

Literary Department.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

I will look right out, see things, not try to evade them.

Fact shall be fact for me; and the Truth the truth for ever.

MRS. SMITH'S JOURNAL.

Oh, dear! what mourning and lamentation at Judge Perry's! His wife died to-day. It's no such pleasant thing to live, but then she had much to make her life. She was rich, and what the world calls beautiful. I don't think she was quite as grave and dignified enough to suit the Judge, but then he was proud of her as he is of his other beautiful pictures. My husband has not smiled during Mrs. Perry's illness, or scarcely tastes food, and she says all the neighbors are in tears. Wonder if he'd mourn as much for me?—wish I could make believe dead, and see. But I know, without waiting for that, he'd be looking at Miss Polly Miner's new bonnet the next Sunday after I was buried, or he'd be running over to Widow Wilkins's to see how she liked the cut of his new black coat, or to ask her to alter the folds in the weed on his hat.

27th. Mrs. Perry's funeral. A great crowd came to see how the corpse was dressed, I suppose. How pale Sidney Perry looked! Agnes Dupont sat near him; she was beautiful in her deep mourning. Well, if she marries Sidney, she will have to put on that becoming dress again soon. Aunt Hannah sits there sniffing behind her veil; little real grief there. She's glad enough to be dead again. She's as ambitious as Caesar, without his nobleness. She'll spleen a new wife for the Judge, and she'll carry her point, too. (That's more than you know, I said to myself, but Mrs. Smith knew the housekeeper better than I did.) But there sits the Judge, so calm and dignified, bearing his sorrow as a man should bear it; he's the model man for me. It is strange Smith doesn't like him—because I do, probably; our tastes are not in harmony.

28th. A long letter in my journal. I went home to visit the friends of my childhood; now been absent two months. "Smith has had it all to himself. Jennie, my housekeeper, says that Widow Wilkins came by the gate one day, and Smith asked her in to see the flowers, and she stayed an hour; he gave her all the choicest flowers in the garden. I said to him that I guessed he enjoyed his calls on the widow. I made the remark just to see what he'd say, and he replied, "Yes, I did very much; she's a delightful company!" So he really has been there. Well, I shall put my plan in execution. I am determined to move away from Burnside.

29th. The Judge has offered to take our house off our hands if we are willing to sell. I wish to do so at once, but my husband will not hear a word about it; but never mind, I'll bring it about yet.

30th. I keep on talking about the Widow Wilkins. Smith got angry to-day for the first time about the matter, and said he wished I was more like her. I tell him I'll not live in the same town with such a woman. Very well, he said, I could choose another. I told him I had chosen.

31st. The Judge was in here to-day. He is a perfect gentleman; he went all over the grounds; said he would buy back, if we wished to sell, but would not urge me to part with my home; would be sorry to lose us from the neighborhood. But aunt Hannah is no agreeable acquaintance to me, I can assure him; she's always spying all her neighbors' faults.

32nd. How strangely Smith acts to-day; he is gentle as a lamb; heretofore he has been cross whenever I have urged his leaving Burnside, now he says yes, yes, to anything; will do just as I say. I wonder what has come over him.

33rd. There comes my husband with some papers in his hands; he sits them down and goes into the bedroom and locks the door. Ay! here it is, the very thing I wanted; he's sold the house, and now, I can leave Burnside; no more Widow Wilkins to torment me—but what's that noise!—it sounds like a groan!—Smith, Smith, let me in! Why, how pale you look! What's this?—a razor! Yes, he said, he didn't want to live any longer; he'd been cheated out of house and home. Judge Perry was a rascal, he was; he'd taken advantage of his ignorance of law. Poor Smith, he's crazy! Well, I always thought his family were strange. Oh, dear! oh dear! I am the most unfortunate woman in this world!

Here the Journal ends. It is the last record of a poor, weak, selfish woman. I think the perusal of it opened Emma's eyes to her mother's real character, and while it pained and mortified her, it increased her confidence in Mr. Evans and those friends who had known the errors of her mother.

I gave the papers back to Emma, and sat with folded hands, looking into the dim firelight in the sitting-room. I remember now that I wore a black silk wrapper, tied round the waist with a heavy cord and tassels, a small black cape collar, confined by a jet brooch in the form of a cross, with gold filigree; my hair, which was very abundant and long to those days, was in one large, massive braid. A neighbor had called me a "pale-faced little thing," as aunt Hannah called me; but it is possible there might have been, as there is sometimes in my face,

people, a faint shadow of the beautiful. I was thinking of Maurice Perry, and the hearts he had made sad—of his own former admiration of him, and a blush of indignation kindled on my cheek. I was no pale obit then, I am sure; but I was so absorbed in thought, that I did not hear any one enter, nor know that I was not alone, till I felt a hand on my shoulder, and in the same instant a kiss pressed upon my forehead. I sprang up and confronted Maurice Perry. I knew my eyes flashed then, I know my soul, with all the burning indignation there, shone out on my face.

"Upon my soul, I thought you beautiful in your pensive mood, as I sat here a moment since, but a flash of anger heightens it amazingly. I'll try that again if I can be as well rewarded. Mary, we parted in peace, why should we meet in anger?"

"Why, should we? I can tell you, sir. You deceived my husband, and wronged him, as no true gentleman would do. You professed to love, sir; perhaps you do, but I have no more love for you than for your second wife, who sleeps on yonder hillside. You were not content with the injury you did my husband, even while you were making professions of love; you were robbing me. How did this paper?" (taking up my husband's written communication to me, which I had been re-reading that evening.) "come in your desk?" As I spoke he turned very white, and was evidently much surprised. But I did not stop, neither did he interrupt me. "You, sir, who should have been the protector of the friendless, have been yourself the persecutor. The orphan in my own house can bear witness against you and your own child—but I will stop here, for on that point I will not judge you. Enough that I have learned on a broken reed for support—worse, you would have been to me—"

"Stop," said the Judge, looking steadily at me, "not that from you. I would have cherished and loved you; I offered the highest gift man has to offer; I loved you as I have loved no woman before. Even now, in spite of your bitter invectives, and your indignation, which becomes you well, I again say, Mary, be my wife. Not one of these charges do you believe; deceived by others, you try to think me the monster you describe. But in your heart you do not believe it. Long, long ago, you had a preference for your husband's elder brother—quiet, unassuming, modest, you conceived it, but from my passionate, Sidney, with his ambitious nature, was not, could not be all that your nature craves in a companion."

I had remained silent, stupefied at the man's boldness till then. "My husband's unambitious nature not congenial to me?" Ay! then and there came rushing over brain and heart the bitter memory of certain evenings long, long ago, when absorbed in conversation with Maurice, I had forgotten everything else. Yes, my poor, weak woman's nature had been fascinated by the brilliancy of the man, who, though corrupt at heart, had the power to dazzle. But contempt for my own weakness only increased my contempt for the unworthy brother, and faithless father. I forgot everything but the discovery of his falsehood and cruelty, and I bade him never to speak to me again—he was odious to me—his very presence distasteful, and if he had ever discerned any feeling of interest on my part, it was now "to hatred turned." My determination of manner, my earnestness, must have convinced him; he stood irresolute a moment, then added:

"Very well, Mrs. Perry, you have made your own destiny, the fault is your own, the suffering also, if it comes."

"I accept the penalty of my deeds," I said.

"Good evening, then," he said, with that imperious coolness of manner which always marked his conduct, but there was an expression in that cold, blue eye, which made me shudder involuntarily—the demon look had returned. But my spirit of defiance rose high, and I was reckless, not to hate, and trustful of a Higher Power, as I ought to have been. The door closed, and I was left alone again—alone with that cruel taunt ringing in my ears, "long, long ago you had a preference for your elder brother." Too well did I remember that on one of those sad days, when that mysterious, midnight funeral had hung a heavy cloud between my husband and myself, that I had turned to Maurice for amusement and instruction, that I had even (how reluctantly, I confess it now) been willing that Sidney should see it, yes, be tortured with it. How that torture returned with seven-fold interest to my heart! Beware, reader, if you are a wife, of that spirit, it will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder.

Suddenly, as I sat there thinking, my plan of revenge occurred to me! Oh, me, how hastily I had ruined it!—I, who was going to be so slow and cautious!—that was a more like a wary savage, stealing through the wood, careful not to disturb a blade of grass, nor leave a footprint behind, then spring upon my foe in mortal conflict! Yes, this was the result! Passionate, impulsive, I had rushed upon him at once, not pausing for a moment the "story patience" of my theory. It was done, and how provoking that I had not even moved him to a passionate word. "His was the cool head to plan revenge, and the steady hand to execute. But then with Mr. Evans's aid, he could not harm me. I was safe."

For a wonder, sleep came that night—quiet, deep, refreshing—and it was rewarded by a sweet dream of Sidney, who came and stood beside me in shining garments, and said, "Peace be with thee."

Matters moved on quietly for some weeks. The inmates of the Stone House did not come to the top of the hill, and the old man and woman were

did I trouble them. Mr. Evans did not write now; no letters came from Frank, as we had hoped, and Emma and myself lived in quiet retirement, lost with our books and work. Fanny wrote occasionally pleasant letters, full of hope, and I returned letters as long, telling of all the incidents of the neighborhood, of everything, save the scene with her father.

The Judge was absent most of the time; and aunt Hannah was alone in her kingdom, save a visit from Miss Rosetta, whose eyes were blacker, cheeks redder, and dress more showy than ever. The loss of lovers did not evidently affect her spirits or health. She made herself quite at home in the Stone House, rode horseback, used the carriage, and took matters in a very independent, off-hand way. Report said that she was trying the effect of her charms on a young lawyer of Burnside, who, being a law student in the Judge's office, had the use of the house. Be that as it may, she never appeared on the street without some attendant, either the lawyer or a young storekeeper, who seemed to admire Miss Rosetta for her fancy for high colors in dry goods generally. Emma said—but that was a little girl's gossip! I suppose—that the aunt and niece were not as loving and affectionate at home as they would seem before others. That Rosetta was willful and high-tempered, and that aunt Hannah always came off second best in their encounters—that once she heard them disputing about the use of the carriage, the housekeeper, fearing that the Judge would not like such a liberty.

"Nonsense! How is he to know about it, unless you tell him; and even he has sense enough to know that the horses are all the better for a little trotting."

"But Mrs. Sidney Perry never uses it, unless the Judge orders it for her."

"No, I suppose not; and then she enjoys it hugely. She has been wanting to share the honors of the Stone House, with all its appurtenances, for many months; but we'll take comfort with it till she gets possession, and I enjoy it better without than with the encumbrance of an old man." So, holla! here Joe, who harnesses the horses to the carriage, and drive me to Sleepy Hollow, and over to Squire Burnham's. Be sure the horses are well rubbed down and look glossy."

"Yes, ma'am. I assure you the looking 'orse, the harness, and the driver are all well as well as myself."

Joe showed his teeth, and looked big with his eyes, but made no reply, save by obedience to commands. Used to the more gentle, refined manners of Fanny, he hardly knew what to think; but when he saw Rosetta's dashing figure on horseback, or her bold manner when she wielded the driver's whip, he was filled with admiration. "Sure and she'd drive massa, and the debil to boot, if they come in her way."

But she went at last, and the blinds were again closed, the curtains down, and aunt Hannah was left in undisturbed possession as she desired.

Months passed in a very dull, monotonous way, and I measured time by Sidney's growth. The little fellow was getting along to that age of boy consciousness when "I will" and "I won't" come to dare the shrinking mother to conflict. We be to her if she retreats in that contest.

It was time, almost, for Fanny to come home, and I was making preparations for her visit. I put up her favorite sweetmeats. I saved my new magazines and books to read with her. I had collected various fancy articles for her use, and had put the house in order, finishing my house-cleaning before my neighbors, that I might have all my time at Fanny's disposal. I found much more care than usual at this time of the year. Heretofore Maurice had provided all my winter stores, and I was free to go out in search of wood, fruit, vegetables, and the common supplies of the family. Now I had it all to do, and as Maurice had been my banker, I must also send to him for the means to pay my bills. This was somewhat trying to me, and there were times when I would have preferred earning my daily bread, had I the means to do so, to asking for what was my own. I must acknowledge, however, that what I asked was freely given.

One more week and Fanny would be at home! Perhaps before that time I will hear from Frank. Strange that he does not write, I thought, when he knows our anxiety to learn the fate of the Indian chief, who was so close a prisoner on the transport.

I counted the days, almost the hours, when Fanny would come. The last day came. The stage came in at 2 o'clock, p.m. Our dinner, usually at the hour of noon, was deferred till that time, and Emma, who, since Mr. Evans's visit, had become transformed into a warm-hearted, affectionate companion, was almost impatient as myself, and had watched the roasting of the chickens, and the progress of the pudding with equal anxiety. Little Sid shared in the expectation. How prettily he looked in his blue merino and white apron, with his brown curls and fair face, now jumping up to look out of the window to watch for "the four prancing white horses," so graphically described by Emma, and see auntie's sweet face peeping out of the coach; then, impatient at the delay, springing down and asking Emma, for the hundredth time, "please—tell horses—antite," and the patient girl would enlarge upon the beauties of the coach and the elegance of the horses till the child would turn again to the window and press his little face against the pane with eager curiosity. At last the horn blew, then the coach rattled over the bridge by the mill, then came more slowly up the hill, and we fancied we heard the crack of the driver's whip, for we knew the horses had quickened their pace. Now a moment at the post office, and then for "The Elms"! I gave one look at the dinner, and then ran to the open door, where Emma and Sid were already. We waited. No noise of wheels! Oh yes; there they come! No, that is Mr. North, coming from mill. Surely there has been time. We looked and waited, but no coach—no Fanny! I was troubled. What could it mean?

I put on my shawl and bonnet and walked slowly toward the village. The coach was not, to be seen, but now I perceived the horses, released from the harness, led to their stable.

I waited a few minutes, and turned to the post office. The kind postmistress noticed me, and thought I was anxious; she hastened her preparations a little, and soon handed me a letter, which I tore open as soon as I turned out of the busy street:

"DEAR AUNTIE—I was all ready to go home, and was waiting only for the closing exercises of school, and my remittances, which had always been sent punctually, when I was surprised by the sudden appearance of my father. He came, he said, to settle my bills here, and take me to a French school in Canada for the coming year. You can imagine my surprise and disappointment. The school is connected with a convent. Dear auntie, how I have longed to see you and precious little Sidney! How many troubles I was to confide to you! How much comfort I was to receive from your loving heart! I shall think of you as waiting in vain for me: the little fellow will be impatient, the dinner will get cold, our hearts made sad, but our love will only be warmer and brighter. I have said I would obey my father in everything, as far as possible, but not in that one where my happiness will be wrecked, for life. So I will go resolutely to Canada—bleak, cold Canada—a great remove, my father thinks, no doubt from warm sunny Florida. But hearts, thank heaven, can leap all barriers of climate, and laugh at distances. In a few days think of me as in Montreal, from which place I will write as soon after my arrival as possible. Good-evening, dear auntie. I have blotched my paper with tears: they would come."

And I too dropped a few more as I read.

"Never mind, honey," said aunt Posey, whom I found in my home, waiting to see Fanny—"never mind. It is good for the young to have trouble. I have often observed that lovers almost generally love harder the more trouble they have. Now it is hard that the poor birdie can't come and nestle down here in the shelter of your wing; but she'll live and be happy anywhere. And now come and eat the dinner I have kept warm for you, and after that I'll tell you some things maybe you never heard of before; it's time you knew them now. Here, Sidney, darling, come and have some chicken."

The little fellow had been comforted for the non-appearance of the coach by a huge orange presented by aunt Posey; but also there was no orange that could allay my disappointment. After dinner aunt Posey came into my room, and after mending the fire and drawing an arm-chair for me toward it, seated herself on a stool, and with her arms on her elbows sat looking steadily at the blaze. Sidney, tired and sleepy, had climbed into my lap, and I was undressing him. He was in his crib and asleep before aunt Posey roused herself from her reverie.

"Miss Mary, you think you know Mr. Maurice. He's been kind to you, and his ways are like the ways of gentlemen. The neighbors say he loves you too well, and wants to make you mistress of the Stone House, and some go so far as to say that you'll be married before spring."

"The neighbors say what's false," I exclaimed indignantly.

"Of course they do," said aunt Posey; "but let 'em say what they please; they do not know as much as one poor old black woman—they do not, and maybe you do not know as much either."

"Oh, aunt Posey, I know as much of sorrow and sin connected with Judge Perry that I would gladly be spared the pain of ever seeing him again."

"Then you know—did Sidney tell you? I knew he would. Poor, dear Agnes! But he loved you best. Yes, yes, he did—loved you in death. Agnes was tender-hearted and loving, but not strong, not full of faith like Fanny, our darling. Did you know about the funeral at midnight? I would not let him tell you then; it was not good for you then, but he told you all—yes, yes, he could not keep any thing from you. But he did not tell you all about his brother—no, he did not know all. The blessed truth is, honey, the man has not any heart here (pointing to her breast)—he's all hard; he do not think any more of his own flesh and blood, if they cross his path, than of a stranger. No, no; I knew you would not marry him: 't was n't in the nature of the case for you. Do you remember Nehah, the strange woman that you saw at my house?"

"Yes, well," I said; "and I can tell you more than you can tell me, aunt Posey, about her."

She looked in wonder, and I rose and procured Frank's letters and read to her. She could hardly express her astonishment and interest in the contents. She had known in her younger days of the friendship of the Ashleys and Duponts, and could understand now why Judge Perry opposed his daughter's marriage.

"Well, now, I just think the child is right, and life a cruel thing to ask her to give up one she's loved from childhood."

It was a comfort to talk with aunt Posey, who, after she had discussed Fanny's troubles, asked me to read again about Cochochoe and Nehah. The

tears fell as I read of their fetters, and that gloomy prison ship.

"They'll need to watch 'em," she said; "the blood is royal blood that flows in their veins, and the Indian, spurs a chain."

"Well, aunt Posey," I said, "we must get along without Fanny, I suppose; it will be hard. I had anticipated so much pleasure in her society."

"It is just as well, may be," said she, "for the present. 'I've learned to take things as they come, and trust the Lord. I've a notion that he can see a great deal further than we can, and, knowing the end from the beginning, understand what is best for us. May be, Miss Mary, God is going to purify you in the furnace of affliction a little while; but remember, honey, he knows when the gold is made pure; so trust and wait."

I did wait very impatiently though, for letters came from Frank and I did not know how to direct to Fanny. Some weeks elapsed, when the following short letter came:

"DEAREST AUNTIE—I am so sad and lonely. Father has gone and left me among strangers in this great Stone House. Perhaps I'll like it better by-and-by, I am not allowed to speak at table, excepting in French, and as I am very deficient in the language, it is rather hard for me, and I do long for the freedom and pleasure of your home."

Shall we ever hear from Florida, again? My hope is faint, today. Who knows but Frank has fallen a victim to the cruel savages? If so, then I will be contented to remain here. Yes, even just like these quiet ones, who seem to have buried the world and all its pleasures. I can understand now how some great sorrow, some overwhelming disappointment, may touch the heart like a great biting frost the flowers and then the sunshine and the dew can no more make them bloom again. Write to me, dear auntie—write often. Your letters cheer me, and make me more hopeful.

How could I send her the following letters, and yet, I have always felt that the certainty of trouble was far better for the heart than the suspense which attends the fear of approaching evil.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTERS FROM FLORIDA. To Mrs. E. Perry—Dear Madam: I send the enclosed letters to you as requested by Lieut. Ashley. I am sorry to inform you that he is lying very ill at Fort Brooke. He was wounded in the arm in a late encounter with the Indians, but we thought he would recover without amputation.

A fever has however set in, one of those miasmatic fevers, so common in this climate, and to which our soldiers are peculiarly exposed by the hardship and privations they endure. I think the result doubtful, and he seemed so anxious last night, that I should send the enclosed to you, that I have ridden a hundred miles for the purpose of seeing that they were despatched by the next steamer. I will write again very soon, as even if the fever should abate, he will not be able to use his right arm for some weeks.

Respectfully yours, Andrew Ross.

DEAR AUNT MARY—I know you will be anxious to learn about Wild Cat, (Concochoe) and his band. He remained chained on board the transport, waiting with evident anxiety for his band to come in. They were very restless under their shackles, particularly Wild Cat. He could ill bear the indignity. It was interesting to watch the patience and devotion of Nehah. She was no more the avenging Nemesis she had appeared, but as her brother drooped, she sat near, observing him with familiar talk in their own language.

There was one old Indian who had been a faithful follower of King Philip, among the captives. He had offered to be one of the messengers to bring in the scattered warriors, and his services were gladly accepted.

"Surely, Micoe will come," said Nehah.

"Yes," said Cochochoe, "he will come if his body is not destroyed, and if it is he will be here in spirit to tell me. I am sure of Micoe."

Day after day we watched for the coming of these Indians, as I would wait for a reprieve from death for a friend.

Ten days passed, and behold Micoe! He brings with him six warriors and some women and children. Day by day now they arrive, and when at last the chief's wife and daughter—my own little favorite of the camp—came, the joy of Wild Cat was marked in his countenance and words.

He tenderly loved his family, and toward women this chief was always gentle as any gentleman of the old school could desire.

"I war not against them," he often said. As the warriors came in, he counted them, comparing the numbers with the notches on a stick which he had cut. At last the number was all complete, and our gallant General Worth shared in the joy of Wild Cat, for I am sure that he would have signed the chief's death warrant with a trembling hand and a sad heart.

"Now take off my trousseau," said the chief, "that I may meet my warriors like a man."

They were taken off and he placed upon his honor. He then dressed himself and prepared to go on shore. He wore a hunting-shirt of rich colors, a crimson sash around his waist, in which was thrust a scalping-knife, red leggings, and a crimson turban. On his breast, were glittering silver ornaments, reminding one of the Orders on the breast of a gallant English knight, while three ostrich plumes hung gracefully from his turban. He trod the soil with a

haughty bearing that said—"Richard is himself again."

Waving his arms and stretching his form to its utmost height, a shrill whoop, announced his freedom, and it received a hearty response from the dusky crowd, which opened right and left. The chief strode through without regarding the presence of any one till he came near to our commander, whom he saluted respectfully, and then turning, said:

"Warriors! your chief speaks to you. You have listened to my word and taken it. I thank you. The Great Spirit speaks in our council. The rifle is hid, and the white and red men are friends. I have given my word for you. I am free; then, let my word be true. I am done."

It was a long time after this, before all the women and children, and the other bands over whom Wild Cat had influence, were collected. At last the number was complete—all but Tiger Tail, who had not yet come in. Coconochoc was permitted to go and see him and persuade him to come in. He had an interview with him and forty other warriors, who promised to be ready for Kansas, as soon as Alligator, another chief, should come with his band.

All is now bustle and confusion in camp. The eleventh day of October is appointed as the day of sailing. The brig *Baratoga*, three hundred and fifty tons burden was chartered, and also the steamer *James Adams*. The Indian women and girls were pounding corn to take with them, and laying up a large supply of pine knots as they had heard that the country is destitute of wood. Some of them were in great fear lest they should be deceived by the whites, and cast overboard after they were fairly at sea. Their chief silenced their fears by his own confidence in General Worth. He was on board with all his band on the day appointed. The number in both vessels was two hundred and eleven, of whom eighty-two were warriors. Eighteen negroes accompanied them, willing slaves to their Indian masters.

When they were all on board, the chiefs stood on the quarter-deck, gazing intently for the last time on their native land. One aged man sat with his head resting on his hands in deep thought.

Wild Cat stood on an elevation in silence, taking his last look. In reply to a question, he said:

"I am looking at the last pine tree on my land. I am now leaving Florida for ever," he added, and I can now say that I have never done anything to disgrace it. I love it, and to leave it now, is like burying my wife and child."

He gave a cordial grasp of the hand of our General as he passed over the side, and as our boat receded, he was seen standing upon the stern sheets of the vessel, engaged in a loud talk to the Great Spirit.

I had watched Nebah during all the preparations for this journey, and supposed she was to accompany her brother.

But just before our boat parted from the ship, I went to bid her farewell. She looked at me earnestly for a moment, gazing on my eyes, as a mother on a child.

"I do not go now," said she, "I wait for Tiger Tail. I shall be the last of our family to leave our native land."

She sprang into our boat, and was allowed to go on shore. She then went in search of Tiger Tail's camp. I hope to see her again. She gave me the box which I saved from her burning hut, and I send it to you with its contents—the ring and picture.

I am now ordered to the Big Cypress Swamp, with one hundred men of the Third Artillery. It will be a hard campaign, but one of the last in this war, we firmly believe. Then—that promised farlough will come, and home—and—paradise.

These were Frank's last words—"Home and paradise." He meant another paradise than that of spirits in a world above, but I was afraid his words would be literally realized.

I sent these letters with as much hope and comfort as I dared to give, but mourning sadly that the dear girl could not be with me in this hour of sadness. Weeks passed and I heard no tidings of her, nor one word from Florida. I heard from Mr. Evans frequently, and from these letters I had some fears that my own affairs were not as capable of easy settlement as he had at first supposed. Emma had received the amount due to her from the Judge. But it would seem that he had become involved in the Florida speculations, and that his property was not now in his own possession.

"All depends now upon his honor," said my kind adviser, "and in it at you probably have confidence."

"Could I do so?" I asked myself. Spring came. Not one word from Fanny. I had written frequently. I became alarmed, and ventured, only to ascertain Hannah if she knew whether the Judge had received letters.

"I should suppose that was a question I ought to ask you," she replied. "The Judge has not been at home more than two days at a time for three months, and as Fanny never writes to me, I am naturally ignorant of her movements."

I became more anxious, and returned home, resolved to find out the way to know why Fanny did not write. I studied that night, till I fell asleep, for some project, but I could think of none, save going directly to her father, and I was afraid that I should not get the information I wished from him. He came home that evening from the city.

Morning came, and as I opened my eyes upon the light which streamed in at the east window, this question seemed proposed to me by some invisible hand.

"Why not go and see Fanny? Who can prevent you? May she not need you?"

"I sprang out of bed with a sudden resolution. I got aunt Posey to come and stay with Emma and Sidney, and I'll go to Montreal."

Breakfast over, I walked rapidly to aunt Posey's to consult her.

"Now, darling, isn't that strange? I've been feeling in my bones that there was something wrong with Fanny for two or three days. Poor dear child! God grant that the Judge may not be too hard on his own flesh and blood. I've no notion of these young girls being shut up in stone walls, away from sunlight and air. Yes, honey, you just go home and get ready, and I'll bring Josey (a sturdy boy now, the baby that we introduced to the reader at the beginning of our story), and stay at the Elms till you come back."

As I was going home at a rapid pace, a sudden thought brought me to a dead halt. "It costs money to go, and I have none in the house. I must apply, as usual, to the Judge." I was becoming weary of this, and resolved to write to Mr. Evans to hasten the settlement of business. However, must I wait, and one thing was sure, I could not go to Montreal without money. I therefore sent the following note:

"Will Judge Perry be so kind as to send me fifty dollars, charging as usual, to myself?"

M. Fanny.

The answer came in a few minutes.

"Mrs. Perry will apply to Brother Henry, who has the charge of all business matters connected with her interests."

Here was a "new kink," as aunt Posey would say, and I must unravel it. Now, Mr. Henry Perry lived three miles from town, and I wished to leave the next morning. However, I was not to be daunted, and hiring a horse and chaise, drove out there and presented my request.

Henry was kind in his manner, but he had a hesitating, uncertain way with him that was very annoying to any one in haste. After much circumlocution, he said that business matters were very complicated, and Maurice had ordered that no more money be paid out until a final settlement.

My heart died within me. Here, then, was the meaning of Mr. Evans's hints in his letters. "Honor! Judge Perry's honor! That will neither feed nor clothe me. Am I really poor?" I said to myself. I, who, without wealth, never knew the want of a dollar before this day. It came upon me like a cold shower bath. "Well, never mind," I said now, "I'll contemplate poverty when I come back from Montreal, for to Montreal I will go, if I beg my way there." I had some little money in the bank, deposited there by my father. I had called it Sid's, but never mind, the little fellow would willingly give it for auntie Fan's pleasure were he old enough to decide.

On returning home I mentioned my perplexity to Emma.

"Why, Mrs. Perry," said she, "don't you remember you lent me just that sum last year, when I had no money? And Mr. Evans left the money in Mr. Harmon's hands for you whenever you needed it."

"High ho! Emma, I had forgotten it entirely. Now it comes in play fully. I'll give you an order on Mr. Harmon at once."

The next morning I was on my way, nor did I stop till I found myself inside the Ursuline Convent, asking admittance to Fanny's room.

"I am glad you have come," said the nun who attended me. "I suppose you know she is very ill. We wrote to her father three days since. Did you receive the letter?"

"Yes! Is my darling ill? Let me see her at once." They led me to her room. There she lay like a poor stricken flower, white and motionless, the color gone from her cheek, the light from her eye; one white hand lay listlessly on the counterpane, as if it had no strength to move itself. I was going forward.

"Stop," said the more cautious nun, "let me announce you."

She did so. The poor child sprang up in bed and held out her arms. I gathered her to my bosom.

"My darling! My darling!" I exclaimed. "My poor one."

Her head fell on my shoulder, the tears flowed freely, but for a moment she could not speak.

"Oh, auntie, I thought you, too, had forgotten and forsaken me. I did want so to see you before I died."

"Died! You are not going to die. I am going to nurse you back to health. There, lie down now, and let me smooth your hair and arrange your pillows."

She was passive as an infant. Beneath her pillow I found Frank's last letter and his maturation. Suspense, anxiety and homesickness combined had wrought this sad change in that bright and joyous being.

It was a kind Providence sent me there, for my presence seemed to inspire her with hope and a desire to be well again. It seems that I had been written to at her request, but always under cover to her father. It is but justice to say, however, that he had not received them until his return home. But he was in possession of them at the time I wrote my request for money. He came on, but did not arrive until the night of the day that I saw Fanny. He was evidently shocked at the change in her appearance. Fanny held out her hand to him and smiled, but there was no warmth in her manner, no kindling of the eye at his approach. She was feeble many weeks, and I staid with her until the warm, sunny days of June. I think if we could have had tidings of Frank she would have rallied sooner. But none came, and when I read in a newspaper the following statement, I began to have fears, myself, that we should never see Frank no more on earth.

"At the expiration of the month of October, (that was this month, Frank wrote) the army numbered 4669, rank and file, and 202 commissioned officers. Of this force 1878 were reported 'taken sick' during the month, 32 died, 69 sent to the general hospital."

I did not read this to Fanny.

Judge Perry remained but a few days in Montreal, and left word that whenever Fanny was able to travel he would come himself, or send some one to accompany her. He also left ample means for this purpose.

Time passed. I had almost forgotten my family cares at home in my anxiety for Fanny, but now I remembered that aunt Posey would wish to go to the White Mountains, and that I must return to Burnside. Fanny was sitting in an easy chair, looking out of the window, trying to catch the cool breeze, which she said made her feel stronger, when I told her of my wish to return home, and proposed writing for some one to come and take my place.

"White Mountains!" she repeated. "How cool and refreshing the very name. Auntie, I'll go there. I want to get up, up, above this world, where the air is purer, and there is nothing between me and the clear, blue heavens. Let me plan it now for you—see how wise I have become. Write to aunt Posey to come to the White Mountains, and bring Sidney, dear little fellow, it will do me good to see him—we will be there to meet them. This will suit my father, for he has great confidence in aunt Posey's nursing, and it will relieve him from all care or responsibility on my account. Don't let the want of money trouble you," she said, as I began to remonstrate. "See!" and she held up a little green purse full of gold pieces. "I was easily won over to this plan, and wrote to Burnside accordingly."

Emma, in reply, said that aunt Posey was so delighted with the plan, that she kept saying, "Just like Miss Mary—the little woman has a big heart and a long head." Poor me! I was obliged to hand over the compliment to my feeble little niece, who never thought of being wise in the least.

[CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.]

Prentice, after quoting John Lock, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, says that deep skirt, hanging on a shop door, always reminds him of the peel of a bell!

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SHOW.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

What say you to a glass of wine?
Wine is a warmer of the heart,
A social stimulant; let us go
And drink the magic of her art.
We drank the foam-bells, and our souls
Grew airy as the shining things,
Which seemed to catch about our hearts,
And blossom into little wings.
We opened the parlors of our souls,
And each one let the other in
To view the curiosities,
The little gods, the legion sin.
Reader, it may be worth your time
To look about the museum
Of a boy's heart, are twenty-one
Has wheeled him under manhood's sun.

The warm winds blow around the place,
And make sweet fancies, as in spring
The soft south wind in woodlands starts
The flowers which scent its viewless wings.
Ecstatic hopes abide with him—
A beautiful, weak, capricious hand,
Whose regal palace is his brain,
Where Reason sits not in command.

A Quixote mentor comes belated—
A daring knight of windmill fame—
Or, rather, he Quixote becomes,
In everything except in name.
Blessed is he if Panza's tongue
Drops prophetic in his wayward way,
And his experience all turns
To armor after each affray.

Some abstract goddess for a time
Is ever sweeping past his eyes;
Soon, to his highest joy, he finds
His goddess in some mortal's guise.
He offers that discordant realm—
His heart—his her: she takes the throne,
Becomes a tyrant; he rebels,
And sends her to Fate's frigid zone.

Next come a dozen all at once,
Who rapidly each other chase;
'Tis fun for them, but death to him.
The contest for the reigning place.
Love letters, tied with silken hands,
Scented with verbenas and pink,
Fly to him—little white-winged doves,
Which take him to the very brink
Of something serious—something true—
When lo! she comes with such a train
Of letter-actors, that one view
Kindles suspicion; then he reads,
"I send your letters back to you."

What a sore trial to his pride!
To see those envelopes come back,
Their snow-dusted, their gliding dim,
How many hours upon the rack
Of slow expectation he strained,
To write his first love-letters! There
They are returned—turned out of doors
By his false-hearted May Adair.

He hurries off his lips a sigh;
He wonders what might be the cause;
Consults his full-length looking-glass—
Suspects (fancy have been some flaws
In his appearance; gives his hair
Some extra curls; grows a moustache
And whiskers; gets a dagger, cane;
Scents with West-Ind; then makes—
A furious, self—deeming self
Quite competent to right his wrong;
His lady surely will repent.
When he takes from the rosy throng
Of her companions some one else
To dance with, at the splendid ball;
His pride, at least, will be avenged
When he is smiled upon by all.

Grey fossils even in young hearts!
Ideals which once have loved and thrilled,
Lie petrified within the breast
Which treasures them till it grows chilled.
Hanging about the treasure-rooms
Of a boy's heart are bold designs
Of coming home, which he and Time
Will furnish up with shades and lines.

Walnut Grove Farm.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FRATRICIDE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The opposing clouds of war met, and were shattered.
On the humble stream of Antietam the
whirlwind drew in men from the limits of the continent,
and dashed them in wrath against each other.
The scenes of the terrible struggle were hid
in the dust and smoke of warfare. In the surging
hell passions were awakened which have no name
in all shades, from the cool determination which drew
a head from the foe at every shot, to the rage of the
wild beast clubbing rifle, in hand to hand duel.

Dark, black, impenetrable rose the lurid smoke
from the booming cannon—War's hungry hounds,
Friend and foe were enveloped, and fought blindly.
The whistling bullet, the scorching rifle shot and
shell came from invisible marksmen, and were received
by brave breasts without a groan.

"Hold the bridge!" Never fear the gallant Burnside!
He is there; he and ten thousand hearts as
brave. But see! Hooker, the lion-hearted, is wounded!
Fear not; he leaves wounds to himself, and
cheers his men on to the final struggle. He believes
this the battle of the war, and God knows it may
have been. A final struggle! A struggle perhaps
final—a bayonet charge! The enemy's cannon are
heard louder; his musketry rattle nearer; the
storm has ceased on our side. Our cannon are silent;
not a click of a lock can be heard. The storm
has ceased on our side? Nay, from the brazen cannon
it has been transferred to the hearts of men.
There it rages. You can see it in the gleaming eye,
the compressed lip, the knuckled white with its clenched
of the musket. You can see it in the sullen indifference
to the pelting ball, the crashing shell, opening
lanes in the living wall. "Steady," "steady!"
Your brave general can hold them but a moment
more. The fire of heroism must be fed, or it burns the
heart out. "Steady!" Ah!—then comes the command:
"Bay your flaming charger not a moment,
but dash along the lines, Adieu with your order," coming
hoarse as the croak of a raven. "Charge!"
Heavens! the smoke lifts like a vast funeral pall
over the devoted armies; with a wild scream, such
as eagles give when they swoop on their devoted
prey, rolls on the wave of life, and in one terrible
stroke dashes against the enemy. As a wave of
ocean bursting against a rocky cliff, so rolled on the
Union army, not, however, to roll back in foam, but
to tear the cliff from its base and shatter it to atoms.

In the midst of the thickest, two men engaged
in a deadly combat. They were well skilled in the bayonet service. They
"charge" and "guard" equally well. Rage distorts
their features—features on which intelligence
has sat he seal, and manly beauty was once en-
throned. Their blood is fire, their veins burning
with its leaping; they thirst for blood; they thirst
for carnage. All that is holy and divine, all that
burned, and all the passions of hell held captive.
The demons of their natures are aroused, and as of
old, know of nothing but to tear. They "defend"
and "thrust" without success, grinding their teeth,
and trembling with rage as they rush to take each
other's lives. Miserable mistake that wasted not
off that thrust!—Ah, avenged! If the Union soldier
receives the bayonet in his bosom, he plants his
in that of his antagonist! Both fall. Dead?—no,
they rise on their elbows, and with a look of malice
gaze at each other.

What light is that which dawns in their be-
grimed and distorted countenances? Why that
smile of recognition?

"Charles, is that you?"

"Ah! brother, it is!"
Their hands are clasped; they fall toward each
other; they embrace. Tears fall faster than leaden
ball before. On one, whom they had nestled in
childhood—a mother's—now an angel, with moist-
ened eyes, standing over her fallen; they lay down
to die on one bosom, that of Mother Earth, staining
that bosom with their mingling life's current.

"Ah, brother, we fought in darkness; I see the
light now—you are right!"

"Brother, we fought in darkness; I see the light
now—you are right!"

"Both right, both wrong, brother. Warring in
life—in death we find peace."

The clasped hands relaxed not, but their eyes
grew dim; there was a shudder—and all was over.
After the days of battle were passed, the dead
were buried. The brothers were found embraced,
but cold and rigid. They placed them, embraced, in
the wide grave, where almost a regiment already
rested, and the earth hid them from view forever.
Nay, only their bodies; their spirits arose in air, not
to renew the struggle, as we are taught by Scandina-
vian legends—souls of those slain in battle, are
wont to do, dashing their indestructible arms vainly
against each other—but to unite in love. Treading
the smoke of battle beneath their feet, and leaving
the thousands of grasping spirits—rent from their
bodies, watching the desperate onset.

Know ye the moral? Two brothers are hanging
at each others' throats. Beneficent heavens! may
they awake to reason before they transfer each
other, and learn to love, before they stand on the
crumbling brink of destruction.

Walnut Grove Farm.

ABANDONED WOMEN.

BY WARREN CHASE.

It is a shameful feature of the Christian religion
and of civilization, that it has a class of females it
stigmatizes as abandoned, while it has no abandoned
men. It is a legitimate inquiry by whom these vic-
tims of vice and persecution are abandoned. In
early life I ascertained they were abandoned by
nearly all who call themselves Christians; yet I
never read of Jesus doing or teaching such acts, but
his course was so nearly the opposite, that I doubted
if these were his followers. I also found the proud,
the self-righteous, and those whose vices were not
less, but were covered by a fashionable popularity,
were first and foremost in abandoning and con-
demning their erring sisters, but never heard of
one whom God had abandoned, nor one out of whom
he could not cast seven devils, if she had as many,
and never heard of a worse one than was said to
have been among the followers of Jesus.

All this is true of women; but what shall we say
of men and their treatment of outcasts? Who made
them outcasts? Surely man must have acted an im-
portant part, if not the sole cause. Why are they
abandoned by the sex that has no outcasts of its
own? Is it not wholly from the treatment of men?

And have they not been made what they are by
a confidence in and yielding to men who claim to be and
are the stronger and more positive sex? Surely
this is the cause, and every outcast and abandoned
woman has been made so by the wickedness and
abuse of men; and if men will continue to abandon
and abuse their victims, and they are all of the op-
posite sex, while they defend and restore their own
from every act of licentiousness, is it not time for
woman to arouse and defend herself and her sex,
and hold man to a strict account for his dealings
with and treatment of her sex? But she never can
do this while she keeps a breach in her society, and a
wide ditch into which she hurries every one who
through a too confiding nature, or through weakness,
or hereditary taint, has trusted herself to man, and
been betrayed and abandoned by him.

If all women were properly treated by their own
sex, they would soon be by man; and thousands who
sink in vice and misery to early and untimely
graves, would live and grow in usefulness. If every
man were held responsible to every female whose
confidence he has gained—not to marry her and
thus enslave her—but to respect, assist, support and
sustain her to the extent of his ability, and always
to keep her on a level of respect and popularity
with himself, there would be no abandoned women;
but men who have gained the confidence and ruined
many victims, and driven them to despair and pros-
titution, and who would not speak to them in the
street or be seen with them by day or night light
are to be found in the best circles of society, in
Church and State, ball-room and party, anywhere
and everywhere endared and accredited and sought
after by the daughters of our best families, as well
as those whose masks only hide the same deforma-
ties in themselves.

When shall we learn to place man and woman on
an equality, and hold each equally innocent or
guilty, virtuous or pure, for the same acts? It is
doubtful whether civilization has made man better
morally, and still more doubtful whether Christianity
has made him purer or better socially. The origi-
nal inhabitants of the West Indies and Central
America, as found by the early navigators, were
evidently far superior in moral, social or sexual vir-
tues to any division of our society, religious or other,
even the Shakers or Perfectionists. They lived natu-
ral lives, and had no outcasts or abandoned women,
and no libertines to make them such. But in our
day and blessed country, we have repudiated nature,
and set up Christian grace and a changed heart as
the better standard, and nearly ruined the people by
them.

I am glad there is one female voice and pen active

in defence of the rights of the Negligence, (Emma
Harrison), and I am surprised that that one comes
from among the Spiritualists, for nowhere else is
the character of Jesus known, as written by the
early fathers; but his Catholics are next nearest to
Jesus in character, although at the foot of the Chris-
tian ladder!

Tunton, Dec. 20th, 1892.

MY SOUL'S IDEAL.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

My Soul's Ideal! Where dost thou dwell? Is it
in some home on the earth, or some mansion in the
 skies? Wherever it be, my soul's friend, I long to
 meet thee. I yearn to clasp thee to my heart, real-
 izing that thou art the one true, responsive soul that
 is capable of inducing me into the Beautiful Temple
 of Love, into Beatitudes, Joy, Kingdoms and "Hil-
 arieties, of which no tongue of man can tell. Oh,
 may I be encircled by thy love as by the bright halo
 of an angel, dwelling beneath the sunshine of thy
 smile and the glance of that radiant and ever-elo-
 quent eye, listening to the melody of that sweet, un-
 dulating voice, inspired by the spirituality and
 purity of her presence, elevated and ennobled by the
 aroma of her sphere, and exalted and made happy
 by the minglings and communings of her soul with
 mine.

Where is that precious one? In what one of the
 many habitations of the Universe does she dwell?
 Dost thou hear me call, my kindred soul, my spirit-
 love? Come, for I am weary. I long to bless and
 to be blessed, to sustain and to be sustained by the
 power and blessedness, the vitality and almightiness
 of Love.

I see in vision a far-off Isle of Rest—the place of
 our future home. Around it beat gently the pure
 waters of Peace. The most lovely of flowers and the
 most magnificent trees adorn its banks. Birds of
 the most exquisite plumage and glittering wings
 sing their songs among the branches. Music, as
 from harps of gold, touched by angel fingers, floats
 over the tranquil waters. Light, so soft, mellow
 and beautiful, less intense than the sun, but brighter
 than the moon, illuminates and melodizes the scene!
 Such is the Home, Beloved, that awaits thee and
 me somewhere in the Universe of Being.

THE FIRST BORN.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

Like the sweet snowdrop 'mid its sheltering leaves,
 So lay my babe within its cradle bed;
 Its little hands were folded on its breast,
 And calm as angel's brow its quiet sleep;
 One tiny foot from 'neath the mantle's folds
 Had strayed, all stainless from the dust of earth.
 I bared the sops that hung upon my lips,
 For voice like mine wrought not such sweet repose,
 But music, such as cherubs chant in Heaven,
 Had lulled the slumberer in the arms of peace.
 I bent me o'er the couch of this sweet babe,
 And all the gushing tenderness of love
 Came welting up from my fond, happy heart;
 A mother's pang were all forgotten then,
 All lost in the over-whelming tide of love.
 Just then the babe awoke, and turned its soft
 Blue eyes up to my own, and smiled. "It was
 His first bright smile, and to my spirit seemed
 Like Heaven's blessing on the holy bond.
 Oh! there are moments in this fleeting life
 When every pulse beats love, and the soft air
 Is full of fragrance from a purer clime.
 And then how sweet it is to pray—far better
 Than to praise—that is the voice of gladness;
 But deepest joy doth vent itself in prayer—
 And thus my o'er-joyed heart found sweet relief.
 O God! I thank thee for this precious gift:
 Oh! make me pure, my spirit fresh baptize,
 That I may guard my precious treasure well,
 Nor dim its brightness by a breath of sin;
 But with a sleepless vigil in a world
 Of guilt, be faithful to the holy trust.
 And hail be back to thee when thou shalt call
 A polished jewel for my Maker's crown."

AN ENGLISH SPIRIT ARTIST.

Our readers will remember we published in the
BANNER of August 16th, a story entitled, *The Spirit
Portrait*; or, *The Strange Experience of an English
Artist*, which was published in Dickens's "All the
Year Round," written for that Magazine by the ar-
tist himself. We found the story copied into the
London Spiritual Magazine, with an Introduction, in
which the editor vouches for the truthfulness of the
narrative as far as "Mr. H." the author, was con-
cerned, and of whom Dickens says, "He is a real,
existing person, and a responsible gentleman." In
the last number of the Spiritual Magazine (for De-
cember, 1892) we find an article entitled, "Passing
Events—The Spread of Spiritualism," by Benjamin
Coleman, (an English gentleman, who, it will be re-
collected, visited this country some two years since,
and on his return published a book entitled, "Spiritual-
ism in America") which gives us some further
particulars in regard to Mr. H., and his development,
as a medium for spirit painting. As it is quite in-
teresting, we copy it for the benefit of our readers.
Mr. Coleman says:

"All who are interested in Spiritualism have, no
doubt read Mr. H.'s narrative, which appeared a
few months past in All the Year Round, and in the
Spiritual Magazine for December last. I have the
pleasure of being acquainted with the writer, Mr. H.,
who is well known in the literary circles of
London, and is an artist of considerable ability.
He told me some very curious circumstances relat-
ing to the supernatural. I said to him 'months ago
that I thought he was himself a medium without
knowing it. He, however, said he knew nothing of
Spiritualism, and although willing to investigate, he
was not at that time prepared to admit or to believe
in the so-called spiritual phenomena. Whilst so-
journing, in August last, at Bournemouth, I received
a letter from Mr. H., in which he informed me
that since we last met he had seen a good deal of
Spiritualism. He had made the acquaintance of Mr.
Horne, and with him and other mediums, in private
life he had had a large amount of evidence, which
went far to satisfy his scruples, and, indeed, he was
receiving in his own person a practical proof of an
independent controlling agency, to which he had
consented at times to passively surrender himself.
Among other communications, it was announced to
him that the spirit of Sir Joshua Reynolds was pre-
sent, who said that if he, Mr. H., would submit his
pencil to the spirit, he would paint a picture for him.
Mr. H. said but little attention to the matter
until the same proposal was repeated as usual, and
he sitting. He then thought he would try, and
three terms, and accordingly he painted the portrait
of a lady of my acquaintance. The likeness is pro-
bably not all that could be desired. Mr. H. has
assured me that he executed it without any mental
effort. He permitted the persons about him (contra-

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

New Year's.

We could not turn this well-worn corner of Time, without pausing to congratulate all our readers and friends on having reached it, and wishing them happiness and health for the twelvemonth that stretches just ahead. We send out, therefore, to old and young, to great and small, a "Happy New Year." May it prove rich in joys of all sorts to every one. May discipline be gratefully accepted from the angel hands that bestow it, and merries be treasured as priceless among all experiences. May every heart come to daily know itself better than ever before, and every life become fresh and new from an infusion of nobler and purer principles into the conduct. May Peace once more return, but may it not come without bringing in its train even more priceless fruits than it ever brought before. And whatever may be each one's lot, may we all of us have faith to believe in the very best that could be given us.

Evergreen.

We wilt when we should be vigorous. We pale when we should be rosy as dawn with the colors of health. Few of us—nay, none of us are ever-green. It is up-to-day, and down-to-morrow. Now we are rich in resolve, and now we have not the tenacity of water. Unstable are we in all our ways; soon browbeaten, dejected, and downcast; holding fast by no fixed faith, that would never let us drift with the changeable currents again.

And yet, when we do chance to fall in with a nature that has the sign of perpetual life in it, what a joy it brings us! We are instantly refreshed again, and think we could be thus strong always. And we can, if that is the goal for which we seriously strive. A man is that which he chiefly desires to be. If his heart is set on licentious and debasing enjoyments, he will become just that in his life, and nothing higher. If he wills to let the forces of heaven pour into his soul without obstruction, hard as the habit may be to acquire, he will find at last that he has come to put himself in that position where the higher streams of life and love do most readily flow in.

We have seen many an old man, who was far more youthful than the men a great many years his junior. His very wrinkles have looked fresher and healthier than their florid faces, and his eyes gleamed and twinkled with a warmer lustre than ever yet shone in theirs. Why is it? What master of magic has it in his power so to prolong, or repeat, the youth of some, while age and barrenness seem to be the only lot of others? Is it nothing more than luck?—or is it law? Can all become endowed with this trait of perpetual freshness, or is it allotted to but a chosen few? What is the use, if these cheap gifts are not within the reach of all, but can be had by a chosen few only?

There is no wealth like the wealth of cheerful-ness. It is a perpetual fund for a man. Wanting all else, he is rich with only this; wanting this, all things else compensate him but poorly. An old man is young again, with it; a poor man becomes rich; labor is wonderfully lightened, and ceases to be a burden; the world is cleared of all its fogs and mists, and the sun shines out clear and unobscured. Friendships are doubled in value with the addition of this quality; and proffered sympathy and assistance become vastly more attractive and real.

How is it got? Primarily, Temperament has a good deal to do with that, and there is no sense in denying it. But harmony of the qualities of the nature can be acquired, if one will but take the pains. That is one of the acquisitions of this life, among others, and about as important as any, too. If we can succeed in so balancing, and adjusting, and harmonizing all our qualities, and forces, and tendencies, as to make them play in their several places without jarring or discord, so that we are never peevish because work is to be done, or hasty because because we detect meanness in others, or cold because we fear lest others may grow too familiar, or anything which we should not be for, no reason at all except that so will or look chooses to have it—then we have hit the mark in the middle exactly, and have little more to ask for.

From our youth up, cheerful Old People ever strongly attracted us. They were Evergreens indeed. We always found them more youthful than our playmates. So it is to-day. We do believe in growing old youthfully, as well as "gracefully" (that is gracefully, in fact, and there is no other way. Why is not one part of human life as susceptible of enjoyment as another? Why may not Age be as beautiful as Youth—ripeness as desirable as unconscious immaturity? 'Tis all in the wrong notions with which we are indoctrinated, and they must be rooted out and supplanted with better and truer.

What are trials, at most? We can master and overcome them. Not by battling with them, and vainly laboring to keep them out of the reach of us, but by letting them come as they will, by enduring them cheerfully, by submitting to them—aye, by even welcoming their approach. If we can but learn to say with the poet:

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,"
We are instantly set above Fortune, and she will not deem us thereafter worth her trouble. We can at least escape her in that way, if in no other. We may become her superior, at any rate; but it is only by choosing our own ground, and that higher than hers, too. Then we may remain ever green, and she will no longer have power to turn one of our hairs white or black.

Dr. Gardner would like to ask Dr. Holland, of the Springfield Republican, if he (Gardner) showed himself quite as credulous over spirit manifestations as the Republican and its editors did over the "People's Party," last autumn? He inclines to believe that his feet will rather outlast the latter's figures.

"Who Shall Decide?" etc.

Below, we give the communication of Dr. J. H. Robinson, of Worcester, to the Post, relative to the mediumship of Mr. Colchester, which is certainly emphatic and unmistakable. He says as follows:

To the Editors of the Boston Post:

I wish, through your columns, to warn the public of the practices of one who professes to have goblin writings on his arm, and to respond to questions and names written upon slips of paper and rolled into pellets.

Without seeing said questions and names with his natural eyes. This ambidextrous fellow is now operating in your city, upon the unwary, at the rate of one dollar for fifteen minutes. I have had three installments of this person's pretensions, at an expense of four dollars; one setting being protracted to the great length of thirty minutes.

I speak for myself only when I say that I fully detected his tricks, and am prepared to sustain the following statements:

That this illiterating fellow writes the reported goblin writings, that appear on his left arm, with his own right hand; that they are produced in this way and in no other.

That he unrolls the paper pellets under the table, reads and then answers them.

That in no instance has he correctly answered a question till such reading had taken place, either while the party was writing the same, or after it was rolled into a pellet and manipulated by him.

That I have detected him in unrolling them and in breaking the seal of a sealed envelope, in a manner put all doubt and misapprehension.

That the table and the table cover, which he invariably uses in his ambidextrous tricks, are indispensable to his business; and that he can no more do without them or some equivalent objects to conceal his hands, than the juggler can dispense with his apparatus.

That to detect this trick, you have only to keep the operator's fingers continually in sight. Cause him to place his hands on the table, and keep them there quietly, and there will be no goblin writings on his arm, and no answering of slip pellets.

That every attempt to procure the miscellaneous writings with his hands in sight was an utter failure, and that when such characters were exhibited they were written under the table, with a colored pencil.

Of course there is but one conclusion to arrive at, and that is, that said trickster is a cheat. This is my benediction of a man who professes the names of our dead, utters forgeries on the spiritual world, and tamper with human faith.

J. H. ROBINSON,
Worcester, Dec. 1862.

Next, we reproduce from the Springfield Republican an account—and a very interesting one, too—from Dr. J. G. Holland, ("Timothy Titcomb") of that paper, who likewise had a seance with Mr. Colchester, and records the results thereof. For our selves, we can fully endorse all that Dr. Holland says of Mr. Colchester, from having witnessed exactly similar manifestations in his presence and through his instrumentality. That the power resides in him as a medium, is beyond question. The Doctor says:

I was ushered into a well furnished room, looking out upon Tremont street, and introduced to a handsome, hearty young man who, I was informed, was the famous medium, Mr. Colchester. I was a specimen of a man physically, and has the bearing and the manners of a gentleman.

After a few words, he invited the doctor (alluding to Dr. Gardner) and myself into his private room, in the center of this room there was a large round table, down by the side of which we sat, he opposite to me. He inquired what I had any question, I replied that I had, and he requested me to place them upon the table before me, which I proceeded to do, employing my left hand of the pellets which had not at any moment been out of my grasp. He then asked me to touch each pellet, in turn, with my pencil, to see whether the spirits would answer the question it contained. I did so.

On touching the first, there came three distinct raps under the table, which was equivalent, I was informed, to saying that the particular question in that pellet would be answered. I was then told to place it by itself, and to touch the next. This I did, and the response was a single rap. This was a negative, and the rejected question was placed by itself. I touched them all in turn, and the result was that there were two questions which the spirits declined to answer, and the rest were accepted. I should state here, perhaps, to avoid any mistake, that the pellets were not distinguishable by me. I did not know one from another. I did not know what the questions were which had been accepted and rejected; and to have saved my soul I could not have picked up one of the pellets and told, without opening it, what question was in it.

These preliminaries settled, Mr. Colchester reached forward and separated one of the pellets from the pile, by touching it with a pencil. He then leaned back in his chair and exclaimed:

"There is a beautiful spirit present by the name of Louisa."

He then seized his pencil and wrote upon a sheet of paper lying before him these words:

"Do I remember you? We never forget those we have once loved. From the spirit world I watch over you."

Laying the little pellet to which this was the reply upon the sheet, Mr. Colchester passed both over to me, with the request that I would unfold the question, and see whether it had been answered. I did so, and read these words:

"Louisa. Do you remember me?"

To say that I was not astonished, would be to acknowledge myself foolish. I was astonished, though I cannot say that I was at all awed or excited. Indeed, the matter was carried on in such a business-like way, and with so little parade, that it did not occur to me that I was among the wonderment.

Another pellet was separated from the remaining number, and answered and signed, and another and another, until all had been answered. There was never a mistake in the drift of the answer, and never the slightest mistake in the signature. The question was specifically treated in each instance, and to such perfection of detail that the evidence was beyond question that whoever answered the question had seen and read it. I did not know what question each pellet covered; therefore, the intelligence answering did. No material vision could possibly see the writing in those words of paper, therefore, do not ask me.

The last of the questions answered in this batch was accompanied by manifestations so astounding that I make a separate allusion to it. After answering all the questions but one, Mr. Colchester leaned back in his chair and said, "Doctor, I am impressed to say to you that your children are well this morning." Immediately after uttering these words, he grasped his left fore-arm with his right hand by a quick, spasmodic motion, while an expression of pain passed over his face. This expression was, however, succeeded by a pleasant smile, and showing up the heavy coat-sleeve upon his left arm, and unbuttoning the wristband of the negligee shirt-sleeve under it, he exposed to me the smooth, white inside of his fore-arm. On this was written, in large text, the single word Clara. The letters of this word were almost blood red. Indeed, it only needed that the blood should come through the cuticle to make them quite so, for they seemed to have so sharply and rapidly as to draw the blood to the very surface. This name did not fade out, for I should say, two or three minutes. It grew paler and paler, as he held it before me, and was not wholly illegible when he put down his sleeve and buttoned his wristband. The question to which, by word of mouth and by this name upon the arm, had been answered, was this: "Clara, how are my children this morning?"

Doubtless the criticism of Dr. Robinson may be apparently just, when Mr. Colchester refuses to obey the laws which control true mediumship, and we will not undertake to say that he has not lent himself to trickery and deceit at times, for the sake of helping himself over bad places for which no one but himself is responsible. But his possible cheating at times does not prove his lack of mediumistic power at other times. Dr. Robinson sat at the table with him, and could get nothing as he wanted it. Dr. Holland goes and sits with him, and he comes away astonished; if not fully convinced. Now we cannot but repeat the old question, never yet answered as it should be—"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

We wish merely to add in this public member, as a matter of plain justice, that Dr. Gardner feels deeply offended, and for good reasons, with Mr. Colchester's conduct toward him; and we know, too, that this medium made himself extremely unpopular both with Spiritualists and general investigators, while in Boston. We can only regret it—let the delin-

quent come forward and make his own apologies; we have none to offer for him.

The French Phase of Spiritualism.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the BANNER to learn that what may be called a distinct school of Spiritualists has arisen in France. This school embraces almost the entire number of Spiritualists in that country. They have a high-toned journal of their own, and treat their dogmas in what would appear a thoroughly scientific manner. The Revue Spirite is the name of their journal, and through its columns they promulgate a true and consistent spiritual philosophy, so far as the fact of spirit-communication with earth extends, but when they treat of the origin and pre-natal existence of spirits, they are wholly distinct from American Spiritualism. They believe that the spirit always existed, that it merely inhabits the body, and at the dissolution of this latter it is freed, until it again clothes itself in a physical garb, by entering into the earliest growth of an infant, and maturing itself a body.

The believers in this dogma receive, or believe they receive, communications corroborating their views. Many spirits say that they distinctly recollect not only their recent earth-life, but its several repetitions.

I know of several communications being received in this country to the same purport. To one who understands Spiritualism, these facts can be easily harmonized, but to the beginner they are perplexing. The students of the French school are not idle. They are preparing books and tracts, and translating them into German, and the lover of our divine Philosophy must grieve to see this broad and generous field sown broadcast with the seeds of a perverted view of its truths, which must greatly impede the introduction of the correct system.

Major-General Burnside.

We like frankness and candor. Everybody does. If a man is going to adopt a certain course of action, it pleases us to see him give his reasons for the same, at the right time, openly and aboveboard. This is just what attracts the people to Gen. Burnside. Notwithstanding his serious and bloody reverse at Fredericksburg, the country has withdrawn none of its confidence or respect from him for having done what he could, and according to his best military judgment. Even if he has proved it true—that what was said of him just before assuming the command of the army of the Potomac—that he was "a first-rate second rate" general, we are all of us not the less inclined to abide in him on account of the confidence he is so willing to repose in us. Would that we had more such men in public life. It would be a perfect godsend—it would prove our national salvation, if we could have Burnside's style of character—so transparent and truthful—introduced into our public affairs. Possibly present events are cooperating to bring just that state of things about.

Arthur B. Fuller.

The brother of Margaret Fuller, or the Countess D'Ossoli—as she was better known in her later years—lost his life before Fredericksburg while discharging the duties of a common soldier, and was recently buried from one of the churches in Boston. He was chaplain of the 16th Massachusetts regiment. It was an impulsive and thoroughly generous motive that led him to shoulder his musket and charge upon a concealed foe in the streets of Fredericksburg, but it will secure renown for his name above anything he could have done in a long lifetime. That one act has made his name historical. The brother clergymen who assembled to pay a last tribute to his memory, spoke in the highest terms of his character and worth. He was a favorite among his brethren, and exceedingly popular with the soldiers. He turned his faith into works—sure enough.

To the Friends of Spiritualism.

For years the BANNER has been bravely unfurled in the vanguard of the army of Truth. It has been the organ for the utterance of all that was true and noble. Its publishers have endeavored zealously to furnish the best reform literature, and a paper which the reformer would be proud to acknowledge as his organ. Their efforts have been appreciated, and well sustained.

Now, however, war swallows up all other interests. The nation is in its death struggle for existence, and our attention is apt to be too much diverted from lesser things. Friends, let us not forget the BANNER. Remember the tax, and the almost double value of paper presses heavily on its resources. Its price is of small account, but the aggregate, if you all put in your mite, will give it vigor. Remember that you are each and all interested in its welfare. Through its columns you receive and exchange ideas, and obtain a complete view of all that is transpiring in the field of Spiritualism. The cause of Spiritualism would suffer immeasurably by its loss. You must not, cannot allow it to fail.

Readers of the Banner!

You who are not subscribers, we mean!—just after perusing this paragraph, put your hand upon your pocket-book, each one of you, and ask this question: "Is it right for me to borrow this excellent paper of my neighbor, when I know that I am able to pay for it myself, thereby (indirectly) injuring the publishers, in this their time of need, when paper stock has advanced over one hundred per cent. within two months?"

We think that borrower's conscience must be as hard as flint who can revolve this question in his mind one moment without saying to himself—"I am wrong! I'll borrow the paper no more! I'll subscribe at once! I never was considered mean—and it's too late to begin now."

Then he might in imagination hear us exclaim—"Thank you, sir; we'll redouble our efforts to make a readable paper."

So "Mote" It Be.

We are pleased that our brother, of the Memorial replies to us in good spirit. "Words fairly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." We realize the value and gratification given by encouraging and obeying words," says the Memorial. We take back all we said, with pleasure. The editor did not mean to cast any stigma upon Spiritualists or Spiritualism; but only intended to give Mr. Colchester a few "encouraging and obeying words"—which, we think, upon the whole, were just the kind needed to bring him to his senses. Perhaps we were a little too sharp, brother; but if you had had half a dozen spirits sent to you, as we had the Memorial, marked all over the margin with along you would have felt a little riled under the circumstances, we think.

"Spirit Photographs."

In accordance with my promise, I send you an account of my visit to your city, for the purpose of investigating this matter, and, if possible, obtaining some of the pictures. Having previously made arrangements for sittings, with Mr. Wm. H. Mumler, on the 18th of December, 1862, I came to Boston. I had heard that Mr. Mumler was becoming very tired of the repeated investigations; and in a letter to me, in which he declined furnishing an opportunity to Mr. Behn—a well-known photographer of our city—he said, "Ever since I have commenced taking these pictures, I have been constantly dogged forward and back from my camera to my closet by investigators, till I have become sick of the name. I have been harassed enough by self-appointed investigators, and find there is no end to it."

I was not discouraged by this, nor by another significant fact, to wit: The learned philosophers who constitute the American Photographic Society, as I was informed, at their regular meeting in the city of New York, had solemnly resolved that the "spiritual likenesses" are a fraud and a gross deception. The shade of old Galileo, the spirit of Columbus, and a host of pioneers in art, bear testimony in reference to the delusions of such learned bodies, that led me rather to infer that these pictures were real, because of this decision. I knew there were several processes by which shadowy pictures might be taken—the one suggested by Sir David Brewster, of diminishing the time of sitting for a part of the picture, has become quite familiar; another, in which a faint picture is made by using a second negative plate and a small lamp, placing them in such relation to each other that the rays of light from the lamp will pass for a few seconds through this negative, on to the prepared plate. I had seen a picture taken in this manner, which had some resemblance to the pictures taken by Mr. Mumler; there was, however, a very marked yellow tint in this, the result of the artificial light of the lamp. It differed also in this, that the picture, as in the case of Sir David Brewster's "ghost-pictures," was entire, the head and feet being equally well printed. Under these circumstances, I was introduced to Mr. Mumler by my friend, Mr. E. Haynes, of Boston, at Mrs. Stuart's Photographic Gallery, No. 255 Washington street. He received me very kindly. I remarked that I had come to have the sittings with him, and that I had brought a glass with me from Philadelphia, with a private mark upon it, (the mark was my own name and residence, written with a diamond on the glass, in photographic characters,) and if he had no objection, I would like to have the picture taken on this. He replied, "Certainly not, and I wish you to witness the whole process." He then took me into his operating-room, and I saw him clean my glass, pour the collodion upon it, and dry it. After which both of us entered the dark room, and he put it into the bath of iodide of silver; the door was then closed, and it was entirely dark, there being no lamp or light of any kind in the room. While waiting for the plate to become coated in the bath, he conversed very freely with me about his method of preparing the chemicals, &c. When a sufficient time had elapsed for the plate to become coated, he took it out; and I knew it was the same plate, although I could see nothing in the dark, because it had my private mark upon it, and I saw this when it was put into the bath, and noticed it again when it was taken out of the shield. Having placed it in the shield, he gave it to me while we were still in the dark room. He then opened the door, and I carried the shield to the camera, and sat it in the window near by, where I could see it all the time.

I then took my seat, and Mr. Mumler adjusted the focus, placed the shield in the camera, took off the cover and counted thirty-five seconds, then covered it again, and requested me to take out the shield and carry it into the dark room. On entering this room he opened the shield, and I examined it carefully to see that there was nothing in it. He then lit a small lamp and sat it upon the edge of his sink, about eighteen inches to the left of the plate, and in a position very nearly level with the glass, which was held in a horizontal position all the time, with the edge of the plate toward the lamp. In this position he poured the developing fluid on it, and in a few seconds we perceived two forms on the plate. After washing it, Mr. Mumler handed it to me, and I took it out to the window, where I saw my own figure and the head of a male person, whom I could not recognize, on this plate.

My daughter, who was with me, also had a picture taken, and on this plate there is the head of a female. The weather having been cloudy, I have not been able to have any of the pictures printed yet, I will send them to you as soon as I get them.

So much for my observations. Now for the theory that the spirits have given me. There are three forms of matter. First, tangible matter; second, the imperceptible, well known to science as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, the od force and the life principle. These become more refined in the order in which I have named them, and thus approximate toward the third realm of matter, which constitutes spirits, and the home they dwell in, in the spiritual world. Photography, or the art of printing by light, is the most spiritual of all the arts, and by it any substance that is sufficiently dense to set in motion the rays of light, may have its form and character printed on the plate, being received there by the delicate and perceptive chemicals which are used. But spirit forms are so much more refined than light, that they cannot set in motion or reflect its rays. To do this, they require the aid of the life principle—the od force—magnetism and electricity. These may be obtained from certain mediums, and the atmosphere around them; and when thus obtained and properly placed, either around a spirit form, or combined and formed into such a model as to represent the form itself, either of which will be enabled to set in motion the next form of matter, which is light, and print an image upon the glass. It does not require as much light to print this as it does to make an image on the retina of the human eye, and hence these forms are not visible. This model process is the one which will be first introduced, and hence the forms of spirits and objects will not be very perfect.

I am frequently asked, "Do you really believe there is no deception about this matter?" I answer, that, so far as I could see, there was the utmost fairness and candor, and I have, therefore, no reason to believe that there is deception. If there cannot be any other explanation given of the present phenomenon than the spiritual one, I shall wait hopefully for the introduction of this beautiful manifestation of the continued existence and identity of our loved ones who have gone to dwell in the inner temple. My impression now is, that the pictures and objects that have been taken are models made by the spirits.

Yours truly,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1862.

Do Justly.

The following is from the Herald of Progress of Dec. 27th. It was addressed to the editor by a correspondent signing himself "O. N. K." We reprint it with pleasure. The sentiment applies to those for whom the writer perhaps did not intend it.

"Do as you would be done by, remembering that you are doing as you will be done by, whatever you do. Sharp criticisms will come home sharper for the journey they have had. Blinging accusations will find the parent seat again. Keen retorts will flash upon you when you least expect them. Also any little crumb of comfort of any sort you can toss to a poor starving soul will be reproduced for you in your hour of need."

There are at this moment fifty thousand contrabands in various parts of the country.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JANUARY, 1863, contains papers from the first contributors of the country, comprising such names as Hawthorne, Walcott, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, Curtis, &c. &c. Such an array of literary talent is not to be found in any magazine published. We have not room in which to particularize the several articles, but can emphatically say that if the Atlantic is kept up to its present standard through the year, there will be no other publication in existence to be compared with it for ability, variety and general influence.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January, 1863, contains papers from the first contributors of the country, comprising such names as Hawthorne, Walcott, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, Curtis, &c. &c. Such an array of literary talent is not to be found in any magazine published. We have not room in which to particularize the several articles, but can emphatically say that if the Atlantic is kept up to its present standard through the year, there will be no other publication in existence to be compared with it for ability, variety and general influence.

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Message Department.

The Banners of which the communications under this heading are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 5, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The letters are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the spirit who gave it, and is, therefore, a direct communication from the spirit-world, and is not a mere opinion or speculation of any mortal.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression is much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.

Notice.—As these circles, which are free to the public, subject us to much expense, those of our friends who take an interest in them, and who desire to have them continued, are solicited to aid us in a pecuniary point of view, or we fear we shall be obliged to suspend them altogether. Any sum, however small, that the friends of the cause may feel inclined to remit, will be gratefully acknowledged.

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these free circles, as many persons who first attended them as skeptics, now believe in the Spiritual Philosophy, and are made happy in mind thereby. Hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world or the bosom of humanity.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Nov. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Ned Keadell, to his friends in Boston; Lavina E. Mitchell, to her friends in Columbus, Ohio; Michael Sweeney, to his wife in Fall River, Mass.

Tuesday, Nov. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Capt. Samuel J. Locke, of Rye, N. H.; Horace Mason, of Hagerstown, Md., to his mother.

Invocation.

Oh, wondrous Genii of Life, as we stand in the midst of thy blooming creation, we are sometimes lost in wonder; and when we try to comprehend thee, and to measure thine Infinite Life by our own finite capacities, we find that we are powerless to do so. Oh, thou wondrous Genii of the mighty Past, that has made the grand and beautiful Present that is, and the eternal Future that shall be, how may we best understand thee? Where shall we go seeking for knowledge and find it? To whom shall we turn, and in what garments shall we array ourselves, that we, oh Life, may come into full and perfect understanding of thee and thy law? As we listen, the very air around us seems to bear us ten thousand answers. And what say the voices of the air to us? Oh, child of mind, turn within thine own holy of holies, and there seek for and find me; for we measure the capacities of thy being, and thou shalt not seek in vain—shall not fail to understand me and my law. Oh Life, thus and thus do we comprehend thee. We will obey the voices of the air; we will turn within the holy holies of ourselves, and there learn of thee. Nov. 18.

What Shall be Done With Traitors?

One in human authority sends us the following question for this afternoon's consideration:

Ques.—What shall we do with those who are taken by the Government and condemned as traitors?

Ans.—We have ever spoken against capital punishment, inasmuch as we are quite sure that no good ever resulted from it, and we are equally sure that it is the cause of much evil; in fact, the amount of evil, or inhumanity, is almost doubled by the exercise of this system of punishment. You may laugh the effect as far as the boundaries of mundane life, but beyond that point you generally lose sight of it, or at all events, the masses can rarely follow the effect beyond the mortal existence of the criminal. But does the effect cease there? Certainly not; on the contrary, it goes with the spirit to the spirit-world, and returns again to earth, by virtue of its own inherent powers, to work out its salvation. We have said that the amount of evil is increased rather than diminished by capital punishment. We may travel through creation's whole area, and then we shall not have touched upon one half of the evil effects resulting from this system of bodily punishment. For, outside that which you call the material world, the evil is felt and realized with more power than it is possible for you to conceive of, bounded about as you are by the thick walls of Materialism.

Although we have never advocated capital punishment, yet we would always counsel that you preserve society from the evils that arise by your having delinquent members in your midst. It is not necessary that you resort to capital punishment, in order to save society from the evil that has its dwelling place upon the earth, for you have your prisons, houses in ample number, and when these are filled, you have the means to build more. You have the power to throw around those sin-stained and fallen ones of earth those powers of mind that will enable him or her to rise superior to the evil which has so long mastered them. What though they be confined within brick or stone walls, have you not the same power to educate them morally, as if they were allowed their liberty? Certainly you have.

Now we believe it is your duty to protect yourselves, as a people, from the evil that are forever cropping out in your midst; but, believe us, you will not do this by depriving the individual of his mortal body. Do you suppose that, by hanging a man, you deprive him of his life? Far from it; you merely force him to change states of life: you are an agent, by which individuals are sent to the spirit-world unnaturally, and as agents for this, you must necessarily suffer some time or other. Though you commit the sin with the idea that you are promoting the general good of humanity, nevertheless, when you shall come to the spirit-world, you will perceive the legitimate effect of that cause that took place in mortality; you will see that the evil which you thought to be crushed out still exists in increased intensity in the spirit-land, and you will not be slow in finding that you have been the means of depriving an individual of his earthly existence, and therefore you have placed your foot upon the natural law, and in defiance of the law of the Almighty, have done your best in peopling the spirit-world with evil-minded individuals. Now, believe us, you must suffer for this, though you may have sinned unconsciously, yet the punishment of the law will visit you, the penalty must come to you, and you will not go out until you have atoned for your sin.

Then protect yourselves against those who are workers of evil and iniquity in your midst, but of all you do, do not send them to the spirit-world unnaturally. Do not agents in setting aside the law natural, in order that the requirements of civil law may be fulfilled. Many may argue that your prisons foster and encourage evil, rather than lessen it, and that many more would be added to the criminal list each year, if it were not for the fear of capital punishment. History says no. Very well, then, you certainly have no right to declare our views upon that subject to be entirely wrong.

Suppose you have before you ten or a dozen criminals, all of whom have violated civil law. Suppose, now, you pass sentence of capital punishment upon them, what then? Are they dead? Certainly not. Are their crimes crushed out because they no longer live upon the earth? No; the evil which was theirs before the change called death took place, still dwells with the spirit in the spirit-world, and added to what they have been, they have the extreme sorrow of knowing that they have been sent to the spirit-world unnaturally, and all must suffer more or less upon this account. When the criminal is deprived of his body, you believe that you have done a good deed in ridding society of such an individual. But instead of destroying him, you have sent him out over the bridge of vengeance to the spirit-world, and over that same bridge he returns inevitably to earth again, and the evil, which you firmly believed you had destroyed, once more lives among you with

increased power. Then how much have you gained by thus depriving the criminal of his mortal body? Nothing; and nature, reason, and common sense will teach you that you have sown to the wind, and will reap the whirlwind.

It is true, there are some individuals dwelling in the celestial world that are surrounded by such holy influences in spirit-life that they have no longer the desire for evil which they had upon their entrance into the spirit-world, and thus they desert from evil, doing only the will of Almighty God. But where you find one case like this, you find ten of the other class. By sending your criminals thus unnaturally to the spirit-world, you are literally peopling your earth with evil spirits—literally sowing the seeds of inhumanity and strife among you as a nation. Could you but see the evil and ruin that you are thus unwittingly heaping upon humanity, surely, surely you would reform your criminals before sending them to the spirit-world. Had you devoted your energies in the past to the task of exalting and improving the evil disposed minds that have hitherto dwelt among you, instead of sending them over the river of death to the spirit-world, with all the weight of their sin burdening their spirits, there never would have been such disorder and strife among the elements in the spirit spheres as prevails to-day; and, believe us, civil war would never come among you upon the earth. You would dwell in peace, and harmony and love would reign among you. But so long as you persist in sending your criminals unreformed to the spirit-world, you are but swelling the army of invisibles that is now opposed to you in the spirit-spheres.

And, oh, for each and every wrong act of yours committed while in the flesh, you must surely suffer, sooner or later. It matters not, whether you sinned through ignorance or not, for if it were in defiance to the laws of your God and Nature, you must surely expect to pay the penalty for it. No savior can step in between you and your sin; you must work out your own salvation, and if it be arrived at only through hell, we can only pity you; we can only offer you that assistance which will enable you to return to earth, and make atonement for every sin, for every inharmonious act performed while in the flesh.

Oh, then, heed our advice, or you suffer still more than you do at present, and above all things, do not send your criminals to the spirit-land, for we have no prison-houses in spirit-life in which to confine them, and they are free to return to earth again by the law of spirit life, backed up as it always is in their case, by a free to do you all the harm and injury that a spirit freed by revenge might be prompted to do. Oh, we pity you; and the condition you have created for yourselves is one to be deeply lamented. You have asked, oh man in power upon the earth—You have asked us, "What shall we do with those who are traitors to the highest interests of this Republican Government?" But whatever course you may choose to pursue in the future to ward such individuals, do not, we beseech you, send them to us, for if you do, not only yourselves, but coming generations, shall reap the evil thereof. Nov. 18.

Questions and Answers.

We are now ready to receive any question from any one present.

Ques.—What is Conscience?

Ans.—Conscience we may define as God manifest in the flesh.

Q.—Please explain the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

A.—The institution of the Lord's Supper. The spirit teaching through Jesus of Nazareth well understood the minds with which he was in rapport. In spite of his earnest endeavors to show them the right, he perceived that they were constantly in danger of falling into their old habits of evil, and that unless they had some material symbol constantly before them, as a reminder of their duty, they would fall far short of what he desired them to be as Christians, and children of Almighty God. And there are many Christians of the present day that seem to require to be reminded of their duty to God and their fellow-creatures, inasmuch as they keep this ancient symbol before them, inasmuch as it seems to be necessary that they learn the right through material sources. Now this institution of the Sacrament, or Lord's Supper, was intended for the highest good of the people for whom it was especially created; and the old-fashioned spirit manifesting itself through Jesus Christ looked down through the vista of future ages, and perceived that that would be minds upon the earth to whom such a material symbol would be actually necessary, long after his removal to the celestial spheres. Therefore, in this sense, it was wise, doubly wise, that Jesus of Nazareth gave to his followers the Sacrament; that he gave them those divine injunctions of truth and right through some material institution. Oh, how many there are at the present day who have never stepped outside the Temple of Materiality; who have never put their hand on even the outer wall of the Spiritual Temple, and who still require some material institution to keep them in the path of rectitude. It was for this, to appeal to their materiality, that the Spirit, Divine, through Jesus of Nazareth, instituted the Lord's Supper.

Q.—What did Christ mean when he said, "And now, oh Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was?"

A.—Men and women of the past, and of the present also, are, and have been, too apt to confound the spiritual with the material. "Glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was"—thus clearly signifying that the indwelling spirit of Jesus had existed from all time, and was still living in mortal form, but that weak humanity had endowed it with inhumanity and imperfections. The spirit teaching through Jesus of Nazareth desired to inaugurate a system of good upon the earth. He desired to do away with the system of evil that had so long reigned supreme upon the earth, and to teach mankind that there was goodness in the soul of man, and it needed only to be shown to mortal conditions, to make its existence apparent to humanity. "And now, oh Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." You may each and every one ask this much, and expect, if you ask aright, to receive it. But how shall you ask aright? By putting forth all the good that dwells within. Give out those nobler and divine qualities of your spirit to the gaze of mortality, and you will find glory, not only in the sight of God, but of man, also. Nov. 18.

F. H. Rogers.

I am not used to making public speeches, and no one can feel more need of strength and knowledge than I do at this time. I am fully aware of my own ignorance of the great laws by which we come back, and if I am only acquainted with enough to serve my purpose, I think I shall go away thankful. I've only been away from my own body since the tenth of last August, and it's not to be supposed that I've learnt much since then, for my condition has been very much like the condition of a child that has come into this world too soon. I have been obliged to wait for the faculties of my spirit to strengthen, in order that I might be able to return to earth again.

I have a purpose in view by coming here. It may be of small importance to you and the world generally, but to a few individuals and myself it is of the greatest importance. I was second officer on board the ship *Coloconda*. I was on the passage from San Francisco to Boston. I unfortunately had trouble with one of the crew, and it resulted in my death. I feel that I was the indirect cause of my own untimely death, although it's not so understood. I now firmly believe that had I done by Roberts as I would have wished to have had him done by me, I should not have lost my body as I did; but I gave way to passion, suffered the evil to take me prisoner, and the consequence was a similar exhibition of passion upon the part of Roberts, and the consequence of that was blow, that resulted in my death.

The individual who thus suddenly deprived me of my earthly existence is now confined in prison, and the law will deal with him as she has with thousands before him, who have had no one to speak a palliating word in their behalf. I am aware that my word is outweighed now, that my testimony as a spirit would have no weight in a matter like this, but it will have some weight in a higher court of justice, and to that I appeal more than to any earthly court. I have suffered, and shall suffer as I don't care to, in consequence of my violent and unnatural death; and God knows—if there is a God, and I expect there is, although I have not yet seen him—that I have no desire to increase my present load of suffering by the addition that comes at the end of temporal punishment.

If there is anything I can do or say to save my murderer from death, I want to say it. And if you value my happiness, my happiness, you will publish my communication. I was just as much to blame as he was. He but gave way to his evil passions as I did to mine. He stands upon one side of life, and I on the other. I have come to the spirit-world unnaturally, I know; but if the roll of evil will stop here, for God's sake let it, and don't try to straiten it out to span creation, for as the gentleman who preceded me said, it will yield you only sorrow in the end. There's no use in trying to escape the penalty that Nature enforces upon those who transgress or violate her laws. A law natural will take its course, and all who sin against it will suffer.

Now I know there is much indignation felt by my friends toward my murderer. I know they think he ought to die because of the crime he committed. But they only think so because they have been educated to look at matters of this kind in a material way; but could they witness the suffering that attends capital punishment, they would no longer desire his execution. I forgive him—from my soul I forgive him; and as all the powers of good bear me witness, I will do all I can to save him from capital punishment. If we would all try to do our duty according to our highest light while upon the earth, I believe we should have few enemies, and I venture to say, there would be very few murders committed. The robber who commits murder upon the traveler is not alone responsible for the crime, and it's my opinion that if the murdered man could speak he would confess that he had in a measure provoked the act. That's the law. They tell us here in the spirit-world that you are pretty sure to find the root of evil within yourself. It's so in my case, and I have a right to judge of myself, and others, too. You may say F. H. Rogers, of Beverly, Mass., comes back to plead in behalf of his murderer. That will do. Good day, sir. Nov. 18.

Frances Elisabeth Gordon.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These words sounded harsh to my spirit as I listened to them as falling from the lips of the officiating clergyman, while before him lay stretched in death my own body, for my spirit could only ask, Where shall I go to find rest? The Church could not give it to me, the world could not furnish it, and the spirit-land does not bestow it upon me, and I still am a wanderer and find no rest. I passed thirty-two years on earth. In early life I lived in honor and security, and was hedged about by kind friends and willing hearts. But at thirteen years of age, one after another of my friends departed the earth-life, and at last I was left friendless and orphaned. My parents having removed from a country town to New York city when I was very young, had died soon after taking up their residence in the Empire City. Thus I was left a stranger, as it were, in a great city of evil, alike devoid of friends and money, with none to gently reprove me when I did wrong, or to praise me when I did right; and I had sought to do but to seek for rest wherever my own tastes prompted me.

For a time I was blest in receiving money for labor performed with my own hands. But I was continually longing for a higher state of life, and I only worked to sustain myself, and not from inclination or love of labor. But after a while nature gave way; I could no longer work, and in my sickness and weakness I was betrayed. I stepped outside the pale of human virtue, consequently closed the door of human kindness against me. A dark picture should I draw were I to present to your mortal vision the various scenes through which I passed for some years of my mortal life. I'll pass them by; for they are too dark to dwell upon.

Again I grew weary of life. I had sought for hope, for peace in many ways, but alas, I had not found it, and again with long wandering, watching and suffering, I became sick. I then said, I'll turn to the Church—perhaps she'll give me the rest and happiness I have so long sought for. So I turned to the Church, and I tried to believe its impenetrable theories and dogmas, but as I grew nearer and nearer to the spirit-world, my spirit intuitively shrank from Church dogmas and creeds. But my Church advisers still persisted in telling me that I had sought and found the Lord Jesus Christ. But I could not feel so, and they said this was because I accused myself too freely; that I might have sinned deeply, but that the blood of my Saviour would wash out every stain from my garments, and that I should be happy, supremely happy, in the world to come.

So I died in the city of New York; died, or I should say went away from my wild and disordered state of life upon the earth, and while I stood beside my mortal remains and listened to the words that fell from the lips of the clergyman, my spirit seemed ill at ease. Oh, my soul could not echo in harmony with his words, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And so he went on to say, that although I could not find rest and happiness upon the earth, yet I had at last obtained the desired boon in the world beyond the tomb. Oh, I wanted to tell him that the spirit is never at rest, except when working for others; that we do not learn how to live in the earth-life, and that we are taught here in the spirit-world that we shall certainly return to earth again, and lend our assistance to those, who, like ourselves, have become sick and weary of the earth-life.

It may be that I, the weary and abandoned one of earth, may find cause to return to those who knew me. It may be that I shall be able to return again, telling them that they are living in a way that is neither acceptable to themselves, nor to their God. It may be that this same clergyman will stand in need of my counsel, and that I shall knock at the door of his soul, and he'll respond to the summons, and bid me enter within. Oh, if it be so, I feel that my spirit will receive the rest it has so long coveted. Oh, the spirit is never more at rest, they tell us in the spirit-world, than when actively engaged in doing good to others. I could never, never enter the life of life while here; occupations were such as to keep me only amid scenes of death and darkness; now I shall begin to live, begin to be happy; now I shall begin to realize what it is to find rest. I was known by my associates as Frances Elisabeth Gordon. I would ask—no I will not—for their souls will not respond to the coming of my soul. I'll not ask a word with them. Good-day, sir. Nov. 18.

Hattie A. Burroughs.

Please to tell my mother that, Aunt Harriet and me do not live with God and the angels, but that we live here in the spirit-world. My mother is all the time thinking that I'm a great way off, but it ain't so. I'm with her a great many times when she do not know it. I was six years old here, and if I was here now, I should be most seven years.

My name was Hattie A. Burroughs. I lived in Cincinnati, Ohio, and my mother lived there, and Aunt Hattie wants to talk with her. Aunt Hattie is my father's sister. My father's name is Joseph, and he's gone to war, and my mother's afraid he won't come back again, but that's only because she dreams he won't, but he will, I think. They say in the spirit-world they think he'll come back, and she must be happy.

If my mother gets my letter and wants me to send her another, can't I [I think so.] I had a

sore throat and head-ache; that's why I died. I'm going now. Nov. 18.

Invocation.

"And God said, Let there be light." Oh Holy Law of mind and matter, not alone in Creation's early morn do we bear this command, but even now on the wings of the present hour is heard still the command, "Let there be light." Oh, this Spirit of Time and Eternity, we bear thy Divine command; we perceive the light as it streams from out thy soul and enters the souls of thy children. Oh, thou Jehovah of all Time, we feel thou art with us, and our feet, yet we will look upward and onward, and perceive the light of thy smiling countenance. Light, more light! Is the demand of all ages; and light, more light, comes in answer to the call of prayer. Oh, Spirit of the hour, we will open wide the chambers of our being, that this light may come in. We will accept the light that is of the hour, and belongs to us as individuals. Oh Spirit of Eternity, we have called for light, and thou hast commanded light to shine upon us this hour, and for this we will bless thee now and forever. Nov. 20.

The Constitution of the United States.

Ques.—The Constitution of the United States—is it not the most secure foundation on which the nation can rest?

Ans.—This question we have received from the same individual who propounded the question spoken upon at our last meeting. "The Constitution of the United States—is it not the most secure foundation on which the nation can rest?" In dealing with this, the nation's idol, we shall deal with it as becomes us as seekers after truth. We shall not lay hold upon it with our hands gloved; but, on the contrary, we shall take it within our palms, and give it the full benefit of our senses. The Constitution of the United States, like all things else belonging to Time and not to Eternity, is not exempt from the law of Change or Progression. And thus we are to suppose that the law of progress will deal with this idol as the Lord deals with all else in the universe. Because it has served you well for many years, is no proof that your idol is fitted to remain forever in the habitation of humanity or spirituality.

"Is it not the most secure foundation on which the nation can rest?" The national mind at the present day has outrun the Constitution of the United States—has gone beyond, or outlived it—and as we have said before, the Constitution of the United States belongs to the things of the past, and whether you will or no, it will soon cease to live, soon sink into oblivion. True, there is much of good in it, but it is evident that there is not enough of good in it to save you as a nation from ruin. It is not strong enough to bind you as a nation in bonds of human sympathy and love. The Constitution of the United States has already begun to break up, and the Eternal Light of Reform is beginning to stream in through the crevices, and many thousand minds are beginning to doubt its goodness, its power and its strength. And thus it was high time for you to look around you for something higher and nobler to serve you in place of your long cherished idol, that is rapidly passing away.

The spirit of the Constitution of the United States, as fostered by your forefathers, was a spirit of love, fitted for the age in which it had its birth. But were we to tell you that that same Constitution could give you that peace, that strength, and that high sense of justice you so much demand in the present hour, we should tell you that which was false. "Is it not the most secure foundation on which the nation can rest?" No, certainly not. If civil war hath come among you in consequence of the weakness of this same idol, is it not time that you build around you something stronger and more imperishable than this self same Constitution? We think it is, and the vast army of invisibles in the spirit-land who are striving to lift humanity from darkness to light, think with us that the time of the life of the Constitution hath past.

Your Southern brethren have folded within their embrace their pet institution, Slavery, under the sanction of the Constitution. They will tell you at every breath that slavery has been permitted to dwell among them by the laws of the Constitution. They will swear to you that it is their power, their right to hold their slaves by it. They have lived by slavery. It hath fostered and enriched them as a people, as the Constitution hath fostered slavery. And even now we hear them declaring that the President of the United States has trespassed upon their rights, that he has trampled upon the Constitution of the United States, and therefore thousands have risen in rebellion against the Federal Government.

True, Mr. Lincoln had no right to interfere with their pet institution according to the Constitution; had no power to proclaim emancipation, no power to set the black man free, if he grasped at the same time the conditions of the Constitution on which you seem so securely stand. And in order to proclaim emancipation he has been obliged to stand outside civil rule, and take the first step toward reform. And as Commander-in-chief of your army, he has proclaimed to the world that after the first day of January the slaves of all loyal subjects upon this American Continent are forever free. Could he have done this by the Constitution of the United States? Certainly not.

This Constitution hath never fostered liberty, equality and fraternity, hath never held the lives of these three worthies within her embrace, notwithstanding it hath professed to give you freedom. Surely it were time that these three elements should be incorporated into your foundation. Surely it were high time that you enjoyed the boon of liberty; and instead of writing freedom—freedom on every corner of your beautiful Continent, you should incorporate it into the foundation on which you as a nation rest.

Now, then, if this Constitution must die, do not mourn for it. Oh, is it not high time that the mantle of freedom rested upon your shoulders? Is it not time that you touch your institutions with a live coal, taken from off the altar of Liberty? We think it is, and can only rejoice at the death of that which has for long years brought you more evil than good. Our good brother has no need to ask us whether the Constitution affords a secure foundation for the nation to rest upon. He need only to look abroad, North, South, East and West, to behold that its time hath come, that it hath fulfilled its days, and must soon be numbered among the past. Longer it cannot exist, and the voice of the Almighty is even now proclaiming its death.

Do you suppose that if your present Constitution had been a good one, that civil war would have been your guest to-day? Civil war! What hath it come among you for? To set you, as a nation, free; to unlock the door of your prison-house, that the clear light of Almighty Truth may shine upon you. It comes to wipe out your stains, and to put new robes of righteousness and freedom upon you, and it is a legitimate child of the Constitution of the United States; and though it may not appear to be such to you, yet time will surely prove the truth of our assertion.

Oh, look at those, your material surroundings, tear away the veil that has so long prevented you from beholding your true condition as a nation, and behold that all things in time or eternity are subject to progress, and you will no longer mourn over the death of your idol, the Constitution, but will lift your souls in thankfulness and prayer to Almighty God, in view of the beautiful hereafter that awaits you, in view of peace and harmony which are so soon to dwell in your midst, in view of a more substantial foundation upon which your nation may rest in the future.

Oh, thank the great God of Reform that you as individuals are called upon to participate in the erection of this new corner-stone upon which your nation is to securely rest in the future. And oh, seek to it that the spirit of Liberty, Equality, Freedom and Justice be incorporated into your new Constitution; for then, oh then, shall be your constant attendant, then, oh then, shall be established the reign of freedom upon your Continent. But while

you live a life unto yourselves and to your God, by following liberty to dwell in the midst of a profoundly free nation; you cannot be at peace with one another, but war, discord and perpetual death will be your constant attendants. Nov. 20.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—What kind of spirits are those which we are taught to shun in the Bible, and which are called "familiar spirits?"

Ans.—The law governing spirit intercourse has existed from all time. The inhabitants of the spirit-world have ever been in rapport with the minds of humanity, and under certain conditions have been able to return to earth and hold communion with mortals. Now you are not to suppose for a moment that your intercourse is chiefly with the most refined class of spirits; that you receive communications from the highest degree of mentality at all times; but, more particularly from that class of spirits who stand nearest to the earth; that class of spirits who have passed from this your mundane sphere unnaturally, and who still retain all their evil propensities; that class of intelligences have more power to return and commune with mortality than any other.

Now you are not to suppose that they have grown suddenly good and pure because of their removal to the spirit-world, for if they were evil here, so on the spirit side of life they will be evil until they come under the law of progress. Yet the law of progress is slow; step by step Nature moves onward, and thus the subjects of her law can only become good and perfect by slow but sure degrees. Now the prophet, doubtless, like many at the present day, was able to perceive the characteristics of that class of spirits of which we have just spoken, and which he termed familiar spirits, from the fact of their intimate fellowship with mortals. Now these spirits, or this class of spirits, to which the prophet particularly refers, were more corrupt than your familiar spirits of to-day, and allow us to add, more unenlightened, more undeveloped at that age than they now are, because of the general ignorance prevailing with the masses in the early ages of this world's history.

Now the prophet of olden times perceived the evil influence exerted by this class of spirits upon mankind, and therefore advised his followers against becoming too well acquainted with them, or against communing with them at all. For instead of giving light to those they came to, they could give them only darkness, inasmuch as they were benighted and ignorant themselves. Therefore, considering their condition, it was perhaps well that the prophet taught his followers to shun familiar spirits. But when we consider their condition then, and set aside the fact of their evil influences upon mankind, we shall no longer fear or shun them, for we know that they are to throw off their darkness, and that they will some day be able to give of their light and wisdom to humanity.

Now these same familiar spirits are all around you with their evil influences, and you should use all your powers of discretion to give them light. So conduct yourselves wisely on the earth, that they, seeing your good works, may emulate your example. Live such pure and holy lives, that they, seeing the good in you, may seek to become good also, and thus march up the ladder of progress to eternal wisdom. These familiar spirits, the old prophet alludes to, were capable of improvement and of receiving light; but he, like them, was not possessed of the light of your time. Therefore it is not strange that he said to his hearers, "Shut the door upon them, and have nothing to do with these familiar spirits, that can only influence you for evil."

Q.—Can you explain any reason why my spirit friends, who have promised to come here, have not done so? Is it from want of attraction to draw them hither?

A.—The case in question is a special one, and is related to special conditions, and we have not in our possession at the present time that knowledge of those particular conditions which is necessary in order to give you the desired information. However, we presume that the cause of the delay is on account of their not being able to come into rapport with the surroundings of our subject. But we believe it is only a question of time in your case, and that all those who have promised to come, will do so at some future time. Nov. 20.

Col. Thomas Jones.

Oh God, is it possible, possible, that I shall never control my own body again? Mr. Chairman, I am a stranger here. I wish to conform as near as possible to your rules; I wish to inform me what they are? [Slip to give such facts as your friends may be able to recognize you by. Such as the time and cause of your death, age, and any circumstances of your life that they may know about, but which you are ignorant of.]

Stranger, I am Colonel Thomas Jones, and I am from South Carolina. I suppose I fell at the battle of Roanoke. I have a family at the South, and I am sorely troubled about them. May I hope to transmit them any intelligence from here? [It is quite possible that you may be able to do so.]

My wife and two sons are thoroughly Union. They were sorely troubled on account of my secession sentiments, on account of the course I took while here on the earth. [Will our publishing your communication submit them to any hardships?] No, it's well known there, well known, etc. They say suffered nearly as much as mortals can suffer already on my account.

My God, hell is a large enough to hold me! I've come back out of hell to speak to them. I beg your pardon for my manner of speech. I am not your enemy, though I was once. Certain members of my household believe that they are free, that they were free at my death; that I left papers granting them their freedom. I promised to do this, but I put death off too far, for I never had a thought that I should be killed in battle, and so I neglected doing my duty. And now those members of my household are in great trouble. If they were not, as I said before, thoroughly Union, I should despair of resolving them in this way.

My son, Thomas, has the same powers that this subject has, although he is not conscious of it himself. Now, if I can succeed in informing him of the fact, so that I can commune through him to the other members of my family, I shall be glad to do so. Now I wish him to take a seat at a table, on which is paper and pencil, and to sit quietly and as passive as possible, in order to receive spirit influences. If he will follow my directions, I suppose that I shall be able to communicate with him to my family. I can then give them the information I desire to. I could give them, but I should submit them to more trouble than I care to do.

Say to them that in my last moments I thought of them, and of the sorrow which would be theirs at my death, and regretted, oh, so sorely regretted, my having done my duty. Stranger, there are circumstances connected with my coming here to-day, which I would like to speak, but I feel it's not best to ask this much of my friends, both Secession and Union, that they will do what they can for my suffering family. They who have been used to every care, who have never before known want, are now in abject poverty. And when I feel that I am the cause of it, I cannot but curse myself, for had I sold my entire estate, and removed North, as my wife begged me to do, I should not have been in this, where I am at the present time. My family are in Georgetown, South Carolina. Nov. 20.

The following important sentences: "Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the persons with the design to be each other's mutual benefactor and entertainment here in that nation, shall themselves be good-humored, affable, friendly, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives." Nov. 20.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

In the evening Mr. Pardee spoke as follows:

—The higher lives would not, however, marry only the lower and self-seeking and self-drawing to the self-sacrificial kind of humans, but do this business in the world of one single self-hood—interblending the animal with the spiritual, the absorbing and disposing spirit in you. The first must be positive; the last must flow out through it. God uses all means. He seeks by his angels to harmonize the hell with the heaven in man. It is a strange Gospel but a practicable one. Order is coming through

The two sections will further differ. The North is manufacturing; the South agricultural. The North is commercial; the South is but slightly so.

Answering Sealed Letters

Notice.

Warren Chase may be engaged to lecture in New England for several Sundays between January and May by writing him soon at Taunton, where he speaks of December, and in Providence in January. He will spend May in central New York, near Syracuse, and the four Sundays of that month may also be engaged by early application.

LIST OF WORKS

DR. R. S. F. ALABAMA, Springfield, Ill.
MISS BELL SCOVALL, Rockford, Ill.
MISS HENRI SNOW, Rockford, Ill.
MISS L. BROTHERTON, trance speaker, Pontiac City, Mich.
SOUTHBAB Poetic Inspirational Medium, Pontiac Mich.
W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.
MISS M. J. KURT, Channel, Pontiac, Mich.

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