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FELICIA ALMAY;

OR,

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

THE DISOBEDIENT DAUGHTER.

In the home once consecrated by a mother's holy love, the home still hallowed by a father's guardian care and indulgent affection, Rose Palmer paced her chamber floor uneasily. On every side surrounded by the lavish tokens of a wealth whose office was to minister to her alone, she stood upon the verge of renouncing all the ease and luxury of her life, to share the toils and poverty of one in whom her maiden heart was bound.

Rose Palmer, the heiress, the idolized and only child of a most estimable man, was willing to forego the happy condition of the present, for the uncertain lot that the love of Philip Almay would bring; but it was not this that rent the young girl's heart with anguish; it was the thought of secret flight, the sin of disobedience, the dread foreboding of the sorrow she would inflict upon her father's whitening head, that caused her tears to flow, and her heart to throb with violent pulsations.

"Leave him!" she cried; and she wrung her white hands in despair; "he has been so good, so kind, so indulgent a father! Only this once in my whole life has he thwarted me. He cannot, he will not think well of Philip! He will never, never consent; and to save my beloved from life-lasting misery, I must flee from my blessed home; I must forsake the dear father, who has been mother, friend, guardian, all, all to me! Oh God! I cannot leave him. I dare not! The searching eye of the Omnipotent is upon me; He will visit my deadly sin with punishment; I cannot go; Oh, Philip, I cannot!" She sank sobbing into a seat, and covering her face with her hands, still murmured between her tears, "I cannot—cannot."

She saw not the tall, manly form that entered noiselessly; she saw not the mocking, cynical smile that disfigured the finely-chiseled lip—the demon triumph in his eye. She was absorbed in her grief, and Philip Almay, standing there with folded arms, regarded her as he would some beautiful picture or some fine piece of sculpture. There was no gleam of honest love, no light of compassion within his restless, furtive, brilliant, night-black eye; it was relentless, cruel; endowed with an evil magnetism, a rare subduing power. His figure, cast in an athletic mold, betokened the habit of command; his face was embrowned, as by the sun of other climes; his handsome features were marked and prominent; his hair was black, curling in abundant masses; and his hands and feet were aristocratically small.

So might we imagine a pirate chieftain, or a robber king. But Philip, in suing for the virgin love of the beautiful Rose, plead poverty and toil as his portion. He was of humble parentage, he said; but self-taught and ambitious. From her luxurious home he would convey his bride to a cottage by the seashore, while he embarked anew for the perils of the deep and the distant Southern climes. With all the eloquence of which he was master, with all the pleading persuasions of love, he implored her to fly with him; to leave the sanctuary of home, of her father's loving arms, forever. He stood before her as she sat there quietly weeping and articulating faintly, "I cannot—oh, I cannot!"

"Rose, my beloved Rose!" said a voice that thrilled her soul like music, so deep and tender were its tones, "why this grief?—wherefore this abandonment? See, I am here to comfort and console."

He knelt gracefully before her, and took her unresisting hand. The sorrowful blue eyes of Rose rested on the handsome face upturned toward her; her filial resolve faltered and grew dim; the spell of his presence chased away the better angel of her life. For him she would brave the world's contumely, her father's curse, the bitter fate awaiting her; her only compensation would be the love that, dearer than all earthly ties, obscured her very hopes of Heaven. Ah, Rose! blinded by a serpent's wiles, what shadows, weird and terrible, arise upon thy life-path, ungrateful daughter, God-forsaking heart!

But it is our duty to narrate the commission of wrong, the unfulfilling retribution that followed on the steps of sin!

"Will you doom me to isolation, to a blighted, companionless life? Will you think of me as desperately rushing into danger, perhaps as falling into crime, through your denial? Rose, can you cast from you the heart that worships you very foot-print, make me an anchorite, or worse, a despoiled among men? Rose, you are my first, my only love! See, all turn from me, because I wear not the insignias of power and wealth. You only, rich, respected as you are, have taken the poor struggler by the hand; will you not lead him on, and, as you lovingly express it, upward, now and forever, Rose?"

She bowed her head, until the drooping chestnut curls swept the dark brow of the wily pleader; tears rained on his face, the tears of innocence and youth, but he relented not. The outward pensive mask

veiled the inner and jubilant triumph of the plotter's soul.

"Oh, if my father's consent could but be won! Oh, Philip, I will plead again, and weep in the dust before his feet. My father is not proud, not worldly; he would give me to the poorest peasant in the land, if I loved him, and he were worthy; these are his very words. But he has an unaccountable prejudice against you; he says you are not what you seem; he fears for my happiness; he warns me against you! Oh, Philip, if you truly love me, go and beseech of him as I have done. Tell him the history of your past life as you have told me; surely he will pity, will learn to love you."

"It were in vain; I know Mr. Harold Palmer too well," he replied, with a sneer that escaped the tearful sight of Rose. "He tells you this to soothe you, to win your love from me. Never would the haughty, retired English gentleman give his heiress to the poorest peasant on his fields; mere matter of speech, that is. What can your father's objections be to me? I am poor; of that sin I stand confessed; what is there else against me?"

"He says," faltered Rose, "that you are a wanderer, of whom no one knows the resting-place; that your birthplace is unknown; your parentage untraced. Dear Philip! he cares not that I wed with one of equal standing; but, as a stranger, a newcomer to our neighborhood, he fears, he mistrusts you. He is a doating father; I, alas, ungrateful that I am, am his only living child! Forgive his tender solicitude, his extreme watchfulness, forgive him for my love's sake!"

And she clung to his arm and looked appealingly into the darkening face and on the contracted brow of the man who was already her tyrant and enslaver.

"For your sake all is forgiven!" he murmured, fondly pressing a kiss upon her candid forehead. "But tell me, Rose, tell me all—what does your father suspect?—what does he imagine?"

Rose could not refuse the demand of those magnetic eyes and pleading lips. She said hesitatingly—

"He fears—he thinks, not that he believes—but he trembles, lest—"

"Well, well, lest what, my darling?"

"That somewhere—some time in the past—you—"

"Oh, do not be angry, Philip!—you might have been guilty—of crime!"

"Of crime!" he repeated. "And you, Rose? you listened and faltered in your faith? You wavered—in the fear that I—and thus your father has sought to poison your unworshipful ears? No, Rose, I will bear no more; humiliations, threats, all have I meekly endured for your dear sake. But now I can no more! I leave you, Rose; I go back to the world, to my misery and my solitary life; lone, lone amid the crowd. Farewell, farewell, my Rose!"

The arch hypocrite had calculated on the result. With a piercing cry the young girl barred his way, imploring him for the sweet love of Heaven not to forsake her. He covered his brightening eyes with both hands.

"Do not, do not leave me!" she wept, and clung around his knees; "without a brother, lone as myself, amid the surroundings of wealth and ease; unassisted, motherless, I have but thee to love! Oh, go not from me with a wounded heart! I will give up the world, all, all, even the father I shall bring to the grave—but leave me not, my Philip, my beloved!"

"You will renounce this destiny of empty glitter? You will share the humble home I shall provide? You will become my own, my cherished wife? Oh, angels bless thee, Rose, my pearl, my gem, my queen, my love!"

She was weeping on his bosom, and the recording angel had sadly left her side.

"The only time," she whispered, amid the heart-flood of her grief, "the only time my father wore a shadow on his face for me, was when I asked his blessing to our union. 'Never, never, while I live!' he cried vehemently; and then, oh plying Lord! he kissed me, and his warm tears fell upon my hand, as he told me of the danger I incurred, of the fears he entertained; his words were solemnly warning; they thrilled my soul with terror. Philip!" she cried suddenly, starting from his close embrace, "if you should ever change—if you should become cold or harsh—if—oh, the thought is madness!—if you should weary of the faithful love that for you braves even a father's malediction!"

She paused, overcome by emotion. He fondly stroked her glossy curls.

"Am I a monster? Are you not the first and last love of my soul? Do I, like others, woo you for the wealth I see lavished upon you? Do I tempt you to take with you your jewels and costly robes? Do I not ask you only for yourself, and am I not willing to labor for you while strength and health are mine?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are noble, disinterested, honorable; I will trust, I will go with you to the utmost confines of the earth."

"Stop, Rose! Reflect on what you say; some day I may have cause to remind you of these rashly spoken words. Would you brave with me the perils of the ocean? Go with me to another land?"

"Anywhere—everywhere!" she cried; and her cheeks glowed with resolve, her woman heart throbbed high with the heroism of devoted love.

He soothed her into calm by his whispered consolations; he kissed her into submissive accord with the demands of his imperious will. He left her with the extorted promise of her flight with him.

"To-morrow at midnight!" he had said.

"To-morrow at midnight!" her quivering lips re-

peated, and her throbbing heart stood still; the passport of her destiny was spoken; an undimmed sense of dread, a presentiment of coming ill, pressed her every faculty.

The next day Rose watched with a silent anxiety every movement of her calm-browed, hale and loving father. She stroked the thin, light, whitening locks, and kissed the yet healthful cheeks with an intensity of affection unfeigned before. She looked upon him with worshipful gaze, and when he called her "darling child," and "blessed comfort," she could have knelt to him and prayed for his protecting care against the stranger who had won her from her filial duty. Knowing that his keen sight read every passing shadow on her face, she controlled her surging emotions; she met his eye, not with untroubled calm, but with a tender tearfulness. Whatever pain her pallid cheeks and restless emotions betrayed, he attributed to the sorrowing disengagement of her love, never doubting that his words had taken effect; unaware that his cherished daughter received the clandestine visits of one he deemed unfitting her society. That his child should leave his roof and trust herself to one she had only known three short months, he would have scorned the idea as unworthy of a passing credence. Fully and unreservedly he trusted this idolized child of the departed; he pitied her as only a father can; and he was more affectionate, more communicative and solicitous than ever, on that last, ever remembered day.

When he kissed her for the night, her emotion was too painful for repression; she burst into bitter weeping and clung around his neck; and he soothed her by his usual terms of endearment.

"You are nervous, my precious comfort," he said; "but my little heart will soon revive. In a month we go to London; then my Rose shall join the gayeties, and see the great world; there she will have suitors that will wrangle for her hand, and worry her old papa to death. She will forget the dream that has cast a cloud upon her way. Now, good-night, my comfort! God bless my darling child!"

"Once more, bless me again, my father!" cried Rose.

"Once more, and every day, my blessed!" he said half gaily. But his tone was reverential, as he said, "God bless my darling child!"

With her father's kiss upon her brow, with a guilty beating heart, Rose stole from her chamber, and passing through the silent halls, crept in the shadow of the house, and the blooming summer hedges, toward the garden gate, where Philip Almay awaited her. She took his arm, and as they hurried on, the midnight bell of a neighboring convent seemed to toll the requiem of her youthful joys. Half supporting her trembling form, Philip bent his head to listen to her incoherent speech.

"Oh, never more," she cried, between her gasping breath; never more shall I hear that voice—I am no more his 'little heart,' his 'precious comfort.' I am cursed of God and him! Philip!" she cried, standing suddenly still, the moonlight falling on her ghost-like face and spectral-white attire, "let us return! take me back! I hear my father's moans of agony! Take me home, home! Philip, to my duty, to the father, raving, maddened for my loss!"

"Hush, hush, dear!" he answered, "it is too late now. Hail, Joaquin! are you here?" He grasped the hand of the approaching stranger. "Where is the carriage? We have no time to lose."

"Here, sir, close by. Is this the lady?"

"Yes; hush! be quick! take her up tenderly; no, wait; go on before."

Rose lay in a deep swoon upon the gravel path. Philip raised her in his arms and bore her to the awaiting carriage. The man Joaquin mounted the box and drove off; the gallant steeds flew like the wind, and Rose Palmer was carried swiftly from her home; and when she regained her consciousness, the dawn was breaking crimson and golden o'er the earth.

At a wayside church, where, from all appearances, previous arrangements had been made, Philip Almay and Rose were united in the bonds of marriage. For two days and nights they traveled at their utmost speed; then gaining the sea-shore, they reached a romantic and secluded hamlet, far from the rural town where Harold Palmer's imposing country mansion stood. To a cottage home, interiorly decorated with a prodigal and almost Oriental taste, Philip welcomed his young, confiding wife. Scarcely turned sixteen, her delicate health had kept her from mingling with the gayeties of her station. To this secluded man of the world, many years her senior, she had given the first love of a pure, world-untoiled heart. During the journey, he had been so gentle, so attentive, the young wife could not long indulge the violence of grief. As she stepped into the charming little house, and looked around upon the magnificence surrounding her, the wealth of paintings, the ivory and gilding, the costly mirrors and the gorgeous carpets, the china vases and the silken hangings, exceeding even the accustomed splendor of her lordly home, she turned to her husband with a childlike and bewitching smile, her blue eyes wide open with astonishment, as she said—

"You are rich, you are a gentleman in wealth as well as in heart! But why—"

He stopped her mouth with kisses, bade the curtsying maid show her lady to her room, and Rose, following in silent wonderment, felt that her handsome and attentive lover husband was a mystery.

CHAPTER II.

THE DISOBEDIENT WIFE.

In a tumble-down old cottage near a mill, in a miserable wayside town, where the refinements and luxu-

ries of life were unknown, where often the gaunt hand of famine was outstretched, and the cries of the needy appealed to God, there lived a woman, still young and beautiful, whose coming was as sudden as her appearance was strange. The factory operatives and the poor day-laborers looked on her with surprise and pity, for her garments were fashioned after the custom of a foreign land. She usually wore a black silk dress that contrasted finely with the whiteness, the almost transparent clearness of her complexion; her eyes were large, dark, melting and sad; the small mouth never smiled, the pale cheek never colored; the majestic figure, bent as by some crushing woe, was delicate and symmetrical; the raven hair was braided over a smooth and intellectual brow; the delicate hand and tiny foot bespoke her gentle lineage; the small cross of brilliants, pendant from a golden chain she wore around her neck, gave evidence of her former station, but her silken dress was worn and faded; the veil she wore upon her head was rent and mended in many places. She came in a close carriage, attended by a foreign looking man, who carried in his arms a child, the miniature image of the mother. He called the lady Teresa; the little girl Felicia.

They rented the dilapidated cottage by the mill, and improved its interior appearance somewhat by neat but not costly furniture, by the disposal around of a few simple pictures, by plain white draperies of muslin, and by the guitar of the Senora Teresa. Who she was no one knew. She gave no account of herself, and could speak the English language but very imperfectly. Conjecture, rumor and suspicion were rife concerning her. Even the adjacent mansions admitted the prevailing curiosity; the squire and his family, the clergyman and his wife, the aristocratic M. D. of the district, high and low, all wondered who she was, and whether sorrow or repentance was the cause of her seclusion. The kind-hearted village girl who assisted the lady in her household affairs, spoke of her unvarying gentleness. The foreign looking man had left the neighborhood; she could give no other clue.

One day, about three months after the elopement of Rose, a dark-browed man, enveloped in a Spanish mantle, knocked at the door of the Senora Teresa's cottage. She arose listlessly from her seat, and with a faltering "Who's there?" proceeded to open. As her eye rested on the tall figure at the threshold, she uttered a cry of mingled delight and surprise; she threw her arms around his neck; she called him by all the endearing epithets of love; she beckoned to her playing child, and bade her go and kiss her father. The man returned her caresses coldly; he even unwound her clinging arms from his neck; but he stooped to kiss the little girl with all a parent's fondness.

"My dear Felicia; how she has grown," he said admiringly.

"And you, Teresa; have you been well?" he inquired. His manner was cold and constrained; he addressed her in the Spanish tongue, the language with which she had received him.

"I well! I happy! when you are away?" she sadly made reply. "Oh, Philip—my husband! once so kind and loving, tell me what means this sudden change? In what has poor Teresa offended? Why do you absent yourself so long from me—from your child—leaving us among these rough people, the wonder and laughing stock of all?"

"You have not wanted for anything? Joaquin has provided all you needed, has he not?" the man asked harshly.

"Oh, do not speak so! Your tone is rude. It chills me to the heart! Yes," she said hesitatingly, "he has provided—by your orders, he said—for food and for the payment of this miserable shelter." Her fine lip curled contemptuously. "But see, Philip, I will not complain; but this and one other are the only garments I possess; my mantilla is worn out. But I will not trouble you with these things; although I did not expect when I left my own dear native land—she turned away her face to hide the starting tear.

A bitter, triumphant smile wreathed the mouth of the husband.

"I must have some conversation with you, Teresa," he said, regarding her curiously.

"But you will remain—you will not again leave me? At least, not soon?" she anxiously queried.

"I must return this very night," he replied. "So I have not much time to spare."

"Whither must you return, in such haste that you cannot even spend one day with your wife and child? Whither go you, Philip, after an absence of so many months?"

"To see my mother," he responded, averting his eyes.

"Have you not seen her lately? Have you not yet gained her consent to receive the daughter, willing to kneel for her love and pity? Has she not yet given her approval to the hasty marriage formed by her son with the orphan Teresa? Yet why should she withhold it? Am I not of good family? Was not my name honored and esteemed in Cadiz? Am I not rich?—or at least shall I not be when my uncle restores to me my mother's portion? He is aggrieved at my marriage with a foreigner—with one not of my faith; but he will relent, and I shall be your proud mother's equal. Why then this hesitancy in receiving me?"

The color had mounted to her very temples as she spoke. The haughty blood of her ancestral hidalgo was aroused; she spoke loud and vehemently.

Philip made answer in the low, measured tones, that were without one particle of heart-warmth or sympathy:

"I come not here to have a scene, Teresa. I come for a far different purpose. I cannot answer for my mother's whims; but this I know—she has not yet given her approval to our marriage. I have been engrossed in business, as you know from my letters, striving to regulate my affairs; and all about that cursed property of yours; but, though I have sent you letters, your old curmudgeon of an uncle has not relented yet. I dare not ask my mother for money, so that is the reason you have been put on short allowances, Teresa."

She looked intently in his face, and said in low, and thrilling tones, all her former vehemence gone:

"Are you telling me the truth, Philip?"

A shadow rested on his brow.

"Why should you doubt me?" he cried, fiercely drawing away his hand from hers.

"Because your conduct is strange—is unaccountable. Because, you told me when you wooed my love that your mother's heart was womanly and kind; that she would love me as her own, and replace the mother whose elated face I have no recollection of. Did you tell me false? Why now this long continued estrangement? Why is she so unrelenting in her pride? Or, oh, my guardian angel!" she exclaimed, rising suddenly, and then kneeling on the floor beside him, "have you deceived my trusting heart? Do you no longer love me, Philip?"

She raised her pallid face over which the briny flood of sorrow rolled, as she repeated wildly: "Do you no longer love your wedded wife?"

"Tut, tut! Nonsense, child! Do not be foolish and sentimental, I beseech you! You know it was for your strength of character and firm decision that I first admired you. But I cannot control circumstances, Teresa."

"You evade a direct answer. You do not look me in the eye, Philip! A change has passed over you within the year; a woful, blighting change to me. For a year we were blest and happy, traveling together over the varied countries; then you brought me to England, and left me, and wandered by yourself. And a gradual change has come over you; you no longer return my caresses; you no longer seek my society; in seven long months you have come to see me twice; your letters even are cold, devoid of soul! You leave us uncared for, unprotected. You have forbidden me to give my name; to couple yours with mine. Philip! there is a mystery surrounding you; a dire foreboding weighs upon my spirits! You are not the Philip of last year to me. The first year of our marriage was a dream of Paradise! When my child was born, you loved me; but as time sped on, you grew indifferent; the second year was one of doubt and conflict; the third is fraught with desolation; but it shall bring me certainty!"

All of the weak, clinging tenderness of her nature was cast aside. Drawing herself up proudly, with flashing eye and crimsoned cheek, she demanded the solution of the mystery that surrounded him.

His pent up anger was on the verge of revelation, but he controlled himself by a mighty effort of his iron will. But the threatening gleam of his eye, the sudden clenching of his hand, the compression of his whitening lip, escaped not the watchful eye of Teresa. He said in a bantering, hurried manner:

"Do not be foolish, Teresa. I am harassed with business cares. What else should ail me, my good wife?—and as for the least change in me, that's all in your imagination, little dear."

"Your manner is assumed; you are not frank, and gay, and natural, as you used to be," she said.

"Ha! ha! ha!" His laugh was forced as his bantering air. "Come, come," he resumed; "I must let you in a few words what I came for expressly. Let me take Felicia to my mother; the sight of her will move her to a reconciliation; she loves children, and the beauty of our angel will melt her heart at once. What say you, Teresa?"

"That my child shall never leave me for an instant!" she replied, snatching up the smiling prattler who was playing on the floor.

"Is this your wifely obedience?" he cried mockingly.

"Is it a just, a fair, a human demand?" she retorted fiercely. "Why would you separate me from my child; the tender child that demands my care? Why cannot I go with you? Philip, if I knew in what portion of this kingdom your mother lives, I would find my way to her, though I walked every step on foot! You have surrounded yourself with mysteries; your mother's place of abode is unknown to me; you will not even openly acknowledge me as your lawful wife; and now you would take from me my child; but it shall never, never be done!"

"You talk like an unreasonable woman. Can you not trust our child with me?"

"I dare not!" she answered, tremblingly.

"Tell me why! Give me your reason—I insist upon it! Teresa, speak!"

He had grasped her arm, and was looking into her face with all the concentrated magnetism of his glance. There was a stifled fury in his words, but she replied with the brave mother-love that knows no fear:

"You would never bring her back! She is the only tie that draws you here—you love her wretched mother no longer!" And then, as if struck mortally, by the words her lips had uttered, she leaned forward, lividly pale, and sobbing as if her wounded heart would break.

"Will you not trust me—give me this proof of your confidence?" he said. I forgive your foolish words; but you will let me take Felicia, only for a visit of three days?"

"Ah! lives your mother so near?"

He bit his lips in vexation.

"Give me your answer, Teresa!"

She cast herself at his feet, and said:
"Have pity on me, Philip! Pardon me if I suspect you wrongfully; but my brain is whirling, and my heart is ill at rest. Ask of me anything, here, husband, take this cross, my saluted mother's only relic; take the treasured likeness of my father, and with them buy bread for us, until a better fortune smiles; but in the name of Heaven, by all that is pure and sacred here below, do not ask me to part with my child!"

Again she clasped her to her bosom, and showered her kisses on her rose-bud mouth and cheeks.

The pent-up storm burst forth.

"You will not give me the child?"

She sadly shook her head, and looked with tear-filled eyes above.

"Then I will take her," he shouted; take her from your very arms, beneath your very eyes! I am her father—I have the right to claim my child. Obdurate and headstrong woman! do you think you can oppose my will?"

"With God and his angels' help, I will!" she firmly said, confronting him, and holding close the frightened little one; "only with my life shall you tear Felicia from my arms; while I live I will defend her; she is mine by all the love and agony of motherhood—you shall not wrest her from my grasp!"

He made a spring toward her. He would have seized the child, but she cried loud and piercingly.

"Hear me, Philip—hear the few words I have to say! If you take her by force, my shrieks shall arouse the neighbors; the mill is tenanted—I will call assistance. I will tell my wrongs, even to the rough but human hearts around me. A mother's rights are sacred—they will reverence my claim! Stop and reflect, for as God lives, I dare all things to save my child!"

"Your wrongs?—tell, blab—speak to the surrounding bores of me?" he thundered in her ear. And what if I tell the story as it suits my convenience? What if I brand your name with infamy, and place you as my mistress before the world—what then?"

"I should denounce your villainy!" she shrieked. "Oh God! the hour of my disenchantment has arrived—my dread forebodings are realized! But know this, you vile, bad man! you cannot cast reproach upon my woman's honor. I have the certificate of my marriage!"

"Where—where is it hidden?"

He glanced uneasily around.

"Where your unhalloved touch will never find it," she cried, with a fierce triumph in her eye. Forgetful of all manhood and all shame, he struck her in the face, and upon the white, bare shoulders, from which the black silk scarf had fallen; but she never relinquished her hold upon the child. Her dark eyes wildly glaring, her cheeks glowing with the excitement, not pale with fear, she writhed and struggled in his grasp; but his hand was on her mouth, when she attempted to cry out.

"Will you give me the child?" he hissed.

"Never!" she responded; "and if you kill me, Philip, I will haunt you to your dying day!"

"Pooh! what a fool I am to waste time and words," said the brutal husband. "I can find other means; and hark ye, Teresa, I shall yet have the child!"

"If you force her from me, I will haunt you to your dying day—remember that!"

"Pshaw! am I a man to be threatened with fear of ghosts, living or dead?—Halloo! there, Joaquin!"

"Here, sir," said the officious valet, coachman and multifarious servant.

"Let us go. Is the carriage waiting near the turpicks?"

"It is, sir."

Without another look at his discarded wife, without another glance toward his child, he turned from the house, and in deep conversation with his confidential man, he retraced his steps the way he had come.

Teresa, still holding Felicia in her frenzied clasp, sank to the floor in a deathlike swoon, that lasted until the faithful maid, returning, restored the unhappy mother to a consciousness of lost love and impending danger.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTHER'S HOME.

In the vicinity of the sparsely settled town of C—, now a flourishing city, near the main road, and almost embowered in trees, stood the well-ordained cottage, for it was no lofty mansion, of the mother of Philip Almay. Here, with one faithful man-servant and his wife, she had lived, for many years. Beneath that roof her son was born, and her beloved husband departed for the better world.

Left with a modest competency at the death of Robert Almay, the fond woman devoted herself to the care of her infant son, with a maternal devotion that, exceeding even all ordinary bounds, amounted to idolatrous worship. She indulged the willful and infamous boy from earliest infancy. His desires were law; his caprices so many commands that were to be fulfilled at all hazards, no matter at what price.

Mrs. Almay was the first slave of this child-tyrant. She bowed meekly to his unreasonable wishes; and even when he was but ten years old, she trembled before him, and yielded the contested point. With such a home-education, was it not natural he should become a willful, headstrong, intensely selfish youth?

That youth did not belie the promises of his boyhood. He tyrannized over mother and servants; he quarreled with his companions; he was expelled from school long before his education was deemed half completed. He offended and grossly insulted the tutors his mother had obtained for him; he was the terror of the neighbors and the theme of many a prophecy, long before his final acts of disobedience and cruelty were committed. In his twentieth year he set out upon his travels, taking with him the few jewels his mother possessed, in order to defray his expenses. It was on this occasion that the utter selfishness, the unnatural, perverted spirit, fully revealed itself, even to the blinded mother. Not satisfied with the sum of money she presented him, he insisted upon the sale of her jewels. Mrs. Almay ventured a gentle denial. Philip grew angry and boisterous; and when the poor mother, summoning all the firmness she was capable of, refused to part with what had been her father's bridal gift to her, his rage, not satisfied with venting itself in a torrent of abuse and horrible invective, impelled him to the direct outrage—he lifted his hand and struck the mother whose life of love had been sacrificed to him!

Almost paralyzed by the shock—struck by this unexpected treatment, she awakened to a sense of the wrong course she had pursued—to a knowledge of the sinful weakness that had led to the present sorrow.

Thenceforth their relations were changed. The son was moody, fitful, seemingly a prey to the deepest melancholy at times; then the mildest hilarity would possess him.

The mother was for a long time distant, reserved and cautious of her very words, while in his presence; but her loving heart could not resist his farewell pleadings. With her arms around his neck, sobbing upon his breast, loving him tenderly, as of yore, she cried with fervor:

"God bless and keep you, my son!"

But when alone, with her own accusing thoughts, she could not banish the haunting and terrible memory: he had lifted his hand against her!

He wrote to her from abroad; and she kissed the letters and wept over them with sad foreboding; for he spoke in glowing terms of the charms of the world's great capitals; of the enjoyments of wealth and power; of the delights of a wandering life of ease and pleasure. The mother prayed in agony to God to keep him from temptation, from the haunts of ruin.

He returned after an absence of three years; improved in many looks, in knowledge of the world, in polished manners; but there was a recklessness in his moods—a want of all reverential feeling, that deeply grieved the watchful mother's heart. He spoke slightly of religion, of human duties, of woman's virtue. Mrs. Almay shuddered as she listened to his frivolous speech. There was no more confidence between them; and she feared that even his expressions of affection toward her were outwardly assumed—not felt within the soul.

Again and again he roamed from home, visiting upon the tropic regions, and bringing from thence many a rare curiosity and valuable trinket. How these things were acquired he never told. And there was about him a repellent haughtiness that forbade all inquiry and barred the way to all intrusion with the secrets of his life. He would remain at Linden cottage but a few weeks or months, then return to his wanderings, often without confiding to his mother the object or the place of his journey.

Yet this man was not devoid of all the better feelings of humanity. He was generous in the extreme; courageous and fearless to a fault; a lover of the beautiful; not indeed of the serene and home-inviting aspect of nature, but of her sublimer scenes—the ocean and the rugged cliff, the storm-tumult, and the grandeur and mildness of the mountain and the precipice. He looked, too, more with artistic eyes than with a prayerful heart upon the beautiful achievements of painting and sculpture. He had a rare appreciation of the loveliness of woman; of the disposal of light and shade, coloring and sunlight. He delighted in the sound of music, and in the perfumes of the East. But the one redeeming trait in this bad man's character—the one pure spot that yet linked him to the good of earth and the compassion ate of Heaven, was this:—his love for little children. It amounted to a passion with him. Wherever he remained awhile, he would adorn his chamber with an endless variety of busts and pictures of children, little cherubs, rose-winged angels, painted by some cunning master's hand; and earthly representations of innocence and health, with golden locks and smiling cherry lips. In marble and ivory, he possessed rare specimens of the sculptor's skill in the portrayal of childhood; they had an irresistible fascination for his eye—perhaps a softening influence on his soul.

With the most excellent foundation for the erection of a noble character, each attribute of good was perverted from its original beauty by injudicious training; by a weak indulgence; by a false estimate of the love that should control, restrain, and if need be, chastise, as well as cherish, praise and idolege.

We have been compelled to return to the past record, and write out this leaf of the history of one whose influence was wide-felt and terrible. With the reader's present understanding of the causes that led to so varied and sinful a career, we will proceed with the eventual narrative of his life.

He was in his thirtieth year when he met with Rose Palmer, the ideal of a poet's dream—the sweet, frail, English flower, tenderly guarded from the wind and rain. Philip Almay had long since cast aside all conscientious scruples. He wooed and won the unsophisticated girl, who, he knew, was a bad, bad, bad, mingled with the busy, plotting world. She believed him, trusted him, because she loved; and when, as his beloved wife, he led her to the charming cottage by the sea shore, and surprised her with a display of wealth and magnificence undreamed of, Rose, never doubting his word, believed him, when he told her, that, to try her love and faith, he had pleaded poverty, while a handsome fortune was entirely at his disposal.

That cloud removed—as it was for his sake only that the gentle wife feared poverty and toil—she entered him, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, to write to her father; to unite his supplications with hers, for the bestowal of his blessing and pardon.

Philip promised to fulfill her every wish. She wrote a long, affectionate and most touching letter, such as would have reached the inmost heart of the loving and forgiving father. Her husband added a few lines, humbly and most kindly written. Rose awaited the answer with a joyfully expectant hope.

When weeks passed on, and no letter came in return. Rose sent another missive, still more humbly and sorrowfully, praying for his love. Again and again she wrote, but no answer came; and a weight of apprehension settled on her spirits; perhaps her father was ill, was dying; perhaps, oh, dreadful thought! his much wronged heart was broken, and his whitening head lay beneath the churchyard sod.

But Philip made inquiry, and learned that the father was living and well.

Poor Rose wept bitterly, and deemed herself forsaken and forgotten. Philip Almay had never sent the letters penned by her filial love and grief.

This was the only cloud, but a dark and encircling one it was, that lowered in the sunny heavens of her wedded life. The few months spent in the sea-side cottage were paradisaic in their perfect realization of the dream of devoted love. Philip was ever attentive, tender, watchful of her health and comfort. The servants were respectful; the French maid was a paragon of neatness and drollery. It was a fairy-life the young wife led; but its charmed avenue of flowers ended in a bleak, hard road, over which the dainty feet of happy Rose were doomed to wander.

The romance of life was about to lead to stern and cold reality.

It flower, and had placed upon her brow the vintage chaplet of the year. She had dreamed and loved, and sung the sweet home songs of her childhood. Ah, Rose, Rose! the thorns and the brambles of the life-path of sorrow await thee now!

"We will go to visit my mother," Philip had said a month or so previous to his visit to Teresa.

"I have written to apprise her of our coming; she will be delighted to see her daughter-in-law."

And Rose, smiling in acquiescence, had expressed her willingness to behold the mother of her idolized husband.

The mere leaves were beginning to fall, the autumn skies were hazy, the requiem of the summer's warmth and gladness sounded through the dim depths of the melancholy woods, when Rose and Philip left their home-bower for the distant Linden cottage that was his childhood's home.

To that quiet and sheltered spot we will transport ourselves in the swift-sailing thought-bark ever at our command. We are within the unostentatious home, looking out from the front windows for the anxiously expected arrival. The room is cosy, neat, and comfortable; the seats are downy; the arrangement of the white plain curtains and old-fashioned furniture betoken good taste; but there is no display of wealth; no carving and no gilding meets the eye; the pictures are all portraits of the family; the old-time clock in the corner rings out a merry tune whenever the hour strikes; the hearth is polished brightly, and a cheerful fire is glowing there, for the evenings are chilly, though some of the days are yet warm.

Mrs. Almay sits by a window, her head resting upon her hand. She is immersed in deep and painful thought. Her son is married. Is he happy? Will he now retrace his steps, and wander in the narrow path of goodness? And his wife—will she not win him from the wrong by the all potent magic of her love? Will he now respect his mother, and fulfill the cherished hope of her life? As she thus sits and muses, tears of mingled tenderness and regret roll down her wasted cheeks. The mother's heart has been long and sorely tried.

She is still beautiful, that elderly woman, with her light hair parted smoothly beneath the close-fitting simple cap; as her large hazel eyes wear a look of intense longing, as if in search for the lost good of a life; her features are fine and regular; her smile is singularly fascinating; her small figure is erect and symmetrical; but the coloring of health has fled; her face is wan and wasted; only the strong, willful spirit, (weak alone where it concerned her son,) upholds the frail, sensitive frame. Mrs. Almay is attired in a fawn-colored silk, a snowy kerchief around her throat. She wears a locket containing her son's miniature, and a bunch of household keys, suspended from a silver chain and hook, are pendant from her slender waist.

Philip bears not the slightest resemblance to his mother; his is the commanding presence, the piercing eagle-eye of the father, whose portrait greets you as you face the mantel-piece.

Mrs. Almay is beloved of all. The servants, who are growing old in her service, would die to save her from sorrow. She is the benefactress of the poor, the mother of the suffering, the angel of the wronged and sinning. Many a penitent head has shed its tears upon her bosom; many a tortured soul has fled to her for peace and refuge. In the exercise of Christian charity she sought to make atonement for the one great mistake of the past.

Margary Plane, the honest serving woman, whose wrinkled, homely, but honest face, betokens the excitement of joy and apprehension, has glided noiselessly into the room, and stands regarding her mistress with looks almost of adoration. In her best bombazine gown, and cap adorned with purple ribbons, she feels all the importance of her station. Is she not housekeeper, maid, cook, laundress, and companion, to "the best lady in the country"? Margary is proud of her honest servitude, as all should be who do their duty well. Labor can never degrade; but it elevates, in proportion to the cheerful spirit in which it is performed.

"La, sakes alive!" Margary says to herself, "if she isn't a sartin' there like-like—I can't get the 'parson-just now, or, as master Philip calls it, the simee-lee. Well, she looks like a monument with patience—no, that ain't it neither—like patience—la me! where does the monument come? I've got a memory like a sieve; all little things drop through, and all I can remember is my duty to my mistress, and to take care of my worse half. Good sakes! land o' the living! gracious massy sakes alive! if there ain't the carriage! I'm so befuddled I can't breathe! Yes, Allen's there, a helpin' of them out. There's that aggeravatin', furin nuns-kull Joa-kin—never could get his outlandish name!—there's master Philip; mercy! what a beard he's got; there's the young lady—blessings of the Almighty on her beautiful head—what a sweet smile—Lord! if I have n't nearly forgotten my own dear blessed lady! Mrs. Almay, ma'am!"

The mother had risen from her seat to welcome the long absent son and the gentle being by his side, but her trembling limbs refused their office; she sank back with closed eyes and labored breathing.

Margary sprang to her assistance.

"What can I do for you, ma'am? I'll run and get the cologne! I'll fetch some hartshorn, and burn some feathers, ma'am, or shall I get you a glass of wine to strengthen you? Allen says it's good in times of faintness; wholesome, he calls it. Mrs. Almay, ma'am! Dear lady, she never fainted before in all her livelong days!"

"I have not fainted, dear, kind Margary," said the gentle mother, feebly. "I am better now; but the sudden although expected appearance of my son, after a three years' absence, and the sight of that beautiful young face, it overcame me; but I am better, much better now."

She walked across the room with a firm step, and met her children at the threshold. There she was, clasped in the strong arms of Philip; and to her own maternal heart she folded in a close and loving embrace the sylph-like form of Rose. With one arm fondly clasping her daughter's waist, she led her to a seat, and affectionately taking both her hands, she gazed long and intently upon the lovely and blushing countenance.

As she thus looked at Rose, the departing glory of the sunset, shedding a farewell gleam upon the fading earth, rested full and golden on the youthful head. With solemn impressiveness, the mother blessed her; and Rose, gazing into the sweet, sad face, loved her from that hour and forever.

"I have been long away, mother," said Philip; "but you see I have brought home a treasure well worth waiting for. After traveling North, South, East and West, I came home to old England to choose my bride."

Rose looked into his face with a beaming smile.

Margary approached, timidly dropping a courtesy at every step she took.

"Welcome home, master Philip," she said, and he extended his hand and shook her's heartily. "Welcome to Linden Cottage, my lady," and she turned to Rose, her face aglow with admiration and respect. Rose gave her tiny hand with smiling grace.

"Will you see to having tea ready soon, Margary?" said Mrs. Almay, in these kind, silvery tones that won the hearts of the lowly to her service.

"Certainly, ma'am, immediately," replied the woman, with that respectful deference that never forsook her in the familiarity of their daily intercourse.

"What a sweet, cosy house! How grand those mountains look! What a nice garden! How very pleasant it must be here in the summer time, when it is so lovely now!" said Rose, with a child-like enthusiasm.

"I am glad that you are pleased, my love," said the happy and gratified mother.

"Who would not be happy in a home like this?" continued Rose, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing with delight. "These grand old mountains and yonder flowing stream; those giant oaks and the chestnuts, not yet all despoiled of their summer leaves—it is beautiful! Then the lindens before the house! Oh, Mrs. Almay—mother, may I not call you so?" she asked with a winning grace that suffused the hazel eyes with tears.

"Call me mother; call me so always. I will be a mother to you, my darling," said Mrs. Almay, deeply moved.

"I never had a mother's care, I never had the blessing of a mother's love. I am so happy to find so good, so loving a friend in my dear Philip's mother, one whom I can love without restraint—so I shall call you by that holy name. But may I not say *mama*? That sounds still more homelike, more affectionate; may I call you, my dear *mama*?"

The artless creature wound her arms around the lady's neck, and kissed her cheek. In that hour, all hearts were filled with the divinest, most forgiving love of earth.

"But we were talking about the house," said Rose, wiping away her tears and laughing merrily. Old Allen coming in to greet the master, told his wife that "the young lady's laugh was like a peal of silver bells." He was a poet in his humble way.

Further conversation was somewhat interrupted by the entrance of tea and lights. Allen was most graciously received by the young mistress; and the genius of contentment tarried by the hearth that night.

Philip recounted many stirring adventures, and Rose told of her distant home, sighing as she recalled her father's love. She told of the sea-side fairy residence, and of the pleasant days passed there.

"We should have been to see you long before this, *mama*," she said; "but the truth is, I never knew my Philip was happy in the possession of a mother until after we were married. And then, *mama*, I stood so in awe of the idea of a mother-in-law, it took some time to give me the necessary courage. But when I heard how good and gentle you were, I could not control my impatience to see you. How long is it, *mama*, since Philip came to see you last?"

At this sudden and unexpected question, Mrs. Almay flushed, and Philip bit his lip; but truth prevailed, and the mother said falteringly:

"Over three years, my dear."

"Three years! three years from home! is it possible, Philip?"

"Why, what is there so astounding in that, my lady-bird?" said her husband gaily; "my mother does not complain. I was many miles from England most of the time, remember."

"Oh, how sad she must have felt, how sad, how lonesome! What would become of me if you were to stay away so long—from me?"

"That is not likely to occur, my dearest. But speaking of the beauty of this house," there was a touch of irony in his voice, "and talking of absence, reminds me that I have business to see to, which will take me from my Rose for a few days. Shall I leave her here, in the congenial society of her dear *mama*, or return to the fairy bower, as she pleasantly calls her home?"

"Must you go? Cannot you send Joaquin?"

"No, fairest Rose, I cannot; I must go myself on an errand of mercy, as well as business. A friend whose affairs are involved needs my assistance. I do not feel warranted in resisting the call."

"Oh, go, go by all means, if it is on such an errand," said the impulsive, tender-hearted child. "And, Philip, leave me here with *mama*; I shall enjoy her company so much, and all the splendor of our marine cottage will be valueless to me while you are gone."

"So be it, then," said her husband; and they sat together pleasantly chatting until midnight. Then Rose received the good-night kiss of her new-found mother, and Philip received the maternal embrace. There was no invading shadow in the peaceful home that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
REPLY TO LOUISE DEFORCE.

BY ROSA T. ANEDRY.

Sister Louise, having journeyed To the realms of light above, Where no pain nor sorrow cometh, Where no blight is cast on love, I can answer all your questions, If you ask me many more. For I've been an active spirit Since I reached the Angel-shore.

Scarcely did I lose my senses Ere I woke to beauty grand; Hardly lost I earthly whispers Ere I heard a minstrel band Breathing strains of richer music Than I ever heard below; Quickly lost I all of sorrow— Soon forgot my every woe.

You have asked me, sister Louise, And there's meaning in your words, If earth's travelers, who are groaning 'Neath the burden of their loads, Will find rest across the waters, Find the love they ask for here? Many join with me their voices, Saying—'Fear not, sister dear; Meet thy trials bravely, nobly; Battle well with every tide, Give no room for thoughts unholy, Stand erect in conscious pride; And when earthly life is over, When the second birth is nigh, I will join the band who 'll bear thee To thy glorious home on high.'

Given through a medium at Lyons, Mich., July, 1861.

"UPON WHAT DO SPIRITS LIVE?"

I am pleased to notice that some of my remarks at the St. Charles Festival are attracting the attention of the non-immortalists of the Boston Investigator; a sample of which a friend has kindly forwarded to me:

A QUEER NOTION.

Mr. Emmon—The singular doctrine or delusion of Spiritualism brings out many queer notions. Take the following, for instance, which I find given in the Herald of Progress, as some of the proceedings at a late Spiritual meeting:—

"L. K. Coonley opened the Conference by some interesting experiences and remarks, in substance as follows:—The question is often asked, How do spirits live? By facts which I have seen, I am convinced that they feed on the magnetism of the living. I once knew a little girl in Kentucky, who had a ravenous appetite, and who, after eating a hearty meal, would be thrown into spasms. By the aid of my clairvoyant powers I determined that the spirits of two negro women were feeding on the magnetism of the child, which induced her to eat such quantities of food. By talking with them, I soon persuaded them that they were injuring the child, and when they sought their food elsewhere the child immediately recovered. They did not know as they were doing wrong. I believe this to be the source of much disease."

I have read of the fabulous *ghouls* that were reported to eat the bodies of the dead; but it would seem, according to Mr. Coonley, that the dead are eating the living and also afflicting us with disease! What nonsense men run into when they give up their reason and indulge in the vagaries of Spiritualism!

Respectfully yours, L. K.

Although Bro. Leland did not report me *entirely* correct, yet it is sufficiently so for practical use. I was directing attention principally to "obsessions," as will be seen by reference to my report in the *DANCER* of Oct. 19th. The Eastern fable of the (*ghouls*) demons, or spirits of the departed, living upon the decaying bodies of the dead, in ideal, was probably as near the fact as the blind materiality of that age could approach. The continued existence of the *soul* was admitted, else not the *ghouls*; and if the soul or spirit still lived, then "REASON" would say to "B. W." "what did it feed on?" That is the question to-day—How do spirits live?

That the immortal part, known as Individuality, carries to the advanced life its peculiar idiosyncracies, is evidenced through every personating medium. That the habits of earth-life continue with the spirit, for a time, is true; or no individuality lives beyond this life. Scientific facts alone must determine which is true. And, although we may be subject to the very wise conclusions of the "B. W.s," our "vagaries of spiritualism" are being recognized as the realities of life. I know that many *Spiritualists* cannot accept the facts yet, that the spirit retains any of the evil, disease, &c., (relatively so) when it leaves the earth-body—that they have not established a dividing line between the mortal and immortal, so as to show conclusively what is good enough to maintain immortality.

As a clairvoyant physician, I have endeavored to seek out the causes of disease; and I am vain enough to believe that my efforts have obtained some success. And I trust that at some future time my guides will permit me, before a Boston audience, to give one or more lectures on the "Philosophy of Disease."

My experiences and investigations have brought me to the conclusion that earth and spirit-life are blended as intimately as the arterial and venous circulation of the blood in our bodies; that if you affect the one, you correspondingly affect the other; that a spirit retains in spirit-life, psychologically or physically, for a time at least, until cured of the *idea* or fact, the disease or appetite, which was peculiar to the earth-life; that the mental condition of that soul, when in contact with the earth-conditioned mind and body, distributes enough of the selfishness of its mentality to reproduce the germs of its disease, or appetite—thus seeking gratification and producing derangement in the normal functions of the medium. As tests, I give the following:

While in New Orleans, two years since, I was called to visit a French girl, who had been afflicted with epilepsy for twenty years. When a child (the friends told me), she was fair and beautiful, active and intelligent. When I saw her, she had all the appearance of a coarse, dark mulatto. When free from the fits, she moved gradually around the house, muttering broken sentences of French swearing. My spirit-vision revealed to me the form of an old negro, as her *obessing spirit*!

Between three and four years since, Mr. Asa Fitz, author of "The Harmonial," visited a city near Boston, where he performed some remarkable cures in a very singular way. He was called to see a lady who had lost her speech some three years. He claimed that a spirit had attached itself to her when it left the earth-form, and was the cause of her lack of speech." Through the "tips of the table" he invoked the spirit, conversed with it, and made an agreement for the spirit to leave her. A promise to do so was obtained. The woman immediately recovered her speech.

I am acquainted with a lady in Syracuse, N. Y., who talks with spirits as tangibly as with mortals. She has prepared meals many times and sat down and ate with them for their aid. She is a delicate woman, and moves in the most respectable society of the place.

In this county (McHenry) a few days since, I visited a lady afflicted with the dropsy. While looking at her clairvoyantly, I saw and described the spirit of her husband's father, who, in earth-life, was afflicted with the dropsy. She is a medium, through whom, it is claimed, the spirit referred to often communicates. I avoid names. It would not yet be acceptable. I might give scores of well authenticated facts.

Marengo, Ill., Oct. 26.

L. K. COONLEY.

Hawthorne.

The newspapers inform us that the English admirers of Nathaniel Hawthorne, (whom the London Critic pronounces one of the best of American novelists) are getting up a splendid testimonial to this gifted son of Essex. It is to consist of a large marble medallion portrait of the author of the "Twice told Tales," "Scarlet Letter," &c., by Kuntz, one of the most famed sculptors in the old world. Hawthorne, though not in the way Poe worked, is one of the leaders of modern Spiritual romance. Nothing has so gone to the heart of man as his "Scarlet Letter." It is in no sense a story of incident, like the romances of Scott, or the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, but its entire aim and purpose are to lay bare to the spiritual vision the motives and workings of the human heart. Some critics insist this is not the healthy purpose of fictitious literature; but we are not inclined to think that man was born to be stuffed and sickened with the sugar-candy of "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and such like tales, and never made to reflect seriously upon what he is and whether he is tending.

Mr. Charles H. Foster's Recollections.

One lady, before going to Mr. Foster's room, went into her room alone, closed and fastened the doors and windows, and sat down and wrote the name of her deceased mother in full, and carefully and thoroughly sealed it in twenty envelopes. She then probably said to herself, "Nobody on earth can tell me what is in these envelopes; Spiritualism, I know, is a humbug." The moment she came into Mr. Foster's presence, (he being a perfect stranger to her,) he said, "Madam, there is a spirit by your side; she speaks to me, and tells me that she is your mother, and her name is —," calling it in full; "that it is in your pocket, written on a piece of paper, enclosed in twenty envelopes. Look! the name is written on my arm." The name was indeed written in full upon his arm. The lady was so affected by this palpable test of unseen intelligence, that she did not recover from the shock for many days.

A gentleman said, as he sat down with Mr. Foster, "Please lay aside your cigar, Mr. Foster, for smoking is very offensive to me; and I think that pure spirits cannot come, if they can come at all, in a cloud of smoke." Mr. Foster replied, "If you oblige me to lay aside my cigar, perhaps that beautiful child, now leaning upon your side, cannot talk to me so easily as she now can. She says that her name is Ann Eliza B——; that she died of scarlet fever, four months ago; that she was five years old; that you are her father; that you love her, and she loves you. She tells me that your name is W. H. B——."

This gentleman was a stranger to Mr. Foster; but every word that Mr. F. had told him, he knew was true; he recognized unmistakably the presence of his dear departed child, and the reality of communion with the angel-world, smoke or no smoke. In the overwhelming delight of meeting his angel-child in recognition again, he would not probably have been sensitive to the smoke of a dozen cigars.

On another occasion, two gentlemen were very persistent and importunate in saying to Mr. Foster, "You make the letters come on your arm by first scratching the skin." They boldly called him and all other mediums, "humbugs." Mr. Foster said, "If you treat me so ungentlemanly, I shall go out of the room and leave you." They replied, "We have come to test the fact of spirit communication, and we will try to comply with your desire." Mr. Foster made bare his arm, which one of the gentlemen stood before, taking Mr. Foster's hand in his, and the other gentleman stood behind, taking hold of Mr. Foster's elbow. "Now," one of the gentlemen said, "ye, have you, and we will show to the world that these letters cannot come on your arm without some outside application, which you have now no possible chance of making. We know that no letters can come on your arm while we hold it." After waiting and looking for the letters till the two gentlemen became rapturous with the triumph of their wise experiment—no letters having appeared—Mr. Foster said, "What will you have?" One of the gentlemen replied, "Anything—no matter what. We know that nothing will appear upon your arm while we thus hold it; but if anything can come, let it be something for us; something that shall be true, and that shall be a test; something that we are not thinking about." The words "Two Fools" immediately appeared upon his arm, resembling large full-faced printed letters, as perfect as any type could make them. These gentlemen were quite satisfied of the truth of spirit communication by this manifestation. They got what they asked for; something for themselves; something that was true; a test; and, finally, something that they were not thinking about.

One of the best tests of the reliability of Mr. Foster's mediumship—and of the undoubted presence of unseen intelligences—occurred recently at his rooms in our residence. A gentleman of our acquaintance, a very strong skeptic, having prepared a series of questions addressed to a spirit-friend of his, at our suggestion folded his letter in such manner as to preclude all possibility of the matter being read by the medium, and laid it on the table, remarking: "If these questions can be answered, I shall be satisfied—not otherwise." Immediately Mr. F.'s hand was influenced, and he wrote, "The first question is, 'Where did you reside the last time I saw you before your death?' The gentleman admitted this to be correct. Mr. F. then requested him to write a dozen or twenty names of streets, and amongst them the one referred to, which was done. Mr. F. then reached his hand over the table, without reading the names of the streets on the list, and immediately scratched all the streets, except the right one. That, he said, was the street where the spirit had lived. The gentleman admitted the fact. The second question was to ascertain the name of the deceased. It was instantly given in crimson letters on the arm, perfectly distinct, to the utter astonishment of the skeptical beholder. He at once admitted its correctness, and remarked, "It's very astonishing! I am forced to believe." Other tests, equally convincing, closed the seance.

The editor of the Boston Transcript, in his paper of Sept. 10th, says:

A friend who visited him this morning, says that Mr. F. gave the most unequivocal test of wonderful clairvoyant powers. Names of deceased friends, of whom he could never have heard, appeared written in crimson letters on his arm. The name which our informant selected to test the phenomena, was the extraordinary one of *Arria*. The success was perfect; and the conditions precluded the possibility of trick or deception.

Mr. Foster's seances in Chicago, Ill., in June last, were very satisfactory. The editor of the Evening Journal of that city, visited his rooms, and received some striking manifestations, a long account of which we find in his paper of June 17th. We have only room for a single extract:

During the sitting, the medium informed us that a female spirit was desirous that we should furnish her our handkerchief upon the floor, together with a lead pencil. Anxious to accommodate the female spirit, we complied with her request. If we could trust our senses, the handkerchief remained upon the floor, untouched by any one present, until we again received it. Upon opening it, we found the female spirit's autograph thereon, and shall pliously preserve it in our collection.

The Chicago Times of June 20th also publishes a long account of the result of a visit to Mr. Foster's rooms, which was of the most satisfactory character. Did our space permit we would give the article entire; but we can give but a brief extract:

Medium—Is there any friend of this gentleman (Mr. S.) that can write his name on this handkerchief? *Ans.*—Yes. A white handkerchief was then placed on the carpet under the table, after having been examined to see that it had nothing previously written upon it. Upon being taken up, the letters "S. P. S." could be seen written on it. The medium then wrote, "Well, you may be convinced, for to day you are receiving a glimpse into heaven's truths and mysteries. The veil is uplifted, and spirits can return to earth and use their influence over their

friends for their good. I am often with you. Sylvester P. S."

Mr. S.—He died in 1830, and no one ever heard me mention that name in this city.

A remarkable demonstration followed, in which the spirits read names written in short-hand on paper. Another name, written in the same characters, was spelled out in blood red letters on the medium's arm. Subsequently, the spirit wrote the veritable short-hand by a pencil held in the medium's hand, and traced the same characters on his arm, in the mysterious letters which came and went like the ethereal substance of an invisible world.

A correspondent of the Herald of Progress, writing from Chicago, says:

Rev. J. H. Tuttle, pastor of a leading Universalist church, has visited the medium, and received such remarkable tests from departed relatives, that his correspondent writes, "He wept like a child and exclaimed, 'What a glorious thing it is to know that we are to live on through eternity!'"

Rev. Mr. Livermore, editor of the *New Covenant*, has also witnessed striking manifestations, and is said to be convinced beyond a doubt that spirits can and do communicate. Whether he will permit the readers of his paper to know of this change in his opinions remains to be seen.

The editor of the Western Railroad Gazette, also adds his convictions that spirits do communicate, in the following emphatic language:

For an hour we literally conversed with spiritual friends. We were in the full possession of our faculties, with every sense of touch, sight, hearing in a condition of perfect health—neither alarmed nor excited, but self-possessed as now. After the first moment of astonishment, we felt nothing but the liveliest interest in our new found spiritual friends listening to their words, and receiving from them manifestations of the most beautiful and gratifying nature. No one can convince us that we did not hold actual communication with such spirits. We could not think of, nor ask for more overwhelming proofs, than were freely given us. The man who says we were cheated, deceived, or humbugged in the slightest degree during this interview, is himself a convicted bigot. We know such a thing to have been absolutely absurd and impossible.

We might go on giving more evidence of the reliability of Mr. Foster's mediumship, on the best authority; but it is unnecessary. None but the most consummate bigots, after a full investigation, would repudiate such conclusive evidence of spirit-presence and control as has been given at Mr. Foster's seances. Mr. Foster leaves for London on the 16th inst.

Book Notices.

THE PRACTICAL SINGING CLASS. Being part first of the Festival Chimes; a new collection of secular and sacred music. By S. Wesley Martin. Chicago: H. M. Higgins, 117 Randolph street. 1861.

This is a tasty and judicious compilation of music, songs, choruses and glees, for elevated and advanced classes and musical festivals. Sixty-four pages, pamphlet form. The selection is made up of some of the best modern music, and much of it is original.

We have received a duet, "The New Star Spangled Banner," words by Edna Dean Proctor, music by J. P. Webster. It is a fine song, and worthy of a place by the side of those patriotic melodies that make our heart beat so wildly, and that double the tension of loyal muscles on the battle-field in defence of the "Invisible Banner—the flag of the free."

THE HESPERIAN. Edited by Mrs. F. H. Day, San Francisco, Cal. October, 1861.

All reform readers should place themselves in the way of perusing this Pacific Monthly. The present number embraces among its contributors, Mrs. Fanny Green and Cora Wilburn, both familiar names to our readers. It tells us that Mrs. Green is now visiting San Francisco, and is preparing to deliver a course of lectures on the "Incarnation of Divine Truth."

Our New Story.

The opening story in the present number of the *BANNER*, from the facile pen of Miss Cora Wilburn, whose writings are well known to our readers, we consider one of the most interesting of this gifted authoress's productions. It will run through four or five numbers of our sheet.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

It is seldom we call attention to the sterling essays on various subjects, which from time to time appear in this paper, but we cannot refrain from referring the reader to the one on the sixth page of this issue, by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence. It is article seven on "Spirits as Cultivators and Workers with Man-kind."

Dr. H. L. Bowker continues to draw full houses at 14 Bromfield street, on Tuesday evenings. His next lecture will be on the Nervous System, embracing the philosophy of the "Healing Power." Our out-of-town friends would do well to secure some of these lectures.

Domestic life is like an Aeolian harp. When the genial breath of love, affection and kindness play upon its strings, it sends forth melodies, as it were, from a thousand strings; but if the rude and gusty storms of quarrels touch it, though ever so lightly, it sings off harsh notes of discord.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

Oh, human life!

Who shall thy solemn heights and depths profound
With pinion scale, or heavy plummet sound?
Alas, we ask in vain. Man's soaring mind
Which boasts of strength and freedom unconfin'd,
No more is potent to the rugged task
Than buzzing fly to pierce the Sphinx's mask.
We know we're born and live; we dread to die,
For death but opens to new mystery.
We eat, and drink and sleep—in sleep we dream,
And sailing down life's sometimes crystal stream,
Our dreams seem but the wheel within a wheel
Which makes all life complex, till we feel
In self-release, that only ignorance
Is wisdom, in this world of vain pretence,
And from the grazing head example borrow,
Who feed to-day quite thoughtless of to-morrow.

The Herald of Progress heads its marriage notices, "Conjugium."

FLAX COTTON.—Excellent prints are now manufactured from the newly invented Fibtilla or flax cotton, with an admixture of twenty-five per cent cotton. The cloth is stated to be decidedly superior to cotton fabric, while the raw material can be afforded for seven cents per pound. So says the Providence Journal.

A FISH STORY.—A letter from on board the whaling barque General Pike, of New Bedford, reports that they took a right whale in the Kodio Sea that made two hundred and seventy-four barrels of oil.

CONNECTION.—In our notice last week of Miss Harding's lately published discourse on "America and her Destiny," we stated the price at \$3 per thousand. This of course our readers will know, was an error of the proof-reader, and should have been \$3 per hundred.

Thanksgiving in this State November twenty-first.

LETTER FROM PROF. S. B. BRITTON.

HOTEL OF THE INVALIDS,
407 Fourth street, New York, Nov. 4, 1861.

EDITOR OF THE BANNER.—In this latitude, electrical phenomena seldom accompany storms, except in the summer months; but certainly one of the principal thunder-storms of the present year occurred a month after the autumnal equinox. This is quite as unusual as the absence of similar phenomena when the sun approaches the solstitial point, or is commencing its return from the greatest northern declination. The relations of electricity to physical forces, and its agency in the curious processes of the natural world, are as yet but dimly perceived and imperfectly comprehended. Enough, however, is known to suggest the great importance of further research and more accurate information.

Among the earlier and more important results of scientific investigation, in this country, was Dr. Franklin's demonstration of the identity of lightning and electricity. In the light of that discovery, it soon became evident, at least to philosophic minds, that the subtle element must sustain most intimate relations to various atmospheric changes, and to a large class of meteoric phenomena. The more recent discovery of the practical use of Electricity, as a telegraphic agent, was certainly no less surprising as a scientific discovery, while it has obviously led to more stupendous and beneficial results.

But other and greater discoveries have been made in the department of Electrical science. These sustain more intimate relations to man; and hence they more deeply concern our vital well-being. The philosophers of Europe have at length clearly demonstrated, by scientific experiment, what was more than suspected from a long course of observation, namely, that the nervous force or fluid in human and animal bodies and electricity are homogeneous elements, and hence that all the mysterious, complicated and beautiful phenomena of vital and voluntary motion and sensation, directly depend on the presence and action of this subtle and powerful agent.

During the past summer, electrical phenomena have been uncommonly rare, very few storms having been accompanied by disruptive discharges of electricity. As all living bodies that exist on our planet, and inhale the vital air that surrounds it, are of necessity influenced by the electrical state of the earth and atmosphere, we must conclude that a negative condition of the surrounding elements will inevitably induce a similar condition of the vital constitution. From observations on the electric state of the earth and air, in the months of May and June last, the writer did not hesitate to express the confident opinion—in presence of several medical gentlemen and others—that the prevailing forms of disease, during the summer and autumn, would be of an electrically negative type, or such as result from a want of this agent, and its proper action on the body. And this has been verified by experience. The most prevalent diseases have been those that indicate a want of electrical or nervous power, such as unusual prostration of the vital energies, and indisposition to voluntary effort; general debility, dyspepsia, paralysis, diarrhoea, chlorosis, typhoid fever, and other ills that proceed from a sluggish state of the system, or a want of vital force. Violent fevers, inflammations, and all diseases of an acute character, have been exceedingly rare. The writer may be pardoned for introducing the following extract from his treatise on MAN AND HIS RELATIONS:—

When thunder-storms are of rare occurrence, in the summer months, indicating an unusual absence of atmospheric electricity, this agent passes imperceptibly from the living body—rapidly, if the atmosphere be in a humid state—until the electro-vital power is so far reduced that negative forms of disease everywhere prevail. Cholera is well known to be a cold, negative state of the system. In this essential characteristic it is the opposite state to a fever. It is attended with a slow, feeble pulse, general lassitude, and a rapid decline and suspension of all the voluntary and vital functions. It is a well-known fact that the year 1832 (in this country) was distinguished by an almost total absence of electrical phenomena; nor is it less a matter of fact and of history that during that season there were no fevers—at least, the cases were exceedingly rare. About the first of September there were violent electrical storms in different parts of the country, and the cholera epidemic conditions produced fevers and inflammatory states of the body; and these phases of vital derangement differ widely in their symptomatic aspects as in their essential causes, from the class previously described and characterized as *negative diseases*. The disorders which result from an excess of animal or vital electricity in the body, as when, or after an undue concentration of this agent on some particular organ, are accompanied by a higher temperature, a strong and accelerated pulse, great rapidity in the molecular changes, and irregularity in the organic action. The extent of this derangement may be estimated by observing the peristalsis of the electro-thermal currents—from whatever cause—heat and cold. The diseases of this class are always most general and fatal when the atmosphere is in a highly electrical state, as evinced by frequent and violent thunder-storms.

The demonstrated fact that electricity is homogeneous with the nervous fluid, points to this agent as the great remedy for a large class of vital and functional disorders. When this agent is eliminated from the vital batteries of a strong and healthy body, it possesses a renovating power that is of more consequence to suffering humanity than all the drugs in the market. Indeed, electricity generated by artificial means, if applied with the discrimination that results from a proper knowledge of the relations of this agent to organic chemistry and vital motion, is always one of the most important remedial agents; but it becomes indispensable to success when the negative forms of disease are most prevalent, as at the present time. Moreover, without the ability, on the part of the practitioner, to distinguish the positive and negative forms of disease, or to make a diagnosis on electrical principles, any system of treatment must be wholly uncertain in its results, if not absolutely dangerous to the patient. The practice of medicine is but a succession of doubtful experiments until we perceive the forces and comprehend the laws which regulate and determine the specific effects of the agents we employ. Ignorance on this subject has rendered physis a species of exorcism, whereby many spirits have been abruptly turned out of their own appropriate dwelling places; and we may rest assured that the people who have unexpectedly made the voyage to another world by water, were not all wrecked at sea.

Not only does an extremely positive state of the atmosphere tone up the nervous system to a higher tension, and intensify the activity of all the voluntary faculties of the mind, but it greatly increases the tendency to popular excitements. It is difficult to arouse the multitude to a state of impressive feeling, when the surrounding elements are in a negative state. In a very humid atmosphere, for illustration, the vital electricity rapidly escapes from the body, and we soon find the muscles relaxed and the nervous system in the condition of an untuned lyre. It would be quite impossible to raise a great political

commotion when the air is loaded with aqueous vapors; and religious excitements—obedient to the same natural law—are sure to languish in a long storm. The condition of the atmosphere, since the commencement of the War, has neither been fitted to inflame the passions of men nor particularly favorable to great physical activity. This may assist us to account for the prevalence of mild measures and the early want of vigor in the prosecution of the war. Hence, also, the surprising coolness of our people in a time of such extreme peril as the living generation never witnessed before.

Praying for a further revelation of the Gospel of Health, in the actual Healing of the Nations, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
S. B. B.

A Generous Offer.

Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well known medium for answering sealed letters, has generously offered—for the space of three months—to answer gratuitously a sealed letter for every subscriber who remits us two dollars for the *BANNER* one year. Three 3-cent postage stamps must accompany each letter to prepay return letters. Mr. M. makes this offer solely to aid us in extending the circulation of our paper, which is the best way to benefit the cause.

Those sending letters to be answered, should be careful to write the address of their Spirit friends in full, in their sealed letters—not on the envelopes—in order to prevent mistakes, as there are many spirits who answer to the same name, which is the cause of a majority of the mistakes that occur. The returning spirit of the medium cannot possibly know every spirit who is ready to respond to the call of his or her friends, any more than can those on the earth-life, hence, we repeat, correspondents should be particular in this respect.

All letters must be addressed, "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS.," to insure a prompt response.

Free Lectures.

In answer to many questions concerning my lectures, terms, &c., I take this method to state to the public generally, that I will go to any place within a convenient distance of Boston, where the friends will get up a lecture and defray my expenses, and give them one free lecture, with experiments in Psychometry and other phenomena. These lectures and experiments are of such a nature as have never failed to interest all classes, and awaken a deep interest in the great movement of the day. Parties desiring Sunday lectures I will arrange to suit the times.

Address me at 7 Davis street, Boston.
H. L. BOWKER.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best and most valuable that has been published. It is a public understanding this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT*, by Dr. Child, *THE ARCANES OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid colored engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M. Conference meetings at 8 and 11-2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman.

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening at 7-12 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the *Banner*. The subject for next Wednesday evening is:—"Whatever is, is Right."

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1-12 and 8-12 P. M. Speakers engaged: H. L. Bowker, H. B. Storer, first Sunday; H. B. Storer, second Sunday; H. B. Storer, third Sunday; H. B. Storer, fourth Sunday; H. B. Storer, fifth Sunday; H. B. Storer, sixth Sunday; H. B. Storer, seventh Sunday; H. B. Storer, eighth Sunday; H. B. Storer, ninth Sunday; H. B. Storer, tenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, eleventh Sunday; H. B. Storer, twelfth Sunday; H. B. Storer, thirteenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, fourteenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, fifteenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, sixteenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, seventeenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, eighteenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, nineteenth Sunday; H. B. Storer, twentieth Sunday; H. B. Storer, twenty-first Sunday; H. B. Storer, twenty-second Sunday; H. B. Storer, twenty-third Sunday; H. B. Storer, twenty-fourth Sunday; H. B. Storer, twenty-fifth Sunday; H. B. Storer, twenty-sixth Sunday; H. B. Storer, twenty-seventh Sunday; H. B. 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Pearls.

—cliques
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The morning blushed out from the heart of the summer,
And rippled its rosiest over the world;
It dawned where the shadows slept under the murmur
Of cadenced white waterfalls, silvered and curled.

It stroked its white fingers o'er beards of howled barley,
And rippled its breath over billowed wheat seas;
O! never a day has stooped o'er us so fairly,
With peace in its sunshine, and balm in its breeze!

The core of the year, with its affluent gladness—
Its beauty, its music, its plumage of corn—
Passed deep in the shadow of infinite sadness;
For she, our Queen Poet, went up with the morn.

Oh! pale grew the robing that folded the mountain,
And wrapped its griefed face in a sorrowing spray—
Exhaled the last heart-drop from poetry's fountain,
When she sang with angels at breaking of day.

O Freedom! thy priestess lies dead at the altar!
And well for thy temple her life had been long.
When Liberty chanted, her voice did not falter;
Transfigured, God made her Archangel of Song.

And well may Italia bow low in her weeping!
And well may the summer grow pallid with ruth!
Cavour rests in silence, and Browning is sleeping—
The foeman of tyrants, the singer of Truth.

Be hers in Valhalla the throne-room of glory—
The sceptre of poets—the crown she has won—
The purple of spirits; and ours be the story,
The sweet rhythmized life which at morning was done.

[Mrs. Childers.]

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the
paths of men covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful,
pure and good thought which the heart holds is an
angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

CHIAOKELESS.

I was fever-parched and weary,
With a loveless, drooping head,
Mourning for its stolen treasures—
Can you love me now? I said.
Tenderly he twined my fingers,
Telling me how much he missed me,
Home was desolate without me,
And he smoothed my hair, and kissed me.

Dry, parched lips, ye had no sweetness
He could garner, well I know,
But from off his lips of sunset
To my hollow cheek of snow,
Stole a glow which stayed and deepened
Every time he bent and kissed me,
Softly breathing the assurance
That in sickness he had missed me.

Each blue violet on my forehead
Soothly his finger traced,
One by one each tangled ringlet
Coiled around his finger graced.
All my soul went into blessing
For the love which will not falter,
Burning through time's myriad changes
On the soul's decayless altar.—[Emma Tuttle.]

The world, though rough, is after all the best school-
master—better than study, for it makes a man his own
teacher.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1861.

QUESTION.—*Whatever is, is wrong.*

DR. CHILD.—"Whatever is, is wrong," so says
history in selected fragments. All sayings are law-
ful in themselves, to themselves; so all that is said
to itself is true and right. Thus the saying, what-
ever is, is wrong, is true—true only to that condition
that pulsates with the conviction. A man in green
glasses says the world is surely green; this saying
is true to his glasses. A man in red glasses says,
just as truly, the world is surely red. A man in
pure crystal glasses says, just as truly, too, the world
looks natural and right. Color the aqueous fluids
of the eyeball, and the color is always reflected upon
the retina. This reflection makes all things that
color.

As a man's affections are, so are his reflections
of the world around him. As a man's morals are, so
he will have the morals of the world around him.
As a man's religion is, so he would have the religion
of the world around him. Thus it is that some see
wrong everywhere; some, somewhere, and some no-
where. It is right that things should so appear, for
everything that is, is in the wise ordering of nature,
and thus the truth is clear, that to the vision which
sees wrong, wrong is rightly seen to be. Range or-
ation all over, and there is not a thing therein to be
found that by somebody has not been called wrong.
All the good things of this world, as well as the bad,
have been called wrong. Even God has been called a
God of vengeance, an angry God, and has been
called. Christ has been called the prince of devils,
a deceiver, a blasphemer. Spirits and angels have
been called evil. The Bible has been called a pack
of lies. The amiable Mary Magdalen was said to
have entertained a room full of demons. Some have
said that the mother of Jesus was a reprobate woman.
St. Paul was called a murderer; Peter, a drunkard,
and St. John a visionary liar. Now all these phre-
nomena have been true to those who thought they saw
them—true to the tint of the seer's own vision; and
the utterances that tell of these sights have, I doubt
not, been sincere and are all true to the natures of
those who spoke them. And as they have a place in
wisdom's orderings, who can say, with crystal glasses
on, that they are not right. It is earthly dyes-
stuff that colors human spectacles, and that makes
them appear wrong. The light of heaven's sun
makes us see all things spiritually, intrinsically
right. But it is necessary that we should all be
soused in earth's dye-pots, first, and see with colored
glasses. The shadows of earth make things look
wrong.

The members of Christian churches have been
called self-righteous bigots. The Universalist church
says that the Orthodox church is wrong; the Or-
thodox church says that the Universalist church
is wrong. Religious men say that sinners are
wrong, and sinners say that religious men are
wrong. The infidel says that a religious faith is
wrong, and a man of religious faith says that in-
fidelity is wrong. Love has been and is now called
wrong and wicked; Charity has been called treach-
ery; Virtue has been called prudery, and Benevo-
lence a sham, used only for the sake of reputation.
The devotion and constancy to our own households,
our own friends, and our own country, has been

called over-selishness. A birth into this world is
called wrong, and a birth out of it is called wrong.
The useful additions to science that Copernicus,
Harvey and Jenner made, murky, muddy, smoky
ignorance has essayed to stigmatize by calling them
dreadfully, dangerously wrong. The struggles for
American liberty have called wrong. Horse railroads
were called wrong. There was once an edict passed
against the use of Irish potatoes, because they are
poison before boiled. Spiritualism, the most beau-
tiful gift of God to man on earth, is called very wicked
and wrong—very dangerous and very devilish.
There is nothing under the starry heavens or among
men that has not, by somebody, been called wrong.
Men are just as they were made, and they are
made to do as the world makes them do, and I can-
not see wherein all the callings of humanity are not
right to humanity. It is right that everything
should be called wrong, if it is called wrong; and it
is right that everything should be called right, if ev-
erything is called right.

He who says that whatever is, is wrong, does but
reiterate the sayings of the past; he is only a histo-
rian; he eats the food that other men have ate, over
again. But it is not wrong, for his condition de-
mands it. He cannot bear fresh food. Some one
must digest it for him—as mothers digest food to
make milk for babes. Sum up the babyhood reli-
gion of our land, and it is a sentence of two lines,
viz.: "God has created whatever is, in wisdom, and
whatever he has created in his wisdom, he has created
wrong." But this religion is right to the smoked
glass condition of youthful spirits.

"Audacious indeed is the man who dares to say,"
says one, "that God made whatever is in wisdom,
and whatever he has made, he has made right." There
is one thing, however, that history reluctantly
and sparsely proclaims as wrong, and humanity
virtually never admits to be wrong. It is what ev-
ery one sees when he or she looks in the looking-
glass. And this is a great and good thing, too, for
when we shall see clear enough to see that we are
to first dive into ourselves for truths for ourselves,
we have found the starting point of an avenue for a new
order of truth-finding; we have found the spectacles
we can look through and see that whatever is, is
right. Every one is ever true to self. When we
have discovered and acknowledged this truth, we
see that everybody is right, for every one is true to
self; and it is no matter if one does say, whatever is,
is wrong, and another says, whatever is, is right;
for what each one says and has said, is ever true to
the seer, and is only necessarily true for the seer.
So we must conclude that he who says that every-
thing is wrong, has got a vision that is capable of
producing what he sees, and he who sees that some-
things, only, are wrong, has got a better vision, and
he who sees nothing wrong, has got a vision that is
about right.

MR. BOWKER.—I do not like the form of the ques-
tion. Truth exists independent of men's opinion; and
it is a bad use of language to say whatever is, is
right, or whatever is, is wrong. The conviction of
each individual is a better guide than any form of
speech can be. We have a power to choose; and if
we do not conform to our conviction of right, we re-
ceive penalties. We choose nutritious food instead
of poison, and are made better by the wise choice;
but if we choose poison we suffer in consequence.

If there is wrong in the physical world, there is
also wrong in the moral world. We do not conform
to Nature's laws when we do anything wrong. Limit
is not law; we have limits beyond natural law,
and we violate law when we go beyond our sense of
right. To say whatever is right, or whatever is is
wrong, is a violation of language, of morality, of the
usage of men and nations. There is of necessity an
opposite to good, and that opposite is evil. Vice is
essential to the support of virtue; and it is neces-
sary. Good tends to the support of life, and evil to
its destruction. Evil unbalances the human system,
and it tends to disorganization in consequence.

DR. CHILD.—Is it not natural and right, that the
physical system should be dissolved?

DR. BOWKER.—No, it is unnatural and wrong.

DR. CHILD.—Then do I understand you to say that
what we call death is unnatural and wrong?

DR. BOWKER.—Some deaths are so.

REV. MR. THAYER.—I have a desire to be honest in
what I say. I cannot endorse the saying, whatever
is, is wrong, nor its opposite, whatever is, is right—
both are wrong. How absurd it would be to say
that the whole universe of God is wrong! I cannot
entertain the idea. God is not wrong; and Nature
is not wrong—and when we act in keeping with Na-
ture's laws, we are not wrong. Many things are
right, and many things are wrong. Good actions
are right, and bad actions are wrong; good motives
are right, and bad motives are wrong.

DR. CHILD.—Is God the author of bad motives any
less than he is of good motives?

REV. MR. THAYER.—I take a course between the
two extremes of right and wrong, which I think is
the only common-sense course.

DR. CHILD.—Do you not feel thankful that you are
held in the current of common sense, while others
less fortunate are out of it?

REV. MR. THAYER.—Yes, I do.

MR. WETHERS.—Is there anything in existence
that cannot be improved?

REV. MR. THAYER.—Were I to answer this question
I fear I might be too personal. If everything is right,
there can be nothing wrong; and if everything is
wrong, there can be nothing right.

DR. CHILD.—I would like to have Mr. Thayer tell
what holds him when he stands outside the laws of
nature?

MR. BUNKE.—Dr. Bowker said that everything
must have its opposite; if there is good, there must
be evil; if there is virtue, there must be vice. Did
you not say so, Dr. Bowker?

DR. BOWKER.—Yes, I did.

MR. BUNKE.—Then, if it is a necessity to have vice
where virtue is, and evil where good is, I cannot see
why these necessary opposites of virtue and good-
ness should be called wrong. Whatever is, is right,
and whatever is, is wrong, are sentences that sound
harsh at first; but, on further consideration, neither
sound very bad. I think there is truth in both. Be-
fore this war began, almost every one would say that
war was wrong; now, almost every one says war is
right. There is no outside standard for right and
wrong among men; it depends upon contingencies.
I think that, notwithstanding all the ungenerous and
bitter opposition that Spiritualists have thrown at
Dr. Child, he has the best of the argument. It is
strange to me that Spiritualists should so boldly op-
pose the doctrine, whatever is, is right when its
whole teachings tend to that end. Dr. Child has
given so clear an exposition of the character of Spir-
itualism, that it startles its followers, and they reject

and oppose him. Most all reformers say that Ralph
Waldo Emerson is right. He advocates the doctrine
of Optimism, and the people accept him because they
do not understand him. Dr. Child advocates the
doctrine of Optimism clearly—brought out to the un-
derstanding of the people; and the people reject him
because they understand.

DR. BOWKER.—Is a thing right because it is neces-
sary?

MR. BUNKE.—Yes.

MR. WETHERS.—I must confess that the question
whatever is, is wrong, is truer to me than whatever
is, is right. But I think that there is a medium
ground that is better than either extreme; think
there is a difference in things. I am staggered when
I think of this question, for I think that almost ev-
erything is wrong—is capable of being made better.

The man does not exist that comprehends the whole
of history. We can take history only in fragments,
as the doctor says. I think that we must take it so,
and if we do, we must say with some truth that
whatever is, is wrong. Everybody says that they
have done wrong. The past has been wrong as a
whole, and the future will ever be a type of the past.
I will conclude by saying that this question is truer
than that which says whatever is, is right.

MR. COPELAND.—I think the great difficulty lies in
the definition of the words, right and wrong. All
the phenomena in the world may be referred to
chance, or to fixed laws. Some say that everything
comes by chance. Philosophy says not. Science,
if prosecuted will enable us to find a cause for ev-
erything. To fixed laws we are bound and fastened, in
all actions and in all relations. Whatever is in ac-
cordance with those laws, we say, is right, and the
reverse is wrong. The latter cannot be. For nature
is the whole world, and is ever obedient to fixed
laws; we cannot go out or away from these laws—
so all that we do is natural and is right. I like to
take the ground, whatever is, is right, for it is a
charitable, comfortable, peaceful ground.

MR. THAYER.—In obedience to what law does one
man murder another?

MR. COPELAND.—Nature's law. There is a cause
behind, in Nature, that moves the murderer's hand
to do the deed.

JACOB EDSON.—Every Spiritual state that can be
improved, is comparatively wrong. In this sense
there are none absolutely good or right, save the In-
finite. It is right to outwork our highest ideal of
justice, mercy and truth. Anything short of this is
wrong. But as truth, or right, is a thing, or con-
dition of degrees in the process of unfolding, per-
haps the unregenerated soul who says "in his folly,"
"There is no God," no spiritual judgment, no pre-
pared place in our "Father's house," where each
soul shall take the effect of its doings, is as true to
its degree of spiritual enlightenment as the brightest
star which shines in the spiritual firmament is to its.
Surely we should not condemn others if we stop to
consider how insignificant and wrong we are, com-
pared with the better and best of the more congenial
souls with whom we delight to associate and com-
mune.

DR. CHILD.—Was not the step we took in progres-
sion, yesterday, necessary for that of to-day, and
that of to-day for to-morrow?

MR. EDSON.—Yes.

DR. CHILD.—Then why call them wrong?

MR. EDSON.—Because, compared with the better
or more truthful, it is so. The fact that it was a
necessity, does not effect the quality or moral tone of
the act; the wrong consists in the motive by which
the soul is actuated. If the unregenerated soul act-
ed up to its highest idea, the act would be right, and
the effect good. But so long as we permit present
passionate gratification to overbalance Spiritual good
and blessedness, it is wrong, all wrong, so long and
often as continued.

REV. S. S. TYLER.—The subject under considera-
tion must naturally turn upon one of two points.
The first is, that there is an eternal self-deter-
mining activity, that is possessed of infinite wisdom,
goodness and almighty power, who determines not
only his own course of action, but also the actions of
all other things and beings in the universe. This is
the first point, and upon it is based the doctrine of
Whatever is, is right.

The second point is, that there is no supreme in-
telligence who is possessed of infinite attributes;
that matter is Eternal; that Spirit is the ultimate
of matter, and that mind is an effect produced by
matter and spirit combined. This is the second
point, which entirely discards the idea of a God out-
side of humanity. Materialists take this view of
the subject.

Now, the whole professedly Christian world have
endorsed the first point for over eighteen hundred
years; and yet they have ever strenuously denied
the conclusion that must necessarily be drawn from
their premises. They point to the disorder, confu-
sion and inharmonious that exist in the world, and tell
us it is all wrong. They tell us that human suffer-
ing and we are the result of sin, a something which
exists in the world in opposition to the will of their
infinitely wise, good and all-powerful God.

Truly, when I view the subject from a theological
standpoint, I am led to exclaim, with Ralph Waldo
Emerson, "Poor God, and nobody to help him!"

I endorse the first proposition, viz., that there is a
Supreme Intelligence in the universe, who is infinite-
ly wise, good and powerful. I freely grant it is a
begging of the question; for inasmuch as we are
finite beings, it is impossible for us to measure infin-
ity with a finite standard. But in view of the fact,
that there is a voice ever speaking from the depths of
my own soul, assuring me that God is—that he is my
true Father, and also the Father of all humanity,
I accept the proposition. I believe that God had a
specific object in view in forming the earth and plac-
ing man upon it—which object was the individual-
ization and the happiness of the whole human race.
Hence, infinite wisdom would enable Him to see and
know the proper means to produce the required re-
sult; infinite goodness would prompt Him to make
use of those means, and infinite power would enable
Him to accomplish his undertaking. Thus, I see no
inconsistency in believing that "Whatever is, is
right."

The idea that nothing ever produced something, or
that some specific thing ever did, or ever can pro-
duce some other thing totally and essentially differ-
ent from itself, is too ridiculous for me to entertain
for a moment. For if matter existed eternally and
independent of mind, and if mind is simply a result
of matter, then matter must have been capable of
producing something wholly and essentially unlike
itself.

Brother Wetherbee, and also Brother Edson, seem
to think that because things could be improved, they
must necessarily be wrong. As well might you say

it is wrong for man to be born an infant. It is a
fixed and eternal fact that every man must exist in
the infantile condition before he can become an adult.
And it is just as necessary that man should be ig-
norant before he can become wise, as it is that he
should be a baby before he can become a man. The
law of progress will carry the infant on to maturity,
and, through experience, will impart wisdom to the
man.

No one has ever denied that there is a difference in
things. We know that there are existing in Nature
what are called opposites, such as heat and cold,
light and darkness, virtue and vice, pleasure and
pain. And it is necessary that they should exist,
for the world would be imperfect without them. It
is only by contrast that we know the one from the
other. They are all absolutely necessary in order to
perfect us in knowledge and happiness. As thorns
are always connected with the fragrant rose, and
filth and fetor with the water lily, the best and true-
est emblem of moral purity; so what is called sin,
wickedness and crime, are always connected with the
human soul, which, after it has passed through the
school of human suffering, shall become the unfold-
ed angel.

Mrs. SPENCER.—I regard all questions suggested by
Spiritualism important. I have regarded the saying,
"Whatever is, is right," not as a battle-axe to cut
and tear down that which is useful and good. The
question, whatever is, is wrong, has its use. I am
on the side of each question. Yet I do not exactly
endorse the ideas of old theology, that there is an
infinitely great, good man—God; and an infinitely
great bad man—the Devil; I have no confidence in
either. All doctrines are effects—causes. Every-
thing reflects that which corresponds with itself;
and people according to their reflections, only quar-
rel about effects. The question, "Whatever is, is
right," is a sharp sword, and as it is now presented,
is cutting up theological tenets. The advocates of
the all-right doctrine have largely the advantage
over their opposers. I have ever admired Dr. Child's
tenacity for the all-right position; the unflinching
grasp by which he has held the weapon that unseen
wisdom has put into his hand. Spiritualism has put
different weapons into different hands, and they have
all been judiciously distributed. This earthly body
must decompose and die; and then a higher life
comes forth. Just as you are trying to kill out old
forms and substitute new, so nature is all along
killing and producing. The all-right doctrine is an
opiate of nature, wisely administered, to soothe the
intense sufferings of humanity. That which now
may appear to us most palpably wrong, may some-
times appear to us most essentially right; our en-
emies shall be our saviours, and our curses our bless-
ings.

The New America.

Miss L. M. A. Carley, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, gave
a very interesting and original discourse at No. 14
Bromfield street, on Sunday, 3d inst. The speaker
claimed that it was purely inspirational, which we
have no disposition to deny, but whether the bold
prophecies she put forth will be fulfilled, or not, is a
question that time alone may answer. The lecture
represented three orders of human development, viz:
the Triangular, the Square, and the Circular. The
first is the Adam and Eve of the Old Bible, triangu-
lar; the second, the Adam and Eve of the New Testa-
ment, right-angular; the third, the Adam and Eve
of the New Dispensation, scarcely yet recognized,
the circular. The two former are but preparatory
for the latter, which, when recognized, is the long
looked for millennium; it shall begin a new creation;
it shall institute a reign of unity and peace among
men. America is apparently distracted and broken
by the struggles of cruel warfare. This is neces-
sary to bring about the great and important change
of things. This government is now in a transition
state; a new government shall come forth. The edifice
of the present cannot answer the demands of the
present and the future. The swaddling clothes of
infancy cannot be the garments of manhood. Our
government has been a government of bachelors,
which demands the weapons of war. Woman's power
shall be blended with the power of man, and love
shall make the reign of unity and harmony. If
woman has a right in peace, she has a right to stay
the scourge of war. Out of this present conflict
of America will be made visible the third order of hu-
man development—the circle of unity, harmony and
love. There shall come a new nation, a new govern-
ment, a new dispensation. And this shall be the
beginning of the millennial age.

The speaker presented a new banner, which she
affirmed would be adopted, under the new govern-
ment, as the American Ensign. The field was white,
dotted with blue stars, in clusters of three each.
The stripes can no longer be retained, for the tears
of the oppressed have washed them away. In the
place of the blue square on which are the stars, of
the old ensign, is a circle crowned with thirteen stars
of the original States, under which is an eagle, with
out the weapons of death in his talons, standing
upon a world within the circle. In each corner is a
new-moon crescent, in which there is the emblem,
the All-Seeing Eye.

The speaker said, ere long, (within a few years),
this banner would wave over all the once United
States and the Canadas; all being under one govern-
ment, but in three divisions, viz: the Northern, the
North-Western, and the Southern.

Many questions were asked the speaker, which
were answered with ease, and with satisfaction to
the audience. Miss Carley is, for the present, stop-
ping at 75 Beach street, Boston. Her lectures will
interest any audience.

To Correspondents.

S. W. C. FREMONT, IND.—Yes, when added to a
club. Thank you for the \$7 50.

H. P. FAIRFIELD.—Both letters came safely to
hand, with \$3 enclosed in each.

A. E. NEWTON, NEW YORK.—Acceptable, of course.
Our columns are somewhat crowded at present; we
will print Dr. F.'s essay, however, as soon as pos-
sible.

A. B. FRENCH, CLYDE, OHIO.—We gave your inter-
esting letter to the printer for publication; but by
some inexplicable circumstances it was lost, which
is the sole reason of its non-appearance. We trust
no such mistake will again occur.

HUDSON TUTTLE.—Your favors received. The ad-
dress will appear in our next issue.

N. FRANK WHITE, CLOUD'S MILL, VA.—We should
be pleased to hear from you often. Please receive
our thanks for your kind regards.

The vote for Governor of this State in two hundred
and sixty-one cities and towns, is—Andrew, 56,826;
Davis, 28,277.

Reception of the Mass. Twenty-fifth Regt-
ment.

The Massachusetts regiments, as they have suc-
cessively marched through New York on their way
to the theatre of war, have received the most marked
attentions. The ceremonies in honor of the last one
—the Twenty-Fifth—was not less flattering than the
cordial receptions of the first regiments that were
called into the field. On the occasion last mentioned
Mr. Park Godwin, one of the editors of the Evening
Post, made a speech that stirred the blood of his
hearers, and was frequently interrupted by storms
of applause. We extract the following from Mr.
Godwin's speech:

I have felt that the face of General Burnside sit-
ting near me is more eloquent than any oration of
Demosthenes; I have felt that fifty Ciceros could not
move my soul as does the march of the Twenty-fifth
Massachusetts regiment. I feel that I could go to no
better place for inspiration than to Massachusetts.
Though no son of that State, I have long sat at her
footstool. I have learned eloquence from her Web-
sters and Everetts; I have read the poems of a Dry-
den, a Longfellow and a Whittier. From her art,
her science, her religion, we have all derived anima-
tion.

Finally, we turn to her to be inspired by her pa-
triotism. As she was first in the revolution—first
to spill her blood at Bunker Hill, and last at York-
town—so in these times before us—in the events of
these times, greater than our Revolution, great as
that was—we must go still to old Massachusetts for
our best and purest inspiration. As she shed the
first blood at Bunker Hill, so she shed the first blood
in the streets of Baltimore. As she shed the last
drop of blood that has been shed in the contest with
rebellion—at Ball's Bluff.

I had hoped that New York would carry off the
largest share of the dangers and honors of the strug-
gle. We have been honored through our noble regi-
ment, the Sixty-ninth; but, glorious as the Sixty-
ninth is, the Fifteenth Massachusetts deserves to
stand with it side by side. The men of the Fifteenth
deserve to stand side by side with the Grecian heroes
of Thermopylae; they deserve to stand side by side
with those who were engaged at the great charge of
Balaklava, where some one had blundered.

The Fifteenth Massachusetts, pinned in between a
crib of fire, yet were as solid as a mass of granite—
when they were as free to move as the winds which
blew over them. Many of them sleep in the dust.
Alas! "nor wives nor children more shall they be-
hold, nor friends nor sacred home."

The cold rains of November will fall upon their
Virginia graves; the winds of winter will sigh over
the tombs where they lie buried. But bitter rains
and profound sighs will come from the eyes, and
hearts of the mothers, wives and sisters of New Eng-
land. But being dead they yet speak. They tell us
in words more eloquent than tongue could speak,
that it is through you their deaths shall be avenged.
Swear it by their bones—by your memories of Bun-
ker Hill and Concord—by all that is noble in your
own existence—that they shall be avenged.

Paul Pry and the Herald of Progress.

Paul Pry desires respectfully to inform "C. Emp,"
a correspondent of the Herald of Progress, that old
stamps are as uncurrent here as new truths are
in Gotham, and such an investment will be a bad
one. He is out in his reckoning for it takes three
stamps on an average, for the relief of a brother
spirit; and if he will send me where-with to relieve
one or more, the same shall be faithfully applied.

Does the Herald deny the truth of the revelations
referred to? Please to speak out, Bro. Davis, and
give the world light, if your power to do so has not
been taken from you—if the precious gift, the exor-
cise of which has in times past brought us knowl-
edge and gladness, has not been withdrawn.

East Cambridge, Nov. 4.

PAUL PRY.

"The penny stamps are for the widows, and their 'mite'
will still be as acceptable as his larger gift."

A FAVORABLE OMEN.—The following incident is nar-
rated in connection with the great naval expedition.
It transpired on board steamer Baltic:

"Captain Saxton looked aloft, and there, perched
on the very top of the mainmast, was an American
eagle; he sat there until the roars and the cheers
of the men and the swelling music of the
Third New Hampshire Band started him off—but
not in flight—for it seemed as though he just drop-
ped himself upon the soft breeze and floated gently
away, gazing down upon us as he went, as much as
to say, 'I have crowned your expedition with luck!'"

David Davis, Esq., is informed that there is a let-
ter at this office for him, mailed from Chicago, Ill.

Short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive
their characters, constitutions, and estates.

Obituary Notice.

"The ties are only strengthened
That others count as given;
You have not lost your treasure—
She still is yours in Heaven."

Died at Newbury, N. J., on the evening of Aug. 11,
1861, EREZILLA MOORE PINNEY, daughter of Nelson E.
and Roxana M. Pinney, aged 11 months.

This gem which honored the cradle containing it for
so brief a period, has been placed in angel care, and
in the realms of light and beauty she will unfold her
gentle spirit-nature, surrounded by an atmosphere of
Love and Purity; and to her affectionate parents,
around whose hearts she has entwined herself, she will
bear rich treasures from her celestial home. Even be-
fore she passed from the earth-sphere she exhibited un-
usual intelligence and affection; and although her fond
parents do not see in their darling's angel-birth the
hand of an angry Deity afflicting them, neither do they
affirm the wisdom or desirableness of children passing
from the earth form, yet they have the consolation of
knowing that God's love is everywhere, caring for and
blessing all, and that their hearts' bid is enjoying a
glorious immortality with