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Written for the Banner of Light.

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-etched 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 faithful resolve faltered and grew dim; the spell of his presence charmed 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-forgetting 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 desperado 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 willow plender; 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 dotting 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; unsistered, 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 pitying 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 undefinable 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 disenchantment 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 onst 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 heaving 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, dearest!" he answered, "it is too late now. Hailo, 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-untouched 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 an 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 her education.

"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 bravely.

"Oh, do not speak so! Your tone is rude. It chills me to the heart! Yes," she said hesitatingly, "he has provided—for 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 sojourn, 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 engaged 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 your 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 sin she had 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 ever are cold, devoid of soul! You leave us unprovided 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 eyes of Teresa. He said in a bantering, hurried manner:

"Do not be foolish, Teresa. I am harrassed with business cares. What else should all 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 tell 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! I 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, Phillip! 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!"

Agata 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. Obstinate 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, Phillip—hear the few words I have to say! If you take her by force, my shriek 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 reverse 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, Phillip, 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 Phillip 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 promise 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. Phillip 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—heart-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 idolize.

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 eventful 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. Phillip Almay had long since cast aside all conscientious scruples. He wooed and won the unsophisticated girl, who, heires as she was, had never 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 entertained 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.

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

Poor Rose wept bitterly, and deemed herself forsaken and forgotten. Phillip 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. Phillip 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 was in the glowing summer-time, when the air was filled with the incense of a thousand flowers; when the July skies were blue and sunny, the fields and mountains decked with the emerald's hues, that sweet Rose passed the ivied porch of her charmed retreat. She had gathered there the abundant roses; had decked her chestnut locks with the clematis

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," Phillip 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 serene 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 Phillip 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; 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.

Phillip 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 sivilin' there like-like—I can't get the 'parison just now, or, as master Phillip 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', furra numskull Joa-kin—never could get his outlandish home!—there's the master Phillip; 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 Phillip; 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 blest her; and Rose, gazing into the sweet, sad face, loved her from that hour and forever.

"I have been long away, mother," said Phillip; "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 Phillip," 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 Phillip'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 pool 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 spirit by the hearth that night.

Phillip 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 Phillip 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 Phillip came to see you last?"

At this sudden and unexpected question, Mrs. Almay flushed, and Phillip 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, Phillip?"

"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, Phillip, 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 Phillip 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 LOLA DEFORON.

BY ROSA T. ANEDRY.

Sister Lola, 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 tither music Than I ever heard below; Quickly lost I all of sorrow— Soon forgot my every woe.

You have asked me, sister Lola, 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, And 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 unholo, 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 experience 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, R. W.

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 Banner 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 selfhood 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 obsessing 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 (Michigan) 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 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 stupefied 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.

EMMA HARDINGE AT ALLSTON HALL. Sunday, October 27, 1861.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

Miss Hardinge's theme this afternoon was "The Reformers of the Nineteenth Century." Her text was, "For behold I create a new heaven and a new earth. The former shall not be remembered or come into mind."

Alluding to the discourses of last Sabbath, as opening up one channel of service to God, she called the audience's attention to another manner of developing the soul to Godhood—that of aiding the human race through the varied channels of reform.

She characterized this century as particularly the age of reform. She asked, is there an absolute standard, and can humanity approximate to it? She answered both in the affirmative, and recognized the perfectness of God as the absolute standard, of which love, wisdom and power make up the trinity.

And in the aspiration of man upward, she recognized the propelling power that urged man up this perfection. "The Reformers of the Nineteenth Century," she deemed a mighty subject, and called upon the superior intelligences to aid her in its treatment.

She believed these could be classified in their order, and named, first, land reforms, as the grand reform from which all others must eventually spring. It recognizes that the earth is enough for the sustenance of man, by culture, and from the tillage of the land have sprung the most important discoveries mankind has made.

There is something monstrously pernicious in the miasmatic dews of the crowded city, where the waving trees and fragrant herbage of the blooming and musical earth are unknown. As a matter of moral and social purity, we demand land reform, that all mankind may have a home to live in and beauty, and pure, free air to breathe.

Next in order comes the reformer who beautifies the homes of the poor. The speaker had visited the tenement-houses in the large cities, where numbers of males and females were crowded together promiscuously, drinking in the poisonous fumes of intoxication and blasphemy.

Let the land reformer take these blasted inmates onto some Western prairie, teach them the dignity of honest toil and the nobleness of possession of the soil, and the result would be greater than a miracle. Sanitary and land reforms are hinged together, and go hand in hand.

The next reform is that of prison discipline. It is only in late years that the attention of man has been called to the world of cause, and he knows but little of the hopeless corruption the prison disciplinarians have to encounter when they would substitute reformation for punishment.

The next branch of reform we shall notice is called Anti-Slavery; but the name is a misnomer. Who pleads for one section, pleads for all, and they have no right to claim for one class what they do not allow to all.

There is another reform called "Woman's Rights," and here we desire to enter our protest, unless the word is more strictly defined. Woman has a right to use all the faculties of her nature, and is responsible for what she leaves undone.

We have seen the fashionable and talented woman pass scornfully by the female sinner, and take the male sinner by the hand; public opinion repudiates her, but does upon him; and because woman is the greatest foe to her own sex, she herself is an obstacle in the way of gaining her rights.

The next reform to which we shall allude, is that of the perfection of the human body—the Hygienic Department of Nature. The science of health is at present too much in the hands of the quacks. Books are insufficient, yet conservatism rules that the teaching of hygiene must be narrowed down to the books.

We have said every individual fights his battle in his own way. Perhaps conscience and honesty will not let you throw down your brother in this struggle of life. But the same God that tuned the tender strings of your hearts and consciences made the consciences of all his creatures to gush with their own melody.

We have before taught that the effort of the mind, which is thought, weighs down the body, and can perform more wonders than aught else can. All

science pales before the disembodied—mind, soul, call it what you will. Science stands veiled and abashed before the subject, and flees to the church, and calls upon the priesthood to be arbiters where none than they are more ignorant.

Give man pure air and healthy dwellings, teach each to study the relation of the body to the sovereign will; then we shall recognize the coming of the time of which our text speaks—when there shall be a "new heaven and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered, nor come unto mind."

But we cannot close until we allude to that which lies at the bottom of all reform. Nearly all civilized nations have adopted what the earth calls Christianity. This, in turn, is subdivided into sects innumerable; and this is one evidence of reform. Reformers, then, properly resolve themselves into three classes—Infidels, Unitarians and Spiritualists.

The Unitarians have rejected that which seemed inharmonious in the attributes of Deity. They have not gone far enough; they still must needs cling to the skirts of the old till they are fairly landed upon the new. They cannot see that God is immutable, and that every part of God's work is immutable, and every one who applies the work of proclaiming a rational theology for the good of mankind, goes beyond them, and they will learn that they have been only conservatives, and not reformers.

Spiritualism is the grand reform in which all the rest are to be knit up as a complete whole. The icy pyramids of the pole are far more warm than the icy heart that sees the human breast pierced with pain and offers no release.

It is this religion that helps on the land reformer, and the advocate of sanitary reform. It is this religion that teaches man his connection with man, to blend every department of human life in one, and pronounces amen with every smile called upon the face of the sorrowing. In the meantime, it is growing very fast—faster than the world can receive it. Yet we do not ensure the world for disbelieving it, and hugging the empty darkness instead; but still it is the great reform of the world, and will never betray you.

Miss Hardinge's subject was "The Battle of Life." Her text was, "The wages of sin is death." She spoke of the seal of selfishness and sensuality stamped upon the brow of the mass of men one meets in the busy street; the bargain between brain and money, between innocence in poverty and villany in wealth; and she asked what else we could liken life to except a battle-field, where all are foes and all are foemen?

A battle-field cannot be, unless there is a victory to be gained, or a defeat to be sustained. One sets up his God in a shining star or many-colored ribbon, another in linking wealth, another in place and position; and then, these galled, he battles his own bitter discontent that he has no more to win. One wars for love, another for fame, another for authority, and when they are won they must fight to maintain them. Neither is to be gained without a bitter conflict, nor retained without continued warfare.

Each carves out his victory through the channel of his own individuality—one with treachery, one with open boldness, shrewdness, perseverance or diplomacy. Most men struggle for a home, or that which is to decorate the home; but whatever man fights for, he jostles against some struggling brother, working in his own way to achieve his own victory.

In the game of gold, the warrior throws stumbling-blocks in others' way, and if not himself tripped up, will be a victor. God has not been prodigal in gifts to his children, and when you find the plus, you will find the minus somewhere else. Where you find the millionaire, you will find he has absorbed the wealth of the million. The victor best knows how God's good gifts have been adulterated.

Alas, the warriors in the cellar and the garret! The sempstress with her worn-out fingers, pondering over her dream of bright, green fields, absent ones who love her, and the brave and true ones, over the sea, while she stitches her life away! The poor, widowed needle woman, the companion of the drunkard, the mother and the beggar! Oh, the dreadful battles that are fought in garrets and cellars! Oh, God pity the girl who battles with her own loathing soul, and drowns her sense with drink.

What wonder that the poor warrior seizes the sword of crime and rushes out to murder right and truth, when those whose strength should have made them his aids and assistants onward in the pathway of manhood, have struggled over him in their vain conflicts for wealth and position, and left him in the gutter hugging to his own despair!

When death stalks among his victims, the goal has come, and the victory—the gain will be measured only by that the soul can carry into the hereafter. The crimed robes drop from the king, the ruler's ribbons, the scholar's titles, the merchant's gold, the artist's pictures the sculptor's marble, the sempstress's work; the murderer's doom is spoken; the crust of bread for which the pure girl sold her virtue lies mouldering on the garret floor—all remain like mocking fiends to laugh in the faces of the dying victors.

Then, in continuation of this most interesting subject, it brings up the touching case of Mr. Stone, of Melrose, in this State. "A similar, and, in some respects, more striking case of presentment occurred"—says the *Republican*—"a few days since, at Melrose, in this State. In this case there was something more than a vague apprehension of death. The manner of it was circumstantially described, hours before

it occurred, by the wife of the man who was accidentally killed, and, after the event, she announced it before the report had reached her by the ordinary means of information. The man killed was David Stone, Jr., who was run over and almost instantly killed by a horse railroad car.

To make the whole matter plain, it may be as well to give the account of the case just as it was given at the time in one of the papers of Boston. It was as follows: "Not many hours before his departure, the wife of Mr. Stone informed him that she had experienced a scene which, in defiance of her reason and philosophy, had produced such an impression upon her mind, as to fill her with the deepest anxiety on his account. She had seen him suddenly overthrown and killed by a horse car, in a place where he was a stranger, and unknown. The whole scene was so vivid and startling to her mind, that the reality witnessed by her could scarcely fill her with greater horror or distress.

All have loved something. The hardened criminal, though his stony brow bears no signet of romance, suffers somewhere, and sees how he has lost his battle of life; and sin is there, as everywhere, the parent of some new virtue.

There are the warriors you know not of—ministering angels who die the second death in you; the guardian angels who haunt the prison cell and cellar of crime as well as the pillow of the dying saint. Each sufferer is a ministering angel, who comes back to warn life's mariner of the rock on which itself was wrecked.

Out of affliction will come man's best lesson. This is the lesson your nature is learning—to bring sin to the surface, and then plunge the knife into the festering mass of corruption, and make the fevered veins resume their unburdened, healthy pulse.

"The wages of sin is death," but the way of God is eternal life. Remember the lesson taught you, and you will win a better victory than the fleeting triumphs of earth.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher for the Proprietors.

PREMONITIONS.

Some of the journals are waking up to these matters as if they were a new and startling discovery. We find an article in a late issue of the *Springfield Republican*, for instance, recounting two recent occurrences—with which the public are already more or less familiar—as wonderful affairs. It styles them—to employ its own language—"Remarkable Presentiments."

Now to all believers in spirit communication and its every-day realities, we need not say that such things are neither new nor strange; they are as "familiar as household words," and do not pass unheeded, either. The *Republican* says that "some of those things we call presentiments are evidently only remarkable coincidences; it is only the presentiment that has some subsequent coincidence in fact, which we notice and recollect, while many of our premonitions are unfulfilled and therefore are forgotten."

Poor reasoning enough; as if we were to believe only what we actually knew had come to pass, and to regard as idle and foolish what we did not happen on account of circumstances, to see and know! That is taking what makes for our side, and throwing away what does not, with a vengeance! In illustration of its remarks—based on so unfair a mode of reasoning as this—the *Republican* cites the very interesting case of Gen. Baker, who fell at the head of his brigade, in Virginia; and quotes the following extract from the obituary notice written by his friend, George Wilkes:

"It was our good fortune to know Col. Baker well, and we had the honor to entertain him as our guest at dinner on an afternoon in the month of August last. On that occasion, when we expressed (in view of the recent disaster at Manassas) a natural concern as to the department of his troops, he said: 'Wilkes, I have some peculiar notions as to the part I am to play in this extraordinary war; and I want you to bear in mind that what I now say to you is not the result of any idle fancy or vague impression. It is doubtful if I ever again take my seat in the Senate!' To the look of surprise which I turned upon him at this expression, he replied: 'I am certain I shall not live through this war, and if my troops should show any want of resolution, I shall fall in the first battle. I cannot afford, after my career in Mexico, and as a senator of the United States, to turn my face from the enemy! There was no gloom or depression in his manner, but it was characterized by a temperate earnestness which made a deep impression on my mind. Lo! before October has shed its leaves, his sword lies upon his pulseless breast, and his toga has become the coverments of the grave. Good friend! brave heart! gallant leader! hail and farewell!"

Then, in continuation of this most interesting subject, it brings up the touching case of Mr. Stone, of Melrose, in this State. "A similar, and, in some respects, more striking case of presentment occurred"—says the *Republican*—"a few days since, at Melrose, in this State. In this case there was something more than a vague apprehension of death. The manner of it was circumstantially described, hours before

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This and the previous case of Gen. Baker are but two instances of the premonition of coming danger by friendly spirits, and are to be received as such, and nothing else. They happen to strike some minds, just at the present time, as entirely new things; whereas they are but the multiplication of a practice which spirits have long been given to, and which they make to operate advantageously for all true and trusting souls who will hear them.

We will give still another instance—trifling directly in itself and its consequences, to be sure, but directly connected with the present citation by the *Republican*. A medium, connected with this office, feeling not altogether well, concluded that he would not leave his house at all, on Sunday, Oct. 27th, and kept his resolution through the entire day; but when night came, he felt an unusually strong desire to go to the office. He was sufficiently obedient to the power of the spirits to follow out his impression, and went. Opening the inside door, he proceeded to light the gas and quietly seat himself, wondering—as well he might—what would come next.

In a few minutes his hand was influenced by a power outside of himself, and he began to turn over a pile of exchanges lying near him with great rapidity, until the *Springfield Republican* of Oct. 26th, was touched by his hand—the very paper, and number of the paper, containing this account of "remarkable presentiments." He took up the paper, of course, opened it, and began to read it over. After a while, the extracts above given met his eye. He sat and perused the whole calmly and thoughtfully, when he felt his right hand again influenced. Taking a pencil and paper, he proceeded to write—with the slightest degree of will on his own part—the following words:

"We wish you to state to the editor of the *Springfield Republican* that what he has seen fit to call 'only remarkable coincidences,' were real spirit manifestations. Gen. Baker was influenced to say to Mr. Wilkes what he did. It was most certainly no vague impression. So, also, in the other case: Mrs. Stone—who has great medium powers—foreseeing what was to happen to her husband, gave him warning through the influence of her spirit friends. He heeded not the warning voice, and the result is as related."

These things have long ago ceased to be strange, save to those who refuse to give them any heed until they are presented to their attention in what appears to them a strange way. But the laws that govern them are fixed and from eternity. We may have constant access to spirits, and to just such spirits as we are worthy of; it argues nothing to the impossibility of their making their voices heard, or their influences felt by us, that we cannot get near them; how do we know that the fault is not our own, and that we are ourselves responsible for the interposition of obstacles and hindrances?

But it is undeniable, with other things, that these momentous matters are being made apparent to us to-day in more numerous instances than before, and for the very wisest purposes. The old things are fast becoming new. It is undeniable that the real "redemption draweth nigh." Whatever offers, it cannot be questioned that the Almighty Father overlooks and overrules all; even when events appear more than ever incomprehensible, they are not the less, true or full of meaning. The injunction is as imperative now as in other days of the world—"Seek, and ye shall find." Certain it is, that no finding of any real value comes but by seeking. We are surrounded by spirits at all times, and we have that which we most resemble. It is vastly important, then, that we keep our very thoughts pure, and ourselves perfectly unspotted before the world.

Winfield Scott.

The war-worn hero has retired from active service, and given place to younger men. He knew the character of his own infirmities, and was unwilling to place them in the way of the vigorous prosecution of the measures adopted by Government for the suppression of this rebellion. So he went upon the retired list, still ready, however, to give the President the benefit of his sage counsels in whatever pertains to military operations in any part of the land. Scott leaves a glorious name as a priceless legacy to the younger men of the nation. Since he first gave himself to his country, he has seemed to labor but to prove himself among her most worthy sons and patriots. There is no tarnish upon his glittering sword. His blood has made sacred our battle fields, and his person bears to-day leaden evidences of his exertions and sacrifices for his countrymen on the field of battle. Let our young men contemplate his long and undeviating career with all seriousness, and learn the lessons of truth and steadfastness and honor it teaches. The name of Winfield Scott will go down to posterity, linked with those other great names that were "never born to die."

Napoleon was not so extravagant as many people imagine, when he declared that in modern times "bayonets think." Is it not evident that every polished bayonet is capable of reflection?

Russell on the Capitains.

Russell is a graphic sketcher, whatever one may think of his opinions. He has given, in a few lines, an idea of McClellan and Beauregard—men who, just now, hold the most prominent positions of any on the continent; and yet, men who, a short year ago, were not thought of, even if known to the people. Russell says—"To my mind there is something of resemblance between the men. Both are below the middle height. Both are squarely built, and famed for muscular power since their college days. Beauregard, indeed, is lean and thin-ribbed; McClellan is full and round, with a Napoleonic tendency to embonpoint, subdued by incessant exercise. Beauregard sleeps little; McClellan's temperament requires a full share of rest. Both are spare and Spartan in diet, studious, quiet. Beauregard is rather saturnine; and, if not melancholy, is of a grim gale; McClellan is genial even in his reserve. The density of the hair, the squareness of the jaw, the firmness and regularity of the teeth, and the outlines of the features are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if Beauregard were not of the true Louisiana Creole tint, while McClellan is fair complexioned.

Beauregard has a dark, dull student's eye, the dullness of which arises, however, from his formation, for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. McClellan has a deep, clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches far and deep into you. Beauregard has something of pretension in his manner—not haughty, but a folding-arm, meditative sort of air, which seems to say, 'Do not disturb me; I'm thinking of military movements.' McClellan seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. Beauregard is more subtle, crafty and astute; McClellan is more comprehensive, more learned, more impressionable. Beauregard is a thorough soldier; McClellan may prove that he is a great general."

Strong Language.

The simplest is the strongest, always. Few words tell the longest story. When a man is mad, he does not hesitate in picking out fine rhetorical phrases; he has somewhat to say, and he is sure to take the shortest out to it, too. At the same time, we do not believe one's expressions receive any more plith or energy by stuffing oaths in them. Some persons affect to do so, and therefore make a point of swearing—when they would say something particularly strong—as hard as they can. Witness Mulligan's answer to Price's demand for him to surrender, at Lexington. Mulligan simply told him to "go to hell." Now all of us would have thought much more of Col. Mulligan's bravery, brave even as he showed himself to be in that fight, had he returned Price a civil and simple answer. If he felt ever so much like swearing, we submit that was not the occasion for it. Oaths may mean emphasis, but they do not always express it; we have seen the time, and very often, too, when to leave them out entirely would have been the best investment imaginable. Why will not people give a thought to all this, and, if needful, practice a little upon it, too?

What is the Trouble?

We are somewhat surprised that Bro. Davis, of the Herald of Progress, should covertly attack us through an anonymous communication in his last paper! Wherein lies the secret of this new mode? Do his inspirational teachings inculcate selfishness of this sort? It seems to us not. What is the trouble, friend Davis? Out with it at once.

We are liberal enough to suppose that the Spiritualistic field is sufficiently large for both the Banner and the Herald, and it has been our constant endeavor to promote the interests of our brother whenever we could consistently do so. But it seems that some unfriendliness has taken the place of love in our brother's heart, as he thinks the said communication "deserves a little attention" from his readers. Mr. Mansfield's offer was entirely voluntary and prompted by disinterested motives. We considered it a perfectly legitimate transaction, and accordingly accepted it as such. Consequently we view the attack upon him, and especially over a trifling signature, unjustifiable, to say the least.

A Complimentary Benefit.

Dr. Gardner has nearly finished the fitting up of the new hall, hereafter to be used for the Spiritualist meetings, in Phillips Place, off Tremont street, nearly opposite the head of School street, and the place formerly known as Coahuttate Hall, will be hereafter known as Lyceum Hall. It was announced in our last week's issue, that the hall would be dedicated on Thursday evening, Nov. 21st; but as that happens to be Thanksgiving Day, on which occasion one or more lecturers are engaged, who were to be present, it has been thought advisable by the Doctor to postpone it to a future time, which we will announce next week.

Under the circumstances, a number of friends of Dr. Gardner have secured the hall for that evening, and have made arrangements to tender him a complimentary benefit, as a mark of their appreciation of his labors as standing in the front of the battle, and carrying on the spiritualist lectures here for the last seven years. On this occasion, therefore, the hall will be under the management of a competent committee, and the friends of the Doctor will mingle in the pleasures of the dance, and pass the evening in that and other social enjoyments befitting the occasion.

The Regiment of Spiritualists.

We are daily in receipt of letters from all parts of the country, manifesting the liveliest and deepest interest in this movement. Many consider it to be a work in which the powers of the Spirit world are specially engaged. It is proposed that a brigade be raised composed of regiments from some of the larger States; and that such brigade shall go to the battle ground under the leadership of a man fully inspired for the work.

Persons desirous of taking an active part in such a work are invited to address a line to this office.

Rex. J. C. FRETHER.

This gentleman has resided in Brazil twenty years, and is intensely and charmingly interesting in his lectures on that country. We do not know whether his services can be obtained as a lecturer; but if they can, Lyceums and scientific associations, in these dark days, cannot do better than to hear what he has to say about that beautiful country. He is a liberal man and a true Christian. His residence, for the present, is Newburyport, Mass.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner was written by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of H. C. ...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

- Thursday, Oct. 3.—Invocation: "Are the accounts in the Scriptures of Translation true?" ...

Invocation.

Mighty Jehovah, thou great Eternal Ruler of the Universe, again we come into thy presence, presenting our souls offerings unto thee.

Spirit Development.

If there are any questions to propose, we are ready to hear them. How is the spirit improved by being brought into contact with earth?

You are assured that the two spheres of life, spiritual and material, are connected. You may suppose, as some believe, that there is a wide difference between the two worlds, spiritual and material, but this is not so.

Scarcely one in the land but is a medium for the aid of the spirit-world. People exist to-day who must take on the magnetism of those who have lived upon earth, before nature calls them higher.

Patrick McGinness.

Faith, it's a long time I've been getting round! Mister, I'd like for you to tell me what I'll do.

I expect I live in Washington Village. It's one time I lived on Ben street, and another on High street, and I lived down in Salutation street a while.

The most I want here is a praste—that's all. I'd like to come here and get all I wanted. I want a praste. That's what's denied me when I'm here, and I've been in bad luck ever since.

I suppose John is in a bad state ever since I came here, and do n't find out much. No need of the praste, you say? Well, it's plain to see you're no Catholic.

I drive a coal cart for Mr. Chaffee. Faith, I drive it myself, but I've had me last drive. Sept. 24.

Addie Wilson.

Next time when it's my turn to come, next to a paddy, I sha'n't come, now! If everybody wants me, I sha'n't!

I'm Addie Wilson—that's who I am, and my mother lives in Augusta, and I's six years old. I wa'n't a paddy. He was—that man was that's just gone.

I want to go, now. I'm tired. We have to sit still, and all they let us do is talk. Niggers can talk here, and paddies—everybody. When I got here, I's mad, to think I had to come next to a paddy.

Well, I'll ask my teacher. She never brings us to any paddies before. Perhaps she'll say I's naughty. I'm going, now. Maybe I'll come again. Sept. 24.

Invocation.

Our Father, who art in heaven, we thank thee for the blessings of the past. We thank thee, oh our Father, for the blessings of the present, and for those we know will come in the future.

Are the Planets Inhabited? Are there any questions to be propounded to us? If so, we are ready to hear them.

We know of no planet which is inhabited by humans, save the planet Earth. That will soon pass out of its present orbit, and the moon will follow it, or take its place, in the order of law, or in pursuance of natural causes.

George A. Rodman. Good afternoon, sir; Mr. Berry is not here, I see. Being somewhat acquainted with him, I thought I would inquire after him. I suppose you take his place.

My dear father and mother—I have many times tried to come to you, but could see and talk with you. I have so much to tell you about my new home. All is beautiful, and I would not return to earth if I could to dwell. Oh, give me a chance to talk with you; then I will tell you all, and you shall no longer doubt. I'll tell you in spirit. Sept. 30.

Invocation. Thou spirit of Truth, thou mighty and glorious Creator of the universe, we ask that thou wilt bless us thy children with the consciousness of thy presence.

My dear father and mother—I have many times tried to come to you, but could see and talk with you. I have so much to tell you about my new home. All is beautiful, and I would not return to earth if I could to dwell. Oh, give me a chance to talk with you; then I will tell you all, and you shall no longer doubt. I'll tell you in spirit. Sept. 30.

Oh, our Father, we thank thee for all thou hast bestowed upon us; for that which thou wilt ever bestow upon us—for sorrow as for joy, for sin as for goodness, for hell as for heaven. We thank thee for every manifestation of life, believing thou ever hast done and ever will do all things well. Oct. 1.

Memory.

We are now ready for what questions the friends may have to propound to us. A visitor proposed: "Memory and its laws, in a spiritual state."

The spirit can never forget, because memory is a part of its life. Without it, it could not exist, or without it the soul would be devoid of wisdom, or God. All things that have once passed through the brain physically and spiritually, are retained upon the spiritual brain.

Well, sir, I'll bid you good-day. Excuse me. My name is Redman—George A. Redman. Offer my respects to this medium, and tell her I should be pleased to commune with her privately, if she will enable me to do so. Good day, sir. Sept. 30.

Aunt Milly.

Massa, I come for inf'mation. De Lord says in de Bible, all dem dat want to be saved, come to him. I do n't know where he is, de Lord.

I live in Carleton, Mississippi, massa. I tried to find de Lord ever since I been here. Dey told me, massa, you'd tell me where de Lord is. I come for de inf'mation. I know de spirit of de Lord is in everybody, but dat ain't what I want. I want de Lord himself. Can't find him, never? Massa, ain't I never to be saved? I ain't any happy, massa, at all. I'm disappointed, massa, dat's all.

Where is de Lord, massa? Den de Bible lies, massa. I's put all kinds of 'structions upon it, massa, but I do n't find de Lord nowhere. I put all kinds of 'structions upon it. Massa, dey tell us de kingdom of heaven is within ye. I know de spirit of de Lord is in ye, but I want de Lord himself. Well, massa, I live most eighty years, an' I serve de Lord 'bout all my life, and now I do n't know where to find de Lord. Massa, I do n't like dat! De Lord bress you, massa, de big spirits never come to me, to teach me. I tried to find Missy Kent; but I could n't find massa, could n't find Missy, and can't find de Lord. I disappointed about de Lord. I wish I never knew about de Lord. Massa, is n't 'Nigion good? Is n't 'Nigion true? Massa Kent tell you it is good. Massa, where de his? Boston? Oh, de Lord bress you, massa, I do n't want to stay here—I do n't want to stay here, massa. You do n't have niggers here. My name is Aunt Milly. Massa Kent own me, in Carleton, Mississippi. Well, massa, dey's a poor kind of niggers you have here. I heard of dem. Oh, de Lord put de bonds on de nigger, and de Lord will take 'em off. Sept. 30.

Mike Fagin.

Mister—I want a chance to go out a little while. I like to go down Battery March street. I like to see me mother, and I want to tell her about meself—how I am, and I want to tell her about the Cathole Religion. It's n't true at all. No good, no sir. I want to tell her not to pay any more money to the praste.

I sha'n't see a praste at all since I been here. I see plenty that was prastes, but they're no prastes when they're where I am. I been here most two years, and I learned something. It's most that, I know when I's here. I'm dressed up like a lady, but I'm not a lady at all. Me name is Fagin—Mike Fagin. I's thirteen years old when I went—thirteen, mister. I like to tell me mother it's a fine place here, and you learn about everything you likes to learn about. I likes much to be here. I do n't want me mother to believe what the prastes say at all. They try to humbug the folks. We know so, because we find out all about things here. They see folks is poor and ignorant, and it's all very good for them to do so; but it's not very good for them, when they come here. They're ashamed of themselves then, for everybody knows just all about them.

I likes something better than this. I do n't like to go out with these things on. If I go alone I can't see her, sir. I'll go home if you'll let me, but I want the body to do it with.

I seen plenty of me cousins, and two uncles. I got one uncle who is just as much of a Catholic as ever he was, and we have some hard brushes. I tells him the prastes are humbugs. I wants to know why there's no prastes where we are. I know there are folks that were prastes here, but they ain't prastes any longer. Why are there no prastes here? That's what I want to know. One of me uncles what died before me, I remember about the praste's denying him consecrated ground. Then I know me aunt made a great fuss about it, and got sick, because he's not buried in ground the praste had blessed.

Now I do n't care where I's buried, but I'd like to have me mother know how I'm getting on. Unless you write very plain, she'll not be able to read it at all. Me mother's name is Catharine, sir, if that's what you like to know. I do n't know where me father is at all. His name was Daniel. He never does much of any thing—sometimes he shovels snow and brings in coal, and saws wood. He drinks too much, and most of the time he's nobody. I do n't care to say much about him.

So you won't let me go back, mister? I want some other clothes, so me mother would know me. I'd talk to her, and she'd know me very quick. Then will me mother come here so I can talk to her? I do n't know as I can make out with another [medium], sir. I like her to come here. Good morning, sir, if I must go, good morning, sir. Sept. 30.

Eunice P. Pierce.

Well, all day to you. Three cheers for the Union! Well, here I go. Oct. 1.

A letter from Rome, in La Presse, says: "The King of Naples appears very seldom on the Pincio, since some wicked wags began to take the liberty to hiss his Majesty. One day, on his return from a walk, he found on his table a sort of placard, with these words in large type, 'Francis II, by the grace of the Vicar of Christ, King of the Brigands.'"

He who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk over thorns. Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in. Praying to God is but poor amends for preying upon men.

Oh, our Father, we thank thee for all thou hast bestowed upon us; for that which thou wilt ever bestow upon us—for sorrow as for joy, for sin as for goodness, for hell as for heaven. We thank thee for every manifestation of life, believing thou ever hast done and ever will do all things well. Oct. 1.

Written for the Banner of Light. DIBBEZ FROM LAND. BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

A delightful sound bath the swelling sea To the weary wanderer, when, rich and free, Comes a spicy breeze from the distant shore, And Hope, almost perished, revives once more.

He welcomes the wild surge that speeds him along, With its foaming crest and its mournful song; For he hears the low whisper of winds that tell Of a vine-covered cot in a flowery dell.

Bright visions of home, and the green household tree, The meeting and rupture that soon will be, Are painted in colors of light by the breeze Laden with fragrance from mountain and trees.

And thus, while on Life's wild waters we sail, Our souls are oft cheered by an odorous gale From the Summer Land. A current of air Celestial, fans gently the brow of care.

Musical melodious floats from that clime, Thrilling the soul with a rapture sublime. Minds are inspired with thoughts noble and grand, Rich zephyrs are waiting from that Better Land.

Nearer and nearer we come to the shore, Hark! A warm greeting from those gone before Is borne on the silent air, once and again, As gladly we speed o'er Life's billowy main. Philadelphia, 1861.

Original Essay. SPIRITS AS CULTIVATORS AND WORKERS WITH MANKIND. BY AMANDA M. SPENCE. ARTICLE SEVEN.

In our last article, we spoke of spirits as Cultivators and Workers with nations. We took this kind as an example with which to illustrate the kind of work which is done by the Workers, and the methods which are pursued by the Cultivators when operating upon nations, without any especial regard to particular individuals.

Spiritualism has been an agitation from the beginning; and it was designed to be such by those who control all of its great and valuable results. Those results, as we have said, are internal, and must therefore be looked for, not in the governmental, the religious, or the social forms of the nation, or in any other external things, but in the life and loves of men and women.

Spiritualism, we say, has been an agitator from the beginning. Spiritualism has rudely swept the cords of every human affection. An interior power, with unseen hands, has reached down into the deepest and warmest places in the hearts of men and women, and laying hold of things long cherished, and treasures closely hugged, and private idols secretly and fervently worshipped, have said to those worshippers and lovers of perishable things, "You and they must part." Then commenced the struggle which stretched, to the highest degree of tension, the cords that bound men and women to their idols and to their earthly loves.

In this struggle, the Cultivators have ever been inexorable—have ever been deaf to the pleadings of human affection—ever insensible to the agonies and the anguish of the human heart as it fanatically clings to perishable things long cherished, yet sees that they are fast receding from it, and sooner or later must leave it forever.

The first rap, which was made by spirits, was an agitator and an alarmist. People had already graded and localized the dwellers in the "unseen world," and given them a fixed character and an unchangeable occupation; and hence the plain announcement, which the simple rap made, that the invisible rapper was neither in the place, nor at the work which the creeds had assigned him, made people question their creeds. Now we all love our creeds and opinions, no matter how they may have acquired them, or how unreasonable they may be. The longer we have held a certain belief, the more tenaciously do we cling to it, the more indignantly do we resent the slightest intimation that we are loving an error, and the more resolutely, blindly, and madly do we defend it. With a full knowledge of this tendency of the human nature to fight for its opinions, the Cultivators, in the very outset, struck at the world's opinions in religion and in philosophy; and immediately the warfare began. Hell, the devil, the divine inspiration of the Bible, the efficacy of prayers and forms and ceremonies, the God-man, the character and attributes of God, and even the existence of a God, were all, in due time, questioned and disputed by mediums. We are all familiar with the agitation, the strife, the contention, and the bitterness of feeling which such a disputing of the world's opinions has created, and still is creating. Nor is the agitation allowed to subside, except as it subsides in those who can no longer be agitated—those who have shed all the selfish, contentious and discordant elements of their nature. As soon as one point is yielded, another is presented which renews the conflict, and sits up the indignant, the combative, the destructive, the resentful, the vindictive, and all the ungenerous and limited feelings, passions and prejudices of those who possess such elements of the human nature, and who, therefore, need such purifying commotions. It was enough, at first, to question the existence of a hell and a devil; but as the interest in fighting and contending for and against these subsided, more important questions were raised with regard to the merits of the Bible, and of various religious teachings, the character and attributes of God, the divinity of Christ; and among the latest, but not the least exacting, is the question which has been raised by some mediums, as to the existence of a God, the question as to whether "Whatever is, is Right," the question of non-immortality, and a variety of others which need not now be mentioned.

The simple fact that a person is a Spiritualist, is, of course, no evidence that he has shed the human nature. Spiritualists have their creeds and their fixed and unyielding opinions, which they love with a selfish, human love, and for which they fight and contend with bitter and unforgiving feelings, and with an intense combativeness, destructiveness, anger, resentment, exasperation, triumphant exultation over a victory and mortifying depression over a defeat. These are all expressions of human states, and are evidences that Spiritualists, like other people, still need agitation and commotion—still need

Jack Collins. Halloo, how are you? By hokey, I'm here the same day I died. Round pretty quick. Much as I can do to handle this thing. By gracious! I got round here pretty quick, did n't I? Say, what day is this? Tuesday! By hokey, I died this morning, died in Virginia, in the hospital. I was sick two months or more, but I fixed things to come here as soon as I could.

By gracious, this is Boston, sure! Well, I tell you what it is, I'd little rather be in New York; but I won't complain, since I'm so well off. Yes, I know all about this thing. Cotch me being round here in the dark.

My name's Collins—Jack, or John. Oh, I'm a rough. Might as well tell the truth as anything else. I ain't got the edges smooth yet. I want to know which is the best move to get round to all my folks. This is the best, is it? Well, my father's name is Hiram. He's out West, I suppose, in Michigan. I want to come to him; there's another I want to come to, but I know it's no use. It's a lady who's done much for us down in Virginia. She's seesh, but mighty good. It do n't make a mighty sight of difference whether one is seesh or not, when a fellow is down sick. She's got a son in the rebel army, and she's afraid something has happened to him. I want to find out about it, and let her know.

I shot here after ten. I remember hearing the clock strike nine, sure. I's wounded, and had sort of a cholera morbus, and the mortification took place. Well, I belonged to those hellions, the Zouaves. I tell you what I used to be. I ain't ashamed to own it, but I ought to be. I belonged to the class they call the "Dend Rabbits."

You think we did n't know about spirits coming back, but I tell you we were just the kind to look in to these things. I've been up there on the Fourth Avenue, to Mrs. Porter's, more than twenty times.

Look here, tell the boys I'm dead, will you, and it's no use to look after me anywhere but here, now. Can't you give me a drink? I feel devilish weak. What's the matter? Now, look here. Can you help get a message for me into Virginia, if I'll come about here again? I want to look round and find out about her son. Do all you can? Give me your hand on that. If you lie to me, I'll fix you when you come here.

Well, all day to you. Three cheers for the Union! Well, here I go. Oct. 1.

A letter from Rome, in La Presse, says: "The King of Naples appears very seldom on the Pincio, since some wicked wags began to take the liberty to hiss his Majesty. One day, on his return from a walk, he found on his table a sort of placard, with these words in large type, 'Francis II, by the grace of the Vicar of Christ, King of the Brigands.'"

He who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk over thorns. Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.

Praying to God is but poor amends for preying upon men.

Pearls.

And quoted edes, 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;

Oh! pale grew the robing that folded the mountain, And wrapped its griefed face in a sorrowing spray—

O Freedom! thy priestess lies dead at the altar! And well for thy temple her life had been long.

And well may Italia bow low in her weeping! And well may the summer grow pallid with ruth!

Be hers in Valhalla the throne-room of glory— The sceptre of poets—the crown she has won—

I was fever-parched and weary, With a loveless, drooping head, Mourning for its stolen treasures—

Dry, parched lips, ye had no sweetness He could garner, well I know, But from off his lips of sunset

Each blue violet on my forehead Soothingly his finger traced, One by one each tangled ringlet

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.

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 nowhere.

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 oration 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 cursed.

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 phenomena have been true to those who thought they saw them—true to the tints 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 dross 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 soured 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 Orthodox 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 infidelity is wrong.

Love has been and is now called wrong and wicked; Charity has been called treachery; Virtue has been called prudery, and Benevolence 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-selfishness. 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 were 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 beautiful 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 cannot 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 everything is called right.

He who says that whatever is, is wrong, does but reiterate the sayings of the past; he is only a historian; he eats the food that other men have ate, over again. But it is not wrong, for his condition demands 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 religion 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 every 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 everything 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 question. 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 receive 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 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 necessary. 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 Nature'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. BURKE.—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. BURKE.—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 goodness 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. Before 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 oppose 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 Spiritualism, 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 understanding of the people; and the people reject him because they understand.

DR. BOWKER.—Is a thing right because it is necessary? MR. BURKE.—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 everything 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 everything. To fixed laws we are bound and fastened, in all actions and in all relations. Whatever is in accordance 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 Infinite. 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 condition of degrees in the process of unfolding, perhaps the unregenerated soul who says "in his folly, 'There is no God,' no spiritual judgment, no prepared 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, compared with the better and best of the more congenial souls with whom we delight to associate and commune.

DR. CHILD.—Was not the step we took in progression, 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 acted 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. THAYER.—The subject under consideration must naturally turn upon one of two points. The first is, that there is an eternal self-determining 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 intelligence 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 outside 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, confusion and inharmonious that exist in the world, and tell us it is all wrong. They tell us that human suffering 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 infinitely 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 infinity 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 placing man upon it—which object was the individualization 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 result; 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 produce some other thing totally and essentially different 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 ignorant 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 truest 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 unfolded angel.

Mrs. SENEZ.—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. Everything reflects that which corresponds with itself; and people according to their reflections, only quarrel 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 sometimes appear to us most essentially right; our enemies shall be our saviours, and our curses our blessings.

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, 8d 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, triangular; the second, the Adam and Eve of the New Testament, 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 necessary 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 edifices of past ages 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 human development—the circle of unity, harmony and love. There shall come a new nation, a new government, a new dispensation. And this shall be the beginning of the millennium age.

The speaker presented a new banner, which she affirmed would be adopted, under the new government, 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 government, 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, stopping 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 possible. A. B. FRENCH, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—We gave your interesting 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 address 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 Regiment. The Massachusetts regiments, as they have successively 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. Parko 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 sitting 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 Webster and Everett; I have read the poems of a Bryant, a Longfellow and a Whittier. From her art, her science, her religion, we have all derived animation.

Finally, we turn to her to be inspired by her patriotism. As she was first in the revolution—first to spill her blood at Bunker Hill, and last at Yorktown—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 struggle. We have been honored through our noble regiment, 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 behold, 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 bitterer rains and profounder sighs will come from the eyes and hearts of the mothers, wives and sisters of New England. 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 Bunker Hill and Concord—by all that is noble in your own existence—that they shall be avenged.

PAUL FRY and the Herald of Progress. Paul Fry desires respectfully to inform "The 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 wherewith 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 exercise of which has in times past brought us knowledge and gladness, has not been withdrawn. East Cambridge, Nov. 4. PAUL FRY.

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 narrated in connection with the great naval expedition. It transpired on board steamer Baltic:

Caplain 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 dropped 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 letter 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 riven; You have not lost your treasure— She still is yours in Heaven.

Died at Newark, N. J., on the evening of Aug. 11, 1861, ESTERLY MOORE PIERCE, daughter of Nelson E. and Roxanna M. Pierce, aged 11 months.

This gem which honored the casket 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 before she passed from the earth-sphere she exhibited unusual 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' bud is enjoying a glorious immortality with the "dear ones who have gone before," and with them she will often come and whisper words of love, peace, comfort and wisdom, and will stand ready to give them a joyous welcome to her beautiful and eternal home.

A sympathizing friend supplies the following very appropriate lines. P. D. M.

LITTLE AXEL NOW. Two little waxen hands, Folded with tender care Over a sinless breast, Like marble though more fair.

Two little starry eyes Closed in a dreamless sleep, A few bright severed locks For living love to keep.

And a wealth of golden hair Too precious to be hid the consolation of All sprinkled o'er with tears, Beneath the coffin lid.

Two dumb and icy lips, Whence broken baby words Made music sweeter far Than sweetest song of birds.

And these are all that's left, These eyes, and lips, and brow— Even a mother's kiss Wakes not Estler now.

To a home that earth more fair, The little one had flown, Where they who loved her here, May claim her still their own.

They called her sweet pet names, When they kissed her living brow; Their "bud," "bird," "blossom sweet!" They call her "Angel" now.

E. D. MORSE. In South Danvers, Mass., Nov. 4, 1861, MR. ROYAL WILSON, aged 62 years and 2 mos.