

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

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### JASMINE;

#### THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

##### CHAPTER XX.

###### Between the Cup and the Lip.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough how they may."

I believe in no possible exaggeration by novelists, in no dramatic details that cannot be equalled, if not exceeded, by the events of real life. There may be an injudicious arrangement, certain characters may be slightly overdrawn, but in the main all things are real. Some there are, called into especial paths of discipline, whose life-drama is a weird and fearful representation of the passion storms of existence, chain upon chain of startling events that such lives to the seeming; wonderful; their transit from one place to another is accompanied by memorable emotions, by painful mutations of feeling, by indelible experiences of soul. Who would have dreamt of this most unexpected interruption to my calm, uneventful existence? Mrs. Strong gazed on me with a pallid face, expressive of far more than surprise—or horror! With parted lips, hands outstretched as if to ward off some apparition of evil, she stood motionless and speechless for awhile. Then her first thought was of her daughter, lying waxen white and senseless beneath the officious care of her women.

"Leave her to me," she said, in a husky, quivering voice. "And do you, Lucie, be still, and all of you leave the room."

The injunction of silence was for the French woman, who was wringing her hands and talking wildly. In a moment, as if accustomed to the mistress's imperious commands, the room was cleared, and, pale and trembling, but with a nervous heart and unflinching eyes, I confronted the tormentor of my earliest years.

Still time had passed lightly as ever over the erect frame, the haughty visage, the undaunted eye, so coldly, stately blue. She had sprinkled Agatha's face with water, and, sobbing, belplessly as an infant, that plaything of a strong, cruel woman's will lay back in her chair, with clasped hands, and eyes dilated as they looked on me, with a shrinking terror I had never witnessed in them before.

"You, you here, of all others, Jasmine Northrup!" cried the old lady, with a smothered vehemence. "What evil genius brought you here, in our way? Where are your people? What is your business with us?"

Her hands worked nervously. She bent toward me, eager, intent on my reply. I answered, calmly as I could, for a tempest was surging in my breast:

"My beloved mother and her honored husband are in heaven! My home is in this place. I called upon you, thinking to meet with strangers, as you have changed your names. I little thought to meet with the fiends who embittered my childhood—with the wicked woman whose aged hands would have sent my father's soul unprepared into eternity!"

Oh, the fearful revelations of detected guilt! She grew livid, her lips assumed a purple tinge; fierce as the blood-thirsty gleam of the bawling tiger's eye her glances pierced me, unabashed even then their powerful appeal, but her voice was like that of one expiring in a slow agony as she gasped forth:

"What—what do you mean?"

I thought she was about to spring upon me, such a pother-gleam was on her face; but I was not afraid. My courage strengthened with the emergency. I loathed and scorned, I could not fear that desperate and guilty thing!

"I mean what I have said, that I know you as you are—a murderer at heart! whose place should be among criminals of a like stamp, not amid the surroundings of luxury. Old woman! I could forgive you all—even I, Herbert Northrup's child—did I see one sign of penitence, one token of the truest atonement. But you are hardened, worldly, cold and cruel still! Your wealth is ill-gotten! Your luxury is purchased by sin! A curse clings to every article of beauty that surrounds you! What are you doing now with that soulless, dependent creature who has never taught to think for herself?" I pointed to the cowering, weeping Agatha. "But here you shall not lord, nor waste, your evil spells over unrepenting hearts. I will let the community know who and what you are, incarnate demon of a woman! Your worldly triumphs are over! Once a passive sufferer through you, I will now be the active agent of a just Providence. Not from revenge—for a sainted mother has taught me the better way of forgiveness of all injuries—but from a solemn sense of duty that bids me warn the world of such as you, will I unveil your misdeeds and proclaim aloud my knowledge of your dangerous character!"

"You will never do it!" she hissed. "You, you compete with me! You miserable child! you calumniating vagabond! Why, I can crush you forever with three words! I have wealth and influence? What has your mother and her paramour left you? You will cease to hence, will you? In less than a month you shall fly from here, and try to hide yourself in the remotest corner of the earth, for shame and grief. Oh, you shall pay me—dearly, dearly shall you pay for this!"

I knew it was up vain threat. I felt it in the terror thrilling all my nerves; but I gave no sign of weakness. She had fastened my mother's memory: to that alone I replied; and the trembling Agatha cried between her sobs:

"She will ruin us forever, mother!"

"Fool! you are a baby!" responded the unforgiving mother. "What do you mean? Agatha, are you crazy? What signifies this absence of yourself before that miserable girl? Get up this moment! Get up, I say, or my curse shall fall upon your own head!"

Agatha had fallen at my feet. With a gesture full of the wildness of despair, she had thrown back the clustering hair from her brow. With her gold-woven, azure robe falling in graceful folds around her, the diamonds on her bosom flashing at each heaving pulsation, she had clasped her fair small hands in entreaty, and with a poignant expression of bitterest grief upon her features, such as I had never deemed could find a place in the world-encrusted heart, she looked up to me, and in broken words besought my pardon, plead for a kind, forgiving, farewell word from me! I was surprised, appalled. What sudden change was this? I passed irresolute. The touch of the soft hand I had always shrunk from penetrated me as with an electric shock. I bent my head to listen to her incoherent words.

"I am not as wicked as I seem? I love my mother—I have always obeyed her—I loved him, too—him only! I love him yet! I never loved you—and now I fear you, Jasmine. But I feel that you are good—so much better than she or I. Do not brand us to the world, for Jesus's sake! I should die if harm came to mother! See, I always tried to be good, now I am at your feet—a suppliant! Believe me, Jasmine, and look here. Behold what I have shown to no one. For Agatha, pity and spare us!"

She drew from her neck the light gold chain around it. Attached to it, hidden beneath the close folds of her dress, laid secretly to her heart, was a miniature. Still kneeling, she placed it in my hand. I saw the dark, proud, handsome face of Herbert Northrup, and my tears fell fast. Just then the bell rang, and I turned to the door, and passed lightly, caring not for my brow. My heart felt its inspiration, my soul exulted at the angel mandate that it brought.

I returned to her picture. I bent down and took to mine the dainty hands, and pressed the seal of forgiveness on the upturned forehead without one shadow of the former repulsion. One question I asked her:

"Where is Rosita?"

She was about to reply, truthfully, I believe; but the tiger-mother stopped her utterance, and dragged her forcibly from the room. In an adjoining chamber I heard her smothered cries, her wild ejaculations of "I will not marry him! I will not! I will not! I cannot commit this last sin!"

"We shall see!" rejoined the master spirit, whose voice had regained all its masculine force. "And now I'll settle with that girl!"

She returned with flashing eyes, and cheeks grown crimson with excitement. She poured vituperation and abuse upon me. She threatened fearful things if once I unclosed my lips against her. She taunted me with having no proofs whereby to support my assertions. She called me by a name that reflected dishonor on my sainted mother's memory. But I felt the spirit-presence of the sustaining loved ones. My loathing of her wickedness, my defiance of her stratagems of ill, I could not conceal; but I gave way no more to ungovernable bursts of anger. In the right-ous indignation of truth I confronted and accused her, and all that my sense of justice dictated, and left the accused home.

When I told Anastasia what had occurred, that good friend was ominously silent, and her countenance was clouded.

"Bad! bad!" she muttered at last. "Miss Jessie, that's what the cats and serpents mean that I've been dreaming about lately—female enemies, and dangerous ones! Do you really believe the younger wizen was in earnest, or only acting? There's no such sham and make-believe in the world, one can't tell which is the genuine. Some women shed tears like crocodiles. I had a mistress once who had more than the allotted quantity of tear-bags that Providence ordains for folks. She was such a ready weeper, she cried for surprise and for joy, blubbered over good and bad news just the same, bobbed over a nice present and over the death of a friend, shed tears over fictitious woes and for her own imaginary ills. It was like a tragedy being acted all the time. Her husband used to say there never need be any low water where she was—she'd float a navy. I'm old, and a little suspicious of human nature. Isn't Madam Agatha a little bit afraid of you, and could n't she get up a little piece of melodrama, just to work upon your feelings, my dear?"

"No, Anastasia, I think not," I replied. "Her grief was real. You know I believe in intuitive perceptions, and I felt there was no setting there."

"Oh, my dear love, that makes all the difference in the world. When it comes to interior convictions and spiritual things, I give up to you at once. But in the humdrum, every-day concerns of this life, I'm your teacher, Miss Jessie, for I've age and experience, and knowledge of all sides of human character, and I know 'not all is gold that glitters,' that appearances deceive, and that sham is a great passport in the world."

"I felt the dear, holy, inspiring presence of my spirit-mother and her husband," I said.

"The Lord be praised and thanked forevermore, hallelujah! Amen! May I be found worthy of a place at their feet in the life everlasting!" she cried, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"I have learnt a lesson," I went on—"one that all should take to heart—one that even you, my dear friend, with all your experience, may profit by. I deemed there was no redeeming trait in my stepmother's disposition. I found this morning that, hidden deep in the inmost recesses of her nature, probably never revealed before even to her own mother, dwells and glows the divinely unkindled spark of God, manifested in human love. I have always believed that she married my father for his wealth and station; I thought her incapable of feeling, of regret, of aught save blind obedience in slavish fear to her tyrannical mother. Now, I know, and I bless God for the knowledge, she loved my father! She weeps in secret over his pictured face, she feels and suffers. Against her planit will, she is being led into a second marriage. Her soul recoils from it. I am certain. But she is powerless in the grasp of that stronger, coarser, ruling mind. I pity her! And perhaps ere this, through her own sufferings, she has learned to pity me for all I endured in the past. Oh, it is beautiful to find the redeeming angel-fruit in every human soul! Somewhere in the dark spirit of the mother—cruel, relentless, unforgiving as she is—there was the illuminating spark that allies all souls to God."

"Yes, yes, Miss Jessie, I devoutly hope so. I'm sure. I don't want to see a single living human being going to eternal destruction; but if it was n't for what I've learnt from the dear lady as a saint in heaven, and the good Captain, I'd be an unbeliever on some points. As it is, I have my doubts sometimes. They were so heavenly themselves, they believed all that was good of others. But I cannot yet see where the redeeming point, as you call it, is in Mrs. Catharine Strong. I think it would puzzle a saint to find it! She's a Satan of the feminine gender, as incarnate a demon as ever took on a mortal form! She's got neither religion nor morality, nor goodness of any sort, that I can see! Forgive me, Miss Jessie, but I would like to see her hung high as Haman! An archangel and a double distilled scorch might search about in the wilderness of her soul for nine millions of years, and never find a spark of anything Godlike, or the flower of any virtue there. She's a dragon, and worse than a Camanche Indian—a cold-blooded, civilized vampire! I know you don't approve of hangings; but at least she ought to be shut up for life in some strong fortress or prison, where she could n't do any more mischief, or brew her witch's pot! She's what my poor French mother would have called—une monstre infernale!" Excuse me, Miss; but when I feel strongly, my words correspond. Some poet has said that 'an honest man was the noblest work of God.' And I say, a wicked woman's the vilest work of Satan, and for such folks there ought to be, if there is n't, an especial devil! But who is Madam Agatha going to marry?"

The good creature was excited beyond her wont—all from trust, tenderest sympathy for me.

"I do not know, but must learn. This I am sure of: she is forced into a second marriage by her mother. We know his name, and that is all."

"And to think of their calling themselves Montandini, when they're nothing but common English Strongs!" said Anastasia, contemptuously. "Northrup is a fine-sounding, aristocratic name; but Strong! Pook! I expect she's going to marry some Spaniard, or French Monsieur le Prince, from the style they live in."

"I must meditate, and ask counsel of God," I rejoined. "I would not act hastily, or from any motive save justice. But I think the world should be warned of the evil propensities of such a woman as Catharine Strong."

"Of course it should; and she should be brought to the halter, anyhow! Now the dear saint is gone, I snuff my fingers at the likes of her, or any enemy, hidden or above board. And if she lets out the venom of her spite against you, we can leave the country, and get out of her reach. It would n't be so terrible to leave mosquitoes and bats and roaches and flying things with thousand legs, and an eternal summer that roasts you up alive! For my part, I'd like to see winter once more, and feel so delightfully cold and blue on some fine December morning. Miss Jessie, I believe sometimes the furnace Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were put into, was n't hotter than this climate. I'm no poet, as you are, and I can't see the beauties; I only feel the disagreeableness. I have to sleep every afternoon to get through the day; and I'm growing most as lazy as the colored folks."

She was no admirer of the Tropics.

I felt an insatiable curiosity to know the intended husband. I watched from my window. Anastasia questioned the servants; she could only learn again that his name was Senor Romirez, that he was a rich Cuban, and would bear his bride to his own estate. At last, fully resolved to leave them to the unfailing reticulations of conscience, to the overruling Power who in his own good time would bring the ultimate good out of the dearest evil, I yet could not refrain from the irresistible desire of beholding the bridegroom who was to wed with Herbert Northrup's widow.

I saw him at last; and with all loss of self-control I uttered a piercing shriek that brought faithful Anastasia at once to my succor. My eyes had fallen upon a terrible vision of the past—upon one I had hoped would never cross my path again in life. I had seen my father's murderer, Mark Catiffe!

Then, with the suddenness of inspiration my resolve was formed: never, while I had breath to utter a protest, a life to peril, and a right to gain, should my father's widow wed with his assassin!

I told Anastasia of my plan, and she, brave heart, though tremblingly, approved. Arrayed in the dress my mother loved best—a soft blue silk, with simple ornaments of pearl—with a white veil thrown over my head and shoulders, I proceeded to the church where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

There was a dense crowd, and, half veiling my face, I passed unnoticed to the main altar, and knelt down quietly. It was a bold and daring thing to do for one naturally so shrinking, so sensitive, as I was. But the calm inspiring sense of duty upheld me. I saw them enter—the bride in her costly robes of amber satin, with rich jewels glittering on her neck and arms, and the white veil floating in a haze of splendor around her. I saw that her face was very pale, her eyes swollen with weeping. My enemy was solemnly attired in his wedding suit of black. Erect and haughty, stern and cold, towered the imperial form of the mother, clad in gorgeous purple, followed by invited guests and servants.

The ceremony was about to begin, when I stepped forward, and in the presence of the congregation, I accused that man as my father's murderer, and asked Agatha, in the name of God, whether she would give her hand to him who was stained with her first husband's blood!

I cannot attempt to describe the consternation that ensued. Deadly pale, and trembling as an aspen, Mark Catiffe stood, bereft of speech. Agatha sank fainting into her mother's arms. I heard her thrilling cry—"I will not marry him! O God bless you, Jasmine!" and then there was a rush for the doors. Many hands clasped mine; I was surrounded, questioned; I answered only to the priests; my story was believed. As in a dream I gained my home.

I have succeeded! I have saved her! I have thwarted him!" I cried, as Anastasia told me in her arms, and the house was filled with strangers and acquaintances, besieging me with inquiries. Upon that faithful bosom I sank into a quiet, dreamlike sleep, that the physicians called a long swoon, from which I

emerged into the beatitudes of entranced vision, to awaken in the quiet of my own chamber, strengthened and refreshed.

"Miss Jasmine! Oh Lord, thy ways are wonder-ful! Mysterious are thy providences! Poor, wicked slaver that I am, to pass my judgments! Vengeance is thine! Be merciful to me, oh Lord, for daring to sit in condemnation on my fellow beings!"

This from Anastasia, a week later, as she entered my cozy library, with clasped hands and a distressed countenance.

"What is it? What agitates you so fearfully?" I asked her.

"The Lord has found her! His retributions have been meted out without any of my meddling! She's had a paralytic stroke, is lying broken and helpless, and calls incessantly for you. I only heard it now, and I came to tell you. We're commanded to forgive our worst enemies. She can't recover; you, better than any of the priests, can point her way to heaven."

"But, for mercy's sake, who are you talking about?" I cried.

"Why, of the old Sa—, poor, wretched, miserable Mrs. Strong, to be sure; the Senora or Donna Montandini, as they posit in calling her."

"Mrs. Strong struck with paralysis! Sick and dying! I exclaimed. 'I will go immediately.'"

I found her helpless, with one side cold and dead, with distorted visage, sunken eyes, changed, disfigured features. On seeing me she raised her one hand, and feebly made signs. I sat down by the bedside, vainly striving to conceal my tears. Agatha, with a return of her usual weakness, avoided the sick room, fearing to look upon the wreck of her once stately mother. She accused me of causing her condition. She was petulant, impatient, irritable and repulsive, as she had ever been to me; but the mood lasted only for a while. With a quick return of the natural affection, with regret for her impatient words, with gratitude for being saved from the union with a man she abhorred, came better feelings. She was tender and devoted nurse. The impassive coldness of her manner gone, the best traits developed. She was no longer to me the hated object of my former aversion. And Mrs. Strong?

The mighty hand of disease effected what years of ordinary trial would have failed to do. Left to the mercy of others, her sceptre broken, her earthly rule over, she felt, in all its dependency, her utterly forlorn state. When she recovered speech enough to communicate her meaning intelligibly, she spoke to me with carefully closed doors, and without another witness, of the wrongs and errors, the crimes of latent and commission of her earlier years. I listened to a fearful story—to a tale of wrong and fraud, dating far back into the past.

Over her birth had presided no loving genius of household faith and purity; the unborn babe had been accursed and doomed to misdirection before its unconscious eyes opened to the light. She was the child of a pure-prod, family proud European, and a West Indian woman of color—an unwedded mother when Catharine was pressed to her bosom—nay, more, a slave! The taint of African blood was but slightly perceptible. In the daughter the suspicion had never found a claim. That mother, finally released from bondage, was abandoned, left to struggle with poverty and temptation; her life was one of degradation; she died in misery, while yet in the prime of her years. Rosita was the child of the same mother, but her father was not the haughty white man. This girl, with the visible marks of her lineage on her face and form, was born in slavery and destined to the relentless fate of her race.

A proud and beautiful lady from France came to rule the plantation. She was the master's wife. Catharine hated her in secret; in public she fawned upon her. Thus early had she been taught the lessons of deceit. Acknowledged as the master's daughter, she was a petted favorite, distinguished for her beauty, spoiled in temper, trained only to outward accomplishments. At the command of her father she gave her hand to a wealthy Spaniard many years her senior. The marriage was unhappy; she fled from the brutal husband, and her life was not one devoid of blame. She left her early home, never again beheld her father; only by chance she heard of the death of her miserable mother. She forgot the existence of Rosita. Then she met with Everhard Strong, and the unsuspecting, honest American was captivated by her beauty, by her strength of character. She had not heard from her Spaniard husband for years, nor did she care particularly to ascertain his death. They were married, and Agatha was their only child. But the sin of her former life pursued Catharine. She had concealed her origin, all the circumstances attending her first marriage, all her past errors from her husband. He could have forgiven all but the lack of truthfulness. He settled a handsome fortune upon her, and taking his child he left her forever.

With sobs that threatened to arrest the tide of her now unfeeling life, she told me how she had dogged his footsteps from place to place; how she had stolen the child, the only object that she loved on earth; how grief at her loss preyed on the father's spirit, and broken-hearted, he had died! Then she devoted herself to a life of guile and dissipation to drown her remembrance and chase the haunting memories of the past.

Years after, she met Rosita, her sister—then a sorrowing slave-mother—mourning the fate that had torn her children from her arms; that had desecrated her womanhood, blighted her every prospect of happiness. In a distant island she met her. The sorrow-stricken woman, yet comely and young, implored her sister's pity. Mrs. Strong bought her and attached her to her own service. She became her faithful attendant, her confidante; but the fact of their relationship, although known to both, was never revealed by either. On English ground the slave became free; but because she had been rescued from the life of enforced maternity, freed from the terror of giving birth to slaves, she vowed eternal gratitude to her rescuer. Although she occupied a menial position in her household, though she bore with much that was cruel and harsh, she was ever grateful, bound with more than ordinary fidelity—and also with small companionships of conscience, to her sister's service.

Her wonderful gift of clairvoyance and premonition had often been subverted to the unholy uses of ambition and revenge, to serve a vilely selfish purpose.

After she had parted from me—had fulfilled her exploratory mission—who returned to her sister and niece, only to bid them farewell forever. She was going to do good thenceforth, and serve the evil spirits no more, she said.

"I gave her some money, and let her go," said the narrator. "I knew she would never betray me. I have not heard from her since. She said, Jasmine, your mother's eyes were upon her constantly; her blessing was on her head; she would try and win heaven, so she could see that angel there."

With sobs and tears, and quick apings of pain that wrung every feature, the unhappy woman told the long story of her griefs and errors. She confessed to the nefarious attempt upon my father's life. She told me of terrible things; suggestions to crime most horrible; intentions fraught with murder! I shuddered, but I strove to calm her with the promise of God's everlasting mercy. She knew that Mark Catiffe had taken my father's life; she had exulted in the deed. But it had never been a certainty with Agatha. She shrank from the approach of the snail. Only at her mother's stern command had she given a reluctant consent, accustomed to obedience as she was all her life. When Herbert Northrup wooed and won her in her Tropic home, and took her from a comparatively lowly abode to his own ancestral hall, her heart went with the offering of her hand. It soothed me to know this of her.

I heard that the home of my childhood had fallen into stranger hands, that by some means unknown, my enemy had come into possession of a vast fortune, which he desired to share with Agatha. His son was yet in Europe. Then I heard, too, the fatal secret of Mark Catiffe's enmity toward all who bore the name of Northrup. I dare not tell it, for it would throw an odious blot upon the name of the departed. In early years he had endured a great wrong at my father's hands, for which he vowed everlasting vengeance. I may not say more.

Then I knew why Clarence May had left the chamber of the dying, looking so deathly pale. To him had been confided the mystery and misery of years.

I ministered to my dying foe as faithfully as I would have done to my best friend. I watched beside her night and day, and Anastasia shared with me the vigils of the long Tropical night. It was not alone a tortured body that clamored for ease and rest, it was a soul goaded to frenzy by the haunting phantom of a mispent life. Her birth had been a curse to the wretched mother, as her life had been a burden of inherited evil. Death to her would be release from the bondage of the passion, for it would lead to endless, though gradual progression. I told her this, I spoke to her of the innumerable worlds, the conditions, the blessed advantages of the hereafter. She listened enrapt!

"No one ever talked so to me before!" she whispered. And Anastasia declared that I was a better comforter than any minister she had ever listened to.

May I never witness such another death-bed! Fearful was the parting of the spirit from the clay. Agatha was borne fainting from the room; the very physicians looked pale and awestricken, but I remained with her to the last.

I had prayed for revenge upon her; for the time to come when I might return bitter humiliation and trial upon her who had so cruelly and unnecessarily embittered my childhood, and poisoned for me the fair springs of youth. My prayer was granted, but in another and a better sense. I had been most grandly, gloriously revenged! I had gained the spiritual victory over a stubborn heart, and over the uncharitable desires of selfishness. I wept long over the inanimate form of her I once had dreaded.

Soon after the funeral, Agatha, with two servants, left C. She kissed me at parting, and told me whither she was going. I felt that we should never meet again, yet thenceforth I hoped she would prove a better and a nobler woman. The sale of her magnificent household effects, with the sum in money left by her mother, and the jewels in her possession, sufficed for her moderate wants. I felt no fears on her account. She was grateful to me for her mother's sake; yet there was a coldness between us time could not eradicate. I went back to my home to rest, for I was exhausted in mind and body; yet my vigorous constitution bore up against it all. But I soon felt that I must leave my quiet home-retreat; the trail of the serpent had passed over my Eden. Mark Catiffe, before he died, had lost no time in gloating from what I heard he termed "the shallow accusations of a disappointed and revengeful girl!" had said that of me which had branded my fair fame and left the impress of suspicion on my mother's character. My independent mode of life, my freedom of expression and act, gave coloring to his statements. I found myself accused, shunned by some. I was submitted to what I deemed rude or questioning by others. I was even accused of causing the old lady's death by my unfounded, calumnious attack.

I resolved to bear these things no more. I sold my hallowed homestead. I visited for the last time the earthly resting-place of my loved ones, and committing myself to the guidance of the Almighty Parent, with my faithful Anastasia I set sail for the shores of free and united America.

By spirit impression my guides thus wrote: "Fair gates and favoring breezes shall wait these safely to the great trade-mart of a prosperous land, in the quiet city chosen for thy abiding-place, the discipline of heart and change awaits thee; but its end is well-earned happiness. Shrink not amid trials; faint not when sorrows cluster thickly as the storm-clouds around thee. Wouldst thou have the compensation without the effort? Be strong and brave, whatever be- side; learn to know earth as the school-room of wisdom. Thou art not fully initiated yet. Be patient, labor, aspire; be ever self-sacrificing, pure and true."

We landed safely at New York, and after a short stay, proceeded to the Quaker city, of whose village quiet, yet manifold opportunities for intellectual culture I had heard so much. Anastasia was delighted with everything she saw, and when, after boarding a wharf, I had rented the upper portion of a house in a shady, pleasant street, she declared she was now feeling more like a human being, in the hope of not sweltering to death with the heat, and once more be- holding the blessed snow and ice.

I, however, longed for the sight of the ocean and the lullaby of its waves.



none may exert a controlling power over the

AND by this theory here advanced, although so imperfectly presented, it is easy to conceive how it is not only possible, but even probable, that a magnetic pole may exert a controlling power over certain

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**SPIRITUAL HAND-BOOK.**

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## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Wm. J. M. C. C.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

THESE MESSAGES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The BANNER Establishment is subjected to no consideration of expense in consequence, therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungering multitude, will please address—BANNER OF LIGHT, 7 Boston, Mass. Funds so received promptly acknowledged.

The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays AFTERNOON. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Nov. 3.—Invocation: "The Natural Condition of Man." Bolonzo Low, to his son, John A. Low of New York; Thomas Adams, master of the ship Wm. Kent, to his wife; Anne Abbott, to her father, Alexander Abbott, now sick at Cape Cod.

Thursday, Nov. 5.—Invocation: "Patience, Responsibility and Accountability." Thomas Dillaway, of England, who died in America to his family; Fanny Elwell Barnard, of Glaston Ab., to her parents; Wm. J. M. C. C., to his mother, in Peru, Ill.; Minnie Wallace, to her parents, in New York City.

Monday, Nov. 8.—Invocation: "The condition of those who pass from earthly life to infancy." Poem by "Birdie" (Anna Cora Wilson) to her parents, in this city; Joseph Adridge, to friends in Maine; Adrienne Haggard, to her mother, in Montpelier, Vt.; Tom Sullivan, Margaret Hopkinson, to Mr. Thomas, in New Bedford; John Jones, to his mother, in New York.

Tuesday, Nov. 10.—Invocation: "The condition of children prematurely born." Thomas Merion, of Holliston, Mass.; Col. Alfred M. Weston, to his friends at the South; John Welch, to his friends in Troy, N. Y.; Alice Emery, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to her father, in Ohio; Bank's expedition, to his friends in New York.

Thursday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "The realization of evil." Dr. Eleazer Emmons, to his friends; Joseph Whittier, to his brother, Moses, in New Bedford; John Jones, to his mother, in New York; Frances B. Briggs, who died three days since in Florence, Italy, to her parents, in New York; N. Y. Mary Babcock, to her parents in Boston.

Monday, Nov. 15.—Invocation: "Control of Evil Spirits." Quotations and Answers: Andrew Feront, to his brother, James; Frederick Alton Oha of Baltimore, Md.; Major Thomas Newkirk, to Matthew Crow.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.—Invocation: "Can a man control his own destiny?" Quotations and Answers: John Green, to his friends in Cleveland, Ohio; Elder Cath M. Dyer, of Fidd, N. H.; Evelyn Knox, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to her parents.

## Invocation.

Oh God, we have come up from the dim and shadowy past, and we are closely pressed by a cloud of our human remembrance, and we stand to day resurrected, upon the living and holy ground of the present hour. Give us for this hour in the vestments of female life, that we may break the bread of the Kingdom to the starving multitude; souls who have been fed upon the husks of tradition, until it would seem that they had sold their birthright to immortality. They had resigned all of their life, all of the divine responsibility, unto those who have fed their souls with the husks of tradition. Oh thou Spirit of this Nineteenth Century, we adore thee for that star that is shining for the children of this age, and its presence seems like a beacon light in the way of life; for thousands and tens of thousands of weary travelers on the mortal shore are being guided heavenward and upward. Oh, we thank thee for this light that is shining afar off. We adore thee for that wondrous flood that is momentarily nearing the earth shore. It is rolling on slowly and steadily, and soon—soon the morning dawns; soon the darkness of the past shall be away; soon the glorious sunlight of Immortal Truth shall burst upon humanity, and that humanity shall rise with one accord to these then as their God and their Saviour. Oh, we thank thee for the and void of life, and we know that we fall far short of our aspirations, and we kneel child-like in humility, asking for more light, more truth, more of that divine bread of human kindness, that alone can satisfy our hungry souls. Oh spirit of All-Life, hast thou not spread thy table in the midst of this earthly court—and are not thy messengers waiting to break thy bread to the hungry multitude? Oh, why should thy children in earth life fail to recognize thy presence, thy Divine mercy, when thou art ever with them? But their eyes are sealed to thy great light; their ears are lead, and they hear not the melody of thy voice. They see not, they hear not, but oh, our Father, we thank thee that the time is not far distant when these eyes shall be unveiled, these ears unstopped, and the glad tidings of great joy roll through their being, and they, with us, shall return thee thanks for thy wondrous love. Oct. 20.

## Defining Clairvoyance.

BRIT.—We are ready to enter upon a brief discussion of any subject the friends see fit to offer this afternoon.

SUBJECT.—What do you understand by Clairvoyance?

The sight of the spirit. We may add that sight may be dependent upon mortality, and may be independent of it; or, in other words, may be used through a mortal body, or without one.

Q.—Is it a mental operation, or have we spiritual vision? or, like earthly beings, eyes of sight? That is what we intended you should understand. Oct. 20.

## Questions and Answers.

Q.—Is prayer the means of soul-growth?

A.—It is in one sense.

Q.—Is it necessary for us to assume a humble posture to address ourselves to God?

A.—It may not and is not doubtless necessary, that you bend the knee in prayer, but it brings us into a more clear, more spiritual atmosphere, to thus posture ourselves before God. It lifts the soul above the cares and strains of earthly life, and admits us into the company of harmonious beings. By coming into rapport with a higher class of intelligences, we draw of their strength, and thus we lose our own weakness.

Q.—Is it reasonable to pray to God as a distinct being?

A.—No, not when spiritually considered. We only use that term because it serves us best, not because we believe in a personal Deity, a Supreme personal God, who created and is governing all things. We merely use the term relatively. Do you understand us?

Q.—Do you know of any higher form in the spirit-world than the human form?

A.—The human form is by no means the highest form of life in existence. It is the highest that you in the mundane or mortal sphere of life can conceive of, for no higher hath ever been given you. The human form is the grand temple of your spiritual life, while in the mortal world; but thereafter the spirit will not be content with the human form, or with even the semblance of it. But a higher, diviner and more perfect form will be given it as ages roll on. No, it is not the highest form by any means.

Q.—Some persons have the countenances of individuals so strongly impressed upon their minds, that they are able to recognize them in the streets. What would you call that, vision, or the sense of clairvoyance?

A.—Yes, we would say that it is spirit clairvoyance, but at some time past and recognized the spirit

of the individual. The impression was carried into the external; therefore, when external met internal, there was a remembrance.

Q.—Describe the form of an angel?

A.—There are many angels dwelling in forms of flesh. Look upon a good man or good woman, and you will see the form of an angel.

Q.—Are we to understand that there is a class of spirits in the spirit-world known as angels?

A.—No; you should not understand anything of the kind. All spiritual beings have once been human beings. We are aware that your Ancient Record teaches otherwise; that there is a class of intelligences in the spirit-sphere who never had an human existence; who always have and ever will exist in spirit, because they are children of eternity. We have never met with such a race of intelligences, and are quite sure that they never did exist except in the fancy of the dark ages.

Q.—All such intelligences did not originate on this planet, I suppose.

A.—No, certainly not. God's great universe is filled with worlds like your own, each peopled in a similar manner. Thousands, yes, millions and tens of millions are passing constantly from these various planets to the spirit-world. Yours is but a mote in the great universe of God's creation. You think it is all, because your senses can scarcely pass beyond its boundaries. The time is coming when you shall look upon it as we do, like a mere atom floating in the atmosphere of God's immensity. Oct. 20.

## William Briggs.

I got permission to come here to say to my folks I'm safe here in this new world; got a free passport to come back, and I'm now ready to talk with them if they'll give me a chance.

I left Boston only a short time since, under different colors. I was then a soldier for Uncle Sam, but I'm one in a different way now. But I'm back here, any how. I said I'd come home if I could, on a furlough, but I got a longer one than I thought I should get.

I got my discharge from Morris Island. I was private in the 64th Massachusetts Regiment, Company E, and my name was Bill Briggs—William Briggs.

Some things is very much different in this new world, from what they were when I was on the earth. Then it was colored folks admitted only to the gallery; now it's colored folks occupying the chief seats. There's the difference between God's law and man's law. For my part, I like the God law best. [You mean you occupy equal seats with white men now.] No, I do not mean any such thing; I've got the best seat in the crowd. No, sir, got a seat all to myself, and facing the crowd present, and that's more than you've got; for you have to turn your back on most of 'em!

Folks here in Boston, that is my folks, do not know that I'm alive, and can come back. I can talk as well as anybody. I can get words through a white skin as well as I could through my own black one; exactly as well. I can talk just as well through a lady, as through a man; and I'd be right glad to. I do not want to say too much, because I want to come again if I can, and do it well this time.

I got a pretty tough wound at Wagner, another at Morris Island, and that was altogether too much for me; so about the second week in July last I began to sneeze—began to sneeze—that's the better word, I did not die.

Well, white folks, when you get to the spirit world, and can't do better resort, I'll do escort duty for you in good shape. Good-by to you. You'll publish my letter, of course? [Certainly.] Oct. 20.

## Annie T. Wallace.

I wish I could send a letter home. [You probably can, if you try.] I died on the 10th of March, 1862, in Quebec. I was eleven years old. My parents live in Quebec, and I died there.

I was taken sick at the Catholic school in Montreal, and was taken home and died. There was vague rumors of spirit talking at the school, but I did not learn much about it. I remembered one of my schoolmates on our last distribution day said she had seen a spirit, but the Lady Superior silenced her, and told her she must utter no more such heretical nonsense; that she was not well, and must go into the infirmary, and stay for a few days, and then she would come out better.

But I soon learned that spirit could come back and talk, and show themselves oftentimes to their friends; that they was n't away from earth, that most of them were here because the attractions were so strong here. [Please give your name?] Annie T. Wallace. Yes, that's my name. My father's? Jo in Wallace was his name. I have come here to ask my parents to let me speak at home.

Many thanks to our Lady Superior, for the kindness her kindness in sending me the emblem of our Church rite before my death. I knew of her kindness then, but could not send thanks. Oct. 20.

## Thomas F. Algers.

Bel well, this is what I should call being born again. Well, how am I to proceed? [Say whatever you want to, and we will send your letter to your friends.] Exactly. [You want to give something to identify yourself to your friends, such as name, age, and any facts you choose to give—something that will convince them that it is you, and no one else, who communicates to them from this place.]

Well, the best thing I take it is my name; one of the best, is n't it? [Yes.] Well, I was Thomas F. Algers, from Columbus, Ohio. I am from the 9th Ohio. Now, for a description of myself as I was, or be. [Your friends would not understand you, if you were to give a description of yourself as you are now. You'd better go back into the past, and tell what you were.] I never did like to retreat. I always objected to it when I was in my own body, but if you say so, I'll retreat and think of what I was. [A retreat is sometimes better than a victory.] Your're right; may be I'll retreat, and see if I can gain anything by it.

Now you see, 'Clip'in, if I had been good looking, I would n't have minded giving a description of myself, but as I wa'n't, I snt much in favor of it. [Your friends would n't want you to give anything inconceivable.]

Well, I was five feet seven—that's my height. My weight, one hundred and sixty-four pounds when I was in good case; when I was not, always from one hundred thirty to one hundred thirty-five pounds. My complexion, little bordering on the foxy. Eyes were not blue, by any means, but rather gray. Nose—well, not like that, (referring to our mediums,) long and peaked. I had n't an abundance of hair when I was here, though I had more when I went away than I did afterwards, because somehow or other, the warm climate did n't agree with me, so it concluded to leave me—went home, I suppose, on a furlough. I guess if my folks had seen me about the time I died, they would have thought I was about ten years older than I was.

I have got a wife and a little abaver, three years—yes, four—no, about that old. I've a brother in the army. I have a half-brother, a prisoner at Richmond. You see we did something for the folks at Washington, while they merely drank their sherry cobbler, and smoked their Havana. That's so, Cap'n. [We think there's some truth in that.]

You ought to have a man at the helm who is fit for a Military Commander—one that would go out like Napoleon, and lead your army to victory himself. But you snt got him, and what's more, you won't get him in a hurry. I'm thinking. [That's not all

that is required in this war.] That's one of the things that's needed.

It's not just the thing for a leader to sit still at Washington, and send orders to the army, that's hundreds of miles away, when you do n't know what the devil you're sending to them. For I have known an Army Corps to be just on the eve of battle, when orders would come from Washington to retreat. "By G-d!" I've said, "If I was a General, I'd fight even if I knew I should lose every man I had, before I'd retreat!" But retreat it was, or get your head cut off at Washington.

Well, how long you're going to sit and drink slops in this way, I can't tell; but I suppose when the nation gets tired of drinking them, that it will get something it likes better than slops for drink.

Well, well, well, a word to my wife in Columbus. Tell her, to begin with, I'm happy, but I should be still happier if I could go home and talk with her. Then again, this spirit world where you and I live when we change conditions, is so unlike what we expected to find it, that we find ourselves most outrageously mystified, for all we have ever been told concerning it now, looks up before our eyes, with the word "Bumbug!" written on it. That's so, Cap'n.

You have n't heard a word of truth till spirits began to come back and talk to you about this spirit-world. Who should know but those who have experienced life there? You're relied on speculation, as that old fellow who spoke here to-day told you.

Now I should like to have my folks know something of the spirit-world, and if they'll only give me a chance to come and talk with them, I'll do so, and will throw all the power I've got into the scale to make myself known to them, even to gathering up particles from certain individuals who live on the earth. In order to make a material body and talk through that. I'll do it. They say we can do whatever we wish, if our will is strong enough, and I feel sure that mine is strong enough to do anything of that sort.

If my folks will give me a good chance, I'll prove myself to them; and if I don't, then they may say that they say "bumbug," as well as myself. Well, Cap'n, you may expect to hear from me again, provided I do n't get satisfaction to-day. I'll wait—won't pay you to-day, for fear I might want to come again. Oct. 20.

## Harvey Moore.

Tell the friends of Harvey Moore, in Brooklyn, New York, that he died to day of accident in New Orleans. The news is on the way. Oct. 20.

## Peter Kelley.

Ab! I think that chap had better wait until they know whether he's dead or not. For he's not certain of it himself, anyway. I suppose he is, and it's very—Ab! he'd better, I think he's a hurry; seems to me he do n't want to wait to take the evening boat. He went by—the suburban railroad—it seems to be an air line, that's in opposition to your telegram, only it's a mighty sight quicker. It works a mighty sight quicker, so it seems to me.

Well, boys, I've been thinking about coming for some time, to send word to my folks, and I take time to think about it, too. [How do you like the look, now you're here?] Oh faith, I like it very well. Well, boys, what are you going to do for me? [What do you want us to do?] I want a bit of a letter printed, or something of that sort. [Say what you like, and we'll print your letter.]

Well, sir, I got a wife, four children, a brother, all in Utica, New York. I went there four years ago; had a chance offered me where I could get more wages than I could in Manchester, New Hampshire. I went from there to Utica, and while I worked there for my dollar and twelve and a half cents a day, I could get my dollar and seventy-five cents in Utica. That's what I got.

But I then got another call, which was to fight for this America, and do what I could for defending the institutions of this free country. So I left my place. I enlisted as a common soldier, and I go and give my life, or my body. Now I see thousands coming here, and I suppose they all want something. The most I would like would be to get communication open between my folks and myself. That's the most I should like. They're pretty well off, that is, they're got a little laid by for a rainy day—they've got a little something—not so bad as many I see, so I'm not come here to raise any complaint about their being laid off in the world. All the complaint I have to make is, I do n't want the Church, nor nobody, to stand between me and my own here, in this coming back business.

Well, now, I'm sorry for one thing, and that is, that I did n't die in battle, for I like that pretty well. This being sick and dying out that way, is not crowned with the glory the soldier looks for, you know. [You are entitled to just as much.] I think so. [It was not your fault that you did n't fall in battle.] Oh, no, it's not our fault that we do n't die in battle. It's the fault of nobody. I suppose, come to the rights of it. Well, I was sorry not to die in battle, but I got just what I hoped I should n't get, that was a sick bed, and a die out of that.

Well, sir, you never knew Peter Kelley, I suppose? [Do n't know as ever we did.] Then you did n't know me. Well, I suppose you did n't know me, but, somehow or other, it seems as if I'd seen you before. [Where were you when you died?] Well, sir, I suppose I die pretty near home, in Washington.

They say the Church prevents our coming here. What about it? [The Church does not recognize spirit returning.] Ah, what has it to do with us? [It prevents your friends from investigating this thing.] Well, I should like my folks to investigate, Church or no Church. Oh, the boys all say I've got to fight the Church, because I myself have n't got over my prejudice in favor of the Church. But if the Church treats too hard on my toes—have n't got any in the spirit-world—then I'll be likely to turn and defend myself. That, I suppose, is not very Christian-like, you'll say; but as I did n't make any profession, you'll say it's right for me to say so.

Well, sir, all you've got to do is to tell my wife, brother, and all other friends, I'm here, ready to talk, and to do the best I can to make them comfortable and happy here, and tell 'em as much about this world I'm in as I can, and if they would like to hear from me, faith, I'd more than like to talk to them.

Good-by, sir. I'll take a trip down to New Orleans, and find out about that fellow. I'm mighty interested, you see, because he come almost in my shoes. He liked to have got your chance, did n't he? Faith, he'd have; and I got myself almost so mixed up with him, I found it hard to speak here. He'd better walk n't the friends there find out whether he's dead, [We know it, then, before they do.] Faith, I suppose so. Good-by. Oct. 20.

## Invocation.

Our Father, Spirit of every form of life, we sometimes feel losing our individuality, and being lost in infinitude; but specially we are reminded that the hand cannot be the head, neither can the head be the hand, for each member of the great body of humanity performs its own duty, lives its own life. Thus we fall back upon our individuality, and are content; and yet we find ourselves being borne on the sea of life by the waves of destiny, and surrounded on every side by the mountains of humanity. Oh, what does all this portend? Infinite Father, have we been called into life to fulfill a certain mission? It must be so. Ev-

erywhere we turn, we find "Destiny" written upon the page of our lives, and we know, oh God, that the Author doeth all things well. Therefore will we be satisfied, whether surrounded by darkness or sunlight. We will rejoice and sing praises forevermore; we will render perpetual thanks unto thee, our Father. Oh Life, we strive to comprehend thee, to know thee entire; but as we do this, we forget that we are finite members of the Infinite; we forget the Infinite can never be comprehended by finite life. Oh, teach us to read this holy law; teach us, oh Master, to worship thee in spirit and in truth; and while we worship the idols of earth, oh make those idols full of the living spirit of the Infinite. Then we shall not worship in vain. We shall not lift up our songs of thanksgiving for naught, for we shall feel and know that thou art ever with us, inspiring us to duty, and writing "Destiny" upon the little page of our being. Therefore we are content, through time and eternity. Nov. 2.

## The Law of Necessity.

BRIT.—Have the friends any subject to offer for brief discussion this afternoon?

SUBJECT.—The law of necessity, together with accountability.

The law of necessity seems to us to be one of the important doctrines of God. That we do this or that, is also one of the fine points of this law of necessity. We find ourselves here dwelling upon the earth, perchance surrounded by forms of flesh, or without them. It matters not. And some of us think we would fain have been born under some other conditions. But necessity or destiny, which is to us one and the same thing, seems to have marked out for us a certain course, through which we are to move. If we move at all.

It is contended by some that poor mortality is able to overrule the decrees of the Omnipotent, to set aside the laws of the Infinite, but we cannot believe this to be true. On the contrary, we believe that God's law is not to be infringed upon, and no mortal hath power to infringe upon it. If you are here fulfilling a certain destiny to-day, we believe that the Great Infinite had need of you in that position, therefore you are here, and can be in no other position; therefore you live, move and have an helpmate to immortality, by this same law of necessity. God, the Infinite, hath quite as much need of you and I, as you and I of him.

Have the friends any further questions to propound, in relation to this subject, or any other?

If there are none, we shall now introduce to your notice one who was styled Prostitute by human society. She will meet you with a brief poem, in which she intends to portray the closing scenes of her earthly life and entrance to the spirit-world. It is to be hoped that her simple tale will teach a useful lesson to all present, and especially to those who can find sight of condemnation in their souls for any of the fallen of God's children.

Six years ago this unfortunate ended her earthly life, in one of your Western cities. The house in which she was dwelling took fire, and she, with others, rushed out into the night to save themselves. It was possible, from the devouring flames. She was so badly burned that, some hours after, she was found dead upon the flagstones in the street. It is said, and with too much truth, we fear, that there was but one clergyman among all the vast number residing in that city, who would speak words of consolation over the body of the prostitute—only one.

The unfortunate case to which she belonged, particularly the seven members of that household who knew her best, will not fail to recognize and know of her immortality, by the style of the simple poem she is to give. Many such effusions of hers, both in the shape of prose and poetry, were saved from the wreck of the fire by those who resided beneath the same roof and loved her well, and are treasured as holy mementoes by that sorrowing band. They have little hope of a happy home beyond the tomb, but they ask for light; and in answer, this child of sorrow, mortal sorrow, returns to give them that they demand, that their souls seek for.

You should learn by the earth history of this unfortunate one, that you should not measure truth and virtue by the standard of human law—that none but the Infinite is able to measure them correctly, or to mete out justice to each and all of his children. Then cast no stone, for if you do, in the hereafter you will bitterly regret it. Therefore spare yourself the regret that many are plunged into. Censure no one, either lift your souls to the Great Infinite Power of goodness, asking that all may be strong, and none weak enough to fall in the way of life.

## POEM.

BY JOSEPHINE CARLTON.

Away from the sunshine, and out in the cold, Mid the wild waves of sin and sorrow untold, I slept the last sleep which to mortals is given, And dreamed of my mother, an angel in heaven.

Full twenty-five years of earth-life had fled, Since I died, a fair child, at that mother's death-bed, And heard her last sigh, her last blessing given, As she whispered, "My darling, I'll meet you in heaven."

Those twenty-five years with life's dregs had been filled, And all the bright hopes of my soul had been stilled; For the tempest, with ayeen voice, had beguiled My feet from the path where true happiness smiled.

"Oh, Father of Mercies!" I cried, in my woe, "Give me one ray of sunlight—just one—ere I go; Let my weary head rest on the bosom of Him Who plied the fallen, and understood sin."

Hark! what is that music that floats on the air? 'Tis the voice of my mother, so sweet and so clear; And she bids me look upward, nor fear to depart From the world where sin's arrows sink deep in the heart.

Oh! can it be true that she folds me once more, To the bosom of love on Eternity's shore? Yes, yes, 'tis all true! I am safe from the storm Of temptation and sin and the cold world's frown.

Nov. 2.

## Alice M. Braman.

I am requested to say that that lady who just left will be known by the name of Josephine Carlton.

I have seen only four months here in this beautiful world, and I do n't know that I am hardly fit to return to ask my friends to believe that I still live, and more than that, that I have the power to return, and under favorable conditions to identify myself to them. I lived in Troy, New York State. My name was Alice M. Braman. My father was a gold-beater in that city, and while he lived we had enough. But at his death my mother, two little brothers, and myself were sometimes very poor.

I was nineteen years of age. After my father's death I learned to do plain sewing, and assisted my mother to buy bread for my little brothers. I worked very hard, early and late, and I suppose by overwork I took sick and died of long fever four months ago.

My mother's name was Eunice. Since my death a gentleman has taken one of my little brothers to educate, he says. The other is with my mother. She is at present in New York City, working at what she calls her trade, shirt-making. She often wonders why she has not answered her with any special gift, and she might be able to earn a living for herself and child.

I'm here to-day to tell you that I have been answered her with the gift of clairvoyance, and I have now give light to the world, and I have been called into life to fulfill a certain mission? It must be so. Ev-

## John Drew.

Holla! holla! holla! holla! I died with you arm and got resurrected with two. How d'ye do? [How's your health?] Pretty good, thank you. Well, is this a stretcher or an easy chair, or what? [An easy chair.] You can move about in it to suit yourself. I had n't my choice, but had to come with a uniform like this. I'm a little opposed to that. [You must learn to suit yourself to all kinds of uniforms.] I'm beginning to believe that. Uncle Sam gave us our first lesson in that before we went to war. We had to be satisfied if we had shoes on our feet, or if we did n't. Whether we had a blue coat or a grey one, we had to be satisfied with it. It was all the same to him.

Well, Captain, I'm from the 21st Illinois. I've got folks out West, that I'd like to talk to. [Say what you please.] That's giving a little too much liberty, I should say. What if I should tell some things that had n't ought to be made public? [You may exercise your judgment upon that point.] I can exercise my own judgment.

Well, I ain't to be known, I suppose, without I give my name, John Drew. My age, can't gauge it by this one, can it? I got to go back to my old body to make out that. Well, I was thirty-six, almost, not quite, lacked a week or two of it, as high as I can reckon. Look here, stranger, you're not too easy like I did happen to make a mistake. I did n't belong to the sharpshooters, but I'll shoot as straight as I can. You know they have a pretty true instrument to assist them. I can't say the same. If you do n't know it, I do, because this is my first trial, and it's pretty hard to speak here with a uniform like this on. I do n't know as you know anything about it, but if you do n't you'll find it out when you get to the spirit-world and come back to earth again to talk. You won't feel exactly at home in this sort of a uniform, I can tell you, stranger.

Well, I've got a wife and two little ones. Now I suppose they're in Tarrytown, Illinois—devil of a way off, stranger. Now I do n't know, but then I heard the little lady there asking her mother to go to one of these folks where she could speak to her, and I thought perhaps I could do the same. [You can.] Now supposing your folks ain't got over too much money, stranger. What's to be done then? [It's hard work.] Yes, it is. I do n't know what to tell them. Well, stranger, I'll tell you the way I'll leave it. If they are folks like these out here in Illinois, if they had there, just go to one of them and I'll come and speak to them. I do n't care a whit whether it's a gentleman or lady, although I should prefer a gentleman from this. [A gentleman's?] Yes; but I'm not going to be particular, and will do the best I can to make myself known to my folks with either.

Now they want to know about my watch and some other traps that I left. They think some of the boys of our company have taken 'em, and do n't mean to return them, because they're not honest. I just want to clear that up. The boys ain't got 'em; some of the rebels have, and it's n't at all probable they'll ever see 'em again, and it ain't much matter if they should; for they do n't amount to much. The watch, to be sure, was a sort of a family relic. Never mind; it's somewhere in rebellion, and I do n't think they'll get it, so they need n't blame anybody on our side for it. I want them to understand that the boys did n't take it. Now all the other traps went, I suppose, the same way.

And about the money from Uncle Sam, they'll get it sometime, although it's a mighty long stick of red tape that's attached to it. But when Sam's clerks get to the end of the stick, they'll get the money. So they tell me in the spirit-world. Military men there tell me so, and I suppose they know.

Well, about my body; they want to know what became of it. I went, I suppose, like a good many others







