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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER VII.

We had a very quiet house for one week. My daily walk extended only to the post-office, from which I always brought the newspaper at least, if nothing more. This helped to while away the time which hung rather heavily on my husband's hands. He was not well, and yet would not call himself sick; the least exposure brought on his cough, and, unable to take sufficient exercise, he lost all appetite for food, and grew thin and pale. Our doctor advised and prescribed, went through the usual routine demanded by the profession, and looked to see either a rallying of Nature's forces, or a passive yielding to the great Conqueror. He was disappointed; neither the one nor the other happened; but Sidney remained in a quiet, non-resistant, weak state.

Every morning he would dress himself, take his usual seat at the table, and try to enjoy the breakfast which was always prepared with special reference to his taste. But the effort was vain; the coffee had lost its flavor, the toast its crispness. Job was right when he implied there was no taste in an egg, and so my poor husband found no pleasure in the hour which had always been to us the happiest and brightest of the day. Then came a short walk in the garden, and a visit to the new house, where I accompanied him, and we planned the position of the furniture, and gave directions to the workmen who were doing the "odds and ends," as one of them said, and I remarked to Sidney that the plural was very significant, and that it was surely a noun of multitude. He smiled, but added:

"It is better to have everything done right, and all the little necessary fixtures arranged now, that we might have a long rest from such business; for," he added, "I am weary of building, and hope never to do it again; it is my first and last house."

No defect escaped his eye, and no need but he supplied. I was surprised to see how closely he had watched the deficiencies in the kitchen in the old house, and any housekeeper's face would have glowed with pleasure to see the neat marble sink, the ample pantry, with its full supply of closets, shelves, hooks, drawers, &c., &c. I longed to move right in, thinking, truly, as I said, that he could not help enjoying a dinner cooked there.

"We must be patient," he replied; "the walls are still damp, and we must have fires kept here for some time before it will be safe to move."

"Then let us not stay here," I said, looking at him as he stood leaning against the workman's bench, looking so pale and weary that I was alarmed.

"Yes, we had better go home," he replied, and he leaned heavily on his cane. I noticed, and buttoned his overcoat more closely around him.

Just then one of the workmen came to me, and asked for some direction about a matched border which I saw at once he had put on wrong. The mistake amused Sidney, who asked him if he would like to see a grapevine with its roots in the air, and its vines and tendrils running downwards.

The man laughed, and replied:

"You're very nice and particular, Mr. Perry, and I do not blame you. You've got the best house in the village, barring one, and that your grand-ther built. I was a little chap then, but I remember when the old gentleman died: it was the first year after he moved into the house, and the text for the funeral sermon was—'For we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

"Come, Sidney," I said, "it is certainly damp here; let us go," and turning to the workman, I added, hastily, almost angrily, "You have wasted a great deal of paper by your carelessness; do be more particular for the future."

The man seemed rather mortified, and was stammering some apology, which I did not stop to hear. Sidney turned his dark blue eyes upon me with a wondering sort of gaze, but I said no more, only hurried out of the house, and answered to his question—"Where to?"

"Out into the sun," he said; "see how warm it shines on the south side of the house."

There was a quantity of coarse sand in the yard, which the workmen had used in making mortar, and I now remember how warm it was as it lay in the broad sunlight, and that Sidney stopped there some minutes, and remarked:

"This is pleasant; it warms my feet, which have been very cold."

I do not forget, either, that when he returned home he sat down in the easy chair, which was near the fire, and took very willingly the hot drink which I brought. I smoothed his hair, brushing it away from the high, pale forehead, and wondered why he should seem so weary.

That day a storm came—a long, dreary, cold storm, that lasted for three days and nights. The wind beat the sleet and rain against the poor weather-worn old house, and the loose windows rattled in their casements, while the shattered roof admitted the intruding water. I was really afraid the old house would come down, but Sidney assured me that the frame was of stout oak timber, and had stood many a fiercer blast; but I could not sleep at night, for the rattling and shaking in the house, and the fierce clashing of the boughs of the old trees.

poplars bent and swayed to and fro, as if they wanted to get away from the old house, having, no doubt,—for they had often listened to the tale—a knowledge of its impending doom.

Once in awhile there would be a lull in the storm, and then came long-drawn sighs; the trees sighed, and the wind sighed as it came more slowly round the north-east corner of the house, and then followed another sigh—a long, low, woman's sigh. I had heard it often, but it was sadder than ever now; and made me long to quit the old place that seemed to have known little else but sorrow and sighing.

"I shall feel better when this storm is over," Sidney would repeatedly say; "it is this confinement to the house that troubles me, and takes away my strength, and it is the dampness that increases my cough."

I thought so too, and we tried to be very cheerful. We kept up fires in the new house, and amused ourselves the best we could, waiting for the clear, bright weather to come. It was long in coming; but it did come at last, and Sidney said a ride would do him good—it was all he needed, and he sent for a carriage, and took the last ride of the season, for winter would be upon us soon, and I never loved the snow. We rode past Aunt Posey's and by the little burial ground. I had never been there since that terrible night, and it brought it all fresh to mind. But, strange to say, the feeling of reproach and blame had passed away. I looked at Sidney's face, at the clear, frank, blue eyes, and at the pale, worn features, and while I dared not now ask any explanation, banished all suspicion of wrong. We rode so near the cemetery that I could see the fresh, new-made graves. Some kind hand had already planted a rose-bush, and a weeping-willow; my heart seemed for an instant almost to stand still, and my breath came with difficulty. Not a word was said as we drove slowly onward, but I felt (I cannot tell why), that some strong emotion agitated Sidney. When we returned home he was tired, and sat down in his easy-chair to rest. He was no better for the ride; it did not refresh him, as he had hoped.

Day after day passed, and he still coughed; still sat patient and hopeful by the fireside, waiting for strength and health to come. The doctor came often, and sat long, but said little about the cause of my husband's illness. I became impatient, and thought he was forgetting the object of his calls, and I broke in abruptly upon a dissertation on the nature of soils, and asked how soon he thought Mr. Perry would be well enough for us to move into the new house.

The doctor stopped suddenly, looked wise, took a pinch of snuff, and after sundry hints, and a rather ostentatious use of his handkerchief, remarked that he would advise remaining where we were for the present. "Indeed," said he, "if it were myself, I would wait until spring. Then I think your husband will be fresh and vigorous; but the cold winter is now upon us, and he will demand nursing and care. A new house is often damp. I see your glaziers are still at work on some parts, and as I have known fatal consequences from the occupation of new houses, by persons suffering from long diseases, I propose that you exercise great patience and caution."

I glanced at Sidney; a shade of disappointment was on his face, but he watched for me to reply.

"We will stay here," I said, "of course, if there is danger in moving;" but my heart sank within me, as I thought of another long, dreary winter in that tenement.

After the doctor departed, we sat silent for a few minutes. My hands hung listlessly down, for a feeling that I need not be so busy now had come over me. Sidney took up a book that he was reading, and became apparently absorbed in its contents; that he was really so was evident from his remark:

"Well, Louis Philippe has had an eventful life; here is a sketch of him in this review; it seems he was a schoolmaster in this country awhile, driven out from his home, an exile and a wanderer, for so many years. He must enjoy his present elevation."

I looked up in surprise. "Why, Sidney, do you feel no disappointment in being obliged to stay here all winter, with our little paradise just in view?"

"It is not quite so bad as being driven from it, after having once taken possession. You need not lament, as poor Eve did, at her banishment. But, to speak truly, I had been thinking over the matter myself, and had almost come to the doctor's conclusion before he gave his advice. I feel little inclination to move at present, but when spring comes I shall have new life and vigor. We will remain here quietly for the present, and live in anticipation. After all, philosophers tell us there is more happiness in anticipation than in reality."

"I don't believe one word of it, Sidney, for one of the wisest of philosophers has said, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' I had hoped—"

"I could say no more; the tears would come. Sidney rose and came to me."

"Pardon me, Mary; I have been very thoughtless. I feel as you do, and, if possible, you shall be in the new house before our Christmas shall come to make winter beautiful to us."

He said no more, but walking to the kitchen, gave directions for some of the workmen to be sent for. When the man came he bade him have stoves put up at once in certain rooms in the house, and keep up fires night and day, and then said with so much brightness of manner:

"I am sure, on the whole, it will be for the best; now we will enjoy a few weeks of anticipation."

Even this little exertion fatigued him, and he could not talk much for the next hour. But he grew no worse, remaining day after day the same; but he enjoyed the preparations for our removal, entering with great interest into all my little plans, and when the week came, he seemed so much better, aiding all in his power, and feeling better, as he said, for the exertion. The weather was bright, and, though cold, invigorating; the clear sky and cheerful sunlight acted like magic upon the invalid, and he was sure that he was gaining so fast in health that the doctor would prove a false prophet.

These were happy days. I forgot then the only source of disquietude, and gave myself wholly to the enjoyment of the change. No queen ever felt more proud of her dominion than myself when I took possession of our new house. The event almost gave health to Sidney, who never wearied in making little additions and improvements such as any new house needs that has not been occupied.

December came at last—the long-dreaded, yet wished-for December. I remember well how cheerful and hopeful Sidney was at that time. He was able to be out, and my comfort was closely studied; he forgot self and lived for another, rather, and other was to him as self—even death. I, too, (perhaps most women are so,) was forgetful of everything save the precious burden which was henceforth to make our own lives brighter.

Never shall I forget the happy, beaming expression of love and gratitude on Sidney's face when he looked for the first time on his new-born son. Had I any doubt before of his devotion and love, they were all removed now, and each for one short month became a paradise. I could desire no greater on the other side of the river of death. "Such seasons are to mortals given," as sweet types of the brightness of heaven. The languor and debility of my husband seemed to pass away. My baby was well-formed and healthy, and I lay with the precious gift at my side, in a happy, blissful trance, such as fills the imagination of the Eastern devotee, whose idea of heaven is only pure, passive enjoyment.

Alas! why could I not see, why did I not know that after one of those calm, bright, joyous days, when heaven descends to earth, a storm always comes? The Bird of Paradise seldom dwells near to earth, and if he does, he is the prophet of a storm. Why could I not see that the smile, and the bright eyes and the quickened step were only the result of excitement wrought by quaffing the elixir of happiness, and were not, as I vainly fancied them, the signs of returning health?

I was sitting one day in my nursery, watching with all a young mother's tenderness and love, my sleeping babe, when I heard a light tap at my door, and in answer to my summons "Come in," our brother Maurice stood before me.

Now, as the reader has learned, I was a plain little body, with not the least pretension to personal beauty, but love and happiness give a charm to the plainest person—at least I could only account for Maurice's remark in that way, with the addition, perhaps, of my new surroundings, for Sidney had indulged his pure but simple taste in the furnishing of the nursery, and my mother had sent me just the prettiest and bluest of cashmere dressing-gowns.

Maurice was a handsome man, as I have said before, with refined, almost feminine tastes, and as he looked at myself and the baby, and glanced round the room, he gave me his hand, and kissed me gently upon the cheek as he said:

"Upon my word, sister Mary, you are the first woman I have ever known grow handsome after marriage."

He sat down by my side, and an hour glided by most rapidly, as he gave me a sketch of his travels, adding that he had just come from Bethlehem, where he left Fanny very contented, and pursuing her studies with interest. He handed me a letter which he had brought from her. I did not ask any questions, knowing that my letter would give me all the desired information, and shrinking from entering upon the subject of Fanny's friendship. But Maurice, after waiting a moment, as if giving me an opportunity to question him, said quietly:

"I fear you have thought me a harsh father, but you must not judge me hastily; my daughter's interest is dear to me, and if we differ now, we may agree the better a few years hence. I believe in implicit obedience from a child. May I not reckon upon your influence on my side?" he asked smiling, as he glanced from myself to the babe.

Now Maurice had a pleasant smile; he never laughed heartily, or loud, never gave or received willingly a joke, but he could be very agreeable, and his affable manners and quiet smile were more pleasing to my own sex than the more boisterous mirth of most men. As I looked at him I thought of what Aunt Posey said, that "she wondered he did not marry, as he was very taking with the women."

"Of course," I answered readily. "Could you think otherwise? I should ill-honor my father by any other course."

"I was sure you felt so—yes, I told Fanny that you would agree with me; you and I could have but one view on this subject."

"Did Fanny suppose, brother Maurice, that I would encourage any disobedience to a father?" Maurice smiled, took a pinch of snuff from his little gold-lined box, and added very blandly:

"She did have an idea that you would encourage her correspondence with young Ashley; at least she so represented the matter."

"But, brother," I added hastily, for I felt my cheeks glow and my heart beat, fearing that my poor Fanny was in trouble, "I thought you gave them a year's trial; it was well borne, and won them, I supposed, the privilege of a correspondence."

"I did not so view it, nor could you wish it if you could see matters as I do. I cannot explain now, but you can trust me, I know, and I believe I shall have your aid."

I was perplexed, and did not answer immediately. I was in the dark, and wanted a little more light, but did not know how to obtain it. While I admired Maurice very much, I still had an awe of him which prevented too much freedom. He was a prominent man in the State, he was almost old enough to be my husband's father, and there was a dignity and reticence about him which I liked none the less because it held me at a distance. Our sex love to look up to reverence—it is innate, belongs to our nature, and we shrink from lessening that deference, or giving to our idols earthly qualities. But in my anxiety for Fanny I grew bold, and exclaimed earnestly:

"Oh, brother Maurice, you do not mean, you surely do not mean to forbid the correspondence between Frank and Fanny. He is a noble youth, he loves sincerely, and will love faithfully; he is ambitious, and will win a place and name in the world. It is a fearful thing to separate two such hearts."

I spoke with animation; my whole soul was in my words. Maurice looked at me surprised, but I am sure, from his expression, he was not displeased.

"Well, really, Mary, I was not aware that you had so much romance in you. I have not done justice to your quiet temperament; it's a study for me, but," and here he smiled, but very sadly, I thought, and his fine face expressed more pity than displeasure, "you are inexperienced, I see. I know life, its joys and disappointments, better, far better than you, and let me tell you, that these loves of children never fulfill their promises; better, far better, that they be plucked in the blossom than suffered to mature into worthless fruit, that bears within its heart the worm of corruption. Frank will grow weary of this boy's passion; and if, from a mistaken sense of honor, he fulfills the vows made now, it may bring to both a life of disappointment and bitter regret."

The first answer that welled to my lips was, "Not so, brother Maurice, I know better by experience;" but a sudden pang, quick as a flash of lightning, pierced my heart—that sad evening, the lonely grave, the secret yet unrevealed! I can't tell how Maurice interpreted my looks, but these quiet, observing men read such faces as mine far better than we read theirs.

My observation or experience, or both, Mary, will agree with me—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Sidney. They had not seen each other since Maurice's return. I was startled when I saw the difference between the brothers; my husband, thin, sallow, worn—Maurice of full habit, fair and healthy in complexion, seemingly vigorous, and with that freshness and buoyancy which we often see in men who travel and mingle much with the world.

But the meeting grieved me more than this. On Maurice's side it seemed cordial and brotherly, but Sidney, though he was polite, ceremoniously so, was distant, reserved, cold. There was no cordiality in the shake of the hand, no warmth in the words of welcome, no smile of pleasure on the face. I thought he was in trouble or pain, but for me and the babe there was the same expression of tenderness and love which I knew so well, and prized so highly.

The conversation became general, Sidney inquiring about the war in Florida, in which he felt a great interest, but differed from his brother on some points.

"I am hoping now," said Maurice, "that we shall have less trouble. Osoola is taken; while he was at large, there was no such thing as subduing the tribe. I see no way but to send them out of the territory or utterly exterminate them. It is the destiny of the race, and the mock philanthropy now so common is misplaced kindness. The Seminoles are like wild beasts, ferocious and pitiless, and should be driven from their lairs in the swamps of Florida, where they secrete themselves only that they may issue forth when opportunity occurs to plunder, ravage and destroy the whites."

"I have feared," said Sidney quietly, "that they were goaded on to vengeance by the wrongs which they have suffered from the white man. From much that I have read of Osoola, he has seemed to me to be possessed of many noble qualities. I am sorry even to hear of his capture; I should prefer to have him emigrate."

"And so would I; but that he will not do, declaring that the soil of Florida is dearer to him than all the hunting-grounds of the Great West."

Then followed a discussion, during which Maurice became excited, and looked all the better, I thought, for the flush and sparkle; however, it was but momentary, and did not affect his voice, the tones of which were calm, and even sweet, save once or twice, when a little irony jarred the chords. Sidney was firm, but there was almost a dead calm in his demeanor; it was unnatural, I thought, for it appeared to me at the time that if his brother used personal insult, it would not move him, and yet it was not the quiet submission which the younger and inferior yields to a superior, but more like the indifference, which sooms emotion. But I did not analyze closely, for through all their conversation, ran, like a sad undertone, those words of Maurice—

"Your observation, or experience, Mary, will prove the truth of my words; from your heart, you will hereafter, if not now, agree with me."

There was something in his manner that struck a chill to my heart. When he had gone, I, with my usual abruptness, exclaimed:

"Why, Sidney, what can be the matter with you? You treated your brother with great coolness. When you came into the room it was like a cold wind from the Arctic regions!"

"Did you feel chilled by it, Mary?" he said, a world of tenderness in his voice, as if a rough wind near me would give him pain.

"No, no Sidney, the coldness was not for me; I could see that; but—why—well, really, to tell the truth, I think your family are a little peculiar."

He smiled, and I interpreted the meaning to be, perhaps "some others are peculiar, too."

"Let me explain," I said. "I mean that you are not demonstrative. There may be strong family affection, but you do not manifest it. Even Fanny, much as she has reason to love her father, and strong as is his attachment to her, seems to manifest more fear than love. And you, who are so much younger than Maurice, and whom he regards almost in the light of a child, are so studiously polite, that you chill all warmth of reception. I only wondered that he did not resent it by greater coldness; instead of that, he was more kind and cordial than usual, until you angered him by such decided opposition to his opinion."

While I was speaking, Sidney's countenance puzzled me. At first he smiled, as if he knew more of family characteristics, but when I spoke of Maurice as a father, there was a dark shadow on his brow, almost of anger. He rose and took the babe that had waked, crying, from its sleep, and gently as a woman, carried it in his arms as he walked back and forth in the room.

There seemed every day an increasing tenderness in Sidney's manner toward myself and the babe. He said little, but the expression and tones spoke volumes of love and affection. Our home circle was our world; here we lived, and had our being—yes, I am sorry I forgot all else, even for a time our entire dependence upon the Author of our blessings. We were sufficient to each other, and, save for Fanny, we should have forgotten to feel an interest in the happiness of others. It was well for me, perhaps, that Fanny sought my confidence; her letter contained a copy of one from Frank in which he gives the following incidents:

"I have at last seen war, and must give you an account of my first battle. It was at Okchoabee. We had, including seventy Delaware Indians, one thousand and thirty-two men. After four days' march down the west side of Kissimmee, we came to a swamp, which separated us from the enemy. This swamp was three quarters of a mile broad, and totally impassable for horses, and you can judge whether agreeable for the pedestrian, when I add that it was covered with a thick growth of saw-grass five feet high, and was knee-deep in mud and water. But we crossed it, I can hardly tell you how, and were met on the other side by a heavy fire from the enemy. The contest lasted from half past twelve until after three, and was very severe. We had twenty-six killed and one hundred and twelve wounded. Do not turn pale, dear Fanny, when I tell you that I was wounded, but not fatally, as this letter proves. Of five companies, there were only four men left uninjured. Colonel Thompson received two balls from the enemy's fire during the early part of the engagement, yet he continued to give his orders with as much coolness as if we were only on parade duty. But a third ball proved fatal."

"Keep steady, men; charge the hammock! Remember the regiment to which you belong," were his last words.

We conquered, but it was a dear bought victory, for, after the battle, in that desolate hammock, lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and men. There were no ambulances for the sufferers, and we were a hundred and forty-five miles from civilization. Mine was a flesh wound, and I had fainted and fallen from loss of blood. But, I remember that on recovering a little and opening my eyes, I saw the soldiers constructing rude litters out of poles and dry hides which they had taken from the enemy. The poor, weak horses looked too feeble to bear them, but I longed for my time to come, for I was afraid they would overlook me, and I should be left on the ground, as I could not speak to call their attention. I lay in a wet, swampy place, almost concealed from view by the tall, coarse grass. I tried to rise, but the exertion was too much for me, and I fell back senseless. I rallied again in a few minutes, and, looking round, could not see a single soldier. The feeling of horror and desolation that came over me I cannot well describe. The next minute I found myself gently lifted up and borne away on a rude, but comfortable litter. I was sure that the bearers were squaws, but I was too faint to care for anything save being left in that desolate marsh to die alone.

The next thing of which I was conscious was having my wounds dressed by a tender and skillful hand; then some liquid was given me, which I drank without resistance. It was probably an anodyne, for I fell asleep, and slept I know not how long, but when I awoke I found myself in an Indian tent, lying on skins. A gourd of water was by my side and a melon, but I saw no person. I seized the gourd and drank the contents eagerly, nor did I hesitate to eat the melon, for in truth I was ravenously hungry. I then rose, determined, if possible, to find out where I was, and rejoin the regiment as quick as possible. I pushed aside the poor old ragged canvas that formed an apology for a tent, and was surprised to find the scenery around me strange and new. I seemed to be on a ridge, or island, in the

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"No, no Sidney, the coldness was not for me; I could see that; but—why—well, really, to tell the truth, I think your family are a little peculiar."

He smiled, and I interpreted the meaning to be, perhaps "some others are peculiar, too."

"Let me explain," I said. "I mean that you are not demonstrative. There may be strong family affection, but you do not manifest it. Even Fanny, much as she has reason to love her father, and strong as is his attachment to her, seems to manifest more fear than love. And you, who are so much younger than Maurice, and whom he regards almost in the light of a child, are so studiously polite, that you chill all warmth of reception. I only wondered that he did not resent it by greater coldness; instead of that, he was more kind and cordial than usual, until you angered him by such decided opposition to his opinion."

While I was speaking, Sidney's countenance puzzled me. At first he smiled, as if he knew more of family characteristics, but when I spoke of Maurice as a father, there was a dark shadow on his brow, almost of anger. He rose and took the babe that had waked, crying, from its sleep, and gently as a woman, carried it in his arms as he walked back and forth in the room.

There seemed every day an increasing tenderness in Sidney's manner toward myself and the babe. He said little, but the expression and tones spoke volumes of love and affection. Our home circle was our world; here we lived, and had our being—yes, I am sorry I forgot all else, even for a time our entire dependence upon the Author of our blessings. We were sufficient to each other, and, save for Fanny, we should have forgotten to feel an interest in the happiness of others. It was well for me, perhaps, that Fanny sought my confidence; her letter contained a copy of one from Frank in which he gives the following incidents:

"I have at last seen war, and must give you an account of my first battle. It was at Okchoabee. We had, including seventy Delaware Indians, one thousand and thirty-two men. After four days' march down the west side of Kissimmee, we came to a swamp, which separated us from the enemy. This swamp was three quarters of a mile broad, and totally impassable for horses, and you can judge whether agreeable for the pedestrian, when I add that it was covered with a thick growth of saw-grass five feet high, and was knee-deep in mud and water. But we crossed it, I can hardly tell you how, and were met on the other side by a heavy fire from the enemy. The contest lasted from half past twelve until after three, and was very severe. We had twenty-six killed and one hundred and twelve wounded. Do not turn pale, dear Fanny, when I tell you that I was wounded, but not fatally, as this letter proves. Of five companies, there were only four men left uninjured. Colonel Thompson received two balls from the enemy's fire during the early part of the engagement, yet he continued to give his orders with as much coolness as if we were only on parade duty. But a third ball proved fatal."

"Keep steady, men; charge the hammock! Remember the regiment to which you belong," were his last words.

We conquered, but it was a dear bought victory, for, after the battle, in that desolate hammock, lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and men. There were no ambulances for the sufferers, and we were a hundred and forty-five miles from civilization. Mine was a flesh wound, and I had fainted and fallen from loss of blood. But, I remember that on recovering a little and opening my eyes, I saw the soldiers constructing rude litters out of poles and dry hides which they had taken from the enemy. The poor, weak horses looked too feeble to bear them, but I longed for my time to come, for I was afraid they would overlook me, and I should be left on the ground, as I could not speak to call their attention. I lay in a wet, swampy place, almost concealed from view by the tall, coarse grass. I tried to rise, but the exertion was too much for me, and I fell back senseless. I rallied again in a few minutes, and, looking round, could not see a single soldier. The feeling of horror and desolation that came over me I cannot well describe. The next minute I found myself gently lifted up and borne away on a rude, but comfortable litter. I was sure that the bearers were squaws, but I was too faint to care for anything save being left in that desolate marsh to die alone.

The next thing of which I was conscious was having my wounds dressed by a tender and skillful hand; then some liquid was given me, which I drank without resistance. It was probably an anodyne, for I fell asleep, and slept I know not how long, but when I awoke I found myself in an Indian tent, lying on skins. A gourd of water was by my side and a melon, but I saw no person. I seized the gourd and drank the contents eagerly, nor did I hesitate to eat the melon, for in truth I was ravenously hungry. I then rose, determined, if possible, to find out where I was, and rejoin the regiment as quick as possible. I pushed aside the poor old ragged canvas that formed an apology for a tent, and was surprised to find the scenery around me strange and new. I seemed to be on a ridge, or island, in the

middle of a great cypress swamp. The vegetation around me was so dense, that the sun could not penetrate, save to the ridge on which the tent was pitched. All around me was a swamp, covered with green, stagnant water, a lurking place for snakes, and alligators, but the valley of death for man. I stood irresolute, more ready to encounter the fire of the enemy than the loathsome reptiles that I knew were hidden in the swamp. As I looked eagerly out in search of some path, or trail, I heard a voice near me say in good English:

"Don't hurry, Master Frank; when you are strong enough I will guide you across the swamp, and show you the white man's camp, and then you can return to kill the poor Indians who have no safety save in such swamps as these."

At the sound of the voice, I had turned, and saw, sitting on the ground a woman whose face I shall never forget. It haunted me even in my sleep. She seemed neither Indian nor slave. Her hair was long and black, but she had got the high cheek bones of the Seminoles, nor the reddish tinge to the skin. The face had something of the Spanish contour, but her eyes were her most remarkable feature—large, dark and piercing. When she spoke of my "killing the Indians," there was a fire and flash in them that gave token of an untamed soul within; but in a moment that expression passed away, and was succeeded by a sad, hopeless look that was almost despair. Alas! alas! I said to myself, why indeed are we hunting to the death this remnant of a once powerful race? Why not let them live the little time that remains for them? They are doomed to speedy annihilation without the aid of the white man's powder.

"But they kill us, too," I replied to my companion, who ceased her employment of pounding corn and listened to me. "Yonder swamp was filled with the dead of our army only yesterday."

"Yes, yes," she replied, "and it will be harder yet for the pale faces; the spirit of the Indian is aroused, and if he is driven from the land of his fathers, he will mark his track with blood."

"Why, then, did you spare me? Why did you bring me here, wounded and helpless, when a few hours' exposure in yonder swamp would have made one less white man in Florida?"

"Listen to me," she said, while her countenance softened and an expression awakened by some pleasant memory made it almost beautiful. "Your mother was my friend; while she lived, I never knew hunger, want, or sorrow. She, too, had a dear friend, the companion of her childhood, and when she died this friend filled her place, and was dearer to me than my own life. The blood of Spain ran in the veins of both, and though mine mingled with the darker hue of the Indian, and hers with the colder current of the Saxon, it was no bar to our love. I was a chieftain's daughter, and born to a wide inheritance of swamp and everglade, islands and rivers. But the white man came and took possession. My father was driven from his fertile lands, by the Ahapoka lake, to the swamps beyond the St. John; they hunted him as a wild beast, and he fled southward, but they followed, and went westward till the ocean reached his sight. They took him at last; they bound him—the brave, free man that scorned fetters—and sent him from the land of his fathers toward the setting sun. But the iron entered his soul; he died before he reached the home where they thought his eagle heart and strong arm could plan and fight no more for his nation. He lies near the great river; he crossed its waters only to die. But his avenger lives, and every day some pale face dies in memory of King Philip's wrongs."

"Stop a moment," I said. "Are you King Philip's daughter?"

She drew herself up proudly. "I am Nehah, a king's daughter; but many a time in your infancy was your head pillowed on my bosom, and many a night have I watched over you when your mother was too ill to guard you herself. Could I leave you to die—her child? You lay upon the ground, faint and bleeding, wounded by one of our tribe. I saw your fair, young face, pale in death, as I at first supposed, and a great pang came to my heart, for I thought how the wicked man, your enemy and mine, would rejoice: 'I brought you here; I laid you on the skins, that you might die here, and be buried where no wild beast might come. But it was only a swoon, and when you recovered, I saw your mother's smile, and heard her voice—'

She stopped suddenly, and turned her ear as if listening. I could hear nothing, but suddenly she seized my arm and drew me within the tent, and bade me, if I valued life, to secrete myself among the skins.

"Coscoche may have had the white man's fire-water, and then he knows not what he does. Wait till he has slept, and then he, too, will forgive much for your mother's sake."

She was so earnest and decided in her movements, that scarcely was I aware of her intention before I found myself inside the tent, and back to my bed of skins, which was screened by a piece of canvas. Like the rest of the tent, however, it was full of holes, and I could easily see the approach of an Indian on horseback. He was a noble looking chief, not tall, but well proportioned, with every limb molded to the most perfect symmetry. As he sprang from his horse, a very fine bay, and stood a moment with one arm caressingly thrown around his neck, it seemed a group for a sculptor. Both horse and man were worthy an artist's chisel. He had not imbibed the fire-water, for his voice was clear and soft, and his speech very fluent. His sister came toward him, rather deprecatingly, I thought; but as she spoke in the Indian language, I could not comprehend her. It was evident, however, from the chief's manner, that he was not displeased, and when Nehah pointed to the tent, he gave a nod of approbation, and then began some relation of the battle, evidently for I caught the names of some of our brave officers who had fallen. His gestures were rapid and violent—his dark, expressive eye, full of fire. What we thought a victory on our side, he viewed as a loss on his, or at least a drawn battle.

When he ceased talking, Nehah took his horse and proceeded to perform all the duties of an expert ostler, while the chief threw himself down just inside the tent, as if very weary. How he managed to get through that swamp with his horse, puzzled me very much. When Nehah had finished her care of the horse, she prepared food for the chief. As she was about to do so, as a soldier who has known the hunger of the battle-field can tell. Then he laid himself down and slept. I had been in the tent long enough to know that it was the sleep of a man who had known no rest for many nights.

After a while Nehah came to me, and bade me arise and come out of doors. It was a mild evening,

the moon was shining brightly, and the swamp that had looked so full of death to me in the broad sunlight, lay sleeping quietly in the softer rays of the moon, the hidden death still lurking there, but the eye saw it not.

"Coscoche is brave—he is generous," said Nehah. "He remembers your mother, and gives you shelter in his tent. But the tribe hates your nation; they will kill Coscoche if he is kind to you. You must go from here—I will show you to the edge of the swamp, and point the way to the white man's camp."

"But tell me first, Nehah, what you meant when you said your enemy and mine would rejoice at my death. I do not know as I have an enemy in the world—Who is he? Where is he?"

Nehah's eyes were fierce as a tiger's when he glares upon his prey. I started back half frightened, for I had roused a lurking devil in her.

"Don't ask me now," she said, "there is not time to tell you of the past. If we ever meet again I have much to say to you; if not, God will protect you, for your mother loved him. She tried to teach me forgiveness and patience, but I never learned the lesson, and never will; but I promised—not your mother, but her, her, the victim, the wronged, whose life he sacrificed—that I would not harm him. But I have longed for his heart's blood, and I dare not trust myself in his presence lest I should forget my vow."

She turned away hastily as she spoke, not giving me time to reply, but soon returned, leading Coscoche's horse, and hastily made me mount.

"I will guide you through the morass," she said, "and then you must trust to yourself; but the white man's camp is not far distant, and all Coscoche's band are at a distance, in safety. If you have no honor, you can betray my brave brother Coscoche into the hands of your soldiers. No other white man knows the way to his hiding place."

"Nehah," I said, "you have saved my life; you were my mother's friend. Could I betray you or yours?"

"I do not fear it," she said abruptly, "and even if you should, it would be only making a life doomed to sorrow a little briefer."

I was mounted before I was aware that she was going on foot as my guide; but no persuasion could induce her to change, and she spoke as a nurse to a child for whose welfare she was responsible.

"You will be tired enough," she said, "before tomorrow night. We must improve the moonlight; ride on slowly and with care."

I soon learned that she was right, for the way was long, circuitous, and in some parts almost impassable. But the horse was familiar with it, and carried me safely through, Nehah walking by my side and pointing out every obstruction. It was near morning when we came to the edge of the swamp, and I saw in the distance the track by which our soldiers had come, and the battle-field where I had laid in those hours of suffering and suspense.

"Now go," said Nehah; "you have no time to waste; and I must hasten back to Coscoche before he misses the horse."

I dismounted, and finding in my pocket a gold piece, the only money I had, I offered it to Nehah. She gave me a bitter look of scorn. "And do you think it is for money I would serve her child?"

Before I could answer, she had turned and ridden away, and I stood, vexed with myself, and sorely regretting that I had not learned more of her history, and was exceedingly puzzled to know what she could mean by her enemy and mine. I trust the fortune of war may throw me again in her path.

I had a long walk in a hot sun, and reached my camp at nightfall, where I was received as one from the dead, for I had been reported as among the slain. An opportunity occurs for sending me to Washington, and I must close, hoping to be able to write you again soon; meanwhile I leave you to puzzle over my mysterious adventure.

Yours truly,

FRANK.

This letter, which Fanny enclosed for my perusal, was a more perplexing puzzle to me than to her, none the less so because I recognized one of the actors—"Nehah." To be sure, that was a common Indian name; there might be many Nehahs, and how could the woman whom I saw only a few weeks previous be the same who so kindly cared for Frank? And yet, improbable as it seemed, I was sure it was the same woman. Those eyes that had such power over Frank were the same that I had encountered in our village post office. I sat long that night with my sleeping babe in my arms, pondering over the mystery. I knew that Frank's mother and Fanny's had been friends in their girlhood, and united by the ties of the Spanish blood, of which they were both a little vain.

Sidney read the letter, but made no remark, save that he was glad that Frank had found friends among the Seminoles. The war would be long and bloody, for the Indians were becoming more savage, and the whites more desperate as the difficulty of reclaiming their slaves increased. "The poor runaway blacks find more indulgent masters among the Indians than on the plantations of Carolina and Georgia, and as many of them are only the descendants of the original refugees, they feel unwilling to recognize the claims made for them. To tell the truth, Mary, our own officers feel the difficulty of their position in Florida. One of them in a late report says: 'Repeated aggressions, false promises, neglect and abuse have made them reckless, and the assurances of the whites are considered as worthless.'"

On the other hand, the smothered passions of fifteen years are now breaking out, and my heart sickens to hear of the horrible massacres which are perpetrated by the savages. They are wreaking their revenge on the helpless mothers and innocent babes. The Government prohibited powder, arms, and lead. This was hard, for it deprived them of the means of gaining much of their food. In reply, Coscoche says: 'Am I a negro—a slave? I am an Indian—a Seminole. The white man shall not make me black. I will make the white man red with blood, and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell of his bones, and the buzzard live upon his flesh.'"

His threats were soon put into execution. After professing friendship, he lay in wait with some of his tribe until General Thompson—a brave officer and noble man—should take his accustomed walk. Then those ambushed Indians fired, and the General and Lieutenant Smith fell, mortally wounded; one received twenty-four balls, the other thirteen. They were then scalped and their bodies cut into pieces, the scalps, also, divided into fragments to satisfy the cravings of those bloody men. Such was the last revenge taken upon the explorers of his wife. He married a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a chief, but whose mother was an African slave.

Coscoche was proud of his ancestry, and hated slavery with great bitterness. He imprudently took his wife with him on a visit to the officers' headquarters under a flag of truce—his "Morning Dew," as she was called by her tribe. While he left her to transact some business with General Thompson, she was seized and held as a slave, because of her tinge of African blood. Coscoche could learn nothing of her fate; but her youth and beauty, and the secrecy of her capture, roused in him the most terrible suspicions. He was frantic with rage, and because the husband and father, robbed of his wife, expressed his feelings as his nature dictated, he was confined in irons for six days. He was then released, but his spirit was broken and crushed, and little remained for him in life but to wreak vengeance on his enemies.

Such was the condition of affairs at the time of our last information. Now Maurice returns with the report of Coscoche's second capture, and this is the manner of it. Through the influence of the Cherokee, propositions for peace had been made, and General Hernandez sent various presents to Coscoche, saying, also, that he would be glad to hold conference with him. The same assurances of friendship and kindness were made to Coscoche, who became the messenger of these friendly tokens. Coscoche promised to see Osceola, and return in ten days. Punctual to the day he returned, and brought assurance that Coscoche, with a hundred warriors, were on their way to St. Augustine. General Hernandez went twenty miles to meet them. The place of encampment was Fort Peyton. Coscoche and the other chiefs came with great ceremony, bearing white flags, and keeping these flags flying over their encampment night and day. General Hernandez, accompanied by his staff, in full dress, met them as he had promised. They exchanged the ordinary salutations, and then asked Coscoche some questions relative to delivering up the exiles, or slaves, about which there had been much dispute. The chiefs looked at each other in great surprise. Osceola turned to his companions and said, "I am choked." He had scarcely uttered the words, when, at a concerted signal, armed troops surrounded the encampment, disarmed and made prisoners of them all. They were then marched to St. Augustine and closely imprisoned in the ancient castle of that city. It would seem by Frank's letter that Coscoche had just escaped, but Osceola is no doubt strongly guarded, and will end his days in the dungeons of the old castle. He is too dangerous an enemy to be allowed his freedom. He is educated far above the rest of his tribe, and is the son of a white man, an Indian trader, while his mother was the daughter of a chief. He has not been cruel, save to his own sex, having said to his braves, "Let us not make war upon women and children." From my soul I pity him, and cannot justify the treachery of his capture. It was on this subject that Maurice and myself became so warm. He thinks it a stroke of policy—the decisive blow that shall end the war. I think it is but one of a series of deeds that will call down the vengeance of heaven upon our nation. Maurice is largely interested in Florida lands. A peace will give him wealth, and he forgets, I fear, the sense of justice in the desire for gold.

"He does not seem an avaricious man, Sidney," I said, for some time I looked from the least glimpse of Maurice, who had become idealized in my mind as a noble and true man.

"No, he has not that vice; but politicians need money for the power it brings, and you will not deny his love of power."

"Not at all; and he seems fitted to rule. He looked finely to-day. A sea voyage had improved his health. I wish you would try it."

"Perhaps I will," Sidney replied. "The doctor advises it. When our boy is a little older you can go with me."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE VISION.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

There's a high-towering cliff that looks over the main, Where low sighing breezes send a mournful refrain O'er the bosom of the deep. 'Tis twilight's soft hour These low-breathing strains send a charm and a power. On this high-towering cliff I stood all alone, And nought could I hear but the sad, dreary moan O'er the deep-awakening sea, and nought could I trace My thoughts to molest in this low mystic place. The fair Queen of Night in her bright golden sheen Was sparkling with gems and with beauty serene; Her soft rays fell on me like a spell of delight, And my senses were wrapt in a halo of light.

This light o'er my being so radiant did beam That my soul seemed entranced—it was surely no dream! For I saw far above me the star-gleaming dome, And heard all around me the sea's dreary moan; And long did I muse, deeply shrouded in thought, On Life's mystic page, and the lessons it taught. On the Past, in its sunlight, its shadows and gloom, In its desert autumnal—its gardens of bloom. I mused on its pleasures, its sorrows and tears— Its brightest delusions and soul-beaming cheers— Its dim rays of gladness peering out from the storm, In greetings of sunshine to keep the soul warm.

And the longer I mused the more did I seem To be wrapt in the charm of a fanciful dream; And had it not been for the sound of the main I would surely have thought 'twas the light of my brain A delusion had crept; I would surely have thought That a spell of enchantment my senses had caught, For to behold floating out to my view, From the crystalline depths of etherial blue, Enwrapped in a cloud of silvery light, A being of beauty bewildered my sight— A maiden, so glowing with Wisdom and Love, That I knew she had come from bright realms above.

She approached me so near that I plainly could trace Each joy and emotion that glowed on her face— So near that the light of her soul in her eyes Seemed to gaze into mine with tender surprise: More bright than the poet can fancy or dream On my soul the light of her beauty did gleam; More shadowy soft than the poet can guess Was the spell of enchantment that, twined with her tresses,

More lovely and fair, more divine was the form, Arrayed in the light of its own mystic charm, Than the genius of romance had ever portrayed, That gleamed in the sunlight, or blushed in the shade; More peaceful and grand than mystic realms above, Than the splendor that plays round the grave of a queen;

And sweet was her voice in its musical tone, As the song of a seraph from a pearl-white throne, A breath of rapture and wonder I felt, On this vision my fancy so charmed and so held, And caught in the strains that fell on the air A melodious response to my soul's silent prayer:

Come away, come away from your dreaming, Ascend the green mount with me, Where the Spirit of Beauty is gleaming— Like the light on a dark blue sea!

Come away, come away from your sadness, Oh, come to the fountains of light, Where the Spirit of Song and of Gladness Shall circle thy soul with delight!

Oh, come to the home of the maiden, Who chants her glad music to thee, Where the soft balmy airs are laden With all that is joyous and free!

Where the Spirit of Poetry never In the light of its glory shall fade— Like a star beaming brighter forever In the glow of its splendor arrayed!

Oh, come where the Graces are wreathing Their garlands afresh with the dew, And their mystical songs fondly breathing To the souls of the Good and the True!

Hast thou drunk at the fountain of Sorrow, In the depths of its dark purple glow? Then the rapturous Hopes of the morrow On thy soul may their lustre bestow!

Hast thou drunk at the deep-glowing Chalice, In its sparkling allurements and charm? Hast thou braved the dark whirlwind of Malice, And smiled at its anger and storm?

Hast thou vanquished the lowly-born power Of Falsehood, Deception and Pride? Hast thou won to thy soul its bright power That braves the dark swell of the tide?

Hast thou chosen the best and the brightest That thy soul in its yearning could see? That the hopes of thy spirit delightest? Then ascend the green mount with me!

Come away, come away from your dreaming, Oh, come to the fountains of light, Where the Spirit of Beauty is gleaming O'er the regions of Song and Delight!

As these last soft echoes died away on the air, She was wrapt in the cloud, and her bright golden hair

Nevermore did I see, nor the deep-gleaming eyes That awoke in my soul such joy and surprise.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LEGEND OF LINCOLNSHIRE PETER, AND THE "WILDFIRES."

(N. B.—No relation of the "Wildfire Club.")

BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

It was the last Saturday of Lent, about one hundred years ago, when a young man whom tradition calls Peter Somebody, (but what body I cannot now remember) found himself terminating a short Spring day's shooting amongst the fens of Lincolnshire, England, famous for its bogs and wild fowl. The evening had stolen on the solitary sportsman ere the engrossing pleasure of his occupation permitted him either to remark the descent of its shadowy veil, or the yet more startling fact that he had so far strayed from his path, that now in the midst of a flat, monotonous stretch of marshy country, with scarcely any landmarks to indicate the road, he had strayed far from his intended route, and was doubtful whether he could retrace his path ere the rapidly deepening gloom involved him in the treacherous wastes of the death swamps around him.

Pausing for an instant to take note of the scene, he perceived himself in the midst of those bright green patches of vegetation, whose deceptive beauty was the well known signal of quaking bogs beneath. Finding the case desperate, he boldly pushed forward in the direction which he fancied must lead him to the cottage of a fisherman with whom he was acquainted, and where he hoped to find shelter for the night; compelled to thread his way amongst the swamps with the utmost caution, and pursue many a devious path to circumambulate the treacherous pits, and keep on firm ground, night at last overtook him ere he had advanced beyond what he deemed to be the edge of one of those tracts of quagmire, renowned even in that district for its vast extent, and the number of travelers whose hapless forms had been seen to enter within its circle of death, but never again to emerge therefrom.

Still our friend Peter was an experienced navigator of these land seas, and had, moreover, knowledge of several persons who had successfully threaded the intricacies of this very swamp, called from its evil reputation, "The Devil's Punch-bowl." Deeming, however, that even his experience and hardihood were no match for the cunning adversary who was popularly supposed to sup on the captured human game of this most inhuman Punch-bowl, at least, on a dark night, our redoubtable Peter turned with a view of leaving the swamp and its hungry proprietor behind him. No sooner had he set his face to the right-about, than to his great joy he discerned "the light in the window." Far off, it is true, and shining out amidst the gloom of night, thickened by a most dense fog, with large and preternatural brightness, but still about the height from the ground, and so fearfully in the possible direction of the fisherman's cottage, that he never doubted that signal of hospitable deliverance from his perilous situation was even now before him. Had it been one of the "Wildfires" or "Jack-o'-lantern" lights, with which these dreary fens are so often covered, he argued it would not have appeared thus stationary or single; in a word, it was "the light in the window," and so he pushed on, and though his way to attain it led him into paths, which became more and more yielding beneath his feet, and enveloped him yet more thickly in the dense and awful mist, retreat was as fatal as advance, and so he kept on.

And were we to pursue our story with the traveler's way, we too should keep on, and on, and on, until the one light parted into two, and the two into a thousand, and these again into countless millions; and in short, according to the tradition, our hapless Peter in attempting to circumnavigate "the Devil's Punch-bowl," had actually stepped himself, lemon-liko, into its very vortex; and still the story runs, our traveler's heart never for a moment failed him, and though the greying "wildfires" were now shimmering and blazing around him in such confusion that the whole of the firmament of heaven seemed to be holding a carnival in the steaming mist which enveloped him, yet did he never lose sight of the one original flame from whose still steady, motionless lustre the whole convention of flaming, whirling fireballs seemed to have grown out, and yet that still blazed on, and Peter still made on; and as the story goes, the light burned, and Peter chased it, "on, and on, and on" until at last he actually at-

tempted it, stood before it, and oh joy unspeakable! found it even as he had supposed—a human signal, and the watch-fire of a human habitation. The only point, however, in which he was deceived, was the nature of the dwelling he had reached. Instead of the fisherman's low cottage roof, or lamp-lit window, he found himself standing before a magnificently carved gateway, whose many colored, gem-like stones were irradiated by one which shone in the distance, like the lamp he had seen, but on his near approach, revealed to his astonished gaze the splendor of a solid diamond sun. As he approached the gate, its crystal walls swung open, and boldly entering within their dazzling folds, he found himself in a scene which ever after he declared must be the only true representation of Paradise.

'T was night no more; and though the air was clearer, whiter, more transparent, and oh! how far more bright than the most gorgeous summer day he'd ever known on earth; he saw no visible origin for the splendid lustre of the light. No sky, no horizon—all was flowers, and glorious trees, forests and woods, blue hills, and soft resplendent vales. Wild cataraacts with sparkling silver spray, fountains of golden hue, and rainbow rivers, whose gorgeous colors seemed the bright reflection of their flowery banks.

There were lovely groves, and long arcades of trees, beneath whose blossoming arches the soft, ethereal, mystic light from nowhere, everywhere, shone on the velvet sward in tender, undulating rays and shadows—and as the delighted pilgrim bounded up the yielding, elastic sides of some springy hill (for the earth he trod seemed all spring and air), the beauty that closed around him seemed dull and rapid, to the glorious landscape of the vast and seemingly eternal beyond. 'Dwellings were there; but all were made of trees, whose interlocking branches formed the walls and roof and floor; their leaves and fruit and blossoms were the patterns on the walls and ceiling; thick banks of star-eyed, many colored flowers, the seats and tables, and busybirds and bitters flies, the orderly domestics.

As to the people! Oh, Peter, Peter! here you are ransoming! Think of the dark-eyed horrors of Mahomet; dream, if you can, of Georgian roses and white Cressian lilies, patterned into women. Distil Tom Moore and Byron into reality; take a double dose of Shakespeare's Ariel, mix the whole with Romeo and Juliet, Miranda and Titania, add a Grecian Helen and Calypso, and then you have not got a faint idea of half the beauty of the tiny fairy creatures, male and female, that swarmed around your swayed belated Peter. They spoke! oh Mario and Gris! Their voices were an archangelic orchestra, and all that Peter was ever subsequently able to relate, was just the faintest echo of the gist of what they spoke, which, when choked well up in earth speech, seemed to amount to this: These fairy people were neither more nor less than human souls, in proof of which they pointed to an elegant young man, some two feet high, who, arrayed in a tunic of Joseph's coat, a monk's hood cap, lady's slipper boots, and vest of bright coxcomb, sat in a distant music gallery, swelling the chorus of a most exquisite orchestral symphony, by a delicious tenor from a trumpet lily.

Judge of Peter's astonishment, when in the radiant and starlike face of this angelic trumpeter, he recognized an old companion of his own, who on earth had peccadilloed about the country on the proceeds of a hand organ, and in attempting to reach a neighboring fair, had been engulfed in the treacherous swamp. He had always thought his poor lost friend a remarkable good fellow, and knew of many a hungry beggar who had been fed out of the organ-grinder's hard-earned pence; but to see the soul coming out of its shell in such radiant colors, and such yet more radiant happiness as this dowerly young gentleman represented, was a touch above our sportsman's idea of immortality.

Six weeks ago, his friend, the fisherman, had sent his little, barefoot, ragged daughter, a sickly, sad and silent child of twelve years old, to a distant village, to buy them yarn to spin. Child of the Lincoln Fens, she'd been so used to thread the swamps, they never thought of danger, and yet they saw her tiny form flitting amongst the swamp grass one brief moment, the next, a vacancy in air, one long, wild shriek, and she sank down, down, within her winding sheet of bog and mystery, forever—lost.

"Lost! why no," cried Peter; "as I live she's found again; and only that she stands a little shorter, scarce one foot high, she lives; and is charming snow-drops up with yellow cowslips, into what looks very much like pearl and gold ice cream. How beautiful she looked, too! glad and happy, as if the sky's eternal sunshine were in her blue eye, and rosy-morn were on her lips and cheek; her dress a morning glory; the cups in which she handed round the feast, field-buttercups."

A poor old woman, whom superstition called a witch, whom Peter knew as ever kind and gentle, whose humble shed was ever open to the poor and weary, who spun for bread, and died, they said, lost in the swamp, while gathering peat to light a poor sick neighbor's fire, why! "Heavens and earth! what wonderful transformation." "Molly, if this is you, I tell you 'tis a mighty fine and glorious thing to die. I wish I was dead myself, if this is death!"

So said Peter, and so would say many besides; could they have seen the dark-eyed, lovely being that wreathed with amaranths immortal, with youth eternal on her sunny brow, and form as light and bending as the trembling moonlight, new as itself, him, one of a many throng of shining figures, many of whom he'd known, victims of "quagmire death." They looked so young, so fair, and wondrous happy, poor Peter felt the burning tears well up, and nearly choked him with longing for the "eternity of earth" to close about him, and see him one of them, "the dead—"

"the happy dead!"

They told him this was Easter morning, and that a year in memory of their rising from the tomb, they held that day a very solemn fast; for the fast of earth, as signifying gloom and discontent with all mighty Providence, they held to be sanctitious; and so they put the in and made earth's fasts Heaven's feasts, and seasons of rejoicing, by which they meant to say in dead prayer: "Thy will be done, our God in He, we are glad in doing it!"

I am sorry, so spiritual were the present to be, to lighten the world with a fall and particular account of the particulars of that Easter Sunday morning of the dead, and poor Peter's account, as tradition renders it, is such a wonderful combination of beauty and song, and mirth, and fancy, and pathos, that to us poor pilgrims on the desert of the earth, it appears impossible, because the presence of so much as dazzling in its radiance, and so much as puts our eyes out, and instead of luminous, we poor blinded pilgrims see nothing but "Wildfires." Instead of paradises, a dismal swamp; instead

of a providential feast, a theological feast, or the feast of the Devil's Punch-Bowl. The climax of the story is just this, however:

When the real earthly sun was shining high in the physical heaven, on a certain Easter Sunday morning, whose date tradition has not recorded, Peter, suddenly awaking, found himself lying in a clump of scrubby bushes; a very rusty gun by his side, a very dilapidated, threadbare suit of clothes on his body, an extensive and very white beard streaming far down his breast; a pair of coverings on his feet, which no human discrimination could decide to be crystallized mud or leather, and a shagging bad hat by his side. "Somewhat hungry, singularly weak and stiff in the joints, and yet more singularly confused in his mind, Peter arose, and rather by instinct than perception, made his way to the old homestead, where his forefathers dwelt, and where, said Peter had (as he thought,) a legitimate title to follow their example. To save the trouble of writing a bad imitation of an imitable legend, for the sequence of Peter's history, please read Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle; transfer Sleepy Hollow to the Lincolnshire fens, and you have the whole thing in a nutshell.

In vain poor Peter asserted he was himself, though grown from twenty to seventy in a single night-time beneath the spell of "a fairy dream." His own posterity (good Lord!) insisted that he had been lost fifty years ago, in the swamp; decently interred in mud and mystery; mourned in tears and bombazine; and was to all intents and purposes dead, and if not buried, that was the fault of the proprietor of the Devil's Punch-Bowl. As a harmless, pious, and somewhat philosophic lunatic, poor Peter was permitted to spend the remainder of his days, maintained in peace at the public expense, but to the very last of his life, he persisted that in his Easter Sunday amongst "the happy dead," he had learned that death is but the gate of a brighter life; the "Wildfires" of earthly swamps' radiations from the land of glory, and fifty years in paradise but as a troubled hour of mortal sleep. When at length the opening of the gates began to dawn upon his fading human eyes, he requested to be buried on the edge of the beloved swamp, a dying wish, which, in consideration of the saving thereby effected in sexton's fees, was religiously complied with.

Perhaps this legend may throw some light upon the assertion of the knowing ones in fen and bog specialties, that "The Wildfires" are particularly abundant and brilliant about the season of Easter; and instead of accepting the material and wholly unsatisfactory explanation concerning the swollen condition of these morasses under the influence of winter and spring rains, &c., we are well disposed to agree with the Lincolntites, that the radiant gatherings of Easter "Will-o'-the-wisps" are the flashings of the diamond-lighted gates, as Peter and his companions issue from them to hold their Easter merry-making once again on earth, mounted on bright horse-chestnut steeds, armed with speargrass, lighted by flashing sunflowers, and stars of Bethlehem, and guiding related travelers to their eternal rest in Paradise.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FRANK AND LITTLE JIM.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

It was in the early Autumn-time, the birds had gone away. The leaves upon the maple boughs were turning red and gray. The flowers that bloomed beside the walks began to droop and fade. Great patches of the sunlight shone where once the shadows played.

I sat me down by mother's door to muse upon the scene. To think how soon the Autumn frost had changed the summer green;

For every time a zephyr came, away the leaflets flew, Till on the elm the robin's nest was left to public view. A little child four years of age, with features fresh and fair.

With sunlight dancing in his eyes, and through his golden hair, Came running from a woodland path where oft he went to play, And spent his hours among the flowers on many a summer day.

"Mother, I've had the sweetest time while playing 'neath the trees! And once I heard a little song, and thought it was the leaves;

And looking up to hear them sing, oh, mother! there I see Our little darling angel, Jim, sat looking down at me! And oh, he had the sweetest face, and such a winning way.

I asked him to come down awhile and help me in my play; And then I took the chance, you know, to ask him of his home, And if he ran away from God, and did he come alone!

And then he told me all about his home so bright and fair, Of all the little boys and girls that loved each other there, And how they sang the sweetest songs of purity and love,

And wanted me to go with him and live with them above I. And, mother, could you see his hair, all curled with flowers so dear!

'T was longer than it used to be, when little Jim was here; And then he wore a little frock, all pure and white, With little shoes of gold and green—oh, mother, may I show you go?"

The mother took her little boy, but oh, she could not speak. The tears that glistened in her eyes, now trickled down her cheek. For well she knew an angel had revealed the truth to him, And now her darling Frank would go to live with little Jim.

That mother's home, how dark it grew—it has no sunlight now. For little Frank grew sick and pale, the fever burned his brow. So when the stars were going to sleep, and rosy light was dawning,

He breathed his little life away one pretty Autumn morning. The Summer will come back and bring her flowers of every hue, The robin and the wren will come to build their nests anew!

But that mother will not heed them, for her eyes are growing dim— She won't go to live again with Frank and little Jim!

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Original Essays.

SPIRITUALISM VS. FREE LOVE.

INTRODUCTION.

The thoughts herein contained are the impressions I have received in regard to the so-called "reform" in the marriage institution. Though claiming the immediate authorship, the ideas are impressions received from a superior source, so far as they are true—so far as they are acceptable—if they are not true, their source should not, and will not, preserve them from a just oblivion. It is the truth alone which will stand the test of ages, the attacks of error. The ideas here advoated, to my own mind, appear true; they may appear to another mind, differently constituted and differently educated, the extreme of error. We are all organized unlike each and every other, and hence believe entirely different, and view things in a widely varying light. None are to be blamed for their honest convictions. Let us not, therefore, shut out the light, but here, in the domain of rational and unprejudiced discussion, strive to arrive at the knowledge of the right and the true. With this sentiment ever prominent, this essay was indited, and it is hoped it will be perused in the same spirit.

I propose to investigate the doctrine of Free Love in all its bearings, and in the sequel, to prove that it is not admitted by Spiritualism, and forms no part of, and is not connected in the least with the philosophy developed by spiritual teachings. In an investigation of this character, historic, experimental, and practical evidence should be taken on all sides, and treated with equal kindness; all prejudice be banished, and the mind should be free to receive or reject, as the mass of evidence decides. I propose, first, to consider the doctrine as held by its supporters, then the necessity of government, and lastly show the antagonism existing between the Spiritual Philosophy and Free Love.

The necessity of Spiritualists speaking on this subject has become so great, and the obligation for them to take a decided stand so pressing, are the reasons for my inditing this essay. It was thought that a doctrine so radical, so revolutionary, bearing the marks of such inevitable destruction to the present order of society, would find few followers, and at length die out of itself; but this is not found true. The world has had experience enough in such matters to have learned better than such a judgment long ago. Not a novel scheme too novel, not a wild vision too wild, not a disordered brain too disordered, but will find followers to plead its cause, laud its merits, and, if the projector dies, to allot a martyr's fate to his miserable death. It has been thus with Shakerism, with Mormonism, and their kindred issues, who see in an Ann Lee, or a Joe Smith, martyrs to the cause of truth. "Has not all truth been persecuted in its infancy?" exclaim the fanatical supporters: "Let us suffer and die, that our names may become immortal." Yes, it is very true that truth is generally persecuted when first brought into the world; but it is not necessarily true that error always meets with a welcome. This, at least, is no just standard to judge of the merits of any doctrine—its persecution or welcome on its advent.

The only standard I recognize is nature and reason, and by these every doctrine must be judged. Do not quote the amount of persecution. Mahometanism and stealing have had any amount of it; crime, murder and robbery have been persecuted from time immemorial, and yet they never will become ennobled. Let us come out into the realm of facts and causes, and decide on this important subject by analogies of the laws of society—not by quoting and flimsy excuses of evidence. The persecution will come, be the cause good or bad; it will be slandered and derided, but it will not stand the test of the inviolable facts of nature, if it is wrong. Let us measure it by these, and honorably decide who and what is right or wrong. I have no favorite theory to support; I seek after the truth alone. I have examined the subject in its different shades and bearings, to arrive at the truth. I ask the reader simply to follow me through, whether he may chance to agree or disagree with me, in the positions I have taken.

But before proceeding further, let us inquire, What is Free Love? The name is a fine sounding one. Who does not believe that love should be free? But there is a technical meaning attached to it, and that is what we desire to know. Free Love means something different to a free lover than it does to others. To the variety lover, it means promiscuity in the sexual relations; to the milder class, who retain the central idea of monogamic marriage relations, it means the right to marry and re-marry, until the right mate is found. Advocating as they do the doctrine of Individual Sovereignty in its unqualified form, it is difficult to state precisely their dogmas, yet, in essential features, they agree in the following statement, drawn from different sources:

1. Free Love despises the institution of Marriage. It is an agreement to live together for an indefinite time. Two persons agree to unite to-day, but agree perhaps to-morrow they have a better opportunity, and disengage themselves as easily, or rather much easier than from a common verbal contract.

2. The marriage institution is, according to its view, one of the greatest evils that ever existed on earth. It is legalized bigamy, and a rotten mass of sensuality, without a single redeeming quality. It produces antagonisms, selfishness, and the worst of evils. There is nothing good in it, and it must be destroyed, root and branch. In its place we must all love whom we desire, and when we wish, and just as much as we please.

This is the sum total of Free Love. I presume the reader will wonder why the latter sentence is added, for it will be new to him that mankind has not done in this manner for thousands of years. But the Free Lovers say; that they love not—that this love-power has been cramped, awaited, wrongly directed, and restrained by the evil institution of marriage. When it speaks of the marriage institution, it is always with "tender" and "bitterness." Says a writer, whose work is the text of Free Love: "Marriage breeds coldness, distrust, and restraint everywhere. Every man is afraid his neighbor will rob him of his right. Having but one woman, and the legal right to but one, makes him stingy." The last elegant sentence is followed by: "There is no friendship or freedom; the moment the young are married, they are undi for society; marriage is the bane and destruction of society." And again, "The doctrine of Free Love are to deliverance; it has been tested, and worked admirably well in the hands of the Perfectionists. They are Free Lovers in the

strongest sense. This society, still existing in New York, believe in having everything in absolute common. Every woman is the wife of every man in the society, and every man the husband of every woman. There is not the shadow of restraint, nor even of public opinion. All formality and ceremony is broken down and discarded, and on the ruin of the existing system, no other is created, but everybody loves everybody else, and when they please." There is unrestrained promiscuity in all the relations of sex. The unity of the affections, the eternity of love, the union of hearts—all are regarded as fancies, and are burned up beneath the glow of the fires of sensuality. Its main idea is, that men and women seek variety in their love, not unity. There is no spiritualism in love—nothing sentimental or refined—it is all animal desire; and this is to have free and unlicensed action!

Such is Free Love in its plain aspect. We have stated it in all fairness, giving quotations from the best works on the subject. It is now our duty to trace out its legitimate bearings, and point out its inevitable results. To do so, we must traverse a wide field, and must deal briefly with essential points, in order to condense within our narrow limits, the statement of our position and facts. This is rendered necessary by the grand aim which is taken by the doctrine under consideration. No less than the entire subversion of all existing institutions, governments, laws, and customs, and the total extinction of the laws of society. Nothing is to be left but universal ruin. Nor is any new order to grow out of the confusion. It is not to be a revolution, but destruction—annihilation. The example of this Red Republicanism is to be exceeded, and the social system reared by the wants and necessities of the race, is by one swoop to be swept away.

3. Free Love strikes a deadly blow at the basis of government. Government is founded on the family and its social relations. This is the source from whence it flows—Chinese, Jew, or Christian; this must be acknowledged. But the family and its relations are to be utterly destroyed, and hence government must fall. No right to govern is acknowledged. Every one is their own sovereign, to act as they please. If men murder or steal, society cannot protect itself against the criminal, or offer any resistance to the worst usurpations. Laws are made instruments of oppression, and are to be totally abolished, and humanity and humanity left to themselves. Says the work on Marriage, now before me, "To force a government on any man against his will, is a simple usurpation." It is *for* on the robber!

What is government? we may inquire. Is it an arbitrary institution, outside and independent of man? or does it originate in his want and supply his needs? Our answer is the latter. Wherever you find two individuals you will find government. The stronger intellect will control the weaker, and the latter will yield obedience to that foresight which he knows he does not himself possess. It has always been thus, that genius has made itself felt by its commanding position. In the lowest and most debased savage we find little restraint from superiors; but as soon as man arises from this position, the intelligent and the bold guide the weaker.

In order to understand this subject, let us go back in the world's history to the time when government was first instituted, and see how it comes. Man was a savage, defenceless, and rude. He had a wild world for his abode. The hand of art had not touched it, but it was in a state of untamed and un subdued nature. An unarmed savage, placed in a wilderness, is the most defenceless of beings. The animals of the forest are stronger and fleet than he, and he stands a narrow chance of escaping starvation. The only resource left him is to unite with others, or tribes, that his weakness may be compensated by numbers. It is not thus where inventive talent has constructed the bow and arrow, and other offensive weapons; but there is still a necessity of collecting in tribes. In the beginning all would not join the same clan, and different and numerous tribes would be formed. Trained to war with wild beasts, these clans could not live in harmony with each other. Rights would be trespassed; for it is well known that individual rights are among the first things recognized. There would be no more peace than between the tribes of the western wilds. Feuds and jealousies would spring up, and the collision between clans would consolidate each tribe into the closest compact. The individuals of such tribes, forming a family, as it were, would soon discern individual rights due one from another, and the next step after this, easily determined on, would be to attach a penalty to such an infringement to prevent its recurrence. A tribe would collect together, and the opinion of the majority adopted, and if officers were needed to enforce such regulations, they would be chosen from among the best and noblest, such as commanded the respect of their kindred. Such is the rude, and hastily sketched outline of the infancy of government.

4. A nation or a tribe is always composed of innumerable grades of intelligence, from philosophers to idiots. A portion are never capable of taking care of themselves. The duty of the wiser portion is plain, self-evident to supply the deficiencies of this class, so far as possible. This is not only philanthropy, but it is simple justice. We are here to help each other, not only physically, but spiritually, mentally and morally. And this is acknowledged by the incompetent, who ask for a guide of conduct, who wish others to think for them. They have not the clear discrimination to recognize the right from the wrong, and give willing obedience to those who can do this for them. To the men of thought, the wisest, and most clear-sighted, is consigned the making of the laws—rules of conduct—which the mass willingly accept, well knowing they could not make better rules. A law is never framed until needed. There were no laws against murder until some man killed another, and thus drew the attention of society to the necessity of guarding against similar occurrences. There were no laws against theft, so long as the right of property remained un injured. Society speaks in every law. A law is expressly framed to guard a right; to protect, the proscribed against the turbulent. They effect not in the least those who obey them. To such it is as though they did not exist. It is those who disobey who feel their force. The law against robbery is as good to the robbed, but it affects only the robber. Thus it is with laws in general. The majority force the robber not to rob, by confinement, or other means. The right of the majority to do this—to protect itself—is unquestioned; a government, forced on a man is a simple usurpation, and it cannot be denied that it is forced on the thief and the robber. They do not wish to be governed. They would have all things

in common, and it is found necessary to take care of them, because they are found incapable of caring for themselves without infringing upon the rights of others. But the instinct of man has indicated to him that whenever a majority support a measure, it was almost inevitably a good one. The minority has its rights, but the will of the majority is the most salutary. This sometimes runs into despotism, when by accident the minority get the power into their own hands. But under a republican government a law is never passed without the consent of much the larger number of citizens, and if a code should be passed without this consent, it could never be enforced. To say that government is a monstrous abuse, that it should be utterly abolished, is to say that there never should have been any government. This class of "reformers" look at government as inflicted on, not as growing out of, the mind of man. To them it stands outside of, and has nothing in common with, his wants. It is always in the way of the progress of the race. It is made expressly to bind and fetter. It is always centuries behind the demands of the age.

Contrary to this, we hold that government, growing out of the immediate wants and necessities of the governed, cannot otherwise than be on their plane. Legislation does not make law. Let an edictment be contrary to the will of the majority, and it will be a dead letter. It is, however, affirmed that it can and does; while common sense forcibly affirms that government is the will of the great class of the governed. This being the fact, how can government be otherwise than on the same level with those who gave it existence? Let this fact be met; not by cant, but by argument; not by repetitions of the stereotyped phrases, "Government is a tyrannical usurpation; it is an instrument of despotism and oppression; there is no redeeming quality about it; has nothing in common with man; it is dragged after the advancing race; ever doing its utmost to pull down those who advanced beyond prescribed limits." This mass of assertions amounts to very little in proving your position, and one fact is worth a host of such. Community knows better than to believe you. It knows that all this is false, and utterly baseless.

5. Is marriage necessary? It is necessary, from the constitution of the human mind. There is a distinct love, separate from all others; it is different in its object; different in its action on the individual from all other affectional feelings—that love is the conjugal. By a strange juggler's trick the Socialists mix up all the loves and refer them all to one source. But so clear does phrenology demonstrate the existence of a distinct faculty of conjugal love, that it is unnecessary to do more than assert its existence here. If there is a distinct faculty of conjugal love, binding the mind to one, and one only, then the whole fabric of "pivotal" love goes by the board.

The necessity of some marriage institution was early recognized in the progress of the race. Though we admit that many abuses have been sanctioned by it, yet it has always striven to carry out the intentions of this function of the mind. Though it failed in always preserving conjugal rights, it protected them as far as possible.

6. The object of the ceremony is not to unite two individuals, but to legalize the union already formed, and thus preserve the rights of property, etc., to the wife and the offspring. There must be regulation and order, and the legalization of the union effects this by defining the rights of all parties.

7. There are other objects sought. When two individuals promise to unite their destinies, each marks out a course of life, and make their plans with regard to the other. And those plans are formed in reference to the cardinal idea of the eternality of the other companion. Under that home is procured, offspring reared. All the plans of both parties have reference to the life-long constancy of the other. In this light it must be admitted that there are rights between a married pair found nowhere else, and if they are unconsented, these rights are none the less obvious. There are the rights of the husband, of the wife, of the offspring. The marriage institution seeks to sustain these. It presupposes all those whom it unites as perfectly mature, throwing the responsibility of the union on the parties themselves.

8. Take, for example, a family. The labor of the husband and wife has procured a home, at the fire-side of which gather a circle of children. Comfort and every facility for enjoyment gather there. Suppose, however, the parents cannot live perfectly harmoniously—that they cannot always think alike. It is said that compelling such to live together is tyranny. They should separate. Marriage says: "No; you have united your destinies; you have a family of dependent offspring looking to you for support, and it is best you remain together as you possibly can, for your children's sakes, if for no other reason." The wife cannot leave the husband, nor the husband the wife, unless for the greatest aggravation, without inflicting a wrong. The law recognizes this, and endeavors to guard against a separation without just cause.

9. Of all proofs, however, of the benefit and naturalness of marriage, that derived from the constitution of mind itself is the most conclusive. It is sufficient in itself to clearly decide the question. It is organic and inherent in the human mind, to love one and one only, and to dwell with delight on the idea of constancy for life. It is not an artificially formed feeling, but is spontaneous, and in the highest order of intellect it becomes more ardent and irresistible—a conclusive proof that it belongs not to any stage of development, but is constitutional. The natural desires of man or woman, are not for "variety" in the conjugal relations. Love is general, and answered by one object. It is said "one woman will not answer the wants of one man." That sentence unveils the entire subject. The advocates of this dogma prate much of "purity," of "living out their higher life," "being true to their attractions," etc. Purity does not consist in talk, but in actions. For what idea can we form of men, who, while they constantly talk of purity, holdly maintain doctrines which destroy all purity and chastity? I leave the reader to judge.

10. It is objected to the foregoing idea of government, that by government we have St. Bartholomew's massacres, fugitive slave laws, and a host of other monstrous usurpations. But what do these prove? They are exceptional cases, and it is the worst of all fallacies to use such in argument. It is said "human nature cannot govern itself, how can officers govern it, who are men?" Is not human nature trusted, after all? To this I answer, the fundamental idea of government, is that there are various grades of intellect in the world—various grades of mental power, as in the family, and the wisest control the weaker, as the father controls the

child. Let it here be understood that all my arguments and inferences are drawn in reference to the present imperfect condition of man, and do not apply to the Utopian idea of perfection; the complete domination of the moral over the animal. Man is progressing from barbarism, and each form of government is a gateway through which he enters a higher state.

11. The objections urged against the marriage institution are fully met by the foregoing reasoning. They are based on exceptional cases, and prove nothing but the weakness of the cause which calls them to its support.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Correspondence.

Itinerant Etchings of U. Clark.

The Spiritual Campaign—The Signs—Come to the Point of Negativity—Calumny—A Model Husband—Oppressed Women—Labor in Michigan—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch—Adieu to the West.

The autumn and winter campaign of Spiritualism opens with signs as auspicious as those attending the cause of our country. The President's proclamation for emancipation, as only a part of the programme of the new spiritual era, inaugurating universal light and liberty, and deliverance from all civil, social and religious bondage. The old Union as it was is forever dissolved, but the eternal principles of true unity still live, and are to become the basis of a glorious reconstruction. Just so in every department. "Old things," or "old forms," "are passing away," in preparation for the new earth and the new heavens.

Signs once deemed most terrible and alarming, are now hailed with hope as the harbingers of a better era. Political parties are superseded by principles of patriotism, and humanity is rising over the ruins of sects and cliques.

For the present, my labors in Michigan are ended, and I am eastward bound. Since my last writing, I have visited Ypsilanti, Detroit, Pontiac, Flushing, Flint, Byron, Conway, Corunna, Grand Rapids, Wayland, Gun Plains, Otsego, Breedsville, Osseo, Reading and Deerfield, and found an interest, in most of these places, beyond what might be expected during a season of unwonted excitement and suspense in regard to the condition of the country. But the public seems in a state of spiritual need never known before. All other hopes having failed, Spiritualism opens the light of heaven, and angel hosts come in response to the cry of the people. In most places, the churches seem comparatively deserted; the clergy are suffering for their wonted support, and the people are seeking for something fresh from the fountains of a living inspiration. In many places, my audiences were said to be larger by half than the churches could rally on ordinary occasions.

One Sunday I had occasion to travel with a friend nearly all day through one of the richest sections of Michigan. During the whole journey we did not meet a single person, either going to or returning from church, and yet we traveled through a thickly settled, rich, and an intelligent country. I have made several stage-coach journeys in Michigan, and whenever the subject of Spiritualism came up in conversation, I found a large proportion of the passengers either believers or open to conviction, and when my name was mentioned, I found myself among those who were familiar with either the old Spiritual Telegraph, the Spiritual Clarion, or the Banner of Light. It is a cheering sign to find the BANNER in almost every family of Spiritualists where I stop, and it is regarded as the only paper affording the broadest and most reliable reports. We need just such a sheet, though I think the Spiritualist public could bear its editorials, if they were a little more pointed and less eclectic.

Fine generalizations are all very well in their place, but the people now and then need some pointed, practical principles, some leading landmarks, some sharp, dogmatic, didactic thrusts, which will hit home and be felt. The editorials of the BANNER are among the very finest specimens of progressive literature, but the critical spiritual reader might suggest something more, now and then, in the way of specific science, philosophy, religion, reform, and a constructive system of liberal theology in harmony with the past and present. We have been tearing down long enough. Many of our lecturers have seemed more ambitious to destroy than to build up; they have exhibited extraordinary feats as members of hook and ladder companies, tearing down churches and tearing up Bibles and creeds, then leaving the people to mend matters as best they could. This lecturing against things may be appropriate now and then, but never results in anything more than in exciting antagonisms and wranglings, and in driving certain sensitive minds beyond the reach of conviction. In this respect, the BANNER is not at fault, for it always maintains a fraternal spirit, though its columns have not been entirely free from contributions of the merely iconoclast character. "Spiritual reformers have something more to do than to deal in one-sided criticisms against Bibles and creeds. Let our opponents, or let Atheists, adopt the same methods of criticism against modern Spiritualism, and not a vestige, of either ancient or modern, would remain as foundations on which to base hope for humanity.

In one respect, the BANNER OF LIGHT stands pre-eminent above all other journals; and that is, in the exercise of a fraternity and charity which never usurp the throne of judgment in condemnation of any mortals, unless the evidences of guilt are so open and overwhelming as to become palpable to all, and to demand exposure in behalf of public good. I trust you will ever be sustained in this noble, just and generous position. It is easy enough for anybody to find fault and scold out sin, but what fallible mortal is capable of judging the inmost secrets of the soul, and pronouncing sentence? If there are any in our midst whom we cannot commend, I know of no better course than for us to maintain silence, and let men and women be known by their fruits. Those who believe in the dogma of total depravity may suspect and condemn everybody, and no marvel that this dogma has had an influence toward destroying all confidence in humanity, and setting afloat all manner of slanders and suspicions. This dogma affords justification for all sorts of scandals against Spiritualists, especially against local leaders and mediums; and those who give currency to any of these scandals are just about as guilty as the authors themselves.

As an illustration of the slanders to which our public laborers are exposed, I have before me a printed circular, published by Matthew R. Birdsell, of Flushing, Mich., in which he charges his wife, Mary Maria Birdsell, of having become a medium in February, 1891, and of having subsequently disas-

peared and gone to parts unknown, under circumstances of the most dark and suspicious nature. He has sent this infamous circular to various sheriffs in the Western States. The one I have sent to the sheriff of Sandusky County, Fremont, Ohio, who handed it to one of our prominent friends in that place. The circular bears on its face the stamp of infamy. This Matthew R. Birdsall pretends to have great regard for his wife, pretends to be very anxious for her return to his home; and yet the suspicious and slanders he heaped on her head are of a character so damnable, he reveals a most diabolical spirit, seeking the utter disgrace and ruin of his wife; and he must know that no woman would ever return to live again with a man who could thus seek to cover her with such public infamy.

While in Flushing I became well acquainted with the father and mother of Mrs. Birdsall, as well as her brother, of Detroit; and from their lips I learned the facts in the case. Birdsall, like some other jealous husbands, was opposed to his wife's becoming a medium, and rendered himself so obnoxious that Mrs. Birdsall was compelled to seek a change as the only hope of health, happiness, liberty and a true life. What should a delicate, sensitive, susceptible, pure, spiritual-minded woman do in such a case? Who would dare insist on her sacrificing all the divinest instincts of her nature, and silencing all the inspirations of the angel-world calling on her to arise and go forth redeemed, and seeking to redeem others thus suffering in like awful bondage?

In my travels I am constantly meeting with new laborers. In Flushing I found Charles Andrews, who is yet less than twenty years old, but has just begun as a speaking medium of remarkable promise. He reminds me, somewhat, of C. A. Hayden, the youthful apostle of Maine. Miss Louisa Ely, of the same place, has commenced as a speaker, and her superior social and spiritual nature gives hope of a bright and useful mission. G. B. Manchester, of Wayland, Mich., occasionally takes the public platform as an able advocate of Spiritualism.

Dr. Mason, of Deerfield, Michigan, is lecturing, with good influence, in that place and vicinity; and in the same place and vicinity, Mrs. Fowler is making her mark as an inspirational speaker. Rev. E. Case, of Osego, Michigan, has just returned from a year's service in the army, and is now prepared to take the lecturing field. His inspirational lectures are of the highest tone, and his original spiritual songs, accompanied by the guitar, render his labors peculiarly desirable and impressive. John McQueen, of Hillsdale, is doing a good work as a medium for remarkable physical manifestations, and is rapidly developing as a public trance speaker. Elias Berry, of Reading, has lately commenced as a healing medium, and has wrought some startling cures. Mrs. Fannie Reed, of Breedsville, has become an acceptable trance speaker, and a woman of excellent gifts. Dr. Vincent, of the same place, has commenced the clairvoyant and reform practice with promising results.

Passing through Elkhart, Indiana, and spending the night, I enjoyed the opportunity of hearing Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch. The subject given her by the audience, was—"The Present and Future as Regards our Country." I had not heard her in six years. Her style was faultless, with the exception of a sort of formality, preventing the ease and freedom most effective in inspirational speakers. She scarcely changed her voice or position during the whole evening, but stood like an oracular goddess, rolling forth a perpetual strain of monotone eloquence. The subject was handled ably and beautifully, but not in a manner sufficiently clear, pointed, and specific to satisfy the critical majority of the audience. But no criticism can derogate from the beautiful and magnificent mission of Mrs. Hatch. The Spiritualists of Chicago have engaged her for six months, at the rate of fifty dollars per Sunday, and she will wield a wide influence in that city and in the West, and fill a place no other public speaker can occupy.

Eastward bound, I bid a temporary farewell to Michigan. The warm hearts and heroic souls with whom I have cooperated, will remain cherished in holy memory, and will rank among the first pioneers now rallying for the glorious millennial warfare of the nineteenth century.

Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1862.

Senator Sumner's Speech.

We subjoin the editorial remarks of the National Intelligencer on Senator Sumner's great speech on the Conduct of the War, delivered recently in Faneuil Hall, Boston. It shows in what estimation Mr. Sumner is held at Washington:

"This oration, like all that proceeds from the learned and eloquent speaker, will command the attention of readers as well by the felicity of its style, as by the impassioned ardor which betrays the strength of his convictions on the subject he undertakes to discuss. His present discourse naturally derives its chief inspiration from the recent proclamation of the President respecting the relations of slavery to the pending war. Upon this theme we know of none so competent to treat as the distinguished Senator, whose remarks we have placed before our readers, not only in tribute to the surpassing eloquence of the speaker, but also in simple recognition of his right to expound and enforce a war policy which he was, we believe, the earliest to espouse, as he has subsequently been its most learned and earnest champion.

It is in mere historical retrospect, and not at all in self-dedication, that Senator Sumner, in reviewing the political steps which the Government has made during the last year, is able to say that the ideas embodied in the laws and the policy now adopted by the Executive, in the conduct of the war are the ideas and the policy which he was the first to develop, and which he has constantly enforced on the rostrum of popular debate and in the halls of the National Legislature. His right to explain a policy which he has been so preeminent in commending to the favor of the Government as well as of a large portion of the American people can accordingly be disputed by none more than the ability which he brings to the exposition of his views. And if this policy shall accomplish the beneficent results promised in its name, the country should not forget its obligations to him who was the first to discern and recommend the path in which its steps have been finally placed by President Lincoln, and which, if not in all respects a way of pleasantness, shall be, it is said, the path of peace.

Our own views on this head are already known to our readers, but this cannot prevent us from expressing the hope that the honors anticipated by Senator Sumner and the Government in adopting his views may be more than realized."

Announcements.

Frank L. Wadsworth will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Miss Lizette Doten in Marblehead; N. Frank White in Springfield; Warren Chase in Quincy; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Lowell; H. B. Storer in Taunton; Mrs. Laura DeForest in Portland, Me.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Providence, R. I.; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury in Somers, Conn.; Miss Emma Harding in Philadelphia; Chas. A. Hayden in Dover, Me.; Mrs. B. A. Horton in Williston, Vt.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson has removed to Charlestown, Mass., where she may be addressed hereafter.

Mrs. A. M. Moulton has resumed her labors in the lecturing field. Those wishing to engage her services will please address Box 422, Bridgeport, Ct.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 5, 2d Floor.

WILLIAM WHITE, IRABO B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

To Periodical Dealers and Purchasers of the Banner.

In two weeks from this date we shall fix the retail price of the BANNER at five cents per copy. We are compelled to adopt this course in consequence of an advance, owing to the war-tax, in the price of the paper on which the BANNER is printed. The friends of the cause, we feel assured, will raise no objection to this movement on our part to sustain our sheet. It is but a trifle for each one to pay, while to us, in the aggregate, it amounts to a considerable sum. Many other weekly sheets, which are not as large as ours, already charge five or six cents per copy.

We are not paying current expenses at this time—owing in part to the expense attendant upon the free public circles we give at this office, which have been the means of doing much good, by convincing skeptics of the truths of Spiritualism. We therefore appeal to Spiritualists everywhere to come forward and sustain us in the mighty work in which, under the guidance of the angel world, we are now engaged. We hope we shall not appeal in vain.

Misanthropy.

It is such an easy matter, finding you are not likely to have your own way, to declare that you hate the world and all there is in it. But what sort of good does that do? Is the world made any better by it—or you either? Does not this strain of misanthropic feeling react upon the nature of the person indulging it with fatal efficiency?

To fall out with others because one has not yet become acquainted with himself, is to publish the unwelcome fact that life is a burden, and all there is in it not worth the trouble. How often we hear a man judging everybody about him with all manner of freedom, and too often with what passes current for malignity, just because he is dissatisfied with himself. The old Greek motto—"Know thyself"—will never lose its importance. Self-knowledge does effectually save a person from saying a great many hard things, and perceiving from doing a great many bad ones. No wonder so much stress has been laid upon it as an essential part of a complete education. Show us a man who understands his own nature, through and through, and we will point to one who never is misanthropic, and never can be.

Carlyle is cross-grained, sour, and generally uncom- fortable; and doubtless for a reason from which younger persons, and authors in particular, might take warning. He went off with his books and studies all by himself, when his nature was normal, sweet, and healthy, and buried himself in his studies of books away in the wilds of the North of England, in his health solitude, known to the world by the name of Craigenputtock. That was quite enough for souring him; for no man can live, even in the heart of Nature, with only his books to pasture on, without in time becoming turned in his feelings. But Carlyle sat down and began to write, and topics that could not but heighten the tendency to the lamentable malady. He studied the characters and career of the ugliest scoundrels who have ever blurred the pages of history, and then spent the force of his great talents and genius for description in portraying them to the world as heroes. In good time, he of course grew into the spirit of the very characters which he was treating of with all the skill and power of his practiced pen. How could it be otherwise? And, to-day, we have Carlyle the sour-souled genius, whose heart ought to run over continually with the genuine milk of human kindness. Had he even kept himself open and receptive to humane and heavenly influences, to the common, living sympathies that have free and abundant outlets all about him—if he had done it by merely studying some branch of natural history, as of the birds around his lonely dwelling, he would have been a happier man to-day.

This is but an illustration, readily occurring. They can be produced without end. No person, let his occupation be what it may, if he really desires self-culture and genuine development above all things else, can afford to become so thoroughly absorbed in his own plane, as to shut the door in the face of these silent heavenly visitors, called influences. They fall like the dews of evening upon the nature that so needs them, and they are not to be excluded from the performance of their necessary offices. The moment we discover that business, or selfishness, or eagerness for more of a thing than really belongs to us, because it no longer aids our growth, tends to develop us on one side, or to dry up and cause to wither certain faculties which ought to be allowed the widest room and the most generous sustenance—we should give attention to making provision for overcoming an evil that, unless overcome, will in due time master and destroy us.

No doubt much is to be allowed for temperament in persons; but, all that allowed, our happiness is pretty much in our own hands. When we nurse such a dislike to, or prejudice against, others as that it assumes the form of hatred, then we are chiefly the sufferers ourselves. We can do nothing but stand in our own light, when we set up that we will despise and shun the world. We agree that a great many specimens of human nature are anything but attractive or lovely, yet it is better far to shun than to hate even those; we may be doing ourselves the only wrong it is possible to do any one.

We are running short of the first number of the present volume of the BANNER. Should any of our subscribers who do not file the paper, feel disposed to return the number referred to, we shall esteem it an especial favor. We ordered a sufficient number printed to meet all contingencies; but some mistake occurred in the press-room, in counting out the paper previous to printing, which mistake prevents us from supplying those who desire to keep a file of the paper. We refer only to those who have just subscribed and ask for back numbers.

The population of the Sandwich Islands has shrunk from 150,000, in 1823, to 67,000 now.

An Able Document.

We advise all our friends to peruse Gov. Andrew's Letter accepting his re-nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, which we print in another column. It portrays in a clear and succinct manner the progress and designs of the leaders of the rebellion, showing conclusively that their aim is "the dissolution of the Union, the subversion of Democracy, and the nationalization of Slavery." He says, as a humble citizen of the American Union, and a son of this ancient Commonwealth, "he is ready, not only day by day to renew his allegiance, but with proud and high defiance to proclaim the eternal fidelity of Massachusetts to the ideas of her origin, and the traditions of her history." He gives an earnest assurance of the patriotism of the State in the following noble sentiment: "With an immortal faith in Right, and an undying hate of Wrong, Massachusetts will pursue her bright career; nor will rest, nor be content, until the conspirators shall be overwhelmed, their armies conquered, their schemes forever frustrated, and the Union, Liberty and Democracy reestablished on sure foundations, defying all the shocks and snares of fate and time." And adds: "Peace, when it comes, will be secure. We shall bear no menaces of Disunion hereafter, to scare people out of their manhood."

He gives a cheering picture of prosperity all over the land, when the competition of slave labor against free labor shall be done away with. By all means read the document, and then make up your mind to vote at the next election, which is close at hand, for JOHN A. ANDREW. The present crisis demands just such a man at the helm of the Old Bay State, and he will be re-elected to the gubernatorial chair, without doubt, at the coming November election.

Miss Emma Houston at Lyceum Hall.

On Sunday, Oct. 19th, Miss Houston lectured afternoon and evening before the Lyceum Church to large audiences. We believe this was her first appearance as a lecturer in this city, although she has been many years a co-laborer in the field, promulgating the truths of the Immortal Life to those who "were blind, but now see," and has won an enviable reputation as a lecturer, which she fully sustained on the above occasion. In personal appearance Miss H. is prepossessing, and gifted with a voice peculiarly adapted to her vocation; its clear, soft tones strike pleasantly upon the ear, articulating every word so full and distinct as to be easily heard in large audiences.

Her discourse in the afternoon was upon the apparent design of Nature in the construction of the organized world; beginning with the chaotic state of matter, she traced the course of progression down to the fluid and gaseous formations, through the solids, the vegetable, the animal, to the nobler creation, Man, handling the subject in a very able manner.

In the evening her discourse was on the Historical Progress of Humanity, in which she spoke of the various growths and conditions of the vegetative and animal kingdoms, both in their retrogressive and progressive stages; of the growth of plants and trees in the various indigenous climates of the globe, and the influence climates exert in the formation of animals, as well as in the formation and development of man; pointing out the numerous angularities of the human race, which would all harmonize under the law of Justice, Truth and Righteousness.

Both discourses were listened to with evident gratification on the part of the audiences. The choir performed the music in a very acceptable manner.

Small Change.

The business community continue to be greatly exercised over the scarcity of small change. Instead of growing better, it grows worse and worse. Here in Boston, the statute to the contrary notwithstanding, we pass from hand to hand the handsomely-printed promises of well-known hotel keepers, to pay over fractional parts of dollars—and it is made to work very well. Postage stamps go just as fast as such pesky sticky things can be got off the fingers and thumbs; but even these cannot be had at the office in larger quantities than by the dollar's worth, which makes the matter still more provoking. The old-fashioned silver change is going out of sight very rapidly, and the small brokers are guilty of demanding a truly enormous premium for it. In some of our stores, five cent pieces are taken for six and a quarter cents—ten cents for twelve and a half—quarters for thirty cents—and half dollars for sixty. And even at that style of rates, the coin is held on to by the owners, as if their very lives depended upon it. The market is soon expected to be flooded with shillings. Such a time was never known before.

Three Regiments.

We had three full regiments, fully officered, uniformed and equipped, march through the streets of Boston from camp, on the same day last week, and within a few hours of one another. Such a sight stirred the military ardor of our citizens as it has scarcely been stirred since the first great uprising of the people against the armed assaults of wicked Rebellion. The streets were thronged. The troops were marched to the wharves, whence they proceeded to embark on board the iron steamships Mississippi and Merrimack, relatives and friends standing crowded on the wharves and throwing adieus after them until the noble vessels had dropped so far down the stream as to be out of hearing. Boston was really waked up. There was visible on the countenances of the crowds that witnessed the march and departure, a silent expression of sad sympathy, not unqualified by admiration, with the brave fellows who were going so far, many of them never to return.

Spirit Photographs.

In another column we publish an interesting statement from our friend Dr. A. B. Child, particularizing this new phase of Spiritual Manifestations. We also, have had the matter under consideration during the past week, as have hundreds of others in this city. We have been assured for months by our spirit friends that in due time the mundane world would be startled by this new phase of spirit power; but we were not prepared to receive it so soon, and are yet in doubt that the manifestation is entirely legitimate. We shall investigate further ere we give a decided opinion in the matter. Be it understood, when we say this, that we would do no injustice to any parties interested. We merely caution our friends not to become too enthusiastic, but to scrutinize thoroughly the *modus operandi* by which these photographs are produced. In the meantime we shall keep our readers duly informed of what transpires in this direction hereafter.

The 78d Illinois Regiment is commanded throughout by Methodist Preachers.

Messages Verified.

We published in the BANNER of Dec. 2, 1861, a message given through Mrs. Conant, purporting to come from George W. McFarland, who hailed from Trenton, Mo. He says in the message that he was on a voyage from Turk's Island to Boston, went aloft on duty, and that was the last he knew; was twenty-eight years old; had no recollection of anything after the 19th of November; supposed he missed his hold and fell, he don't know how; had no family, etc.

One of our subscribers, having the curiosity to know whether the statements in the communication referred to were correct, wrote to the postmaster at West Trenton, Mo., for information. The postmaster, it seems, notified the father of the deceased that such inquiries had been made in reference to the deceased, the result of which was that the gentleman who wrote to the postmaster received a letter from the father, corroborating the truth of the message in many particulars, viz: That George W. McFarland, his son, fell from aloft Nov. 21, 1861, while bound from Turk's Island to Boston, and was instantly killed, the time agreeing very nearly. The father also writes that his son's age was twenty-eight years, and that he had no family.

Now we know positively that neither the medium, nor any other person employed in this office, knew, previous to the receipt of said communication, that any such person as George W. McFarland ever existed, and therefore could know nothing in regard to the manner of his death. If, then, he did not appear at our circle in his own person—his living, immortal spirit—we should be extremely obliged to any one who would inform us how Mrs. Conant herself could give us the information she did. She has given similar facts in thousands of instances, before and since, of which she knew nothing previously.

A correspondent writes from Providence, R. I., as follows. The letter is very explicit, and needs no comment from us:

In the BANNER of May 10, 1862, there is a communication in the Message Department, purporting to be from General Zollicoffer, late of the Southern army. I have known him long, intimately and well, having made his acquaintance in Columbia, Maury County, Tenn., twenty years ago or more. He edited a paper at that place, and published it for many years; went to Florida as a volunteer on the breaking out of the Seminole War, as it was called; afterwards removed from there to Nashville, the capital of the State, and edited to great acceptance the "Nashville Banner." He was one time Comptroller of the Treasury of the State, and five years since was a Member of Congress from the Nashville district. He has been in public life for the last twenty-five years, and his name has been prominently before the public during the greater part of that time.

The communication referred to is perfectly characteristic of the man; as much so as the editorials he has been called upon repeatedly to do, during the past year, for other valued friends, relatives and acquaintances belonging to the Northern army.

Most truly yours, A. S. LANGLEY.

The only mistake in the message was in the middle name, H. being used instead of K.; but on referring to the manuscript of our reporter, we ascertained it was correctly given—the error having been made by the printer.

What the History of Spiritualism Should Be!

The *Revue Spirite* for October, published in Paris, contains some very interesting items, from which we take the following:

In regard to this history, of which we have spoken before, many persons have asked, of what it was comprised, and have sent us, to this effect, accounts of many physical manifestations.

Now to those who have looked upon these manifestations as a great feature of Spiritualism, we must say, although without any disrespect to them, that there is something truer, deeper in Spiritualism, than a simple catalogue of Spiritual manifestations which are found in many works on the subject.

Before the truths of Spiritualism are recorded in the annals of humanity, it will be interesting for the future generations to know by what means they were established. This will then be a history of the events which shall have signalized its first steps; of the struggles which it shall have undergone; of the impediments which shall have been placed in its way; of its progressive march through the whole world.

Its true merit is modesty; it does not seek to glorify itself. Posterity should know the names of its pioneers; of those whose devotion and self-denial in the good work merit that their names and places of residence should be inscribed in its annals; of those who have suffered for the cause, (praise be to them,) and of those who have not; in a word, of its true friends, and of its avowed and concealed enemies. It is not necessary that intrigue or ambition should claim a position not belonging to them, or a recognition or honors not due to them. If there are Judases, they should be unmasked. The part which shall give all the successive revelations of this new era, and the events of every description which shall accompany it, will not be the least interesting.

To those who shall find this work presumptuous, we shall say that our only motive is, in possessing some papers which no other person possesses, and which puts aside all uncertainty to the fact. That Spiritualism shall unquestionably play a great part in the world's history, it is very important that this part should not be misrepresented as opposing an authentic history to the spurious histories which personal interests shall have made.

When will it appear? It will not be at present, and perhaps not in our lives, for it is not destined to satisfy the curiosity of the moment. If we speak in anticipation, it is not that persons should mistake the purpose and make data of our intention.

Moreover, Spiritualism is near its debut; but many things will take place between this time and that; and it is also necessary to wait until all have taken their places, either for good or for evil.

A New Spiritual Phase.

Three photographs have just been exhibited to me with a distinct likeness of well-known Spiritualists friends in the form on each, and the shadow likeness, entirely different from the others, apparently of a spirit, in the background of each. It is affirmed that neither the sitters nor the artist saw or knew of any object whose reflection could have produced the second likeness on each photograph, but that both are fully convinced that they were the actual likenesses of spirits. We shall take pains to examine this very interesting phenomenon, and speak further on the subject next week.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November, comes in season; with its first paper from Thoreau, on "Wild Apples." Those who have read his papers on "Walking," and "Autumnal Tints," or any one of his books, will need no urging. Miss Peabody explains "Kindergarten." Major Winthrop writes of "Life in the Open Air." Prof. Agassiz contributes another paper on the Study of Natural History. There are many other articles, some of them pertaining pointedly to the present state of the country and to the war. The Atlantic is always vigorous and readable, and compels a man to rub his eyes and wake up his ideas when reading it. C. C. Hazewell's "Man of the Hour" is worth more to such a Magazine than even the Editors think for. His pen is apparently a permanent attachment to the ATLANTIC.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for November has illustrated papers on Poland Over-ground and Under-ground, a Notable Congress, (of all the specimens of the nation of Fly,) and The Last of the Dandies. All the articles are highly interesting. "Our Cousins from Boston," is to the point, and a good one. Anthony Trollope and Miss Mulock continue their stories. The Editorial Variety is as able and sparkling and genial as ever. There is one very interesting paper on The First Colonial Congress. "Baying Winter Things" is in season, and worth reading.

For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for November shows plainly into what sort of hands it has fallen. The political articles to be found in it are worthy of remark. Such experienced public men as Hon. Robert J. Walker and Hon. Fred. P. Stanton control this department, which could not be other than able. The Lelands are out strong, one of them holding the post of literary editor. Horace Greeley, Richard B. Kimball, and John Neal, likewise furnish papers to the present number. If anything, the CONTINENTAL is more vigorously and decidedly political than the ATLANTIC. The Editor's Table is a feast, and finely relieves the other reading. The Editors understand how to conduct a first-class monthly magazine.

A CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, for the academical year 1862-1863. First Term. Cambridge: Seaver & Francis. A handsomely printed and neatly bound catalogue of the present undergraduates of Old Harvard, with their officers, including the new President—which is of prime interest to the parents and relatives of the students as well as to the friends of the University. The courses followed, or studies pursued, in the several Schools of the University, are also given.

BOARDMAN'S DISCOURSES ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNIVERSE, delivered at Dickinson Hall, Waukegan, Ill., Dec. 19th, 20th and 21st, 1861. "Eternity has revolutions of expression, and returns, and re-returns to repeat itself." Chicago: F. Fulton & Co., 1862.

The title of these handsomely published Discourses will sufficiently explain their meaning and value. We have not read them, but can mention them favorably from hastily running through their pages.

Answering Sealed Letters.

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, thus subjecting those who desire in this way to communicate with their spirit friends to much trouble and uncertainty, we have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer letters of this class. The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps, to prepay return letters. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two weeks after its receipt. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

Union Societies.

Every one who visited these sociable re-unions last winter, will be pleased to ascertain that they are to be resumed on Wednesday evening, Nov. 5th, at Lyceum Hall, to be continued every Wednesday evening through the season. Competent managers have the matter in charge, and we have no doubt but that these assemblies will be fully attended. Bond's fine Quadrille Band has been engaged. For particulars see notice in another column.

Mediums go where Ministers cannot. Preaching, by all sectarian preachers, has recently been prohibited in the Capitol Yard, Washington, by the President; but by some unexplained means Mr. Chauncy Barnes, a Spiritualist Medium, well known at the North, gained access, and spoke one hour to one thousand people on the subject of the religious bearing of this rebellion.

F. L. Wadsworth

Lectures before the Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, next Sunday, afternoon and evening. Mr. W. is well known as an able advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Our Public Seances

Will not be holden the present week. On Monday of next week they will be resumed, as usual. They are free to everybody.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. T. MITTON, MEDUSA, N. Y.—You say that the BANNER is not received with much regularity by subscribers in your place, and ask us to be more particular in future. We have looked over our books, and do not find your name thereon, consequently the papers are not sent from this office. We cannot be responsible for missing numbers, when parties do not remit directly to us. We have authorized no person to receive subscriptions and mail the paper on their own account. We hope and trust that all persons who desire to promote our interests will communicate directly with this establishment, as we need all their aid at this particular time, when we are sinking money daily.

O. D. G., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Thank you for the kind interest you take in the success of the BANNER. We should be pleased to hear from you often.

"A PHRENOLOGICAL STUDENT," ST. LOUIS, MO.—We have no knowledge of the receipt of the article you refer to. Think it must have miscarried.

Dr. G. S. W. THOR, N. Y.—Your essay is on file for publication. It will be reached soon.

The Third Assistant Post Master states that while the Post Office Department's audit authorizes the use of sealed, defaced, or torn postage stamps upon letters to be sent by mail, yet measures will be taken for their redemption as soon as practicable.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Conner, while in a condition called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—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 so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Readers.—The Seances at which these communications are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 Washington 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 none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Oct. 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Samuel H. Price, to J. Mathis Price, of Montgomery, Ala.; Malvina Davis, to her father, Orlando Davis, of St. Louis, Mo.; Philip O'Brien, late a member of Co. I, 10th Mass. Regt., to his wife and children in Boston.

Tuesday, Oct. 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Dr. Luther V. Bell, late Superintendent of the Somerville Insane Asylum; Philip of Narragansett; Gen. Landor, of Baltimore, Mass.

Thursday, Oct. 9.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; General Henry, to Jacob Buckham, of Charleston, South Carolina; his friends: Adele H. H. of Chicago, to her father, Lieut. George H. H.; John H. H. of private in the 10th Wisconsin Regiment, Company I, to his friends in Rockville, Md.

Monday, Oct. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Col. Alexander Harris, of Kentucky, to Austin Conrad, of Enterprise, Ky.; Sarah Ellen Bennett, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to her brother, Richard Bennett, of Memphis, Tenn.; Emily E. Halloway, of West Newton, Mass., to her relatives.

Tuesday, Oct. 14.—Invocation: John C. Calhoun of South Carolina; Benjamin Frazer, of the 10th Maine Regiment, killed in the battle of South Mountain; Sarah Elizabeth Vaughan, of Boston, Mass., to her mother in New Hampshire, and brothers in this city; Theodore H. Price, of Niles's battery, who died in New Orleans; Minnie Jarvis, to her mother.

Thursday, Oct. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William Corland Frontice, son of George D. Prentiss, editor of the Louisville Journal; Colonel Thomas H. Forrest, of Portsmouth, Virginia; Lizzie Buck, of Bucksville, Alabama, to her uncle, George Buck, now a prisoner within the Federal lines.

Monday, Oct. 20.—Invocation: Henry Clay, of Hanover County, Virginia; Margaret Yarratt, of St. Louis, Missouri, to Thomas F. Tucker, of New York City; Moses F. Tate, of the 20th Mass. Regiment, to his friends; Joseph H. Sawyer, of Wisconsin, to his friends in Ferrisville, Wisconsin; Charlotte Olivia Barron, of Richmond, Virginia, to her father, Rev. Christopher Barron.

Tuesday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions answered by Anne Kennerly, to General Lee; General Beauregard; Cora Hunter, to her mother, in New York; Lucy Ann Herrick, to her husband, Major Herrick, of New York State.

Invocation.

Father Divine, the light of thy most holy countenance beams through the darkness of the external world. Through the world seems sobbing out a requiem for thy departure, yet it makes haste to adore thee. Oh Father, we would fall at thy feet and adore thee. Our Father and Mother, the darkness of death is around us, yet through all the darkness, in the midst of the shadow that is like unto midnight, we would lift our voice unto thee who art behind the cloud, and recognizing thee, we would feel safe at all times, we would journey with thee to the eternal city, thy dwelling place. Oh, our Father, we would ask thee to accept the thoughts, the desires, the aspirations of thy children gathered here. Oh, take them within thy holy temple, and give them whatever seemest best for their good, and thy children here will honor thee therefor. Our Father, unto thee now, as at all times, we would render all homage, all praise, throughout eternity. Amen.

Oct. 2.

Earthly Treasures.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

—Matthew, 6: 19.

We have been requested to make a few remarks upon this subject this afternoon. Our questioner desires to know if it is absolutely wrong for man to gather such of God's earthly gifts to himself, as are necessary to his comfort and happiness. Men ever seek for happiness; ever seek to attain a state of contentment and peace. Whether in or out of the body, the spirit demands and seeks for happiness. It is the great aim of all, under all circumstances and through all conditions of life. And it is right to seek for happiness; and in doing so, man only obeys the laws of his being, which are the laws of God.

But you must remember that you have been living for a long time so much in the natural as in the artificial, and that your spiritual happiness has been sacrificed to that of the body, or physical. There are monuments of artificial life all around you. Let us turn whichever way we may, we shall find that you are living more in the artificial, than in the natural; and in this sense, you are living away from God, and in that which will bring you the most amount of happiness in the shortest space of time. But are you to blame for the artificial life you have so long indulged yourself in at the utter expense of your spiritual happiness hereafter? In one sense, we think you are to blame, in another you are not.

"Is it absolutely wrong to gather to one's self enough of this world's goods to make one happy?" That depends upon the individual, upon the immediate surroundings of that individual. Now, how shall you decide when you have enough of this world's goods, when you are living in the wrong, rather than the right?

We answer, by weighing your surroundings, your desires, your wants, in the great scales of spiritual life, instead of throwing them into the scales of material life; and by worshiping Mammon less, and God more. For the God of spirit will teach you the way to do not need much of this world's goods while upon the earth, and that your happiness hereafter depends upon your spiritual wealth, rather than upon any earthly riches which you may have gathered to yourself while in the body.

The Divine Teacher of centuries ago told his disciples that it was far easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. Did he speak a lie or the truth? Verily, we tell you he spoke the truth. In all our experiences in spirit-life, we have not seen one who was possessed of a great amount of earthly riches, that was not proportionately unhappy in the world of spirit. Years are passed in misery and woe in the spirit-land, in consequence of gathering too much of this world's goods to one's own personal keeping. By loving this world too much, you detract much from your happiness in spirit-life; you rob your mansion in heaven, to furnish and adorn your earthly dwelling. You are a thief, a robber, and are accountable to God for the theft committed, far more than the highwayman who stops you upon the road and demands your purse.

We know that the world tells you differently, but it is an artificial world that leads too much upon Mammon; and the artificial life you have led for so long a period has closed your eyes to the truth. Ever we are questioned in regard to the affairs of this mundane world. What shall I do to make myself rich in worldly possessions? and how may I become successful in the affairs of business? Oh, do you know what you ask for? Do you realize that you call upon us who have left earth and its follies far behind, to enter your temples dedicated to Mammon, to leave the temple of the true God, and minister to your vices?

Oh, pause and reflect! Do you feel that you have wandered from God and his holy laws? If you do not, it is high time that you should be informed of the fact, that there is a vast difference between enough, and more than enough; between misery and happiness; a vast difference in seeing, in the light, and groping your way along through the darkness of night. Oh, we would counsel you to strip off your purple and fine linen. We would advise that you cast your gold and silver to the winds, retaining only so much of this world's goods as are absolutely necessary, to your bodily comfort, and in so doing not the string that binds you to earth, and gather to yourself those bright gems of truth and wisdom for

which your soul sighs. Oh, our questioner, turn to the God within you for counsel and help. He will decide for you whether you are living in the right or the wrong, and will weigh your wants in the balance of Eternal Justice. There is no need of your sending out your inquiry to us of the angel-world, when God stands ready to answer your question. Oh, turn within the closest of your own soul, and reason with yourself, and he will lead you not astray, but in paths of peace and truth.

Our Divine brother, Jesus of Nazareth, whose example is worthy our imitation, once said that it were well to go out into the world without scrip or purse, rather than gather to ourselves those millions, which will sooner or later drag us to perdition. Oh ye who profess to live near God, turn within yourselves and weigh in the balance your spiritual life, and see if you are not yet wanting in Godliness and truth. Oh, we come to lift you above the material world, and, it may be, to open for you the gates of the Eternal City. Why ask us, then, to give you the key that shall lead you to death and damnation, instead of future happiness?

Come, our questioner, seek to know the right, for straight is the way and narrow is the road that leadeth to eternal life, and a fool need not err therein. Believe us, this same God who has lived in spirit all these years will guide you aright; but be sure you ask the God of Spirit, and not Mammon. Oct. 2.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Do spirits have clothing, and of what does it consist?

Ans.—It consists in the different states or conditions of being of the individual spirit. For instance: you, while living in the natural world, are a threefold being. You are body, spirit, and divine. When you shall have cast off this outer covering, the body, you are then a two-fold being, you are spirit and divine. The Divine, or God Principle, is that which is immortal, that which is destined to live through all the past, present and future. That immortal part must have a covering, and the nature of that covering depends upon the peculiar conditions and surroundings of the divine being. We may call it a magnetic halo, that is inhaled by it from its conditions in the external, and exhaled from it by its conditions in the internal. Sometimes that clothing takes one color, sometimes another. It depends entirely upon the magnetic halo that is inhaled from the external world, and that is exhaled from the internal world. You have been told that spirits wear garments, or clothing, like mortals. This is true, so far as the principle, or internal, is concerned; but so far as the external is concerned it is not true, because you must of necessity, as a spirit, be subject to change and continual progression. The present alone is yours; the future you may hope for, but you cannot grasp it. Therefore the condition of the spirit is not to-morrow what it is to-day, for the spirit is subject to a vast variety of changes in the spirit-land.

Q.—My ideas upon the subject of spirit-clothing have always been similar to those you have just expressed. The question was suggested by the remarks of Andrew Jackson Davis upon that subject, who asserts that the clothing of the spirit is similar to that worn by the body.

A.—Your own good sense must teach you that there could be no such condition of life with the spirit that is subject to continual change, and such an idea must have been born through perverted imagination, and never could have sprung from reason. We are aware that there are quite as many materialists in the world of spirit, as in the world mortal, and also that they have a way of projecting their ideas upon the minds of many in the external world with such a semblance of truth as to excite belief upon the part of their credulous victims. Do you suppose there are houses of brick, wood and stone in the spirit-land? They are not necessary. Do you suppose it is necessary for spirits to clothe themselves after the fashion of the inhabitants of the earth-spheres? The clothing of the spirit is inhaled from the outward surroundings, and exhaled from the internal. It is a magnetic body, which is attracted to it by the laws of spirit, as you inhale the atmosphere, and with as little consciousness, too, upon their part.

Q.—Are there not rivers and trees in the spirit-land?

A.—There are, most certainly. These are the conditions of Nature, and those conditions or manifestations are not without a spirit. You have the material here, and we have fruits, flowers, trees, hills, valleys, rivers, and all things that belong to the kingdom of Nature in the spirit-land, as well as you upon the earth. But you will readily see that spirits have no need of houses built after the fashion of those erected by man upon the earth.

Q.—Are there temples there?

A.—The temple of the soul is the only temple we know here in the spirit-world. There are no material structures, not one of the earth-pattern, but there are many temples of the soul in the land of spirit.

Q.—How is it that the spirits have mansions?

A.—Your spirit, although it is cased in a mansion of flesh while upon the earth, is likewise surrounded by a mansion in the spirit-land, and that mansion is made up of your good or bad deeds performed while in the flesh. Therefore it becomes you, as mortals, to build for yourselves mansions in the spirit-land while upon the earth, which you will not be ashamed to inhabit when stripped of your mortality.

Q.—Do infants grow in stature in the spirit-land?

A.—They do.

Q.—Do they have guardians there as upon the earth?

A.—They do. The tender buds of spirit-life are watched over and trained with undying care.

Q.—Do those infants, when taken away from earth young, draw sustenance from their mothers still in the earth-life?

A.—They do, oftentimes. That depends, however, upon the spiritual condition of the mother. If the teachers or guides of infants in the spirit-land see that the mothers of such children are spiritually capable of sustaining and strengthening their young, they allow them to do so, that they may better facilitate the progress of the child in the spirit-life.

Q.—Is it not a great loss to such infants to have lost the protection of this life?

A.—It is, for they must gain the experiences of the earth, sooner or later, and if not upon earth, in the spirit-land.

Q.—Can that loss in any way be made up to them?

A.—Yes, by their being brought into rapport with material conditions.

Q.—Do spirits have any forms of government?

A.—They do; but those pertain to the spirit, and not to the material; or, in other words, they are in no way like the laws of the material government.

Q.—Is there, then, no sympathy between spirits and the laws of the material world?

A.—There is with a certain class of spirits a deep sympathy, and that will exist until their mission in that particular direction is fulfilled.

Q.—Does space divide spirits from their friends only?

A.—No, it does not. In reality there is no such thing known as space to the disembodied spirit. Oct. 2.

Fidelia Wellman.

I have only lived without my body little more than six weeks. My name was Fidelia Wellman. I was fifteen years of age when I died, and lived in New York City, where my mother still lives. I have two brothers and a sister also upon the earth. They said I died suddenly of heart disease, but I know not of that.

Thirteen years ago my father was a prosperous merchant in New York, but sickness and losses by fire and fraud made him poor and insane. Eight years ago he died, and was insane at the time, and he wishes me to say that he attributes all his sorrow to the loss of his money, but to the possession of it; for if he had never gained it he would not have lost it, and then he would have been far happier upon the earth. But he has never ceased

to thank God for one thing, and that was that he died a poor man; for in so doing he stood a far better chance of attaining spiritual happiness than if he had been rich, as he had not gold or silver to attract him to earth and blind him there by chains that are not easily severed.

My father wishes me to say to one C. W. of New York, for him, that although he is conscious of his having taken some six, eight or ten thousand dollars from him during his earth life, yet he would have him console himself with this message; for if he had not taken that amount from him, he should not have been nearly so well off in the spirit-land as he is at the present time. And he thanks him from his soul for practicing fraud upon him when he was upon the earth, so he wishes that he would give himself no further uneasiness or suffer remorse longer in relation to that matter, which proved to be a blessing rather than a curse to him. And though his wife and children have wanted even for the comforts of life, yet he cannot help thanking God for the poverty which they have experienced, as well as prosperity; for the one condition admits them to heaven after death, the other closes the gate against them.

My father desires earnestly to come into a condition where he can commune with his friends, and he desires my mother to make use of the means which God has placed within her reach to commune with him. She will be better for it, he will be better for it, I shall be better for it.

I was a medium for what is termed physical manifestations. My relatives attributed this power to the devil, and my mother forbade my using the power, or producing these manifestations for the amusement of my friends. I would tell my mother that the physical manifestations are the alphabet of God's Bible, and there are many souls who cannot read this Bible until they learn the alphabet. Farewell, sir. Oct. 2.

Lieutenant Albert Bragg.

Be kind enough to say through your paper that Lieutenant Albert Bragg, of Raleigh, North Carolina, desires to commune with his friends on earth.

I am a child in spirit, and feel myself almost wholly unable to see the laws which enable me to return to earth. They are new to me, but the ties that draw me home are strong, and I feel no sense of contentment here in the spirit-land, and I wish to commune with my friends with the view of improving my own condition. [Are your friends acquainted with the phenomena?] To no great extent.

I am aware, sir, that I stand within the lines of the enemy. I am aware also that you profess to deal with us as friends; but whether you do so in reality, I cannot say. I shall leave it to your honor. I am not so foolish as to suppose there is no honor among Yankees, for long years' dealing with them has taught me to the contrary. And although I fought against you, I did so because I believed I was right, for I believed I fought for the independence of future generations and the welfare of those in the present. Therefore if I have made a mistake, I am accountable to God, and do not ask pardon of you. Good day. Oct. 2.

Henry A. Kingsbury.

One word; I have an invalid sister and mother in Dayton, Ohio. They to-day mourn my loss and think of me as dead. I've lost my body, I know, but that's a small part, when compared with what I've got left. I find it hard to come here. I can't tell why.

My name was Henry A. Kingsbury, and I was twenty-one years of age when I died. I belonged to the 10th Ohio Regiment. I was wounded in the morning and stayed here on earth till some time in the night, and somehow the thoughts are pretty real that take me back to that time. Never mind, I'll get over it.

I want to say to my mother and sister that I'm dead, as folks say here on the earth, and alive, as they say in the spirit-land; and I want to tell them that I can be of as much aid to them in a spiritual way, as I was in a material way, and it won't matter much if they do suffer a little more, and come here a little sooner. They tell me it will be all right. That man that spoke last killed me, and somebody else killed him. I find no fault with him, because he was n't to blame. [Did he shoot you?] I expect he did.

You'll understand Mr. Chairman, why I come here? [That you may obtain the privilege of communicating with your mother and sister?] Yes, my sister is an invalid. She has some disease of the spine, I think it is, that she's had this ten years or more. They were pretty high dependent upon me, but it's no use, stronger, in crying for what can't be helped, is it? [None at all.] Then just say as much as that to my mother and sister. Tears won't bring me back to earth, nor nothing else, and if they'll only give me the smallest kind of a chance to help them, I think I can employ it to the best advantage.

They were told that I was wounded and taken prisoner. That was n't true. I was wounded and laid on the field and died there. So you'll please rectify the mistake, for it's given my mother a good deal of trouble. Farewell to you, stranger. [What battle were you wounded in?] Ball Run, the second one. Oct. 2.

Andrew N. Godfrey.

I was somewhat proficient in the art of Mesmerism, or Psychology, before death, and I find that knowledge is of great use to me, inasmuch as we make use of the same means to make ourselves known to our friends. I was a physician, and lived in Portsmouth, Virginia. I practiced medicine there more or less for the last ten or eleven years of my life upon earth. About six months since I offered my services as surgeon, and went on to the battlefield to do whatever I could to relieve the suffering of the soldiers. Two weeks ago I was acting in the capacity of a surgeon, when I received a wound which resulted in death in about twenty-four hours.

I am with you to-day as a friend, and not as an enemy. I do not profess to have ever stood upon the enemy's grounds, so far as you are concerned, for I never took up arms against the Government, and have relieved the suffering on the one side as well as on the other. I've nothing to say in regard to the war, for I've not made up my mind yet which side is the most at fault in regard to that matter.

I have a brother living in Tennessee who is overwhelmed with rebellious principles. I've nothing to say to him on that subject here, but I would solicit a private interview with him for the sake of my family. He must make himself acquainted with the way and manner it would be best for me to return and commune with him, and I will do all in my power to make myself understood by him.

I am a stranger, sir, to your method of receiving these messages. May I ask, is there anything else absolutely necessary for me to give in my case?

[Your age, and such facts as no one who knows you can doubt.] I was in my fifty-second year when I died. I do not know as it is absolutely necessary for me to give any particulars of a family nature. I think I can do that better when speaking with those who know me. Did I give you my name, madam? [Believe not, sir.] I thought not. Andrew N. Godfrey of Portsmouth, Virginia. I wish to make special communication, if possible, with Samuel T. Godfrey, of Memphis, Tennessee. You understand me, sir. [Yes, and will direct a paper to him, if it is your wish.] As you please. Oct. 2.

LEONARD.—Until mankind shall overcome the repugnance to saying—"I do not know?"—we shall be infested with false, foolish, and misguided theories. The ignorant are ever ready to credit legends connected with any remarkable physical fact. The position of a large stone, a peculiarly shaped rock, a deep ravine, a fissure, a cave, even a black mark across the shoulders of the ass, serve to excite a superstitious story upon, and cannot be suffered to remain unexplained anything with weak minds, is preferable to acknowledging that they do not know the cause. It is characteristic of mankind ever to substitute errors for facts of which they are ignorant.

SOME THOUGHTS FROM MR. CALHOUN, THROUGH A NEW ORLEANS MEDIUM.

Mr. Editor—I send you another message, purporting to come from the spirit of John C. Calhoun, which may awaken some active thoughts in behalf of a more determined and less timid and hesitating course on the part of our excellent and well-meaning President, and those who would cluster about him, both in and out of the body. I doubt not that this message is truly from our departed brother, whose heart was probably always right, and who recently came to ask the world's forgiveness for his misguided efforts in behalf of "Southern Rights," for it was given with much earnestness and sincerity. But, aside from this, the medium has had other evidences; he has seen him several times, and each time he wore the air of one sorrowing, yet earnestly seeking to overcome, in energetic action, the mistakes and misdirections of the past. On one occasion the medium saw a hand with a black spot upon it, and was at once impressed that Mr. Calhoun had presented it to him, and he was, at the same time, reminded of the vision Mr. C. had, in which Washington appeared to him, some time prior to his departure for spirit-land.

These things, to me, are great evidences in proof of our departed brother's identity, as well as earnest efforts for and anxiety as to the final success, safety, and perpetuity of the Union; and if what is presented in the following message be all true, (and we are taught that the growth of the mind has much to do with its general action, which is evidently true enough), there is certainly a broad field opened here for reflective thought. Two things, however, should always stand foremost in our conduct and actions. The first is, that, however exalted in station we may be, we are yet but mortal men—but parts of the great body; and the second, that none of us are infallible.

The elements of this sanguinary struggle contain vast incongruities in their every relation. It is a search for gold. The pits are dug, the shafts lowered, and the diggers are delving in the subterranean retreat, with lamps and lighted candles, for the precious metal, and when they chance to excavate a nugget, lo! it is all crusted over—its surface is all dirt. If our good brother, the President, was sufficiently developed to look clearly abroad over the land, to see and contemplate his shadow yet tangible surroundings, he would probably have ere this exercised a broader and more glorious will. But my prayer shall be that he become a seer—that he may look deep and far into the needs of the land—that he may at once act, at once draw the line, and remove forever the dark spot from off our native land—to the end that we may enjoy that righteous peace and good will which the great Infinite Mind, in his love and wisdom, must feel to overshadow and extend to all the nations of earth.

Of Ephraim of old it is inscribed that he was joined to his idols. Let it not be written that, on the continent of America, in the nineteenth century, beneath the very sanctuary of inspirational truth and intellectual greatness, the land had to be drenched in blood through the channels of a rebellious sea, in order to compel a decision and action that was necessary to the safety and welfare of all mankind, in the overthrow and destruction of a festering evil. No; let us never behold this inscribed upon the tablets of the future, to be read with sorrow and regret by the billions of bright spirits and beating hearts yet to come upon the stage of mortality.

But let us return to the message of our departed brother, who speaks with prophetic encouragement. Let us read with care and weigh it well.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 30, 1862.

THE MESSAGE.

The war is to be prosecuted, in the future, on another plan or policy. The slaves are to become soldiers. This has just, within a few days past, been decided upon by the Government. [It has not yet been made public, has it?] No—nor as I now see, will it be, until the coming month. When slavery is done away with, then will the slaves be put in a condition to become men. [Do you think the slaves ought, after the hardships, abuses and sufferings they have undergone in raising cotton, the sugar-cane, etc., and tilling the soil for the enrichment and traffic in various ways, not only of the country at large, but thousands, yes, millions of individuals, at the sacrifice of even being permitted to obtain the rudiments of a common school education, to be ejected from the land, and sent off to regions like that of Central America, where the volcanoes still send forth their fiery eruptions, and other conditions equally unpleasant, abundance more or less in all its parts?] To this, I would answer No, nor will they thus be treated by the Government, or individuals. It would be the highest injustice thus for a moment to contemplate sacrificing the happiness of the slave, to the selfish indifference and want of humanity of any people or Government, and I will say that upon the future welfare and happiness of the colored people of this Republic, more especially the slave portion, as a nation, depends, in a high degree the safety and harmonious growth of the people and Government of America.

[Do you think the present form of Government will be superseded by another and more exalted one, before these troubles are fully ended?] Yes, there will be a new and more complete superstructure—a Government that will stand upon the broad basis of Human Liberty, and under its beautiful and beneficent umbrella, the people of every part of America will unite anew, and move on majestically toward the goal of a blissful harmony. [In what year will this new order of things take place?] We, in the spirit, are endeavoring to consummate this great work of reconstruction upon this new and more beautiful basis, about the fall of 1864; but much will yet have to be gone through with ere that period shall arrive; there will be many bloody battles fought before that day shall send forth its blessings to a distracted and sorrowing people; and when the hour comes, to propose this new fabric, many will say nay. But the edifice will be reared, and those who would stand in the way of its successful construction, will look at their own folly and want of wisdom when it shall become a living reality.

[Do you think the President to blame for not abolishing slavery before this?] We, in spirit, shall not sit in judgment upon the President, though, had he declared universal Freedom in this your country, he would not now be witnessing the carnage he does, and the war would have assumed a different aspect months ago. He is controlled, in a great degree by minds in the third sphere, many of whom are those who see only destruction and misery to the slave, if set at instantaneous liberation. Many of them are persons who have been slaveholders themselves, and who have kinmen yet dwelling in the flesh, who possess slaves, or are surrounded by such conditions in the South. These influences being thus over-timid and hesitating, which is especially the state of the President's mind, with a vision as yet but little expanded, and a wisdom equally small, they have greatly retarded and retarded the action in behalf of the slave, thereby prolonging the war and causing, necessarily, new policies and great efforts. But these unhappy minds, seeing their

utter inability to rule in their peculiar state, are beginning to desire for more decisive work, and the result must be a change into a new and broader channel of action, and the slaves and colored people generally, being permitted and called into active service by the Government, they will be, in a short period, with their general liberation through out the land, the President, with this mighty additional strength, will at once wield an irresistible power over the rebellious element of the Republic, and the war will then flow away into a Freedom as broad and boundless as the Ocean of Life.

In spirit. JOHN C. CALHOUN.

New Orleans, Sept. 27, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

BY MRS. O. S. MATTHEW.

There's a beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone
Mid the flowers decked in evergreen bloom,
And we know they have crossed o'er the dark death wave,
And they dwell in that bright angel home;

They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept;
And they join in the angel throng,
And the soft melting notes of the chorus above
In beauty is borne along.

Oh, that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
And the flowers and the evergreen trees,
We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow,
And the breath faintly dies on the breeze;
We shall meet the loved ones who have gone before,
And have bloomed in the world of souls,
When our spirits shall pass to that bright, happy shore,
Our bodies, the tomb below.

To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
To the flowers and the evergreen glade,
We shall one day pass, like the brave of yore,
And bask in the beautiful shade.
We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toil,
Till the pilot shall bear us o'er
To the union of hearts in the land of the blest,
Where parting shall come no more.

Hunter's Lodge, 1862.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY FLORENCE FERCO.

Beside the tolling way,
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,
Lying in vain for rest.

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face
So pure—so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
Murmuring softly, "Wait."

"Patience!" she sweetly saith—
"The Father's mercies never come too late;
Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith
And firm endurance—wait!"

Angel, behold, I wait,
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours;
Wait till thy hand shall open the eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.

Father Izank.

All love to read of streams and fields, where angels pursue their gentle vocation; whether they are in the habit of wetting a line themselves, or not. The fact is, that we every one, live Nature, love to read and hear about her, think her shadowy secrets are the dearest of all secrets, and dream—lily and idly, I admit, it may be—of the some time when we can go and have our fill of her without money and without price. Father Izank Walton—the good old man and excellent angler, who caught fish and strolled in the meadows until he was ninety—is the patron saint of all lovers of fishing, of streams and rivers, and of quiet strolls along the banks. He quotes from his poetical friends the following verses into his inimitable book:

"I care not to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,

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