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Literary Department

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

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

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

MRS. SMITH'S JOURNAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I gave the papers back to Emma, and sat with folded hands, looking into the dim firelight in the sitting-room. I remember now that I wore a black silk wrapper, tied round the waist with a heavy cord and tassels, a small black cravat, confined by a jet brooch in the form of a cross, with gold finish; my hair, which was very abundant and long in those days, was in one large, massive braid. I never had any claim to beauty, a "pale-faced little child," as aunt Hannah called me; but it is possible there might have been, as there is sometimes in my plain

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, ma'am. I allers have the looking horses, ma'am."

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

But she went at last, and the blinds were again closed, the curtains down, and aunt Hannah was left in undisturbed possession as she desired. Months passed in a very dull, monotonous way, and I measured time by Sidney's growth. The little fellow was getting along to that age of boy consciousness when "I will" and "I won't" come to dare the shrinking mother to conflict. We go to her if she retreats in that contest.

It was time, almost, for Fanny to come home, and I was making preparations for her visit. I put up her favorite sweetmeats. I saved my new magazines and books to read with her. I had collected various fancy articles for her use, and had put the house in order, finishing my house-cleaning before my neighbors, that I might have all my time at Fanny's disposal. I found much more care than usual at this time of the year. Heretofore Maurice had provided all my winter stores, and I was under no necessity to go out in search of wood, fruit, vegetables, and the common supplies of the family. Now I had it all to do, and as Maurice had been my banker, I must also tend to him for the means to pay my bills. This was somewhat trying to me, and there were times when I would have preferred earning my daily bread, had I the means to do so, to asking for what was my own. I must acknowledge, however, that what I asked was freely given.

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

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

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

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

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

And I too dropped a few more as I read.

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

The little fellow had been comforted for the non-appearance of the coach by a huge orange presented by aunt Posey; but alas! there was no orange that could allay my disappointment.

After dinner aunt Posey came into my room, and, after mending the fire and drawing an arm-chair for me toward it, seated herself on a stool, and with her arms on her elbows sat looking steadily at the blaze. Sidney, tired and sleepy, had climbed into my lap, and I was undressing him. He was in his crib and asleep before aunt Posey roused herself from her reverie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTERS FROM FLORIDA.

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

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

Respectfully yours,

ANDREW ROSS.

DEAR AUNT MARY—I know you will be anxious to learn about Wild Cat, (Conchochee) and his band. He remained chained on board the transport, waiting with evident anxiety for his band to come in. They were very restless under their shackles, particularly Wild Cat. He could ill bear the indignity. It was interesting to watch the patience and devotion of Nehah. She was so more the avenging Nemesis she had appeared, but as her brother dropped, she sat near, observing him with familiar talk in their own language.

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

"Surely, Micoe will come," said Nehah.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The answer came in a few minutes. "Mrs. Perry will apply to Brother Henry, who has the charge of all business matters connected with her interests."

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

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

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

On returning home I mentioned my perplexity to Emma.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her head fell on my shoulder, the tears flowed freely, but for a moment she could not speak. "Oh, auntie, I thought you, too, had forgotten and forsaken me. I did want so to see you before I died."

"Died! You are not going to die. I am going to nurse you back to health. There, lie down now, and let me smooth your hair and arrange your pillows." She was passive as an infant. Beneath her pillow I found Frank's last letter and his miniature. Suspense, anxiety and homesickness combined had wrought this sad change in that bright and joyous being.

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

"At the expiration of the month of October, (that was this month, Frank wrote) the army numbered 4669, rank and file, and 202 commissioned officers. Of this force 1878 were reported 'taken sick' during the month, 32 died, 69 sent to the general hospital. I did not read this to Fanny.

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

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

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

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

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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

## THE SHOW.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

What say you to a glass of wine? Wine is a warmer of the heart, A social creature; let us go And win the magic of her art.

We drank the foam-bells, and our souls Grew warm as the shining things, Which seemed to catch about our hearts, And blossom into little wings.

We opened the parlors of our souls, And each one let the other in To view the curiosities.

The little good, the legion sin. Reader, it may be worth your time To look about the museum.

Of a boy's heart, are twenty-one Has wheeled him under manhood's sun.

The warm winds blow around the place! And make sweet fancies, as in spring The soft south wind in woodland starts.

The flowers which scent its viewless wing: Ecstasy hopes abide with him— A besotted, weak, capricious band, Whose regal palace is his brain.

Where Reason sits not in command. A Quixote mentor comes belated— A daring knight of windmill fame— Or, rather, he Quixote becomes, In everything except in name.

Blessed is Paul Pans's tongue Drops profusely in his wayward way, And his experience all turns To armor after each affray.

Some abstract goddess for a time Is ever sweeping past his eyes: Soon, to his highest joy, he finds His goddess in some mortal's guise.

He offers that discordant realm— His heart—his her: she takes the throne, Becomes a tyrant; he rebels, And sends her to Hades's frigid zone.

Next comes a dozen all at once, Who rapidly each other chase; 'T is fun for them, but death to him. The contest for the reigning place.

Love-letters, tied with silken bands, Scented with verbena and pink, Fly to him—little white-winged doves, Which take him to the very brink

Of something serious—something true— When lo! one comes with such a train Of letter-captives, that one view Kindles suspicion; then he reads, "I send your letters back to you."

What a sore trial to his pride. To see those envelopes come back, Their snow defiled, their gilding dim, How many hours upon the rack

Of slow exertion was he strained! To write his first love-letters! There They are returned—turned out of doors By his false-hearted May Adair.

He hurries off his lips a sigh; He wonders what might be the cause; Considers his full-length looking-glass— Suspects (they have been some flaws

In his appearance; gives his hair Some extra curls; grows a moustache And whippers; gets a dagger, cane; Scents with West-Ind; then makes— A furious, self-deceiving self

Quite competent to rights his wrongs; His lady surely will repent, When he takes from the rosy throng Of her companions some one else

To dance with, at the splendid ball; His pride, at least, will be avenged When he is smiled upon by all.

Grey fossils even in young hearts! Idols which once have loved and thrilled, Lie petrified within the breast.

Which treasure them till it grows chilled. Hanging about the treasure-rooms Of a boy's heart are bold designs Of coming hours, which he and Time Will finish up with shades and lines.

Walnut Grove Farm.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FRATRICIDE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The opposing clouds of wax met and were shattered. On the humble stream of Atlatem the whirlwind drew in men from the limits of the continent, and dashed them in wrath against each other.

The scenes of the terrible struggle were hid in the dust and smoke of carnage. In the scorching hell passions were awakened which have no name; all shades, from the cool determination which drew a hand on the foe at every shot, to the rage of the wild beast clubbing fist, in hand to hand duel.

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

"Hold the bridge!" Never fear the gallant Burnside! He is there; he is ten thousand hearts as brave! But see! Hooker, the lion-hearted, is wounded! Fear not, he leaves wounds to themselves, and cheers his men on to the final struggle. He believes this battle of the war, and God knows it might have been. A final struggle? A struggle perhaps final—a bayonet charge! The enemy's cannon are heard louder; his musketry rattle nearer; the storm has ceased on our side. Our cannon are silent; not a click of a lock can be heard. The storm has ceased on our side? Nay, from the broken cannon it has been transferred to the hearts of men. There it rages. You can see it in the glistening eye, the compressed lip, the knuckle, white with its clench of the musket. You can see it in the sullen indifference to the pelting ball, the crashing shell, opening lanes in the living wall. "Steady," "steady!" Your brave general can hold them but a moment more. The fire of heroism must be fed, or it burns the heart out. "Steady!" Ah!—then comes the command: "Play your foaming charger not a moment, but dash along the line, Alde, with your order," coming hoarse as the croak of a raven—"Charge!"

Heave! the smoke lifts like a vast funeral pall over the devoted armies; with a wild scream, such as eagles give when they swoop on their devoted prey, rolls on the wave of life, and in one terrible ocean dashes against the enemy. As a wave of ocean bursting against a rocky cliff, so rolled on the Union army, not, however, to roll back in foam, but to tear the cliff from its base and shatter it to atoms.

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

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

"Charles, is that you?"

"Ah! brother, it is I!"

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

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

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

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

The clasped hands relaxed not, but their eyes grew dim; there was a shudder—and all was over.

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

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

Walnut Grove Farm.

## ABANDONED WOMEN.

BY WARREN CHASE.

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

All this is true of women; but what shall we say of men and their treatment of outcasts? Who made them outcasts? Surely man must have acted an important part, if not the sole cause. Why are they abandoned, by the sex that has no outcasts of its own? Is it not, wholly from the treatment of men? And are they not then, made what they are by a confidence in and yielding to men who claim to be and are the stronger and, more positive sex? Surely this is the cause, and every outcast and abandoned woman has been made so by the wickedness and abuse of men; and if men will continue to abandon and abuse their victims, and they are all of the opposite sex, while they defend and restore their own from every act of licentiousness, is it not time for woman to arouse and defend herself and her sex, and hold man to a strict account for his dealings with and treatment of her sex? But she never can do this while she keeps a breach in her society, and a wide ditch into which she hurle every one who, through a too confiding nature, or through weakness, or hereditary taint, has trusted herself to man, and been betrayed and abandoned by him.

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

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

I am glad there is one female voice and pen active in defence of the rights of the Magdalen, (Emma Hamilton) and am surprised that that one comes from among the Spiritualists, for nowhere else is the character of Jesus known, as written by the early fathers; but the Catholics are next nearest to Jesus in character, although at the foot of the Christian ladder.

Tunton, Dec. 20th, 1862.

## MY SOUL'S IDEAL.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

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

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

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

## THE FIRST BORN.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

Like the sweet snowdrop 'mid its sheltering leaves, So lay my babe within its cradle bed; Its little hands were folded on its breast, And calm as angel's brow its quiet sleep. One tiny foot from 'neath the mantle's folds Had strayed, all stainless from the dust of earth. I bunched the sops that hung upon my lips, For voice like mine wrought not such bliss repose. But music, such as cherubs chant in Heaven, Had lulled the slumberer in the arms of peace. I bent me o'er the couch of this sweet babe, And all the gushing tenderness of love Came welling up from my fond, happy heart; A mother's pang were all forgotten then, All lost in the overwhelming tide of love.

Just then the babe awoke, and turned its soft Blue eyes up to my own, and smiled. It was His first bright smile, and to my spirit seemed Like Heaven's blessing on the holy bond. Oh! there are moments in this fleeting life When every pulse beats love, and the soft air Is full of fragrance from a purer clime. And then how sweet it is to pray—far better Than to praise—that is the voice of gladness; But deepest joy doth vent itself in prayer— And thus my o'er-fraught heart found sweet relief. O God! I thank thee for this precious gift: Oh! make me pure, my spirit fresh baptize, That I may guard my precious treasure well. Nor dim its brightness by a breath of sin; But with a sleepless vigil in a world Of guilt, be faithful to the holy trust. And bear it back to thee when thou shalt call A polished jewel for my Maker's crown.

## AN ENGLISH SPIRIT ARTIST.

Our readers will remember we published in the BANNER of August 16th, a story entitled, "The Spirit Portrait; or, The Strange Experiences of an English Artist," which was published in Dicken's "All the Year Round," written for that Magazine by the artist himself. We found the story copied into the London Spiritual Magazine, with an Introduction, in which the editor vouches for the truthfulness of the narrative as far as "Mr. H." the author, was concerned, and of whom Dicken says, "He is a real, existing person, and a responsible gentleman." In the last number of the Spiritual Magazine (for December, 1862) we find an article entitled, "Passing Events—The Spread of Spiritualism," by Benjamin Coleman, (an English gentleman, who, it will be recollected, visited this country some two years since, and on his return published a book entitled, "Spiritualism in America," which gives us some further particulars in regard to Mr. H., and his development as a medium for spirit painting. As it is quite interesting, we copy it for the benefit of our readers. Mr. Coleman says:

"All who are interested in Spiritualism have, no doubt read Mr. H.'s narrative, which appeared a few months past in All the Year Round, and in the Spiritual Magazine for December last. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with the writer, Mr. H., who is well known in the literary circles of London, and is an artist of considerable ability. He told me other very curious circumstances bearing on the supernatural. I said to him months ago that I thought he was himself a medium without knowing it. He, however, said he knew nothing of Spiritualism, and although willing to investigate, he was not at that time prepared to admit or to believe in the so-called spiritual phenomena. Whilst sojourning in August last, at Bournemouth, I received a letter from Mr. H., in which he informed me that since we last met he had seen a good deal of Spiritualism. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Home, and with him and other mediums, in private life he had had a large amount of evidence, which was not far from satisfying his scruples, and indeed, he was receiving in his own person a practical proof of the independent controlling agency, to which he had consented at times to passively surrender himself. Among other communications, it was announced to him that the spirit of Sir Joshua Reynolds was present; who said that if he, Mr. H., would sketch the instructions, he would paint by his hand. The condition exacted were that he was to exert no mental effort on his work, and above all, to take no money for his pictures, so long as he was painting in these particular circumstances. Mr. H. paid but little attention to the matter until the same proposal was repeated at another sitting. He then thought, 'actually would the spirit of a lady of my acquaintance paint the likeness of a person to be all that could be desired. Mr. H. has assured me that he executed it without any mental effort. He permitted the persons about him (contrary







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## Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

### New Year's.

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

### Evergreen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny."

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

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

### "Who Shall Decide?" etc.

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

To the Editors of the Boston Post:  
I wish, through your columns, to warn the public of the practices of one who has been writing on his arm, and to respond to questions and names written upon slips of paper and rolled into pellets, without seeing said questions and names with his natural eyes. This ambidextrous fellow is now operating in your city, upon the unwary, at the rate of one dollar for fifteen minutes. I have had three installments of this person's pretensions, at an expense of four dollars; one setting being protracted to the great length of thirty minutes.

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

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

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

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

That he has detected him in unrolling them, and in breaking the seal of a sealed envelope, in a manner past all doubt and misapprehension.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was ushered into a well furnished room, looking out upon Tremont street, and introduced to a handsome, heavy young man who, I was informed, was the famous medium, Mr. Colchester. He is a fine specimen of a man physically, and has the bearing and the manner of a gentleman. After a few words, he invited the doctor (alluding to Dr. Gardner) and myself into his private room. In the center of this room there was a large round table, down by the side of which we sat, he opposite to me. He inquired whether I had any questions proposed, and I replied that I had, and he requested me to place them upon the table before me, which I proceeded to do, emptying my left hand of the pellets which had not at any moment been out of my grasp. He then asked me to touch each pellet, in turn, with my pencil, to see whether the spirits would answer the question it contained. I did so.

On touching the first, there came three distinct raps under the table, which, as the doctor was informed, was to signify that the particular question in that pellet would be answered. I was then told to place it by itself, and to touch the next. This I did, and the response was a single rap. This was a negative, and the rejected question was placed by itself. I touched them all in turn, and the result was that there were two questions which the spirit declined to answer, and the rest were accepted. I should state here, perhaps, to avoid any mistake, that the pellets were not distinguishable by me. I did not know one from another. I did not know what the questions were which had been accepted and rejected; and to have saved my soul I could not have picked up one of the pellets and told, without opening the question, what the answer was. These preliminaries settled, Mr. Colchester reached forward and separated one of the pellets from the pile, by touching it with a pencil. He then leaned back in his chair and exclaimed:

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

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

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

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

"Louisa, do you remember me?" To say that I was not astonished, would be to acknowledge myself foolish. I was astonished, though I cannot say that I was at all awed or excited. Indeed, the matter was carried on in such a business-like way, and with so little parade, that I did not care to say that I was one of the wondermen. Then another pellet was separated from the remaining number, and answered and signed, and another and another, until all had been answered. There was never a mistake in the drift of the answer, and never the slightest mistake in the signature. The question was specifically stated in each instance, and the answer was wholly legible. I said that the evidence was beyond question that whoever answered the question had seen and read it. I did not know what question each pellet covered; therefore, the intelligence answering did. No material vision could possibly see the writing in those wads of paper, therefore—what? I don't know.

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

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

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

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

### The French Phase of Spiritualism.

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

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

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

### Major-General Burnside.

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

### Arthur B. Fuller.

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

### To the Friends of Spiritualism.

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

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

### Readers of the Banner!

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

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

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

### So "Vote" It Bo.

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

### "Spirit Photographs."

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

I was not discouraged by this, nor by another significant fact, to wit: The learned philosophers who constitute the American Photographic Society, as I was informed, at their regular meeting in the city of New York, had solemnly resolved that the "spiritual likenesses are a fraud and a gross deception." The shade of old Galileo, the spirit of Columbus, and a host of pioneers in art, bear testimony in reference to the delusions of such learned bodies, that led me rather to infer that these pictures were real, because of this decision. I knew there were several processes by which shadowy pictures might be taken—the one suggested by Sir David Brewster, of diminishing the time of sitting for a part of the picture, has become quite familiar; another, in which a faint picture is made by using a second negative plate and a small lamp, placing them in such relation to each other that the rays of light from the lamp will pass for a few seconds through this negative, on to the prepared plate. I had seen a picture taken in this manner, which had some resemblance to the pictures taken by Mr. Mumler; there was, however, a very marked yellow tint in this, the result of the artificial light of the lamp. It differed also in this, that the picture, as in the case of Sir David Brewster's "ghost-pictures," was entire, the head and feet being equally well printed. Under these circumstances, I was introduced to Mr. Mumler by my friend, Mr. E. Haynes, of Boston, at Mrs. Stuart's Photographic Gallery, No. 258 Washington street. He received me very kindly. I remarked that I had come to have the sittings with him, and that I had brought a glass with me from Philadelphia, with a private mark upon it, (the mark was my own name and residence, written with a diamond on the glass, in phonographic characters), and if he had no objection, I would like to have the picture taken on this. He replied, "Certainly not, and I wish you to witness the whole process." He then took me into his operating-room, and I saw him clean my glass, pour the collodion upon it, and dry it. After which both of us entered the dark room, and he put it into the bath of iodine of silver; the door was then closed, and it was entirely dark, there being no lamp or light of any kind in the room. While waiting for the plate to become coated in the bath, he conversed very freely with me about his method of preparing the chemicals, &c. When a sufficient time had elapsed for the plate to become coated, he took it out; and I know it was the same plate, although I could see nothing in the dark, because it had my private mark upon it, and I saw this when it was put into the bath, and noticed it again when it was taken out of the shield. Having placed it in the shield, he gave it to me while we were still in the dark room. He then opened the door, and I carried the shield to the camera, and set it in the window near it, where I could see it all the time.

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

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

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

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

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

### Do Justly.

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

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

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

### New Publications.

THE TRIUMPHANT OVER: BAKER, or, Bigotry Unmasked, and its Defeat brought to light by the Test of Reason. Including the Views of Samuel Aaron. By Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm.

In this little pamphlet the Baptist minister at Vineland, New Jersey, gets the blue bigotry knocked out of him, and his religious conceits shattered down with arguments he dare not try to handle. Keep calm, brother Aaron!

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

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for January comes to us with fresh articles from the pens of Hon. Robert J. Walker, Richard B. Kimball, C. G. Leland, Hon. F. P. Stanton, and others of note, all of which are of prime interest and value. Such topics are discussed as these: "The Consequences of the Rebellion," "New York and Virginia compared," "American Destiny," which cannot fail to command wide attention. Printed by J. F. Trow, New York, for the publishers.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1863. By A. J. Davis. Published at the "Herald of Progress office," New York.

This is the second number of a very useful and permanently valuable publication—part annual and part almanac. The several articles contributed are by familiar pens in the spiritual field, and the amount and character of information embodied in its pages may be elsewhere looked for in vain. We find we could not do without it, for reference. Its reading will be sure to do the public much good, for it will liberalize their sentiments, elevate and ennoble their views, and strengthen a truer and more lasting faith. All the reforms are touched upon, and every progressive movement finds advocacy and criticism.

For sale at the Banner of Light office, at fifteen cents per copy.

The twenty-five cent edition of Bulwer's "STRANGE STORIES" is entirely exhausted, and, in answer to orders for the same, we have to say that we can supply none but the fifty cent edition, from this time.

### Lycium Hall Meetings.

Mr. H. B. Storer will address the Spiritualists of this city on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. The earnest and instructive inspirational appeals from this gifted speaker will be listened to with pleasure and profit.

The subscribers to the free meetings will hold a meeting in the above named hall, Monday evening, Dec. 29th, for the purpose of choosing officers to manage the meetings for the ensuing year. A large attendance is desirable.

### The Union Societies.

Are getting on nicely. They are held every Wednesday evening at Lycium Hall, Tremont street. The strictest order prevails, which is conclusive evidence that these assemblies are conducted by a competent manager. The price of tickets to these public assemblies is reasonable enough in all concurrences in these times of "high prices for everything." Tickets may be had at the door. For prices, see advertisement.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

If we should publish all that we have been requested to of late, condemning the acts, or fancied acts, of others, our paper would be filled with such matter. "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

A correspondent, writing from McDonough Co., Illinois, says that mediums are wanted there.

We would inform our Vermont readers that Dr. F. W. Urann, who has made so many remarkable cures in London, Lowell and Hartford, will be in Woodstock, Vt., the first week in January. All afflicted should call upon him. Those desiring his services at other places in Vermont, would do well to engage him, as we understand, he proposes to make a tour through that State.

THE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALIST TEACHERS hold their Second Quarterly Meeting in New York, instead of Boston, next week. See notice in another column.

The Prospectus of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN will be printed in our next. This journal is one of the best publications for mechanics, manufacturers and inventors. In the world. The Prospectus tells the whole story—and any one who sees the paper will know that the editor performs just what he practices.

Miss Cora Wilbur's address is Minneapolis, Minnesota. Her health, we are gratified to learn, is much improved.

THE RINGING TREE, a Spiritual paper, printed at Independence, Iowa, comes to us this week, fresher than ever. It is well edited, and its communications evince much talent. The last number contains a good letter from Dr. A. B. Child, of this city, which we shall print in our next.

It is said that fine white paper can be manufactured from the inner husks of our common Indian corn.

Truth is truth, and the opinions of men can never make it otherwise.

NEONS SOLDIERS.—A New Orleans correspondent of the Boston Traveller says: "So, far as wealth goes, the First Regiment of Native Guards (colored) can buy up any three white regiments in the department. They are men of property, and of education enough to write well in two or three languages; and if you want to know their opinions, just look over their organ, L'Union, which you will find a fearfully radical. John Brown's sort of sheet, filled with articles written in the camp of the 1st R. N. G. At last the organization of three colored regiments has been officially approved by the War Department."

The dome of the Capitol at Washington is approaching completion. It is of iron, will weigh about 8,000,000 pounds; the top of the statue of Freedom at its summit will be 285 feet from the ground. This statue is 10 1/2 feet high, and weighs 15,000 pounds. The whole dome and statue will cost about \$600,000.

Those who are in want of pictures or picture frames at very reasonable rates, would do well to call on Mr. Dexter Dana, No. 28 Washington street, first door up stairs. Frames of all sizes, and of every description, made to order.

Napoleon III. says he means to make a great people of the Mexicans.







you live a lie unto yourselves and to your God by  
allowing slavery to dwell in the midst of a nation.

but war, discord and perpetual death will be  
constant attendants. Nov. 20

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**Questions and Answers.**

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

**Ans.—**The law governing spirit intercourse has lasted from all time. The inhabitants of the world have ever been in rapport with the minds of humanity, and under certain conditions have been able to return to earth and hold converse with spirits. Now you are not to suppose for a moment that you are in contact with the most real and noble spirits, unless you can see your own

from the highest degrees of mentality at all times  
but more particularly from that class of men

Now you are not to suppose that they have grown suddenly good and pure because of their removal to the spirit-world, for they were evil here, as to the spirit side of life they will be evil until they come under the law of progress. Yet the law of progress is slow; step by step Nature moves onward, and thus the subjects of her law can only be

the prophet, doubtless, like many at the present, was able to perceive the characteristics of that

of spirits of which we have just spoken, and which he termed familiar spirits, from the fact of their intimate relationship with mortals. Now these spirits, or this class of spirits, to which the prophet particularly refers, were more corrupt than your familiar spirits of to-day, and allowed to do evil more

lightened, more undeveloped at that age than they now are, because of the general ignorance prevalent

with the masses in the early ages of this world history.

Now the prophet of olden times perceived the influence exerted by this class of spirits upon mankind, and therefore advised his followers to become too well acquainted with them, or agents communicating with them at all. For instead of giving light to those they came to, they could give it only darkness, inasmuch as they were benighted and ignorant themselves. Therefore, considered their condition, it was perhaps well that the prophet taught his followers to shun familiar spirits.

When we consider their condition then, and set at naught the fact of their evil influence upon mankind, we shall no longer fear or shun them, for we know that they can do us no harm, and that, inasmuch as we will some day be able to give of their light and dominion to humanity.

Now these same familiar spirits are all around you with their evil influences, and you should use all your powers of discretion to give them light. Conduct yourselves while on the earth, that they, using your good works, may emulate your example.

good in you, may seek to become good also.

thus march up the ladder of progress to eternal doom. These familiar spirits, the old prophet all too ready, were capable of improvement until of rool light; but he, like them, was not possessed of light of your time. Therefore it is not strange he said to his hearers, "Shut the door upon them and have nothing to do with these familiar spirits that can only influence you for evil."

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

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

Nov. 2.

Col. Thomas Jones,

O. God, is it possible, possible that I shall not control my own body again? Mr. Chalmers, I am a stranger here. I wish to conform as near as possible to your rules: will you inform me, what

are? [Simply to give such facts as your friends may be able to recognize you by. Such as the time and cause of your death, age, and any circumstances of your life that they may know about, and which we are ignorant of.]

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

My wife and two sons are thoroughly Union. I was sorely troubled on account of my secessionist inclinations, on account of the course I took while I was on the earth. [Will our publishing your communications

cation submit them to any hardships? I No, well know there, well known, etc. They suffered nearly as much as mortals can suffer since on my account.

My God, hell is n't large enough to hold me come back to hell to speak to them. I beg, pardon for my monstrous speech. I can not say my, though I was once. Certain members of household believe that they are free, that they free at my death; that I left papers granting their freedom. I promised to do this, but I Death too far, for I never had a thought it should be killed in battle, and so I neglected my duty. And now those members of my household are in great trouble. If they were not, said before, thoroughly Union, I should despise reaching them in this way.

My son, Thomas, has the same powers that subject has, although he is not conscious of it yet. Now, if I can succeed in informing him of self, so that I can commune through him to other members of my family, I shall be glad so. Now I wish him to take a seat at his table, which is paper and pencil, and to sit quietly and passive as possible, in order to receive spirit, if once. If he will follow my directions, I fully have that I shall be able to communicate through him to others.

him to my family. I can then give them the information I desire to. I could give it here, but I do not submit them to more trouble than I care to do. Say to them that in my last moments I thought them, and of the sorrow which would be theirs my death, and regretted, oh, so sorely regretted having done my duty. Stranger, there are circumstances connected with my coming here to do which I would like to speak, but I feel it to do I ask this much of my friends, both Secession Union, that they will do what they can for my suffering family. They who have been used to ex-

care, who have never before known what it is to be subject poverty." And when I feel that I am the cause of it, I cannot but curse myself, for having sold my entire efforts, and removed North, as wife begged me to do, I should not have been in the world here at the present time. My family are at Georgetown, South Carolina. Nov. 25, 1840.

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**THE MARRIAGE RELATION.**—Address his wife and record the following important sentence: "Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the world, with the design to be each other's mutual support and entertainment here in this station of life, should themselves be good-humored, affable, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

you live a lie unto yourselves and to your God, by loving slavery to dwell in the midst of a profane free nation: you cannot be at peace with one another, nor war, discord and perpetual death will be a constant attendant. Nov. 20

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**Ans.—**The law governing spirit intercourse has existed from all time. The inhabitants of the spirit world have ever been in rapport with the minds of humanity, and under certain conditions have be-

Now you are not to suppose that they have gone suddenly good and pure because of their removal to the spirit-world, for if they were evil here, so to the spirit side of life they will be evil until they return and commune with mortality than which

comes under this law of progress. Yet the law of the growth of the soul is not the law of the growth of the gross is slow; step by step Nature moves onward, and thus the substance of her law can only be grasped by the intellect, and perfect by slow but sure degrees. As the prophet, doubtless like many of the present age, was unable to perceive the characteristics of the world of spirits of which we have just spoken, and as he had been termed familiar spirits, from the fact of their intimate relationship with mortals. Now these spirits, or this class of spirits, to which the prophet particularly refers, were more corrupt than your familiar spirits of to-day, and allow us to add, more unenlightened, more undeveloped at that age than we are now, because of the general ignorance prevalent with the masses in the early ages of this world's history.

Now the prophet of olden times perceived the influence exerted by this class of spirits upon mankind, and therefore advised his followers again becoming too well acquainted with them, or again becoming too well acquainted with them at all. He lighted the way to the light, and they could give the light to others, inasmuch as they were brought out of darkness, inasmuch as they were brought out of darkness, inasmuch as they were brought out of darkness and ignorant themselves. Therefore, considering their condition, it was perhaps well that the prophet taught his followers to shun familiar spirits.

when we consider their condition then, and set as the fact of their evil influence upon mankind shall no longer fear or shun them, for we know they are to throw off their darkness, and that will some day be able to give of their light and dom to humanity.

Now these same familiar spirits are all are you with their evil influences, and you should all your powers of discretion to give them their proper prominence in the earth that they

conduct yourselves while on the earth, with an eye toward your good works, may emulate your example. Live such pure and holy lives, that they, seeing you good in you, may seek to become good also, and thus march up the ladder of progress to eternal life. These familiar spirits, the old prophets alluded to, were capable of improvement until of record; but he, like them, was not possessed of the light of your time. Therefore it is not strange that he said to his hearers, "Shut the door upon the old prophets."

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

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

Nov. 2

Col. Thomas Jones,

St. Paul, Minn.

On God, is it possible, possible that I might not control my own body again? Mr. Chalmers, I am a stranger here. I wish to conform as near as I am able to your rules; will you inform me what they are? [Simply to give such facts as your feelings may be able to recognize you by. Such as the time and cause of your death, age, and any circumstances of your life that they may know about, and which we are ignorant of.]

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

My wife and two sons are thoroughly Union. I am sorely troubled on account of my social relations, on account of the course I took while I was on the earth. [Will our publishing your communications submit them to any hardships?] No.

well known there, well known, sir. They have suffered nearly as much as mortals can suffer since my accession.

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

My son, Thomas, has the same powers that subject has, although he is not conscious of it well. Now, if I can succeed in informing him of

[illegible]

is about poverty: "And when I feel that I am cause of it, I cannot but curse myself, for I have sold my entire efforts, and removed North, as wife begotten, to do, I should not have been in where I am at the present time. My family are Georgetown, South Carolina. *—Address Nov. 28, 1847.*"

you live a lie unto yourselves and to your God, by loving slavery to dwell in the midst of a profane free nation: you cannot be at peace with one another, nor war, discord and perpetual death will be a constant attendant. Nov. 20

**Questions and Answers.**

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

**Ans.—**The law governing spirit intercourse has lasted from all time. The inhabitants of the spirit world have ever been in rapport with the minds of humanity, and under certain conditions have be-

Now you are not to suppose that they have gone suddenly good and pure because of their removal to the spirit-world, for if they were evil here, so to the spirit side of life they will be evil until they return and commune with mortality than which

comes under this law of progress. Yet the law of the growth of the soul is not the law of the growth of the gross is slow; step by step Nature moves onward, and thus the substance of her law can only be grasped by the intellect, and perfect by slow but sure degrees. As the prophet, doubtless like many of the present age, was unable to perceive the characteristics of the world of spirits of which we have just spoken, and as he had been termed familiar spirits, from the fact of their intimate relationship with mortals. Now these spirits, or this class of spirits, to which the prophet particularly refers, were more corrupt than your familiar spirits of to-day, and allow us to add, more unenlightened, more undeveloped at that age than we are now, because of the general ignorance prevalent with the masses in the early ages of this world's history.

Now the prophet of olden times perceived the influence exerted by this class of spirits upon mankind, and therefore advised his followers again becoming too well acquainted with them, or again becoming too well acquainted with them at all. He lighted the way to the light, and they could give the light to others, inasmuch as they were brought out of darkness, inasmuch as they were brought out of darkness, inasmuch as they were brought out of darkness and ignorant themselves. Therefore, considering their condition, it was perhaps well that the prophet taught his followers to shun familiar spirits.

When we consider their condition then, and set at naught the fact of their evil influence upon mankind, we shall no longer fear or shun them, for we know they are to throw off their darkness, and that we will some day be able to give of their light and add to humanity.

Now these same familiar spirits are all around you with their evil influences, and you should use all your powers of discretion to give them light. Conduct yourselves while on the earth, that way, doing your good works, may emulate your exalted ones. Live such pure and holy lives, that they, seeing good in you, may seek to become good also, and thus march up the ladder of progress to eternal doom. These familiar spirits, the old prophet said, were capable of improvement and of receiving light; but he, like them, was not possessed of light of your time. Therefore it is not strange he said to his hearers, "that the door upon you

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[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

It is not selfish to seek what one needs—provided, *provided*, it is not got at expense of another—Justice must decide the innumerable cases.

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

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

**Answering Sealed Letters.**

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, and as subjects 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. 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. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. Address — BATHUR & LOURY, 221 168 Washington Street, Boston.

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-BARKER & LOUR, 17 169 Washington street, Boston.

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**Notice.**

Warren Chase may be engaged to lecture in New England for several Sundays between January and February, and we are hoping him soon at Taunton, where he speaks the 1st of December, and at Worcester, where he will spend May in central New York, near Syracuse when the four Sundays of this month may also be engaged by early application.

Rev. L. BROOKBERRY, trance speaker, Pontiac City, Mich.  
J. BOURNARD, Postic Inspirational Medium, Pontiac, Mich.  
W. F. JAMISON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich.  
Mrs. M. J. KYLE, Gannon, Kent County, Mich.  
ARNAUD and NELLIE BARN, Three Rivers, Mich.  
Rev. I. C. FORD, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., U.S.A., 1914.

Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted in placing figures at the end of each of your names, as appearing on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as a check, showing the exact date when your subscription expires, and the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the page of the paper itself, then know that the time for your subscription is full. If you wish to extend your subscription, or to receive your subscription, we shall enclose you the card, and the time to which you have paid, and the method of renewing your subscription. This method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts.

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JOHN B. WALKER, Madison street, Chicago.

We warrant the above propositions, the names, and call attention to it, and it will be called to your paper one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement inserted.