

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVI.

{88.00 PER YEAR.
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.

NO. 17.

Literary Department.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I come, with blessings freighted, though ye may,
Blinded by sense and selfish passion's sway,
Turn from Truth's blessed, benignant ray.

I am the year of Freedom and Release;
The harbinger of the Eternal Peace;
The Comforter, who bids your murmurings cease!

I am the year of Grace and Jubilee;
Prophetic souls have faith and trust in me;
I am God's envoy to humanity!

I bring the palm, the olive, and the rose;
At my behest the heavenly gates unclose,
And wearied souls attain the true repose.

Troops of bright angels earthward wing their flight;
In the supreme and bountiful delight,
Where with Immortal love attests its might!

They hover round you; speak to you in tones
Whose music thrills above the battle-grounds;
Whose compensative charm for all atones

That you have lost; earth-loss is heavenly gain;
The exchange of Freedom's rapture for the chain
That galled and numbed the spirit in its pain!

The cross and crown, soul-emblems—both are mine;
I bear the mandates of the Will Divine;
Millennial glories o'er my pathway shine.

I bring emancipation, wisdom's joy—
Justice, devoid of creed and earth alloy—
Beauty and Use that blend in Heaven's employ;

I twine the bridal chaplet of the skies,
For the loved summation of Paradise;
The meek and lowly won my regal prize.

In the aparted by-ways of this life,
Mid battle-flames and elemental strife,
I find the dowered souls with glory rife.

They know me; they have waited for me long!
They welcome me with triumph bursts of song,
And hail me victor of the vanquished wrong.

I am ordained of Father-Mother-God!
I wield the sceptre, and the chastening rod;
I consecrate the crimson-reeking sod!

And build the shrines of reverent worship, where
The martyr spirit bendeth low in prayer,
Confessing to God's loving mother care.

Many will see me only through their tears,
A year of turmoil and of anxious fears;
Not as an envoy from the upper spheres.

And yet, beloved! I come to all that lives,
With the full hand, and longing heart that gives,
The soul that for the blinded past forgives.

I am commissioned of the God of Love,
And by the ministering hosts above,
Twixt earth and heaven, to be the carrier-dove.

Admit me, though outside the thunders roll!
And I will lead you to fruition's goal,
To the communion bliss of soul with soul!

Lasalle, Ill., 1865.

THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

Translated from the French for the Banner of Light, by J. Rollin M. Squire.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was no longer love that Frank had for Elise, it was a respectful adoration for this young girl who was going toward the tomb with a smile on her lips and resignation in her heart.

He surrounded the actress with a sweet solicitude. He watched in her look the passage of a fantasy, the gleam of a caprice, and threw himself on his knees before her to serve her.

The poor Elise was going from him every day. Her little, dry cough, which she strove in vain to keep back, bent her chest, her face became paler, and on the paleness of her cheeks a red, hectic flush appeared.

She was consumptive!

An unrelenting disease, as they had told Sosthène, and which, until the last moment, throws over the forehead of its victims the rays of a sad and religious poetry.

One day she wished to take a walk to the side of Hippone, to the tomb of St. Augustine, and Frank and Sosthène accompanied her. They followed the banks of the Seybouse, but soon they quitted the river to penetrate a path lined with aloes, and above which the great, wild olives formed a mysterious vault, and almost inaccessible to the heat of the sun.

She was happy; she seemed to drink life with the emanations of the last flowers. They soon arrived at the ruins over which floated the shade of the Catholic apostle.

Miss Elise made a prayer at the foot of the statue of the saint. Sosthène and Frank regarded her, mute and meditative, mingling at the bottom of their hearts the worship of their veneration with the prayers of the young girl.

"Frank, come pray by my side," said she; "and you, also, Sosthène, come."

The two friends obeyed.

Frank wept; the look of the actress burned with a holy exaltation.

"Oh! how prayer does one good!" said she, rising. "I am happy now; and you, Frank, are you not happy?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, yes, indeed!" replied he.

quickly drying his tears, that the young girl should not see them.

"Well and good! When you shall have a sadness, M. Frank, pray, and you will see how it consoles. Oh, yes!" added she; "it consoles and benefits."

They contemplated the panorama which unrolled around them. To their right lay the mountains of Leydon, to their left the sea, whose waves wash the city of Dido, ancient Carthage, where echo still reflects the name of Regulus. At their feet rolled the Seybouse, which girdled in an island of flowers, and opposite to them lay the town of Bone, with its storks' nests, its minaret, and the Genoese fort which guarded it.

A few steps distant passed some she-camels, who guarded their young. The birds sang their bleat, and Nature seemed to have taken the air of a fête.

Miss Elise walked slowly, supported on Frank's arm.

"Look," said she, cutting a small branch from an olive tree, "keep this in remembrance of our visit to Hippone."

She gave it to Frank.

"But we will come here again," said he to her.

"Perhaps," murmured she, softly.

Then she shuddered, and pressed near to Frank, as if to preserve herself from an object which made her afraid.

Frank regarded her with sadness. He guessed that a fatal thought had just passed through the mind of the young woman.

"Let us return to the town," said Sosthène.

"Already!"

"We are in the autumn, Miss, and soon, when the sun shall have descended to the horizon, a sudden coolness will succeed the heat of the day."

In Africa, excessive cold succeeds all at once the strongest heat.

"Let us return then," said the young girl. Then she added, in a whisper, "we are in the autumn!"

They took the road to the town; the two friends were silent, only Elise kept on her lips a smile which belied the sadness of her look.

Some days after, the theatre boy came to find Frank.

"Miss Elise asks for you," said he.

Frank had a fearful presentiment.

"Oh, my God! is she ill?" asked he.

"Yes," laconically replied the boy.

Frank ran; he found Sosthène in the chamber of the sufferer.

The physician went out. He interrogated him with a look.

The physician made a sign, which seemed to say, "She is lost!"

The young girl perceived the poet.

"Ah! there you are!" said she; "come near to me."

"Dear Elise!"

"What did I tell you the other day? We shall return no more to Hippone! I shall see France no more!"

"Oh, Miss!"

"Listen, Frank: One day, as I tore the leaves from a flower, you said to me, 'You have not then even hope?' 'Yes, indeed,' I replied to you, 'I have a certain one, and which will not fail me.' I was right to reply to you thus, for it was death—death which cried to me, 'I await you!' Do not weep, my friend, and pardon me; you have believed that I did not love you, perhaps? Oh! yes—but what would you have done with me? No, God did not reserve this joy for me, and it is another who will aid you to march in the field, where the jealous and the envious shall wish to prevent you from succeeding."

"Oh, be silent, be silent, Elise! Do not speak thus!"

"Why so? Has not the physician told you that I was about to die? Let me then speak. You will arrive at celebrity, Frank. I tell you it, and I know it, for God reveals the future to the dying."

She fell back on her pillow, and Frank and Sosthène wept. Miss Elise was drowsy; and her lips moved as if to murmur a last prayer. When she came out of her drowsiness, the young sufferer found herself better.

"Draw these curtains, M. Sosthène," said she; "this chamber is too dark, and I wish to see the sun again."

Sosthène obeyed, and a ray of light came to illuminate the face of the dying. She felt the joy of a child.

"How good it is—the sun," said she.

Frank offered her a potion which the doctor had prescribed. She wished to refuse, but he made a gesture of supplication, and she took the beverage and drank it slowly.

"My friend, you remember our meeting? It is eight years since then—eight years. How rapidly time passes! I believed in life then. You remember the house in which we lived? Your chamber was opposite mine. I saw you work in the evening. 'You will kill yourself,' I said to you. 'Ah! I did not think that one day you would come to weep over my tomb—that I should go there before you so quickly,' murmured Elise to the poet.

"No, no; do not believe that!" replied he; "you will live!"

"Live! Yes, I would like to live."

"Hope!"

"Ah, do not tell me that hope is permitted me; hide it well from me, on the contrary; for if it takes possession of me, I should wish to live. I should no longer have courage to die, and that courage is now necessary to give up life, when one is young, when one is loved. Oh my God! my God! why take me so soon? Let thy will be done, my God! But it is cruel to leave those whom we love, and death makes us afraid when it comes to take us in the spring-time of life."

"Put away those sad thoughts, Elise," said Sosthène, approaching.

"It is a long time that I have continued with

them; you know it, well, you who saw the beginning of the disease which carried away my mother."

"Your mother?"

"It was with her milk that I imbibed the poison which kills me; she died as I am going to die. Poor mother!"

Elise perceived Frank brushing away his tears.

"My friend," said she to him, "I should have been happy to see your triumph, but God did not will it. Sosthène, you will not leave Frank any more, will you? You will watch over him; he is credulous, too credulous, perhaps. Promise me that you will not leave him."

"I promise it you, Elise!"

"Well, thanks!"

The sky, which until then had burned with a radiant light, obscured little by little; the sun became pale and slowly decreased, then a large black cloud mounted from the horizon; the birds kept close to the ground, uttering plaintive cries, and a north-west wind sighed through the trees, and whistled down the dead leaves, which flew away in eddies.

"The wind wept thus the day that my mother died," murmured Elise.

Frank and Sosthène looked at each other with dismay.

"I see death advancing. Oh, come near, my friends!" said the poor girl to them. "Sosthène, you were good to the humble actress, be blest! Frank, I should have given you my life, but it was no longer mine. I loved you, Frank, oh, yes, I loved you well. Another will give you the happiness which I should have been proud to give you. You will speak to her of me, will you not? She will not be jealous. One is only jealous of the living. My friends, my friends, do not leave me. Your hand, Sosthène; yours, Frank!"

The sighing wind picked up the dead leaves which came striking against the panes of the chamber windows. The look of Miss Elise assumed a fearful fixedness; she pressed convulsively the hands of the two friends.

"Adieu! adieu!" said she. "Frank, I am going to meet my mother. We will pray, both of—for you."

"Dead!" cried the poet, throwing himself into his friend's arms.

"Yes," replied Sosthène. "God has had pity for our friend, and of her who was calumniated on the earth, he has made an angel in heaven."

A fine rain commenced to fall; it lasted all night, during which the artist and poet passed in watching the poor corpse.

The following afternoon they bore her to the cemetery, where Sosthène fixed over her grave a cross, on which he had simply written this name: ELISE

CHAPTER XX.

Frank's sorrow was great; there were moments when he did not believe that Elise was dead, and his only happiness was to speak of her with Sosthène.

When he was obliged to return to France, at the expiration of his engagement, he went to pay a last visit to the cemetery of Bone, at the unknown grave of her whom he had loved. Sosthène accompanied him. They both wept, and the soul of the dead dear must have trembled with joy in seeing how much of regret she had left on the earth. Sometime after, the two friends arrived at Marseilles.

"Listen," said Sosthène to Frank, "you must leave altogether the dramatic career, to embrace literature; there only is your future."

And Frank, docile as a child, replied to him:

"Yes, I wish to attain the glory which Elise predicted for me on her dying bed. If you wish it, Sosthène, here is what we will do:"

"I listen."

"First, it is agreed that you accompany me everywhere."

"I should wish it, but—"

"Oh! you promised Elise never to leave me!"

"Without doubt; but then I thought you would remain in the theatre."

"Wait; I am going to make a display of myself."

"How?"

"And you will be my manager."

"I do not understand."

"Nevertheless, it is very easy to understand. You are going to begin here."

"In Marseilles?"

"Yes."

"I understand less still."

"You are going to find the manager of the theatre?"

"Yes."

"What to do?"

"To propose me."

"Propose you as what?"

"As poet."

"You are foolish!"

"Not the least in the world."

"Let us see: explain yourself; for, in truth—"

"You will say to him that we shall ask nothing—that we do not wish money; but that he allows me to be heard during an intermission. I think my idea is good, and if it succeeds, the day following my first stance at the theatre we shall have every club in the city!"

Frank was right.

Sosthène went away to find the manager, who, the moment he knew he had not to draw on his cash-box, found the idea original, and interpolated Frank in his next representation. Frank obtained success, and the following day the journals spoke of him with praise. The manager asked him for a second representation, offering a hundred francs. As he had foreseen, some of the clubs called on him. They thus traveled over all the towns of the south of France. But Sosthène loved his art; and one morning he announced to the poet that he wished to return to the theatre.

"You wish to leave me?"

"I am no longer useful to you now; you no longer require me to go to announce you to the

managers. Your reputation begins to do this work better than I."

Frank's name was in every meridional sheet.

"I," continued Sosthène, "I need to follow my career, not to lose in inactivity the talent which the public has had the indulgence to recognize in me. I am going to take a new engagement. I have said it to you: you can fly with your own wings; your road is all traced now; you have only to walk forward; and, if you believe me, you will go to Paris."

"Not yet," replied Frank.

"You are wrong."

"No, my friend, I am right; I know my strength, and I shall go to Paris—later to Paris."

Frank tried to retain Sosthène, but it was in vain; he left, saying:

"I remember the promise which I made to Elise, and, far or near, I shall yet be with you; if misfortune reaches you, think that you have a devoted friend, who will come to console you and aid you to come out of the struggle."

The two friends separated, and Frank remained alone. He traveled during three years, which were a mixture of success and misery. He did not despair, but caught a glimpse at last of the end toward which he had directed his life. Nevertheless, he had an epoch of lassitude not peculiar to discouragement but indifference.

Oh, the life of a poet or an artist is a strange thing! What contrasts, what sentiments, multiply, sadden and surge in them! With what clay has God kneaded them! What is the fire which he breathed into their souls? Behold! see you this man who goes away! he marches toward his work, nothing will stop him; misery will come to bar the road to him; he will throw a loud laugh to misery, and will follow his route; he will shut himself within himself with his thought; he will hold communion with her; she will put a lute or a pallet in his hand; the lute will yield celestial harmonies, the pallet will immortalize a sublime canvas; the multitude will applaud, and the artist and poet will remain pensive, and the enthusiasm which they shall have created will find them indifferent. Should we bear them envy? or should we pity them? Yes, glory is not worth the price we pay for it!

Frank's indifference frightened himself.

"Oh, if I deceived myself!" said he; "if I have taken for a mission that which was perhaps only an insensate ambition, an ambition which will cease before the struggle!"

Nevertheless, enthusiasm returned to him. And after many trials yet, here is the letter which he addressed to Karl, and which, this time, was dated from Paris:

"God be blest! my good Karl, he has led me by the hand, and to-day, that my sufferings are passed, I thank him for the trials he has sent me; they were sometimes a blessing, and always a lesson I will not relate to you all that has occurred to me since the death of poor Elise, which I announced to you in a letter. Poor girl! If she could see me to-day, how happy she would be! I have traveled through many cities; I have seen many countries. Chance led me to Biarritz, a charming little village on the shore of the ocean, and where the European aristocracy meet during the summer season. Biarritz is on one side of Cambo. I leave you to think what recollections came to assail my soul! I gave some séances at the Casino; and I had the happiness of being called into the saloons of a Russian Prince, which put me quite in the fashion. After a sojourn of two months—two months of success and profits—finally I left Biarritz and came to Bordeaux."

I remained there two months again, passed in the bosom of the family of Mr. X—, who had received me like a son. I left for Paris, and was to arrive in the modern Babylon without any recommendation, without knowing a person there. But happiness at last declared in my favor, and all the saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain and St. Honoré open to receive and fête the poet. To-day I am known in the Parisian world; the large journals have sung my praise, and the little ones commence to criticize me. It is a good sign, and I thank, from the bottom of my heart, those who thus attack me. In a future letter I will relate to you, in detail, all which has occurred to me during the year I have been in Paris, in naming the generous man who took me in the middle of the siege, and who, every day, still smooths my difficulties for me.

Tell my mother that I shall soon embrace her.

Your friend, FRANK.

Frank, in fact, had succeeded grandly in Paris, thanks to the powerful protection of Mr. X—, who interested himself in him; he had opened to him the doors of reputation.

Frank had written also to Sosthène, and he had come to pass his vacation with the poet. They had spoken of the poor Elise, and of the day when the little troupe of comedians had met Frank on the grand route.

"My good Sosthène," said Frank, "you placed the first stepping stone of my glory the day when you admitted me among you."

"You have mounted very high since; you have made a progress which one might call—"

"The progress of an adventurer, is it not?"

"Yes."

Sosthène returned to the country after having seen the success of his friend.

One evening, Frank was in a saloon where he went every Wednesday, as a friend. He was talking with a young secretary of the embassy, when Mademoiselle, the Countess of L—, approached him.

"Come, M. Frank," she said to him, "come; I wish to present you to a person of great mind and of great beauty; she is almost an artist."

Frank bowed, and followed the Countess.

"My dear friend," said she, "I present to you a young celebrity, M. Frank, the poet."

The person to whom she addressed herself, lifted her head, and suddenly turned pale.

"M. Frank," continued the Countess, "I present to you Madame de Rigny."

Frank became pale also, but he bowed respect fully, and went to lose himself in a group of young men.

Madame de Rigny could not believe her eyes.

"Frank, Frank," murmured she.

The Countess heard her.

"You will see," said she, smiling, to some young ladies who surrounded her, "that Madame de Rigny is going to take to herself a beautiful passion—"

"For poetry?"

"No—for the poet!"

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
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"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LION HORT.

THE FROST KING; OR, LOVE AND SELFISHNESS.

"How many miles to Rukhart, please, sir?" said Hans of the woodman chopping in the edge of the forest near the roadside.

"Oh, a good four miles, and a rough way, mister," replied the woodman; "you'd better not think of reaching there to-night; it's well nigh to sundown now, and a bitter night we'll have of it."

Hans made no reply, for his heart was heavy. He had journeyed on patiently and with good heart to do the errand his father had bid him; he had not minded the cold, rough winds, or his aching fingers and toes, but whistled merrily through the driving snow, and stamped his feet and swung his arms lustily against his breast. But he had hoped his journey was almost ended. He had fancied that he saw the smoke from the little village where he was destined many a time, but had found it to be only the smoke from some cottage nestled snugly under the brow of a hill. He had thought, too, that the whirling wreaths of snow hid the church spire just before him, but found it to be only a tall pine white with the ice and snow. Perhaps Hans would have given up in despair before, had he not remembered the errand on which he was sent. As he thought of his little sister Tude's pale face and suffering body, and his gentle mother's last words: "Thou wilt hasten, Hans, for perhaps thou wilt save her life," he forgot the biting cold and his weary limbs. But now, as the night was coming on, and he learned he had four more weary miles, his heart was sorrowful.

"Father said the good genii would be with me and keep me warm, but I grow colder and colder. Oh, how my feet ache! and my ears! I see nothing of the good genii, but only the dreadful frost king. How cruel he is! He seems riding the very air, and his sword seems cutting my cheeks. I really believe I can go no further. Poor Tude! will she die for want of the medicine I could get for her?"

At thought of her, he toiled on again more bravely, but he was really quite exhausted, and the winds blew more fiercely, and the cold increased. He had passed all the cottages, and there were no signs of life near.

"May the good God help me," said Hans, "for I can't help myself."

Just as he had uttered this prayer, he felt the drowsiness that comes on before one is likely to die by freezing.

"How sleepy I am," said he. "Oh, if I could just sit down a moment and sleep, then I should be rested, and could go on. Perhaps Tude is asleep by this time, and will not need the medicine I was to get for half an hour longer. Oh, dear, dear, I am so sleepy!"

He had just come to a cross-road, and saw approaching a foot passenger like himself, only the one that he saw bore in his arms a boy, who was crying piteously.

"See here," said he to Hans, "this is a youngster that lost his way, and was likely to die in the storm. I picked him up a little ways back, for he was too tired to walk further, but I can't carry him longer. It's more than I can do to get on myself. Here, get down, boy. I must leave you."

The boy looked imploringly at Hans. Hans looked down at his own benumbed feet, and to his arms already almost lifeless.

"You'll be a fool if you take him," said the man, roughly. "He's as heavy as a pig, and if I am not mistaken, you have traveled further than I. Take care of yourself first, is my motto."

The little boy began to cry more piteously than ever.

"Oh, if I could only see my papa! Don't leave me for the great Frost King to carry off; please don't!"

"But," said Hans, "I'm so tired! I've walked so very far, and then perhaps my Tude is dying. I am in a hurry to get to Rukhart to get the doctor to go to her. Oh, how tired I am!"

"You're a fool if you take him, that's all I have to say," said the man. "Take care of yourself first, that's my motto," and he went on.

But Hans could not go thus, though he was

ever know? and perhaps some one else will come along. Dear, dear, how sleepy I grow!"

"Oh! oh!" sobbed the boy, "you won't leave me! The Frost King will carry me away!"

Hans's better nature triumphed.

"No, I will not," said he; "I'll do the right thing now, and God will take care of the rest. Do I suppose he is going to bless Tudie, if I don't bless somebody else? Here, boy, up with you on to my back. The Frost King shall have us both, if he has one. There, put your arms close 'round my neck, just as Tudie does, and hold on fast, and may the good God take care of us both."

Hans felt a warm glow come to his heart, and already his benumbed limbs seemed to have more life in them. He trudged on bravely beneath his load; his drowsiness left him, and the arms of the boy seemed like circles of fur about his neck. On, on they went, and it seemed indeed to Hans as if the good God was close by them, for a new life was in his blood, and a new courage in his heart.

When they had traveled two miles, they overtook the traveler who had preceded them. He had just seated himself, and was about to lie down, but he roused a little on seeing them.

"What a fool you are, young man. See me; I am just going to take a minute's sleep, and then I shall be quite refreshed. I tell you take care of yourself first—that's my motto."

Hans left him and traveled on patiently and hopefully. The little boy held himself fast to his neck, and Hans thought almost that Tudie was there with her dear little head laid on his shoulder.

After a time he spied the lights of the village, and his heart bounded with joy, for already had the darkness come on. Now each step seemed a pleasure; he felt no more weariness or pain, but only gladness and hope.

"The good God has kept us," said he to the boy, "and you will soon be at home, and I shall get help for Tudie. And see, the storm is over, and there are stars. Tell me, where is your home?"

"Oh, you are so good!" said the boy, "and now you shall have a warm fire and some hot cakes, and we'll tell them the story of the Frost King, how he tried to take us and could not."

He pointed out his home, and Hans entered, bearing him on his shoulders. If he had not felt joy enough before, he must have felt it now, as he gave to the arms of the anxious mother her beloved boy, and beheld his father's expressions of thankfulness.

Hans felt so glad in his heart that he had not yielded to his selfishness, that he was quite sure that good fortune would bless him, and that he should be able to carry comfort and health to his beloved sister; so he said:

"We want to find some one that is acquainted with the good God, and who can make Tudie quite well, for he knows how we love her, and that we would not have her die. Perhaps you will tell me where to go to find such an one?"

"I am a physician," said the boy's father, "and will gladly go with you; and if, as you say, the good God blesses me, we will have her well directly."

Hans had his warm supper, and told the story of his journey, while the doctor's sleigh was being prepared for the journey back. He remembered no more his fatigue; for, as the mother told him how she loved this her only boy, and had let him go out for a little sport with other boys, not thinking that they would forsake him, and as she repeated again her thanks, Hans's heart grew thankful that he had been saved from the temptation of meanly leaving him to perish.

"You see," said she, "I was all the time expecting him back. I thought of the cold, biting frost, but I was sure some one had taken him home, and would soon bring him back; but as he did not come, I began to pray—what else could I do? and I said, 'Make some one very kind and good to my darling boy,' and then his father came in, and just after I had told him, you entered, bearing him on your shoulders. Now I know that you are one whom the good God loves to speak to way down in the heart, and I am quite sure he will make your Tudie well."

When Hans had started on the journey to Hans's home, they rode rapidly. The moon had come out, and shed its soft light over the freshly fallen snow. They could see a long way before them, and Hans discovered, before long, the tree under which his fellow traveler had seated himself to selfishly sleep a little, and soon he saw the traveler himself lying precisely as he had left him. They stopped their horse and went to him. He lay pallid and cold in the moonlight, and would never move his body again. When Hans told the physician all that had happened, he said:

"This man's selfishness caused his death. If he had carried my boy he would have been tired, but he would have kept his blood in motion, and would have been a happy man now. If you had stopped, as you desired, and had selfishly yielded to your weariness, and left my darling, you would have been where that poor man is, and your Tudie would have waited for you in vain."

When Hans thought of what he had escaped, he felt very thankful. He shuddered to think of his lying cold and stiff by the road-side while those at home were watching and waiting for him.

"My motto hereafter shall be unlike that of the traveler, who said, 'Always take care of yourself first.' It shall be, 'Help others, and thus you help yourself.'"

They reached Hans's humble cottage in safety, and the good doctor was able to relieve the sick little girl very soon, and the joy was as great in the humble cottage of Hans's parents as in the home of the physician.

When Hans had told the story at home, Tudie said:

"Now I shall kiss you, Hans, for you loved me very much when you loved the poor boy."

And his mother said:

"Thou wert ever a good son; now I know thou wilt be one of the 'Good men,' whom the good God chooses to take care of as his own."

And his father said:

"I told thee that the good genii would care for thee; they never forsake those who have love in their hearts. Thou didst have a long, cold journey, but there was goodness at the end, and so will it always be. There is never a way so long but God is at the end of it, if thou dost keep fast hold of the little chord of love that he winds about thee, and some other one who needs thy help. There is never a storm that is so cold that he cannot make it warm, if thou dost let the warm life burn in thy heart that some other needy one kindles there. Remember this, Hans. I bless God that I am not ashamed of my son."

Hans did remember, and ever after in his life, as he recalled that wearisome, cold journey, he felt sure that selfishness brings its reward of misery sooner or later, while love ever brings a beautiful return.

Tudie got well, and the good doctor found a nice cottage for Hans's father, near the pleasant village of Bukhart, and here Hans and Tudie lived, blessed lives of content and peace, because love governed their every act.

Letter from "Blush Rose."

DEAR CHILDREN—Little Nellie—for thus we called her—grew fair and beautiful in spirit, loving and lovable. Her eyes were full of loving-light, and bright smiles came rippling and dimpling over her sweet face.

I remember well how I loved to rock her in her cradle-bed, and sing her the songs little children love to sing and hear. When she first began to talk, how we children all wished her to call us by name! The years glided by, and the last summer of little Nellie's life on earth came, and it is of this I wish to tell you, for of this summer I remember more than of the rest of her life.

It was the first of her going to school, and it was my greatest pleasure to lead her back and forth. In the morning, after we had eaten breakfast, I used to comb her soft, curly hair, and see that her dress was all in order, then, with book in hand, we would go to meet the sunny faces of our schoolmates in the red schoolhouse by the brook-side. When the time for recess came, we older scholars forgot the hard lessons we had to learn, and thought of nothing but the nice times we were having in our beautiful homes 'neath the maple trees. The little ones we called our children, or scholars, and many merry hours we spent playing with and trying to teach them from our stock of knowledge. When school was through for the day, with Nellie's hand in mine, we would hasten home to again play and enjoy in thought what we had experienced through the day. Nellie had two very dear friends, who were always ready to play with and amuse her, and never teased her, as some boys like to tease little children.

They had made, on some logs near the school-house, a see-saw, and there they liked to take Nellie and play with her, while she in return would sing them a song, or laugh and tell them how much she loved them. One day, as the school closed for dinner, they took her with them, and as I walked slowly along toward home, I could hear her merry laugh and sweet voice talking to them. She wished very much to have me stop and play with her, but I told her I could not, that I must go home. She said she would like to go, too, and yet she wanted to stay, and then she cried. Her little spirit was full of love for us all, and I could only cry with her, when one of the girls near by said:

"I would let the hateful little thing stay if I was you."

I felt that Helen was rude, and I thought I wished she might have a dear little sister to love as I loved Nellie, and I pressed her close to me and hurried home.

The summer school was almost done when Nellie was taken sick with croup. She would seem well for a few days, but at night would again be sick. At last she grew worse, and could not go to school, or sing or speak aloud; then she was so much better, and could have her playthings on her bed beside her. How gentle and loving she was! One day, after our cousin had been to see her, she said to me:

"I love you, S—; I love Cousin Sylvester, too, but I love God the whole world full."

I do not know that she had ever been taught of the loving Father Spirit, and yet her own spirit taught her to know of him. We liked to make her pretty dolls, and tiny needlebooks and cushions to play with. One morning she was much worse, and never again could sit up. It was hard to think that Nellie must leave us then, for the love influences of our souls went out to meet and twine around her, but her little strength was wasted by disease, and so she went to the Summer Land.

Do you gather any lessons of wisdom from this short story of Nellie's life? And are they not to be ever kind and gentle, ever willing to be good and do right, that you may be remembered as one pure and good? I love to sit and think of Nellie's kindness, and, as I think, I sometimes see by me a bright sparkling star, and then I know she is by me. Then I feel her little lips kiss me, and their smile from her is ever calculated to make me feel purer and better.

BLUSH ROSE.
Manchester, Dec. 26th, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HYMN.

BY JACOB EDSON.

There is a faith, a living faith—
The life of God in man—
The substance of the soul's desire:
The way, the truth, the plan.

There is a hope, a quick'ning hope,
The anchor of the soul;
It holds our lives in love to God,
As magnets to the pole.

There is a love, a light, a life,
None but the true can know;
'Tis charity, that perfect good,
Which God alone can show.

There is a stream, a peaceful stream,
From heaven within it flows;
It warms and urges on in life
The soul through whom it glows.

'Tis broad and deep, 'tis calm and clear,
The stream from heaven runs still;
'Tis ever onward in its course,
Its mission to fulfill.

There is a home of love and joy
Beyond the shores of Time,
Where we, with all the good and great,
Like sons of God, shall shine.

Boston, Mass., 1864.

Description of Jesus.

The following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentulus, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome—Cæsar, emperor. It was the custom in those days for the governor to write home any event of importance which transpired while he held office:

"Conscript Fathers—There appeared in these our days, a man named Jesus CHRIST, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He hath raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is of the color of the flint when fully ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward, it is more orient of color, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the middle of his forehead is a beam or partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazarenes. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is the color of his hair, and thick, not of any great height, but forked. In reproving him is terrible; in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man, for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men."

Original Essays.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

REPLY TO H. BETTS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

In the Banner for December 3d., Mr. Betts advances objections to what he styles "my theory of the origin of man." The theory is not mine, but belongs to the invisible ones who have led me through the wilderness of ignorance toward the light. To them belongs the task of its further and clearer elucidation, and I now answer by transcribing the impressions I receive from them, as an humble and instructed amanuensis.

When we investigate the origin of living beings, we tread on grounds hitherto held sacred, on the province of direct miracle. We must, therefore, divest ourselves, first, of all prejudice, of every educational bias, and study the vast, the almost unfathomable subject, as though it had never been theorized on before.

Is there a creative principle, personal or impersonal, outside of or inherent in matter? It is not for us to decide. All we can know of this principle, under whatever form we may consider it, is as revealed in phenomena. Consequently the objection urged, "That it would be much more in accordance with sound reason to suppose that the All-creative Powers, (call it what you please, a 'personality' or a 'principle'), possesses the ability to so arrange these primitive cells as to produce a perfect model, and thus avoid the necessity of making use of a species of baboon in order to perfect the original design."

All we know of this principle is the RESULT before us. It is not for us to conjecture how it might have resulted differently, but how it resulted as it is. God might have made man perfect and complete during the coal period, "leaping for joy" through the dense forests of fern and lepidodendrons, or made him a congener of the huge saurians of the Saurid Age! If man is to spring forth "a perfect model," God need not wait for the slow perfection of conditions—he may thrust his "perfect model" into any age. If he cannot, all his attributes of omnipotence, infiniteness, etc., are destroyed. We grant God to be omnipotent, infinite, all that was ever claimed for him, yet there are many things he cannot do: He cannot make a world square, or stand still; he cannot put fire out with oxygen; make water run up hill, or darkness when the sun shines; in short he cannot annul or supersede the most trivial, phenomenal law. Grant, what I shall attempt to prove, that man is a part of the animal world, amenable to the same laws, and we may as well accept any of the above absurdities as that of the introduction of man as "a perfect model."

This talk about God, or principles, belongs to the theologian and metaphysician. We wait their agreement in the premises. We ask the origin of man. Let us view him physically: So far as his body is concerned, he is strictly an animal. Oh man, proud of your origin, springing perfect from the hands of God, and living by the breath breathed from his lips into thy nostrils, study the anatomy of the horse, the ox, the goat, the dog, and then thine own; and then in humility acknowledge that they, too, were molded by the same hand—so far as organs and functions are concerned—exactly like thee, and live by the same breath! We masticate our food by the same apparatus; our digestion is identical with that of the alligator; our blood circulates precisely like the dolphin's or the whale's; we breathe, thus oxydating our blood, in the same manner as the lion or wolf; and so to the end of all our organic functions. Even the brain, the organ by which mind is illuminated, differs not from that of the dog or the elephant, except in detail of form. If we consider the ultimate atoms of which our bodies are composed, we shall find that human muscle, fat, nerve, fibre, etc., differs not from animal muscle, fat, nerve, fibre, etc. At death the same transformations occur; carburet of hydrogen and ammonia are given off, and our human bodies and animal bodies are absorbed by the atmosphere. In the laboratory of the chemist, the long list of cyanures and prussiates are alike evolved by animal or human remains. The pulverized bones of soldiers from Waterloo or the Crimea, by their phosphorus and ammonia, return the English farmer, as great a yield of wheat as those of horses from the same fields.

Why is this? Because man is an animal! There is a unity of type in the realm of life; there is no fortuitous concurrence of atoms; without the under-stratum of the animal world there had been no man—they are his parents. I say unity of type. To explain; nothing can be more perfectly adapted to its office than the human hand. A learned divine has written a book on its wonderful adaptations, as an incontestable proof of the wisdom of God who created it. But is the human hand unique? Is it separated by different structure from the animal world? Not in the least. The integral bones composing the hand of man, of the ape, the forefoot of the elephant, the paddle of the whale, the wing of the bat, the wing of a bird, are the same. Some of the component bones are larger, some smaller in one than the other animal, but in the embryos of each all are present. In the fore foot of the deer two fingers are developed; the nails are formed into hoofs, two partially forming the "claw-claws." In the wing of the bird, the last or phalanx joints are more or less atrophied, but two fingers are developed, and there are the rudiments of a third. The human hand has all these elements so equalized that they form a wonderful organ for countless uses, but no more serviceable for man than its paddles are to the whale, or its wings to the bird. We might in precisely the same comparative manner trace every organ, from one end of the animal world to the other, showing how they are changed in form to meet the varying conditions to which they are subjected.

We pause on the threshold of this vast domain, and content ourselves with presenting a few vestiges "fossils" they should be called—which indicate the path of humanity's ascent. Why do we find the third eyelid in man? It is almost completely atrophied, appearing only as a minute scale. It is fully developed in birds. Why has man a thin line of cartilage connected to one of the bones occupying the nostrils (tubercle bones), for which there is no possible use? In the horse it is enlarged, and shuts off the cavity of the nostrils from the vestibular cavities, protecting them from foreign bodies. In the whale they acquire the "size of bolsters, returning after each breath, into the vast nostrils, sealing them against the pressure of a thousand fathoms of water, when the animal plunges into the abysses of the ocean."

If you dissect carefully, you will find, buried in the abdominal muscles of man, and all mammals, their lines of cartilage, and in the neck of man, a white line of the same. What are these? The first is the remnant of the breast bone, and ribs of the Saurians, the latter of a dense, strong muscle which supports the pendant heads of herbivores while grazing, but not being of any use to man, whose head is carried erect, it is atrophied. On this principle, every monstrous human birth is not only explained, but becomes a proof.

Children born with six fingers, with webbed hands, with all-openings on the side of the neck, etc., are they not reversions to lower types? All the multitudinous facts of embryology point to this conclusion.

We have attempted to show that man is but a superior member of the animal world; the perfection of the plan after which they are all fashioned. Grant our conclusions, then shall he place man on the earth by the "spontaneous aggregation," subject of cause to the will of a Creator—of molecules or cells, or the extension of the same process by which the animal realm had been evolved, and of which he is an integral and inseparable member? Science chooses the latter conclusion.

It cuts off with one keen thrust all interference from any outside source. Here is man. We find him at the head of the animal world. How account for his being here? There is no miracle. We cannot, in a scientific investigation, indulge in probabilities. We find that he is an animal, that he is controlled by the same laws, that he bears the marks of his parentage. Can there be more than one conclusion?

If we saw a friend coming in covered with burrs and cockles, and of the dozen paths he might have come we knew there was but one bordered by burrs and cockles, should we hesitate in judging that he came by that path? The "vestiges," anatomical "fossils" before spoken of, are such burrs, attached to man, showing the path of his ascent!

If man came from the animal world by progressive development, we are to look for his immediate ancestors in its higher, rather than its lower members. We have our choice—the orang or the elephant—we must acknowledge a closer kinship to some members than to others.

How were the various races originated? Not from each other. The white race did not originate from the black, nor the black from the white; but the same principles which created the million species of animals, extend directly to the creation of man, and his perfection in races.

It has been a vast period of time since the birth of man, and it is probable that the orang has advanced from its first estate since that epoch. We would not be understood as meaning that the orang is the parent of mankind. It is rather a cousin, belonging to another line. Development of species takes place in parallel or diverging lines, rather than continuously.

Each race progresses on its own path, not on that of another; and the tendency is not to approximate, but to diverge further and further from each other. We call man in his primitive estate an orang, not because strictly true, but the word suggests the best idea of his condition and appearance.

To ask why one race is not developed now into another, or why the orang is not advanced, is like asking, when looking at a tree, why the higher branches do not spring from the lower. All the branches originate in and are bound together by a common trunk. Select any given branch, and it would be as rational to say all branches must spring from it, or not belong to the tree, as to say man must come from the quadrumanal branch of the tree of life—to which the orang, baboon, etc., belong—like a twig springing from the latest branch, or not belong to the tree. He really is a branch from the same great limb as the quadrumanal, starting low down near the trunk.

Starting thus, each branch perfects itself after its own plan. Each has its own distinct capabilities, which rest on surrounding conditions, and different results are obtained by each. There never was, nor can there be a reversion of type. The black man never can become a Caucasian, nor vice versa. Each develops according to its own type. Space will not admit of an inquiry into the how and wherefore of man's development. Possibly we may, in an article devoted to that subject, endeavor to set the matter in a clear light.

The influence of conditions reacted on by the Primordial Organization of each race, and the imperative law of "Natural Selection," whereby defects in structure destroy the individual with remorseless hand, and any capability beneficial to the race once acquired, is preserved by the superior advantage it bestows in the terrible "struggle for existence," all enter into the explanation of their origin and diversity.

NATURE VS. DRUGS.

NUMBER THREE.

BY A. J. HIGGINS, M. D.

I have said that poisons are not usable in the body. Some medicines are less poisonous than others, but all are poisonous to the system which cannot be used to make into body. Medicine cannot add material to the body. It cannot heal an ulcer in the lungs, womb or bowels; it cannot affect favorably the absorption of the tubercles which causes it; it cannot give blood to the feeble, emaciated invalid; nor can the most perfect mechanism impart natural strength or tone to the muscles that move the limbs or support the spine. Medicines are inert and injurious to this extent. They destroy the appetite and digestion; and digestion is the source of strength. Pure air is the true tonic, and the blood is made pure by food and water and pure air. The blood is the only source of repair to the body. In every case of disease there is a remedial effort of Nature to restore to health, and if medicine is taken; it not only retards the efforts of Nature, but it tends to paralyze a portion of the nervous system. All persons live by eating, drinking and breathing, and the body grows upon food, air and water; and when a person becomes sick, if he would wait a little before cramming the stomach with poisons, food, &c., in nine cases out of ten he would get well without doing anything more. And if he found it necessary to do more, all that would be necessary to use in the way of remedies are furnished in great abundance by Nature, viz: air, water, light, electricity, &c. But to know how to use them; here lies the stumbling-block. Now I contend it requires a more thorough knowledge of true science to be eminently successful with these remedies, than to be a practitioner in the old way, occasionally using these remedies, because the patient would invariably be made better by a poor use of Nature's remedies, and his friends would say that he had not been very sick, because he got well so easily; but let the patient take some powerful medicine to drive out a powerful disease, he of course is made very sick—too sick to desire to eat. He continues this way for days, perhaps; his friends despair of saving him, as well as the physician, and so the doctor says that medicine will not do any further good now; orders very kind nursing, &c. Mark the result. As soon as the stream of poison ceases to flow into his stomach, Nature rallies, and the poor invalid soon becomes convalescent, and the man who fed the poison and caused the dangerous illness recovers all the praise, and his fame is sounded from afar; while poor, tired Nature receives none at all. Truth is exceedingly simple while error is complicated; and, hard to understand. If the sick could have one half of the confidence in Nature and her remedies, that they do in poisons and they who administer them, there would be

much less sickness, sorrow and pain. The day will surely dawn when that confidence will be what it should be, when will be understood the true meaning of the saying of Jesus, "Straight is the gate that leads to life, and the kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Seek ye first the kingdom of health (Heaven) and its righteousness, and all else will be added unto you." Heaven is a state of happiness, and no person can be happy who is sick. Then the righteousness of the kingdom of heaven consists in being pure in body and soul; therefore to become righteous, one must be virtuous physically, as well as morally, avoiding all excess in eating, drinking, &c.

No person can be healthy who is not virtuous in every respect. And no one who is sick need think for one moment, to permanently regain his health without practicing all the principles of virtue. The "Spiritualist reformer" is everywhere denounced by those who do not understand the teachings of the spirits, as being immoral, particularly in a religious sense. My experience and acquaintance with their teachings is quite the contrary; and I am quite sure that no single instance can be shown where the spirits have taught anything else. They have in every case, when called upon for guidance, responded, "Live up to your highest conception of right!" and the person who obeys cannot be the loser by so doing, but always the gainer, spiritually. Men should not seek happiness through sordid gains, because it is degrading to the spiritual faculties to be controlled by acquisitiveness, and the base of the brain. This is the dawning of the wisdom age, when the higher and spiritual faculties must control, and when one is led by these organs selfishness flees and is no longer seen in the person; nor does he live on the food (pork) that creates or supplies the condition. If it be true—and I see no reason to doubt it—that man partakes of the spirit of the food which he eats, then if he eats pork he will partake of the selfish principle of the hog.

William Denton, the author of that excellent work, "The Soul of Things," states that a dyspeptic woman will, in mixing or kneading bread, impart her condition to the bread, and, thus, to the person eating it; and there can be no doubt that the assertion is true to some extent; a fact which I fear few understand; and when more generally understood more attention will be paid to the regulation of the dietetic habits, and less reliance placed upon medicines when one is sick. I have not yet attempted to point out the proper manner of using Nature's remedies; that task I shall reserve for future articles. I do not wish to be considered as boasting, when I say that I have yet to see the person who, if not cured, cannot be benefited by my mode of treatment. I do not claim to have made this new discovery independent of the spirit-world, but, per contra, I claim that they have and still do render me valuable assistance. They always assist those who try to help themselves. The journals are few that will publish these progressive thoughts without exacting a fee from the writer, of from ten to twenty-five cents per line. But I am proud to point to the Banner of Light as a noble exception, and its publishers will surely meet their reward.

A SOLDIER'S PSALM OF WOMAN.

BY LIEUT. RICHARD REALY.

Down all the shining paths of days
That grow and grow forever
In verdant fields of peace and praise
Of the Almighty give
Whatever God-like impulse
Have blossomed in the human,
The most divine and fair of these
Sprang from the soul of woman.

Her heart it is preserves the flower
Of sacrificial duty,
Which, blown across the blackest hour,
Transfigures it to beauty:
Her hands that streak these solemn years
With vivifying graces
And crown the forehead of our fears
With light from higher places.

Oh! wives and mothers, sanctified
By holy consecrations,
Turning our weak woman's side
With blessed ministrations;
Oh! maidens, in whose dewy eyes
Perennial comforts glitter,
Untangling war's dark mysteries,
And making sweet the bitter;

In desolate paths, on dangerous posts,
By-places, which, to-morrow,
Shall be unto those bannered hosts,
Aceldamas of sorrow,
We hear the sound of helping feet,
We feel your soft caresses;
And all our life starts forth to greet
Your loveliness with blessings!

On coits of pain, on beds of woe,
Where stricken heroes languish,
Whose faces smile and sick hearts grow
Triumphant over anguish;
While souls that starve in lonely gloom
Flush green with odorous praises,
And all the lowly pallets bloom
With Gratitude's white daisies.

Oh! lips that from our wounds have sucked
The fever and the burning!
Oh! tender fingers that have plucked
The madness from our mourning!
Oh! hearts that beat so loyal true
For soothing and for saving—
God send your own hopes back to you,
Crowned with immortal having!

Thank God!—Oh Love! whereby we know
Beyond our little seeing,
And feel serene compassions flow
Around the ache of being;
Lest clear to all the light and dread
Of our most sore affliction,
The shining wings of Peace are spread
In brooding benediction!

Grand Rapids, Mich.

I feel it my duty to the public, and especially to Bro. Benjamin Todd, to say a few words through your excellent paper, Mr. Editor, in regard to his labors with us in this city. It gives me pleasure to witness the rapid growth and development of some of our speakers within the past few years. It seems as though they were being doubly strengthened for a new and more glorious unfolding, which is about to break forth upon the world in renewed beauty.

It was my privilege to hear Bro. Todd deliver several lectures under spirit influence, at grove meetings, in 1863, and from time to time since then, up to the National Convention in Chicago. It was there I secured his services to speak in the city of Grand Rapids, through the last half of Sept. and the months of Oct. and Dec., and I am happy to state that he has avowed a new interest in this place. His audiences have been increasing in numbers and intelligence up to the present time.

Bro. Todd can soar as high as any one in lofty imagination, and reach out as far in depth of thought, and dress the same in good language, yet it is so happily brought out to their full comprehension, that he leaves it all with the audience; and they go home richly laden with new thoughts to digest. He intends to go back in the spring. May kind angels continue to bless the work through him wherever he may go.

We have no one engaged to speak to us after this month, and if you could send us a good speaker, I would be thankful. We pay good speakers fifteen dollars per week.

Well, as a society of about one hundred members, and our meetings were held twice on each Sunday, were well attended by the most intelligent part of the community.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 21, 1864.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Peculiar Spiritual Manifestations in Africa.

The following account of some spirit-manifestations of recent date, and in a remote part of the world, is taken from a volume entitled "Savage Africa," etc., etc., by W. Winwood Reade, Chap. thirty-first. The scene is MacCarthy's Island, an English military post on the river Gambia, on the west coast of Africa. I have slightly abridged it by omitting immaterial passages.

It will be seen that the demonstrations did not follow any one person as medium, but seemed to depend on some peculiar conditions of the locality.

"At the commencement of the rainy season of 1860, Mr. Deale, a staff assistant surgeon, was seized with malarious fever. The 'Dover' arrived soon after, bringing a Mr. Campbell to relieve him. Mr. Deale was taken on board the 'Dover,' shook hands with the captain on deck, went below, and expired almost instantly.

Mr. Campbell, his colleague, sat down to write out the case. It is still preserved in the medical report book at the surgeons' quarters. Toward the end the handwriting changes, becomes uneven, and sometimes scarcely legible. A few hours after Mr. Campbell wrote a report of Trestrall's case. He slept alone in the quarters, in the same bed in which the others had died.

Mr. Campbell is a trader on the island. A few days after Mr. Campbell came to him and asked him to give him a bed. Savage complied with his request.

"Don't you like your quarters?" he said. "No," replied Campbell. "I have seen Deale. And," he added, "I shall never see my poor wife and children any more."

Dr. Campbell also soon died. No importance was attached to his words. "I have seen Deale." It was supposed to be merely a dream of which he had spoken. The words themselves would have been quite forgotten had it not been for that which afterward occurred.

The commandant's quarters, a detached building, stands about fifteen yards from the surgeons' quarters, also a detached building. A sentry is stationed over each. Capt. Wilcox and Dr. Bradshaw were sitting one evening in the piazza of the commandant's quarters, when they heard a shriek from the other building, and a soldier, livid with fright and without his musket, rushed into the piazza. Capt. Wilcox, supposing him drunk, put him into the stocks.

The next morning, being examined, he declared that while on guard at the surgeons' quarters, a gentleman dressed in black had come toward him. He had never seen him before. He challenged him, and got no answer. The gentleman then threatened to run him through if he did not answer the challenge. Getting no answer, he thrust, and saw the bayonet pass through the body. The figure gibbered at him and turned away. It was then that he had shrieked, dropped his musket and run away. Examined by Dr. Bradshaw, he declared the figure closely dressed, tall and thin, and dressed precisely with those of Dr. Deale, whom the sentry had never seen.

Drs. Bradshaw and Hind slept in the building in separate rooms. They heard noises, the cause of which they did not know, but to which they paid little attention at the time.

Dr. MacCarthy came up. They heard nothing. Dr. MacCarthy remained there a month, and during that time had a severe fever. He went to Bathurst, and returned in company with Dr. Duggan. Both of them were in good health at the time. Neither of them had heard the ghost story. They slept, each in an end room, (there were four in all), and Dr. Duggan's servant, a boy of sixteen, in the centre one.

Dr. MacCarthy—from whom I had these particulars—now heard peculiar noises in the night. In the piazza outside there was a table on which they placed their tea things after they had done with them. They would hear the cups and saucers clashed together, and the plates, as it seemed to him, dashed forcibly to the ground. Several times he went out in the morning, expecting to find everything broken; but in no instance had the position of the things been altered in the least. He ascribed these noises to some mischievous fellow who had climbed into the piazza unobserved by the sentry below.

He heard also noises in the middle room, as if heavy pieces of furniture were moved about. And often at night long he would be annoyed by a pattering sound on the floor round his bed. He thought at first that the rats were at it, but he had fallen on the floor and was unable to rise. But he could never find them in the morning. Then he supposed that they were mice.

One night, instead of going to bed, he kept his candle alight, and sat on a chair, with a stick across his knee, waiting for the mice to come out. He heard a sound at the further end of the room. It was like a man walking cautiously on tiptoe. The sound came toward him, but he could see nothing. He strained his eyes, but could see nothing. Then the footsteps passed, close to him, yet he could see nothing.

Doctors are essentially materialists. Dr. MacCarthy knew that the strange sights and sounds can spring from a disordered stomach or a checked secretion. But when he mentioned his hallucinations to Dr. Duggan, and Duggan replied that he had been troubled in the same manner, they became perplexed. Still it did not occur to them that these sounds were supernatural. The cause of man is averse to believe that which it cannot grasp.

In the course of conversation they happened to speak to Savage about it. He replied as if it were a commonplace matter. "Oh, don't you know the house is haunted?" and related the affair of the sentry.

On returning to their quarters, Dr. Duggan observed that his boy was looking ill, and asked him what was the matter. The boy said he did not know, but perhaps it was his sleeping in the open air. On being asked what he meant, the boy replied, with some reluctance, that he had gone to sleep on the flat roof of the house, because a tall man in white used to come and wake him up, so that he could get no rest. This boy I afterward examined myself. He told me that it came and pulled him by the ear, and said, "Wake, wake." When he awoke he could see something white moving off in a manner which he said was not walking, nor running, nor flying, but something different from what he had ever seen. I offered him five shillings (which to him would be a large sum) if he would sleep there that night, even offering to keep him company. He looked frightened, and refused.

Drs. MacCarthy and Duggan, after that, slept in the same room. And now, which is very extraordinary, these two men, materialists by education, lying broad awake, with a light burning in the room, would both hear those noises, and would call each other's attention to them at the time; the heavy bottles moved in the centre of the room, the plates rattled in the piazza, and the light tips-toe footsteps passing between both their beds!

"This story will interest children and the vulgar, as all ghost stories do. To them, of course, I have nothing to say. But to those who are studying the science of the spirit-world, I wish to point out the fallacy of their investigations. Purposeless they are, because they can pay the way to no system—they are perilous by reason of their action on the brain. You waste your precious essence of thought, and will, and electricity, that you may touch ethereal rubbish."

A sentry is frightened, a boy's ear is pulled, noises are clashed, furniture moved, and so on, but it is far from being sublime. These glimpses are degrading, disheartening, and would soon prove deleterious. Men would not be likely to lead better lives if your researches should prove that which alone they can hope to prove) that futurity has its comic element."

we come to subjects of this nature. He has a notion that anything from the spirit-world should necessarily be dignified and sublime; and he is fearful that "futurity has its comic element." Doubtless there will be at least one comic thing in "futurity," and that will be the sudden subsidence of the intellectual strut of these learned and scientific gentlemen who assume to lay down the limits of human knowledge and measure that boundless miracle, the spirit of Man, by their puny standards. D.

Remarkable Cases of Pre-vision and Mental Telegraphing.

I have been requested to submit to the publishers of the Banner the following cases of mental impression, which occurred with my wife several years ago, and which it is presumed will be none the less interesting on account of the time which has elapsed since their occurrence.

The first case I will relate occurred in the autumn of 1850. One day during the month of November, while engaged in her usual domestic duties, Mrs. Graves was suddenly seized with unusual apprehension, and a very serious train of thought sprang up in her mind relative to her brother Edwin, then some sixty miles distant. This state of mind continued for several hours, and her feelings and thoughts became more and more intensely riveted upon her brother, until she finally concluded to try to relieve them by writing him a letter. But, on seating herself at the table for this purpose, her feelings suddenly found vent in a flood of tears, and she laid down her pen and did not write. A few days after this occurrence, a letter was received from her father, announcing the sad and shocking intelligence that her brother had been killed while trying to undermine and sink a large stone of several tons weight, which had obstructed the road near the house. He was caught between the stone and wall of the pit which he had sunk, and thus crushed to death, though he lingered several hours after being rescued before his sufferings terminated. And it was afterwards found that the time of the occurrence answered precisely to the time of Mrs. Graves's mental perturbations. And it is a notable fact that Mrs. Dr. Williams, of Troy, a sister of Mrs. Graves, was possessed of similar emotions at the time of the accident above narrated. And I will mention here that I have recently learned that our present Secretary of War, (E. M. Stanton,) who is a first cousin of Mrs. Graves, possesses this power of mental telegraphing, or of receiving mental impressions, so that he can sometimes take cognizance of leading events of the war as they are transpiring at a distance.

ANOTHER OCCURRENCE—A CASE OF PRE-VISION.

Mrs. Graves was formerly a member of the Hicksite Quaker Church, and was in the habit, with her father, of attending the annual meetings of that society, held at Richmond, Ind., distant about two days' journey from their residence at that time. On one occasion, while on their way to the yearly meeting, they called, as they were wont to do, to lodge with their mutual friend, Richard Wright, of Selma, Clark Co., Ohio. While here, after having retired for the night, the following mental vision passed before the mind of Mrs. Graves. She realized in her sleep the performance of the other day's journey necessary to bring them to Richmond, and to the house of their old friend, Mr. Stokes, with whom they were in the habit of sojourning during the yearly meeting. As she entered the door, (so the vision runs,) Mrs. Stokes approached her, threw her arms around her neck, and exclaimed, "Oh, Benjamin (Mr. Stokes) is dead!" On arising in the morning, Mrs. Graves related her vision to her father and Mr. Wright, the latter of whom still lives to attest the truth of this statement. They pursued their journey, and arrived at Mr. Stokes's that evening, and found all right. Mr. Stokes and family in apparent good health, which led Mrs. Graves to conclude that her dream was a mere unmeaning reverie of an imperfect slumber. But on Sunday (they having arrived on Friday evening) Mr. Stokes was taken suddenly ill, and became so seriously bad on the following day, that all company had to be dismissed from the family. He continued to grow worse, and on Tuesday morning died. A few hours after the closing scene, Mrs. Graves and her father called to interchange parting salutations with the family, with the view of returning home. It was then her dream, or vision, was realized to the letter. Mrs. Stokes approached her, as daguerreotypy in the vision, threw her arms around her neck, and exclaimed, "Oh, Benjamin is dead!" And she affirms that the position of every object and of persons in the room was exactly as seen in the vision. May we not hope that the proper cultivation of a faculty, or power, thus partially disclosed, may hereafter become practically useful? Yours for Truth and Progress, Harveyburgh, Ohio. K. GRAVES.

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It where no earthly eye could penetrate, which he did. My husband and myself kept this a profound secret, not even allowing our daughter to know it.

On the evening of the 6th of the present month, my niece and neighbor, Mrs. Maria McMinn, who is fast becoming a good test medium, came to our house to spend an hour or two socially. We conversed upon various subjects, when I proposed that she try and see if the spirits could answer my test through her. I had made the same proposal to her so many times before without success that she smiled, and seemed entirely indifferent on the subject. Presently, however, she was influenced to change her position, where, by so doing, she could reach my husband's hand and arm, when she began to talk in the following manner:

"I see writing before me; should think from the color it must be on stone; probably written with a pencil. It is not common writing; the letters are printed. I see now it is on wood—probably a board. I see it is not done with a pencil, it is surely cut with a knife. Then to herself she said, 'How many six times three? Eighteen. How much is nine times five? Forty-five.' She then said, 'There are letters and figures, cut with a Jack-knife, on the bark of a tree—either on beech or poplar. I think it is surely beech, and you have taken it off.'"

This last sentence she spoke with great confidence. I then brought forward my chips with the bark on them, to the great astonishment of all present, save my husband, who knew the secret. Yours for truth and light, whether it be born in a mansion or a manger.

MRS. NANCY B. PECK.

Pharsalia N. Y., Nov. 15, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SAFE AT HOME.

BY GRACE LELAND.

Oh, that human lips could utter,
Oh, that human hand could trace,
Oh, that human thought could ponder
All the fullness of God's grace;
All his love, so deep, so tender,
When he reaches from above,
Takes his little ones so gently,
Folds them in his arms of love!

When he takes them from all sorrow,
From temptation and from sin,
From the tangled, weary pathways
That in earth-life must begin,—
Shall we weep that they are safely
Nestled to that Heart Divine,
That the bright, eternal sunlight
Softly on their faces shines?

Shall we weep when Christ, the Shepherd,
Takes his tender lambs with care,
Leads them from the thorny earth-paths
Through the heavenly meadows fair?
Could we see that Land of Beauty,
Where with tireless feet they roam,
We should thank the Good All-Father
That our loved are safe at home!

Jan. 2, 1865.

Correspondence.

Central New York.

I have had excellent meetings in the City Hall at Syracuse during my December stay, and proved that Spiritualism is more alive there than ever before. The people of the great "salt lick" have evidently become satisfied long ago that salt does not save them, and have resorted to churches and preachers, who, although to be found in sufficient numbers, have as yet failed to save many of the souls or bodies from the popular or unpopular sins of other places. Whether Spiritualism will do more or better is yet to be seen; but Orthodox has failed here and elsewhere for after nearly one thousand years of earnest preaching the world is still in sin as deep and damning as ever, ignorance alone having been partially removed, and that by science, and not by religion.

I have also visited Binghamton, and had two fine audiences to listen to me, and found our Combs as well as the beautiful little city. I have met many old friends in this section, among them the singers so well and favorably known as Lawrence and Cushman, who have long been united as two brothers in their musical and other labors, but now each has taken a new partner by marriage for life, and separated the it so as to take in the same number, including men, women and children, where there is, even approximately, as good physical (healthy), social, moral and religious conditions as they exhibit. They are all comfortably and conveniently dressed, not in uniform, and their countenances show health, contentment and happiness, but not a remarkable degree of intelligence, yet in this, above most of the churches of our country. Their property and home is all in common, and they have a system of common industry, which is successful without tyrannical or arbitrary authority. Their social condition has greatly improved since I first visited them, near ten years ago. Since that time they have dispensed with the use of tobacco, pork, coffee, tea, and all meats, except two or three times per week, and of course find it much easier to govern their passions and appetites. All quarreling, profanity and vulgarities they have scrupulously and religiously excluded, and their looks, actions and condition all give the lie to every situation that their principles or practices lead in any way to licentiousness, lust or looseness of morals, although they annul and abrogate the marriage covenant, and yet do not separate the sexes, but all work, eat and associate together as one family. But by what rules they regulate the relation and intercourse of the sexes I do not know, for I would not ask; but I know it is such as does not do that violence to the health and happiness of females which is so common in ordinary society, nor does it crucify a part of nature as the Shakers do. The machinery they use in female labor saves at least three-fourths of the female drudgery of common housekeeping on farms. They have a small library, good music, schools, and classes in branches of science, by which they are fast educating themselves out of ignorance, and of course, will out of superstition, also, in time, for progression is a part of their religious belief, and will save them at last from the fate of other sects of Christians. They are strictly religious and Christian, and hold up Christ as their pattern and saviour, in marriage as well as other examples, and they are certainly more consistent than any sect of his followers I have ever met; but I am not now a follower of any sect, nor a believer in Christ; hence I can judge among the sects, I think, impartially. They have left out the useless ceremony of words at meals before eating which they used a few years ago, and I know not how many more ceremonies. I can see much progress in a thing, however, they have made, they have made a great step toward Spiritualism, and have not learned that the only friends they have in our country who are

able and willing to defend them in their efforts to carry out their system, both socially and religiously, are the Spiritualists, and that they can and will, in spite of the prejudice and opposition that they now in our country have the power to do it, and not because we agree with them, but because we want every conscientious and laudable effort to better the condition of the race to have a fair trial, and I know there is one, and one whose results so far, except in religion, which is not far from some other sects, has proved a success. They would increase rapidly if they admitted all who ask to join them; but they admit but a small part, and require a full and sincere conversion to their religious doctrines, which is no doubt a good safety-valve, such as the old Fourier associations backed up, and for want of which they were soon overrun and broken up. The community does but a small farming business, but they have a very extensive establishment for making steel traps, and have recently greatly enlarged it, (a queer business for such a society,) and they also make all kinds of valises and carpet sacks, and satchels, and will soon make trunks, also. They raise and put up in the neatest manner fruits, &c., in large quantities, but do not raise sufficient grain for their own use. They are prospering finely in pecuniary ability, and consequently in social comfort and refinement. Mr. John H. Noyes, a man of noble nature, and a student of Davenport College in early life, was the founder, and is still a principal leader among them, and at the other family like and of them, located in Wallingford, Conn. They publish a weekly paper at Wallingford, called the Circular, which is an exponent of their views, as well as a journal of news and correspondence. Many of the members, especially the females, look like persons who have escaped from and are recovering from the effects of lust and tyranny so common in our unhappy marriages; but of all people I ever saw, they show the best signs of just looseness of morals, and yet they are universally branded by other Christian sects as practical free lovers, and I think they are, but without lust or licentiousness.

WARREN CHASE.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1864.

J. V. Mansfield, the Medium.

It was with feelings of sincere pleasure that I heard of the arrival from California, of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, known to many readers of the Banner as a medium for spiritual communications. Many of us, of course and decision are heaped on the very name of a "spiritual medium" by thousands, too, whose hearts are yet sore and aching from the loss of some beloved one who has passed from their sight and joined the spirits in the spirit-land. How many there are who look with feelings of contempt on those men and women whom the spirits of the dead have selected as fitting instruments or mediums for conveying their thoughts and desires, their words of comfort and glad tidings to those whom they have loved on earth.

Yet so it is. Even while the heart of the widow and orphan is once more to hear the voice of the husband or father or mother of whom death has bereaved them, they will persistently refuse to hold communion with them through mediumistic sources; they reject the idea at once, and why? There are numerous objections raised to Spiritualism. A very common one is that mediums are such bunglers, that Spiritualists do not act as they ought to do.

Kind reader, is there no humbug among Christians? Do all who call themselves Christians follow the precepts and example of Christ? Do all who preach the doctrines of Christ carry out his teachings in their own lives? Because there are, and doubtless some mediums who are humbug, who, having little medium power, are not satisfied to do the good they can with that little, but must add to what they get from the spirits, in order to make the communications long enough to satisfy the cravings of curiosity, and so impose upon those who call on them, is that any reason why mediums are humbugs and Spiritualism is untrue? Is that your reason why you are so sure that spirits do not and cannot communicate? Because you visit some mediums and find you do not get anything satisfactory, is that a proof that spirits do not and cannot communicate?

Is a chemist wishes to make an experiment, he will call for some materials, as if he had a desire to be successful. For the same reason those who desire to realize the truth of Spiritualism, should seek to test it through good mediums, of whom there are a few. Yes, there are many good mediums, who will not pretend to give you anything but what they get from the spirits; and if they get nothing but what you want, you are to blame, not they.

To this class of mediums Mr. Mansfield belongs. Yet, even in saying this, I must correct myself, for he is a medium who cannot be classed with any other that exists. In his peculiar phase of mediumship he stands alone and unrivaled. Let the greatest skeptic call upon Mr. Mansfield with the intent to investigate Spiritualism through him, and I feel sure they will leave him convinced that spirits can and do come to communicate through his hand. It is true that many will visit Mr. Mansfield and leave him, more impressed with the wonderful phenomena they have witnessed, than that they have realized the fact that their dear ones have been so near them;—have really written through his hand what they desired to say.

I would to God it were in my feeble power to express the comfort that a belief in Spiritualism would be to the thousands of suffering mortals, whose hearts are wrung by the thought that they have looked their last on some beloved one. I would that all could realize the truth, not only that the truth, that even while we are yet mourning their loss, they are here with us to comfort and to soothe us, and are ready and anxious to communicate with us, would we only give them the chance; but also the wonderful and glorious knowledge, the mines of wisdom of which we may become masters, would we only seek to reach the source.

It seems to me to be incredible how little a good medium is appreciated, and especially such an one as the gentleman of whom I have spoken. I trust, now that he has returned to our Eastern States, he will be appreciated, so that he may not be forced again to seek a strange home, where his labors have been so successful; where once the people became convinced of his integrity and of the wonderful control the spirits had over him, were not only willing liberally to remunerate him, but felt that no remuneration could really compensate for the comfort and blessings they received at his hands.

I have frequently heard persons say that it seemed a shame to make mediumship a business, as some do. This idea sounds very well, but my dear reader, there are very few of the persons that make these remarks, but what would think it a very shameful thing to expect a minister of their church to preach to them Sunday after Sunday without paying him? Now why should he not be as spiritual as they expect mediums to be, and labor for nothing? They forget that, so long as we continue in this mortal body, we require food and clothing for it, and if a medium gives every hour of the day gratuitously to the public, how is he to live? The public do not care, so long as they can go to him and get communications for nothing from their spirit friends, either to gratify their curiosity, or to discover whether there is any truth in Spiritualism.

There is a class of persons, doubtless, who think of this all-important matter in the right way, and I trust that these will agree with me in the remarks I have made.

Feeling grateful for the benefits I have received through Spiritualism, I am yours truly,
Philadelphia, 1864. H. H.

Meetings in Aurora, Ill.

I believe it is interesting to the readers of the Banner to hear and to chronicle the spread of and awakening interest in Spiritualism manifested throughout the land. Illinois is at present slowly but surely gathering strength and energy in the good cause of truth and the application of principle; already has also manifested much interest and advancement, and has produced the best local organizations extant under the Spiritual Philosophy. Slowly and steadily the work goes on, and new organizations are weekly springing into being, and now I have the pleasure to inform you that Aurora, Illinois, is awake in the work. An executive organization was effected here on the 17th of the present month, for the purpose of sustaining meetings and employing lecturers. The officers elected for the ensuing six months were: Mr. J. H. Thompson, President; Mrs. Smith, Secretary; Mr. J. H. Thompson, Treasurer.

Letters addressed to either the President or Secretary will be promptly attended to. After the

election of officers, which was done with promptness, Bro. H. F. Benedict presiding. I addressed the audience upon the subject of "The Origin of Man; his Abilities and Responsibilities." The audience, though small, was intelligent, and evinced much interest in the subject. I hope to be able to speak to them again before I leave here for Chicago. Dr. Henry Blaine, of Michigan, will be here in the course of a month, and the friends promise him a brotherly reception. People here, as elsewhere, are thirsting for the true "waters of life," and speakers are invited to come; they say, "Come, and we will do all we can to make the call profitable and agreeable."

Aurora is a beautiful little city, picturesquely situated on the Fox River, and resembles the eastern towns more than any other place I have seen in the West. Its citizens are very enterprising and intelligent, and the place is constantly increasing in population, and improving in appearance. It is built on both sides of the river, has good mill sites, and, owing to this fact, and the beauty of its location, is very attractive. Many millers from the Eastern States have located themselves here, and others are constantly coming, which promises a good future for the place.

DR. HORATIO L. TAYLOR.

Aurora, Ill., Dec. 26th, 1864.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati, O.

I deem it a duty I owe the interested readers of our esteemed weekly journal, to inform them of the progress that true Spiritualism is making in this rapidly growing populating city.

During October, Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectured before the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and attracted intelligent audiences each Sunday morning and evening at Metropolitan Hall. I cannot make a distinction of merit of one lecture above another, for they were all fraught with highest, noblest truths of advanced spiritualized intellects. I am pleased to learn that this amiable and intelligent lady contemplates filling engagements to lecture to our Eastern friends shortly.

Lizzie Carley came to us, as per engagement, without much display of mediastinic pretensions, and has filled the rostrum from the first Sunday in November to the present date, to constantly increasing and intelligent audiences. Miss Carley has been in the lecturing-field about three years, and the controlling influences communicating through her to the inquiring minds in Cincinnati, are of an advanced order, well calculated to draw that class of mind anxiously seeking after higher truths.

I lectured, given on Thanksgiving Day, on the subject of Thanksgiving, by Lizzie Carley, more than a simple notice from my humble pen. It was acknowledged to be, by the delighted audience, an intellectual, philosophical thanksgiving treat, logically considered.

The subject of another grand lecture was "The Adam and Eve of the three great eras (or ages) of Man's Progress, geographically, chronologically, and the controlling influences communicating through her to the inquiring minds in Cincinnati, are of an advanced order, well calculated to draw that class of mind anxiously seeking after higher truths."

A physician, who claims to be a profound philosopher, proposed to deliver the writer a lecture on "Hallucinations and Illusions." This prompted Mrs. C. to speak on the following: "Lying Spirits; or, the Cause of Hallucinations and Illusions in Spiritualism," which attracted a large audience of skeptics. She explained (as was evinced by the delight and expressions of approbation of the audience at the close) satisfactorily the true meaning of the terms "Hallucinations" and "Delusions," and made lucidly clear to the comprehension of every one why there were "lying spirits, and false communications."

Her last lecture, as per engagement, was given last evening, to a large and respectable and very attentive audience, with pathos, power of argument, logical reasoning rarely equalled. Subject, "The audience," after having done our duty to the best of our ability, are the highest influences that shape our destiny beyond our control?" This surpassed her previous efforts, and as it was taken down by a celebrated phonographer, I hope to furnish a report for publication in the Banner, that all the friends of the cause of the normal and spiritual advancement of humanity may become acquainted with Lizzie Carley's work.

DAVID H. SHAFER.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 10, 1862.

The Executive Board of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, Ohio, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, Knowing that our public speakers, in their itinerancy, have the prejudice of an uncharitable public, and the idiosyncrasies of individuals to overcome in their social and material relations, and that often talent is not rewarded, but that circumstance is more the cause for favorable notices than merit, therefore

Resolved, In consideration of these facts, that we cheerfully extend to Miss Lizzie Carley, of Ypsilanti, Mich., our thanks for the able analytical lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy before this Society during the month of November, and especially for resigning in the month of December. And we would recommend our sister as a reformer and co-laborer with honest motives, purity of purpose, and well worthy of that encouragement that makes the heart glad, and the aspirations upward.

A. W. PUGH, Sec.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 24th, 1864.

Letter from Mrs. Wilcoxson.

Again, dear Banner, I write you of spiritual progress in this busy city. It is well known that in this section of the Union the holidays are devoted to unusual festivities, and though in the midst of a great national revolution, probably never in the annals of our glorious republic did the yearly carnival commence with more melodious sounds. Especially melodious to those who know for what we are toiling, and the "glad tidings of great joy" which shall be to all people were proclaimed by myriad voices and symbolized in every beautiful token of friendship with a deep, a profound, most of such as we never felt before. Not in riotous living or fashionable dissipation did we hail the "Merry Christmas," but we most gratefully accepted the invitation of directing powers to Upper Library Hall, a beautiful room, carpeted comfortably, and tastefully furnished with paintings and statuary of Washington, Franklin, and some of our glorified leaders; and not least, though servant of all, Abraham Lincoln, the Washington of to-day. For no true clairvoyant can fail to see that Washington, "the Father of his country," is making ancient the Fatherhood of the people. It was an occasion of profound gratitude to your humble co-worker to witness this outward manifestation of progress on the part of our Society. And the intelligent, well-ordered congregation which greeted with its presence our continued labors, was the best evidence we could have of the deep interest now awakened in our soul-shedding Gospel. With the aid of a few, not workers, we are moving on steadily, and I trust that when my guides direct

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBRIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.
OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus eclectic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

A View from where we Stand.

After sixteen years manifestations of the great truths which are embodied in what is popularly termed Spiritualism, it is not amiss, nor can it be unprofitable, to take a review of the field that has been traveled, and to forecast the future which is promised us. We have no cause, at all events, for disheartenment. Never were the promises brighter or more abundant than now. Instead of that decay and utter falling away which the prejudiced and willful opponents of the new Revelation have steadily pledged as the only return for our faith in what the higher powers are doing for us, we have every substantial and apparent reason to be grateful for the rapid growth and strengthening of a beautiful philosophy which has never been surpassed on the earth since the world began.

It is but a very few years ago, when a journal in this city which pretends to the very highest ability, information, respectability, and resources, was placed at the unqualified disposal of a leading and learned Harvard Professor, afterwards President, for the purpose of doing battle against a system of religion which so readily commands itself to all receptive souls as divine. How that conflict, or rather that crusade, resulted all our readers are well informed. No impression whatever was made upon the cause, or its interests, by these attacks of the most learned, polished, and skillful dialectician whom the opposition could bring to the front of the engagement. In point of fact, the futile attempt to storm and carry the fortress of Truth was productive of more good than evil. It at least served to call public attention still more than before to a subject which was found, on examination, to be of engrossing interest; and the consequence was, that the denunciations which were hurled to gain popular applause resulted only in making more and firmer friends for the cause denounced. Not as ranters would do it is the truth discovered and brought out to public appreciation.

Where there were men and women, but a few years since, who, while secretly subscribing to the new Philosophy, did not care to have it openly announced, and who preferred for many other reasons to cherish their beautiful faith by themselves, and out of the reach of criticism and misrepresentation and discussion—there are large numbers of both sexes now who have very quietly, but firmly, made an announcement of their real belief, for whomsoever it may concern; convinced, by the experience which both enriches and strengthens all minds, that, after all, there may be a prudence which shall be altogether too prudent, and a regard for what others have to say which is sure to provoke more speech than no such regard at all. This class of "come-outers"—for we have no other ready name by which to call them—is a large and rapidly multiplying class, and are bringing great accessions of strength to the cause to which they are devoted. To have gained over these persons, in the progress of time, is certainly an addition to the resources of the blessed religion which daily brings the heavens and the earth into inseparable relationship.

There are the churches, too, which merit a remark in passing. It would be a mistake to count among the believers in Spiritualism, in the churches, only such as have been willing to make an announcement of their regenerate faith, in set terms and with open forms. That is hardly necessary. The thing is to get the heaven into the mass and set it to working. And that has been done most effectually. There are to-day uncounted numbers in all the churches of the land, who recognize, and are happy to recognize, the power of disembodied spirits to commune directly with them, and to work upon them and through them the will of the Divine Creator. And it is this single point of faith, as it will all come out some day, that tends more than all the forms of religious subscription and all the ceremonies of worship, more than the whole of the creeds, rituals, discourses, and church machinery generally, to open their souls to the reception of heavenly influences and inspire them with the will to work as those influences direct them. It is by this means that the Church is to go through the process of renovation and reconstruction. The work is to be after the proper order, which is from within outwardly; not by a violent tearing down, by confusion, by destruction. It is rather a faithful following of the suggestion of Nature, which is that of growth alone.

And we have it in our present power to say further, than which nothing could possibly give us more gratification to say, that of the multitude of active, unsatisfied, out-reaching, and progressive minds which form the body of the intellectual and spiritual force of this age and generation, the greater proportion by far are the recipients of this new and living faith, and all are more or less influenced by and inspired with it—for it is the one great wave of power to which the world must trust itself in order to be lifted up. No man can refuse to lend himself to its influence, if he would keep on with the advance which is daily making everywhere. It is the grand secret that sits at the heart of all modern studies, and is the regenerator and renewer of Science, harmonizing it with the purposes of the Creator. It is the herald of all that is yet to come, to which every man must listen if he would be wise and know of that future which the present so readily unlocks. He who discards, or consents to be ignorant of the assisting power of this faith, ignorantly refuses to be helped by the truest and best friend which his present existence can give him.

The seed which was scattered in stony places sixteen years ago, has not all been choked up and withered. There has sprung fruit from every thing which has fallen by the wayside. Nothing has been lost. Humble and unknown instrumentalities have been employed for the dissemination of those facts which point inflexibly to the new Philosophy, and which illustrate and prove

its existence; but nothing is too humble or simple to be made serviceable in the handling of divine power. It is now as it was said to be in the old time—the foolish things of the world have been chosen to confound the wise. No matter who is employed in the work, or what; so the work be begun, continued, and at length accomplished. To this end, not a person living, whatever his ability or condition, but can assist to advance what it has clearly fallen upon this present age to perform. The harvest is ripe for all our sicks.

What We Think.

Editors dislike to have persons call at their private sanctuaries, in the busiest part of the day, to explain some hobby they are riding, for the express purpose of having it noticed editorially—the said callers being too parsimonious to have their wares advertised in the proper manner through the counting-room. This will apply to the business of several public mediums, as well as to other business operations. When they are unable to make an impression upon the editor, then they "look up" some of the editor's personal friends, work upon their sympathies, and get them to send communications for publication, setting forth that their talents are better than other people's, etc., ad infinitum. We are annoyed in this way only about four hundred times per annum.

Another source of annoyance which editors deplore, is this: Some new party enters public life, and, per consequence, trends on somebody else's curbs. Accordingly Mr. Somebody writes a scathing philippic against Mr. Newparty, and peremptorily signifies to the Editor that he must print it—"the good of the community" demands an "exposure" of the short-comings of the individual so trespassing, etc. We have received only four bushels of such communications since we first occupied the chair-editorial; and, we regret to state, that we still continue to receive similar letters to-day, with occasional slight variations.

Now we desire to inform this class of customers—who worship the "almighty dollar" so devoutly—that such, to them, shrewd observations are getting stale; at least with us. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a trite and true saying; and there is no good reason why a printer should not be paid for his services, editorially or otherwise, as well as other people.

Our great end and aim is to aid suffering humanity, everywhere; and we must have the material means to accomplish it with. But we have not had in the past, and shall not have in the future what we need to thoroughly do the work entrusted to us, unless all those who use these columns deal with us unselfishly. We would feed the poor, clothe the naked, lift up the down-trodden, and extend the right hand of fellowship to the erring. Kindness is the only almoner that will reach the depraved, and dispel the dense cloud of enmity that envelops their souls in darkness. Then help us, ALL, that our little institution to-day may expand to manhood proportions for good in the immediate future; that we may live to behold with mortal eyes the grand results achieved by aid of friends in the invisible and visible world, combined, for without this combination we are powerless to act.

The Year's Account.

No year, out of a long list which preceded the last, has produced greater changes, or more striking ones, in the Old World than the one to which we have just bade good-by. Italy has fixed upon a new capital, and is about to take the Papal power into its sole keeping. Poland has been rubbed off the map. Denmark has been sadly trodden upon; and Austria and Prussia are all ready to make their fatal spring on the sovereignties of Germany, to divide them between themselves. France gives voice to the whole body of European diplomacy; while Great Britain cowers and begs, asking only to be allowed to continue the shop-keeping business. Russia has emancipated her last bondman. China and Japan have been compelled to open their gates to the powers of Europe, and a new civilization will be engrafted on their form of life. These are but faint outlines of what has taken place in the other hemisphere, during the year just gone.

Napoleon's Secretary.

If the Emperor Napoleon has shown himself a great man, and especially a great statesman, much of the praise for it is claimed for his distinguished private secretary who has just died, M. Mocquard. He was in his seventy-fourth year at the time of his decease, had held office under the Emperor's uncle, and was the Emperor's tutor in early years. He has identified himself with the present Napoleon from the first, and probably exerted a greater influence over him than any other person living. It is thought by many who know the character of the relations which subsisted between the Emperor and his secretary, that the sudden disruption of the tie at so critical a time as the present, may work great changes in Napoleon's future plans; and, reasoning from what we well know of other rulers, we are more than inclined to lay much stress upon an opinion of this character.

Losses by Fire.

Our people are proverbially the most reckless in the matter of protecting themselves and their property, of any that claim to be included within the limits of civilization. The authentic statements of Fire Insurance Companies and Fire Commissions show that, during the year 1864, the losses by fire in the loyal States amount to the enormous sum of twenty-eight million dollars. This does not include any losses under twenty thousand dollars; and if we add these latter, the total destruction of property by fire, not inclusive of the burning of Chambersburg by the rebels, will sum up forty millions of dollars; larger than during any previous year since 1854. This is indeed an enormous amount to be lost to the nation. Our notorious carelessness in construction, protection and storing will, in a very great degree, serve to account for it all.

Fort Fisher.

Admiral Porter kept his bombardment from the guns of the fleet upon this strong earthwork at one of the outlets of Cape Fear River, after Gen. Butler had withdrawn his army and taken it back to Fortress Monroe. It was not clearly understood what he intended or expected to accomplish without the aid of a land force; but some journals and military men professed to believe that he might be able to batter the fort in pieces, and then send ashore a naval complement of sufficient strength to drive out or capture the garrison and hold the remains. The fact that he remained at his post after Gen. Butler left, has called forth many expressions of popular respect and admiration.

Welcome Home.

Miss Emma Harding—as we learn from her estimable mother, who honored us with a call a few days since—is expected to arrive in New York, from California, sometime the present week. She will be welcomed by hosts of friends.

Mrs. Cuppy's Lectures.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of Dayton, Ohio, made her first appearance in our neighborhood of Charlestown, before an audience of Spiritualists, on Sunday, Jan. 1st. The meetings are held in the City Hall, which, on this occasion, was well filled, considering the very cold and blustering weather. Mrs. C. is a conscious trance speaker. She visited this city one year ago, and delivered four lectures in Lyceum Hall, but was obliged to return to her home before making the tour of New England. She now proposes to remain some time at the North, for the purpose of giving lectures on the philosophy and teachings of Spiritualism.

After the choir had sung an appropriate hymn, selected from the "Hymns of Progress," Mrs. Cuppy arose and offered a beautiful prayer to the All-pervading Influence, for inspiration and guidance, that she might convey to the hearts of the listening auditors thought-flowers of wisdom, which they could carry to their homes and find worth treasuring as a New Year's gift. She then proceeded to speak upon *The Scriptures of Spiritualism*. Her address abounded with sentiments of truth and beauty, as well as plain and practical suggestions for living lives more in keeping with the purity and harmony of heaven.

The speaker found the Scriptures of Spiritualism written on the consciences of every one—engraved on their hearts by the hand of Experience. In this life all experiences are individual benefits, and should be taken as scriptures of divine use, from whose teachings the soul gradually learns to come in rapport with the divine life.

Even sin had its divine use, for through its hard, rough and devious ways, the wayward soul is finally brought to a recognition of God, who never punishes for the commission of sin except through a violation of the divine laws of nature. And every experienced soul knows that a violation of these laws is sure to bring its own punishment. It is thus we grow wiser. Every transgression has a new significance and experience, which proves more powerful in bringing us to a realization of the Divine, than any law of force could possibly do.

The speaker was touchingly eloquent in portraying the beauties of the spirit-world, while her own spirit seemed mingling with the happy and busy throngs of earth-ransomed souls—drawing thither, by the chords of sympathy, many throbbing hearts who are still waiting and anxiously hoping for that happy reunion with those loved ones who have departed to that universal home, where all are sure to meet—who are now engaged in missions of divine use. Here, too, is found the Scripture of Spiritualism, which is being daily revealed to mortals.

A fine lesson was drawn of the beauty of humility of spirit; for when one begins to find little attraction in the outward world, they are drawn within themselves, and more fully realize the diviner uses of affliction, and thus their hearts become more open to see and realize the sufferings of others, and extend to them a helping hand.

In her allusions to woman, the speaker found scriptures of divine use in the hardships and trials through which they have to pass, especially those who give themselves up to the influences from the spirit-world from a sense of duty to humanity; and feelingly spoke of the gardens of Gethsemane they endured in spirit, before the living inspirations which are poured into their souls can be spoken for the benefit of the suffering children of earth, on account of the opposition, derision and slander which they are subjected to. But their love for the truth sustains them, and they can do without the world's applause while they continue to dispense the Scriptures of Spiritualism.

After the close of the lecture, several questions were propounded in reference to the subject, which were very satisfactorily answered.

In the evening there was a large increase of attendance. The theme of Mrs. Cuppy's address was based on the Spiritual Philosophy, in the course of which she made a comparison between that and Christianity, answering the latter's objections to the Spiritualistic theory. The discourse was interesting, and very acceptable to the audience.

Mrs. C. speaks in the same Hall next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Winter Campaigning.

Because we are having Union victories at mid-winter, we think that winter campaigning is clear out of the common course of military affairs. Washington cleared the British out of Boston early in March, and won his immortal victory at Trenton in December, and his Princeton victory in the January following. Jackson carried on his campaign of 1845-46 at the South in the winter entirely, and the battle of New Orleans was won on the 8th of January. The allies invaded France in January, 1814. Napoleon fought many of his most decisive battles, and won many of his most famous victories, in the months of winter. At the battle of Eylau, which was fought in February, the cavalry of Napoleon charged, and charged successfully, over ponds whose surfaces were thick with coverings of ice. We need not, therefore, express surprise with what our armies are doing now: it is clearly Grant's intention to keep all things active until the rebel forces are powerless to offer further resistance.

Railway Accidents.

The tabulated statements of accidents and deaths by railways, during the year just past, show that there were far more casualties for that twelvemonth than in any preceding year since 1854. There occurred one hundred and forty accidents; four hundred and four lives were lost; and one thousand eight hundred and forty-six persons were wounded. This great excess of accidents over what is usual cannot be accounted for by urging the large transportation of troops during the year, since there were quite as many carried over the railways during the previous year, and yet the number of accidents, including the killed and wounded, were nearly double those of 1863. There were not so many steamboat accidents, although they were numerous enough.

Confinement for Insanity.

A case which has recently come up in the New York Courts, and attracted wide attention from the character of the parties who have been called into it for one cause and another, has served to revive the question as to the actual degree of insanity which shall exist and be sufficiently apparent to authorize the forcible confinement of a person charged with that misfortune. A great many queer persons might be just as righteously shut up, who, at present, do no harm to anybody, if the rule should be rigidly applied to them which often is to some whose cases are made public. As there can, of course, be no one rule in this matter established by law, the alternative is framed into a rule that the Judges of the law shall establish one in every case, that comes under its notice, by appointing competent medical men to examine into it when duly presented.

"Scenes in the Summer Land."

We mentioned in our last issue that we had received Hudson Tuttle's large size picture of "The Portico of the Sage." The price of the picture is two hundred dollars, and we trust are long some generous soul will feel disposed to purchase it. The following description of the scene represented, we find in the second volume of the "Arcana of Nature."

Oh, what magnificence of scenery—what splendor of coloring! Words are ineffectual and meaningless, and the pencil would fall from the hand of the disheartened artist. In front of us was a gentle elevation, beyond which spread the waves of a blue and boundless ocean, ruffled by the slightest breath. The sky was a liquid curtain, in which floated great island masses of clouds, like folds of silver, bordered with purple and gold. The sun was declining in the west, drawing around him his crimson cloud-mantle, and blushing the landscape with his golden hue. On earth, winter had not left his stronghold, and a few daring spring flowers by the side of the snowbank alone harbingered the coming spring. Here perpetual spring breathed mild fragrance on the ambrosial air, and nurtured the flowers in beauty. The zephyrs came in invigorating breaths, scarcely stirring the delicate foliage of the palm, laden with the odors of a thousand flowers, and bearing the songs of sweet-sung warblers, chanting in irrepressible joy in every tree.

On the eminence stood a mansion, combining the elegance and delicacy of the Oriental with the solidity, grandeur and effect of the Grecian style. Its base was a truncated pyramid of steps, on which arose elegant carved columns, entirely surrounding the building, and supporting a crystal dome. It was a structure of art and wisdom, visible from a great distance. As we approached it, I observed that it stood on the shore of an arm of the sea, and commanded a prospect unrivaled in grandeur and beauty. It was surrounded with lofty trees, some loaded with blossoms, others with ripened fruit, and gorgeous flowers diffused the sweetest perfume. The leaves of an iris, by the foot of the steps, appeared to be cut from emerald, while its flowers seemed carved from carnelian. A rose, by its side, seemed to be formed of exquisitely cut rubies.

"This is my home," said my spirit guide; "here, with others who are congenial in tastes and desires, I pass my time in study, in writing, or conversing."

"There are few persons here at present," I observed.

"They are away; some on missions of benevolence to lower circles, endeavoring to reform the erring and elevate the depressed; others traveling across the vast oceans of space to other worlds, to witness the various manifestations of Nature; while others still are visiting other societies."

We entered the halls of the temple, passed the massive carved portal, and through long corridors hung with exquisite paintings of landscape. Scenes in the spirit-land, on other globes, on earth, all the interesting localities were represented; and interspersed with them were portraits of great men, among which was a delineation of Christ, said to have been made five hundred years ago. Other halls had shelves piled with specimens from all the kingdoms of Nature, where the student might retire, and by comparing her endless diversity of forms, seek to develop the great laws of creation. It was the home of a great family, who, with pure and trusting hearts, dwell in harmony, possessing it in common, and devoting it to a common use.

As we entered one of these halls, the mate of my guide arose and embraced him. She was listening to the narrative of a noted traveler, who had just returned from a long voyage of discovery to a remote star-cluster. After they had exchanged a few remarks, the guide turned to me and inquired:

"Are you not fatigued?"

"Yes," I replied; "I have felt a sensation of weariness for a considerable time."

"Then you must not remain in this state a moment longer. Retrace this line of spiritual matter, which, you observe, has remained unbroken. It was with deepest reluctance that I left him on the brow of the spirit zone; but fate, stern and inexorable, compelled me to do so, and the next moment I was again clothed in my mantle of flesh, awaking with a dreamy consciousness—a dim, undefined recollection of the scenes of the two preceding hours. The gloom of twilight mantled the external world, strangely contrasting with the cheerfulness of the region I had left."

The Old Continentals.

At the opening of the New Year there were but five Revolutionary patriots living. On the 1st of January, 1864, there were just twelve of them left. How many, if any, will be with us at the opening of the next year, it would be difficult to say; it is more than likely, however, that all will be gone. The names of the five venerable survivors are Lemuel Cook, Samuel Downing, William Hutchins, Alexander Maroney and James Barham. Three of the five are residents of New York State. Their ages are ninety-four, ninety-eight, one hundred, and one hundred years, and the age of one is not known either to himself or his friends. As this may be the last occasion when we can do so, we wish these noble veterans and patriots a Happy New Year, for ourselves and for the readers and friends of the Banner.

Immigration.

England professes all sorts of philanthropy, yet pursues a policy which has driven out millions of the population from Ireland within a very few years. We get all the benefits of her folly, however. Within the last year, counting in what have come over from the continental countries, we have had an immigration to our shores from Europe of over one hundred thousand men. Each of these men is believed to have brought with him not less than one hundred dollars, which, with the wealth of his ready labor the only real wealth of any country, may be estimated at one thousand dollars. And by multiplying one thousand by one hundred thousand, any one can see what enlargement to our national wealth Europe has made within the year just past.

Little Girls.

No home is complete without a good supply of these little dears. They manage to worm their way into one's affections with great ease, and yet it is all done innocently and artlessly. Where these dear little creatures abound, there is happiness. They are the smiles of the household. Wherever their laugh is heard, the shadows disappear. The family circle is lighted and warmed by them, and all is cheerfulness where they are found. What father could part with his little girls? They bring him his slippers, and are the source of many a comfort to him which he would otherwise go without. The poet sentimentally said that "a babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," but little girls bring the same pleasure to a man many times over.

Pardee in Philadelphia.

L. Judd Pardee, since he left this city, some two months since, has been lecturing in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and during the remainder of this month is to speak in Philadelphia, where we learn the cause of Spiritualism is vigorous and flourishing under the auspices of Dr. H. T. Child and Mr. M. B. Dyott. Mrs. A. A. Currier spoke there during December, giving a course of able and finished lectures; and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer the first Sunday in January. Mr. Pardee, in one of his lectures, replied to some of the statements made in an address delivered by Mrs. Hatch, on "The Summer Land and its Characteristics," that we published in the Banner of October 8th, and which has since been the theme of considerable discussion and agitation of thought.

New Publications.

The Automaton, by M. P. Chamberlain. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Nichols & Noyes.

We are glad to see a book like this, and offer it a warm welcome. It is not all a story, but a collection of narrative essays, all of them descriptive of, or resting upon the dear, delightful domestic life of New England. This feature of the book will be welcome to thousands of readers who are grown away from the old soil, perhaps forever. Between these covers we get glimpses of the "May Training" of New England, as it used to be in days gone by; of Corn Huskings, and their accompanying pleasures; and of sundry other scenes which every one who was born and bred in New England will be glad to dwell upon once more. There are numerous poetical passages in the book, and some of actual power, especially in the line of analyzing human passions. The volume is a beautiful contribution to our popular literature.

Together. A Novel. By the author of "Nepenthe." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Nichols & Noyes.

One of the chief features of this fiction is the graphic picture which it supplies of the late Prof. and Gen. Mitchell. Here, certainly, is a chance for a strain of genuine romance, based on his unquestioned heroism. The story altogether is, though with a bizarre title, a pure and truthful delineation of sentiments and character, and is infused with a good deal of spirit and power. It betrays a high order of intellect in the author, and its moral aim is happily in keeping with its genuine ability. It will find a ready sale.

THE AMERICAN ODD-FELLOW for January, 1865. This favorite monthly has entered upon its fourth year, and we trust it will see a great many more. It deserves to be a fixed institution among the Order. This number contains a very finely drawn lithographic design of the "Wildy Monument," which will be treasured by the members of the Order.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH contains its usual variety of valuable reading.

The New York Independent on Spiritualism.

The following extract from a letter on the spiritual physical manifestations in London, we clip from the New York Independent:

"Spiritualism is holding up its head in London. The Davenport Brothers, by their physical manifestations, are exciting a greater sensation than Mr. Hume did. He converted with spiritism, at all events, claimed to have the power of spiritual intercourse. His successors, on the other hand, content themselves with inducing their supernatural allies to play the most fantastic tricks. Mr. Talmaque and Professor Anderson, two conjurers of experience, both declare that the Davenport Brothers are simply adepts in the magical art which they practice, and the former individual has undertaken to do in public all that their rivals have done privately in the residence of Mr. Dion Boucicault. Still it cannot be denied that Spiritualism has made many converts in this country, and that some of the most estimable of our literary men and women, like the Howitts, Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Hall, and Mr. Robert Bell are believers in what I suppose one must call this strange delusion. Mary Howitt's last new story—"The Cost of Caerwyn"—which contains some charming sketches of Welsh life and character, is made weird-like and unnatural by all sorts of ghostly incidents. After all, this is better than the other extreme—that sea of unbelief, to which many of our finest intellects are drifting. Bell's story notes a period of transition and change, and I suppose all will come out right in the end."

Recognizing Maximilian.

There are conflicting stories about this new Emperor and the country he presumes to govern. One account has it that the Juarez, or patriot, party in Mexico is coming up, in point of strength, and that there is no apparent likelihood of the invaders and intruders ever getting secure possession of the country. Another has it, that President Lincoln is about to recognize the Maximilian Government, and thus legitimate the idea by formally subscribing to it; that Europeans can intermeddle in the affairs of this continent whenever they will. It is certain, at any rate, that this Mexican matter will furnish food for abundance of talk and discussion, if not for some confusion even, before it is well done with.

Cora L. V. Hatch.

On New Year's Day, Mrs. Hatch gave one of her characteristically able addresses in Lyceum Hall, in this city, in the afternoon, which was very appropriate for the occasion.

In the evening the audience proposed, "The Probable Political Complications of France, England and the United States, especially with reference to the United States, during the year 1865." The subject was handled with great ability, and much interest was evinced among the audience. At the close, as usual, questions were asked which were promptly answered by the lecturer.

Next Sunday will close Mrs. Hatch's engagement to lecture in this city, this season.

A Discussion.

We are informed that Elder Miles Grant of this city, and ex-Rov. J. G. Fish, of Michigan, who is now lecturing before the Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., are to hold a public discussion in Pratt's Hall, in that city, on the evenings of Jan. 17th, 18th and 19th, upon the following question:

Resolved, That man has a spirit which exists after the death of the body in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of earth.

Mr. Fish takes the affirmative, and Mr. Grant the negative. As both these gentlemen are talented and able debaters, an interesting and profitable discussion may be expected.

A New Lecturer on Spiritualism.

William H. Salisbury, for many years a preacher of a gospel which he then believed to be true, has renounced his old belief, and accepted the manifestations of the angels, and having become an instrument through whom they can dispense the true, bread of life to the needy and hungry world, is now ready to answer calls to lecture before societies of Spiritualists. His address is No. 7 Bank Row, Taunton, Mass.

London Spiritual Magazine.

The January number of this very ably conducted transatlantic spiritual monthly has reached our office. It is well filled with articles treating on subjects of vital importance, not only to Spiritualists, but to all who entertain entirely different religious sentiments. Free inquiry can harm no one. All should learn to think for themselves—then the truth will find its way to their hearts.

Mercantile Library Lectures.

Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin delivers the next lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, in Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th. Previous to the lecture there is to be an Organ Concert.

England, and inform them of my change, also of my power to return. Annie E. Berger, nineteen years of age, was nineteen the April before death. Dec. 1.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.
PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.
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TO be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be-
lieves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of ap-
pointments or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.
We take precedence any name appearing in this list of a party
not previously known. In this manner, we desire to be so informed, as
this column is intended for general use.

Mrs. CHAS. L. Y. HATON will lecture in Lyceum Hall, Bos-
ton, during January.

Mrs. LUTZIA CURRY will lecture in Charleston, W. Va., the
third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh and
twelfth, of January; in Fenton, Maine, Feb. 5 and 12;
in Andover, Mass., Feb. 10 and 17; in Taunton, March 10 and 24. Ad-
dress, 100 West Broadway, New York.

N. FRANKLIN will lecture in Troy, N. Y., during January
and February, and in Portland, Me., during March and April.
He will answer calls to lecture week evenings.

Dr. L. K. COOKLEY will lecture and heal in Haverhill, Mass.,
the three first weeks in January; in Warren, Ill., and Brook-
field, Mo., the last week of the month; the two last weeks in Febru-
ary and the two first of March; in Portland, Me., the last week of
February, and during February, and to March 15, Dixon, Ill.
Address, 100 West Broadway, New York.

F. D. WYDERWORTH will speak in Battle Creek, Mich., one-
half of the time for six months.

MISS MARTHA L. BROWTH, stage speaker, will lecture in
Taunton, Mass., during the first week of January; in Hartford, Conn.,
during February; in Worcester during March; in Portland, Me., during
April; in Plymouth, May 6 and 13; in Portland, Me., during
May 27, 28, 29, 30, and June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16,
of George Beekwith.

J. H. RANDALL and HENRY B. ALLEN will be in Boston for

TWO weeks later, Dec. 31; in Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 15; 22 and 29; in Troy, N. Y., Feb. 5 and 12; in Vincentown, N. J., Feb. 19; in Binghamton, N. Y., Feb. 28; in Killawog, March 5; in Portland, March 12, 19 and 26 and April 2. Address accordingly, or care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS will speak in Eden Mills, Vt., during January. Address care of Sabino Scott.

LOIS WAISBROOKER will speak in Lodi, O., Jan. 15. Address Liverpool, Medina Co. O.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Chicago during January. Address as above, or South Hardwick, Vt.

Mrs. S. A. HOBBS has removed her residence to Rutland, Vt. She will speak Sundays and attend funerals. Address, Rutland, Vt.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will speak in Dayton, O., one Sunday every month. Address, care of Mrs. A. Patterson, No. 35 South Erie street, Dayton, O.

Mrs. FRANCES LOBB BOND will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Lowell during January and May. He will also speak in Lowell, Lowellville during March; in Plymouth, April 2 and 9; in Providence, E. I., April 23 and 30.

W. H. BOWEN speaks in Woodstock, Vt., during January; in Charlestown, Mass., during March. Address as above.

W. E. BARROWS will speak in Bridgewater, Vt., on the first Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year; in Rochester, N. Y., during January.

J. M. PERKINS will speak in Portland, Me., during January and February. During February, Week-day evening lectures will be given. He will also give lectures at literary associations, or Temperance and Masonic fraternal societies. Correspondence, address as above, or Little Rock, Mich.

WALTER GARDNER will lecture in Washington, D. C., during January. He will also give lectures on the war, the currency, reconstruction, the Negro and the race, etc. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

W. H. GARDNER will speak in Worcester during January; in Lowell during February. Address, box 816, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Charlestown, Mass., on 21 and 29 Feb. 3, and 121 Plymouth, Feb. 19 and 26; in Lowell during March.

J. L. POTTER, tracing speaking medium, will lecture in Danvers, Mass., on Wednesday, 27th inst., at 8 o'clock in the evening. **Mrs. A. P. Brown** will speak in Danville, Vt., on Sunday until further notice. It is at liberty to speak on every evening, if wanted.

Mrs. Susan Johnson will speak in Taunton, Mass., on Wednesday, 27th inst., at 8 o'clock in the evening. **Mrs. Mary** in Plymouth, March 15 and 26; in Providence, February, June. Address, 80 Warren street, Boston, or at 44.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Peabody will lecture one-half the time, and the other half, with further notice.

Mrs. Alcinda Wetherall, M. D., Inspirational speaker, will speak in Pennsylvania during January. Address, care of J. Spackman, Lancaster avenue and 34th street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

JAMES M. ALLEN's address, for the present, is Banner of Light office, Boston.

Leo Miller will speak in McHenry, Ill., Jan. 8 and 15. Address, Chicago, Ill., as above.

J. G. Fish will speak in Provident, N. J., during January and March; in Worcester, Mass., during February. Address, care, Allegan Co., Mich., or according to appointments.

Wm. W. Foxboro, will lecture in Plymouth, Mass., on Feb. 10 and Foxboro, Feb. 5 and 12; in Portland, Me., Feb. 19 and 23. Address, Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. Emma Houston will lecture in Providence during February, in Taunton, March, and 12. Address as above, of Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

J. H. Hamilton will visit the West this winter. Will lecture on the route. Subject: Reconstruction, or the Millennial Fraternity. Address for the present, Lewiston, Me.

Mrs. Lizzie Doran, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., will lecture in New Haven, Conn., on Feb. 10, and to receive calls for lectures. Address care of J. Davis, 22 Canal street, New York.

Mrs. Mary Ann Peabody, tracing speaking medium, No. 11 West street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich.
 Mrs. FRANK REED, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 A. P. BOWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.
 BENJ. TODD, Deccatur, Ill.
 Miss BELLE SPOONLAND, inspirational speaker, Deccatur, Ill.
 Mrs. IDA L. BALLOU, Fond du Lac, Wis.
 Miss LIZZIE CRAWFORD, Ypsilanti, Mich.
 W. F. LAMSON, inspirational speaker, Deccatur, Mich.
 Mrs. H. T. STRANGE will answer calls to lecture. Address, South Exeter, Miss.
 WILLIAM H. SALISBURY, trance speaking medium, will answer questions. Address, No. 7 Bank Row, Oswego, N. Y.
 Miss H. MARIA WORTHINGTON, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals.

Mrs. E. K. LADD, No. 2 Kneeland street, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, at accessible points.

GEORGE KATZ, of Dayton, O., will answer calls to lecture on Sundays, at accessible points.

INA H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, 1000 Broadway, New York.

Mrs. LOUISE HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, trance speaker, post office box 1019, Cleveland, O.; residence, 38 Bank street.

C. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 4293, Chicago, Ill.

MOORE HULL, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. F. P. MUDBERT will answer calls to lecture, and attend seances, at Fairbury, Nebraska.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, inspirational speaker. Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. FRANCES LOUIE BORD, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass.

Mrs. H. M. BROWN may be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Miss L. T. WHITTIER, Danville, N. Y.

F. L. H. and LOVE M. WILLIS, 192 West 27th street, New York City.

Mrs. M. M. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.

REV. D. P. DANIELS will answer calls to lecture and attend seances. Address, Lafayette, Ind.

Mrs. MART J. WILCOX, Hammondon, Atlantic Co., N. J.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, or on other days of lecture, as usual.

Mrs. O. F. HYZER, box 189, Buffalo, N. Y.

L. JUDY PARDNER, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.

REV. ADIN DALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch.

J. S. LOVELAND, Williamstown, Conn.

H. B. STORER, Foxboro', Mass., or 4 Warren st., Boston.

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A Journal of Romance, Literature and General Intelligence;
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Published weekly at 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.,
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