

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 15.

## Literary Department.

### THE RICH MAN, AND THE DISINHERITED HEIRS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, FOR THE BANNER  
OF LIGHT.

Upon a winter evening, as Mr. O. with his children, Allwin and Theodore, were sitting by the fire-place, a letter with a black seal was brought to him, which he read with evident emotion. After he had read it again and again, he slowly folded it up, and holding it for a long time in both hands, he gazed thoughtfully into the fire. The children watched their father with great expectation. At last he broke the seal, and said:

"You remember the splendid palace, in the neighborhood of Hamburg, which we saw last year during our journey, and which had so much about it to excite our imagination?"

"You mean the Fairy Castle," said Allwin, "which lies in the beautiful plain by the river, and even now, at this distance of time, makes such a grand impression. Oh, what an expensive house! All the walls were adorned with the most beautiful paintings, and all the stairways and saloons with statues."

"Oh, I see now the splendid room!" broke in Theodore, "where the most beautiful flowers, butterflies, and birds of paradise were painted on light blue silk tapestry, as if they were living, and the natural history-cabinet, where we saw so many foreign animals."

"But the most beautiful," said Allwin, "was indeed the park, which looked to us like a boundless landscape, and recalled all that we had heard of fairy-gardens. The marble temples, the foaming waterfalls, the still and cool grottoes—all that, stands still before my eyes, and I know also, how surprised we were on every open ground by something new and beautiful."

"It was just there," added Theodore, "where the gold and silver pheasants frightened us as they suddenly flew up. What a collection of rare birds was to be seen there! And how we wished we were able to enjoy all that forever!"

"You imagined the possessor of all these things to be very happy," said the father; "and I hinted to you, if I do not err, that one must desire something very different in order to enjoy such possessions."

"You said," interrupted Theodore, "that a sick man would probably be quite indifferent to all these riches; and that one who had a troubled conscience could not enjoy them at all."

"One must also have friends to partake them with," added Allwin.

"So it is, my children," continued the father, "and the history of the man who owned that splendid house, proves too truly the correctness of the observation. This unhappy man died only a day or two ago, and this letter informs me that at last the wish, the fulfillment of which he has been so long desiring—that he might die—has been granted."

The children wished to know what had constituted the misfortune of the rich man.

The father gratified their wish by the following narrative:

Adams—for that was the name of this unhappy rich man—was the son of a small trader in Lower Saxony, who died quite young, in indigent circumstances, and left behind him this son and an only daughter. A distant relative of the deceased took an interest in the boy and brought him to a merchant in Hamburg, who took him as an apprentice. The daughter was obliged to seek service.

Adams was a boy of fine capabilities. He exerted himself to please his master, performed his duties with great attention and faithfulness, and at the same time sought opportunities to gain pleasing and useful information. His zeal did not go unrewarded. His master quickly distinguished him above his other servants, entrusted him with his most important business, and saw it prosper under his management. Several undertakings, which he had risked by Adams's advice, prospered beyond all his hopes, increased his respectability and his connections, and soon brought him into the possession of a fortune, which grew day by day, by good management. Through gratitude, from a servant he raised him to a partnership with him in trade.

Adams enjoyed his good fortune without pride. He performed his duties easily; and as they often gave him opportunities to travel, he availed himself of them to add to his knowledge, and to acquire taste. His horizon became constantly enlarged; his character increased in stability; the association with men of the most dissimilar kinds gave him tact, and it was not wonderful that he gained the esteem and love of all. The rich sought his society, because he was amiable; the poorer class, his advice and aid; and he was always ready to give the best advice and all the assistance that lay in his power.

You will readily believe, that with these feelings he did not forget his poor sister. In fact, he drew her from her poverty, and married her to an excellent curate, who loved her, and who was placed by Adams in a very comfortable condition.

After the passage of some years, his former master was taken sick, and as he had lost, even before his doctors, all hope of recovery, he sent for his partner, and said to him:

"I shall not live much longer, and it is time that I should settle up my affairs. To-day, then, I will deposit my last will and testament, in which I have named you my sole heir. You have merited this, for you have managed my property with fidelity, and have increased it tenfold. It will prosper in your keeping, and I am not afraid that the hard earnings of my life will be squandered after I am dead. My sister's children are thrown out. They have not comforted themselves as I have wished, and I am persuaded that they look forward to my death with pleasure."

All these circumstances, I have learned for the most part of Adams himself. I had some business with him once, and made him a visit, some years since. He laid open to me his whole heart. When he came to this subject he cried out:

"Oh, how unhappy I am! I believed that I stood at the very height of my fortune at this information, and I did not foresee that destiny had set such a snare for me."

"Urgent business," he continued, "obliged me, immediately after this scene, to make a short journey, which I hoped to accomplish soon enough to find my friend still alive. But heaven had ordered otherwise. My business was in an unexpected manner prolonged; and he died during my absence, and I did not return home to take possession of my inheritance until some months after. My deceased friend's nearest relations were a nephew and a niece, who had incurred, I know not how, his displeasure. Their habits of life were perhaps not very regular, and they had become deeply in debt, hoping to liquidate it by coming into the rich inheritance of their uncle. As soon as they heard of their rich relative's death, they had hurried near him, and had caused the will to be opened. Its unexpected contents had thrown them into the greatest consternation. They had burst forth into the loudest execrations against me; they had endeavored to set aside their uncle's will; but in vain. Thus disappointed in all their expectations, and pursued by their creditors, they found it necessary to take flight. It was rumored that they had gone to England."

Adams now came into possession of an immense fortune, which became daily larger by good luck and management. His happiness was increased by the possession of a beautiful and amiable wife, and within two years she made him the happy father of a son and a daughter.

It was at that time that he built the beautiful and elegant house which you so greatly admired. He had seen much during his travels, and had a wide acquaintance among artists and connoisseurs. He soon availed himself of these, and you have seen what a large collection he had made of the most beautiful adornments. In that delightful abode he lived in the happiest manner. In the midst of his family, and in an agreeable circle of intelligent friends, whom his riches and the charms of his house collected around him.

Adams described to me the happiness which he then enjoyed, in the most glowing colors. "All my desires were satisfied," said he, "among other things, or, more properly, my happiness exceeded all that I had ever imagined. When I sat by the side of my beautiful and amiable wife, in front of my house, and danced my children on my knees, I believed that I saw a paradise at my feet, and imagined that I was the ruler of it. But the happy lot which heaven had granted me, had turned my eyes away from heaven. I had forgotten the instability of all earthly joy. Alas! for the first time, when the noblest and best part of what I called my own was lost, I thought of God again, and my troubled heart sought for him whom I had forgotten in my happiness. You behold my sufferings," he added, "and still what you see is but a small part of them."

When Adams told me this, he was lying in a small room in his country-seat, into which not a ray of sunlight penetrated, and upon a bed whose curtains were seldom opened. An incurable gout had seized upon almost every limb, and affected his eyes so badly that he could not bear the least ray of light. The slightest motions gave him the most painful pangs. He seldom received visits, and his widowed sister was the only person whom he could bear in the room, and whom he allowed to supply his wants. His house was deserted, and where formerly the sounds of gladness were heard, now nothing sounded but the agonized groans of an incurable sick man. Adams had at that time some comfortable moments. When he saw that I was affected by his condition, he grasped my hand and said:

"I will pour out to you my whole heart. You feel an interest in my unfortunate situation, and I shall feel better if I can confide my trouble to a sympathizing breast."

After a short pause, he went on:

"I had lived six years in the happiest state, when some business called me to London, where it was necessary that I should remain for several months. It was the first time that I had been so long absent from my family. My longing to be with it was very great, and I enjoyed the pleasures of that monster city but little. My heart was agonized, and the presentiment of some great misfortune fastened itself upon me. One day, as I was passing through a square, preparations were being made for the execution of some highway robbers. I had not the least inclination to remain in view of this spectacle, but, as by chance, I heard some one in the crowd say that one of them was a German, I sought still further information. Conceal myself of my horror when I heard the name of Oliver, the man's name whom my former master, through love for me, had disinherited. For one moment I hoped that it might be some one else, but when I cast my eyes toward the place of execution, the same man stood upon the ladder. In whose disturbed countenance I recognized but too distinctly the well-known features of the disinherited. I was struck as with a thunder-bolt at this terrible discovery. I hurried home without knowing what I was doing, nor what was the matter with me. And I had hardly recovered from my first shock, when I received a letter from my wife, in which she wrote to me that our daughter was taken sick with the scarlet fever, and also that the first symptoms of the disease had shown themselves upon my boy. She entreated me to be tranquil, and to hope for the best. This news would have terrified me under any circumstances; but at this time it completely prostrated me. It instantly appeared certain to me, that the condition of my children was hopeless, and I connected—I do not myself know how—their danger and Oliver's unfortunate fate sadly together. What I had scarcely yet ventured to embody in my thoughts, stood at this awful moment distinctly before my soul. I said to myself: 'Thou art the cause of Oliver's crime and death; thou holdest the property which belonged to him; thou holdest it because thou didst not offer any words in his favor, and didst not seek to reconcile his uncle with him. Now when this unhappy man, whom despair drove out of his own Fatherland, undergoes the expiation of a crime into which his helplessness forced him, thou dost suffer in the anxiety for thy children a double death, and dost penance for the carelessness with which thou hast looked upon the misfortunes of the disinherited man.'

I had not an easy moment now in England. I must go home—and by good luck I found a vessel which was

just ready to start—and the forms of my children stood constantly before my eyes. Alas! I might never see them again! While I was wandering on the sea, the dear ones of my heart had been snatched away by death.

As soon as I got on shore, I hurried to my country-seat. It was night before I reached it, and I saw afar off a portion of the house strongly illuminated; and lights were moving to and fro in the dark rooms. My uneasiness was indescribable, and although I was riding fast, it seemed to me that the carriage was standing still. We at length arrived. I hurried up stairs. Nobody met me. I threw open the lighted parlor, and saw my wife in her coffin."

Adams stopped at these words, folded his hands, and seemed lost in the recollection of his sorrows. Then he went on:

"I will not attempt to describe to you my feelings. My grief was boundless. I fell senseless by the coffin in which my beloved wife lay smiling. I was seized with a violent fever; it raged during several days, and I was given up by the doctors. But alas! I had not yet emptied the cup of my sufferings. I recovered my health, contrary to the hopes of all. From that time, my home, which before had been the habitation of joy and contentment, appeared to me like an open grave, which had swallowed up all that I loved. Wherever I walked, wherever I turned my eyes, I saw nothing but the signs of departed joys, for which I wept and sighed in vain. But the very enjoyment of a mournful sadness was denied me, for the awful image of Oliver thrust itself between the shades of my children and of my dear wife. I saw him while asleep and while awake. How frequently I started up with mortal anguish from my bed, when I saw him in my dreams, as he strangled my children, or threw them into the flames of my house, or struggled with me, and demanded my property, which he said rightly belonged to him. These dreams always seemed to me to be the voice of my conscience. What I valued most was gone, and what I still retained was no more a pleasure to me. I viewed all this as a confirmation that it was holding it unjustly."

"Alas! my friend," continued Adams, sighing, "I might have been happy; if my conscience had not accused me on this point. I could not in any way reproach myself with having obtained the will of my friend, in an unlawful manner; but, then, had I done the least thing to modify his last resolution by which he had disinherited his nearest relatives? I was tormented now for having failed to do so, and I attributed Oliver's deeds and his death to myself."

It was altogether in vain that I commended this idea; it constantly returned again; and if I had thrown it out of my mind, it only seized me more strongly during the night. Once when I was throwing myself about restlessly on my bed, it suddenly came into my mind that Oliver had a sister, about whom, until then I had never thought, and that she had gone with him when he took flight. This thought came upon my heart with new strength. But just as quickly a faint glimmer of consolation therefrom shone on me. "Thank God," I cried, "perhaps I can yet remedy a portion of my wrong. I will save her, wherever she may be. With these words I sprang up and made instant preparations to depart. No one understood my design, for I had not confided in any one. Every one thought that the death of my wife and children was the sole cause of my sadness. I came to London. After in finite trouble, I gained some news of her whom I was seeking; but the traces of her existence were almost obliterated; and the little that I heard did not give me much encouragement. From all I could learn, it seemed probable that she had gone to America. I hastened on, even there, after her, but without success. Thus I wasted several years in vain efforts, till, more discouraged than ever, I returned home. The various journeys, the dangers which I underwent, the restlessness which never left me—all this had broken down my strength, and I sank gradually into the helpless condition in which you now see me. My health is irretrievably gone; my wealth is hateful to me; and all my hopes depend upon death, which will free me from my sufferings, and lead me back into the arms of my spouse and of my children."

This is the history of this pitiable man, whose neglect of a single benevolent action, rendered him so un-speakably unhappy.

None but a very noble man would have so severely condemned himself for such an omission, and would have so long repented of it. After he had passed several years as above described, his sister died, whose presence and care had alleviated his sufferings. This new misfortune hastened his death. When he felt it approach, he thanked God with un-speakable joy that he was about to release him at last from his condition—for his sufferings had long since withdrawn him from the world, and he longed to pass to spirit-life.

## Woman.

Do you love her? Has she left home, her parents, her sisters, brothers, her friends, all for you? Do you love her? Has familiarity induced you to carelessness? Have you forgotten the vows you made her before heaven's tribunal? Have time and the troubles incident on all life made her physically less favorable in your eyes? Have you forgotten that her youth, her hopes, her aspirations for that sphere that all honorable women covet, were pledged to you? And have you cherished her, and are you still to her all in all? If you are, then she is happy, and you have acted a part to be applauded by your fellow-men, and you will receive one day your recompense of reward.

But, on the other hand, have you become satiated? Have you forgotten the being you swore to cherish? Have you left her to her own resources, and by your continual absence caused her to pine in solitude, like a meek, yet gentle sufferer? If you have, remember, oh man! you will one day pay the penalty of your neglect.

God speed the friends of Progress  
Of Liberty, Truth and Right!  
May Heaven smile upon us,  
As a Nation needing Light;  
Till the radiant beams of glory  
Shall united hearts inspire,  
With the wisdom that is holy,  
Blest with Truth's celestial fire.

Lizzie Dickson.

## Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see  
Above our heads the angels there are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
[LAMB: HUNT.]

### LETTER NO. 2.

Dear children, when you read this letter, Christmas will be over; that beautiful, glad time, that every child wishes would come ten times a year. You will have looked at all your Christmas offerings, and have been glad over and over again for the love tokens that are yours. I can remember many glad returns of the day; far back to my childhood I can go, and think of the stockings, with its foot pressed out of shape by the load within, that I found by the chimney corner, and I can remember how my heart leaped, as I thrust my hand to the depths, and drew out one treasure after another; I can remember, too, Christmas trees, with their bright lights and gay ornaments, and happy voices seem echoing through my memory from those beautiful times, and radiant smiles seem to have left their glory even as the sunset leaves its brightness these clear winter days.

But the times that come back with brightest light are those when I made others happy; the Christmas days when I brought smiles to sad faces by some simple offering from my heart, are dearer to my memory than the thought of all I have received in all the years gone by. And in this respect I am not different from each of you. As you grow older, you will find this is true, that you remember with most delight the pleasures you have given to others.

I suppose you will all have to learn this by experience, and that you can only really know by trial the benefits to yourselves, of blessing others; that is, when you have done a kind act, you know just how happy you are, and you cannot know that sort of happiness in any other way.

How many little children do you suppose there are, that would have been blessed by some kind offering of yours; something done in love, and that would have cost you little real sacrifice? How many lonely and friendless persons needed something to tell them of a kind thought, or a tender memory?

You know that Christmas is the celebration of the birth day of one whose life was spent in doing good, and who practiced the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," so that Christmas means just this—"Let us be loving and kind." It is as if we rang the merry, glad bells of love in our hearts, saying, "Come, let us be glad together."

Many of you have heard the chiming; you know how the bells seem to speak words, and to carry through the air beautiful messages, so that all who listen feel the happier and the better. Thus it is with our love-bells, that we set ringing by our kind thoughts and deeds; all who are near us, and some far away, hear in their spirits the glad sound, and the world grows brighter, and sorrows and troubles seem easier to bear. These bells need not be silent after Christmas bells stop ringing; you can keep up their glad chiming all the year, and these will seem to you to be a continued festival of joy.

Let us then not say "Christmas is over," but by the practice of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us, let us keep the festival of Love continually.

Your friend, L. M. W.

## ELSIE:

### THE BENEFIT OF TRIALS.

#### CHAPTER III.

Happy as Elsie felt at the change within her aunt's home, yet she had a child's heart, and longed for companionship. She thought to herself if she could only have some one to play with, she should be happy enough. The good Doctor often brought his boy with him and left him in his chair, while he visited Mrs. Moody. Elsie had seen his happy face, and thought she should be very glad to speak to him and tell him about her kitten, and ask him about the ice on the pond, for already the frosts had come, and Elsie thought winter was close at hand.

"Aunt Moody," said she, one day, "I guess I'll invite the Doctor's little boy in to stay awhile; may I?"

"Oh, no, my dear, it is not proper for little girls to play with boys," said her aunt.

"Oh, you selfish thing," was in Elsie's heart for a moment, but she tried to drive the thought away, and said gently:

"Did you never play with boys, Aunt Moody?"

Mrs. Moody turned away, and Elsie saw her tears falling.

"Oh yes, Elsie, I did," she answered, "I loved one better than myself, and he died, and the world grew dark then, and I shut myself up until my heart grew cold. Should you have loved that little boy, Elsie? Yes, I know you would. Oh, he was so beautiful to me; but you can't play with him, so you may ask the Doctor's boy to come in the next time he comes with his father."

Alonso came the next day; he was a noble looking boy, and full of fun and frolic, and he made Elsie laugh until the house rang, and even Mrs. Moody's laugh echoed through the room, and the sun shone, and the air vibrated, and kitty frolicked, and there was joy through the whole house. When some of the neighbors came in they looked at each other to express their surprise, and went away saying, "Who ever saw such a change? Two children, and sunshine and laughter in Mrs. Moody's house!"

Alonso soon began to come each day, and he and Elsie had their own way. They built houses out of the chairs, and piled up the books for closets, and Mrs. Moody never said, "I do not allow children to do that!" she looked on, and seemed to enjoy the fun; but she called Alonso, Henry, as if she thought him her own dear boy; and she would sometimes call them both to her, and kiss them.

One day she said to Elsie, while she held her hand tenderly, "You have been the light of my house. I begin to grow young again; and let me tell you, it is because I have seen you patient, when I was cross; gentle, when I complained; and ever trying to do right when all things seemed to go wrong; and now will you love me, and be my light always?"

How sweetly Elsie slept that night! She dreamed that she was a bride of the Sun, and made everything bright and beautiful; but she thought Alonso was the sun. You are not to suppose that Elsie now had no trials; it takes people a great while to change their characters, and it took Mrs. Moody more than one year. She used to fret at Elsie sometimes without reason, and Elsie felt like fretting in reply; but if she did not, then Mrs. Moody would soon forget her petulance, and grow gentle; and Elsie was not always good and loving; she sometimes spoke cross words, and felt coming up in her heart the feeling, "Oh the cross, thing!" but she tried each day to be better and kinder, and the more she tried the easier it became.

Aunt Mary used to assist her by saying kind, gentle words to her, and by speaking of Elsie's own dear mother in heaven, and Elsie felt as if her mother knew every effort she made, and felt glad every time she overcame any wrong act or thought. When she struggled against unkindness, she felt a warm glow on her forehead, and it seemed as if some one kissed her there; and at night she thought she could see beautiful flowers and gleaming lights, and she fell asleep to dream of her mother and the blessed angels.

Now as we have said, Elsie strove within herself, and overcame her unkind, selfish feelings, and Mrs. Moody had become more thoughtful and kind; but there were still some trials for Elsie. "There are many kinds of selfishness, and we all need a great variety of trials before we can be sure that we have overcome all that is wrong. Sometimes, this world seems a very strange place, for everywhere we go we find something to test our goodness, and some trial to bear that shall reveal to us just how good we are. For example: if any one treats us unkindly, that is a trial to let us know if we have goodness enough to return good for evil, or practice the law of love; if we are ill, that is a trial to test our patience; if our friends are untrue, that is a trial to let us know how much faith we have in God, or the spiritual love that blesses us at all times; if death separates our beloved ones from us, that is a trial to help us to find out all about heaven, and to make us anxious to live such pure lives that our spirit-friends can be near us to bless and help us. So you see that all trials ought to make us better and wiser."

It was a bright spring day, the long winter had passed away with its chill winds and frost and snow. It had been a glad winter to Elsie; for she had enjoyed many a slide down hill, many a good frolic at snow-balls, and many a play in the long evenings at "blind-man's buff," and "hunt the slipper," and she had been to school and had learned to love many children, and her gentle, kind ways won for her many friends. If there was any trouble to be settled among the schoolmates, Elsie and Alonso were the ones to be consulted, and all were willing to abide by their decisions.

Time passes swiftly when the heart is glad, and the winter had sped away as the snow-drifts in the spring sun, and now the beauty and brightness of summer were coming. Elsie knew this by the violets and daisies that looked up so trustfully to the blue sky, and she felt a thrill of joy at every bustling bud and unfolding leaf.

Mrs. Moody was now quite well, and had commenced her spring cleaning. She kept Elsie very busy; but Elsie was strong now, and had willingly run off all the errands, and fulfilled all her aunt's commands. But May-day had come, and Elsie had looked longingly out of the open door, and as she beheld the blooming apple trees, and smelt the air sweet with its burden of perfume, she thought how delightful it would be to have a little run in the woods to hunt for the spring-flowers; and she kept wondering whether the arbutus was out of bloom, and if the starlets were dancing in the soft air, and if the tiarella had put on its white crown; and as she wondered, she heard a sound of merry voices.

Alonso had summoned all the boys and girls in the neighborhood to go a-Maying, and they had come around by Mrs. Moody's for Elsie. What light sparkled in her eye! What visions of the baskets full of flowers she had, before her! Bright roses seemed glowing on her cheeks, and her smile was like the dream of the sunlight.

She and Alonso ran to ask Mrs. Moody's consent to her going, never imagining a refusal.

"Oh be!" said Mrs. Moody, "are n't there plenty of flowers in the garden? And then I am so very busy I want Elsie every moment. I do not think I can have her go; and what is the use of tramping off into the woods and getting cold, and perhaps making yourself sick with the rheumatism?"

The tears were gathering fast in Elsie's eyes, and bitterness was springing up in her heart. Alonso looked as if he would like to be a knight-errant, and carry Elsie off by force. She felt such a longing for a run, and it seemed so bright out of doors, that her aunt's words proved a great trial to her gentleness. There are sprang to her lips, "Oh, the ugly thing!" but she did not utter the words. She thought she heard a gentle voice, crying, "Elsie," and the warm breath came on her forehead. She brushed the tears from her eyes, and said to Alonso:

"Run quickly; then I shall not cry."

"Well, Elsie," said Alonso, "you shall have whole baskets full of flowers, and we will make you a wreath, and some other day we will go together."

Elsie looked out of the window once, and caught sight of the happy company, and her eyes grew dim, and something seemed rising in her throat, so that she was glad to hear Mrs. Moody say:

"Come, get me some water, and be quick, Elsie; do n't be all day about it!"

Did you ever notice that when people do wrong themselves they wish to blame some one else? Mrs. Moody knew she was selfish in keeping Elsie at home, and so she felt like reproving Elsie, that she might forget her own faults. But Elsie did not seem to hear her, and only looked up, as if wishing to do all she was told to do. Mrs. Moody tried to work as busily as before, but she seemed very forgetful of what she

was doing. She stopped often and looked at Elsie, and then went to the window and gazed down the road that the children had taken. At last she said: "Elsie, you wanted to go! I ought to have let you; but you see I am selfish. When you are away I get lonesome. Can't you think, Elsie, that it is because I love to have you here that I don't let you go? But then," she added, "it's selfish to keep you, so it is. You shall go every day, and I don't mind if I go with you; perhaps the air will do me good. Yes, Elsie, get your bonnet, and we will find the children."

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

#### Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters:  
My 1, 10, 13, 3 was found to many a home on Christmas night.  
My 4, 13, 9, 1, 6, 8 is what every good mother tells her child to be.  
My 2, 8, 9 often gives an offering to our breakfast table.  
My 7, 5, 12, 6 was found on every Christmas tree.  
My 4, 12, 11, 3 has made the name of Spalding immortal.  
My whole, if practiced, will make you happy.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Our Father and our Mother! Heart benign!  
And Sovereign Soul of all! before thy shrine  
Of Universal Love and Peace divine.

In reverent homage, bending heart and knee,  
The eager millions, thirsting to be free  
From Superstition's yoke of slavery.

Question sweet Nature, and the soul within;  
Ask of the ministry of dark-browed Sin,  
And seek response from the heavens to win.

Oh Mother-Heart! these souls by anguish torn  
For years earth's martyr crown of thorns have worn;  
Yet on Faith's angel-plumage heaven upborne.

Seek solace at thy myriad hands of love;  
List for the music-voices from above,  
For the peace-message of thy spirit-dove.

Grant them thy light, oh Universal Lord!  
Teach them the inner record of thy Word;  
Strike thou the faint responsive spirit-chord.

Of answering love and knowledge; make them free  
Exultant in their toiled-for Liberty,  
Conscious of Use and Immortality!

Speak, voice of God! unto the mourner's ear;  
Chase from the trembling heart its haunting fear;  
Wipe from despairing eyes the bitter tear!

Come, angel hosts! commissioned, pure and true;  
Proclaim the dawning of the hour, and sue  
The watching Shepherd souls with joy imbue.

Beam brightly, Star of Promise, o'er the land!  
Heart-linked the human brotherhood shall stand,  
'Gainst giant Wrong firm clasped each willing hand.

The discipline of life and toil shall prove  
A spirit-token of the Father's love,  
A mandate of the mercy from above.

Forth from the blood-red flower of war shall spring  
Immortal vintage fruit, whose wealth shall bring  
Perennial peace and joy: Oh patriots, sing!

Your triumph songs! For sacrifice shall gain  
Perpetual honor for your noble slain,  
And freedom for our country's vast domain.

Beneath the star-flag of the free and brave,  
No more shall clank his chains the rescued slave;  
Deliverance hymns shall echo o'er the wave.

Therefore, ye tolling millions, pray for light;  
For noble conquest in His righteous sight;  
For the fulfillment of the law of Right.

Seek not of man-made oracles to know of God;  
Find him upon the reeking battle-sod,  
Where chastening sorrow yields the trial-sod.

Find sternest Justice, Love abundant, where  
The dying shrieks of thousands rend the air,  
Where humbled pride stones in tardy prayer.

Where a proud nation sits at Wisdom's feet,  
Learning of War's stern lessons of defeat,  
In brother-love the fellow-man to greet.

There, everywhere, the eye of Faith will find  
The wise, angelic guidance of the blind,  
The eternal sway of the great Master Mind!

Our Father and our Mother! safe at rest,  
As babe upon its mother's hallowed breast,  
We ead in Thee our wayward, worldly quest.

Original.

#### TEMPTER AND TEMPTED.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Deep in the grave,  
To sin a slave;  
She went for rest;  
Poor weary heart,  
That had no part  
With aught that's blest.

The voice of sin  
Had power to win  
Her soul to blast;  
No tears to flow—  
Few cared to know,  
Where she was cast.

She once was true,  
Young heart, as you,  
And free from stain;  
The tempter came—  
With him the blame,  
With her the pain.

And yet the world  
Its vengeance hurled  
On her so weak;  
But took him in,  
All stained with sin,  
With none to speak.

Well, let her die!  
Forgotten lie,  
With none to weep;  
Her tomb shall break—  
A voice awake  
Her from her sleep.

And angel tears  
Shall soothe her fears,  
And blot her sin;  
And clothed in white,  
Grown pure and bright,  
She heaven shall win.

O'er him at last—  
Death's portals past—  
Remorse shall roll;  
A guilty stain,  
The mark of Cain,  
Be on his soul.

Written before she passed to spirit-land.

### Original Essays.

#### MESMERISM—ITS SANATIVE POWERS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

At length, after years of distrust, open defiance or allent scorn, its followers turned into ridicule, its practitioners branded as magicians while healing the sick by its miraculous powers beyond the ordinary agency of natural laws, the world is just beginning to admit that mesmerism is a science. Those who performed wonderful cures by its agency were called innovators by professional men, and it was said that such astonishing results must have been accomplished only by demoniacal assistance. Thus far, a time knowledge and philanthropy were depressed by ignorance and sordid malice, while the truthful operator was supported under the vituperation of his enemies by the increasing success of the wonderful science. He saw paralytic and nervous diseases flee under his magnetic touch. How these cures were effected, he did not know. Why the healing life-streams were ever flowing forth from his fingers, was a mystery to him, and his patients, disgusted with medicine, blisters and the lancet, gained confidence themselves, and inspired it in others. In spite of delusion and collusion, enough remained of its startling truths, its healthful reality, to insure investigation to some extent.

Strokes or passes with the hand, are natural motions to a parent wishing to soothe or quiet a child. Nor is it strange that the nerves of the brain may be possessed of a hitherto undeveloped power, which being directed by a strong will upon the brain of a sick person, produces mental phenomena. It was known and practiced by the Egyptians; it may have been almost entirely used by them to heal the sick, as is recorded even on their tombs at Thebes, by figures dressed as priests making mesmerism passes over seated patients. If we believe the ancients, and their doctrine of transference of mind, or metempsychosis of a stronger mind into a weaker, and as a mesmerizer communicates part of the life-principle of his healthful organization to a sick person and restores his bodily vigor, may he not also infuse a portion of his mental powers without its originating in Satanic agency?

This we know: that mesmerism can penetrate all bodies, enter largely into all the elements of life, and especially has an influence upon the nervous system; but this magnetic fluid operates best between two individuals possessing affinity. As the communication of the operator's will acts on the physical sensibility of his patient, the healing process will be more surely effected. Physicians, with strange incredulity arising from want of knowledge on the subject, retard its progress; but as it is of divine origin, they cannot crush it out of practice, although a few more liberal and more progressive use it in their families when disease appears that the regular practitioners cannot cure. The day is drawing near when physicians will no longer oppose the use of mesmerism, as its important truths reveal a mystery of Nature—no longer its operators be classed with magicians. Like Harvey's and Jenner's discoveries, mesmerism will stand upon its own merits; and among medical men, whose moral characters are elevated far above suspicion, more honorable than their accumulators, will the practice become a blessing.

When such physicians as Hufeland, Steigltz and Bräde, and a vast number of men of general science, and celebrated magnetists and a host of learned believers and practitioners, tell us that the mesmeric influence can be transmitted through the air to an immense distance, and also pass through dense materials, that water can be charged with the fluid, and has a powerful effect on the system when it has been previously affected, it would be useless to doubt, for the proofs are all about us, investigation open to all who desire it. The skeptical physician can experiment, when he has a patient who needs something beyond the power of medicine. As mesmerism gives us command of the nervous system, it is of great service in those diseases, and of the menial, as by its use contracted limbs can be restored.

The most remarkable circumstance in Spencer Hall's mesmeric history, was his cure of Miss Martineau, the celebrated writer, of a disease of long standing, which had confined her to her room for years. The cure was so successful that Miss M. publicly acknowledged it, confessed that she was able, after being but a short time under Hall's treatment, to walk a distance of five miles without fatigue.

As taking medicine would not be advisable for the healthy, so should the mesmeric process be avoided, and never practiced on the system more than is necessary for the cure of disease; and it is dangerous for a nervous person to submit to the manipulations of a person unacquainted with the practice. With all the benefits it confers, it must be used with care, or it may become a source of misery in the hands of the ignorant and unprincipled, as much mischief can be done with its use, as if a wrong dose of powerful medicine should be administered.

It is to be hoped that mesmerism will assume its proper rank as a remedial agent. Instead of physicians doubting and dogmatizing about it, experiment for themselves, carefully study its merits, and the sooner it is admitted into the Pharmacopoeia, the better it will be for doctor and patient. Mark well, that it is only for the sick and suffering that it should be used; and the application should be discontinued the moment the disease is broken up. The tendency of its power depends upon the direction given to it, for good, or evil. The power of mesmerism, as it comes to us by the Creator, is pure, and should be regarded as a universal cure for the preservation of all mankind.

Of its evils, I will mention the case of a gentleman, a writer of some note, who committed suicide some years since. His wife told me that his insanity was produced by mesmerism. He became so very susceptible to the influence, that it was only necessary for any one to point their fingers toward him, and he went to sleep at once. He was possessed of a highly nervous and irritable constitution, and thus predisposed to the easy reception of mesmeric influence.

Many persons think so little of its powers that they are anxious to be put to sleep for amusement. But it should not be used in this light manner: it may engender disease and injure the constitution, and contaminate the whole nervous system. But of its benefits to the sick and suffering, the blessing it has been in rendering painless the most difficult surgical operations, all who have witnessed its powers or those who have felt the sensitive influence of mesmerism, will bless its advent.

Topical mesmerism is a process by which many people, who never saw a book written on the subject, soothe or charm away pain. They suspend their fingers over the aching spot, and draw them slowly downwards, repeating this for an hour or more. It seldom fails to remove toothache or rheumatism. This can be practiced without producing mesmeric symptoms, and as the brain is not subdued, it is a harmless process.

The phenomenon of mesmerism is that the influence is concentrated on the patient, by transmitting it to his brain, from the organs of the mesmerist, and through the channels by which it can be communicated. Now this appears to me to be different from the process generally used by those operators known as healing mediums, who perform cures by spirit influence. There seems to be no mental sympathy between these parties. They do not establish a rapport, or appear to work on the imagination. A few simple touches will often heal the sick; and we hear of cures

being made so rapidly, that it throws the mesmeric process in the background, so far as cures being so quickly performed, and, indeed, deserves the name of miracles.

But those possessing these extraordinary gifts are few and far between, and it costs money to be healed in this way, and all poor sufferers cannot avail themselves of this divine power. But mesmerism comes to them without money or price, free as the air of heaven. All have the power, if they exert the will—have a sincere wish to relieve suffering. Live a life of purity, in harmony with all mankind, and the power to heal will be freely given to all who wish to exercise it. Parents can heal their children, whole families be relieved of nervous headaches, and other ills to which the flesh is heir.

Mesmerism is a remedy; but it is not given to us that we may violate the organic laws with impunity, for if we do, the effect—disease—will appear. Man must be taught by the philosophic physician that there can be no vicarious atonement by medicine for living in violation of any organic law. And all must know and obey these laws to enjoy health and physical harmony. To those who mesmerize and attend to it as a profession, it is a field in which he, if a Spiritualist, is called to battle against ignorance, misery and suffering. Oh, it is a noble work to conquer the despair of a brother man, to know that disease and pain will flee away at his touch, to lighten human woe, to cause the lame to walk, the blind to see, the pale cheek to flush with a healthful bloom, and the dim eye to brighten at his approach.

Surely it is a cause for gratitude that God has given to his children a comfort, a pure and divine gift, to enable man to comfort and aid his suffering brother. It is right to cultivate the magnetic, spiritual susceptibility to the healing power. Place yourself trustfully under its guidance, and when pain comes you will meet its approach without fear, knowing that a friendly hand can charm away suffering. A quiet mind and careful diet will aid much the treatment.

The process of mesmerizing is very simple, and any one can learn from the many publications on the subject, and these instructions should be placed in the library of each one who wishes to learn its truths.

#### PERSONALITY VS. OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY—NO. 9.

All agree that matter is a part, if not the whole, of each atom embraced in the universe. The disputed problem is, whether each atom is composed of two distinct substances termed spirit and matter, or whether each is composed of one substance only, or matter—the term spirit being used only to define its special condition and attribute.

It seems to me the error of the schools, in their efforts to solve this problem, has been in assuming that the original atoms, recognized as the immediate germ source of the physical universe, were self-existent elements; for though the self-existence of matter be conceded, it does not necessarily follow that it was originally partitioned, or atomic in condition of being. Error, in determining this as the premise to reason from, will taint all conclusions however logically reached.

The materialist, who affirms each atom is a simple element, composed wholly of one substance, may consistently assume that matter was originally partitioned; but the spirit and Spiritualist who, affirming each atom in the universe is composed of two distinct and co-existent substances, termed spirit and matter, will, when he attempts to define the origin and economy of creation, find himself inevitably landing in materialism, if he assents to, and accepts as his premise, that "the original atoms" were self-existent, or that matter was originally partitioned.

If, like my friend, Mr. Palmer, he claims that spirit is an essence, or principle, incorporated in, and inseparable from matter, let him carry out this premise to its logical conclusion in explanation of life, conscious identity and intelligence, and he may find that the difference between him and the materialist in their respective conceptions of Deity consist mainly in the terms used to describe and define "the Supreme First Cause, or God."

Why, some of those spirits and Spiritualists who so confidently and zealously impeach our faith in the Personality of Deity, do not meet the question asked, "Why did the alleged self-existent atoms first begin to combine in new and compound states of matter?" I cannot understand. Surely, if we cannot solve this, we should hesitate before dogmatically determining "what and where is God?"

To intelligently comprehend our own nature we must have a rational conception of the source of our being; and if we accept that all animate and inanimate organizations are effects, having their origin in self-existent atoms, originally in non-cohering and uncombined relations, how can we consistently recognize a Great Designer as "the Intelligent First Cause?" And yet those who deny the Personality of Deity, eloquently and earnestly avow their reverence for "The Great Architect," who first designed and then built the universe, as though such avowals could be harmonized with the dogma, that each atom is a self-existent element, composed of spirit and matter, inherently and inseparably connected. I doubt if any one can, from this premise, consistently account for the combination of atoms or for the phenomena of life, conscious identity and intelligence, otherwise than from necessity and the result of combinations—a conclusion which ignores all idea of a preëxisting "Great Designer and First Cause." If I am wrong, I ask that all such doubts may be dispelled by the opposite view being presented, for we all want to find the truth, if we can, and if any one has it, let it be shown to us also.

When we invoke aid and strength from "our Father in heaven," we need to have some clear mental conception whether we shall address "a principle," or an essence incorporated in matter, or a living, conscious identity, external to us and to all the atoms embraced in our organization as an entity. It is better that we should cautiously consider these points, than thoughtlessly and blindly adopt new phrases, such as "Father and Mother God," which some of our teachers seem so partial to. What they mean by this and kindred forms of expression, I am unable to discover, and doubt if they themselves know; but I feel such transcendental phrases should be satisfactorily explained, or abandoned, if Spiritualists desire to escape the ridicule and pity of those who have not yet accepted the fact of spirits communicating, or their infallibility as teachers, though they do so communally.

I do not want to be captious, but candor requires me to reluctantly own, that even in the lectures of Mrs. Hatch, kindred ambiguities and inconsistencies occur. In her lecture published Nov. 23th, in the BANNER, it is claimed that matter, in its primitive condition, was void and motionless; to give it life there must have been something else, something superior added to that inert substance.

Now surely this assumption implies the preëxistence of two distinct and self-existent sources of creation, each originally existing unconnected with, and separate from the other. In her general argument, she terms one spirit the other matter, and claims that spirit is superior to matter—or, to quote her words, "There is no such thing as action without spirit." Now if these propositions are true, why should Mrs. Hatch, or the spirit speaking through her, assume that all self-existent matter, originally void and motionless, has already been changed by that superior something, or spirit, being added thereto to

give it life? There are parts of her lecture which conflict with this assumption. Her argument is, that mind, or spirit, being a structure, is the life of matter; but that it can separate itself therefrom. "The matter going back to its original inert condition, but the mind, or spirit, which existed to the beginning, still continues to exist," and she then adds, "It exists definitely, absolutely, so that one individual atom can never be another soul, no matter what form or sphere it may assume, any more than one primitive atom can be merged in another, such primitive atoms being the basis of all forms of matter, and precisely alike in all, whether in rock, water or gas."

Surely this proposition is, that mind, or spirit, can, and at times does, exist wholly unconnected with matter, and that matter can, and at times does, exist alike unconnected with mind, spirit, or life, and therefore inert.

Now if this be true, and we thence infer the union of spirit with matter had a beginning, do we not recognize a separate preëxistence and a special inherent nature of each? And may we not also infer such beginning was local, inasmuch as all our philosophy of creation recognizes the division of the universe into solar systems with their respective central suns? Unless it is assumed that the organization of all these suns was simultaneous, we must accept that new suns and systems will be added to the present universe, and thence infer that the matter of which they will be composed, now existing, because self-existent, is still destitute of that added and superior something, or spirit, which she alleges is the life of matter, and in which alone action inheres. But when we reason thus, how can it consistently be said that spirit is Omnipresent? and if spirit is not, why claim that the First Cause, or Deity, is?

Again, if, as Mrs. Hatch asserts, the individualized soul of man can exist outside of, and disconnected with matter, why assume Deity does not so exist also as an individuality? These and other points in her lecture seem to me to sustain my theory of the origin and nature of "the original atoms" as effects, or secondary causes, having their origin in two preëxisting sources, coexisting and inherently distinct from each other, hence each localized. This proposition, that mind, or life, can so exist unconnected with matter, harmonizes with, if it does not also confirm, my exposition of the phenomena of germination, whether manifested in the vegetable or animal kingdoms of Nature, and in doing so helps to sustain the solution offered of why the original atoms did first begin to combine. I admit, the spirit speaking through her, though long a resident of, or of enlarged experience in the higher life, may not have met a personal Deity, or known any who has; but this does not decide the question. We all have eternity before us to progress in, and it may be, very much of our own moral and intellectual nature to develop ere we shall be able to find and recognize either the centre or the circumference of the universe. When we shall have thus grown ourselves, it may be, we can then see and identify intelligences that are now invisible alike to our departed friends, and our present spirit lecturers. Hence, as negative testimony should yield to the deductions of reason, based on what seems positive truth, let us still keep open the question: "What and where is God?" until we can determine the origin and nature of "the original atoms," and why they began to combine.

Dec. 8th, 1863.

PHILADELPHIA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### THE SOLDIER-BOY OF GETTYSBURG.

A SONG.

BY COURTESY DENIA.

The cannon's mouth had ceased to hurl  
Its deadly missiles through the air;  
From fiery lips no longer curled  
The smoky clouds of dark despair;  
And not a sound the silence broke,  
Save now and then a moan was heard  
Beneath some hedge or shattered oak,  
Upon the fields of Gettysburg.

A soldier boy—an only son—  
With matted locks and faltering breath,  
Lay resting on his sword and gun,  
Fast sinking in the arms of death.  
He raised his hand, and brushed a tear:  
"Take home," said he, "one little word—  
For one I love now waits to hear  
The latest news from Gettysburg."

'Tis of my mother I would speak,  
For great I know her grief will be;  
And tears I will wet her faded cheek,  
When she shall hear again from me,  
For I am all she has to love—  
My father's voice no more is heard;  
From Antietam he went above,  
And I shall go from Gettysburg.

Take home to her my sword and gun—  
Mementoes of my early call;  
And hang them where the setting sun  
Shines red upon the cottage wall.  
'Tis all I have I can bequeath—  
I've served them well by deed and word,  
But I was called to sleep beneath  
The blood-stained soil of Gettysburg.

Tell her I've tried to do the right,  
And be to all a friend and brother;  
That in the thickest of the fight  
I often thought of home and mother.  
The Sun had kissed the mountain-tips—  
One struggle more his bosom stirred,  
And with her name upon his lips,  
He fell asleep at Gettysburg.

They gathered round the youthful brave—  
The drum-beat echoed through the dell—  
They laid him in his new-made grave,  
Beneath the tree by which he fell,  
And on its bark, in letters deep,  
They cut his name with his own sword,  
And left him in his dreamless sleep—  
The soldier boy of Gettysburg!

Thatchwood Cottage, 1863.

#### Dry and Humid Atmosphere.

The great defect of our atmosphere is excessive dryness. The dew-point of England is fifteen or twenty degrees higher than that of New England. The results are seen in the contrast between the plump body and smooth skin of the Englishman, and the lean, joyless body, and dry, cracked skin of the Yankee. It is also shown in the well-known difference in the influence of house heat upon furniture. Our chairs, tables, sofas and wood-work warp and shrink, while nothing of the sort occurs in England.

On the western side of the Rocky Mountains bronchitis and consumption are almost unknown. In considerable part this immunity is attributable to the remarkable humidity of the atmosphere. The dew-point on the Pacific Coast is very high.

As we cannot change the amount of moisture in the atmosphere of the country, we must limit our practical efforts to the air of our houses. If we use a stove, its entire upper surface may be made a reservoir for water. Ornamental work of but little cost may be used to conceal it. The furnace may be made to send up, with its heat, many gallons of water daily, in the form of vapor.—*Dr. Lewis, M. D.*

### Correspondence.

#### U. Clark's Etchings.

In and Around Boston—Miss Doten, Mrs. Chappell, Mrs. Cuppy—Conferences, Societies, Sunday Schools—Tour in Maine—The Workers—Halters.

Domiciled for the winter among Boston printers and publishers, my etchings for the present will be less itinerant than local. But in and around Boston there is enough material for a thousand fertile pens. The cause of spiritual progress, however, is supposed to be the theme of chief interest among the BANNER readers. Boston and vicinity continue to afford numerous signs of increasing spiritual interest. The Lyceum Hall meetings are largely attended, Cora L. V. Scott occupying the platform during December, and Mrs. S. L. Chappell of New York, and Lizzie Doten, during January. Miss Doten continues to be one of the most efficient women speakers, and wears well wherever she speaks. She is a woman of sterling character and earnest spirit, constantly flashing inspirations which touch and uplift the inmost soul, and quicken all the slumbering energies of those who read or hear her. Her volume of poems just published will indicate her peculiar gifts, and become one of the richest contributions to the rising literature of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Chappell's appearance in New England has been as successful as her many New York friends could have anticipated. Having known her for years, and been a co-worker with her and others in the Empire State, I was the more interested in her first appearance in this new field, and I can assure her New York friends that she is entirely safe in New England, and will give a good report of herself.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy has appeared in Boston since my last. She left good impressions, and her superior womanhood exerted a fine influence over her audiences.

Most new speakers coming into Boston and vicinity make a vital mistake in supposing it necessary for them to attempt to do something extraordinary. Human nature here in Boston and New England is about the same as it is all over the country. Boston may be the "hub of the universe," but it is one with the spokes and the tire, though, being in the centre of the great wheel, it may not move any faster or get any further ahead than the outside spokes and tire. A little common sort of grease is now and then good for the hub. Boston audiences embrace many of the most advanced minds, but minds equally advanced may be found all over the land. Many a country school house or rural village may furnish critics and thinkers, as well as Boston. I have heard Bostonians complain that many of their speakers become altogether too stilted, and fall to give the people that sort of spiritual food which is adapted to daily life. While lecturing in Lyceum Hall in November, I observed the audiences giving the most soul-fused attention whenever I touched on plain, practical, home-ent Spiritualism. True, there are those who go to our meetings only when they are attracted by something novel, startling, abnormal, and who care more for style than anything else; and there have been some speakers who have attempted to set up a sort of aristocratic, high-priced monopoly in this line; but all things will find their level at last, in accordance with their practical value.

The Lyceum Hall Conference is still continued every Thursday evening in the Broadfield Street Hall, over Bela Marsh's. As an indication of newly awakened interest in Spiritualism, a new social conference is held every Monday evening at Fraternity Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets. The object of this conference is to render practical the gospel of charity and fraternity. The evening is spent in speaking, singing, and social intercourse.

A new interest in the Spiritual Sunday School line appears to be awakening in this region. The great need has been for a suitable MANUAL to aid in forming and conducting schools on broad unsectarian principles. The public will be glad to learn that Messrs. Wm. White & Co. have endeavored to meet this want, and have now in press a book adapted to all places and conditions; and not only to Sunday Schools, but circles, conferences and home use.

A recent trip on the ocean steamer, Katahdin, to Maine, afforded encouraging signs for the cause in that State. I spoke one Sunday in the Pioneer Chapel, Bangor, and on one week-day evening; one evening in Bradley, one in Camden; one evening and on Sunday in Bucksport. The Bangor friends are strong and prosperous, own their chapel, and rent seats to meet expenses. The band in Bradley and Old Town are alive all over, and with a Hosea of the modern Israel in their midst, they stand like a citadel on the Penobscot, defiant of all the logs rolling down the river of out-running Orthodoxy. Our good friend, and brother, G. B. Hopkins, the speaker and healer, is doing good service, in Upper Stillwater, and is especially successful in treating the sick. Maine has a strong and noble band of public workers, among which are Mr. Taylor, C. A. Hayden, I. P. Greenleaf, J. C. Woodman, W. K. Ripley, J. L. Lovell, J. N. Hodges, J. H. Williams, D. H. Hamilton, E. P. Averill, H. B. Jordan, and others whose names I am not able to recall.

In Camden, new spiritual life has recently been made manifest. Mrs. Fox and her daughter are laboring here for the winter. Capt. Caleb Thomas, the powerful healer, is still here, and disease trembles and departs in his mighty magnetic presence. Rev. N. O. Fletcher, long well known as a popular Universalist minister, resides in Camden, and attends the spiritual meetings; and though while a guest at his hospitable board I did not quiz him very sharply, I had strong suspicions that he was leaning in a direction opposite to sectarian meeting-houses. With towers of strength like Aiden and others, Camden is safe.

The cause is advancing in Bucksport. A "Colossus of Rhodes," and others, are there, as well fortified as the fort on the other side of the Penobscot. Mrs. H. Sturtevant, a new and promising speaker, is here in waiting for the field that opens.

Good news comes from my old field in Central and Western New York. Buffalo, and several other places, are reviving. Dr. J. P. Bryant, now at the Waverly House, Rochester, N. Y., for several weeks and to stay there till March, is working New Testament wonders in behalf of the sick, the lame, the deaf, dumb, halt and blind. I heard of his works in Utica, Syracuse and Binghamton with some incredulity; but facts were related me at Watertown, and corroborated by similar facts in Rochester, which place Dr. Bryant among the greatest healers of the age; and he has a great heart of philanthropy and devotion, prompting him to treat the poor without money or price, and manifest deeds of mercy and benevolence.

Before closing this discursive paper, perhaps the readers of the BANNER may expect a reply to what has appeared in a New York sheet. I beg to be excused!

U. CLARK.

Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, in an article in the Danville Review, in referring to the approaching end of the rebellion, says: "It never was a question, with us, of Greeks against Asiatics, but of one American against four or five others—either of the four or five as good a man as the one—perhaps better. It never was a question with us, of the weak party fighting in some sacred cause, and the strong one in some vile and dishonorable one, but of the strong party upholding a cause of the highest glory and the supremest necessity, and the weak party fighting without even a decent pretext, for objects in part utterly preposterous, and in part desperately wicked. How, then, is it possible to doubt that the cause of the nation, in respect of an adequate warlike population, is invincibly strong, in any comparison whatever, and in comparison with the weakness of the Confederates, growing stronger continually?"

[SUBJECT GIVEN BY A COMMITTEE FROM THE AUDIENCE.]

A Discourse delivered by Corn L. V. Scott,  
before the Lyceum Society of Spiritual-  
ists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sun-  
day, December 13th, 1863.

**INVOCATION.**

**DISCOURSE.**

They shall live who are dead in spirit and in soul as far as life is concerned, and who have no knowledge of inspiration; thought or aspiration for that immortality (which) awaits them. Shall not those live who know the truth, who feel the glad awakening of immortality, who understand the consciousness of life eternal, who feel that all material form does not make up life, and who know that truth is endless and whose life is forever? And shall those who believe never die, certainly, they never shall, for to them there is no death. It is merely casting off the old garment. They shall never die, they believe, and that is, in his truth, and his truth is the consciousness of immortality, the glad escape from the bondage of earthly death, the release from all sin. Let us see what death means before we can tell whether men shall die, who believe or not, or know.

Christ, therefore, in expressing this sentiment, did not intend that man should fasten all his identity upon the material, and should shut out the spiritual, and thus lose all importance of existence; but simply that man should know truth and to the utterance of the verses quoted, they should give the importance that is due to all truth; that Dead Methinks I can count among my hearers many who might be dead, it may be were dead, or are dead; and to day to all these finer, holier feelings of spirituality.

"Yes, my body is alive: that is, I am alive, and I shall think and eat and drink and move." For is that what you call life? Why that is death. To-morrow when it may be, you may live, when the grave is over your form, or when you awaken to a consciousness of truth; it may be that you lived before your form passed away; and some dream of a higher existence of the soul may have entered into your consciousness, and you may live.

Perhaps you know men who live through the greater minds of the age. They have genius, and it falls or rises; their minds and consciousness until they live, and make the ages live with the proud grandeur of the celestial vaults, and the angels light up the firmament, and leave the groundlings to wonder that they should venture to such a gliding height; but they draw the

no one before him in the belief in everlasting life, but he believed it came from Christ, and through him alone, and that it is not meted out to us except we have faith in him.]

ere which his system contained. Anything that is dead has fulfilled its mission, and is not required to live, and does not live any more.

not die in battle for beings who are now nothing, but for our own future selves. Our bodies may lie "mouldering in the grave," but our souls are not "marching on" very far. They are going to stay here and fight.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE

not die in battle for beings who are now nothing, but for our own future selves. Our bodies may lie "mouldering in the grave," but our souls are not "marching on" very far. They are going to stay here and fight.

### Prompt Payment to our Soldiers.

Our soldiers serve for pay. They leave other occupations and go to fight our battles, perilling their lives and health, and we agree to pay them thirteen dollars per month. We have also stipulated to aid their families in cases where there is a clear necessity, by giving to a wife with four or five children a sum not to exceed twelve dollars per month—or to a wife alone the sum of one dollar per month, provided the marriage took place before the soldier enlisted. But we have hedged the allowance round with all possible obstructions, so as to keep out as many as possible from participating.

If, as in the case of our colored troops, a man brings his family with him, after agreeing to enlist, he is only an alien, and has no aid.

In fact, all these people are constantly told that this allowance is a gratuity, a charity, and no part of the consideration which the soldier receives for his service; but simply to keep his wife and children out of the almshouse! Now it seems to me idle—worse than idle—wicked, for us here at home, enjoying all the comforts of quiet life, to treat these men in this manner, and I cannot refrain from protesting against the spirit which actuates us.

Our papers preach patriotism, love of country, the importance of crushing out rebellion, and try to induce our workmen to go and fight. But it will not answer. The cost of going to war has been ascertained, and chaff will not tempt the birds now, or hereafter. We may therefore as well make up our minds to meet the case fairly, and treat our men fairly. We must not only pay them all, but see that their families are provided for, and the soldier also, when he comes home diseased or disabled by wounds. This is simple justice.

Without stopping to discuss the question as to amount of compensation, I wish to make a suggestion as to the necessity of prompt, regular payment during service, and immediate payment of all pensions at the close of such service, if due. Those who make and administer our laws at the seat of government, seem to have no idea of the consequences of this endless delay in payments. Those of us who come face to face with widows of our soldiers, who are obliged to wait for months (I might say years, by anticipating a little,) for the pension due as an equivalent for the loss they have sustained, (valued by us at eight dollars per month,) know that prompt payment would double the value of all such sums.

Suppose the fact of death is brought to the knowledge of the city or town authorities where the pensioner resides. The service of the soldier is known beyond dispute; the time of death fixed, and the rate of compensation determined. Let the pension be paid, and continue to be paid. At stated periods let the State reimburse the cities and towns, and present its claim to the General Government at Washington, which would then deal only with States—they, in turn, dealing only with towns, the officers of which should be held responsible for the proper exercise of their trusts.

By this subdivision of forces, all cases could be met at once and understood. The payments would be made by parties having a direct knowledge of persons and circumstances, and therefore little liable to error or imposition. We should then have, as it were, millions of agents using up fractions of time which would hardly be counted, while the results would be wonderful.

Now, although there is an army of agents at work, who must all be paid the more for delay, there is nothing but delay and disappointment. It cannot be otherwise, so long as this tendency to centralize everything at Washington prevails. We want an entire, radical change, and it will sometime be had.

Massachusetts, always among the first to do good things, provided last winter in the Legislature, upon recommendation of our excellent Governor, that if the General Government would consent, or would assume the payment of all our own troops in the field, and thus secure immediate distribution to their families at home of a portion of the pay, and the transmission of the balance, if wanted, to the soldier much earlier than he could obtain it otherwise. But it was argued that if Massachusetts was permitted to do this, other States must, or the men would be dissatisfied—and so we were not permitted.

Massachusetts had funds, had currency, and also the machinery then in operation to do the work perfectly, and only asked reimbursement in twenty-year bonds, which the Government was only too anxious to sell. But "centralization" and "red tape" said no!

Now this plan was founded upon precisely the same idea already advanced, that States should take thus much from the shoulders of the General Government, and so contribute, in anticipation, a portion of the sum necessary to carry on the war from our daily earnings at home.

Here would have been a sure sale for millions and millions of bonds to just the right kind of purchasers who would not have been inconvenienced at all.

We have only to say in conclusion, that there is but one way to carry on this war, which is not yet half through; and that is, by paying the men who go to fight and bear the burden, a fair, even liberal compensation, and doing it regularly, promptly.

Let us make them feel that we are willing to do just as much, and go as far as they, each one in his calling. I am too old to march and fight as they can, but not too old to work for them at home and make their families happy. Let them feel that we are right, here, and I am sure their courage and endurance will be doubled.

Let us be wise in season, and not prolong the war unnecessarily by failing to do justice to our brave men who go to fight the battles, which shall in the end liberate not this nation alone, but all nations—not from black slavery alone and the hated domination of the South, but from all slavery—sectarian, social and political.

### Correspondence.

As evidence of the appreciation in which Cora L. V. Scott (formerly Mrs. Hatch.) is held in New York City as a lecturer, we publish the following correspondence:

To Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott:—We, the undersigned and others, tender you our thanks for the pleasure and gratification we have received during your course of lectures in New York, and especially invite you to commence another in January next, when your present engagement shall have expired. (Signed) A. V. HENDRICKS, H. LAWRENCE, and others.

### REPLY.

GENTLEMEN—Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of thanks and invitation published in the New York Times of the 1st inst. Most fully do I appreciate your tribute to my humble gifts, and I shall avail myself with pleasure of your kind invitation to return to New York when my present engagement in this city expires.

I am, gentlemen, very respectfully yours, CORA L. V. SCOTT.

To H. LAWRENCE, A. V. HENDRICKS, and others, Boston, Mass., Dec. 17, 1863.

### Announcements.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell, with whom our readers are well acquainted, is to speak in Lyceum Hall in this city, on Saturday afternoon and evening next.

Mrs. Spence has drawn such good audiences in Charlestown for the last two Sundays, that she has been engaged to speak there for the first two Sundays in January. Our friends in that city appear to be alive to their spiritual interests. Such also appears to be the case all over the country.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

### The Issue.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to 'Wade through slaughter to a throne And shut the gates of mercy on mankind'; but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the bonds of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

### The New Year.

To all our friends we send a New Year's greeting. The time is ever a turning-point in the little lives of each one of us, to which we look forward with much interest. In the course of the year that is passed we all have great cause for rejoicing and for gratitude, in spite of temporary trials and sorrows; even for these we have as much reason to be grateful as for what we unhesitatingly accept as delights. While we live in this sphere, we live best when we cheerfully submit to all life's demands, no matter how hard they may seem at the time. War has robbed many a household of its dearest treasures during the year just gone, but it has left in their places images and remembrances and holy aspirations such as never dwelt in those households before, but which are calculated to exalt their occupants for the rest of their lives. It is a good deal to be drawn nearer to the upper spheres, by whatever bond.

On this New Year's occasion, we ought all of us to assimilate the results of the year just past, whether sweet or bitter, to our own natures, that they shall become an actual part of ourselves through contemplation and voluntary acceptance, as well as through the less willing processes of an unsought experience. In this way only do we master Nature—by obeying and submitting to her. Let us once frame our thoughts to a determination not to be overcome by the incidents of life, but rather to overcome them, and all will be well.

For all we have a warm greeting on the opening of the year. We wish it may prove a Happy New Year to every one. As a visitor in the Home Circles of the land, the BANNER would bring nothing but the most cheerful looks and the most heartfelt wishes on this occasion. It comes to elevate, to warm, to cheer, to spiritualize. For the year which has just opened its doors to us all, it will labor to be a bearer of good tidings in the highest and truest sense—a friend in reality—a safe counsellor—and a welcome guest. The beautiful truths of the Spiritual Philosophy it will aim to teach in all their purity; so that hungering souls may be fed with meat; after having so long taken up with the dry and unsatisfactory husks which have been thrown at them. May the New Year, in fact, prove indeed a new year to all who would have the earth improved and themselves exalted!

### The Removal of Slavery.

That the institution of Slavery has long ago ceased to stand in this country as a political power in the State, nobody presumes to doubt; and that it has been smitten with the hand of death as a prevalent and controlling social and local power, scarcely admits of any more question. Its day is spent; its doom is sealed. So many years it has been a problem and a puzzle to the progressive minds of the nation, and none could see the way out of so dire a perplexity. But the ruling powers above us work according to designs that are inspired as ours are not. Even by indirectness do they compass the higher ends for which national, no less than individual life is projected. Little thought the rebel leaders, when the order was given to flash the first hostile gun in Charleston harbor, that its sullen echo across the waters voiced the doom which had already fallen upon Slavery. They might have known—for their wisest men had told them of it—that so surely as they stirred a single stone of the governmental arch under whose even-handed protection their peculiar institution remained secure, it was already doomed and destroyed; but their eyes seemed to have been suddenly blinded that they should not see, and their ears to have been stopped that they should not hear.

And this very fatuity of theirs was but a part—and a not inferior part, either—of the providential design. Had they not plunged themselves, voluntarily and rashly, into this red sea of war, it would have continued the same problem as before, to perplex humanitarians and debase public men, how to get hold of it at all for the purpose of removal. The pretext that alone was wanting, slaveholders themselves furnished to our hands. Blinded with the frenzy begotten of the habits of their own favorite system, they voluntarily showed the Government the way to its citadel, and gave it the occasion, too, for assailing it with all the weapons in its control. Since the war broke out, what a change has taken place in the status of the slave in the Southern States! There are nearly a couple of million of the poor creatures, huddled like wild beasts in a corral in the States of Georgia and Alabama, where they must be fed as idle consumers from the storehouse of the rebel Confederacy. A great many more have been driven for safe keeping, like so many cattle, across the Mississippi, and down from the plains of Missouri and Arkansas into Texas.

On the plantations, even in what may yet be called the heart of rebellion, their tenure as permanent occupants of the soil is exceedingly precarious; while through the whole tier of Border States, where hostile armies have alternately driven one another across the plains and valleys and through the mountain passes, the great body of the enslaved blacks are fairly in motion for the speedy attainment of their own freedom. The light has fairly dawned over these portions of our land. In Missouri, they have tasted the bitterness of war for themselves, and will tolerate the presence of that which was the cause of it no longer; both slavery and its rebel abettors must go to the wall. In Delaware, the institution is practically obsolete already. They are seriously proposing the overthrow of the institution in Tennessee and Arkansas, for there the people have been ridden over and mangled beneath the wheels of this car of war, and they are resolved to end its existence forever as a disturbing element in their society. They are much slower in coming to the same conclusion in Kentucky and Maryland, but there they have not been subject to that iron discipline which is proving itself the great missionary of the time.

A recent speech of Hon. Reverdy Johnson, in the Senate of the United States, furnishes peculiarly strong proof of the state of things we have just affirmed. He is one of the two Senators from Maryland. In his speech he alludes to an opinion expressed by himself in

1847, when he said "that slavery was an institution which could not be defended, if the question was whether it should be introduced among us, either upon moral or Christian grounds, and still less upon economical grounds." He referred now to that opinion, given sixteen years ago, as a matter which gave him both cause of pride and satisfaction. He admitted that, in the Slave States, "the people have grown wiser than they were before." And he comes forward himself at this time, a Senator from slaveholding Maryland, to sustain the claim that slaves could be made soldiers by our Government, and that they were free forever after. On that point, his language is so emphatic as to merit quotation:

"It would be a reproach, a blasting reproach, even more acute and bitter than that which the learned Senator's resolution assumes in the case to which the resolution refers, if the United States should use these men for the purpose of putting down this insurrection and maintaining the government in its existence and restoring it to its power, and were then to permit them to be used as slaves thereafter; and I therefore individually have never had a doubt that whenever these slaves are called into the service of the United States, either into its armies or into its navies, and render the service, they are, by the fact of the service, free; and once free, thank God, they can never again be made slaves."

This is a marked advance on what has been the public sentiment of Maryland and the Border States. It has not been such a great while that we of the free North would admit that black soldiers ought to be enlisted at all; but war, and its blighting experiences have wrought a great change with our current opinions on that subject. We all of us used to affirm, and with a great deal of emphasis, too, that when it should be necessary to call in the negro to help us save the Union, we had better let the Union go; for that this was a *white man's* contest, in which none but men of a white color had any business to be interested. Events have rapidly conspired to modify such a view. A public man like Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of this desirable change. He says, on this subject of slave enlistments, that if Congress has power to employ negroes to repel invasion, it had the same power to employ them to suppress insurrection. In the raising of armies, he affirmed that there was no intimation in regard to color, and black soldiers had always been plentiful in the navy; no constitutional objection had ever been raised to their employment, and none could be.

Now while we are in no sense frantic and frenzied in seizing and holding notions, on the subject of slavery or on any other subject, but prefer to await the slower operation of time, which suggests at the same time that it ripens—we are free to admit that the march of events is fast placing this question of slavery out of the controlling reach of those who have hitherto had it at their disposal, and dragging it forth to the light of the world's closer investigation and severer scrutiny. We do not think that, as a local and social institution, it will undergo a sudden and miraculous change, and that a community of four million slaves will at once be transformed into four million capable citizens, self-sustaining and wholly free. But we are not able to shut our eyes, either, to the fact that the collision of arms, undertaken in the interest of slavery, is fast destroying the only props and supports slavery ever had, so that it can never stand again as the same element of the social and political state it once was, the way being thus opened to a change in the system, that will have to obey the same laws of progress to which all other institutions in this age are to be subjected.

### Cold Bedrooms.

Every idea given forth by writers of deep thought and great experience, should be duly considered by those of less knowledge. The subject of health is of paramount importance to the welfare of the human race. We are too apt, in the hurry of business pursuits, to overlook the causes which oftentimes produce disease and premature death. Did we pay more attention to what we are too apt to consider little things, we should doubtless be much healthier than we are, and as a consequence, need the physician's advice less.

Much has been written upon the deleterious effects engendered by sleeping in heated rooms; but still we heed not the admonitions of the wise in this respect, and when we awaken with a sick headache, we attribute it to every other cause but the true one, and resort to medical remedies for its removal. Many persons prefer warm sleeping-rooms, because "it is more comfortable," little dreaming that they are to be more uncomfortable in consequence during the day.

Now we believe that a person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. Simply for this reason: The natural heat of the body will speedily render us more comfortably warm than though we slept in a heated apartment, and we shall not be liable to a sensation of chilliness as soon as the artificial heat is dispensed. But this is not all; we shall be more robust and far less susceptible to the sudden changes of the atmosphere so prevalent in this climate. We have practiced sleeping in a cold room for many years, and attribute our uniform good health to this cause alone.

### Dr. J. T. Gilman, M.D.

This gentleman, whose office is located at room No. 2, Hancock House, (Court Square,) Boston, deserves more than a passing notice. While evidences of remarkable cures by other physicians are given to the public from time to time in the newspapers, the merits of this skillful physician are nearly lost sight of by our community.

Every one is aware that those who practice the healing art should be thoroughly competent to discharge the varied duties incident to such a calling; and they are also well aware that there are many in our midst who are not.

When a man is sick, he is anxious, of course, to recover his wonted health as rapidly as possible; and he can in no better way accomplish that desirable end than by employing a skillful physician. Such an one we know is the gentleman whose name heads this article. We speak not thus because he is our friend, but because we consider it a duty we owe suffering humanity. We have seen with our own eyes what his skill has accomplished in severe cases of fever, and would cite several, were we not aware that by so doing we should incur the Doctor's disapprobation. But we can and will cordially recommend him to our citizens as one of the best eclectic physicians in this country.

### Poems from the Inner Life.

We issued on Tuesday of last week a large edition of these Poems in book form, and we feel gratified to inform our friends and the friends of Miss Doten, that nearly the whole edition was ordered in less than three days afterward. This shows conclusively the appreciation in which these Poems are held by the public, many of them having appeared occasionally in the BANNER. Poe's last poem, "FAREWELL TO EARTH" (never before published) is well worth the price of the book. His brother Masons, especially, will no doubt fully appreciate it.

In consequence of the rapid sale of this work, we have ordered a second edition.

### Christmas Remembrance.

"Cousin Benja," in whose warm and genial heart ever vibrates a chord of sympathy with the great world of humanity, intuitively remembered us, while dispensing his Christmas Gifts, as a bag full of choice apples and several elegant wreaths will testify. The laurel and the holly, two of Nature's most beautiful evergreens, intertwine their tendrils as harmoniously as we wish Cousin Benja's life may ever be.

### Social Pleasures.

Among the many mistaken ideas of the masses is the one of social pleasures; to which the majority aspire with a feverish avidity; that of itself is proof of their essential worthlessness. If society were organized upon the rightful basis of a just equality, if the distinctions made were those of heart and principles, then indeed it would be worth striving for—this eagerness to obtain admittance to its choice circles, and pure and elevating pleasures, would be worthy of the object. But as it is, there is outside glitter only, and no inner warmth; there is display of meretricious graces, and no heart-offerings of truth, no soul-homage unto goodness. There is a bowing down before cold intellect, heedless of that intellect's favorite bias, whether it be for the world's advancement, or engaged in bitter biting sarcasm against it. Enough that it is intellect, crowned with bays, and applauded of the multitude. Fashion seeks not to penetrate beneath the surface; its critical eye judges of externals only. If the apparel be faultlessly correct, in strict accordance with the prevailing mode, what matters it for the state of the mind, the capacity of the spirit? Observe the cool, investigating glances of the ladies, (the fashionable ones) when a new candidate for social reception and honors is presented to their notice; and their beauty, her dress, her jewelry is scanned, and the sum total expended on her "getting up" is mentally produced; the gentleman's broadcloth, fine linen, and dainty shirt-studs, or diamond pin, are valued; and thus to externals only, is the favor of society gained. To such homes, who that has a remnant of common sense left, desires to be invited? Who, that respects the beneficence of intellect, would degrade it to the mission of the customary small talk, in vogue among the so-called "select circles?" Who, with a heart yearning for redress of the multiform wrongs of the present, could content himself in an assembly of giddy butterflies and perfumed coxcombs?

And the pleasures of such minds, what are they? Hours of precious, fleeting time are consumed in preparation for the *fete*, or ball, or stylish party; and when the eventual night arrives, (evening being long past) there is "vanity and vexation of spirit," as the result of so much labor and inconvenience—for, the Argus eyes of society will note the slightest deviation from the established rule, and veto with displeasure all the shortcomings of her aristocratic requirements. In the balls and great parties now in vogue, there is no pleasant relaxation; etiquette, stiff and severe, stands sentinel before the door of every honest emotion, every enthusiastic demonstration. It is not considered polite to manifest feeling; a cold and polished indifference is the *ne plus ultra* of the good breeding of to-day.

Dancing, that healthful exercise, is at these gatherings carried to excess; and late suppers, stimulating drinks, and heated rooms, add to the debilitating effects of late hours, and leave their impress on the frame and soul. Lassitude, weariness and disgust follow inevitably upon a "fashionable season;" the pure and moderate enjoyments never fall, nor leave the sting of utter satiety. If, in accordance with Nature's dictates, we were to assemble on the sunny afternoon, in the bounteous summer-time, on some fair spreading lawn, or wild-wood carpeting, and there dance to our heart's content, young men and old, maidens and matrons, children and acquaintances, then, indeed, would there be pleasure, social and elevating in the exercise.

The hospitalities of the table, extended to congenial friends, would be productive of genial influences; pleasant gatherings of young and old around the winter hearth, with a dance to while away a portion of the long winter evenings, would be beneficial and inspiring; worthy of the name of social re-union. But to sing and feast, and trip it "on tulle and tinsel too," while sensible people are in bed, is as unwise, in a physical point of view, as it is injurious to mind and morals. Rest is as necessary as action, and should be enjoyed by all, at its appointed time. The wit that sparkles by gas-light, is as evanescent as the beauty that flashes there for awhile, then returns to obscurity, blighted by the artificial glare. Excitement is unwholesome; cheerfulness is heaven-sent; dancing, singing and music, are a portion of the heaven-life. Let us assemble the loved ones of our household, and with them enjoy these simple pleasures.

### Credit where Due.

Gen. Burnside is conscientious, whatever criticism may be passed on his military capability. In a speech which he has recently made in Cincinnati, in response to a serenade, he frankly says that he did not claim for himself the credit of the campaign in East Tennessee—that belonged to the private soldiers, non-commissioned officers and officers. He never was associated with an army in which every man seemed more determined to do his whole duty, than was the Army of the Ohio, through all the trying scenes they had passed. During the siege of Knoxville, not a man flinched. Every one did all he could, and neither by look, or word, or deed, gave expression to a possibility of failure. In this unanimity of devotion to the cause, was their safety, and out of it came success. When the history of this war shall be fairly written, and its facts fully understood, it will appear that in all the armies and campaigns it has been as he testified it was with the Army of the Ohio in East Tennessee, the honor belonged chiefly to the rank and file. There were as good men serving as private soldiers as any of the officers; and the cases were not few in which the men were better than the officers.

### Cora L. V. Scott

Delivered two lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city on Sunday, Dec. 20th, to large audiences. An excellent discourse was given in the afternoon, abounding with wholesome truths, on the commandment to honor and obey parents. All such as travel, in crooked paths and make unjust and unreasonable requirements of their children, could but have felt the force of the argument, to say the least.

In the evening, a Committee from the audience gave the subject for the lecture, which was treated with ability and conciseness for a half hour, and then the audience propounded questions which required about three quarters of an hour's time to answer. Each question, however, was promptly answered by the speaker.

### Mrs. Cuppy in Dayton, Ohio.

This lady is engaged to speak every Sunday evening in Harmonical Hall, for the present. Our friends there have organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum, which meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and at 11 1/2 o'clock a Conference Meeting is held. Mrs. C. is very much interested in the Lyceum, and has assumed an active part in its management, and is one of the teachers. Her amiable social qualities and goodness of heart admirably fit her for such a position, as she will win the love of all who look to her for instruction.

### New Spiritual Bookstore in Philadelphia.

It is with pleasure we announce that Mrs. C. W. HALE purposes immediately establishing a Depot in the city of "Brotherly Love" for the sale of Spiritual books and papers. We understand from reliable authority that she is a lady of much energy of character, and will no doubt do great good in her new vocation. We hope the friends in that quarter will render her all the aid they can, by patronizing her establishment. Further information on the subject will be given in our next.

### New Publications.

We have the ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January on our table. The contents are various and of the first interest. We mention some of the papers, as follows: An article on Gov. John Winthrop; the Planting of the Apple Tree; a poem by Bryant; House and Home Papers, No. 1, by Mrs. Bowe; Three Cantos of Dante's "Paradiso," translated by Longfellow; External Appearance of Glaciers, by Agassiz; Memorial Postum—a stone set up in verse by Lowell, to the memory of the brave and gallant Col. Shaw, of the colored regiment of Massachusetts; My Book, by Gail Hamilton; The Minister Plenipotentiary, a capital article by Holmes on the mission of Henry Ward Beecher to England, and worth everybody's perusal; the Beginning of the End, a comprehensive, accurate, racy, and well written paper by that depository of History and General Literature, O. C. Hazewell, furnishing us with an account of what has been accomplished during the last year of the war, and a prophetic view of the closing up of the contest. Besides these, there are book notices, and editorial notes of interest. This number of the Atlantic is a noble one, worthily opening the new year.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

This is an exceedingly interesting novel, and is fully up to any of the popular author's previous works, and as a matter of course will be eagerly sought by the reading public. It is printed in Peterson's usual good style, for the low price of twenty-five cents.

THE MASONIC MONTHLY, Vol. 1. Boston: Edward L. Mitchell, 24 Congress street. Price \$2.00 a year; single copy, 20 cents.

This Magazine is devoted to the interests of the Masonic Order. It appears to be ably conducted, and will doubtless be of great service in familiarizing the public with the benefits and beauties of this Social Fraternity. It is very neatly got up, and makes one hundred printed pages. It is a credit to the Order, and deserves their liberal support.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by Edward I. Sears. A. M. September. For sale in Boston, by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. This sterling publication is a welcome visitor to our sanctum. It contains, as usual, lengthy reviews of a large number of works from some of the ablest writers of the present day, penned in a style which at once commands the attention of the scholar, student and general reader, and from which is generally gathered the cream of the whole work.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for January, comes with its freight of fresh literature, in most respects an improvement on what it has furnished during some parts of the year past. It is a vigorous and up-to-the-times number, and promises well for its power in the current literature of the country. The Continental has long been a favorite with us, and we wish its success as a magazine may never fall behind its merits.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for January is also crowded with interesting articles and elegant illustrations. It has ever been the aim of its publishers to furnish so great an amount of matter in every department of literature that it should be indispensable to every cultivated American reader; and they have succeeded well in the undertaking, for the magazine now stands at the head of the list.

MADAME DEMOREST'S Quarterly Mirror of Fashions and Journal Du Grand Mode for the winter ending Feb., 1864. This number contains a splendid cloak plate, new braid patterns, nearly one hundred engravings and elegant colored fashion plates, five full-sized patterns, and other valuable novelties.

### A Drop of Comfort.

Reader, you have ills of some kind, have you not? I will venture to say that, if a man, you do at times become perplexed or harassed in your affairs, or you discover so much dishonesty in political or business relations that your temper is sometimes soured, and you feel unpleasantly toward yourself and the world in general; or, if a woman, with household and family cares—the causes being too numerous to specify—we know your nerves are often strained to their utmost tension, and your hopes of happiness or beauty in life flicker and almost die out in darkness. There is a panacea for these ills. I will not be selfish and see you and your neighbor suffering for want of this accessible remedy without hinting at its use.

When the soul becomes thus mired in the slime of earth, and murky clouds obscure the heavens, this talisman dissolves the hated bonds and sets the prisoner free. Wouldst know its name? It is a household word—BANNER OF LIGHT.

It is a prayer to God! It is the catholic's saint and intercessor to Higher Powers. You must not put it by to read exclusively on Sundays, and evenings when cares are over and tempers sweetened and toned down by rest, but during the busy turmoil, when tired, outraged Nature will bear no more; then take it up and glance wherever you will, though the quivering nerves for a time forbid concentration of thought, imperceptibly you will be led away by the relations of its many contributors—sometimes wandering with the traveler over our earth-planes; visiting the home scenes and making the acquaintance of many now tolling for humanity—sometimes being led away from earth, catching glimpses of the great hereafter, until the little present recedes too far to pierce us by its anguishes. Thus we rest, and soon come back to toil, refreshed and strengthened for further conflict. A. C. GRAY.

### Answering Sealed Letters.

Owing to the large number of letters sent to the lady medium who advertises to answer them, there has been some unavoidable delay of late in returning them to the writers. But they are all safe, and will be mailed each to the proper address as soon as answered; otherwise, the money will be returned. Every letter is numbered, and will be answered in turn, as they come. A letter may not be reached for two weeks, and the time may extend to four, and over.

We have recently received testimony of the reliability of the medium from many who have sent letters for answer, several of which we may make public at some future time. Now we have only room for a brief one. Mr. H. D. Jones, writing from Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 18th, says: "Your medium has answered several letters for myself and friends very satisfactorily."

### Social Levee in Charlestown.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown a few weeks since gave a social entertainment, which was so successful and satisfactory, that they have decided on a second edition of the same. On Tuesday evening, January 5th, a grand Social Levee will be held in the City Hall, on which occasion there will be quite a spiritual feast offered for the mental digestion of our friends. Addresses will be made by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, and probably Miss Lizzie Doten; also short speeches from others, as time will permit, all to be interspersed with good singing. After which, those who delight in dancing will have an opportunity to indulge in that exhilarating amusement. This is sufficient to insure a pleasant time to all.

### Blossoms of Our Spring.

Dealers in Spiritual Literature will find it to their advantage to order this book. The Poetry is excellent. We shall notice the work more fully hereafter. In the meantime the reader is referred to the contents, which may be found in the advertisement elsewhere.



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed as spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of a medium.

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did a Franklin persevere in his electrical investigations? Did he stand still and expect the elements to serve him when he made no effort himself? Certainly he did not, or he would never have given to the world of science such grand results as he did. He made use of the power God had given him, and by so doing called upon those latent energies he was not acquainted with. He stretched forth his arms toward another planet, and another pair of arms were given him.

Your strength, your power, as spirits divine, is unlimited. You look at the mysteries of to-day, and you say, "Oh, it is impossible for me to understand this or that mystery," but when you really strive to do so, the darkness passes away, and light is given you. The mystery of to-day is the simplicity of to-morrow. Believe us, friend, you can control your own destiny so far, and so far only, as you are acquainted with yourself. If we have failed to make the subject plain to you, we will endeavor to be more explicit on the point in question.

**Ques.**—What course of training is the best adapted to enable a man to control his own destiny?

**Ans.**—Make use of all the means offered in your day and generation. It is impossible to enumerate them, for they are legion. There is no general rule that can be applied to the individual.

**Q.**—Does not the formation of the brain control man's destiny?

**A.**—It does to a considerable degree.

**Q.**—How can the formation of the brain be altered after maturity?

**A.**—By cultivating and stimulating those organs that are dormant and inactive, and suppressing those that are too active.

**Q.**—How can persons see themselves clearly enough to know when it is necessary for them to do this?

**A.**—You have only to compare notes with Nature. Read Nature in her outer volume, then turn and compare what you read there with your inner self.

**Q.**—Can all persons become mediums?

**A.**—Yes, to a certain extent. If your bodies are mediums for your own spirits, they may be, to a certain extent, for any other spirit. But all persons cannot become so to an equal extent.

**Q.**—How should any one know whether they can become a medium for other spirits?

**A.**—There are many ways of finding out this. Place yourself in a position for receiving spiritual influences, or the foreign spirit, that is to visit the place where spirits are wont to congregate; where spirit-power is diffused, or where mediums are said to be developed.

**Nov. 17.**

**Enoch Owens.**

Well, stranger, I thought I'd travel round this way to give some account of myself. It's a mighty little I know about these things anyway, stranger, for I've only since yesterday I lost my own body. So you see I have not had much time to learn. [You return quickly.] Well, I meant to. I saw the other boys trying on uniforms to come back with, so I thought I'd try on a coat, and see if I could not come, too.

I'm from Cleveland, Ohio, and was in my twenty-first year. I belonged to the 7th Ohio, and was taken prisoner, and died in one of the prettiest places—that is a lie—or would have been, if I'd finished it. Well, I'll change it then. I died in one of the worst places you ever saw. Why, I was so mighty tired of life, stranger, that I wouldn't have been induced to stay there another day on any account. I was not going to make up my mind to stay there and suffer, so I got a chance to get a pass, little out of the usual way. [How was that?]

Well, you see it was like this: I would be snappy—that is, I mean to say, I would say what I had a mind to. I used to think there was no rebel big enough to shut my mouth, and I told them so too. Now when I spoke I was pretty likely to offend them. Well, they just give me to understand that I'd have to pay pretty dear for my talk. Now said I, no you do not. I knew very well that I'd have to suffer a good deal more than I had been suffering, and I want so mighty strongly tied to things round here, that I wanted to hang on any longer, so I killed myself, stranger. Who's business was it? [Your own.] That's it; my own business, and nobody's else. If it was not exactly right for me to take my own life. It was very natural to suppose I did not want to stay here on the earth and suffer any longer.

Now some folks will tell you that I was inclined that way, "cause my father committed suicide; but I don't know as it was so. I felt like doing it yesterday, so I'm here to-day. Now I should like to go to Cleveland, if I could, and speak to my friends. Do you think I can? [You'll find mediums there you can use.] Humph! And 'em there? [We've no doubt you will.]

Yes, well, ask 'em to give Enoch Owens a chance, will you? [Oh, yes.] Well, tell the folks I'm pretty happy here. Soon as I get a little better acquainted with this way of speaking, I'll go home and talk, if my folks will let me.

[Where you an inmate of Libby Prison, Richmond?] Do not know what they call it. I know what I should call it: do you want me to tell you? [Yes.] I should call it Hell. It seems about as near it as I guess you'll ever find a spot. It's a pretty tough place.

If you should happen to go there and inquire for my body, they'd probably point to a pile in the lower passage of the prison, where it was thrown. [Did you see it put away?]—Taint put away, sir; not as you mean. No, sir, when a poor fellow dies there they drag his body down into the lower passage. They're piled up there till they get a cartful, and what they do with them after that I can't tell. I rather think my body's on the top of the pile, although it may be some other fellow's got across since I left yesterday.

Well, now, the folks will feel some troubled, I suppose, when they hear how my body was treated. But they need not, for I'm well enough off now in the spirit-world, although I find there's room for improvement on the other side. They tell us one can improve just as well in the spirit world as round here. You do not know anything about it, stranger, do you? [No, not about your side.] You'll know that I told the truth when you come to the spirit-world.

**Nov. 17.**

**Caleb M. Dyer.**

Friends, I will not attempt to describe my feelings when my eyes were first opened to the beauty of this grand spirit-world. I felt as though all my being had been tuned to praise God; that a new song of thanksgiving had been put into my mouth; that everything was beautiful, and God was everywhere.

I visit you this afternoon with the hope of doing something to benefit the poor soul who separated my spirit from its mortal body. I bear him no unkind feelings—I pity him; and could I meet him this hour, it would be with feelings of love and pity.

I see that he is about to be dealt with according to the laws of the country; and I see that those laws are in part very unjust, for instead of judging man according to spiritual ideas of right, he is judged entirely by material acts. Thus the poor criminal oftentimes gets injustice dealt out to him, instead of justice.

It is perhaps well that my murderer is not allowed his liberty, for he might plunge himself into a worse hell than he is now living in. But I would strive to bring that soul out of the condition it is now in, by the element of love, by kindness, by overcoming the evil of his nature with good.

Nearly all my life I was attached to that class of persons whom the world calls Shakers. I lived up to the highest light my God saw fit to give me, and I am

not sorry that I lived as I did. I return with no regrets for the course I took when on earth, but I rather thank God for the blessed light which I was permitted to enjoy for long years. And although I am now enabled to see that the dear Society to which I belonged are, in some respects, at fault, yet I know that in many respects they are right, for if they were not, there certainly could not be so great a degree of harmony existing among them as a Society.

I am aware, friends, that you of the world look upon us with a feeling of distrust; but allow me to say, before God and my own soul, that there is no need of it. I know we strive to do our duty humbly before God. I know, too, that the religion of the Shaker is very imperfect, and in its childhood.

I would be very glad to speak with that individual who has succeeded me in the eldership of the family I was located among when on the earth. I have many things to say to him, much counsel to give him, if he will but give me the privilege of speaking with him.

Oh, I hope I shall not fall to do that work which the Father has entrusted to me. I will make an earnest appeal in behalf of the poor benighted soul who is now awaiting sentence. If it would be of any avail, I would pray that the stern arm of the law might deal in mercy; but I know too well that our words, as disembodied intelligences, in behalf of the guilty ones of earth, would fall like dead letters at the feet of humanity.

A blessing—a threefold blessing—I have to bestow upon the dear friend who mourn my loss. But oh, I earnestly beseech of them to continue to live in the holy way of truth and righteousness which their religion has marked out for them. And I earnestly beseech of them, also, as God's children, to seek continually for truth, not alone of that which may be found within the lids of the Sacred Book, but to gather truth from any and all sources. And I earnestly beseech of them not to consider me as gone, not to feel that I have no longer any interest in their welfare, for I am with them, of the same spirit, ready to counsel and bless them just as I would when here.

Farewell, friend. Oh, my name—Caleb M. Dyer, of Enfield, N. H.

**Nov. 17.**

**Evelyn Knox.**

I died last January, and was nine years old. My name was Evelyn Knox, and I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. My father is at the South. My mother is in Brooklyn. I have two sisters, and my brother is in New York City, keeping books. My sisters are at home. I thought if I should come here and send a line to my mother, that she might let me come home, instead of coming here, or anywhere else.

I was sick with the fever and sore throat. I died on the fourteenth day after I was taken sick. I wish my mother would ask me to come home. I do not like to come here among strangers.

I do not know what else I shall give to make my mother know me, except I tell about my hand. It was deformed. I had not only two fingers on the left hand, and they had no nails on them; and when I was dead, they covered the hand with flowers, so it was not seen, because my mother knew I did not like to have it seen. I was there and see them do it.

[Do you remember what part of Brooklyn you lived in?] Yes, sir; Myrtle street. I'm dead now; I do not live there now. [You mean when you were on earth.] Oh yes—with my body.

Give my love to my father, too. [Is he in the army?] No, sir; he is not in New Orleans now. He has been there, was there before I died, but he is not there now. I do not know the name of the place he's in, but it's not New Orleans.

[Why don't you call on your mother, at Brooklyn?] I did. Because there isn't any medium there it won't do any good. I don't like to go home when she can't see me, and don't know I'm there. I want her to get somebody and take home, then I can come. It won't do any good to go home unless I have some one to talk through. [Can't you make her know you by going home?] No, sir; I can only make her think of me; that's a satisfaction to me.

My grandfather said if I would come and send a letter from here, he'd very likely invite me home. My grandfather was a baker, and says, perhaps something about him will help me. He died by accident, when my mother was a little girl, but did enough to remember him well. Something fell on his head in the bakery, and caused a trouble, of which he died in a few days. Tell my mother he knew me as soon as I come to the spirit-world, but of course I did not know him until he told me who he was. I'm going now.

**Nov. 17.**

**Invocation.**

Oh Life, as we turn the leaves of thy volume, we stop over and anon ask, What next? what new revelation hast thou to offer to the human soul? Oh Life, the past has been filled with blessings; the present is filled, also, with blessings, and what are we to expect in the future? That thou wilt continue to bless us? Oh Life, we are certain, notwithstanding the clouds are heavy in the horizon, and the human soul seems to have lost sight at times of the great Infinite Spirit of Love, yet the clouds we know are blessings in disguise. Midnight is but the harbinger of morning, and all these seeming evils are but watchwords that shall herald in the morning of a brighter day. Oh Life, in our great desire to penetrate thy future and our future, we must continually ask, what next? We find ourselves in the midst of action, beautiful action, everywhere we turn, for thy voice is heard calling all thy creatures higher and still higher in the scale of human goodness and wisdom, and progress seems written on all things. Oh Life, what though we do stretch out our hands and our spirit senses unto the future? What though we strive to comprehend thee and thy works? Will thou cease to bless us, and cease to bless us? Nay, say, for oh Life, even as thou hast endowed us with power to penetrate the future, we know that power is for our use. And so we ask, to-day and forever, what next?

**Nov. 19.**

**The Resurrection of Spirits, etc.**

**Spirit.**—Have the friends any subject to propound? If so, we are now ready to hear it, at least.

**Spirit.**—Please state some particulars of the resurrection of spirits—their first looks, notions, etc., at their new birth, and of their first reception and teachings.

It would be impossible to convey any positive conception to you, while you dwell in the flesh, of the condition you seek to know about. It would be impossible to describe to you the condition of the spirit while passing through the resurrecting process. We have essayed many times to unfold this problem to your human understanding, but we have ever felt that we have failed, signally failed. We have but attempted to show you the reality of the beautiful condition you speak of. We cannot unfold the spiritual to you while you dwell on the earth, for the human senses cannot comprehend the spirit when separated from mortality.

Have the friends other questions to offer?

**Ques.**—What qualities, physical and moral, best fit individuals for mediums?

**Ans.**—The keen nervous temperament in the physical, is particularly adapted to mediumship. A set of nerves so finely strung as to be in rapport with the spirit-world, while it is also in rapport with earth life, to some extent all physical bodies are mediumistic; but to that extent that constitutes a thoroughly developed medium, there are but few, very few. We know of no special condition of morality that is adapted to develop mediumship, for we have seen many mediums

who are highly developed, whose mediumistic powers are grand and beautiful, who have lived very low in the moral scale. When we have seen this, we have paused in wonder to behold the depths of immorality in which such highly developed mediums seem to live, when out of the trance state. But this offers no barrier to the coming influx of foreign spirit, that seems for the time being to assert its control; for the moral nature, in many instances, is not consulted by the controlling spirit. Yet in some instances it is the reverse; for from mediums of a high moral standard, some spirits are repelled, while others are attracted to them. Those who are attracted to the medium have more power over the subject they control, and that power is more apparent to your physical senses.

**Q.**—Why do those who die suddenly awake to consciousness first?

**A.**—We are not sure that this is the case. On the contrary, we are quite positive that in those cases where individuals are suddenly deprived of their physical bodies, they remain in a state of stupor for a great length of time.

**Q.**—But many who are killed in war return here very quickly.

**A.**—The rule which may apply to a few individuals, cannot and does not apply to all. You might now be suddenly struck down by the angel, Death, while in the full enjoyment of earthly life and yet, by virtue of your own inherent tendencies toward that life, you might, as a disembodied spirit, so soon awake to consciousness as to be able to return here within a few hours; while another, perhaps one at your side, might pass to the spirit-world at the same moment, and yet might remain slumbering for a thousand years.

**Q.**—Do you mean to say for a thousand years?

**A.**—We do, certainly.

**Q.**—That's a long time.

**A.**—Yes, according to your human standard of time, it is very long. We speak with reference to your definition of time when we say a thousand years, not to ours.

**Q.**—Is it made to appear to them a thousand years?

**A.**—They are generally made aware of that fact, but on their first awaking to consciousness or life, it finds them precisely where it left them.

**Q.**—Will you please describe the sensations of the disembodied spirit upon first awakening to consciousness?

**A.**—We believe they are generally similar to those experienced in returning to consciousness after the phenomenon sleep. During the hours of slumber you are not conscious of the lapse of time. The spirit takes no cognizance of material scenes. You do not know while you are slumbering what is taking place in your material sphere. True, the retiring spirit may take part in spirit scenes—and allow us to say, those spirit scenes are derived entirely from your physical, your material world, for you are just as much in the spirit-world now as you ever will be. You are simply incarnated in fleshy temples. When you cast off those temples you will be just the same, and many of you will hardly believe that you have lost the physical.

**Q.**—Can a knowledge of the future be obtained in any other way than by perception of cause and effect?

**A.**—No, certainly not; that is the way Nature, or the great law of life, hath marked out for us. You can only perceive of the future by following the line of this wondrous law.

**Nov. 18.**

**John Wallingford.**

I scarce know whether I should address you as I wish to this afternoon, or whether I should hold my peace. But I feel so intensely anxious to say a few words, that I think I had better avail myself of the present opportunity.

It is only a little short of three months since I died. For many years I lived in Liverpool, England, but I died in London, with my son—my oldest son. One of my sons is in this country. I was not permitted to look upon him when sick. I had hoped he would come to me that I might speak with him once more before death, but circumstances ordered it otherwise, and the blessing was denied me, no doubt for good.

My name was John Wallingford, and I was eighty-seven years of age. I was for many years in Liverpool, in the furniture trade. When I went to London, some seven or eight years ago, to live with my eldest son, I had closed off my business, and had much time to think about a future state and to review the past.

My son wrote me some two or three months before my death. He was in the habit of writing me from time to time concerning the affairs of this country particularly, and the feeling that was paramount in America with regard to England. He told me in his last letter that it was the universal belief here that the mother country was opposed to the child, and although he seemed to take no interest in your war, and professed to stand neutral, yet in fact she was doing all in her power to break up your Government, and bring the country once again under English rule.

I said then, "Would to God I had strength and youth and eloquence at my command; then would I visit your country, if only to set the American people right on this point, for I knew they were wrong." I know there has been a great deal done by individuals that would lead you to suppose that the English Government was an enemy to you, but I ask of you, my friends, whether it is kind and just to charge home upon the Government the sins of the individual?

Now I know, too, that there are many in England who are secretly your enemies. I know there are many English subjects who would sell their birthright for a pound. What do they care who conquers in this war? They had just as lief build an iron clad for the Confederate Government as not, if, by so doing, they can enrich their own pockets; and there is no law except that which punishes the faults of the individual, that can ever overrule these difficulties. You know very well, my friends, that you cannot attain any desired end immediately. There must be a long time to be taken up before you can bring your fish to shore.

So it is with England. However much she may regret the delinquencies of her subjects, however much she may desire to bring to justice those individuals who secretly plot against your Government, yet she cannot right these wrongs in a day, or in a week, but time must be given her.

I know positively that the Government of England at heart is in sympathy with you of the North. Now I would not willingly do you harm, but I know positively that there are individuals in England at this very moment, who are trying to overcome you, to annihilate, to crush you out; to take you under the stern arm of power, and place you once more under British rule. But should you cast censure upon all, because of the faults of the few? Oh, many of you will say Government should control her refractory subjects. But time must be given the English Government, as if it were your own Government.

How warily with your Chief Magistrate, when you found yourself drawn into a civil war by your enemies? You demanded him to call together your subjects. Ships were to be built, troops were to be armed and equipped, and a vast deal was to be done before Government could take the reins and drive the ship.

Oh, I tell you, friends, that while you are in part right with regard to the much prevailing sentiment against you there, yet you are mistaken with regard to the feeling of the English Government; for I assure you the heart of this people is with you of the North. I know, my friends, that I saw seed upon soil that is unprepared to receive it. Yet who knows but what the sun and the rain may fertilize and enrich the soil, perhaps, before the seed dies? Who can tell?

**Nov. 18.**

Now a word to my son—my youngest boy, here in your country. Oh, my son, you have been kindly cared for by the American Government. I charge you to do all in your power to battle for the right. And if your own right arm is needed to do this, give it, and give it willingly.

I am dead, you say; but Nature says I am alive. I know there is a strange contradiction between Nature and human education. Now come and talk with Nature, and set human education aside. Get a good medium, and let me come and talk with you, and if I do not prove myself to you beyond the shadow of a doubt, then you may turn to education for strength and support, and set Nature aside. Farewell.

**Nov. 10.**

**Catharine Tilson.**

I hoped to be able to send some intelligence to my mother and brothers, living in New York State. I died at Galesburg, Georgia, on the 7th day of September last.

I was married seventeen years ago, and lived here at the North near one year after marriage; the rest of the time I passed at the South. My husband entered the service early in the rebellion. At first I was able to correspond with my friends, but after awhile I was not able to correspond with my friends at the North at all. With loss of property, the loss of one child and last, the loss of my husband, came so severe a blow, that I was unable to survive it long.

My friends at the North, know of my husband's death, but they have not heard of my death. I know this is a way of communication that they know nothing about; but I suppose, sir, that it is the only one we can avail ourselves of now. I hope my friends at the North will go to the home I have left, and take charge of my youngest child. There is not much left to support that child. Oh, things are so changed—so terribly changed, it makes me shudder while I think of it.

My name before marriage was Crafts—Catharine Crafts. After marriage, Tilson—Catharine Tilson. I wrote to my mother while I was sick; but from what I can learn since my death, she never received it. I've also learned of her sending letters to me that never reached me.

I wish to tell her that when Albert died, there was scarce enough in the house for me to live upon a single month. But I managed to live until death claimed me, which was not long; and I said then, "I would to God that we could all die." But my youngest is left.

I had thought that perhaps by coming here my brother William would go to our home and take the child. There's not much to settle there. It is easily done.

How do you send our letters? [We publish them in a paper.] Yes, yes, and we have to wait, I suppose, till it reaches our friends. [



