

# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Brusled, weary, despairing, I pressed my child to my bosom, and longed for death to take me, too, into that great future for which I had no fear now. He had opened his massive doors—I had caught one glimpse of the great glory reflected on the face of my beloved as he passed in, and then, alas! the portals closed, and I stood shivering in the dark, cold world, weak and weary.

Aunt Posey was then a friend in need. Most tenderly was the little one cared for; and when it was fed and dressed, the good, kind creature would come with her burden, and say:

"There, darling, lay up close to mother; put your little hands on her face; tell her you'll be good baby if she'll live for you. There! see, she smiles, sure as the world, and it's just his blessed father's smile. Look! do, dear honey, look!"

And I did look, and, sure enough, Aunt Posey was right—it was his father's smile, and though the tears would come, I was comforted.

I don't know how it was at that time. I suppose I had friends—I think Aunt Posey told me of neighbors and friends, who came, as is customary in the country, to offer their consolation and kind offices. I did not see many, and those I remember were wives and mothers, happy in their families, and strangers to my sorrow.

One day the pastor called. I did not care to see him; he, too, had probably little of grief. He would come with those cant phrases of consolation which to the real mourner are barbed arrows. Perhaps he would say, as many do, "You loved your idol too much, and God in mercy has removed it." Just such hard, bitter things I have often heard said when the wounded heart knows that it has never loved half enough. Do not you know, poor stricken wife, can't you bear witness with me that at such a time your heart bleeds at the remembrance of every impatient word you have spoken, over every look that was not tenderness and love? Do not you feel as if you had not known one half the value of the treasure till it was removed? Love our friends too much! Heaven grant that some Messiah may come again to earth to open the blind eyes that we may see more clearly. Many a loving angel walks by our side here, and we know him not giving him only half our hearts. No; I speak to mourning hearts. Let us be more loving and gentle and kind to the loved ones who surround our daily paths; let us so cherish them that, when they are removed from us, no sad reproaches may mingle with our grief at their loss.

As I was saying, the thought of such trite, heartless words as many a clergyman feels himself called upon to give to the mourners in his flock, made me shrink from seeing Mr. Harmon, and when Aunt Posey said, "Mrs. Perry, the minister is in the parlor; let me smooth your hair and help you dress; it may be, honey, he'll say sweet, comforting words to you, and tell you about the golden crowns and the harp—all gold, too, that they have in heaven, and where the streets are all bright gold, too; and—"

"Stop, Aunt Posey, please stop! I don't want gold crowns, nor gold harps, nor golden streets. I want, oh, Auntie, I want the strong, loving heart to rest upon. I'm weak; I don't want gold, but strength. I'm so weak, Auntie, and the way seems long and dark and cold."

"Ye forget, honey dear, that there's something written in God's word about our weakness made perfect in his strength; and do not you believe the dear, blessed Saviour loves you and feels for you, and—and I was going to say something more, but I'm feared you'll think it disrespectful to the Saviour if I say it."

"No, no, Aunt Posey; I know you would never intentionally say anything of that nature when speaking of our Saviour. What were you going to say?"

"Why, don't you know, darling, it says in the Bible 'he was like us—had our nature?' Now do you think the son who loved his mother, and was so dutiful, would have loved wife and children, and did not give up all these enjoyments, because he had a great work to do for a wicked world? Yes, honey, his loving, kind heart feels for you. Can't you trust him, Auntie, and let him comfort your poor, sad heart?"

Aunt Posey said this as she helped me to dress, and while Mr. Harmon was waiting to see me. I confessed there was more comfort in her words than all I expected to get from the man of God; indeed, they strengthened me for the interview.

When I went into the room, Mr. Harmon, a tall, grave man, with hair just touched with silver, was standing before a picture of Sidney, a perfect life-likeness it was, and with his back to the door. His hands were clasped behind him—thin, white hands they were—looking more so perhaps from contrast to the black coat; he stooped a little, as most students—indeed there was always about him the abstracted look of one who lived much with books. He did not, for an instant, observe my entrance, and my first impulse was to turn back; even then, and send an excuse by Aunt Posey, but the slight rustle of my dress attracted his attention, and he turned; came toward me, and as he took my hand, said:

"I thought, Mrs. Perry, about coming to see you at this time; deep grief loves silence, and solitude."

It was no regard to the conventionalities of life that brought me here, but my heart impelled me to come and say, I sympathize with you, for I know your sorrow."

"You, sir?" I said, my tears making my utterance hardly audible—"But the death of an infant, (I knew he had lost one young child,) great as is the loss, is not like my sorrow."

"No, not like your loss; when I laid my little one in the grave, my heart yearned over it, but the feeling was disappointed hope—the shadow thrown on a bright foreground; but, when after a long friendship, begun in childhood and consummated in marriage with one whose very life was interwoven with mine, I can't tell you the fullness of my joy. Earth was so bright that I forgot the grave. I did not dream that the angel with the sable wings could come near us. I looked down through a long vista of years, and saw only two, with tottering steps and dimmed eyes, walking hand in hand through the dark valley, separated, as I supposed, only by a short interval from the long rest of heaven. But in six months after our marriage, my Mary—the light of my eyes, life of my life, soul of my soul, was removed suddenly by death."

He paused. It seemed as if the memory of those days overcame him. He turned, leaned his head upon his hand, and as he stood near the mantle, and appeared lost in deep thought. Here, indeed, had I found one who could fathom my sorrow. I had often looked upon him as one living above the world, ready to drop the mantle of flesh, and mingle with the pure spirits above. I knew not of the invisible golden chain that was every day lessening to draw him upward.

After what he had told me, there was little need of the old hackneyed phrases of comfort. Enough that he could say, "I have suffered the same." He prayed with me, and as he prayed, my own spirit, like a poor, wounded dove, tried to ascend upward, too; but, alas! I could not rise, and fell to earth weaker than before.

His visit, however, led me out of myself—another, too, had suffered the same sorrow. Whatever new ties had been formed, it was evident to me that he had not forgotten the wife of his youth. How keen must have been the agony, the memory of which could bring such an expression of deep grief upon the features after so many years had passed!

When I returned to my room, and took the baby from Posey, she noticed that I had been weeping; "And did not he comfort you, my poor birdie?"

"It is some comfort, Auntie, to have sympathy, to know that others understand your sorrow."

"To be sure it is, honey, and I might have told you that he once had the sweetest, beautifullest wife; but she died in the first year of their marriage. That was long, long ago; but I heard old Mrs. Jenkins say that Squire Maurice wanted her, but she loved the poor minister best. She was one of them sweet, loving creatures that never stay long in this world."

"Perhaps there was a mistake in sending her here, and God made it right as soon as possible."

The idea of God's rectifying mistakes was so absurd, that I could not help smiling. The expression caused Posey to be still more communicative.

"Did not he pray with you?—his prayers are Jacob's ladder to my poor soul."

"Yes, Auntie, he did pray, and I can tell you just what he said—I'll never forget it: 'We remember, our Father, the sorrows with which thou triest us; how often we stoop at the bitter waters, and fill our mouths with sadness, and if we dare not thank thee for these things, if we know not how to pray about them as we ought, we yet thank thee that we are sure that in all these things thou meanest us good, and out of these seeming evils still producest good, making all things together for the highest advantage of thine every child. We thank thee for that other, that transcendent world, beyond this globe of matter—for that home whereunto thou gatherest the spirits of just men made perfect, and for our dear ones who have gone thither before us, and bless thee that they are still not less near because they are transfigured with immortal glory, and have passed on in the road we ourselves must also tread.'"

Aunt Posey listened most gravely and earnestly. She had known trouble, and understood the power of that consolation which trust in God only can give. At that time my whole life was clouded. I found no consolation, no, not even in the promises of the resurrection, or the hope of the Christian.

Sidney lay on the couch in the parlor, dressed as he was wont to dress in life. I could not call him dead. Hour after hour, with my babe in my arms, I sat by his side. There lay the mass of dark hair brushed aside on the high, white forehead, just as he used to wear it, and the hands, so long and thin and white, now lay crossed upon the breast as they always were in sleep. Involuntarily, I would hush my babe, that he might not disturb the sleeper, and the next moment the illusion was dispelled, and all the strong waves of my sorrow rolled over me.

They who have watched beside the dead, know all this alternation of feeling; but more terrible by far was the thought of the funeral day. There is something to me very repugnant in the mode of conducting country funerals. I shrink from the crowd, and the curious gaze of those who only come to look on grief for a morbid love of excitement. Then the custom of walking in procession around the coffin, friend and foe, relative and stranger, while the poor, stricken mourner, worn with grief, sits waiting the conclusion of this slow torture. As I sat alone with my dead, I longed for an escape from this trial, and only wished that I might go to the grave in the mid-

early twilight, with the few who loved my husband in his life, and thus bear him quietly to his long home.

As I sat musing, and in my heart shrinking from the sad rites of the morrow, Brother Maurice entered. His step was light as a woman's, and I did not see him till he stood at the head of the blessed sleeper, and for a moment gazed silently upon him.

"That is a noble head," said he, "and the face is very like that of our mother. She had the same long eye-lashes, and abundant, dark hair."

I burst into tears.

"Mary," said our brother, "let me aid you in this time of trial. I will take all care from you, only express your wishes."

I told him freely my dread of the morrow.

"I feel for you and with you," said he. "Such publicity, and such indulgence of curiosity, is as repugnant to delicacy as to the feelings of the mourner. We will manage matters differently. Only the neighbors will be here, and all who wish to take farewell of the dead, must do so before you leave the room. Leave all to me, and when we go to the grave, remember I am his eldest brother, and will be your protector. You will go in my carriage, and I will strive as much as possible to shield you from public curiosity."

Maurice's voice, as I have said, was low and sweetly modulated—the very tones carried quiet and comfort with them. But when I told Aunt Posey what he said, she looked so doubtful, and gave such an ominous shake of the head, that I was puzzled. After some hesitation, she said:

"Well, I might as well speak out as keep it in; the truth is, Mr. Maurice is a 'riscocrat—he do n't like common sort of folk, and he jee likes the chance to have the funeral all among ourselves, 'cause he thinks there ain't no families as equal to the Perrys. Now, I've a notion myself that good blood is not to be despised. The old Judge used to say, (I mean your husband's father,) that it never would run pure; that if folks got out of the mud, they would bring some of the stains with them. But though I'm not for being too common with that sort, and here Posey held her head erect, and the gold beads on her fat neck shone with great lustre as she spoke, yet Mr. Sidney was a great favorite with everybody—he had n't an enemy in this whole world, and what will they all say if they can't come to follow him to the grave? No, no, I'm afraid you'll bear the blame, and Mr. Maurice will have the pleasure of the privacy."

I was only amused, not convinced by Aunt Posey, and feeling that it would be such a relief to cast all care upon Maurice, made no objection to his arrangements. I looked upon Maurice, as a father, and felt thankful to trust him, and he fulfilled his promise well.

I sat in my own bed-room with Fanny by my side, (she came the day before the funeral.) Aunt Hannah, brother Henry, a brother that I have not mentioned before, who lived on a farm a short distance from Burnside, and who, though I had seen him but a short time, seemed to be a quiet, kind-hearted man. Mr. Maurice, who was never far from me, held the baby in her arms, and he slept while Mr. Harmon read an appropriate service for the dead, and offered a prayer. Some two or three voices in an adjoining room chimed most sweetly a requiem just before we left the house. Our carriage was waiting at a side door near where I sat, and Maurice placed me in it, and noticing that I was very pale, and indeed I was so faint that I walked with difficulty, he bade Aunt Posey sit beside me. She did so, bringing the babe, who was still sleeping. I can't express the comfort that this gave me, to have my boy—his child near me. Little unconscious sleeper, that he was then, I felt that there was latent strength in that little frame, upon which I should some day lean.

It was a beautiful day; the air was balmy with Spring fragrance, or, perchance, with southern breezes laden with the aroma of flowers from more southern lands, the sky was deeply blue, and, as we wound slowly up the hillside to the silent city of the dead, all at once a strange quiet stole into my heart. "He is not dead, but liveth still," a voice seemed to whisper to me, and "I go to prepare a place for you."

The last may seem irrelevant as applied to a human being, but I could not resist the impression that he who had so lovingly prepared an earthly home for me, was waiting in a mansion above to welcome me home. "Only a little while," I said to myself, "and I will go to him, and there will be no more separation." "Be faithful unto death," came an answer, to me so audible that I started and looked round at those in the carriage, wondering if they heard it, too. I saw only Maurice, who was stooping to pick up the fan which I had just dropped.

"Are you better, Mary?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "I am not faint now."

"Shall you feel able to get out of the carriage, as is customary, when we arrive at the foot of the hill?"

"Yes, I think so," and in truth I felt strong just then, only needing as I believed then, a little patience till I, too, should lie down on yonder green hill. The grave was on a little rise of ground. We alighted, and left Posey with the babe in the carriage, while we walked up. A few steps, and I began to totter. I was dizzy and faint, but my brother's strong arm was around me, and my head rested on his shoulder.

I thought, before I left the carriage, that I was willing to leave my husband in this beautiful spot, where the air was so soothing, where the birds roamed all the day long, and where the great wild flowers loved to bloom. I thought I was strong enough for this, but I forgot the deep, dark grave

open for him—the plain box in which the coffin was secured, the lowering of that box down, down away from sunlight and air. Now they were all before me, and my heart failed me. I trembled violently.

"Be calm, Mary," said Maurice gently, as he felt me tremble. "It will soon be over." But just then, while the coffin was being placed in the box, the soil near the grave fell in, partly filling it. The grave-digger was troubled, and said:

"I am sorry, gentlemen, but it often happens in this kind of earth. It will take ten minutes, at least, to shovel this out."

I heard those words, though spoken in a low voice, as distinctly as if he had been close at my side, and oh! they grated on my ear! It seemed as if the first shovelful of earth fell on my own heart. I shall never forget the sensation if I live a thousand years. All the quiet of the past hour was gone, and I could hardly help exclaiming:

"Give me back my dead! Give me back my dead!"

Maurice saw my agitation, for I could not restrain it. We were a few steps from the large family monument, beneath which reposed the remains of his father. He found me a seat in its shadow, where I could sit and lean against the marble. He stood near, saying no word of comfort, (how could he?) but ready to aid and support me. Ten minutes! Men measure time by the clock in their daily avocations, but not so do our hearts sometimes measure it. Ten minutes!

Every minute seemed an hour. And then came that strange, dreadful sound, the friction of the rope against the box, as it was lowered to its resting place. God forgive me, but at that moment my whole soul rebelled against His ways with man. Why had he created us thus to suffer? Why had he embittered the fountain of my whole life? Henceforth it could send forth only bitter waters. I had borne everything else but the trembling of that cord in the hands of those four strong men; the knell, the pall, the bier, the open grave, the last farewell; but that grating sound told me that I should never more see him on earth who was dearer than all the world beside. It was the stern, rough reality of death, now. I could bear no more. Kind nature came to my aid, a sort of swoon, or fainting fit attacked me, and I was unconscious for some minutes. They took me home, and it was well that I was too weak and weary to heed anything, for I had thought I could never re-enter the home that death had made so desolate.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE WIFE'S RESOLVE.

BY MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Little Arnold; or, The Bound Girl," etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a mild December evening. Huge black clouds lay drifted in irregular masses along the dark sky. The wind moaned drearily through the trees, until it seemed as if some anguished spirit was sobbing in the rain-drops, and shrieking in the howling gale.

It was a night when the rich, seated in their comfortable homes, thought of the poor with compassion, and many good resolutions formed in their behalf would, alas! fade with the smile of the morning.

In vivid contrast to the wild scene without, was the pleasant parlor in the mansion of Mr. Holmes. The gas gave forth a soft, mellow light, while the warm air was redolent with the breath of summer, for in the conservatory rich and rare exotics bloomed in defiance of the rain and hail without.

The only occupants of the room—a lady and gentleman—had been conversing in low, earnest tones; but now the latter arose and walked to the window. He was tall, with a high, broad forehead, from which the brown hair was thrown carelessly back. There was a troubled look in the hazel eyes, while an almost angry expression rested upon the manly features. The lady stood leaning against one of the picture-frames. She was tall and slender. Her dark hair was banded smoothly back from the broad, white brow, while a slight flush rested upon the unguessed pale face, and the dark grey eyes were humid and sad. The gentleman now turned and came toward her.

"This, then, is your final decision, Bertha?" he said, with a slight huskiness of voice, "for a mere whim that you call duty, you will deliberately blast all my hopes of happiness, and turn the cup of joy, which I deemed overflowing, into bitterest gall?"

"Oh, hush, Frank!" she pleaded. "Would you make my task harder still? Do you think I suffer nothing in thus renouncing what has been my beacon light so long? Ever since you placed this ring upon my finger, I have anticipated with joy the hour that should ratify our engagement and make me your wife, and if I now return it, it is because duty, sacred duty, points another way. Then take it back, Frank, and with it the love and prayers of her who can never be more to you than she is now."

He flung the ring to the floor, and ground it beneath his heel, while his frame shook with emotion.

"This, then, is woman's constancy?" he groaned. "Oh, Bertha, why will you thus sacrifice yourself, and too, too? Surely, your father does not know your determination; he would never require you to wither two lives in order to minister unto him. Why not give me the right to share your vigils with

you? together we can watch beside his couch, and smooth his passage to the grave."

"No, Frank, he must be my first care; another must not step between us. Already he will receive attentions from none but me. I owe everything to him. Have I not been his darling for many years? Has he not been father and mother both, since she who bore that blessed relation passed to her home above? Now that brother Phillip, his pride and joy, has joined our sainted one, and he is left a sad old man, with vision darkened, shall I, his daughter, desert him, and leave him to the care of menials? God forbid! Oh, Frank, call it not sacrifice, if all my heart holds dear is offered upon this altar! I know that he would bid me be your wife, for he is unselfish still, but right and duty forbid, and I obey. I upheld to have spared you the pain of this interview, therefore I endeavored to break the tidings to you when you were on the continent; but you could not seem to realize it!"

"No, Bertha, I supposed it but the wild enthusiasm of the moment that would be dissipated when you looked into the future, and saw the cheerless waste of life stretching out before you. I never dreamed it had settled down into a stern conviction, coloring all with its sombre hue. But, Bertha, I must believe you never loved me, or you could not thus yield me up so easily."

Her face grew white. He had no conception of the suffering she had undergone. Yielded up easily! Her very life had been bound up in his, until it seemed as if death would be preferable to a separation. God and her own soul alone knew the heart-rending agony that had been hers. She felt that she must bring this scene to a close, for already her fortitude was giving way. He had watched her closely as he spoke, and now he added,

"Perhaps another has come between us, and you make this an excuse to break an engagement that has become irksome to you."

The color mantled on her cheek, the head was raised proudly, while the lip curled with scorn.

"You are unjust, to say the least, and if you please to place that interpretation upon my motives or actions, I shall certainly not demean myself by repelling the accusation," and she turned to leave the room, but his hand stayed her.

"Forgive me, Bertha, I did not mean it; your cruelty almost drives me wild; but stay"—and his face brightened—"will you not promise to become my bride when you are free? I can wait, if you will only promise."

"No, Frank; it would seem to be speculating, and hoping for my father's death. I will not bind you to me by any fetters. Long years may elapse, and the crown of youth be faded from my brow, while age will leave its silver token there, before I should be free to take new vows upon myself; then honor would bid you link your life to mine, when love would fly dismayed. No; the renunciation must be entire now—no delusive hope must lead us on until it turns to ashes in our grasp. You will find some flower yet to wear next your heart that will efface my image from your mind."

"It is you who are unjust now. As if I could ever find one who would be to me what you have been! Oh, Bertha! Bertha! your hand has held a bitter draught to my lips, and my life henceforth will be dark and gloomy."

"Frank, let us not prolong this interview." Her voice was tremulous with emotion. "It brings nought but sadness to us both. Farewell! and remember, whether prosperous and happy, or sad and weary, my prayers will always attend you."

He placed his arm around her, pressed one kiss upon the sweet lips, and was gone, while Bertha Holmes sank back upon the lounge, feeling that with her own hand she had shut out light and happiness from her path.

Frank Raymond and Bertha Holmes had been betrothed for four years. He was a rising young lawyer, with great talents, and bid fair to become a bright star in his profession. His story was like many engraven upon earth's tablets—the struggle of a noble, aspiring nature, through the crust of poverty, neglect and scorn. Five years before, he had entered the charmed circle where Bertha moved, and had chosen her for his heart's idol. True, there were fairer faces and more golden favors in other homes; but she, with her calm, strong nature, well-stored mind, and loving heart, commanded his admiration, and won his love. At seventeen she had placed her hand in his, promising to become his bride, when her father would yield her up; but Mr. Holmes had bade him not come for her until her twenty-first birthday. For two years he had traveled in Europe, associating with the first minds of the age.

During that time, Phillip Holmes, in the pride and strength of his vigorous young life, was struck down by the Death Angel, laying the dotting fatherless upon a sick bed, from which he arose to find the fair face of Nature forever shut from his view, and compelled, a shattered wreck, to lean henceforth upon the arm of his loving Bertha, and most nobly did she receive the trust thus given her. Her life was laid upon the altar, everything must become subservient to this great duty, henceforth, she must live only for him.

Bertha Holmes was not the woman to place her hand to the plow, and then turn back. From the hour that she dismissed her lover, she resolutely shut from her heart the love-dream that had so long rested there. Her lips chanted its funeral dirge, and she stood sole mourner at the midnight bier. Slightly sentimental, with its trailing robes, picturing her a heroine, never visited, her. She knew there was no merit in overcoming self, if she was to con-



tionally mourn for it. Duty, with unerring finger pointed out her path; and she did not consider herself a martyr because she had the strength to walk therein.

True, a feeling of regret would sometimes almost overpower her, as she heard with what rapid strides Frank was mounting the hill of Fame, and she thought, perhaps she had mistaken the voice of duty; but this was quickly dispelled, as she turned to her father and saw the smile that lit his face as he heard her step; and when his voice said: "My darling Bertha, what should I do without you?" she felt well repaid.

Frank had called twice since that night that brought so much sorrow to both young hearts, but Bertha had declined seeing him, and he went away, jealous and angry. June came with balmy breezes and gentle zephyrs, garlanding the earth with roses.

One calm, bright Sabbath morning, Bertha sat by her window gazing into the street. The musical chime of bells sent forth their invitations for the multitude to enter their respective churches, and an indescribable longing seized her to join the living stream that was moving on with measured step to the harmony of the world around. Turning to look at her father, she saw that he was asleep, and calling a servant to attend to his wants, she should be awakened, she hastily donned her street apparel, and joined the moving crowd. She cared not whether her steps led her; only a feverish desire for change possessed her soul; so, yielding to outside pressure, she allowed herself to be borne into the nearest church. Noticing that it was densely packed, she sought a corner and sat down, absorbed in her own reflections. Then the organ pealed forth a grand anthem, and she became lost to her surroundings, until a whisper started her, and turning, she saw a bridal party enter. Every faculty was now sharpened and strained to its utmost tension. Surely, she knew that manly form; but who was it dared to stand by his side? She must be dreaming; a cold hand was pressing on her heart; she would arouse from the terrible nightmare. Why this throbbing pain in her head? She heard the minister pronounce his name—"Frank Raymond!"—and it seemed as if every nerve thrilled with pain. Oh, God! was it for this she ventured forth? With brain and heart on fire, she heard the mystic words pronounced that bound the couple in one. Her quick eye took in the slight girlish figure, with her splendid hair falling in golden brown tresses to her waist, the rosy lips were parted, and the large violet eyes were lifted in fond affection to the being by her side.

Amid all that vast throng, Frank Raymond saw but one face, and that lifted itself between his bride and him. Calm and white, with cold glittering eyes, it smiled in mockery. Bertha endeavored to reach the door, but, wedged in the crowd, she heard one remark to another:

"Who would have thought that Frank Raymond would have been caught by the pretty baby-face of Esther Blake. She is very ignorant. Take my word for it, he will tire of her in three months. It was a surprise to every one—it was only whispered to a few last evening; but such news will spread, as the crowded church amply testifies."

How Bertha regained her own door she never knew. Entering the parlor, she encountered her father.

"My child, what is it I hear?" he exclaimed. "Frank Raymond married? Is it true? I thought you were his affianced bride. What does it mean?" "Yes, he is married, dear father. I have myself witnessed the ceremony," she replied, although her voice sounded hard and unnatural. "With regard to his vows to me, I released him six months ago. I want no husband," she continued, with an attempt at playfulness, "while my father lives."

"Bertha, I fear I have been selfish not to have thought of this before. Are you sure you do not regret it now?"

"Quite sure. I shall never leave you, unless you force me from you. You are my all."

Yet the father was not fully satisfied; he thought her cheerfulness assumed. But as the days glided away, and her voice rang forth in sweet melody, and her laugh sounded clear and joyous, he thought that he might have been mistaken, and, after all, she had not sacrificed herself for him.

That marriage ceremony, like a flash of lightning, revealed the hidden recesses of Bertha's heart, and she found that, spite of her assumed renunciation, she had cherished the hope of one day becoming his bride. Then she nervously turned to her task, and at midnight stood again alone by the tomb of her dead love, and throwing open the doors she kissed the pale, cold lips, and then laid the head back, and looking the tomb, dropped the key into the ocean depths of oblivion, forever.

#### CHAPTER II.

Summer ripened into autumn, and Nature, draped in gorgeous splendor, wrapped her misty veil about her, and awaited the coming of the Snow King. His cold breath came sweeping over hill and plain, pressing kisses on her cheek, until blushes mantled on her brow. Then slowly, one by one, she dropped her offerings at his feet, and yielded up her life to him.

Now Bertha stands alone in her large parlor. Two days before she had heard the dip of the "boatman's oar," and as her father passed from her view she almost caught a glimpse of the glorified ones that bore him hence. To-day she has followed his form to its last resting place, and now she knows the snow is falling upon his new made grave, and a sense of dreary desolation sweeps over her soul.

What work will next claim her care and attention? The strong heart cries for some burden to bear, that it may not sink beneath its own weight. In the silence of midnight a revelation was given her. "It was like a rebuke unto her soul."

"Oh, God!" she cried, "I have grown selfish in my love. I have held myself aloof in proud reserve from suffering humanity. Content with one object to care for, I have not comforted as I might."

The wretched inmates of cellars and garrets now blessed the gentle being that came among them. Many a suffering one felt new life pulsate through their veins at her approach. Dying forms rested in her arms, and blessed her with their latest breath. Magdalen, branded with infamy by the righteous world, bowed in tears at the feet of her who gave them loving words and bread, pointing ever to the day-spring of hope.

Paper rang with praises of the unknown benefactor of several charitable institutions, and Bertha Holmes, in her quiet dwelling, smiled at their confessions, for her nature would not permit her to blazon her deeds before the world.

Another year was whirled into the past, leaving

its record written on human hearts in smiles and tears, and Bertha again mingled in society. The world, with its righteous judgment, said she had grown cold and proud; but those who looked into her deep grey orbs saw love and warmth welling up from their unfathomable depths.

Her years of tender devotion to others had stamped new beauty on the face, and added fresh graces to the slender form. She had matured into God's best gift to man, a noble, true-hearted woman. Wherever she moved, talent, genius and wisdom followed in her train. The statesman, with the highest honors of his country at his feet, the ambitious youth with the trump of fame already sounding forth his name, and the disappointed, weary ones, battling in life's stern conflict, came to her for appreciation and sympathy.

She could now meet Frank Raymond and his child-wife without a tremor or a flutter. The world whispered that the young lawyer was already tired of his pretty bride, and certainly, if coldness and neglect and open contempt in voice and feature were any criterion, it was, alas! too true. Bertha had noticed this, and she longed to comfort the gentle wife and bless the husband.

Once again, after six years' solitude, the mansion of Bertha Holmes echoes to the music of merry feet and gay laughter. Age, silver crowned in wisdom's path—youth, with shining raiment and keen-edged wit, met to offer their congratulations to the young mistress of festivities upon her birthday.

Her quick intuition and ready tact assigned to each their place. None were left to bloom alone against the wall. Some were drawn into the charmed circle of quiet converse, while others tripped lightly at the command of the inspiring music, and their hostess moved among them, their presiding genius.

Leaving Frank engaged with his own peculiar friends, she led Esther away to see her birds and flowers and many rare gems that kind friends had brought her from distant lands. The young wife in her artless way expressed her delight, and prattled on in childlike glee.

"Ah!" thought her friend, "she is a sweet child of Nature now, but I fear neglect and coldness will ere long wither these tendrils of her heart that are now put forth so ardently to twine around her friends."

The next instant Esther started and looked up inquiringly, as a kiss was pressed upon her brow; but before she could speak, Bertha had glided away. A shade came over the sweet face, and she murmured:

"I love Miss Holmes dearly, she is so grand, good and learned. I wonder if she would not help me if I should tell her my resolve?" She does not help me if I blunders as the rest do, and to-night I saw her rebuke Mr. Clark with her eye when he was making sport of what I said."

But her meditations were suddenly interrupted by a gentleman, who came to claim her hand for the next quadrille.

Later in the evening, as Bertha moved among her guests, she heard one gentleman remark to another: "How troubled and disheartened Frank Raymond seems. He looks nearly ready to die with mortification every time that doll wife of his speaks. How in the name of reason could he throw himself away upon that baby face? There is Miss Holmes, now, would suit him to a charm; she could understand and appreciate him."

"People say that he was jilted in that quarter," was the reply, "but I hardly believe it myself. Half the marriages are as unsuitable as that one. It only proves that wise people are fools sometimes. Did you notice Judge Abbott and Mrs. Raymond promenading the rooms to night? She made a most ridiculous blunder, then, but luckily there were not many who heard it. They stopped before a painting of a scene in Italy, and the Judge was speaking of the ruins, when she inquired if there had not been a fire raging in Europe lately, for she heard everybody talking about the ruins. Frank, who stood near, looked as if he would sink to the floor, while Judge Abbott, grave and sedate as he is, could scarcely repress a laugh."

Bertha waited to hear no more, but turned away. As she passed the nearest window, she discovered Esther in the recess, almost hidden by the heavy curtain. One glance at the flushed face revealed the fact that she had heard all. The violet eyes flashed, and the ruby lips were compressed. Her friend bent down and placed her arm around her, and for a moment the young wife's head rested on her shoulder.

"Miss Holmes," she said abruptly, "I wish Frank was here; I want to go home; and I have a favor to ask: may I come and see you to-morrow?" "Certainly, dear, I shall be happy to see you; but come with me to my boudoir, now, and I will find your husband and send him to you."

Ten minutes after, as Bertha was exploring the rooms in search of Mr. Raymond, she entered the conservatory, and found him standing before some camellias, with a most disconsolate expression of countenance. He started as she approached.

"Do you remember when I presented this plant to you, Miss Holmes—Bertha?" he inquired.

Her voice was low and calm as she replied: "Now that you have recalled it, I believe I do recollect it. But we have not time to discuss flowers now; your wife is awaiting you in my boudoir."

An expression of contempt passed over his features.

"Oh, Bertha! Bertha!" he exclaimed passionately, "I must speak, or I shall die. Oh, why did I not wait until you were free, then you would now be my cherished bride. I love only you. I was mad when I stood before the altar; I did not know what I was doing, and now I am bound in iron chains. But I will break them, my treasure! my darling! If you will only be mine. We will fly to some sunny land, and you shall be my queen! my life! Say, shall it not be so?"

"Mr. Raymond," she exclaimed, "would you forever crush out my faith in man. I love you not, neither do you love me, or you would not think to drag me thus to infamy and ruin. It is only a base passion that possesses you, which you baptize with the holy name of love. Do you indeed think me such a monster as thus to trample to death your sweet home-flower? I could hide my head in very humiliation that you did not respect me more than to insult me thus. Be a man! Rise up in all your Godlike power, and shake off this incubus that weighs you down. If your wife is uneducated, instruct her. Stand up boldly to receive the consequences of your indiscretion, if such it be, not shrink away, leaving her to bear your neglect and the abuse of the world alone."

In an instant she was gone, and Frank stood bewildered for a moment, and then turned to seek his wife.

Morning had painted the earth ere Bertha stood alone in her disordered parlors. Then she slowly paced the room lost in thought.

"Oh, Lucifer! Son of the Morning! how hast thou fallen!" she soliloquized. "That idol that I once worshiped is indeed dethroned; but still I pity him, and also his young wife, for I see that they both suffer in their unequal relation. I saw by her manner that she had determined upon something, and if I can assist her, most gladly will I do it. She has all the elements to develop into a noble woman, if I am not mistaken. If cultivated, she, with her sweet beauty, would make a most fitting companion for him. However, I can judge better this afternoon, if she calls to see me, as I hope she will."

Ah, Bertha Holmes, unselfish still, although thy woman's heart was even then aching for love and sympathy—longing for some true arm to lean upon, feeling that amid all the throng that had danced attendance upon thee that evening, there were none to fill that void draped with memories of the "by gone."

That afternoon as Bertha sat writing, a servant announced "Mrs. Raymond," and the next instant the child-wife entered, with a sad, wistful look in the violet eyes, that touched Bertha's heart, and drawing her to her side she kissed her fondly, at the same time divesting her of her wrappings.

They chatted awhile upon indifferent topics, and then Esther exclaimed:

"I have come to you, Miss Holmes, because I am unhappy, and want a friend, and of all those that I have met, there are none who have a heart like yours. Will you analyze my confidence?"

"Poor child," was the response; "I will be your friend, and aid you to the best of my ability. Clouds and sunshine are necessary for our growth; the one is as essential as the other, although it is hard for our poor, weak human natures to comprehend it. Go on, darling, and call me Bertha, if I am to be your friend."

"Thank you, I will. You overheard that conversation between those two gentlemen last evening, in which I played so prominent a part? Well, that confirmed me in a resolution I had already formed, and in which I wish for your assistance. My husband is mortified and ashamed, although I trust he still loves me; it would kill me if I thought he did not," and her eyes filled with tears, "and now I am resolved that I will study and improve, so that he shall yet be proud of his little wife."

"A very good resolution, Esther," responded her friend, "and I will assist you to carry it into effect; but first tell me of your childhood."

"My father died when I was very young, and my mother was obliged to work hard to support my twin-brother, Willie, and myself. When we were old enough, we began to go to school; but only about three weeks had passed, before Willie fell from a loft and injured his spine, and then I was obliged to stay at home to amuse him, for he was not happy if I left him. When we were twelve, mother followed father, and Willie and me went to live with an aunt. There I learnt to read, but when Willie died, I was over fifteen, and then I felt ashamed to go to school; besides, aunt said that men did not care for learning in women, that they never chose those for wives. When I was almost seventeen, I met Frank, and I loved him; he was so great and learned. But I was frightened when he asked me to be his wife, and I told him that I did not know anything about the wonderful things that he talked about, and he said he did not care if I did not, that he should love me just as well—that I should be his little sunbeam. Now it vexes him, because I can't talk with his friends, and he knows that they laugh and deride me behind his back. I am sure aunt did not know, or she would never have said that men did not prize knowledge in a woman. I watched the gentlemen around you last evening, and they seemed to drink in every word you said, while you talked about such wonderful foreign things, and books and pictures, that you almost took away my breath."

Bertha smiled.

"You have told me quite a story, little one," she said. "You did your duty in remaining by your sick brother, and are certainly not to blame in that respect; but now it is demanded of you to turn your present advantages to account, that you may fill your appropriate station by your husband's side, and become an ornament to the circle in which you move. Take my word for it, dear, you will yet astonish your husband by the amount of knowledge that this little head can contain. You shall come to me every day, and I will mark out a course of reading for you to pursue, and you shall study the languages."

"Oh how kind you are," exclaimed Esther, joy flashing and sparkling in her eyes, where but a few moments before the tear-drops had rested. "I am resolved I will be all that Frank wishes I were, and we will not say a word to him about our secret," and she clasped her hands in ecstasy.

Her friend had sat apparently absorbed in thought, while she was speaking, and she now said:

"Esther, your aunt was right in some measure, with regard to women, although the age that has looked upon them as mere playthings, created for man's enjoyment, is passing away. People begin to realize that the golden gates of knowledge should not be shut against them, that their intellects are as bright, their minds as strong, and their perceptions as clear as their brothers, and whether man looks to the stars and searches the heavens with his lightning glance to read their mysteries, or sinks into the bowels of the earth, unloking its treasures with his magic will, woman can ever be his companion. In past time, and even to-day, marriage has been thought to be the goal of every woman's existence. Society has debarred her from every avenue wherein she might elevate her mind and cultivate her understanding. Her aspirations have never been allowed to wing their flight above the domestic circle; but ever has she been held as an appendage to man. Mothers have instilled this into their daughters' minds, and they have breathed it in with every breath they drew, until they have really believed it to be the end and aim for which they were created. Once there were a few sisters stigmatized as 'strong-minded'; now they find it not an epithet of reproach, save in the eyes of prejudiced, and God's voice is ever speaking unto the soul, to develop and cultivate strength of mind."

Bertha had risen, and was pacing the room, as she spoke—her cheek glowing, and her eye flashing—while Mrs. Raymond sat upon the sofa, gazing upon her in wondering admiration. At last the latter spoke:

"But you believe in marriage, do you not? Would you like to live single all your life?"

"Yes, I believe in marriage, when it contributes to our peace and happiness. When heart meets heart, soul meets soul, and our life-streams blend

in one—in that way, I believe in it, as God's best gift to man and woman; but not as the end of aim of either existence. But I am forgetting," she added, with a smile, "that you do not comprehend me."

"No, not now, but I shall some time. May I commence to study before long? and are you sure it will not discommodate you in the least?"

"Come to-morrow, if you like, and believe me, it will be a pleasure to assist you; but Esther, you must be a loving little wife at home; just as you are now—not be regardless of your husband's comfort in looking forward to the wisdom that you intend to gain, and do not be too hopeful, and thus become discouraged in the outset. It will require patience and perseverance in order to accomplish the desired end; but if you labor faithfully, and with determination, you will be successful."

"I will remember what you say, and I thank you very much for your kindness," was the tearful reply. "I feel as if you had imparted some of your own strength to me, and you have eased my heart of its dull, aching pain," and she kissed Bertha adieu, and left the house with a light step.

#### CHAPTER III.

The weeks now sped with flying feet, and each afternoon Bertha welcomed her friend. The latter was making fine progress, and did credit to the efforts of her kind teacher. With great natural abilities was added an intense desire to become an object of pride and admiration to her husband, and also to show the world that he had not made the mistake they supposed; and with these as incentives, she applied herself with such determined diligence, that Bertha was delighted and surprised.

A strong friendship had grown up between the two women, at which the world marveled. The one was so strong, calm and self-reliant, while the other was like a delicate, shrinking plant, that seemed as if it must twine itself around something, or it could not survive the beating, rushing whirlwind of life.

One morning, weary of the dust and bustle of the city, Bertha took a book and wandered away from the house. About a mile from the town was a beautiful grove called Willow Dale, and thither she bent her steps. It was a spot rich in varied scenery, and here she felt that she might cheer and refresh her spirit, away from the bustling, rushing throng.

The sun rode majestically through the cloudless heavens. The zephyrs, fragrant with the love-offerings of the gentle flowers, made low, sweet music to accompany the carol of the feathered songsters. All Nature smiled in her gala dress.

In the central part of the dell a huge rock lifted its towering head, as if, in the upheaving and convulsions of the earth, this had been thrown out as a stronghold for Nature. By its side willows bent their graceful, swaying branches, as if they guarded the entrance to the stone castle, while a rivulet winding itself among their roots like a bright thread of silver. Bertha walked to the spot, and, concealed by the foliage, she sat down to view the scene.

Stately elms lifted their heads, supporting clinging vines. Sturdy oaks raised their towering tops into the glorious sunshine, while their leaves gave forth a musical murmur, as if they were happy in the glad baptism. They had struggled like giant men with the overwhelming tempests that had come rushing over the country to meet them, and now they were polishing their armor, and preparing for another battle. A brook went leaping and dancing over the rocks, seeming now but sporting and joyous; but let the Storm-King sound the clarion of war, and sweep his retainers over its bosom, and straightway it would lash itself in fury, and become white and foamy with its angry passions.

Every nerve and fibre of Bertha's frame thrilled with delight, as she sat there absorbed in the scene before her. Ten, fifteen minutes passed away, and raising her eyes she met the gaze of a stranger, who, seated upon an opposite bank, was apparently sketching her leafy bower. Surprise kept her motionless for a moment, and then rising, she was about to move away, when the intruder spoke.

"Pardon me, lady. I fear I have disturbed you in your retirement. This spot, so rich in its beautiful scenery, must be my excuse. I was not aware that you were in the bower until a few moments since," and bowing gracefully, he turned away, while Bertha, gathering her mantle about her, left Nature's sanctuary, to mingle again with the world.

That evening, as she sat in her parlor, a servant announced Judge Abbott and Mr. Stewart. Rising, she came forward to welcome her guests, and was introduced by the Judge to his nephew, in whom she recognized the stranger of the morning. The uncle smiled when their meeting was related to him. Bertha felt somewhat embarrassed at first, but soon recovering herself, she listened with delight to Mr. Stewart's animated description of scenes and places in the Old World; and Graham Stewart was fascinated, in his turn, with the intelligence and winning manners of the lady.

Bertha's thoughts afterwards reverted to that evening with pleasure; while the artist was obliged to acknowledge, that although he had mingled with England's proud daughters, Spain's dark-haired maidens, and Italy's dazzling beauties, yet he had ever remained true to his art, until the sweet face of Bertha Holmes filled before him. The acquaintance thus commenced, ripened into friendship.

One afternoon Mrs. Raymond came rushing into Bertha's room, her cheeks glowing, and panting from excitement. The latter looked up, and smilingly remarked:

"You are not very scholarly; what has happened to excite you so?"

"Oh, Frank is going to Texas; he thinks he is on the track of some important evidence in that forgery case, and he says he may be obliged to go to Europe before he returns, in which case I shall not see him again for six months. Now don't you think by the time he returns I shall be so much improved that we can tell him our secret?"

"I do not doubt it, if you continue progressing," was the reply. "But have you finished your translation?"

"Oh, yes, I just ran over for you to see it, and then I must hasten home, and assist Frank in his preparations for departure."

Bertha took the book, and opening it, commenced her upon the neatness of the exercise, and as she did so, a piece of paper fluttered out and fell to the floor. Picking it up, she glanced at it, and, posing it to be a part of the translation.

The young wife was gazing from the window, and did not observe the movement; but she turned quickly, as her companion exclaimed:

"What a perfect gem of poetry! Who is the author?"

And springing forward she caught the paper, her face flushing, and exclaimed:

"It is only some of my scribbles! I did not know it was in the book."

"Excuse my dear," replied her friend. "It was thoughtless in me, reading it, but I supposed at first that it was part of your lesson; but tell me, do you often write like that?"

"Yes, quite often. I don't know that I told you, but my father used to write a great deal, and my desk is filled with just such scraps as this."

"Well, darling," responded Bertha, "in three months' time will you bring me all the poetry that you have written? I wish to read it. Do not bury up one piece; and I think, now, that when Mr. Raymond returns he will indeed be proud of you."

Oh, what a rich glow of exultation rested on the young wife's cheek, even when she was assisting her husband to depart. Her friend's words rang in her ear, and softened the pang of separation.

Bertha sat musing, after her pupil had gone. "I know she has talents," she soliloquized, "but I did not dream that she had drunk at the fountain of poetry. Ah, Esther, your husband will be proud of you, as well he may; and it will not be long ere those that have mocked and laughed at thy ignorance will be the first to kneel in abject homage at thy feet."

At the expiration of the allotted time, Mrs. Raymond brought her friend the contents of her desk, wondering what her intentions were; but as she did not seem inclined to tell her, she thought no more about it, being only intent upon the progress she should make ere she welcomed her dear Frank. And the world, surprised at her strict seclusion during her husband's absence, pronounced her a most devoted wife.

Day after day was shot from the golden shaft of Time, and Bertha, mingling in society, found Graham Stewart ever by her side; almost unconsciously to herself, his image now filled her mind. And he, as he looked into her calm, sweet face and truth-telling eyes, felt that she was his ideal of all that was noble in woman.

Again Winter came, with icy breath and chilling hand, looking Nature in his stern embrace.

One afternoon Esther came dancing into her friend's boudoir, her face fairly beaming with delight.

"Frank will come in to-morrow's steamer," she exclaimed. "To-day is Tuesday, and the invitations are out for Mrs. Abbott's soiree on Friday. Oh, how surprised he will be. And Bertha, were it not for you, I could not have carried my resolution into effect."

Her friend glanced at the bright face and replied: "I am well repaid for my care in your happiness. But you are not indebted to me for your cultivation, but to your own diligence and perseverance. But have you seen the new book just issued? It is a collection of perfect gems. I prophesy for it a great circulation," and she held up an elegantly bound volume.

Esther took it, and, opening at the title page, read "Dewdrops. By Viola." She glanced through the book in a bewildered, amazed manner, and then exclaimed: "Tell me, Bertha, what does it mean? Are not these my pieces?"

"Yes, darling, your own productions. As the publishers agreed with me in my estimation of them, I have ventured to bring them out as a surprise to yourself as well as your husband."

To her astonishment, the young wife sank back upon a lounge and burst into tears.

"Forgive me, dear," exclaimed her friend; "I ought to have consulted you, but I supposed you would be pleased. I had no idea that it would affect you thus. I am very sorry."

"Dear Bertha, do not reproach yourself. These are only tears of joy. I am certainly becoming very nervous. But tell me, am I really a poetess? And did they think those scribbles worthy of publication?"

"Yes, you are really and truly a poetess," was the laughing reply. "And to your last query the book fully responds."

"Oh, was there ever any one as happy as I am?" exclaimed Esther, laying her head upon her friend's shoulder. "I see, now, that clouds and sunshine are essential to our growth, as you said. But who would have assisted me as you have?"

"Probably others with the same opportunity. One reason we do so little good in the world, is because our hearts and hands are aching for some great object on which to lavish our attention, while we neglect what lies at our feet—trying to lift mountains when we should move molehills. When you see others in distress, and as unhappy as you were, although in a different manner, endeavor to alleviate their sufferings, and in that way your fancied obligations to me will be canceled. Fancied, I say, for my efforts in your behalf have blessed me—so I acquit you of all indebtedness."

"But, Bertha, I can never be as great and noble as yourself. I can never do the good that you have."

"Darling, it is not designed that you should, all my place. Only be true to yourself, and occupy your own appointed station to the best of your ability, and you will be performing your duty alike to God and humanity."

That night Graham Stewart sought Bertha Holmes to learn his fate; and she, confiding in his noble generous nature, read to him from the pages of her heart's history, and then placing her hand in his, she was pressed to his manly breast; and his whole shock with deep feeling as he said:

"Bertha! My Bertha! God helping, you shall never regret this hour."

It is evening, and Judge Abbott's splendid mansion is one blaze of light. Jeweled matrons, rosy maidens, noble men and aspiring youths mingle in one grand tableau, while, merry voices and gay laughter float upon the perfumed breeze. Among the last to enter the crowded rooms were Graham Stewart and Bertha Holmes. The latter was robed in a purple velvet, that fell in graceful folds around her slender figure. A golden crown lay upon her breast, and a single flower, nestled in the dark, glossy tresses of her hair. Frank Raymond and his wife had preceded them but a few moments. Esther was beautiful in an azure silk, with a spray of flowers twined in her shining hair.

Bertha was soon the centre of an admiring circle engaged in animated conversation, while her gay remarks and merry laugh rang forth. Mrs. Raymond stood by her side, timid and retiring; but as she grew more interested in the theme they were discussing, she forgot the world outside, and was soon engaged in an earnest argument with Judge Abbott, while the others heard their tones stolen. Frank Raymond had been dancing in another room, but had now joined the group, and was regarding his wife in amazement. Her cheeks were flushed







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## Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

### In Politics.

It is a mistake to think that human nature, any more than water, can rise above its own level. It has natural limitations which even itself cannot surpass. No man can go into political life, where the democratic idea prevails at least, and expect to bring out of the life he leads anything like the notions with which he went in. Politics compel men to study men, not to say anything about their practicing upon them. All political combinations are corrupt, and must continue to be more or less so, simply because human nature is what it is; in some future time we may have millennial conduct from them, but not now. Hence, the great want of the time is, of purer men to administer the government on its highest and most enduring principles.

It is idle to stand off and rail at men because they are no better than they are; go in among them and surprise them with your better example. Unless we are in the current of affairs we can hope to do nothing; this standing on the shore and waiting for the river to run by is all business, and will return but a meagre dividend. One must have a place whereon to place his lever, or his power is naught; one must actually possess the sympathy and confidence of the masses, or he may talk at them till his tongue is palsied.

That is an excellent sort of wisdom, in these matters, which combines the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. Can mortal man offer anything superior? Dreamers never work on the people; that is to say, so as to move them to action and endeavor. Theorizers are not altogether the most efficient men. "Impracticable" is the epithet with which men of sense sting those who have no contributions to bring to the affairs of State and party, and no one could wish to have a harsher adjective applied to his character, if he has any aspirations of a public and popular nature. Jefferson used to caution his followers in Virginia not to let the head of the new party of progress get out of sight of the tail. That was not because he was not ready, for himself, to go to any length; but because, in reducing general principles to practice, and so making them of any sort of value to the world, he thought it wiser to wait until the mass of men had come up to that point where another advance was politic and necessary. In the individual's experience, this may not be worth thinking about; but in inaugurating and conducting general popular movements, it is of the very first consequence to final success.

And that is simply Politics. It is policy. And if we are told that we can afford to throw policy, and all that kind of trash, to the winds, we are told it by persons of no influence, of no reserved power, and with no sort of prospects for ever moving their fellowmen to action. When we all get off the earth, and do not have to walk with feet as most of us do, it may answer to talk about never minding these matters; but so long as human beings are just what they are, and it is so desirable to bring them gradually up to a still higher estate, just so long are circumstances of every kind to be reckoned into the account.

If a dreamy theorist goes into politics, he either gets his eyes open very soon, or else he retires, from total lack of resources and power, exclaiming himself as gracefully as he can by insisting that he is "disgusted." It is an easy way to get off. We may, no doubt, many times be disgusted with human nature, but it is scarcely modest to forget that we belong to the race ourselves. Good sense is worth a thousand fine-spun theories and speculations. The inspiration of common sense ought to be the first possession for which every man should pray continually. If the rough side of politics avails to teach it, even that oft denounced evil will have served an invaluable end.

### The War.

There are evidently secessionists in Maine, yet. We have recently received an anonymous letter, post-marked "Portland," and signed "Sela Sela," in which the writer attempts to "haul" us over the coals for recommending that the war be prosecuted with vigor to a speedy peace. He reiterates the old hackneyed phrase of the Southern leaders, "Let us alone," without hinting one word about how much property the "chivalry" have stolen from the General Government. Well may a thief cry, "Let me alone," when he is discovered carrying off his booty. But that would do. Justice weighs all things in her accurate scales, and if men attempt to set up the kingdom of Mammon on earth, they will find that it is not a "paying business" in the long run. We should have profited by the past. But as we have not, we must be purified by being obliged to pass through the same fire that those of ancient days did. God's Kingdom is about to be set up on the earth; and the sooner the people learn this, the sooner they will endeavor to deal justly one with another. They have yet to learn that there is much more to live for than the mere accumulation of this world's goods. *Universal Freedom* is written in letters of living light upon the heavens—and the angel hosts are descending to earth to inaugurate it here. The revolution has already begun, and when the New Era dawns upon us, after the storm has subsided, we shall all praise God for the chastening and that has brought us back to duty. "Love one another," will then be our motto, and we shall have war no more.

### A Gentle Hint.

Several of our subscribers write that the *BANNER* is sought for by many of their neighbors, and that they lend their copies until they are all worn out. We certainly do not object to have our friends spread the *BANNER* in this way among the poor, who cannot afford to subscribe; but we do object to their lending the paper to those who are simply able to subscribe, but too penurious to do so. Make such subscribers. You will aid the cause far more by doing this than by lending the *BANNER*, and thereby preventing an increase of our subscription list.

### Spirit Photographs.

In a recent number of the *BANNER* we alluded to the advent of this new and startling phase of the Spiritual Phenomena, and promised to keep our readers informed in regard to it. Since our last issue we have visited on several occasions the establishment of Mrs. Stuart, 258 Washington street, and ascertained that the photographing of spirits continues to be successful. Many of the pictures are fully recognized as those of deceased friends. The artist-medium, Mr. W. H. Mumler, informs us that he takes but from two to six pictures a day, (although he has orders for many more,) in consequence of the drain upon his vital powers by the spirits being so great as to rapidly exhaust his strength. He hopes, however, in a short time to be able to procure a larger number of pictures each day, when he more thoroughly systemizes his labors.

Some new and interesting developments have been made within a few days, which we note in brief: Dr. H. F. Gardner had a sitting for a picture, which he considers a perfect success. Four forms besides himself appear upon the plate, three of which are quite distinct; but the other one, being in the background, is indistinct. He considers this new manifestation entirely legitimate, and authorizes us to refer any one to him personally in proof of what he asserts.

Miss Jenny Lord, the musical medium, sat for a picture, and received the form of a friend with a guitar in his hand, which she recognized as her guardian spirit. She sat the second time, mentally requesting that the guitar might be placed in her lap. On the artist developing the picture, there was plainly visible, resting in her lap, a guitar with a spirit hand upon it.

Mrs. Dr. Ware received a form, which she and her sister recognize as a former nurse to their mother.

Mr. John J. Ewell received a form, which he at once recognized as his sister. He showed it to his skeptical father, and asked him if he knew who it was. "Why, yes," he answered, with much emotion, "this is your sister."

A gentleman from Salem received a form which he recognized. This was the figure of a female leaning forward and clasping with its shadowy hand a vase of flowers upon the table.

Mr. Bassett, of Marblehead, had a form which he recognized.

Mr. Willard had a form which he recognized as Dr. Adams.

A lady from a neighboring town received the likeness of her deceased husband, and was highly pleased, as she previously had no picture of him.

A Universalist minister, whose name we are not at liberty to give, had the form of a dear departed friend presented, which he recognized at once, and remarked, "There is only one picture of this person in existence, and that is in Connecticut."

A great many others have had pictures which they recognize, whose names we are not permitted to make public. Some have had pictures which they do not recognize; and it is not to be wondered at, as there are so many spirits who wish to return and be identified by their friends, that they do not, owing to their anxiety, get in a position before the camera at the proper time to be photographed vividly.

Upon the whole—and we have scrutinized this new feature in Spiritualism closely—we must admit that we cannot perceive any deception whatever on the part of the artist. On the contrary, he is willing that any person should examine his apparatus before he takes a picture, and be present during the whole process, as stated in a descriptive article by Dr. Child, which appeared in our last issue. The price for six spirit pictures, we understand, is five dollars.

### No More Superstition.

A recent writer well says—"We have given far too much thought to gods and devils, heavens and hells, and too little to humanity." It is true. If we are to labor and strive for any single object that is really worthy of our efforts, it should be for Humanity. We want to practice justice more for ourselves, and teach it to others by example. We ought to look out for the present comfort and happiness of people first, before attempting to interest them in any far-off and future heaven, or to frighten them with any bugbear of an untried and unfathomable hell. All our civil and social institutions need reforming, regulating, and re-establishing, a good way before the re-adjusting of the points of creeds, that relate to nothing present and nothing practical. For these institutions are the very rungs, or rungs, in the ladder by which we climb; and it is of the first importance that they be serviceable and sound. They are means to a final end, or object, not finalities themselves; and so long as they are the only effectual means by the aid of which we may work out our own happiness and salvation, it becomes us all to attend entirely to them and let the old shells of exploded superstitions go.

### Too Hasty.

Fanaticism is simply a senseless impatience. Fanaticism sees one point, and sees it with such intense clearness as to lose sight of all other points, which enter into relation with it. It is as if one should look steadily at the sun, or at a glaring color, and then suddenly look away; he would say that there were no other colors, and simply because he could not see them. How very absurd it would be for him to rave at those whose powers of vision had not become confused and blurred, like his own. Zeal is well, and enthusiasm is entirely after nature; both give an impetus to any cause. But all zeal and enthusiasm is worse than all deliberation and no zeal. The rapid diffusion of thought in relation to some leading idea is well calculated to make fanatics; what is needed is, that we should resolve to be calm and deliberate, and never shut the door in the face of cool reason and judgment.

### The Labor Question.

We find that John Scott, Esq., of Belfast, Ireland, is engaged in discussing the very important problem of Labor and Wealth; more especially those points which relate to the production, distribution, and exchange of wealth upon equitable principles, the practice of which will benefit and elevate all classes of society. We wish we could find room in our columns for either the whole of one article of his on this subject which has fallen under our eye; it is a question that bears directly upon human happiness, and must soon undergo a more thorough discussion than ever before from new standpoints. Mr. Scott writes clearly, and we trust he will be able to see that his writings are productive of good.

A man's money seldom grows more than half as fast as the love of it.

### New Publications.

*Soul Affinity.* By A. B. Child, M. D. Boston: Wm. White & Co., Publishers, 158 Washington street.

"Atom attracts its kindred atom, love attracts its corresponding love, thought echoes to thought, beauty throbs with beauty, and affinity claims its own."

It seems as if we need mention the title of a new publication by Dr. Child, to be met on all sides with a perfect appreciation of its spirit and value. A soul all aglow with the faith it cherishes—an energy of expression that fitsly matches the thought seeking utterance—a frankness that is full of friendliness, and a candor that overruns with hearty sympathy—complete devotion to his own ideal, so as to make it appear how wholly he is possessed with the inspiration that moves him—these are traits in the literary performances of our author, which mark him in no ordinary degree. He hates sham, and loves simple realities. He goes perpetually in quest of truth, and finds her in places where other men have passed her by. In all his speculations and experiences, Dr. Child is ever himself, and not some other man or men.

In this handsome brochure, so fair of type and paper, he tells what he knows, and what he knows merely for himself, of the law, the reality, and the blessed fruits of spirit love. Emerson says somewhere, that if he knew that the minister, or orator, who is to hold forth in some appointed place, would really tell us of his inward and individual life, tell us what he truly *knew* and did not repeat from some other lips—the whole community would go to hear him in crowds, though they were obliged to depart on their hands and knees. That very thing has Dr. Child undertaken to do by his attentive and sympathetic readers.

He does not attempt to define Soul Affinity, for that he cannot do; he only talks and tells about it. He regards it as a universe of glorious light, that is to all our heaven with ineffable love and truth. He thinks it a vast, but undefined reality. He utters a solemn and most impressive truth when he says that "this revelation of each one's soul affinity cannot be acceptable to those who have yet the stormy seas of earthly love and conflict to wade through. It will be only a stupid blank to those who have great earthly desires yet to satiate, and great earthly experiences yet to endure." It is not necessary that we should undertake any analysis of the central idea, or belief, of this little book; it is to be caught by each one's intuition, and can be reasoned, or argued, into no one. The perusal of it, however, is calculated to make all both purer and happier for having read it. The human soul is a terrible reality for each of its possessors; and its *other half*, its real affinity—who would not give worlds untold to find it out?

For sale at this office. Price fifteen cents.

*Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions from the People.* A Sequel to the "Penetrator." By A. J. Davis.

We alluded to this new book of Mr. Davis in a brief notice in last week's *BANNER*. It merits a more extended review. Those who perused and even studied a former work in the same field by the same author, will best understand the character and scope of this. The Questions asked Mr. Davis in that, which he answered to such general satisfaction and profit, have very naturally awakened a desire to ask new ones, and on topics of experience not clearly kindred, either. Hence we discover that a great many kinds of individual experience are here disclosed by these inquiries, showing how active—active without cessation—is the soul of man. It yearns continually for light; and, as Goethe himself cried in his dying hour, so does the human soul continually cry for "Light, more light!" So powerful a medium as Mr. Davis has long been known to be, was just the person to whom all descriptions of persons, with all depths and varieties of experience, would apply for aid to elucidate the problems that appear dark to them. And he has proved over again, that he is gifted with a power to bless in this way, vouchsafed to but few mortals.

Open the book where we may, there is everywhere a point, or a problem, in which we have a decided personal interest. Mr. Davis grapples with them all, as they are presented, with a calmness of spirit and a clearness of insight that establishes his worth in this field of labor far above that of other men. One person would be advised of his health; another of his spiritual culture; and a third would better understand the laws of the invisible world; and all such inquiries, sincerely addressed, Mr. Davis has taken up and replied to as they deserve to be. Take this and his other volume of the same character, and we have a digest of true spiritual philosophy, such as could have been secured in no other way so well. It is a marriage of the speculative and the practical, of the manifestations and the law, in a manner that brings it close to the comprehension and enjoyment of every individual reader.

For sale at this office.

### Victor Hugo on American Affairs.

VICTOR HUGO, an eloquent apostle of Human Liberty—whose voice like an archangel's trumpet makes the bones of the Dead Past rattle in the tombs of the Ages—is watching the progress of events on this Continent, with intense and solemn interest. In 1863, with the presence that infallibly perceives the shadows of coming events; and in words such as only kindle in the brain, and burn in the eye and on the tongue of genius, he predicted the dissolution of the American Union and the destruction of slavery. I have before me an autograph communication to a friend in this country, elicited by the death of John Brown, in which his profound interest in American affairs, finds eloquent and forcible expression. It is under date of Jan. 21, 1861, and the import of material parts of the letter may be derived from the subjoined translation. S. B. B.

JOHN BROWN is both a hero and a martyr; his execution was a crime—his gallows a cross. You will remember that I wrote beneath his picture, "*Pro Christo vivas Christus.*"

When in December, 1859, and afflicted with the deepest pain, I did prophesy to America the dissolution of the Union, I did not expect that the result would follow my word so soon. The impending events, then only distinguishable by their shadows, and now visible to every one who stood on the scaffold of John Brown and today, the dissolution of the American Union—the greatest calamity—and the abolition of slavery—the greatest progress and conquest—are "a fact accomplished." Therefore, let us erect before the eyes of all men, like a standard, the gallows of Charleston, as the point where those two events of the highest consequence started.

JOHN BROWN, a name that ought to be repeated without interruption, to the Republicans of America, because it will lead them, to-day, to the slaves, because it calls them to liberty.

I shake your hand, Victor Hugo.

### Shall the Free Meetings be Continued?

Since January last the expenses of the Spiritual Meetings in Lyceum Hall, in this city, have been defrayed by subscriptions, and the meetings have been free to all. The experiment has been a success, as the large audiences fully demonstrate. Now the question to be solved within a few weeks is, whether they shall be continued free through the coming year. They should be; by all means. We doubt not there are hundreds who are interested in Spiritualism and liberal ideas, but who are not members of the congregation worshipping there, who would willingly contribute to the support of these free meetings, if they knew their aid was needed. We can assure all such that their assistance is needed to enable the society to go on successfully in the future. No doubt those who attend regularly will do all they can to accomplish so desirable an object. These meetings could not well be dispensed with.

On Sunday, November 2d, John Wetherbee, Jr., Secretary of the Committee who have charge of the meetings, made a statement of the affairs of the Society, and said, that in order to continue the meetings after January next, it will be necessary to raise a fund of about \$2,000, to cover the expenses; and the Committee proposed raising it by subscription, and asked all those who were interested, and wished the meetings sustained—all who desired the promulgation of liberal ideas and the Spiritual philosophy—to contribute as liberally as their several circumstances would permit, for said object. He said that he and other members of the Committee would present subscription papers at the close of the services, and for a few weeks to come, for the signatures of those who were disposed to aid in sustaining the meetings, and the success of this plan would decide the question as to the expediency of continuing free meetings another year. He stated that if the amount subscribed within a few weeks was sufficient to warrant it, then the Committee would engage speakers, and the meetings would be continued. He would make no argument to the friends present of the necessity or the desirableness of these meetings, for the large average attendance for the past year saved him that trouble. He further stated that if one hundred people would subscribe from five to twenty-five dollars each, or averaging about fifteen dollars, the thing would be accomplished. He said a fair proportion of the funds for the current year came from those who were seldom, if ever, at the meetings, yet desired them to be supported, and he had no doubt the same would be the case the coming year; and he hoped the friends would not only subscribe, but take some little pains to interest others to do the same; as the audience, to a degree, was changeable, an appeal by the committee from the desk would fail to reach a moiety even of the friends of the cause in this vicinity.

We are requested to state that subscriptions or sums of money will be very acceptably received by any of the Committee, at the Hall, also by J. Wetherbee, Jr., corner of State and Devonshire street, Dr. Gardner, at the Pavilion, and at the *BANNER* OF LIGHT office.

### Inspiration.

How few men are really great. Shakespeare says "some men are born great, and some have greatness thrust upon them." But those who are born great are precious few. Dr. Channing was born great; i. e., his fine physical organism was so receptive that his spirit was continually receiving great truths from the spirit-world. Here is a specimen of such inspiration: "The perfection of the Divine system is revealed in the mutual dependencies which unite all creatures. All lean upon one another, and give while they receive support. No man is unnecessary; no man stands alone. God has brought us thus near to each other, that his goodness may be reflected from heart to heart." Such were the teachings of the great and good Dr. Channing while living here on earth. Such are the teachings of the disembodied spirits who approach us to-day. The same sentiments—although differently expressed—were taught by Thomas Paine, the statesman and philosopher. The former's teachings were and are endorsed by the Christian world—the latter's were and are condemned. Yet both were inspired men, and labored disinterestedly for the good of humanity, alike. Oh, when will the Christian world learn wisdom? When will they cease to condemn?

### Prayer and Patriotism.

Speaking of the plan proposed by several hundred of the women of Boston, to their sex throughout the United States, to assemble at their several places of worship and offer stated prayer for the Union arms, and the lives of the brave soldiers who have enlisted in defence of their native land and its institutions, a New York contemporary says that there can be no sort of question that the patriotic women of the country have done good service since the war commenced, but the Boston ladies now appear to be disposed to abandon patriotism for piety, to the great detriment of the cause. They will benefit the soldiers more, says the paper alluded to, by scorpions' line, than by psalm-singing. One yard of sticking-plaster will be of more service to the victims of a battlefield, than the longest prayer that feminine volubility could pour forth. They may pray for soldiers' and sailors' families; but the objects of their sanctimonious soliloquy would like to know how many of said prayers would pay a quarter's rent, or satisfy the claim of the corner grocery man?

### All Round the Lot.

There is nothing like trying every dish placed on the table. We could wonder once how it was possible for a man to change about in one denominational creed to another; but our wonder now is, why men are not changing round pretty much all the time. Rev. Matthew Hale Smith means to do so, at all events. The newspapers say he has recently joined the Baptist communion. They describe him as a "half-Jew, half-preacher, with a sprinkling of politician." He has been a Presbyterian, Universalist, Dutch Reformed, Episcopalian, and Unitarian Congregationalist, and on these four years past, and now he has joined the Hard Shell Baptists. It is not that a pretty broad record? Certainly, if ever any one man had a right to talk to others of the good to be had, and the evil to be shunned in each and all the denominations, Matthew Hale Smith is that man. He is—or for a long time has been—the New York correspondent of the *Journal* in this city, and his numerous notices of preaching and churches would show that he is either a clergyman, or ought to be one.

### Our Spirit Messages.

These messages are unusually interesting this week. They fill the sixth page of the *BANNER*.

### An Improved New Invention.

"Our war is rapidly bringing out the inherent genius of the world." New inventions for the destruction of "human beings," naval ships, fortifications, towns, &c., are of almost daily occurrence. It is not safe to predict that the "game of war" will cease in time, in consequence of the perfection to which the fighting apparatus shall have attained;—that the good time spoken of, when nations will be compelled to "learn war no more" shall arrive? Nations will then harmonize, or at least, by imperative necessity, come together in a unity of self-interest, or compromise, in order to have themselves from, perhaps, almost utter annihilation. We give below a few of the more recent improvements.

A letter from on board the United States steam sloop-of-war Kearsage, states that the first assistant engineer, James W. Whittaker, of Trenton, N. J., has made a discovery that surpasses all other modes of destroying iron-clad vessels, and that even the Monitor and New Ironsides would be helpless before it. It can be got ready for action in three weeks. No description is given of the discovery or its mode of operation. The inventor has been ordered home to present his invention to the Navy Department in person. It revolutionizes the whole theory of naval warfare, and as long as its use is confined to our own navy, no other power in the world can be successful, no matter how many or what class of iron-clad ships may be brought against us.

The Revolving Battery, invented some time since by Mr. Joel H. Williams, of Skowhegan, Maine, has been approved, it is said, by Gen. Rodman, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. The machine throws musket balls, from six or more barrels—it being able to work it up to the capacity of five thousand to six thousand per minute. It revolves to any point in the horizon, there is no cessation in the discharge, and the barrels never get heated.

In an experiment in projectiles, at West Point, a short time since, a shell invented by C. W. Stedford, of Burlington, Iowa, was fired from a Parrot 100-pounder, and penetrated six one inch iron plates and solid oak backing.

In England there seems to be great doubt whether cannon or plates will carry the day. At a trial at Shoeburyness, on the 27th of September, a solid shot weighing 129 pounds, and fired with a charge of 23 pounds of powder six hundred yards, completely demolished a Warrior target; and a shell weighing 181 pounds, with 25 pounds of powder, went quite through the target, bursting when it reached the inner skin, and tearing it all to pieces. It appears, therefore, that the Warrior could offer no adequate resistance to such a missile.

We have been led to suppose that iron plating, not too heavy for a vessel, had been made so strong as to be impervious to the shot of the heaviest cannon; but now it appears that by means of new adaptations and inventions, cannon balls can be made to smash in the sides of any vessel, however heavily plated.

An improvement in the composition of gunpowder has recently been made, by which a third more force is obtained than formerly.

Many people argue that the more destructive the engines of war become, the sooner this infernal method of settling difficulties will be abolished. According to present appearances, that time is not far distant.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY WM. M. ROBINSON.

Another year is crumbling out of time;  
The red leaves drop—poor Autumn's bleeding tears;  
The daisies, lingering latest on her brow,  
Their heaven-turned eyes mad hares wildly bleare.

Another month will weave the shroud of snow,  
To robe like pinyr the tomb of time.  
Buried memories braided into flowers—  
Sweet, but short-living as the poet's rhyme.

War's bloody fingers, grasping at our hearts,  
Have borne rich treasures to his selfish keep.  
We built his throne above our happy homes;  
He, thirsty Vampyre, drinks our life-blood deep!

We, Jephthah-like, fain feed his hungry maw  
With sacrifices from our treasuring hearts.  
The golden life tide of earth's noblest ones  
But added fierceness to his thirst imparts.

Another year is crumbling out of time,  
Bids vanish with it all that long has stood;  
Like gibbering demons with a frightful mien,  
To block the path of Human Brotherhood.

(But God be with us as we press along,  
To shield and strengthen till our work is done;  
To clothe the shroud with more earnest grip,  
And night at Freedom o'er the unerring gun.)

Another year! and when its unwearied page  
Shall open lay before our waiting view,  
Let's heed the lesson the old year imparts:  
"LET MAN BE TRUE TO GOD, AS GOD TO MAN IS TRUE!"

Camp of 8th Mass. Battery,  
Pleasant Valley, Md.

**Mr. Anderson, the Spirit-Artist.**  
Mr. Anderson has just executed two portraits, life size, of a young woman who has been in the spirit-world eleven years; one representing her in earth-life—the other in spirit life. The pictures were ordered by Mr. Joseph Noble, of Patterson, N. J., and are pronounced to be "very good likenesses" by her parents. These are certainly the first living pictures for any one to look upon—grateful, handsome, and lovely. They were done in penicilling by Mr. Anderson, while in an abnormal state, in two hours and twenty-five minutes. The wreaths of flowers that adorn the pictures would have taken more than one day's labor of the artist, in his normal condition.

The pictures will be kept on exhibition, for a few days only, at the picture-frame store of Messrs. A. Child & Co., No. 19 Tremont street, to which the public can have free access.

### Back Numbers.

We are in want of a single copy of No. 1 of our first volume of the *BANNER*; also No. 6 of the same volume; and a copy of No. 8 of the second volume, to complete our file—for which we will pay the owners, if required.

### Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Dr. E. L. Lyon speaks before this Society on Sunday next, afternoon and evening.







## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

**Our Readers.**—The Banners at which these communications are given are held at the BANNER or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

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

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

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

### Invocation.

Oh, thou nameless Principle, thou who holdest within thyself the past, present and future, thou mighty Unknown of the Universe, we again presume to address thee through human lips, to adore thee through the halls of mortality, for have we not a right to lift our voices in prayer unto thee, O Holy One? Verily we have, for within the deep recesses of our souls, we feel thy presence and acknowledge thy love. And although we can never hope to fully comprehend thee, yet, O Father, we know enough of thee to love and adore thee; enough of thee to teach us how to live while sojourning in the halls of mortality. Oh, spirit of Love, we ask that thou mayst endow us with faith—faith such as exists within thy higher courts. And though we see thee in the external world, and hear thy voice even amid the storms of material life, yet, O Father, that we may feel that same reliance upon thee which now sustains us, when we turn within the temple of our own souls to worship and adore thee. O Father who art in heaven, earth and hell, our souls will ever adore thee, ever sing glad anthems of joy unto thee, our Creator. Amen. Oct. 9.

### Spiritual Communications.

**Ques.**—Why are the communications purporting to come from the spirit-world oftentimes so vague and indistinct as to leave doubts on our mind of their genuineness? Will the inhabitants of that spirit-world please demonstrate the truth of their position to us?

**Ans.**—When Galileo was called before the court, and it was there demanded of him that he should prove to those present that the world was round, and moved upon its axis, was he able to demonstrate it to those who criticised him? Was he able to force his theory upon minds not ready to receive it? We think he was not, although he declared to the people that the earth was round—he knew it to be so—it also moved upon its own axis, yet he was not capable of demonstrating his theory to the assembly before whom he was called to speak. Nevertheless, the world moved on, and the principles he was striving to bring up from the great heart of science to the external world, in all their beauty and perfection, in all their grandeur, still remained firm in the mind of the humble astronomer, who had received his knowledge from spiritual sources—until the minds of humanity became sufficiently enlightened and willing to receive those great truths which are now to be found in the archives of science.

Spiritualism holds about the same position, relatively, as the earth-movement. They looked upon him as insane, as a fool, and denounced not only his theory but himself also, because he was unable to prove to their darkened minds the theory which was but true in its infancy. Spiritualism is a child, and therefore you must not expect it will be able to put forth all the requisites of manhood, for though the principle is old as God himself, yet the manifestations are new, and it will require not alone a year's time, but many centuries for them to come to their manhood.

Why are the communications purporting to come from the spirit-world oftentimes so vague and indistinct as to leave doubts on our mind of their genuineness? If there is a spirit world prepared by God for the reception of the disembodied spirits of his children, then that world and those inhabitants are governed by laws as immutable and unchangeable as God, and you would not presume to understand but a small portion of those laws, nor would you hardly presume to understand him who is the acknowledged author of those laws, in your finite wisdom. Now as this law is as immutable as your Creator, you will not suppose, if you are a reasonable being, that you will understand all that law in the few years allotted to you for living upon the earth.

The human mind has a variety of thoughts, and the ways and means for the transmission of those thoughts to the minds of others are almost as various as the thoughts to be communicated. But we know of no way or means for the accomplishment of this task that is perfect in itself. Even with you in the tangible, or that which you call the real world, you are at fault also, in the method of manifesting with each other. There is not perfection, with you in the mundane sphere. A friend in New York may wish to communicate with you by letter, but unless all the apparatus employed operate in a way to throw its magnetic life upon you, you are unable to receive anything, but what your friend would have you receive.

Modern Spiritualism is dependent upon similar means for the successful result of its mission, and if those means are imperfect, it is but natural to suppose that the communications received from the inhabitants of the invisible world should often be so vague and incorrect as to excite unbelief of their genuineness in the minds of humanity, for there are many ways to make wrong out of right, and to make black out of white and white out of black, even in the earth sphere. Should you desire to telegraph to a friend living in a distant city, it would be necessary that the wires be perfect, that the operators at either end understand their business well, that the atmospheric elements be in a certain harmonious condition, in order to insure the speedy and correct transmission of your messages.

So it is with Spiritualism, and it is utterly impossible to demonstrate it to humanity, until the minds of mortality are in a proper condition to receive its great truths. We style the theory of modern Spiritualism a science, and one of the profoundest kind. Indeed, the human mind is scarcely capable of dealing with even the smallest problems of that great science. Thus our Infinite Father, in his wisdom and love for his earthly children, reveals only so much of Spiritualism to the minds of humanity as he believes to be absolutely necessary for their future comfort and their happiness while on the earth.

Is it well for mortality to deal with that it cannot comprehend? Verily it is well, for by so doing you unfold and develop your own soul. What though a Franklin had desired in his attempts to draw electricity from the clouds, merely because his first efforts in that direction were not rewarded with perfect success? Would he not have been less than a

fool to abandon his work? Verily he would. And again the question arises, shall we Spiritualists to-day ever receive any earthly reward for our labors? We believe you will, to a certain extent, and coming generations shall receive the full fruit of the tree you are now nourishing and fostering with so much care. You of to-day must of necessity act as pioneers in this cause. You cannot expect to receive the ripe fruit of the tree that is to-day but a sapling. Nevertheless, in the name of Science, we demand that you seek on, though you stumble ever and anon over the numerous obstacles that lay in your pathway. Remember that the inhabitants of the spirit-world are, like yourselves, dependent upon material means in transmitting their messages to friends on earth, and that they deplore the imperfections of their subjects more than you in finite life could possibly do. Oh, could you witness their intense anxiety as they stand watching the transit of their communications from the spirit-world to friends on earth, you would have at least pity and sympathy for them, and receive the child, where you would now receive only the man. Oct. 9.

### General Reno.

It is with feelings of gratitude to God and those who have kindly extended me their assistance, that I avail myself of the privileges offered here. I am deeply sensible of the fact that I am using a body which is totally different from the one I once owned. I am aware that I shall be obliged to obey the laws of this body for the present time control, and in doing this, I may not as fully represent myself as I may desire to. I am aware also, that no statement of mine can prove positively my identity to the friends I desire to meet; but as I'm here and have power to speak, I should feel unworthy to be called a child of Jehovah, if I were not grateful for the privileges here accorded me as an individual spirit.

A few weeks since, and I was in the possession of my own body; a few weeks ago I hoped to carry out certain plans that had forced themselves upon my brain, for the good of my country. But it has pleased an All-Wise God to separate my spirit from my body, and in consequence of this separation I am not so well able to serve my country as when that spirit was dwelling in the flesh. But I believe, as I did while here on the earth, and am assured that I have still the power to guide and direct certain minds, according to the light I have received as a spirit, according to the power I have as a spirit; and I shall not be slow, if I know myself, in the performance of whatever seems to me to be duty.

To the noble band of soldiers once under my command I would say, live in strict allegiance to your God; follow the dictates of your conscience, and never fear to be led by it, for it will lead you astray. Many of you have sought, my friendship, my counsel, in days passed; many of you have looked to me for sympathy and aid, and to you who relied upon me while with you on the earth, I would here say that I am alive still, and am able to guide you, able to assist you in many ways, able to shield you from the dangers that surround you. And according as is your faith in your spirit guides, so shall be their strength, their power to serve you. Boys, be faithful to God and yourselves, and you need not have any fears in regard to your ultimate success.

My family, those dear ones who are wedded to me by ties of love too holy to admit of their public introduction here, to them I would say, you have my blessing, my presence, my prayers that an All-Wise Father will make you happy in this world and hereafter. And if there shall be born in your souls a desire to meet me personally, I will avail myself of all the means in my power to give you such strength as God has endowed me with.

Again, one word more to the brave band of soldiers who were once under my command. God has blessed you, though he has taken me from you. God will bless you, though darkness menace you at every hand. Live holy lives, as you prize your future condition of life; live in accordance with the light God has given you, and ask no man what is right or what is wrong. I am General Reno. Farewell. Oct. 9.

### Lieutenant Jacob Buckingham.

I'm not used to this method of spirit-returns. Indeed, I am a novice in all matters pertaining to Spiritualism, and if it were not that I earnestly desire to meet and commune with my friends I would wait until a little better versed in the science. I have lived as a spirit without my body little more than two weeks, having lost that body at the battle of Antietam Creek. I am Lieutenant Jacob Buckingham, of Charleston, South Carolina, and, as you may presume, your enemy, and yet your friend, so far as the things pertaining to the spirit are concerned. I meet you for the purpose of communing with my friends, and I believe that I shall be able to adhere to my determination, which was that in coming here I would lay aside all enmity, and if I did disagree with you politically, I would not bring that disagreement here to-day.

I have a father, three brothers, a wife and two children. Before the breaking out of this war they are pleased to term rebellion, but what I shall see fit to call religion of reason, my family resided in Charleston; since then they have removed to the country. My father and brothers—two of them—still remain in Charleston. One brother is in the Confederate Army. I desire, first, to inform them of my death, for they, as ignorant of the fact. The rumor with them is that I have been wounded, and am now your prisoner; and I have been anxious in my behalf is intense. So intense is it, that were all the powers of earth opposed to my coming, or that which is held by the spirit world, I think I should still be able to return to my friends on earth. Be kind enough to inform them, first, that I am no longer living upon the earth, and that I was wounded first in the shoulder, and subsequently shot through the head, and died quietly, without much suffering. You will also inform them of my ability to return and commune with them, and of my desire to do so. You will also say to them that I shall maintain a neutral position as far as the present contest between the North and South is concerned. I have laid down my arms, not to take them up again. I have my reason for doing so. I know that many who are ushered into the spirit-world are just as anxious to renew the fight here as before death, but that is not the case with me; and if friends are kind enough to call me home, I ask that they make no reference to the past, as far as that matter is concerned. Farewell. Oct. 9.

### Adella Delaney.

Oh dear me! There's so many folks here what's stronger than I am, that I can't talk well. But I promised my father that I certainly would come, so I'm going to, if I can't talk well.

I was eight years old the month I died, and I've been here—it will be a year next December. My father was away when I died, and didn't see me while I was sick to him in a dream, and just a few nights ago I went to him in a dream, and told him I could come, and certainly would come and speak to him. And my father said that if I did come he should be the happiest man in the world. He doesn't want to be, because folks think they will be when they can't be.

My mother lives in Chicago, and I've a little brother there, too. My father is Lieutenant Delaney—George Delaney is his name. He is sick now, but he will get well. He is sick from fatigue and hardships, and not from wounds, though he's been in battle, and I was with him. My mother would like for me to come, if she was n't afraid of Spiritualism. But she's afraid of it, so I can't say much to her now, for it's to my father I want most to come. I want to come, and the folks here all want to come, too. There's such a crowd, that I can't talk what I want to. [What did you die with?] I don't know. I was sick about fourteen days. Scarlet fever, that's what I died with.

My father must n't drink whiskey. It confuses him, and makes him unfit for his work. My grandfather says it's right for me to say so to him. He

thinks there never was a truth too big to be spoken anywhere. When my father goes home to my mother, in Chicago, he may tell her about my coming, and perhaps she'll feel like having me come home and talk with her. Can I go? [Have you said all you wish to?] No, I ain't; but I can't here. Tell him it's from Adella, or Adella, he used to call me. Good by. Oct. 9.

### John H. Garrick.

Well, stranger, here's a poor private from the Tenth Wisconsin Regiment, Company L. My name used to be John H. Garrick; I don't know what it is now. Stranger, I'm pretty well. If you are deprived of your own body, it don't matter much. I lost my body and found a woman's. That's more than I bargained for, stranger. [You expected to have a body similar to your own.] That's so, stranger. I reckoned on something different, but we miss our reckoning oftentimes, you know.

Well, I suppose I may as I halled from Rockville, Wisconsin. I've got folks there that I'd like to talk to, and although they feel mighty sorry that I'm gone, yet they won't look for me back in this shape. Well, this kind of a uniform, stranger—it's a close fit, and I don't think I should care about wearing it all the time. Now, my folks do n't know anything about how I went over, so I thought I'd come back and tell them. I got pretty well muddled. I was shot or wounded seven times. So you see they found me a pretty hard nut to crack. It's a hard nut, but when they took me here, [throat] I reckon I was n't long in going over. I suppose I received the whole of my wounds in the space of three quarters of an hour.

Well, tell my folks I shared a grave with eighty-one poor folks, killed in battle, like myself; so, when we come to soar aloft, I did n't look for company, you see. On the contrary, I'm as happy and contented as one could wish to be, but the devil of it is, how to get back—that is, just as you want to. You'll find enough bodies that you can use to come back with, but when you come to ask the owners to lend them to you to take a long tramp out to see your folks, it's another thing. [I think your friends will find persons in Wisconsin through whom you can speak to them.] What one of these? [Yes.] I never saw one. I don't mean women, stranger. What do you call them? [Male mediums.] Well, I'll hunt them up, if there are any to be found near where my folks live.

I'm here to beg them to give up their old ideas of religion, that have so long kept their souls in darkness. They're human, you know, and are most terribly mistaken in their notions of religion, and I ain't going to say they ain't. And I want to let them know that there's a place up here, where I am, that's plenty good enough for them or any body else to live in. Now I want them to know down here, that I'm a wall of religion. [Remember there are ladies present.] Well, beg your pardon. Well, stranger, the church has about the eyes of some people so infernally tight, that they can't see a wink outside its walls. Now, I want my folks, then, to come right out of those forms of religion, which have kept them so long in the fog, into the light. Why, I never had any religion while I was on the earth, and yet I managed to do pretty near right, even if my way was not the right way—and I went across without any, and if I had n't been one of the luckiest fellows that ever lived, I suppose I should have gone direct to hell. But I happened to be one of your lucky, happy sort, that never finds hell anywhere.

Now, my folks will go to hell if they do n't turn round. I mean by that that they'll be unhappy and discontented with their condition in the other world, and I think, now, they'd better pack up their trucks and leave the church, and come right out here where God lives.

Well, stranger, I've done better than I thought I should in coming here to-day. Tell my wife not to mourn for me, for I'm much better off than I ever expected to be, and wouldn't come back to earth again to live if I could. Good by to you. If I get as many bullets through my body going out of this as when I went before, I shan't know myself. [Have you any children?] Two children—little ones. Well, good by to you. Oct. 9.

### Invocation.

Oh Life, Life, Eternal, we would stretch out our hands unto thee, and tune the harp of our being unto thy praise. We would know thee alone, and forever forget death. Oh Life, thou Mysterious Principle of all created things, we will be guided by thy power, by thy glory, unto the hill of Science, and from thence we will behold the kingdoms of earth, ay, and the kingdoms of the spirit-world also, for within the compass of thy realm are to be found heaven, earth and hell, and we cannot but adore thee, for thy worship is the worship of the spheres. Oh Life, we are thine and thou art ours, and we will henceforth know no death, for we believe that thou art King of Kings and Lord of Lords. To thy great temple, Oh Life, we would bring all our problems, great and small, and by the power of individual reason we are sure that they will be worked out and returned to us again. Oh Life, we are thy children, and death all our parent, and life itself seems dead, yet when we look about us, we feel that thou art with us in glory, with us leading us unto the Holy Court; and surely, Oh Life, we are safe in thy eternal embrace. Oct. 12.

### Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—Are we mortals in any sense free agents? **Ans.**—This received question we propose to briefly consider. Are we mortals in any sense free agents? When we look abroad over the vast sea of human life, and find its waves rolling and surging, in spite of human will, we are almost inclined to question man's power, and to baptize ourselves with doubt in regard to our free agency as mortals. But when we read aside the misty fabric that hides that world beyond the tomb, and behold the cause, the background of life, then we perceive you are to a certain extent free agents.

Man's free agency extends just so far as his wisdom, if further. He is capable of acting for himself just so far as his wisdom goes; but if he is devoid of wisdom—for that has been given to man in minute quantities—the best—then we deplore his condition; for we know that he must live a slave in the visible world and in the next. Man has an innate power by which he may overcome all his surroundings, by which he may become master of all creation.

But at present man is in his infancy. He knows very little of the laws of his physical being, very little of the laws of his spiritual being, very little of the laws of his moral being; thus he must of necessity be a slave to those conditions. A few years past, and the savage knew not how to protect himself from the fury of the elements. The rains descended, the winds blew upon him, the scorching sun poured down its fiery rays upon his exposed head, and he was unable to protect himself either from the smile or frown of the elements, because wisdom was waiting for the voice of the archangel to wake him to life. When the savage began by slow degrees to know himself and his power, then he began to see that he could protect himself from the sun's rays, the scorching winds and the pouring rains, by employing the wisdom which the Great Spirit had given him to his own use and advantage.

Thus, you see, the man in the infancy of life is not a free agent. He cannot be, because all the visible world presents to you that his power, strength, his all, lies in wisdom, or in the unfolding of that internal self, the knowledge of which comes to him by slow but sure degrees. Man's free agency comes then through wisdom; but time must be, given by ages for the unfolding of the intellect of man.

Are we mortals in any sense free agents? We perceive that our questioner, who stretches out into the future and implores an answer to his question from the invisible, is disabused with self. He is standing upon a plane of doubt, and ever and anon says to himself, How is it that all else in life seems endowed with more power than I am endowed with? I cannot be a free agent, for I have not power

or to govern either myself or others to any extent. Oh, thou mortal, whose feet have scarce wandered beyond the plains of earth, whose eyes have never looked beyond the material, we would ask you to turn within your own soul for that wisdom you so much crave, and be determined to read in train the veil that hides you from the spirit-world. Do this, and you will find that instead of remaining a nothing in the world of thought, you shall know you are a God, and have command over all things.

Our heavenly Father has implanted within the souls of his children a desire for spiritual knowledge. Oh, cherish it well, and believe us, it will draw to itself wisdom—such as the angels already possess—day by day, and hour by hour, until you, oh Son of the living God, shall be able to perceive that you are a free agent. Oh, within thy soul lies slumbering an embryo-God, and what is greater in heaven or hell? And, oh man, know that within yourself there is a bright gem that shall light you up the steep of Fame, and give you wisdom over all.

At what age do children become free moral agents? **A.**—We affirm that man—the race of which you are one—is in childhood, and therefore your free agency is limited. The child, as well as those who have arrived at manhood, is a free agent, as far as its wisdom goes.

Is knowledge necessary to happiness? **A.**—To spiritual happiness it is; but to the happiness that pertains to the things of this life it is not always necessary, for we sometimes find more real earthly enjoyment or happiness among the poor and ignorant classes of society, than we find among those who have stored their being with knowledge. Happiness in the spirit-world must be the result of wisdom.

Is there any difference between wisdom and knowledge? **A.**—There is none. To us they are one and the same. The same principle exists in the two. The outer covering is the only difference.

Was Judas Iscariot a free moral agent? **A.**—To a small extent he was, but we believe Judas was not possessed of wisdom or power sufficient to constitute him a free agent to any great degree. That is to say, though he had the power within himself, he knew it not, for in his case it remained undeveloped. Therefore he could not have been a free agent to any great extent.

Will all mankind finally be saved? **A.**—Most certainly they will.

To what extent did Judas Iscariot suffer? **A.**—Time is not with us with you. We measure time in the spirit-world very differently from what you do on the earth. Judas has suffered because of ignorance, as he did while in the form. He committed acts here on the earth, that he would never have done had he been guided to any extent by the light of wisdom. Ignorance of ourselves and the laws by which we move and have our being, cause us to commit crimes while in the flesh, for which we must suffer hereafter, and the place which Judas Iscariot now occupies as a spirit, is just such a one as he who sins deeply while in the flesh might expect to dwell in hereafter.

Can you describe that place? **A.**—To him it would be hell. The soul or spirit of man, under all conditions of life, gravitates to its proper position. Nature is always true to herself and to her laws, and never makes any mistakes, and if you as a spirit are dissatisfied with your condition, you have no right to be, for believe us, your condition is one of Nature, a lawful condition, which you have engendered upon yourselves either by willful disobedience to God's laws—which are also the laws of your own being—or by ignorance, and from which you cannot hope to escape until your spirit has atoned for its disobedience, or paid the penalty of the sins committed by it while in mortal, by long suffering and sorrow in the spirit-world.

If you are not a free agent, cannot you free yourself from that condition? **A.**—No, certainly you cannot, for all sins committed by the spirit while in mortal, must be atoned for sooner or later, and if not on earth, then in the world of spirit. Suppose the child plunges its hand into the fire. It knows no better; it has no wisdom; but the law gives the penalty for the act, just as surely as if the act had been a willful one, and the child suffers for having done injury to its physical being. Thus, you see, that you must atone for every misdeed during your sojourn upon the earth, no matter how thick the veil of ignorance be that conceals the right from your spiritual gaze.

Is the length of a man's life on earth appointed to him by a higher power? **A.**—We do not think it is materially considered; but spiritually considered, it certainly is appointed by God.

Is knowledge gained more rapidly in the spirit-world than in the earth sphere? **A.**—The knowledge of mind is gained more rapidly there. Here on the earth you have various conditions of artificial life. In the spirit-world you have the knowledge of soul and the real or spiritual life.

What is the rank or condition of Christ in the spirit-world? **A.**—A spirit possessing all the requisites of God; a clear and perfect unfolding of love. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and Christ has achieved that fulfillment of God's law. Therefore you may well worship him as your Saviour.

Do we do right in regarding him as human? **A.**—He was human and divine. So are you. Jesus was human, because he wore, like you, a mortal form; and divine, so far as he lived up to his spiritual convictions of right and wrong, while dwelling upon the earth.

Are there any spirits in the other sphere equal to him? **A.**—There are very many.

Are the great events in our world governed or caused by certain changes which are taking place in the spirit-world? or, in other words, is this present national conflict of ours the result of inner harmony and strife among the elements of the other world? **A.**—We may say it is, and speak the truth. You are now living in the dawning of a new epoch. The ages are changing, and all institutions, whether moral, political, physical, or spiritual are all changing, their colors are fading off the archaisms of death, and donning the garments of new life. The present convulsion, which has already caused you so much woe, is but an effect of a spiritual cause.

Do you think that this war is the result of a struggle for power between Democracy and Aristocracy in the spirit sphere? **A.**—It is most certainly.

Has Democracy got to rule? **A.**—Yes, in its highest and broadest sense. You, as a people, have written Freedom upon your banners; but within your walls there has been nought but slavery and oppression, for you have never understood the meaning of the term Freedom. The earth that has slumbered in darkness is about to awake to life and light. The reign of Freedom is about to be established upon the American Continent. And though this great reform be accomplished only through war and darkness, and though the face of all nature seems shadowed with desolation and ruin, yet unto you as a nation this child of Peace and Freedom shall surely be born.

Must not all great changes be purchased with violence and bloodshed? **A.**—Yes; violence must be done to the physical as well as to the spiritual, in order that all great systems of reform may be inaugurated upon the earth.

Are the spirits of our revolutionary forefathers actively engaged in this present war? **A.**—They are. Oh, could you know how active, could you realize the power of their efforts as spirits, you would feel ashamed at the little energy you have exhibited, and of the small degree of good that has thus far been accomplished by this civil war.

But are they not divided as to the point of opinion? **A.**—No, they are not divided as to the point of opinion. They are all in perfect harmony, and are all

They are, a *Wah* is not a Confucius, though the two are equally good in point of wisdom and love. Nevertheless, they are individually different in their ideas of Christianity. There is as much diversity of opinion in the spirit-world as upon the earth.

On what side of the present contest is Calhoun, as a spirit, most active? **A.**—Calhoun mourns the course he took while he lived on the earth. He deplores the ignorance that surrounded him like a thick veil, and blinded his mortal eyes to the right. And much as he may have desired to serve the party to which he belonged when on earth in this great national contest, yet the change which his political sentiments have undergone since his sojourn in the spirit-land, compels him to exert his influence in another direction.

Is he active on the other side? **A.**—He is active on the side of right; and though he may still cling to some of his former ideas, yet he is striving to the best of his abilities to establish the reign of Freedom throughout his native land. While in mortality he would have held slaves; now, as a spirit, he would not, for he perceives that they, like himself, are children of God, and therefore should not be held in bondage by their white brethren.

In what sphere is Franklin particularly active? **A.**—In the sphere of Science, or that which relates more particularly to Natural Philosophy.

As a Virginian, where does Washington stand? **A.**—The arms of a Washington enfold both North and South. His love is large enough to become a mantle for all, and though he dearly loves the home of his birth, and must ever be attracted to it, yet his great heart of human love throbs alike for all. A Washington knows that in union lies your strength as a nation, and that if divided, you must certainly fall. Therefore, he strives to bind you together.

Will the Republic fall, or not? **A.**—It may, and doubtless will seem to fall; but it will be only the action of natural forces that will for a time seem to cripple your power and threaten your ruin. Your Republic may seem to die, but believe us, it cannot die while so much that is good exists within its borders. Therefore, in the ultimate, it lives; and as it can, as we say, stand only through your united strength as a people, it becomes your duty to cultivate those ties of sympathy and affection which are so necessary to your future strength and prosperity as a nation.

Is not this war a struggle between the principles of light and darkness? **A.**—It is, and you all know that light contains those elements which had their birth in darkness. Again, your Northern armies hold within their power those positive forces of nature, which must eventually triumph over the negative, and lead to your final victory over your Southern enemies.

Do Madison, Webster and Calhoun exert an influence upon the minds of the President and Secretary of State at this time? **A.**—They each and all exert their influence, each in his own particular way.

Why did the President issue his Emancipation Proclamation against his own ideas of right? **Senr.**—Are you sure that he did so against his own conceptions of right?

Questioner.—Yes, he says so. But was there not some especial reason unknown to us which caused the President to issue his Proclamation at this time? **S.**—There was. He knew the hour had come for him to do so, and that the hearts of humanity were ripe and ready for its reception.

Yes; but he did not think so. He said he did not. **S.**—Men do not always talk what they mean, you know. We told you months ago that President Lincoln would perform acts and do deeds that his own party would not countenance, or approve of at the time of their performance. We told you that your President was in rapport with the angels; that he was the man for your time, and that through him great good would accrue, not only to humanity, but to your country.

But were there not some particular circumstances that caused the issue of that Emancipation Proclamation? **S.**—There were. President Lincoln is in the possession of all his senses, and knows well what he is doing. Oftentimes he enters within the closet of his own soul, and there holds communion with the angels. He becomes, as it were, an instrument for good in the hands of his spirit guides. He is the effect following the great cause of this national evil, which owes its origin to spiritual inharmonies and disorder in the celestial spheres.

Is he a believer in Spiritualism? **A.**—Internally he is; externally he is not.

Do you mean that he makes no professions of his faith in Spiritualism? **A.**—I do. President Lincoln makes no professions of his spiritual intuitions to the multitude. But to those who know him and are intimately associated with him, his reliance upon spiritual things is no secret. Therefore, internally he is a Spiritualist, while externally he is not.

Are not most people so? **A.**—There are too many who are. We do not, however, blame President Lincoln, for we know that he rides upon the sea of public thought; we know that he is held with love and reverence in the hearts of many of his countrymen; and we know that there are also those of his own people who look upon him with distrust. Again, we say, he may be called the effect of the great cause that has its existence in God. He is an instrument in the hands of ministering spirits.

Was this war prophesied in the Bible? **A.**—Read the Bible by the light of reason, and bring the developments of modern Spiritualism to bear upon it, and you will find it to be so. Oct. 12.

### Col. Alexander Harris.

Mr. Chairman, I am a stranger, and know nothing of what you require. [You have only to give the truth and some circumstances of your life, by means of which your friends may recognize you.] I was known here as Colonel Alexander Harris. I am from Kentucky, was wounded in the battle of Antietam, and died shortly after.

Previous to death I made a promise to friends to the effect that I would return, if I could, and communicate of my condition. I was in my forty-second year when I died. In my early life I was a printer, and worked as a journeyman in New Orleans. Subsequently, I became engaged in business in Kentucky, and I call that my home. When I was broke out, I joined the Confederate Army, and lost my life fighting against the Union and the Constitution, or I should say, the Constitution, for there was in reality no Union.

Now, sir, can I ask for a hearing through your columns, and am I entitled to the same privileges as you would extend to one who was your friend? [Certainly.] As a test to my acquaintances, I will say, that I was wounded in my left arm, and suffered amputation of that limb shortly after I left the field. I was also wounded in the shoulder. My life perhaps might have been saved had I been attended to in season, and though I suffer some inconvenience with regard to coming here to-day from the loss of my body, yet I would not return to live upon earth again, if I could. [Do you remember where you died?] Yes, in the hospital on the field.

I have a favor to ask. It is this: that you will ask the friends to whom I come, to forward you, if they can, something that shall give you proof that I am the person I say I am. If they recognize me, I would have them tell you so. [Please give us the address of some person whom you are particularly anxious to have your message reach, and we will forward the paper, containing it, to that party.] I should like to have it reach one Austin Conrad, of Enterprise, Kentucky. However, I may not expect to be granted in all my desires, but I am more oppressed in being able to come here to







