

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AN INCIDENT
OF THE
MINNESOTA WAR.

Facts for Philosophers and Clairvoyants to Criticize and Explain.

BY A. AQUILA.

Having heard and read much of the beneficial effects of the pure air of Minnesota on persons suffering from diseased lungs, I adopted the advice of my physicians, and left Boston on the 1st of August, 1862, for a few weeks' visit to St. Paul—the so-called "City of Health."

Arriving in Albany, N. Y., late in the afternoon, I at once resolved to stop over in the city twelve hours, rather than endure the fatigue of a night's ride in the cars.

On the following morning, I took an early walk for the purpose of viewing a sunrise from Capitol Hill, and just as I had turned to retrace my steps to the hotel, I was accosted by a fine-looking foreigner of about twenty-eight years of age, leading by the hand a lovely little girl of nine summers. There was something so striking and touching in the *ensemble* of the two—man and child, as they stood before me—that before a word could be spoken, I had noticed and recorded in my mind the physical peculiarities of each. That the reader may share with me these impressions, I here transcribe the record.

The man stood about five feet ten inches in height, weighing, perhaps, one hundred and eighty or ninety pounds; was straight as an arrow; wore a Prussian Zouave cap, the vizor of which shaded a heavy projecting brow, and two large blue eyes, that seemed to struggle between an expression of affectionate mildness, and the dare-devil glance of the wildest intemperity. The mouth was large, but well formed, and filled with small, white and well-set teeth. The chin was large, slightly projecting; the cheeks full, but without color; and the hair was a light, almost a flaxen brown. So completely made up of opposites was the man before me, that he would have passed before a jury without interrogation, either for a leading exhorter among the meek and lowly Methodists, or the captain of a band of athletes about to scale Mount Vesuvius merely for the love of excitement and danger!

There was something in the face of the child that plainly denoted a strong resemblance to the man, and yet it wore the sweetest, purest, and most heavenly expression, which it has ever been my fortune to behold. The eyes were large, of a melting, watery blue, and seemed as if made for the windows of an angel's soul. The hair was long, of a cream-white tint, slightly wavy, fine as the softest silk; and as she moved in the fresh morning air, it seemed to change in hue, as do the heads of ripened grain when stirred by the refreshing breeze in burning midday.

I was at first greatly astonished by being so suddenly accosted by the strange man; but my emotions quickly changed to deep, passionate admiration for the lovely child, and I involuntarily put out my hand, and greeted the stranger with the compliments of the morning.

He replied to my salutation in broken German accents, but with that dignified politeness which proved at once that he had had the advantages of education and refined society.

"You are on your way to St. Paul, I believe," he exclaimed, with a slight bow and pleasant smile.

"I am; but how did you know it?"

"I will explain that shortly," (with another smile); "but first allow me to present to you my daughter, Maria."

I clasped the little hand within my own, and at once experienced a thrill—the like to which I before was an entire stranger. Without the slightest diffidence, but yet with an air of cultivated, refined modesty, the little angel exclaimed, in the purest of English:

"Father and I are strangers in America, and have yet fifteen hundred miles to travel before finding any of our friends. We have been informed by the spirit of my maternal mother, that you, who are a kind-hearted gentleman, are going to nearly the same place where our friends reside, and will take pleasure in guiding us on our long journey."

I bent down and kissed the sweet little face, as I would have kissed my own sister, and replied:

"I have no faith in spirit-raps or communications, but it will afford me pleasure to assist you on your journey, and, if possible, to deliver you safely to your friends."

The man quickly turned to his daughter, and with evident pleasure exclaimed:

"The very words you said he would use!"

Then turning to me he continued apologetically: "I see, sir, that you are not a believer in spirit-philosophy, and that we excite your pity rather than your sympathy; but as I have faith in your heart and your honor, if you will accept it, I will give you proof of my *clairvoyance* by relating the leading incidents of my life, which will fully explain how and why this morning became the recipients of your *clairvoyance*."

Proceeding with my new friends to their hotel,

an unpretending building kept by an old German—we seated ourselves in a private room, and I listened with great interest and wonder to the following narrative. I relate the story from memory as near as possible in the exact language used by the narrator.

"My name is Jacob Vandervere. I was born in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, that little disputed spot probably designated as *free territory*, because it is governed and ruled by the despotic will of Austrian and Prussian soldiers, and Rhine-German Barons. My parents were in affluent circumstances, and I had the advantage of the best schools in that wealthy, intellectual and aristocratic city. At sixteen years of age, I was betrothed to a motherless maiden—Margaret Varnitz, daughter of a captain in the Austrian Regiment of Colonel Wesson, the 'Bloody Brute,' so-called from his irritable disposition, and the success of his many duels.

On returning home late one evening, from a supper, by a literary club, of which I was a member, I was brutally accosted in a narrow street by Colonel Wesson—who was slightly intoxicated—and ordered in the most insulting manner to give up all claims to the hand of the beautiful Margaret, as he intended to claim her as his own.

Knowing his ungovernable passion, I tried to pass him by without making reply; but he construed my wise caution into cowardice, and instantly made a thrust at me with his drawn sword. Springing aside with the dexterity of youth, and without for a moment thinking, in the heat of passion, of the consequences, I quickly drew a pistol, and shot, the Colonel dead on the spot.

After the deed was done, I realized in a moment the horrors of my situation! I had taken the life of an Austrian officer, and however much I might justify myself on the plea of self-preservation, military law would look upon it as *murder*, and the desperate thirst for bloody vengeance could only be assuaged by my death on the gallows, and the entire confiscation of my father's property.

It was not a time for long deliberation. My plan was formed in a moment. The murder was as yet unknown. Before it was discovered, I should be seen to fall into the Main! Hastening to the opposite side of the city, and staggering past the guard, like a reeling inebriate, I fell backward from the high bank into the rapid river and disappeared. By great exertion I kept my head beneath the surface, until I had sufficiently neared the opposite bank to escape observation. I now resolved to fly the country at once, and thereby avoid the trying ordeal of a despotic military examination, and the risk of my young face exposing my guilt.

Without stopping to bid farewell to my parents, or to write a word to my beloved Margaret, I set off at once for Cologne on the Rhine, where, as an apprenticed mason, under an assumed name, I worked two months on the Cathedral, and then, through the influence of a friend, fled to England.

At the expiration of two years I wrote a number of letters to my parents and to Margaret; but as I received no reply, I concluded that, having been mourned as dead, my letters were possibly supposed to be forgeries, or perhaps my guilt had leaked out, and I was disowned.

While in this misanthropic state of mind, I married an English girl of good family, and commenced the happy life of a rural gardener and teacher of the French and German languages.

A few days after the birth of this daughter—my only child—(she here affectionately kissed the lovely girl) my wife died, and I again felt as if I was alone in the world.

Leaving the infant in charge of its fond and wealthy grandparents, I enlisted in the English army, and was one of the dashing 'six hundred,' immortalized by the poetical pen of the gifted Tennyson. I wildly, recklessly and madly sought death; but all to no purpose. My companions were mown down as ripened grain before the keen sickle; while I, at the expiration of five years, returned to my little home in England without even a wound.

I found that my daughter had been kindly cared for, had grown into an interesting and beautiful child, was intelligent and informed beyond her years, and was in every way—with one exception—all that could be wished by a fond and doting parent.

This one exception gave me and her grandparents great anxiety. She was subject to *visions*! By some they were pronounced 'fits' by others, 'mental delusions'; and again by others, 'softening of the brain, which would in a few years lead to insanity.'

These visions invariably appeared in her waking state, and lasted from five to fifteen minutes, during which she appeared to converse with the spirits of the other world; and often, while in this state, she so minutely and accurately described past and future events, as to astonish and bewilder the wisest philosophers in England.

On first learning these facts, I was greatly alarmed; but as her health was invariably good, and she rapidly progressed with her studies, I soon began to look upon the peculiarly as one of but little account, which, as the brain strengthened, I supposed would soon disappear and be forgotten.

You may judge of my surprise, then, as we were strolling hand in hand, some six months since, on the hillside near my small Academy, when she suddenly turned to me and exclaimed, in subdued but sweet accents, peculiar to her vision state:

'Father, mother is here, and wishes me to say to you that the reason is, why you resolved not to reply to your letters to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, your parents, after mourning you as dead a few months, left the

country for America. As Capt. Varnitz was killed in a duel a few days after your supposed death, your parents adopted his daughter Margaret as their own child, and she accompanied the family to the Western World. After two years' residence in Willoughby, Ohio—where Margaret became the wife of Gustave Rhinshardt, a worthy farmer—both families removed to the German city of New Uim, Minnesota, where, in six months after their arrival, the husband of Margaret was drowned, and she again became a member of your father's family!'

I was as much astonished, as delighted at these joyful revelations, for up to this time the names of either of my parents or Margaret Varnitz had never passed my lips since my midnight flight from Frankfurt-on-the-Main; and how much I might nurse my philosophical skepticism, I was actually forced to become a believer in the divinity of my daughter's spiritual visions.

All the minute particulars of the attack made on me by Col. Wesson—of his death by my hands, and of my singular but successful escape, were enumerated with a laud truthfulness that even my own lips could not have equalled.

After devoting a few weeks to the careful investigation and thorough examination of this, to me, new and wonderful power, I resolved to dispose of what property I had accumulated in England, and with my daughter start at once for New Uim, America, for the final test of the truth of these visions relative to Margaret Varnitz and my parents.

On landing in New York three days ago, my daughter informed me that we must at once proceed to Albany, where we would meet a gentleman who, though not a believer in spirit-power, would accompany us to the far West.

She minutely described your appearance, your dress, and the exact place where we would meet; and said that on being applied to, you would exclaim:

'I have no faith in spirit-raps, or communications; but it will afford me pleasure to assist you on your journey, and, if possible, to deliver you safely to your friends!'

You now have my history, as far as developed, and I throw myself and daughter entirely on your kindness and generosity!

Jacob Vandervere continued speaking, and looked anxiously into my face, seeking some reply. For a few moments I sat lost in silent reverie; for truth compels me to say I was undecided whether I was in the presence of a fool or a lunatic. Finally, concluding to make the best of a bad bargain, I bent down to again kiss the child; but as my lips neared her pale but lovely cheek, I saw an indescribable something—not a film, nor a cloud, but a "shadow of light," so to speak, such as we sometimes see flash across the face at the precise moment when the spirit leaves the body, and I drew back and looked with astonishment.

Little Maria was gazing with a sweet, subdued smile into vacant space—the eyes wide open—having that mellow, watery, swimming, joyous expression never seen in man, and only on the face of young and buoyant maidens when suddenly blessed with unexpected, unalloyed happiness. 'Slowly extending to me her tiny hand, she exclaimed in slow but impressive tones:

'Kind sir, this is new light to you; but you, as well as all the rest of us, have friends in the spirit-world! The spirits of your twin brothers who were drowned, are now with us, as is also that of your only daughter, who was killed at the railroad accident in Norwalk, Connecticut. Have patience, and you shall soon know more!'

She now turned to her father, and said with nervous rapidity:

'We have not a moment to spare! The lives of our friends are in danger! Indians are rising, white men are fleeing, women are butchered in cold blood—many of them worse than killed! Haste, or your parents and your Margaret are lost!'

With a sudden start from the chair, she sprang upon the knees of her parent, and exclaimed:

'Father, I have had a fearful vision. We must not delay a moment, but take the first train by the most expeditious route for the far West. Let us leave this morning!'

I sat in wonder and astonishment. My thoughts flew with lightning-like rapidity, but my philosophy all disappeared and faded away before the wonderful developments which I had witnessed. I could only take the hand of my new friend, with him a pleasant morning, and promise to meet him at the depot half an hour hence, ready for the first train West.

I was expected to visit some dear friends in Cleveland, Ohio, and my travelling arrangements had been made accordingly; but I had now become interested in solving the mystery connected with the strange visions of this beautiful girl, and I at once resolved to forego all pleasure visits, and take the most expeditious route for the great West.

I accordingly met my young German friend and his daughter half an hour afterward in the depot and procured tickets for the party, via Utica, Rochester, Niagara Falls and Detroit, over the Great Western road, and thence by the Michigan Central to Chicago; where by the cars of the great North-western we were hurriedly conveyed, to La Crosse, Wisconsin. We here took passage on the steamer McCallahan, Capt. Martin, and in seventeen hours were safely landed in St. Paul.

During this pleasant but rapid journey my interest in the welfare and happiness of my new made friends had ripened from an easy indifference to an enthusiastic friendship, and I had promised to accompany them far into the fastnesses of Minnesota, and there, if possible, obtain a team to go across the country to New Uim.

of friends, bloodshed and Indian depredations in New Uim. But alas! though the spirit was strong, the flesh was weak. The labor had mental excitement consequent upon constant travel night and day compelled me, on reaching St. Paul, to pledge myself in the hands of a physician, who positively forbade my leaving the city under two or three weeks. The next morning I was attacked with a fever and confined to my room.

Little Maria wished at once to become my nurse, but earnestly insisted that her father should proceed without delay to the up country. The noble-hearted man however claimed that he was at least indirectly the cause of my illness and exhausted condition and generously refused to leave my bedside until the physician had stated at the expiration of the fifth day that the fever had abated, and that I was in a fair way for a speedy recovery. Then, with tears in his eyes, he warmly grasped my hands, wished me a quick return to health, and took a hasty departure for the interior, leaving his lovely daughter in charge of Mrs. Spencer, the worthy landlady of the American, where I was stopping.

He had been absent but a few hours, when the little angel came mournfully into my room, and with tears in her mellow, heart-searching voice, exclaimed:

'Oh, how I wish that on the day of our arrival in St. Paul father had left at once for New Uim, as I requested him to! The murder and carnage which appeared in the vision at our first meeting in Albany has commenced! Grandfather has been cut all to pieces! Grandmother was so severely wounded with hatchets and scalping-knives that she bled to death after nine hours of untold agony. Father's only sister, Mary, has been taken prisoner by the Sioux Chief, Little Crow, and having ceased to hope for escape, she is now praying for death as the only relief from her constant torture. Her little brother, Ralph, in company with Margaret—father's early affianced—escaped to the woods, and the two are now stealthily creeping through a dense hazle-bush thicket. God have mercy on them, and help them to escape!'

Reclining on my couch as I was, I received these statements with emotions entirely indescribable. I did not, I could not believe them; and yet they left an impression on my mind which no power on earth could dissipate.

I have neither the time nor disposition to moralize, philosophize, or give my present impressions of Spiritualism. The reader must draw his own deductions.

I proceed with my story:

Two days from this time word was brought to St. Paul by express riders, and published in the daily papers, that the Sioux Indians, led by the ferocious and bloodthirsty chieftain, Little Crow, had arisen in a body, were committing murder, robbery, and indescribable atrocities on the white people in all the border settlements; and where a few days before were large and spacious barns, and comfortable cabins, and extensive and ripened fields of grain, nothing now met the eye but the charred remains of burnt property and the unburied bodies of murdered whites. That the beautiful and enterprising town of New Uim was almost entirely destroyed. That Esquire Vandervere, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the place, having tried to protect his wife from the brutal, unbridled passions of the fiendish savages, had been cut into hundreds of pieces; and that his accomplished and amiable wife had been so severely wounded that she died in two hours after being found by the express riders.

The above news fell upon the citizens of St. Paul like a thunderbolt. Knots of people were seen at every street corner, giving or receiving additional Indian news, which now came in by express riders every few hours.

A few, a very few, were frightened on hearing of the Indian massacre, and left the city in great haste for the lower country, but the great mass responded to the intelligence as bravery, patriotism and humanity could only dictate. A company of brave men were quickly mounted on the best horses to be found in the city, and starting at once for the up country, increased their number every day with fresh recruits.

The history of that war has been written by able pens than my own. I shall therefore confine myself exclusively to the story in hand.

Although greatly reduced on reaching St. Paul from the peculiar mental excitement and over-exertion of an already exhausted physical system, I soon began to realize (after the fever was broken) the wonderfully strengthening power of the pure, bracing air in that section. At the expiration of three weeks I found that the fresh and invigorating air was doing even more for my impaired constitution than my Boston physicians had given me cause to hope for. In fact, I felt an elasticity of limb, a strength of lung, and a buoyancy of spirits to which, for more than ten years, I had been an entire stranger.

I now resolved to procure conveyance of some kind and to start with Vandervere's little girl for the interior, and obtain, if possible, some information of the whereabouts of her father; for, since her vision of the massacre of her grandparents, she had been in such a constant state of excitement, that she appeared to have entirely lost her peculiar power of mental sight-seeing.

On applying at the Livery stables, I found that horses could not be obtained on any terms for so reckless and dangerous a trip, and I therefore concluded to take conveyance by Burbank's stages, slightly miles up the Mississippi to St. Cloud, and there, if possible, obtain a team to go across the country to New Uim.

Obtaining a "through seat" on the box of the

stage for the little girl and myself, by the politeness of J. C. Burbank, I soon engaged the honest-hearted and loquacious driver in vivid accounts of the heartless and barbarous atrocities of the infuriated Indians on the white settlers up country. He was very communicative, and evidently felt no little pride in the humane and noble stand taken by his employers, the Messrs. Burbank.

"Did you try to get a horse at the livery to go across the country?" asked the driver.

I informed him that I did.

"Yes, I thought as much. Could n't get one, though, could you? Fact is, there's too much risk of the Indians stealing 'em! Indians are either 'killin' or stealin' everything, now days. They've tried two or three times to steal some of our express horses, but they could n't come it. Fact is, they can't get much ahead of the Minnesota Stage and Express Company! The Burbanks ain't asleep—they ain't! They don't do business on borrowed capital—either of money or brains—they do n't! Perhaps you've heard of the Burbanks. They came from Ludlow, Vermont, where the boys learn to whistle out basswood comb-comber seeds 'fore they can talk plain. Well, they do!"

"What is the extent of their business?" I inquired, with a view of humoring his loquacity.

"Why, there ain't no extent!" he said proudly. "Business is growing all of the time! They now employ one hundred and twenty men, four hundred horses; keep in constant motion forty stages and express wagons, and run over fourteen hundred miles of express and mail routes daily. They commenced this business in 1861, when the whole State was new and wild, and drivers thought themselves lucky if they had a bed to sleep in on a month."

"What success have they met with?" I inquired. "Judge for yourself!" he exclaimed, touching the off-leader, gently, with his long and flowing hair. "Millions of dollars and hundreds of tons of freight, have been transported through every county in the State, and not a dollar has ever been lost by the Company. What other Company can say the same? Since the Indian War broke out, we have carried over fifty tons of furniture and fixtures belonging to the flying settlers, without ever charging a cent. Well, we have!"

"Are the white settlers still flying?" I asked.

"I guess the worse of the scare is over," he continued—but we have a few fugitives to carry 'em most every day, but they are mostly women and children—they are. The men are Jinin' the troops of Ex-Gov. Sibley, and Col. Marshall; and the way they are cleanin' out the redskins is a caution to wild cats. Well it is. I saw a man last night right down from the Yellow Medicine country, and he says that the whites are rising all along the road, and Jinin' the troops with great enthusiasm. It seems that there's a Dutch leftenant with Col. Marshall, who's got a charmed life. The Indians have shot at him till they *dare n't* shoot any more! I have never seen him myself, but they say he's bigger'n I am, and as strong as a horse! Whenever the soldiers catch up with the savages, this Dutch leftenant Vandervere jumps off his horse, runs right in among the red devils, and mows 'em down like pig weeds. As does. They say he acts as if he wanted to be shot on account of losin' his friends; but 't ain't no use—they can't shoot him!"

"What did you say this lieutenant's name was?" I inquired.

"Vandervere!" he replied. "And they say that he has just come to this country from Germany—and is a son of Esquire Vandervere, who was so awfully cut to pieces by the Indians in New Uim!"

Little Maria here warmly pressed my hand, and looking up with an expression of happy pride, exclaimed:

"Yes, it's father! We'll see him shortly!"

On our arrival at the Central House, St. Cloud, my little companion, hastily ran into the private room of Mrs. Sillabee, wife of the worthy host, and inquired if there was not a lady in the house who had escaped from the Indians.

She was informed that there was, but that she was an invalid, and at present confined to her bed. Without waiting to hear another word, the little cherub tripped across the hall, entered the apartment of the lady and closed the door.

What transpired there, I am unable to say, as an hour or more passed before the child again made her appearance. I soon learned, however, in the office below, that Margaret Rhinshardt, an adopted daughter of Esquire Vandervere, of New Uim, had lately been picked up in the woods by some hunters, and brought to St. Cloud, after she had walked one hundred and seven miles through the wild and tangled forest. That the noble-hearted girl had led and carried her adopted brother, Ralph, a little fellow of ten summers—this entire distance—travelling by night and skulking by day. That for eleven days, this tedious and perilous march through briar, bramble and swamp, was hopelessly and prayerfully prosecuted—without ever being observed by the face of a single white inhabitant. That the entire subsistence of the women and boy during these eleven days of perilous and stealthy marching, had been but five ears of raw corn, with what berries and acorns could be picked up on the way. That, worn down with privation, over-exertion and constant vigilance, the woman was now in the Central House, a welcome recipient of its famed hospitality; and that the bright-eyed boy Ralph, through the kindness of Judge Evans, the talented Mayor of St. Cloud, had been furnished with a home in one of the wealthiest families in the city.

Anxiously, joyously, I received the above information, and I said to myself, here in truth is Esquire Vandervere's little girl!

Obtaining a "through seat" on the box of the

changes that have come to the great and ever-proceeding life of humanity seem but transient. They are, the world over, the same great national distinctions: there have ever been; the same rivalries of crown and dynasty; the same struggle between prince and peasant. There are the same great heart-beats; the same suffering, warlike, discordant elements of human nature—the cries of want, the pain and burden, the surging of that tide that ebbs and flows forever, a part of which we are, and the radius of which we must feel.

"The world moves" is a time-worn saying, and we can note some advance toward a higher civilization, as we keep the record of new inventions, fresh appliances of Art, the constant effort to perfect the various branches of industry. We note changes continually in the industrial world, and we cease to wonder what will come next. We feel, too, more than behold, that humanity has made a forward step in its physical condition. There are new efforts to teach and improve the manner of living. Gymnastics, and physical exercises, like skating, rowing and walking, are quite the mode, showing a constant tendency to learn more of the best methods of improving the physical condition of mankind.

From the world at large we turn to country. A sad year's record is past, if we look upon it from the external effects. We are still in the midst of the strife and contest. Who of us is able to penetrate the dark cloud that now settles upon our nation? We need not dwell upon what has been. We have become hardened, callous, I fear; for what would have seemed impossible to us a year ago, is now quite reconcilable with our lives of daily pleasure or frivolity. We cease to shudder at the shedding of human blood. We cease to watch and wait for every fresh herald who shall bear on his fiery steed the news of victory or defeat. We are content to forget, or put from us the fearful accounts of suffering and sorrow. I confess that I am inadequate to speak of my country. When I remember the heroic devotion of our forefathers—when I recall the sacrifices of the old Romans, of the Aborigines, of the Poles—when I think of the mighty struggles that have made my heart thrill to read of, then I cannot understand why we are so tamely living in this greatest of all National Crises, and why we are so unkindly of all that is going on at each heart-beat that sends the life-currents through our bodies. Is it natural—is it right?

I need not speak of events: their record is within the memory of each. Splendid armies; fresh excitement, the pride of home and friends; and then blood, disease, death, a funeral march, weeping and mourning, sighing and regret. A year passed, bringing woe to hundreds of thousands of hearts, and in the midst we not hear the cry asking, "Where art thou, oh country? Where art thou, oh America, hope and pride and promise of nations?" Who shall answer? Not the slain thousands of the battle-fields. Not the hospitals from which arise sighs and groans that alone angels can hear and not doubt if God rules. Not the selfish pride of office seekers; not the intrigue and shameless cheats, the abandon to treachery and deceit. Let not these answer. Alas, if they do. Stay the tongue, blot the record that tells of traitor-work. Let not the voice of deceit, of intrigue, of selfish crime, answer for thee, oh country. Rather let us hopefully listen to the records of benevolence, of justice, of good will, of bravery, of patriotism, of devotion. Let these answer, and their tones rise so high in clear ringing accord that the earth shall hear and the inhabitants thereof, proclaiming freedom to the bondman and liberty to the oppressed. Let this answer be heard in the chant of freed men. Let the voice of hope speak from this New Year that bids three millions of chattels be men—that says to despots, "God claims every human soul as his, and will not yield his title or claim to any human being." Let us hear the answer, as it rises from the throbbing breast of youth, telling of self sacrifice; of toil nobly borne; of cold, hunger, fatigue, met without a murmur; of loved ones giving up their best and noblest; of hidden tears and voices of grief stifled that the beloved might not swerve from the path of duty into the path of affection.

Let the heroic acts of the suffering—let the blanched cheek of the dying—let the set teeth and clenched hands of agony—let these speak and tell us what our country is and where it is. And while we listen may the pride of our hearts respond, "We live in the grandest age of all ages, and we call the noblest country of all the earth our own." Yes, we must, look on the bright, the God-side of this dark time, or we shall forget that we have a country and how much we owe to it.

And what says Community, in reply to the question of the times, "Where art thou?" Shall we remember bitter invective and hate as the answer? Shall we bear sectarian pride? Shall we listen for selfishness and hypocrisy? These all speak. And know we not how the hard steel of ingratitude has ground into our hearts—how misunderstanding has shrouded us—how wrong-doing has pained and grieved us? Do we not know how those we trusted and loved turned against us—those that we confided in, betrayed? Do we not know how selfishness has pierced us with its thousand pointed sword, and how falsehood has left truth to weep? But answer not—all these. Keep silence while love and truth, friendship and virtue speak. Hear of devotion to right, of noble adherence to justice. Hear the sweet voice of love. Listen for the vibrations on those delicate chords of feeling that tell of hearts responsive to things own in every noble, true sentiment. Let all these tell of social progress, and answer the "Where art thou, of the New Year?" Oh, voices, manifold from the heart of man, would that the chiming of the silver bells of hope, the singing of the sweet words of affection, the wind-harp strains of love, the trumpet-tongue of progress might forever be heard from the social life about us. God grant these voices reach the higher life of love, where the ministering angels of our hearts wait to know what we enjoy, and love, and hope for.

And the voice that answers for the family. What repeats it? Oh tender, sweet, memories! Oh voices too heaven-toned to repeat, will not ye alone answer? Let us not hear what would open the gates of the darkest night, and send life voices from the abyss of evil. Let us repeat alone the boldest, and truest, and best, there, for other words would tremble on our lips as did profane words the lips of the priest of Nemesis.

Yes, into the home-experiences of each one of us has come enough to make the past year memorable. There are heart histories for us all, and only remains for us to answer what all these experiences have done for us. Where are we because of them? How much have we been helped by them toward upward, heavenward?

To some among us the days have come laden with sickness and pain, until the body yielded its power, and spirit triumphed, until it opened the door to the immortal and infinite life of beauty and love. Laying down earth's burdens, our loved ones told us of something to be lived for besides money, or pleasure, or worldly good merely. Laying aside all of earth, they spoke to us of Heaven, and forewarned us how to be ready when the Death-angel should come for us. We heard their words as the child hears the song of Spring, hopefully, trustfully, yet wishfully. We could not but desire that the gates of Life might stay open long enough for our entrance, and did we not see the trailing clouds of glory that followed the track of those who came to bear away our loved and honored?

To some of us have come separations less severe, but of heart from heart. We have known anxieties, fears, doubts, hopes, for the absent and missed. Weary watchings, earnest longings for those mid the perils of strife. To some of us have come trials of a different nature, involving not less anxiety, doubt, and misgiving. And all of us must make answer from these experiences to the "Where art thou?" of the Season.

And then to the religious world the question is repeated. "Where art thou?" Oh faith and trust and hope in God, in Heaven, in life, in death, in the resurrection of life? Let not our proud churches answer. Let not the close-bound sects, let not the divisions and wranglings and jars speak. Let not proscription and wrong—let not velvet-cushioned pews and broad aisles, or surpliced priests find voice. Let rather the beautiful utterances from the angel-world tell us where faith and hope and love are. They will speak of whisperings of affection silently breathed into the spiritual ears; they will tell of life revealed by death; of Christ manifest in good deeds; of God shown in sacrifice for right; of the Gospel preached in gentle ministrations of love.

Yes, these are grand and glorious answers to this New Year's questioning of the religious world. Our faith never glowed more brightly than now. The knowledge of Heaven revealed through the pure and holy visits of angels and ministers of grace, has increased wonderfully during this past year. We do more and more feel confident of the sublime triumph of truth.

Gently breathing, softly moving,
Coming, going, sweetly flowing,
Like a breeze in Summer blowing,
Like a river, like a sea,
Like all that is to be.
Come these whispers, comes this truth;
Come to age and comes to youth.
To lose the grandeur of the word
That all the Universes tell.
Yet few will listen while the spell
Of love is on them. Then they could know
Where all pure things and sacred grow.
For the heart, with love on fire,
For the soul that doth aspire,
Finds each hope, each promise sure,
And knows that truth shall eye endure.

We do need to hear these sublime voices. We do need to hear the word that shall cheer us at the beginning of this New Year. And I have faith to believe that the sincere outpourings of our hearts for more truth and greater knowledge, have been heard. I look upon this new phase of mediumship—this Spirit Photography, as at least a foreshadowing of what is to be. The doubts that at present seem hardly removed, will only help to greater care and more earnest investigation. It seems to me that we shall yet be rewarded for our earnest watching by some such signal fruits.

What we need is a more earnest aspiration. As this year begins we should remember first of all that it is given us for the spread of love and truth more than for anything else. We need love that it flow into and through all our lives until it reaches our country and bids it change its blood-red banner for the symbol of peace, and its wild march of death for the step of freedom. We need love so that through us it can reach society and spread through it the gentle life of charity, so that it can make flow like a river the sweet benedictions of peace, so that it can reach ever forward and upward toward a higher and sublimer condition; when man shall esteem man as brother, and all as children of one common Father. We need that love should enter our families and take its seat by our firesides until our homes become a meet place for angels to tread, so that we can feel the sanctifying influence of their presence at all times and seasons. Then will the beloved, the true-hearted, come to visit us once more, take the vacant chair beside us, lay their gentle hands in ours, and make us feel how sublime and grand a thing it is to live, even to exist with the hope of a destiny as true and noble before us.

Yes, we need love and truth just as much as ever as our New Year's gift. Will they come to us? Ah, promise sublimely spoken in the ages long sped! Love and Truth. Aish, and ye shall receive.

Then again, we need more persistency. Suppose that we had been long on a desolate island, sea-begirt and drear, with little hope of being borne therefrom to the glowing lands over the sea, and a noble ship, with sails well filled, with steady pilot, with every promise of prosperous days and a voyage of success, should come into view. It needs only a hail to bid it stop and send out its messengers for us; it needs only a white signal to make it veer its course sufficiently to take us in and bear us to the beautiful, the shining shores, just over the sea.

But suppose if instead of white signal, instead of petitioning cry, we should be catching straws from the froth that the tide washed ashore, or gathering pebbles that glittered because the sun shone on them, and let the grand, bird-like messenger speed on, while we still remained in desolation, and in the loneliness of our sea-girt island. Would it not be right that we should suffer and wait, and doubt, if after all there were another world besides this sea-compassated isle?

Not less foolish are we who stand upon this shore of the mortal, looking over to the fair lands of truth and love. We will not even hail the messengers that come to us from thence. We spend the golden moments instead in hunting gaw-gaws. We want fashion and success, money and fame. We want popularity and power—these straws and pebbles from the great ocean of life—and we miss the golden moments when the sailing would bring to us from that glorious land of dream and of faith, the messengers to bear us past all doubt and desolation, within the precincts of love, within the blossoming gardens of truth.

What shall awaken us from what we are doing? I feel that as Spiritualists and Reformers, as lovers of truth and right, as seekers after the divine and holy, we ought to stand ever on the alert, watching, waiting, hoping, expecting.

Oh friends, Love speaks to us, at this season as never before, bidding us open the doors of the inner temple of our hearts and let the troops of angels in.

And truth speaks to us as never before, bidding us come to the feast where the true food is spread, and where the water that will quench all soul-thirst is poured. How beautifully the spirit breathings whispered of it in olden times. Come all ye that are weary and heavy laden, come, and find rest. This New Year repeats the sweet words. Come to the true harmonious life; come to the presence of angels; come to the life of love and blessedness and truth.

So speak the voices from the higher life, this New Year. Oh ye who have treasured on earth, will ye not remember whose stewards ye are, and listen as the spirit voices speak to your inner ear. Work for us, sacrifice for us, yield up your treasure for us, and tenfold shall ye receive in the kingdom of the eternal and infinite? And ye who have forgotten to love much, will ye not hear the voices of love calling to you and bidding you fulfill the work of God by the warm life-giving currents that shall flow through you to the earth, too cold and chill to put on the beautiful garments of Spring? Ah, this New Year, we from the angel home bless you, and promise with solemn word that if ye will fulfill the highest mission to truth and love and justice, the life of Heaven shall descend upon you, angel hands shall help you, and you shall receive the wishes of your hearts in spiritual blessings manifold.

Coldwater, Mich., Jan., 1893.

Written for the Banner of Light. CINNAMON ROSES.

BY COURTNEY BENJA.

Many miles away, in a sunny glade,
Far off from the sounding sea,
There lived a little orphan maid,
To love and be loved by me.
The mountains with their giant arms
That little cot enclosed,
Where all around its rustic porch
She twined the Cinnamon Roses.

I mind me of the time ago,
When by the mossy mill
We laid our plans, which then we thought
In future to fulfill.
It was there that last we parted,
(But we did not know it then.)
And kissed each other through our tears,
Like roses in the rain.

They told me Death was gathering flowers
To deck the heavenly shrine,
But I never thought he'd be so rude
As to fall in love with mine;
That when old Wither's silvery looks
In Spring's soft arms repose,
She'd twine no more for my young brow,
In wreaths the Cinnamon Roses.

Long years I've wandered all alone,
Through forest dark and dim,
And my light, joyous songs have now
Become a plaintive hymn;
For a breeze came out of the sky one day,
And blew among the pines,
To play the soul of my Nellie away
With the leaves of the Cinnamon Roses.

And then they would not let me have
My loved one any more,
But buried her beneath the trees,
Upon the river's shore.
No marble marks the quiet spot,
Where her loved form repose,
But by her side the flowers bloom—
We call them Cinnamon Roses.

The tears are running down my cheek
Just like the summer rain;
I never knew such grief before,
I never can again!
And all I ask of this great world
Is, when my journey closes,
That they will lay me by her side,
Beneath the Cinnamon Roses.

Thimblewood Cottage, 1893.

Correspondence.

Itinerant Etchings of U. Clark.
The New Era—Prophesy—Crackers—Hopful—Droven Auspicious—Cloud of Oriental Spectators—Foot-falls—No Going Back—The Wrath to Come—Presidents—The Fever Fit—The Sick Incontinent—Lone Wanderers—Open the Door—The Lukewarm—The Bigger—Social Victims—Lost Women—The Little Ones—Eastward.

Instead of greeting the readers of the BANNER with a Happy New Year, let me greet them with a Happy New Era. For already we have entered a new year destined to inaugurate an era memorable in the annals of ages. It is a significant fact that the President's proclamation of freedom, was long since anticipated by the invisible world. While I was in Michigan last August, it was distinctly announced as near at hand, and the time when it was to begin to take effect, was fixed for the opening of 1893. In my travels through various parts of the country, I frequently met with circles where all the leading events of the war have been specifically predicted. It may be asked why these predictions are not always published? Because many of the mediums are too modest, and occupy no public positions. Besides, numerous prophecies have already been published without having the attention they demanded. The secular press took little or no notice of the great prophecy of Napoleon I., through John F. Coles, in regard to the death of the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, some seven years ago.

It is another significant fact, that the first regular petitions for the proclamation of freedom, were started and headed by Spiritualists, and the men of our nation who have been most prominent and influential in urging the measure, have been men of spiritualist, proclivities, and radically reformatory sentiments. There are certain unmistakable signs, I have seen in every part of the country. Almost invariably where I have found orating conservatives, mourning, groaning, and howling hopelessly over our government, and predicting nothing but defeat and disaster, and the extermination of the last vestige of American Republicanism, there I have found men who looked on spiritual faith and philosophy. I seldom, if ever, hold any controversy, either in public or private, on this subject, yet I find Spiritualists are the last persons to take a dark or doubtful view of the prospects of our country. And why? Because they have faith in the eternal principles of right, liberty and humanity. And the celestial hosts, right earnest and uncompromising over the course of nations, and yet might as well undertake to arrest Jehovah, and turn the wheels of the universe on the plane of immaterial life, as to attempt to

throw that American Government, whose principles are in harmony with the kingdom of heaven. Whether our Government is perfect or not, is not the question, but whether it comes nearest to the true, and embraces the principles on which we may found hopes of a Republic akin to the divine. If we have suffered delays and defeats, they have not been in vain. We have needed all the humiliation, thus far endured, and we may need more, in order that we get down on our knees and recognize the Powers above, and learn to fight on ground on which the hosts of heaven may fight with us. We blaspheme when we call on God to aid our cause, while our cause is not one on which heaven can smile. But the edict of Liberty has now gone forth, and we are preparing for the issue. Torrents of blood may flow, and the moan of millions fill the land, but heaven shall bend benignantly over the nation's sacrifice, and triumphant peace perch on our banners of Freedom. Millions on millions, gone up from the slave-fields and slave-marts of the South, and thousands of millions from Africa's continent, shall sweep down from the celestial world over battle-fields which are to decide the destiny of millions now in bondage and millions unborn.

My last Etchings for the BANNER were from Toledo, O., in October, 1892. Since that time, I have visited Fremont, Clyde, Geneva, and Conneaut, O.; Erie, Cory, Athens, Sheeshequin, Nicholson, Rome, Toxanda, West Warren, Penn.; Cuba, Little Valley, Napoli, East Randolph, Albion, Johnson's Creek, Webb's Mills, and Centre Lisle, N. Y. While the war has almost paralyzed the Church, Spiritualism is about the only gospel now enlisting any enthusiasm. In many places where the churches are nearly prostrate, and congregations are dwindled down next to nothing; large and constantly increasing audiences give earnest heed to the celestial philosophy, and deep convictions take root in the heart of the people.

Spiritualist friends exhibit commendable zeal, and show no signs of despondency either in regard to our cause or the prospects of our country. When the light of heaven is once opened and celestial communion is demonstrated in such a manner as to awaken the religious affections of men and women, they never "backslide," "fall from grace," or lapse into the lethargy of skepticism or the terrors and uncertainties of human dogmas. Those who were only half converted may fall back and walk no more with us. Angels have mercy on such! Genuine believers now feel the weight of their responsibilities more than ever; they realize that the people now need Spiritualism more than ever, and they are prepared for renewed efforts and sacrifices. While hundreds of thousands are mourning over the loss of friends fallen in battle or dying in hospitals, and the spirit-world is fast filling with those who are burdened with anxiety to communicate to mortals, can Spiritualists fold their arms, and hug their firesides in selfish ease, and close their souls as well as their pockets, in view of the appeals which come from all the millions of this and the eternal world?

Beyond this dread warfare now shaking our continent, another warfare comes to shake earth and the heavens. The rocking of our civil government is ominous of revolutions rending all social, civil and religious institutions and opinions not in accordance with the principles of the celestial kingdom soon to be inaugurated. Those who are cowards, traitors, misers, sneaks, sots, sluggards, will hear ere long the cry of other Johns and Jesuses, warning them to "see from the wrath to come," and "repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Come it will, in some way: in the midst of "wars and rumors of war," if in no other; and through all the air will ring voices, as of old the awful cry rang through Jerusalem: "Woe! woe! woe!" I am no alarmist, but the signs are unmistakable. Whoever is true to the great principles of spiritual progress, shall have no cause for alarm. Whoever proves false, and goes back into old falsities, will inevitably find all their false foundations crumbling beneath the car of celestial progress. "Come out from among them, O ye my people. Cast up, cast up a highway for the Lord and his invisible hosts."

While I have no fault to find with believers as a class, I have many thanks to return, and some apology to offer for inability to accept all the invitations I have received, and my failure in not appearing in several places where appointments had been made. Last September, while in Northern Indiana, I was seized with a most malignant type of the western intermittent fever. I was tempted by a friend, or by the devil, to take up a carnal weapon, and go out on a murderous expedition against squirrels, pigeons and whatever other unsophisticated beasts and birds might have the intrepidity to appear in sight. For half a day or more the said unsophisticated creatures seemed to have premonitions of my approaching presence, and kept off of our track, with the exception of one audacious squirrel who chanced to put out his head from the top of a hundred feet tree, only for the provoking of a waste of powder, and then chattering in amusement over the fearful rebound of our gun and its staggering effect on our mortal body. The result of our foraging expedition was one forlorn looking pigeon, and subsequently a forlorn patient of the intermittent fever, the latter as my last warning against hunting in the midst of western malaria. For nearly two months I seemed flitting in fire between this and another world. Every morning promised hopes of convalescence, yet at night came on a relapse ensued, then a burning fever, then toward midnight a hot, dripping perspiration, giving me the sensations of a bath, cooling and boiling over Vesuvius, in the midst of a fearful eruption. Before morning I presented the spectacle of a man packed in hydropathic fashion till he was pickled down to the shape of a tattered rag swinging all night long in another Noah's flood. The consolation I received from some friends in the West, was exquisitely Joblike. They had had so much experience in the fever line, they had grown totally depraved or hardened on that delectable complaint, and comforted me with assurances of the prospect of my having it a year or so. Prodigious stories were told me of men and women who had had the shakes hard enough to turn saw-mills, and who perished with such profusion as to keep mill-ponds supplied with water while the shakes were not adequate to turn the mills alone! Of course, I believed all these reports: I was weak and apprehensive enough to believe either Gulliver or Baron Munchausen.

With no little anxiety I have often wondered what would become of my intimates, were they to fall sick, or into some great calamity, while wandering distant from old friends, homeless, and among strangers. But my late experience has dispelled all anxiety in reference to them, whose labors are acceptable. During my sickness, I traveled over five hun-

dred miles, stopping at eight or ten places along the route, and at every place I found friends who cheerfully put forth their utmost exertions in behalf of the invalid, providing every possible comfort and convenience, sparing no labor or expense, and sometimes pressing the acceptance of money which I had not asked.

I allude to this hospitable treatment, not from any personal considerations, but to point a moral, and commend all such noble manifestations in behalf of strangers. We are all "strangers and pilgrims" here, in one sense; not only absent from the home, beyond, but liable to absence from all those who once made our earthly home. Every wanderer along the highway of life may remind us that we ourselves, or some of our beloved ones may become wanderers. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Ah, how many professors of Christianity, or humanity, are prone first to consult their own selfishness or ease, as though they could dodge the Eternal Eye, or escape the law of recompense. Take the man who falls into some dread misfortune, and oh, if in that hour he remembers some fellow being against whom he closed the door of his heart in the midst of similar calamity, there is no remorse on earth equal to that which preys on his soul, aggravating his own misfortune, and reminding him of the stern retribution of Heaven.

The spiritual reformer knocks at your door; you are enjoying your ease; the world rolls round without your aid or effort, and the multitudes are plodding along in darkness, indifference or woe. What do you care for the sighings of Messiah souls, whose great mission is to make humanity as hopeful and happy as your spiritual philosophy ought to make you? Nothing can be done in your place. Oh, no. Let the people alone, and let the pioneer pass on to some more favorable field.

You take your BANNER, and read about how the good work is going on in other places, and you boast to your neighbors of the prospects of the cause in those other places. But, sir, let me tell you that this ease and inactivity on your part, will one day react on yourself, and bring its retribution. The darkening influences now around you, those influences which you are not disposed to disturb or dispel by any efforts or sacrifices of your own, will at last culminate in blackened clouds over your head, and the heads of those who are around you; and you in common with others, will be involved in calamities which might have been averted, had you put forth your utmost exertions for the dissemination of those reformatory principles which alone can save the multitude from disastrous evils and errors.

Some poor beggar passes your door; you let him pass without food, clothing, counsel, or sympathy. He may be an impostor. What of that? He is human, and wherever humanity is found, there are ties and obligations. Neglect these obligations, and the result is felt as far as the pulse of humanity beats; and if the time ever comes when you are in want of a friend, you will remember that "poor wretched man of grief," who one day went by your door bearing marks of the cross once borne by Him, who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

You see those who are suffering in social sorrow, or disruption; you see not their hearts; you judge them as the world judges, and you damn them. But are there no times when the same judgment falls back on your own soul? No times when your own heart bleeds in loneliness for companionship more congenial to your nature? No times when the demon of discord transforms life into a hell? No times when you long for the liberty which has been bravely taken by those whom you now denounce? Turn coldly, if you will, upon the victims of a false, social system; one day you may feel the same cold blast sweeping across your path. Your own nearest and dearest friends may become involved in disruptions similar to those which you now condemn; and the damnation you now deal on others, may fall with crushing justice on your own head.

While the cold night wind sweeps by, you see fallen angels flitting past in female forms. Reversing the sentence of Jesus, you join the mob in following the unfortunate with a shower of stones. Are you a woman? Oh, in pity for your sex, forbear! Those fallen ones bear the image of your own nature. Have you never felt emotions which might possibly yield to influences like those which have made so many Magdalens? Exchange natures, exchange conditions with those outcasts, whose once bleeding hearts have now grown dark, desperate, forlorn, and reckless with despair. The same love now heaving your fair, pure bosoms, once heaved in theirs, and perchance was the cause of yielding to passions whose fires were the hell of their woe.

Are you a man? How dare you stand up as her accuser? No victims may have fallen beneath your lust, but have no fires ever burned within you like those fires which have consumed so many victims? Lift up a single stone, if you dare, and it shall be transformed into a millstone about your neck, to drag you down to repentance, and extort the cry, "Lord, be merciful to me, a miserable sinner!"

But I have moralized long enough, during all which time I have left myself under the hospitable care of Western friends, the last of whom were Clark Macparren and family, Erie, Pa. "Oh, pain, pain!" exclaims Mountford. But thanks for that long and terrible discipline of suffering; body and soul became regenerated, and a new mission seemed to dawn. I was better prepared to reciprocate the joyous greetings, the fond kisses, and the wild prattlings of the little ones whose faces had grown more sunny and more rounder during my long absence. Lilla, Kubby and Minnie each vied in wonderful narrations, and still more wonderful expectations of innumerable trinkets and startling tales of the father's travels and adventures. Prate of the glories of martyrdom, ye who will, yet talk not of a martyrdom which calls for the crucifixion of those tender parental ties which cluster around childhood. The tears I saw in the eyes of one on parting were tears turned into an ocean large enough to float all humanity and reflect the unfathomable depth of Heaven's love. Other earthly eyes may beam with love, and angel eyes may gaze from the vaults of celestial being, but none shall shine down so deep, and tender, none reflect so much of the divine, beaming bright beyond all the fading memories of time, as the eyes of childhood weeping and gazing and gleaming with hopes and fears into the unknown future of this mysterious existence, and looking a transcendent "good-by" into a father's face.

I write these lines on top of Tyrell Hill, Bradford County, Pa. This county opens a field of unusual promise to the spiritual pioneer who is passing along, on the Erie and New York Railroad. Miss Mary

WEST VIRGINIA.—The law for the creation of the State of West Virginia does not take immediate effect. The people have first to vote on the amendment of the Constitution, and if they accept it the President is to issue a proclamation naming the day and sixty days thereafter the new commonwealth is to

"A Friend in Illinois" sends \$5.00 in aid of continuance of our Free Circles. Additional to the Circle Fund are continually being made by friends in different parts of the country. We should

The House Military Committee has authorized the chairman to report favorably on Mr. Thayer's suggestion of enlisting 10,000 nine months' volunteers to be named ambassadors to Florida.

Would respectfully invite the attention of Merchants, Dealers in cheap Publications, and Publishers, to the numerous facilities for packing and forwarding everything in bulk to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptness and dispatch. Orders solicited.

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information presented in the paper, relative to this alarming disease, Consumption, as to what it is, and how to avoid it, and how to cure it, makes the book in every sense valuable to those who consider life and health worth preserving. It is sold at this office. Price, 50¢; Postage 10 cents.

May 31.

Message Department.

The Banners at which the communications under this heading are given are held at the BANNER OFFICE, 100 N. 10th Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and no communications are received after that time.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER is written by the spirit who communicates it, and is not a copy of any other communication. It is not a copy of any other communication. It is not a copy of any other communication.

These Messages go to show that Spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

Our Circles.

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 desire to have them continued, are solicited to aid us in a pecuniary point of view. 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 realm of humanity.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lona Barker, of New Orleans, La., to his father, Lona Barker; Maria Combs, of Princeton, N. J., to her mother, Catherine Combs; (printed in No. 171) Lora Barker, of New Orleans, La., to his uncle, Benjamin Barker, in the Confederate service.

Monday, Jan. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Daniel Frazier, to Ben Wilkins, of New York; Lora Barker, to her father, a Colonel in the Rebel Army; Lora Barker, to her father, a Colonel in the Rebel Army; Lora Barker, to her father, a Colonel in the Rebel Army.

Tuesday, Jan. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Alfred McKenna, to his brother, Rebecca Gill, of Lexington, Ky., to her children; Col. Thomas Cass, of the 6th Mass. Regiment.

Thursday, Jan. 15.—Invocation: The Philosophy of Thought; Margaret Ashley, to her father, Dr. John K. Ashley, of London, Eng.; Henry B. Ball, of Chatham, Mass. Regiment, Co. G; Maria Combs, of Princeton, N. J., to her mother, in Philadelphia, Pa.

Monday, Jan. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lora Barker, of New Orleans, La., to his father, Lona Barker; Maria Combs, of Princeton, N. J., to her mother, Catherine Combs; (printed in No. 171) Lora Barker, of New Orleans, La., to his uncle, Benjamin Barker, in the Confederate service.

Tuesday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; General J. B. Blair, to Anson Carter; Sidney T. Grant, killed at Antietam, to his brother, Charles H. Grant, of Kingston, Pa.; Mary E. Lane, of St. Louis, Mo., to her mother, Mary Kite.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Almighty and Infinite World of Good, we feel we are floating upon the bosom of the River of Life, and that whether we will or not, there is a something within our being hurrying us toward thee. Oh, thou World of Infinite Good, thou art ever with us. We feel that we are permeated by thy Divine Presence continually; that the mighty tide of thy being flows in upon our souls with relentless power. Oh, thou World of Infinite Light, we need not pray that we may never be separated from thee, for so sure as we are launched upon the River of Life, so sure our bark will approach thee, oh Divine One. There is not a sunbeam or shadow that is circling upon the River of Life, but what is accepted by thee, and light or dark, high or low, all are recognized by thee, and all will find a place in thy kingdom hereafter. Oh, thou world of Light and Wisdom, we hear even now the cry of onward! forever onward to thee, as it falls from the lips of thy children. Oh, inspire us anew with divine wisdom from thine own Infinite Fountain of Wisdom. We ask no blessing, oh world of Infinite Light, for we know that continually it is being showered upon us. We feel the blessing, oh Infinite Light, and we thank thee, oh Eternal One, forever and forever.

Jan. 5.

Stephen A. Douglas.

I have been requested to visit you this afternoon, and have been invited to speak upon the possibility and probability of Foreign Intervention. I am well aware of the vast variety of opinions with regard to this subject, that are floating in the minds of humanity at the present time. I am well aware, too, that this question has not been settled by any party or individual satisfactorily as yet. This indecision arises from a want of power to penetrate beyond the surface into the internal, to penetrate to that which underlies all else, namely, the cause.

Now it is not to be supposed for a moment that all disembodied spirits are clairvoyant. They are not; nor should you suppose that those who possess even the highest clairvoyant powers are always capable of answering your questions, for it is not so, inasmuch as their thoughts are generally directed into one channel, or are confined to a few sources which are given them. Thus, should a spirit, either in or out of the body, prophesy to you concerning your civil war, you are not obliged to believe the prophecy, for spirits are liable to err as well as mortals, for they are finite like yourselves. Infidelity is given only to the Great Godhead, the Divine Power of combined Wisdom and Truth, that dwells in all creation.

"The possibility and probability of foreign intervention." In looking through the various provinces of England and France, where want and misery seem to be stalking abroad at noonday, where not only the peasant, but the very heart of the people seem to stretch out their hands toward you for assistance, we can but pause to inquire the reason of this great woe, and we find the cause resting with you on Southern soil. In a word, when we perceive, as we are enabled to, the call for your product, cotton, we perceive the demand growing larger and larger every year, while hundreds among the working classes are sickening and dying for want of bread.

The rulers of these great countries are unable to bolster up this sinking institution. They feel their inability to do this, and even now are taking counsel together in regard to the best move they can make for lifting up from poverty and despair so large a proportion of their subjects. They are anxiously waiting for you to make some move yourself, by which means they shall be enabled to see through the darkness which envelops them, and for hope to find even a temporary abiding place in their hearts. Foreign powers are looking anxiously toward you for light, for strength, for that you have with you, yet have not the power to aid.

Now, we firmly believe, that if some important move is not shortly made by you of the North, it is more than probable that your foreign friends will interfere in your national affairs. Their policy toward you, thus far, has been not what it will be in the future. You have been to them a great source of income. You have fed and clothed their poor; you have sustained their crown, and now that you, by civil war, take from beneath their feet the very blocks upon which they have stood, it is hardly probable that they will long hang in mid air, waiting for you to give them a foundation upon which to rest. We cannot even hope that they will. You are well aware that more than once their commercial interests have been somewhat infringed upon; but are you aware that their commerce has been almost annihilated? And are you aware of the vast amount of distress and actual misery that is this very hour flooding your foreign ports in consequence of your civil war? True, you are losing your ten thousands on the battlefield; you are deluging your shores with the blood of your best, and you forget that hundreds of your fellow-creatures in Europe are perishing for the want of what? Simply the raw material, cotton, that your Southern brethren furnish them.

We feel well satisfied that your foreign friends earnestly wish to remain at peace with you, for they have felt your power in days gone by—when you were weak, as a nation, compared to what you are

now—and they have no desire to wage war with you, unless the necessity of the times enforce it upon them. They have no desire to either fight for or against you; but the under-current, that which will soon burst upon the surface in greater fury than it ever has been known to do before, will sooner or later compel them to declare war against you. We believe this to be so; nevertheless, it is possible that you may make some fair move on the checker-board of your national life, and your friends may see light enough shining through the darkness, to give them the assurance that the day is speedily coming when you will again stretch out your right hand to save them. We say it is possible that you may yet make some favorable move upon your national checker-board, and thus enable your foreign friends to hold on to the neutral position they have thus far maintained toward you as a nation. But we cannot hope that they will remain so many months longer, if the reverses which have been yours in the past, continue to attend the footsteps of your army; and much as we should deplore to see foreign intervention, yet unless the great tide of power is turned in another direction, we feel almost sure that the sword will ere long fall heavily upon you.

We are told that you are fighting for the Constitution and the Union; that you are fighting to support the wisest and best of governments; but we are enabled to see that you are fighting with eyes closed, and all your senses almost paralyzed by division. Divided you are, and although you are not enabled to see it yourselves, yet to our clairvoyant eye, the thing is perfectly apparent. True, we behold here a little flock and there a little flock, which may be gathered together, but the mass of humanity at the North is divided, and this great fact is not unperceived by foreign powers. Therefore, knowing as they do that strength lies only in union, it is not to be wondered at that they express the belief that your civil war will last some twenty or thirty years.

Why, my friends, no longer ago than last Thursday, I, as an individual, heard these words as coming from the Chief in office at Paris: "I do not believe that the civil war in America will end for thirty years. From all I am able to learn, I am sure, quite sure, that there is no possibility of a cessation of hostilities before that time. Now if this be the case, what shall we do? Why, lend our force either for one side or the other, and thus terminate that which is ruining them or us." These words I listened to no longer ago than last Thursday, and I know they did not come from the lips, but from the internal being of the individual who gave utterance to them.

Now "what shall you do to protect yourself against foreign intervention?" In the first place, would counsel that you cease at once to find fault with those in office; cease at once to wage war with your own countrymen, strive to be united, and become determined in division no longer. And when you have done this much, fight with the sword of the spirit, and fight for right, and then we shall begin to see the morning light streaming in from the East; then will the whole face of your horizon be changed, and instead of having defeat after defeat, and Bull Run after Bull Run, you will begin to learn something of success, I believe; yes, you will begin to grasp at victory. But if you do not do this, in the name of Almighty God, how can you expect to conquer? Now I can tell you one thing, which is, that if you are not more united and less divided, and determined to conquer and open your ports to free commerce, that before eighteen months your foreign friends will interfere, and your towns and cities will be deluged with blood.

If prayer in your behalf could avail aught, your spirit friends would willingly pray for you; but I, as an individual, prefer to see prayer floating side by side with the action, for then we should begin to see something of life; then would come the good time so long hoped for, and which, at the best, we fear is yet far distant.

I would say I am unused to controlling this subject, and again, I find her in a very weak condition. But I have endeavored to give my views here, and I desire those friends who have urged my coming here and speaking upon this important question to-day, to be frank and independent enough to come forward and own, at least, that I have heard them, and have answered them.

Jan. 5.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Benjamin Creggan.

Capt'n, I'm in no hurry, but I'm not one of the kind who like to wait long. [You came in rather quick, I noticed.] It's best to, when there's nothing to hinder, is it? My name was Ben Creggan. I was born at Bellows Falls, Vermont, and was born again from that cursed battle-field, Bull Run. I laid on the field three days before death came to take me across. I was wounded in four or five places—I don't know where, but so bad that I could only move my head and left arm, and not a drop of water all that time! Oh my God! I thought I wouldn't think of it when I came here, but I don't help it. [Was there no one to take care of you?] Not a soul; and there were plenty of others who were as bad off as I was, although I don't think they had the strength to hold out so long as I did. I had a pretty tough constitution, and it took death a long time before he could conquer me. And I wanted to help him, and would if I'd had anything to have done with it. But I did not have anything that I could seem to use. I thought I could blow out my brains with my pistol, but I could not navigate with my left hand at all. I next tried to beat my brains out with the end of my pistol, but I could not raise my hand to my head. I then got out my knife and tried to cut out my throat, but I could not do that.

Capt'n, it's a hard case. I was in a raging fever, and, along at the last of it, I suppose, I was unconscious. I thought to myself that if my poor old mother and some of my friends knew how much I was suffering, they'd feel pretty bad. Now, Capt'n, I don't know as there's any one to blame in this matter; but I think there are plenty whose business it is to take care of the wounded, and if there ain't enough to do this, why Government ought to provide more surgeons. I didn't mean to say anything about it when I came here, did I mean to think of it at all, but somehow or other it was almost the first thing I thought of when I got here.

I've a mother—or suppose I have; I don't think she's dead, because I haven't met her in the spirit-world—in Bellows Falls. She's near eighty. I don't tell her exact age, sir. I have a sister in Warren, Massachusetts, and another brother in the army. God save him from the fate I had! I want to say just a few words to my mother. I want to tell her I was not afraid of death, not a bit, and I don't know but that I'm quite as well off as if I'd have belonged to the meeting-house—I mean the church. My mother's a good, pious old lady, and wanted to see her children all Christians. But I find it's all the same where I am. I've seen plenty in the spirit-world—who died with their prayer books under their head, and the chaplain praying over them, who are no better off than I am, and some of them are not so well off. This kind of artificial religion do not seem to be thought much of in the spirit world. My God! I would n't have killed any one if I had n't felt I was doing my duty, and I would n't have minded expending the last cent I had to keep a fellow-creature from distress. I never could keep anything when I was here on the earth, and now I'm glad I could n't. My poor old mother used to worry about it, and say that I ought to try and lay by something for a rainy day. But I used to tell her that the fair days took care of themselves, and I guessed the rainy days could. And then again sometimes I used to get a little the worse for liquor, and that's the worst thing I have to contend with in the spirit-world, because it affects the spirit more or less; but still they tell me I shall soon conquer it. One thing is certain: I don't have to solicit the aid of any chaplain. [Don't you?] No, Oh, they're good enough in their place, but we've no use for them in the spirit world. I don't mean to say any harm of them, but I say this much only, I say they're of no consequence to any one.

Capt'n, if you're a man of the Church, and do n't like my talk, you can say, "Dry up." I don't mean any offense, but I was so Christian myself,

and I was kind of anxious to let folks know how I'd feel if I am in the spirit world. No reflection, you understand. [I do.]

I was thirty-six years old when I died; was n't married, and I'm thankful for it, because I've left no wife and children to cry after me. Well, Capt'n, they say you are going to have more times than you have had, and if it's so, I pity you. I want my sister and brother—if mother's alive, and I suppose she is—to take good care of her, and not to be afraid of death when he comes. If they are as glad of him as I was, they won't have much fear of him. I was tired of staying on this side, but I was afraid I should have to stay longer than I did, for it took some time before death could get the strongest. Good-day to you.

Jan. 5.

Clara Fallow.

They say you're kind to friend and foe. I come with the hope of speaking with my father, General Fallow. My name is Clara, and I have been in the spirit-world sixteen years. I have many things to say to him; but oh, not here—not here. I cannot say them here, sir. Is there no other place? [You can call your father's attention to you through the columns of our paper, and ask him to give you a private interview.] Oh, ask him to let me speak to him—ask him to let me speak to him, if it be only for once. Oh, tell him I shall tell him something that will be of great use to him, for I am one of his guardian spirits. He wonders why it is that he thinks so often of me. Oh, tell him it is because I watch over him, and am so anxious for his welfare.

I know he is your enemy, I know he has taken up arms against the Government which has sustained him, but he has been only one of the causes used to produce certain effects in this war. Oh, have charity, have pity! Should I speak to him, I should tell him that I love you all. I should tell him you are his brothers. I would tell him that there was love in the heart of the Yankee, and I ask for your charity.

[Are you his daughter? Does he know you?] I am. He does. [Can you give any other incidents that will help to identify you to your father and friends?] I was eight years old when I died. I died of fever. It was said to have been cholera, but I was told in the spirit world it was fever. Farewell, sir.

Jan. 5.

David Daniels.

With the kindness of your superintendant, I am enabled to use this human form to speak to those of my kindred who still live on earth. I was but six years old when I parted with my own body. Were I living in that body now, I suppose I should number thirty years. For a short time I have been earnest in the desire to return to earth and commune with those I have living on the earth. I was told I could do so by coming here to this place. At first I thought it would not be possible for me to speak through human lips, but I soon found that a natural law controlled our coming here, and that as I was a child of Nature, it would be easy for me to avail myself of it.

When here on earth I was David Daniels, son of David Daniels, of Danvers, Massachusetts. This is so long since I have heard my name as belonging to myself, that I scarce knew how to utter it, for we have not such names attached to ourselves after death, sir.

Be kind enough to add that, as I find myself in close connection with persons called mediums on the earth, I earnestly desire to make use of this means in communing with my friends. I am advised by my spirit friends to adopt this course, as this coming here will call the attention of my earthly friends to me.

Jan. 5.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art Master of Time and Sovereign of Eternity, thou who art building in the midst of the Universe great temples, and art calling upon man to enter them and learn of thee—oh thou Master of Mind and Matter, we perceive thy divine command permeating all Nature, and we know that divine command is to all atoms composing life, whether organic or inorganic; and we know that each, however insignificant, may become teachers unto the minds of mortals. Oh Soul of the Infinite, we will enter those vast and magnificent temples and learn of thee. Those temples we will enter and view creation through the mirror that is placed there for our use; and while we gaze we perceive that all objects are touched with thy divine radiance. Oh thou Master of the hour, we will read the divine inscriptions that are written everywhere in the Universe, and feel that each atom of them is filling up the great vacuum of mind, and giving us all wisdom. Oh thou whom we have been taught to call our Father, we recognize thy power in the tiny grains of sand and beneath mortal feet, and we acknowledge thy presence in the great rolling worlds floating in space; but most of all we acknowledge thy power in the human intellect. And before it, oh Almighty Sovereign, we bow in homage, forever and forever.

Jan. 6.

The Philosophy of Memory.

The Philosophy of Memory is the subject upon which we are to speak this afternoon. The theme was suggested by the reception of the following question:

"Where is the organ of memory located? And is it capable of forever retaining impressions once received?"

The subject is one that demands our profoundest attention. It is a mystery upon which the human mind hath stumbled from the beginning of thought to the dawn of intellect; a mystery that no sage of the past or present has been able to unfold; a something seeming to lie so far beneath the surface of things, that it were impossible to grasp it or to learn its nature. It is found in heaven, on the earth, and in all.

Science, as relating to the human body, and founded upon that department called Phenology, declares that it is a separate and distinct organ, by and through which the divine gift of memory continually acts. But the science spiritual, as relating to the peculiar theme before us, unfolds new ideas, and invites us into a great temple of new thoughts, or thoughts that are new to us, as they have never before come within the sphere of our comprehension. Let us pause for a moment to consider the subject of natural forces, or that portion of science which acts upon and vitalizes the things seen by us, and which are realized by your external senses. Let us penetrate into the depths of things before us, and learn something of the imponderable forces of nature.

Phenology says the gift of memory acts upon one specific organ; but we, from spiritual observation, are obliged to differ to some extent from the received theories of Phenology. The human spirit, or that imponderable essence by which these human bodies are acted upon and made to take upon themselves that which we call life—that imponderable essence called spirit, whose power we all recognize—is compounded of an innumerable amount of sublimated particles, which are so far sublimated as to be imponderable to human senses, so far etherialized as to belong to the realm of spirit. These minute particles composing spirit, which seem to be unindividualized, are, nevertheless, individualized, are all gifted with memory. Each and all are organs of memory, each takes upon its surface the impress of every act of your lives; every picture which has been presented to you may be found faithfully degenerated upon the spirit forever.

Thus, memory must of necessity be eternal, and is not confined to one object, but belongs to all. Whatever has once been engraved upon one of the particles composing your spirit body will forever remain there; and the spirit, after it has dissolved its connection with your mortal body, is capable of reading the vast volume of human nature. The disembodied spirit can practice no deception with those like itself; for every act or thought of the mortal or present is stamped or engraven upon your spirit body. This is memory—not confined to one specific organ

in the human body, but covering the entire spirit, and filling it with a power all its own.

This is our definition of memory. We may fail to reach the sensibilities of many in regard to memory; we may fail to impress upon your spirits the truth of our remarks, enanced as you are with bodies of death; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that when you, like ourselves, shall have cast off your mortal covering, you will then perceive that each atom composing your spirit body is like a diamond of many surfaces, that takes upon it all that comes within its power, and retains it, too.

Oh, if our theory of memory be true, as we believe it to be, is it not worthy of your highest efforts as mortals to make every atom of your being what you could wish it to be in the future? Oh, learn, ye mortals, that ye are mirrors, each one of you; that the great eternity of the past is mirrored upon your spirits, and inasmuch as you strive to overcome evil with good, and to ascend in the scale of human goodness and wisdom, so shall your spirit bodies present, not deformity, but harmony and beauty. Such as you are as individuals now, you will be hereafter.

Then learn from the atoms around you; gather your lessons in Time, and they will serve you well in Eternity, for memory is eternal, and however much you may desire to forget any acts of your past life, you cannot do so. You cannot forget them, for the Great Law has stamped them upon your being, and no power, either within or without you, can ever efface them.

This is our idea of memory. If our questioner remains unsatisfied, let him question us still further, and we will give him all the light that comes to us from the great Realm of Spirit.

QUEST.—My memory begins to fail me. I forget things which happened only a few hours ago. Will these occurrences ever be revived? If so, when?

ANS.—Most certainly they will. Your defect is in the Physical and not in the Spiritual. When you lay off your mortal casing, every act of your past and present life will be revived at will. The intellect of many is oftentimes incapable of reproducing pictures of life. But the memory of the spirit, aside from the physical, is not like the memory of the physical. There is no defect in your spirit. That can always reproduce pictures of its life. Indeed, they are always there, and you have only to look upon them to know that they are a part of your being.

Jan. 6.

Jane Alden.

Oh, it's so hard to feel that you are separated from your friends, with no possibility of ever speaking to them again on earth! Oh, but it is wild, wild joy, to feel that you may come to them and tell them of your existence beyond the tomb, that you may tell them that you are not dead at all!

I've only been a spirit without a body since early this morning. I died at Hagerstown, Maryland. My name was Jane Alden, and I was born in New York. I went South to attend a dear friend, and while there I was taken sick and died there. I had some knowledge of this thing before death, and I used to tell my friends I'd show them after death that I could return. I'm here—here, speaking before the news of my death reaches my friends in New York. Let me see, the message which will precede my body runs like this: "Your niece died this morning between four and five, of fever, brought on by exposure and over-exertion. She received the best of attention." So I did, the best the place afforded, and I'm no fault to find with it. I went home happy, and was only sorry that I was obliged to leave the dear friend I went to attend, suffering on the earth. But I'm told that he, too, will follow soon. So I am satisfied.

My uncle and aunt, to whom I was indebted for the blessings attached to this life, are rigid in the Episcopal faith. A few months ago I learned something of the truth of this new religion, and I wanted to tell them about it; but they said, "Jane, don't bring that delusion home to us, and don't never go where it is to be found." I said, "Well, if I go to the spirit-world first, I'll come back with proofs of my identity."

Jan. 6.

Milo S. Davis.

Mr. Chairman, I am told that you extend your sympathy and hand of fellowship to all who visit you. [We do.] I am Milo S. Davis. I hail from Portsmouth, Virginia. You are doubtless on no very friendly terms with Jefferson Davis. He is my uncle. This is Boston, I believe. [It is.]

I am here for the purpose of speaking with an uncle I have in your city. When your rebellion—so you see fit to term it—first made its appearance, I entered the Confederate ranks as a private. I remained a private until I received the commission of Lieutenant, after being wounded at the battle of South Mountain. I was enabled to serve my friends but a short time in that capacity, being wounded again at Fredericksburg. I was nineteen years of age at the time of my death, and, with your permission, I desire to speak with an uncle I have in your city. [You are welcome to do so.] It may be possible that this uncle is living in your city under an assumed name, although I never believed falsity to form any part of his character. Therefore, I expect he sails under true colors.

Say to him that I visited your place, your Spiritual Post Office, and that I desire to commune with him privately. I have no message to send my friends at the South, for I am not assured that it would reach them were I to do so. I am satisfied with my condition as a spirit. I think, were I here again in body, I should take a different course from what I did. Good-day.

Jan. 6.

Benjamin Powers.

Hey, Captain! one of your Southern aristocracy do n't frighten me a bit! He says he was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. I was not only wounded, but got shelled out. But whenever I meet one of them cusses, I want to pitch in, just a little. I don't mean any offense, but they deserve it.

I'm from Indiana; this is Massachusetts, I take it. [Yes.] Well, I wonder if any one would like to hear from Ben Powers. It's a pretty soft business, Captain; it's treading on pretty soft ground, but I'm going to try it anyway. Now see here, Captain. I've got folks that might be glad to hear from me, but I'll take it they would. Now they might be glad to know how I went out. Tell them I was shelled out. A part of my head was carried right away, and I went out, pop! so easy, that I hardly knew when it happened.

Now I hear tell something about mediums before I died, and I suppose there's folks out West that you can talk through like this body. [There are.] I should like to have my sister's husband talk with me. He's one of the rank Orthodox kind, and if I do n't give him a piece of my mind, it will be because I'm not able to. The folks used to wonder how it was that I dared to talk so to one that knew so much more than I did when I was here on earth. Well, I'm one of your straight-forward chock-going folks. He's a good man, but then he'd have you go to hell, when God would send you to heaven. Now he's a man that's got me a mind that I have. He knows more than I do, for I had n't much education; had n't anything to brag on, and he's got considerable. Now I propose that he shall out a part of his mind to me, and I may be able to give him some new ideas. Come and talk with me, and if I don't prove that I'm Ben Powers—well, I won't try but once. I'm honest in all I say. Can't do much, but what I can do I mean to do up square.

What's your charge, Captain? [Nothing.] Can you tell what Regiment you belonged to, and the name of the place you lived in? Oh yes, I can do that. I belonged to the 10th Indiana Company. I wasn't none of your officers. I was a rank bugger that. I lived in Princeton, Indiana. My age? Thirty-five. [Can you give the number of brothers and sisters you have living in the spirit-world?] Two brothers, but I don't know their names. I

one left, and one sister. [Is your father living?] No, the old man's gone up. Dead, and not dead, either. What shall I call it? "Resurrected; that's it." He went some time ago. Well, Captain, if you want any one to pilot you round when you get here, call on Ben Powers; and I'll show you as good a right hand as the next one.

Jan. 6.

THE SEVEN VOLUNTEERS.

BY ANNIE EMBESON.

More than a year ago. We saw them down the village street. Marching with strong, unflinching feet. No need had they of drum or fife. To lead them to their chosen life. But every one, from first to seventh. Went forth to join the bold Eleven. In haste to meet the foe.

Fall soon the meeting came. A baptism of blood and shot and shell. The Eleven foremost, and fighting well—So well, that it won for itself that day. A fame that shall ne'er be wiped away. And after the fight the rout was o'er. Our little squad numbered its ranks once more. There were Herbert and Chaffey, Joe and Dan, Jesse and Ira—every man I.

No! there is one lost name!

John! where, oh, where was he? God knows there was no such word as "shirk." In the book that held plans of his brief life work. And they left him there on the blood-red field. Where he could not conquer, and would not yield. His slight frame shattered—his spirit strong. Still to do the right and to dare the wrong. One look he gave to the cruel foe. One thought to the young wife who mourned him so. One prayer for the two little children left In a solemn world—of his own bereft—And the next hour he was free.

Oh, far in that "vale of tears," Lies an unknown grave beneath the trampled mould; And the Summer's heat and the Winter's cold Have brightened and darkened, while many a form Has been folded away from the battle-storm. Father and husband; brother and lover. Brave heart and fond lips the dark sods cover. And many a wall has rung through the land. Since first was severed the little band. Of the Seven Volunteers!

Letter from Cora Wilburn.

Friends and Readers of the Banner.—Christmas morning beheld me seated in the lumbering stage-coach, at the early hour of half past five; it was as bright a morning as ever greeted an expectant world, and, wonderful to relate, in the climate of Minnesota, the air was mild as in April. Slowly we rolled out of the pretty little city of Saint Paul, and rumbled through a beautiful country, until the sun gladdened the prospect, and the town of Hastings greeted our eyes. There we alighted to breakfast, and then en route again, slowly but sure over the slightly frozen ground. In the afternoon we reached Red Wing, where the Christmas dinner was prepared for those who chose to partake; but I refrained, for kind friends in St. Paul had filled my satchel with provisions.

That night at eleven o'clock we reached Wabasha, and after a good and plentiful supper, partaken of by all, we again mounted the comfortable vehicle and pursued our way. Mild and balmy as a night of Spring was that Christmas night, and we sang the contraband's song of "The Kingdom's Coming," and the stirring refrain, "His soul is marching on." There were several passengers, and one lady, whose voice was sweet and musical as her heart was strong for freedom. I took out maps during the night, and the next morning dawned clear and Spring-like as the Christmas morn.

We reached the picturesque town of Wymond in time for breakfast; then on we clattered to Ridgway to dinner. Six o'clock P. M. brought us to La Crosse, and there the frozen river was to be crossed, but it was partly opened by the exceeding mildness of the weather, and the cumbersome coach could not pass. So, oh most novel experience, trunks, mailbags and passengers were placed upon sleds and drawn by hand power across the ice. The stars were glittering, and the sky was clear, as we sped on in this strange fashion, till we reached water, when we were embarked in row boats, and thus reached the city of La Crosse, Wisconsin. There I rested for three days at the hospitable home of Laura De Force, receiving kind attentions from her parents and sisters and brother.

Then, after a night and day of railroad travel, I reached Chicago, and the next day took the cars for this pretty and quiet place, where I am now sojourning with a friend of past days. I am glad to inform my friends that my health is much improved; that change of scene and rest from brain labor has done me much good.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year, fraught with plentiful gifts of spiritual advancement, to our country the blessings of universal liberty and peace, I am

Yours for truth,

CORA WILBURN.

Peru, Illinois, Jan. 23, 1893.

Punch's Cyclopaedia.

London Punch is publishing what it styles "the penny-all-round Cyclopaedia" and paragraph-makers companion." He thus gives the pith of some of the newspaper circumlocution which has become so tedious. "When at that moment, horrible to relate," "Then." Again: "A project, originating in the inventive talent of Mr. Wm. Snooks, of Poplar; has been ventilated, and may tend to the facilitating the traffic of that busy vicinity." "Snooks, of Poplar, wants the road widened." "Dam more!" "The deplorable element extended its ravages to the adjoining edifices." "The next house was burnt." And still again: "But, from the comparatively unimportant nature of the injuries which the unfortunate individual, has sustained, his intellectual medical attendant offers assurances that the result will not be permanent." "As he has only got some scratches, the doctor says he will be at work again in a week."

A visitor at the British Museum, after having seen the curiosities that were there shown him, lauded of the assistant: "Pray, sir, have you the skull of Oliver Cromwell in

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched floor-dragon of all time
Sparkle forever.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly I opened the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son:
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies—
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

Men note on this world as if it were never to have
an end, and neglect the next as if it were never to have
a beginning.

EDUCATION.

Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.
And such is man: a soil that breeds,
Or sweetest flowers or wildest weeds:
Flowers lovely as the morning light,
Weeds deadly as an arrow:
Just as the heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or floweret fair.

—Robert Browning.

How can a man hope to find God at the moment of
his death, who has never sought him during his life?

THE BLESSED HOPE OF TRUTH.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep this trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life true believing.
Oh, in this mocking world—too fast
The doubting fiend o'erturns our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Vice stings us in our pleasures, but virtue consoles
us even in our pain.

MEMORY.

Dear heart! the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again;
And, calling back from care and pain
And death's funeral sadness,
Draws round its own familiar blaze
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lend to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

—Whittier.

The sum of Morality and Christianity is: Give and
forgive—bear and forbear.

Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations
in 27th street, New York.

In one of our best up-town houses, in a street
fashionable, much frequented, and eligible in all re-
spects for residence, a series of occurrences has re-
cently happened, that throws not only several fami-
lies, but a whole neighborhood, into commotion.
A distinguished practitioner at our city bar is the
proprietor and lessee of the building in question,
and he and the family that occupy it have endeavored
to conceal the circumstances until the very me-
asures adopted in the attempt to probe the mys-
tery and subdue its peculiar agents have widened
the circle of information, and we are at length en-
abled to get at some of the points of the case.

Some time ago, not long after the persons now oc-
cupying a handsome residence in Twenty-seventh
street moved into it, a certain large room, hitherto
used as a bed-room in the fine establishment which is
the scene of these preternatural events, acquired a
very bad reputation in the household. Those who
slept there began to leave it very early in the morn-
ing, and all a little the worse for wear, instead of re-
freshed and invigorated by their supposed night's
rest. None manifested any particular desire to oc-
cupy the apartment again, but when the subject
was referred to, would, with pale cheeks and bag-
ged eyes, give some valid excuse for not reposing
therein. Still, no one told the secret and real rea-
son of this peculiar antipathy. The room was large,
handsomely furnished, and provided with all the
modern appliances of comfort; and its unpopularity
remained a mystery to the members of the family,
who had not yet obtained to occupy it. Guests, vi-
sitors, strangers, were usually quartered there; and
pride, distrust, and perhaps a little fear, they felt,
but would not own, prevented any disclosure. At
length the mystery began to assume a still more
formidable shape. Individuals domiciled there for a
night would, in the very "witching hour," rush out
into the hall, disordered, disheveled, and moaning
loudly for lights and help—yet, when the latter
came, could only very vaguely and incoherently mut-
ter something about the room being "haunted." All,
however, even to the boldest, who tried it for curi-
osity, refused to return to the vacated quarters.
When a party of the household would thereupon en-
ter the premises together, they found the confusion of
the inmates' precipitate flight marked by the dis-
array of bed-clothing, wearing apparel, and furni-
ture, but no ghost or gloom present to answer for
the deed.

It was at length determined to convert the apart-
ment into an evening sitting-room. The necessary
changes were made in its arrangement, and it forth-
with became a very pleasant parlor. Conversation,
society, and music, and merriment, transformed it com-
pletely, and the unceremonious visitors were appar-
ently banished. Still, couples of gentlemen and ladies,
who lingered late beyond the midnight chimes, stole out
very quietly, but quietly, and finally, early ad-
justments became the order of the evening session. If
casual visitors protracted their stay unduly, all
sorts of pretexts were invented by the host or hostess
to hasten their departure, and the hint became at
last so decided and so broad, that many a clever
fellow went away at 11 P. M., slightly bewildered
at the sudden change from the cordiality displayed
at 9 o'clock to the fidgety uneasiness with which
his best allies were received at half-past 10.
By-and-by the allotted social period grew shorter
and shorter, and at length, quite early in the eve-
ning, the very few who now frequented the sitting-
room would sometimes decamp with rare rapidity, look-
ing very white and foolish. No one, of course, was
afraid, and all talk about ghosts, spectres, and hob-
goblins, is nonsense! Even the pallid fugitive would
so assure, their puzzled inquiries, and vehemently
ascribe their haste, as many a "skedaddler"
in Virginia has done, to nothing.

However, this state of things could not last. Ser-
vants were beginning to fight shy of the concern,
and the general health of the family was declining.
The matter must be looked into seriously. Various
reputations for veracity and courage were at stake,
and it was determined, in general family council of
war, to sit down in the parlor foreclosed in force,
and regularly besiege the enemy. So on a bleak Decem-
ber evening, on the verge of the last holidays, a
choice but numerous circle took formal possession of
the said, determined, whatever might occur, to "sit it
out." There was the landlord, with one or two sub-

stantial friends; the host and hostess, surrounded by
their flock, swelled the party; and Miss L.—and
Miss M.—two noted beauties and wits, who had,
in their dashing way, come in to see the fun, held
the right and left flank with sundry gay cavaliers,
who fought at all hazards beneath their banners.
Mirth, dance, and song, filled up the hours until at
last past eleven a choice supper was brought in, and
all hands, with joyous appetites, fell to upon the
oysters and partridges. Some rousing whiskey-
punch for the gentlemen and hot wine-negus for the
ladies gave the scene a tinge of deeper and more
boisterous festivity. It was a grand frolic, and
everybody liked it. There had been nothing super-
natural noticed all the evening, if not the beauty
and brilliancy of the belles and punning and punch-
ing of the beaux. Parties present, who had upon
former occasions fled in dismay, leaving all their
baggage behind them, began to suffer more and more
from the unmerciful jokes of their companions, and
to feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves. All the
good, old Orthodox humbugging ghost-stories that
could be thought of were recounted and revamped,
with fresh fringes of ridicule. The doctor was
particularly strong in this kind of lore, and mer-
ciless in his application of it; and the lawyer, in his
grave way, made out a very ludicrous indictment
against the original retailers of the panic. All went
merrily as the night before Bull Run. It was now far
past twelve o'clock, and the enemy had made no sign.

Suddenly, a piercing shriek from the lips of the
lovely Miss L.—and the crash of her wine-glass
falling on the marble hearth struck horror into
every heart and riveted every eye upon the agitated
fair one. It was but a glance they gave, and then
all looked in the direction toward which her white
hands were extended, as though to conjure off some
dreadful object. Sure enough, there it was—the
ghost—the Lemur of the household—advancing, or
rather gliding toward them from the door, and only
a few steps distant! Yet the door was not open, nor
did the light burn blue—everything, but the com-
pany was just as bright and calm as before, and on
came the shape—the fearful Thing—nearer and
nearer, closer and closer, until, approaching a va-
cant arm-chair by the fire-side, it calmly seated itself
and bent its gaze upon the party—at least so say
the two or three men who claim to have looked at it
face to face. As for the women, each had reached
the door and fled; others had dropped swooning to
the floor, and others sat transfixed—petrified, as it
were—in their seats at the table.

The accounts elicited from the doctor, the land-
lord, the clergyman, the lawyer, and the beaux, are
decidedly "mixed." Of course, we suspect them of
nothing. Their incoherence may have been the nat-
ural effect of excitement attendant upon the occur-
rence; but they are all persons of probity and cou-
rage, "well known and highly respected in the com-
munity," and neither their veracity or integrity
can be disputed. One thing, however, our informant
did most distinctly note, viz., that all the
wrinkles and dimples of incredulous mirth were
absent from their countenances when they told their
tale. The clergyman was quite the clearest in his
story, and he thus describes the apparition:

"It was the form," he says, "of a man about
thirty years of age, of tall stature and heavy frame,
weather-beaten countenance, and sad, or rather
stern expression, clad in the garb of a carrier or day-
laborer." When accosted, he gave no sign or sound;
and when approached, disappeared from the view of
his assailant to reappear in another vacated seat on
the opposite side of the fire-place, or in another part
of the room, where he sat, bending upon those who
surrounded him a penetrating and menacing gaze,
from eyes that, to use the doctor's expression, gleamed
like phosphorus in the dark. The whole figure was
spectral, and the countenance ghastly to the last de-
gree, seeming, as it were, to gaze out of another
world. The gentlemen all represent themselves as
having behaved most valiantly, of course; but all
admit, that, after various attempts at speech and
contact with their unearthly visitor, they gathered
up the stragglers, and slowly, but sadly retired from
the field of action, leaving the spectre and a host of
others, of shadowy outline, that began to occupy the
chairs and fill the room, in full possession till morn-
ing. The door closed upon them with violence, and
during the night the most mournful and terrible
groans, lamentations, wails, and apparently, protesta-
tions, were heard from the haunted apartment.

Now, reader, this whole narrative is authentic,
and the incidents occurred in no very remote part of
this city, less than twenty days ago!

Since then the existence of his ghostship, and of
others like him, is undisputed; and other parties
have attempted to face him, and, if possible, extract
from him "a statement" for the papers, but all in
vain. Fearless men from the ward have been called
in, the chimney has been stopped, the doors all se-
cured and guarded, and the room flooded with gas-
lights. Still, at any hour that best pleases him,
sometimes late and sometimes early—the apparition
suddenly makes himself visible and quite at home,
as though asserting his familiarity and right to be
there. Attempts have been made to rush upon him,
to strike him with missiles, to penetrate him with
steel and bullet. They affect him as they would a
shadow, nor has he yet been brought to speak.

Miss D.—, nearly related to a celebrated Spirit-
ualist, and herself a noted "medium," has visited
the scene. She was ushered into the room while the
specter was said to be there. At the door, she says,
she received a shock, as it were, of electricity, that
dropped her, for the time, of speech. She distinctly
saw the apparition, and described him while he had
become invisible to all who were with her. She de-
clares the electric power of the supernatural agent to
exceed any control of hers, and evidently fears the
contact. However, others are to try, singly and in
company, and we understand that, during the even-
ing week, there is to be a determined and persistent
attempt by several persons of distinction in the sci-
entific world.

At this moment, hundreds in the thickly inhabited
neighborhood to which we have reference, could, if
they chose, attest the truth of our foregoing narra-
tive. No such sensation has been felt in that part
of the great Metropolis for many years, and it may
yet be outlived by the revelation of some sad or
criminal episode in our city, of unusual intensity.

Think what we may about ghosts and their "for-
eign mediation," the witnesses to this strange story
are too numerous and too respectable to dismiss
without a hearing.—*New York Sunday Mercury.*

REV. M. D. CONWAY, formerly pastor of a Unitar-
ian church in Cincinnati, and now editor of a Union
paper, published in Boston, is a Virginian by birth.
His father was a slaveholder, and he was brought
up among slaves on a plantation not far from Fred-
ericksburg. His father is now fighting in the rebel
army, against the Union, while the son is editing a
Union paper—called the *Commonwealth*—at Boston.
Last summer, while the Union army was occupying
that portion of Virginia where Mr. Conway was
born and reared, he visited the home of his child-
hood, and to his surprise he discovered thirty-eight
of his father's slaves, with whom he had been inti-
mate from his youth, inside of the Federal lines.
He collected them in a body, and took them on with
him to Washington. There he secured a special
pass from the Government to take his father's
slaves through Maryland, brought them to the North,
and found places for them all, so that they
could secure their own living and support them-
selves. What a contrast!—the father fighting to
destroy the Government, and the son laboring to up-
hold it.—*New Covenant.*

On New-Year's eve an address was voted to Pres-
ident Lincoln, at a large meeting in London, held under
the auspices of the Emancipation Society. Minister
Adams, in acknowledging the address for transmis-
sion, says he has no doubt the President will receive
it as an encouraging testimonial of independent wit-
nesses to the manner in which he is endeavoring to do
his duty to his country and mankind.

An address of sympathy to Mr. Lincoln was receiv-
ing signatures at Birmingham. It expresses strong
belief in the Federal cause, as that of humanity, re-
ligion and freedom, and ardently hopes for its success.

Gov. Bradford on the War and State
Rights.

An interesting and suggestive correspondence is
printed in the Baltimore American. A slaveholder
at Leonardtown addressed a letter to Gov. Bradford,
complaining that runaway slaves were protected by
the military authorities of the U. S. Hospital at
Point Lookout, and asserting that the military power
was used to rob the people. As harboring runaway
slaves is a penal offense by the laws of Maryland,
he asked that the militia of the State be or-
dered out to enforce the laws and secure the punish-
ment of such offenders. The letter is written in a
very truculent spirit, and evidently emanates from a
secessionist. To this epistle Gov. Bradford replies
with much force and patriotism. He reminds his
irate correspondent that while under ordinary cir-
cumstances the laws of Maryland would be enforced
with all the power at the command of the State,
circumstances of a very extraordinary character now
practically modify in many respects the ordinary
process of judicial proceedings, and render utterly
impracticable the exercise of executive power called
for. He continues:

"We are in a state of war—a war of such character
and extent as modern times have never witnessed,
and which, like all other wars, carries in its train a fearful
flot of calamities, surrounds us with camps and hospi-
tals and fortifications, and compels the individual, es-
pecially those in the neighborhood of such posts, for the
sake of great public exigencies, to submit frequently
to exactions which at other times the laws of the
land would promptly interpose to prevent."

A short time since we enjoyed, to an extent equaled
by no people in the world, the protection of personal
property, under a constitution and laws as equal and
as just as the wisdom of man could well devise. But
it suited the vaunting ambition of certain Southern
conspirators to renounce this constitution and these
laws, and to make war upon their Government with
the pretense of rendering more secure the tenure
of that very species of property the loss of which is the
subject of your complaint. Many who have not openly
joined in their rebellion, yet acted apparently by a
similar purpose, have continued to the present time to
aid and comfort them. Our country, thus openly and
secretly assailed, has been forced, in self-defense, to
take up arms; it has organized and equipped its
armies, and established laws for their discipline and
government; they may occasionally come in conflict
with the rights of the citizen; such, as I have already
said, is a necessary consequence of all war; but no one
doubts that when that war is ended and the authority
of the nation completely reestablished, like other suffer-
ers in similar cases, all who have faithfully stood by
their country will be fully indemnified for any losses
they may have sustained."

The Governor reminds his correspondent that the
national flag, which he seems to regard with so
much disfavour, saved Maryland from becoming the
first battle-field of the rebellion. Besides, if the
State militia were ready for effective service, the
scenes we are daily called upon to witness—the
country shedding its best blood in self-preservation—
to say nothing of the rebel outrages continually
committed on Maryland—its property plundered and
its peaceful citizens captured and abducted, would all
indicate very clearly a far more appropriate field
for their employment than the one suggested. In
conclusion Governor Bradford eloquently remarks:

"I trust, sir, that I shall never be wanting in a
proper appreciation of the position of our State, her
power or her dignity, nor in the purpose to advance
her prosperity and execute her laws by all available
means; without, however, entering into a discussion of
the doing of other States, or of how far Federal usurpa-
tion depends upon the weak nerves of the Govern-
ment of the States, I hope I shall always have fully
nerved enough to do precisely what I believe to be my
duty. That duty at present, paramount to all others,
and dictated by a strict regard for the best interests
and dearest wishes of the people of the State, is to aid
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