunes and hymns for congregational singing, adapted likewise to Choral and Social Worship. The selection comprises some of the bravest old and those which are new, and all of them are of the highest quality. The book is well bound, and the paper is of the best. It is a volume that will be found in every church, and it is a volume that will be found in every home. It is a volume that will be found in every school, and it is a volume that will be found in every library. It is a volume that will be found in every place where there is a heart that is true and a voice that is free.

HOUS AND COLLEGE. BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

This elegant little volume contains a public address delivered in the hall of the Mass. House of Representatives, last March. The character and abilities of its author will not fail to commend it to general consideration. Its remarks on the need of a more thorough education and discipline at home are in excellent taste, and, at the present time, are full of apt meaning. All who require to have their senses quickened on the all-important topic of the best and safest modes of education for the young, will be delighted with a little book whose suggestions are so timely, and will prove so fruitful of lasting good. Dr. Huntington's connection with Harvard College fits him to speak on the subject he has taken in hand.

MY EXPERIENCE, ON FOOT-PRINTS OF A PRESENTATION TO SPRINGFIELD, BY FRANCIS H. SMITH, BOSTON.

We shall take occasion, next week, to speak of this little book as it deserves.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

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

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

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

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

New York Department.

A. B. Williams, President Editor.

OFFICE, NO. 143 FULTON STREET.

THE NEW COVENANT.

"What shall make the truth visible? Through the smoky glass of sense the blessed light may never know himself!"

This Western Universalist paper, published at Chicago, though professing to represent in its essential character, as well as by its title, the Christian element of grace, is not disposed to regard the communications in our Messenger Department with much favor. But if it esteems them to be worthless, it must nevertheless have an object in view when it transfers examples of a certain class to its columns. In more than one instance our Western contemporary has selected something from that particular department, manifestly with a view of disparaging the claims of the BANNER before its readers. The last illustration of this design occurs in the New Covenant of the 12th instant. The messages claiming, respectively, Ben Grafton and Henry Sheridan as their authors—which appeared in our issue of the preceding week—are subjoined to the following editorial paragraph:

"SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.—The Banner of Light is a spiritual paper, published in Boston, Mass. It has on its pages devoted each week, to what purports to be spiritual communications through a Mrs. Stone, who is regarded as a superior trance medium. We occasionally look at these communications, to see what important information is imparted from the spirit-world, as claimed by this medium. We must confess, however, that we are not entirely convinced, that such communications as the following, found in the Banner of May 5th, really come from the spirit-world! But that we may keep our readers posted, and that they may judge for themselves, in regard to this matter, we give the following:

The ostensible object of the editor of the Covenant is to enable the readers of that paper to form an enlightened and proper judgment "for themselves," and yet his unfair treatment of the subject, and the excessive evidence to which he gives publicity, must inevitably mislead them. If the professed object be the real one, he certainly adopts a very questionable method. If disposed to furnish such reliable information—respecting the nature of Spiritualism, and the character of this paper—as may be necessary to produce an impartial state of mind and a correct judgment, why does he repeatedly select such examples as must—in the absence of more faithful teachers and larger knowledge—inevitably lead to false conclusions? It will not be pretended that such messages as the Covenant has been pleased to reprint indicate the average degree of intellectual discipline and moral elevation exhibited in what purports to come from the spirit-world. We might as well report the street talk of Chicago; the bad English and German of the beer saloons; and the gossip of tea-parties everywhere, with a view to exhibit the mental calibre and moral refinement of the editor of the Covenant, or to illustrate and determine the standard of American and English literature. Our critic only marks for publication in his columns certain things, often offensive to his reason and his taste, and then leaves his readers to infer from such extracts the character of all that remains unselected. Now we have a right to presume that the New Covenant might once in a term of years find something in our columns deserving of endorsement and commendation, especially as we every week report a discourse from the most popular preacher of its own faith and denomination. But our Chicago critic is obviously not looking for anything intrinsically good and praiseworthy. On the contrary, taking suggestions from the most unattractive features and superficial aspects of Spiritualism, he quietly makes the glorious realities of a great subject, so that the reader may either regard it with cold indifference or bitter scorn; and the Universalist public be led to form a false estimate of the moral tone and literary character of the BANNER. If the New Covenant can justify its course, we shall calmly view its defense. If it shall continue to pursue the same course hereafter, a discriminating public—in view of its own practical commentary on its motives and aims—will form its own conclusions respecting the spirit that controls this Western Universalist Medium.

The conductors of this paper had no reason to expect that such communications as the Covenant is prone to select from its columns, would find any grace or favor in that quarter. Its readers have to contemplate defeat and the reconstruction to an immortal life as necessarily involving an immediate and complete renovation of the whole character, and an exaltation of all the faculties and affections above all human weakness and imperfection.

Of course our reviewer is "not entirely convinced" that such revelations from the invisible sphere of being as utterly expel his own fanciful theories, can possibly "come from the spirit-world." We do not profess an intimate acquaintance with the views of the Editor of the Covenant; but we are aware that many of the supporters of his theory entertain the idea that all departed spirits must be very refined in speech (if they speak at all) and vastly dignified in their demeanor. They appear to think that the essential laws of the Divine economy, as illustrated in the gradual development of all the forms, faculties and phases of being, must be violated and the reconstruction to an immortal life as necessarily involving an immediate and complete renovation of the whole character, and an exaltation of all the faculties and affections above all human weakness and imperfection.

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required to undergo a painful process of naturalization. But how can we expect to do this in a rightly estimating the realities of the life to come. If we hide whatever is beneath the dignity of our highest conception? Were we to suppose all inferior communications from the spirit-world, and whatever else does not fully realize the mental and moral life of an immortal being, we should certainly misrepresent the whole subject, and utterly cancel the human life and thought of the spirit-world. The invisible powers require no such disguise at our hands; and if they did, we should be prompt to reveal the demands. False views of our spiritual nature and of the conditions of the immortal life are sufficiently prevalent already. It shall be our object to correct these erroneous views, so far as we may be able. In the prosecution of this work, we hope to aid in dissipating the gloomy phantasms engendered by ancient ignorance and popular superstitions; and if the facts of human experience and the revelations from another world damage the insatiable phantasmagoria of the New Covenant, we will still trust that the Editor may have grace sufficient to respect the claims of justice, even if he should chance to overlook the justice of our claims. Since

"Beware of knowing the vision quite disagree," we will crave permission to dispense with every similar disguise, and the right to appear in our true character, everywhere and on all occasions.

CORRECT YOUR RESPIRATION.

With the organs of respiration Nature furnishes the life; and the intensity of the vital flame is directly diminished when the organic action is rendered irregular or otherwise defective. The quantity of oxygen, admitted into the lungs, is unequal to the demand in the process of vital combustion; or, more properly, the action of the atmospheric electricity is insufficient for the complete decarbonization of the blood; the operations of vital chemistry are retarded; the organs are enfeebled; the functions are performed with increasing labor, and all the powers of life steadily decline.

The respiration of many persons, especially those of sedentary habits, is exceedingly imperfect. The lungs are perhaps never fully inflated, and their natural capacity is seldom ascertained. In our development we fall short of the normal degree of vital power, and the period of human life is correspondingly circumscribed. Moreover, this imperfect respiration is often the predisposing cause of many painful forms of vital and organic derangement. As the first use of pure air—in the process of life—is of the first importance, while it is seldom properly regarded, it is not strange that diseases of the respiratory organs are among the most frequent, and, at the same time, found in the category of the most fatal.

In all such cases the common processes of medication are, doubtless, with occasional exceptions, worse than useless. The ordinary practitioner, who converts the patient's stomach into an apothecary shop, depends on some remote and uncertain effect on the diseased organ, which he hopes to develop. His method is indirect, and the results generally disappointing alike to the expectations of the physician and the hopes of his patient. But the treatment of Dr. Stone, of the Troy Lung Institute, is more direct, and (when applied with a scientific discrimination, as we have reason to believe it is in the hands of that gentleman) it must be far more efficacious. Dr. Stone introduces his medicines directly into the diseased organs, and in the agreeable form of cool medicated vapors, diffuses his remedial agents over all the cellular surfaces of the lungs. By this process he improves and strengthens the respiration; and as the breathing is corrected, so that a larger measure of vital air is consumed, the electro-chemical action and the organic functions are stimulated, and the vital resources proportionately augmented.

Any system of treatment in pulmonary diseases, that does nothing to regulate and deepen the respiration, is most essentially defective, as to its method, and cannot be productive of any radical and beneficial results. We have no doubt that many young persons, of small vital capacity, who at an early age fall victims to consumption, might be saved and rendered healthy by proper vital exercises—aided by voluntary effort—and such a discipline as Dr. Stone adopts in the treatment of his patients.

We have letters before us which furnish strong confirmation of the views we have expressed, respecting the superior efficacy of the system pursued at the Institution in Troy; and hoping that the publication of the same may subvert the cause of humanity, we introduce two examples in this connection. The first is that of Mr. OTIS WALKER, of Sutherland, Vt. According to the diagnosis of his physicians, Mr. Walker's case was one of inherited predisposition to consumption and scrofula. Before the patient applied to Dr. Stone, the disease had advanced so far as to produce ulceration and caverns in the lungs. The scrofulous condition of his system had also resulted in a disease and contraction of one of his limbs. In the judgment of his former physicians he was "in the last stage of consumption." His condition on the second day of April, 1860, may be learned from the following letter:

Dr. STONE: My dear Sir—It is some time since I posted you on the state of my health, and I can now report to you the following effects of your prescription and treatment. I have entirely recovered from the cough that I have been so long troubled with; the pains in my chest have subsided, and I can breathe deeply and freely to what I could when I first placed myself under your care. My vital capacity has very much improved. I have gained very much in strength and flesh; so that, on the whole, I am feeling quite well.

I offer my most heartfelt thanks to you for your successful treatment, and can recommend every one suffering from throat or lung diseases to your attention. I remain, most respectfully, OTIS WALKER.

The other testimony to the success of the treatment at the Lung Institute—here submitted to our readers—is that of Rev. B. C. DAVIS, of this city, but formerly of Walden, Orange Co., N. Y. At the time this gentleman applied to Dr. Stone, his case, in the opinion of a skillful physician, "indicated an excessive waste of the phosphates which enter into the substance and structure of the brain and nerve-fibers." His symptoms were great nervous debility, general prostration and irritability of the whole system, to such a degree that he was obliged to suspend his professional labors. Dr. Stone's treatment in this case—in arresting the rapid decline of the vital forces—in stimulating the recuperative energies—and in restoring the tone of the shattered nervous system—has been successful, as will appear from the following testimony:

New York, April 28, 1860.

My dear Dr.—I am very much improved and quite comfortable compared with what I was when you first saw me. I feel no hesitation in saying that I feel indebted, under God, to your medical advice and treatment for this. I heartily recommend any person suffering, as I did, from general nervous debility, to seek themselves under your care, for I believe you excel in those special diseases to which you devote your attention.

Hoping this may induce other sufferers to try the benefits of your treatment, I am very truly yours, B. C. DAVIS.

Spirits and Genuine Mediums.

We always have a number of bogus mediums, distributed about town; but they are chiefly supported by the opposers of Spiritualism who are known to prefer that kind. They seek for evidence that will support the conclusion that refutes the whole subject to jugglery. There are cunning tricksters, who are always well pleased to meet with such stupid people. Those who are willing to pay some one to aid them in the work of self-deception will be quite aware of being accommodated. We often meet with some Solomon who determines to block the wheels of Revolution, by resisting the invisible powers. He cheerfully pays his money for a sitting with some pretender, and then goes away with an air of triumph to expose Spiritualism! His own ignorance, prejudice, and ill-temper, are thus exposed; but the truth sustains no injury from their false contest with a man of straw. Those who are serious and sensible—who will not support a foregone and false conclusion by offering a price for deception—will leave the enemies of Spiritualism to support

the jugglers, while they will roll on such a medium as Mrs. Hayden, who still holds her circles at No. 1 Water Street.

Ninety-Nine.

Some places, otherwise unimportant and even obscure, are dignified, become widely known, and perhaps find a place in history, by being associated with the nativity of distinguished persons, or the occurrence of remarkable events. It has been said that one of our chief cities—Philadelphia—is most known among the nations of Europe as having been the residence of the late Prof. ROBERT HUNT, whose important contributions to science appear to have done more to render his native city known and memorable abroad—at least by the eminent class of which he was a distinguished member and ornament—than Philadelphia itself, with its remaining half million of inhabitants, had been able to accomplish.

There are also particular localities. In and about many places, that become universally known. New York has several such places. We go to them without noticing the objects of inferior interest around them on the way. We may not even remember the streets we traversed to reach the place; but the particular object or locality is so clearly defined in the mind that it must of necessity be held in vivid and lasting remembrance. One of these places, in this city—with which we are all familiar—in ANDERSON'S GREAT CARRY WAREHOUSE, 60 Bowery. Our small children know where to look for Ninety-Nine, and even blind men find the way without a guide. The truth is, Hiram Anderson has done immeasurably more to bring the street into notice, both at home and abroad, than the street has ever done for him. Indeed, the great carpet dealer is known all over the continent, wherever there is a printing-press, or any one to take the papers; whilst multitudes are now able to locate the Bowery, as the broad Avenue directly in front of Anderson's.

COMPEND OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Case of Mr. Lawrence.

L. G. C., of St. Louis, Mo., sends us an article entitled, "A Brand plucked from the burning." It was originally contributed by W. T. Jones, to the Central Christian Advocate. The writer gives a brief account of the wayward life and religious experience of CHARLES CARROLL LAWRENCE, a young man of fine talents but of dissipated habits. In the course of a late revival in the Methodist Episcopal Church, his mind and nervous system—rendered morbidly irritable by irregular habits and alcoholic stimulants—were greatly excited. His subsequent experience, the circumstances of his sudden departure, and a Methodist brother's announcement of his faith in Spiritual visitations and open intercourse between the visible and invisible worlds, are comprehended in the subjoined extract:

On Sabbath evening he was presented with a little book called "Alliance's Dream," talking to him some good. On Monday morning I met him on the street with his little book. After talking some time on the subject of his convictions, I gave him some advice how to get rid of his former habits, and left him. He soon called at the doctor's, and informed him he had tremors, but said they were not such as he had on a former occasion. He said he could hear the people singing and praying; sometimes they were near, then they were further off. The doctor gave him morphine, but he could not retain it. In the afternoon, while lying down, he thought he could hear his mother call him (she having been dead some seven years). She told him to pray; he got up and prayed; she told him that was right; then told him to go into the country, and there pray. Soon he was seen going to the graveyard to pray. After he was praying, he said afterward to one of his sisters, he felt his heart soft, so that he could shed tears freely. He returned home; said to his sister he wished to go to church that night. One of his friends desired him to take some morphine in the evening, but he refused, and gave as the reason that he would go to the altar of prayer, and said he knew Mr. Jones will not want to swell brandy on my breath.

But when the hour of service came he could not get out. During the fore part of the night he repeatedly tried to pray, spoke of seeing his mother and father, a sister who had died some years before, and other friends, all of whom had died some years before. In the latter part of the night of Monday one of his friends requested him again to try the morphine and brandy; he did so, and was soon in a sleep, in which he died in less than an hour.

Thus died Charles C. Lawrence, and thus, too, the grace of God saved, as I verily believe, a soul who must have been a brand plucked from the burning. Who ever heard of a man dying of tremors before that did not seek to make his heart soft, as this man, who ever heard of a man dying of tremors and having his happy friends in his presence? If my memory serves me correctly, there was such a case in the revival in New York two years ago. But I ask this question, did he feel his heart soft, as this man, who ever heard of a man dying of tremors and having his happy friends in his presence? If my memory serves me correctly, there was such a case in the revival in New York two years ago. But I ask this question, did he feel his heart soft, as this man, who ever heard of a man dying of tremors and having his happy friends in his presence? If my memory serves me correctly, there was such a case in the revival in New York two years ago. 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Written for the Banner of Light.

ODE TO BEING.

BY MRS. T. A. KENNEDY.

Hail! bright Being! whom stern old
Winter hath led forth from out the
Chamber, and o'er whom Nature
Sings her sweetest and truest
Tune, that with magic touch unlocked
The joy of life, and the life of joy,
Broom, and called the music of life
Gentle voice, called back from Southern
Climes the choirs of winds; and
Bidden to the banquet of life; whose
Furrows fill the air, and whose song
The morning breeze an echo of their song.
Thou art most lovely in thy gliding
Bower; spreading o'er all thy vast domain
A velvet carpet; and upon it thrown,
Such beautiful and shadowy, that mortal
Eyes oftentimes high to reach the pencil,
Thinking perchance that's magic in its touch,
Great is thy power, young as thou art,
Oh, Spring! for gliding o'er the mountains
Thou, in thy soft, grandeur, stealing
To the homelands; o'er them thou warrest
Thy sweetest, and o'er them thou smilest
The drapery that graceful fatters at the
Zephyr's kiss. Methinks the sun, too, feels
Thy presence; for he lends his warmer
Rays to earth, as if then, equatorial
Of thy sister quarts, he would, but
Thou art dearer to this wayward heart
Than Summer or rich Autumn can be.
Farewell sweet queen, and when thou art
Shall take thy seat upon the throne of Nature,
I will awake my muse, and sing thy
And sing of thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON ON THE
MORAL SENTIMENT.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

We give, below, an abstract of a lecture on the
Moral Sentiment, read at the Music Hall, Boston, in
the month of March, by R. W. Emerson.

Everything in nature is so closely graduated, things
shade off so imperceptibly into their opposites, all so
linked and dovetailed and overlapped, that the eye is
led round the circle without being startled, finds no
beginning in nature, never comes to the chasm—the
point where the cause ceases. It has been asserted that
without the phenomenon of sleep, we should be athe-
ists; because, if we had no experience of the interrup-
tion of the activity of the will, we should never be
brought to a sense of its dependence on the Supreme
Will. With more assurance it may be said, of things
apprehended by the senses, that they are so closely
graded into one another—the interest of one suggest-
ing the next, the next before, that the understanding
would move on forever in the round of effects
and causes, did not somewhat higher than the under-
standing arrest us, now and then, and awaken ques-
tions and conjectures with regard to the Originator.
True it is; that superficial facts will not always satisfy.
True, we cannot always be content with mere techni-
cal methods of accounting for the adaptations perceiv-
ed in the animal kingdom. The inquiry reaches fur-
ther: we ask why the animal, or any animal, exists, to
what farther end his being has regard, why organiza-
tion, why order, exist; nay, why this interrogator
exists, and what he is. The bare fact of human exist-
ence is one of bewildering astonishment; and to lift
one's hands in amazement would seem to show more
wisdom than all the arrogance of dogmatism and pride.
"Let others wrangle," said the pious St. Augustine,
"I will wonder." And perhaps Socrates has left no
greater evidence of superior wisdom, than the anecdote
told of him, that he was noticed to pause in his
walk, in the camp, and stand in meditation, and so
continue till it grew dark; and the wondering sentinel
behold that he stood all night in silent contemplation,
and when the sun rose, saluted it and retired.

It would seem to be a main end of that education
which the world imparts to each soul, to touch the
spring of wonder in us, and make us alive to the mys-
tery to which we are born. That done, all is well
done. The high miracles of the human estate begin with
the act of reason. And the lecturer deemed that the
heart of meditation could not be better improved than
in considering a few of those occasions of wise admi-
ration that shine in our common experience.

First, he would speak of the focal position of man.
In nature, nothing is false or unsuccessful; that which
is aimed at is attained by means as elegant as irre-
sistible. The whole force of the creation is concentrated
on every point; every plant, every animal, is finished
and perfect as the world. Every animal in the scale
of creation leans upward on man, and man leans down-
ward on it. Perhaps, to each of the lower animals,
man appears as of its own kind; to the lion the arch-
lion, to the stork the arch-stork. He is the master key-
for which we must go back to open each door of this
thousand-gated Temple of nature. In the arrangement
of the universe, each being is constituted a focus on
which all epochs, all ages, concentrate their influence.
This is true of the least, as of the greatest. The his-
tory of a grain of sand will be found to involve the
chronicle of the globe.

Upon space itself are laid the mysterious founda-
tions of the wonderful house of nature in which man
is so magnificently lodged. Is space boundless? How can
it not be? and yet, is it so, in every degree? But the
infinity of space only betokens the infinite inhab-
itant whose existence makes space and duration. In
the stillness of that wilderness where God hath built,
how delicately, at midnight, come out those sparks in
the sky. Those orbs, of a grandeur difficult to rep-
resent, make on us no impression of bulk or of solidity;
Manifold are now comes in space. Our planet is gray,
and seamed with wrinkles of immense age; but its
titanic is yesterday. He is initiated into a duration
measureless as the space which defines our abiding
thought. The ages which touch us, touch God; they
create time, which they measure.

But what shall be said of that strange, mysterious
order into which this new creature is born—the
stern limitations that surround him? How describe
this double condition. In fate and liberty, the two
forces of which his life is the diagonal—never a straight
line, but a zigzag diagonal, as the new one, then the
other, of these twin-forces, predominates.

When we trace the successions of nature, we see the
end of benevolence in view from the beginning. Mel-
ioration is, from first to last, the law. Wars, which
make history so dreary, have served the cause of truth
and of virtue. There is always an instinctive sense of
right, an obscure idea, which animates every party,
which, in long periods, vindicates itself at last.
We think war so much better than oppression, that if
we ravage the whole geography of despotism, it would
be an omen of high and glorious import. The philan-
thropist may paint his miseries; but does he not know
of a worse war, private animosities, plucking malign-
ity, the cruel oppression of the poor by the rich?
More honest, and so far better than this, is the storm-
ing and conflagration of towns; they are but letting
blood which corrupts the world's system. The war
trump would be harmony, to the jars of theologians
and statesmen, such as all the annals of the world.
War is among the means of discipline, the rough
amalgamator, and is no worse than the strife of injus-
tice against reason and right, which is waged in time
of profound peace. War devastates the earth, but a
corrupt vice does not less devastate it. The physician
wisely say that fevers are reëquilibrating: so are all dis-
eases; so are the pains of the bones, and the pains of
the head, and the pains of the heart, and all passions
and all errors, periodical. Nature is always teaching
us her humane by-laws. In large organic arrangements.
Instead of painting fate in the dark colors in which
the poets and philosophers of India and Greece, who
first stretched that thought, have drawn it, we
learn to depict that necessity calm, beautiful, passion-
less, without a smile, though covered, it is true, with
designs of woe, and stretching her dark warp across
the universe. Nature's destructive elements, the in-

struments of oppression, the vices of men, lust,
slavery, cruelty, and pitiless avarice—these make the
gloomy warp of ages. But humanity she ever at the
loom, and throws the shuttle, and fills it with
joyful labor, until the ground is flowered all over
with the wool of hope.

In keeping with man's habitation and condition, is
the furniture of his mind—the powers of conception,
understanding, memory, and imagination, and of the
great central sense, reason—the sanctuary in which
these several powers minister. And we never get
wonted to this spectacle. No familiarity can lessen
the grandeur of these spiritual natures. Language is
at fault to describe this interior furnishing of the house
of man. The inventory of his wealth suggests an-
other, the first marvel of all, that of his own inces-
santly—the strange unworthiness of the owner. All these
splendors and pomp he has inherited. But to his
acquired relation to them, does his man possess and
administer? Does he come to his own? Does he dwell
in the palace of power? Does he wield the scepter?
No; he lurks like a ghoul, or a robber, in the gates
and archways of his house. To what base uses is this
treasure of intellect applied, delving and dragging in the
struggle to make a show, and to be master! There
are, to be sure, men whose memory is the history of
wisdom, who deal with laws and precepts; but in the
minds of most men memory is nothing but a farm-book
or diary, recording only the insignificant trivialities of
every-day life, as if they were of gravest moment.
There is this perpetual incongruity—men remain idle
above the beautiful cope of the sky. Hence the
wise laughter of the ancient Democritus, who made a
jest of all human society and pursuits. No wise man,
he said, could keep his countenance, in view of such
mad nonsense. Hence, too, the irony of Socrates, the
satire of Rabelais, the indignation of Milton, the tears
of all the saints. There is no answer to all this incon-
gruity, there is no solution of it all, that benevolent
philosophy can find, but in the Supreme Wisdom that
overrules the whole. The doctrine of the Roman pa-
trist may yet symbolize to us the fact of the gradual
amelioration of souls.

Still we are only on the threshold of the doors of the
temple which holds these wonders of man, until we
have considered that other element which contains all
the rest, and to which all the rest seem simply in-
troductory. When all the advantages of talent, of power,
of wealth, of outward or intellectual distinction, are
taken away, it is found that he has a compensation
which makes all square—a certain instinctive religion,
called the moral sense. The sentiment of religion,
or holiness, the desire of union with the cause of all—
this is the sublime of human nature, the transforma-
tion of the human into the divine. It is the adoption
of the welfare of the whole world, as our welfare, in
pure sincerity—to the extent, even, of preferring our
own ruin to any the least damage to society.

What is this interesting sentiment, that allies this
scrap of dust to the whole of nature and the whole
of fate? It is taught by it that what touches any
other, in the vast world, touches me. I am representa-
tive of the whole—of the good of the whole—of what
I call *the right*. This makes me invulnerable. Fire
cannot burn, nor seas drown, nor tempests howl away,
this thought; it is the consolation of our mortal life;
it puts man in the right position. It is the power of
this sentiment to make man never so happy as when
he has lost all private interests and cares, and exists
only in obedience to love of the Great Author. The
Good Spirit is never totally withdrawn from us. Pain
ruminates and presages come to every man's ear, pre-
saging that the very highest experiences—namely, a
rapture and absorption into the Divine life—is not for
prophecy or for poets, but for him. My intercourse, said
Mr. Emerson, has led me to believe that in solitude
and obscurity this revelation is often made; that the
children of God cannot communicate by speech that
which they have known. I think, as I go through
the streets, that each one of these innumerable beings
has, perhaps, its own calendar of saints, its unpub-
lished anecdotes of energy, of events, of wit, and
courage. And I have seen, in a remote interior fam-
ily, one born and brought up in extreme poverty and soli-
tude, with a mind so thoughtful as to be society for
itself, and rentibilities so keen as to be impatient of
worldly manners, yet alive to the disgust which his
own rural pinnacles and his own religious truth speak-
ing begot. So that, with the ardor of benevolence,
and an entire humility, and rare intellectual power,
the hermit spoke of remained obscure, poor, infirm,
from youth to age, yet never wavered in his faith, or
in cheerful submission.

Perhaps there is no greater quality in this moral
sentiment, than that it is a belonging neither youth nor
age. We live, each of us, on different planes and plat-
forms; there is to each an inner life, which exists at
the same time. But this sentiment has its qualities essen-
tially its own nature. It loves truth, because it is
itself real; it loves right, and knows nothing else.
It makes no progress, it was as wise in our first memory
of it as now; it lives in the green.

This wonderful sentiment seems to be the fountain
of intellect;—it absorbs intellect, as all other
things, into itself. Beauty, truth, goodness, power,
wisdom, are its varied names. They are phases of its
own substance, of the heart of all. And by virtue of
it, the lowly, during man finds in his own bosom the
temple of the Cause of causes.

MRS. KENNEY AT THE MELODEON,
Sunday, May 20th, 1880.

AFTERNOON LECTURE.

Mrs. Kenney announced her subject to be "Thought."
Has mankind the power of producing thought? He is
the highest effort and proudest workmanship of God's
hand, placed here to become spiritualized and prepared
for a higher and better existence. The mass of the
world move, think and act according to the ideas of
their predecessors. But since the advent of Spiritual-
ism there has been a change in the manner of thought.
How far does a man's thought influence him? It is by
some claimed that he thinks and acts as he does be-
cause he cannot do otherwise. But this would deprive
man of the greatest faculty of his nature—the power to
choose for himself Good or Evil. To be sure, the sur-
roundings of a man in a great measure temper and
guide his life, and placed under different circumstances
he is not in reality the same man. A man's life is
governed by his thought to a vast extent. If his be-
lief is in hell or heaven, his life will be shaped accord-
ingly. If he believes himself a sinner, a vile wretch,
his identity will equal his belief. His thought crowns
him with happiness, or drapes him in despair and
gloom. You can elevate your degraded brother by your
embodied thoughts, and influence him in the right
direction. Make him respect himself, and teach him that
he has the respect of others. His thoughts have much
to do with his life. The Scriptures say, "As a man's
thought is, so is his heart." Despair and despondency
have enshrouded him, till he feels that it makes no
difference to him what he does—that he is forsaken by
God and all good angels, and that his tenacity is
downward. As for depravity, we do not know what
it is; but the immortal part over rules about all sin,
and high heaven always recognizes it.

Many people have not power to control or cultivate
their thoughts. They know not from whence their
thoughts and ideas come. They must try to cultivate
their thoughts and direct them in the right channel,
for as a man's thoughts are, so will his heart be. I ask
every one to go into the laboratory of his own soul, and
analyze his own spirit; and when you earnestly ask
the question, how can you help the great world on, you
will feel the answer, assuring you that the power is
yours.

At the close of her lecture, of which we have given
a very brief synopsis, she gave the audience permission
to question her on the points of her discourse.

Question.—Has any mind, in and of itself, the power
to create thought?

Answer.—A mind may receive and impart thought,
but has not power to originate it. Circumstances and
conditions may clothe and shape it, in a measure.

Q.—Has man's thought influence, unless shaped in
words?

A.—We cannot conceive of the thought of any mind
which does not have its effect upon others.

Q.—Does unexpressed thought affect community at
distance?

A.—All in sympathy with you will feel the power of
your thought, though unexpressed in words; others
will of course not.

Q.—Is thought a living being?

A.—It is thought a living being; not, of course, an embodied substance.

Q.—Is thought once created always in existence?

A.—Always.

Q.—Does any mind originate a thought?

A.—I cannot conceive how any finite being can
originate a thought which is eternal. All originate
with the Father; he alone can create thought.

Q.—Are thoughts intuitive?

A.—They are intuitive. The thoughts of animals
are intuitive; but there is a vast difference between the
thoughts of men and animals.

Q.—Are not thoughts dependent upon condition
and circumstances?

A.—They govern and direct our thoughts, but do not
cause or create them.

Q.—Are we responsible for our thoughts when they
are evil?

A.—We confend there is no evil—only undeveloped
good. What at first seems not good may be unfolded
to a benefit for humanity. But whatever a man's
thought, he is in a measure responsible for it.

Q.—What impels a man to commit suicide?

A.—A derangement of mind, or physical or mental dis-
ease. No sane man ever committed suicide.

Q.—Do spirits ever influence mortals to commit
suicide?

A.—They have the power to do so.

Q.—May not spirits afflict mankind, and influence
them to do injury to themselves or others?

A.—If you do not guard yourselves, you are liable
to all kinds of influences from all kinds of spirits.
All should guard themselves to a certain extent—
should be truly honest and pure in themselves; I
would only add the spirits in or beyond earth to de-
grade a man whose soul is free from evil desire and
thought; if his soul would not draw undeveloped
spirits to him here, there is no reason it should here-
after.

EVENING LECTURE.

The lecturer said she had come prepared to speak
upon the question: "Is man an individual being—
or will he retain his individuality in the other—
the spirit-plane of being?" Looking around us, we be-
hold human intelligences, possessing various powers
of mechanism or talent; as the mechanic, the laborer,
the student, the philosopher. The power of each
constitutes his individuality.

One mind will attain a certain position which
another never can. It depends upon the individual
traits and qualities. Mortals have the power of form-
ing loves and affections, and the binding them
together is so strong it can never be severed. These
are all natural—all according to natural law. In the
family circle, no two will have the same taste for
business, associations or friendship. Yet each is as
good in his own channel as the other. Many who
have lived and died have never understood their in-
dividuality—their powers, faculties, and traits of character.

The law that permitted the return of Moses and Elias
to the earth in forms of individuality, allows the indi-
vidual spirit to return from the course above to earth;
for no law of God was ever repealed. Is Daniel Web-
ster any the less a Daniel Webster to-day than when
he passed away? Think you, Solon, Wesley, or any
great mind is any less himself than when he lived on
earth? I answer no; all men and women are just what
they are, and such they always will be. You put great
dependence on your facts and your truths. But they
are not always what you think they are; and there are
many truths and facts you know not, nor ever can
know. All the finite can conquer the infinite.

Everything man can grasp is for his benefit, when he
searches for the sake of knowing the mysteries of crea-
tion.

The beauties of individualized humanity cannot be
explained to you. Does it not reason that man's
affectionate nature is so lost and perverted that he
cannot have a desire to commune with the friends he
has left behind him? None are so degraded that they
do not have that desire.

How often have I seen the dear one hovering over
the corpse in the coffin, striving to whisper to the
mourning mate that the departed still lives. Oh, how
blessed it is to know that the spheres are mingled,
and the great laws which bind them can never be broken,
through time and eternity.

The worse condition in the spirit life is a paradise
compared with the worst on earth; yet eternity is a
gradual process of development and unfolding. Every
man must stand on his own individuality. If his de-
sires are gross, so must be in the future life. Ex-
istence is a fact; immortality is a fact to be demon-
strated to you as it has been to the disembodied spirit.
No one has the power to deprive the soul of its birth-
right. Listen, then, to the voice coming from the
spheres above, bidding you came up higher.

Question.—Will not spirits attract the same society
hereafter, as on earth?

Answer.—Those they are not governed by matter, as
here; hence they have more power to draw to them-
selves their favorites than when on earth.

Q.—Are there any who choose eternally to remain
in a lower sphere?

A.—I know of none, for I have not yet spent an
eternity here; there are many who seem to desire not
to progress.

Q.—Then they are not compelled to progress?

A.—Progression is for all who will embrace it. It
is like a vast banquet to which all are invited. If you
come, you can have what is provided; if you do not
come, it can be of no advantage to you.

Q.—Is progression a matter of volition, simply?

A.—Not wholly a matter of choice, yet all can pro-
gress who will.

Q.—Are there not all classes there, the same as here?

A.—All classes are there, but they do not mingle
together as they do here. Here occupation and busi-
ness require all to mingle; but there it will be affinity
and sympathy which draws them together.

Q.—Do not those on the higher plane influence those
beneath them?

A.—Yes, as a parent watches the first steps of a
child, so progressed spirits guide those beneath them
in development to a higher plane.

Q.—Are intellect and goodness necessary to pro-
gression?

A.—A person may have little intellect, and yet pro-
gress faster than the one more learned and educated.
The spiritually-minded laborer will unfold in spirit
life faster than the materialistic scholar.

Q.—What is the difference between mind and soul?

A.—These words are used as synonyms by many;
but what I understand by soul is the body or clothing
of the spirit, while mind is the action or result of the
spirit.

She closed the exercises of the evening by describ-
ing to the audience three spirits which she saw before
her: no names, however, were given, and the audience
had no means of knowing their identity.

DIED.

Departed this life for the spirit-plane on the 9th of May,
1880, at the residence of his wife, Mrs. J. W. Kenney,
of Northampton, Mass., a devoted husband and father,
and a true friend to the cause of Spiritualism. He was
born in the town of Northampton, Mass., on the 10th of
April, 1810, and was educated in the common schools
of his native town. He was a member of the North-
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friend to the cause of Spiritualism. He was a man of
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MOVEMENTS OF LEUTHERS.

Parties called under this head are at liberty to receive
subscriptions to the Banner, and are requested to call atten-
tion to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent
free.

Mrs. ANNE A. FRANKLIN will lecture in
Cambridgeport, 20th of June.
Attilboro, June 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.
Attilboro, June 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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Attilboro, October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, November 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Mrs. ANNE A. FRANKLIN will lecture in
Cambridgeport, 20th of June.
Attilboro, June 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.
Attilboro, June 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
Attilboro, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.
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