



Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MINNESOTA WAR.

Facts for Philosophers and Clairvoyants to Criticize and Explain.

BY A. AQUILA.

Having heard and read much of the beneficial effects of the pure air of Minnesota on persons suffering from diseased lungs, I adopted the advice of my physicians, and left Boston on the 1st of August, 1862, for a few weeks' visit to St. Paul—the so-called "City of Health."

Arriving in Albany, N. Y., late in the afternoon, I at once resolved to stop over in the city twelve hours, rather than endure the fatigue of a night's ride in the cars.

On the following morning, I took an early walk for the purpose of viewing a sunrise from Capitol Hill, and just as I had turned to retrace my steps to the hotel, I was accosted by a fine-looking foreigner of about twenty-eight years of age, leading by the hand a lovely little girl of nine summers. There was something so striking and touching in the *tout ensemble* of the two—man and child, as they stood before me—that before a word could be spoken, I had noticed and recorded in my mind the physical peculiarities of each. That the reader may share with me these impressions, I here transcribe the record.

The man stood about five feet ten inches in height, weighing, perhaps, one hundred and eighty or ninety pounds; was straight as an arrow; wore a Prussian Zouave cap, the visor of which shaded a heavy projecting brow, and two large blue eyes, that seemed to struggle between an expression of affectionate mildness, and the dazed-dreadful glance of the wildest intrepidity. The mouth was large, but well formed, and filled with small, white and well-set teeth. The chin was large, slightly projecting; the cheeks full, but without color; and the hair was a light, almost a flaxen brown. So completely made up of opposites was the man before me, that he would have passed before a jury without interrogation, either for a leading exponent among the meek and lowly Methodists, or the captain of a band of athletes about to scale Mount Vesuvius merely for the love of excitement and danger!

There was something in the face of the child that plainly denoted a strong resemblance to the man, and yet it wore the sweetest, purest, and most heavenly expression, which it has ever been my fortune to behold. The eyes were large, of a melting, watery blue, and seemed as if made for the windows of an angel's soul. The hair was long, of a cream-white tint, slightly wavy, fine as the softest silk; and as she moved in the fresh morning air, it seemed to change in hue, as do the heads of ripened grain when stirred by the refreshing breeze in burning midday.

I was at first greatly astonished by being so suddenly accosted by the strange man; but my emotions quickly changed to deep, passionate admiration for the lovely child, and I involuntarily put out my hand, and greeted the stranger with the compliments of the morning.

He replied to my salutation in broken German accents, but with that dignified politeness which proved at once that he had had the advantages of education and refined society.

"You are on your way to St. Paul, I believe," he exclaimed, with a slight bow and pleasant smile.

"I am; but how did you know it?"

"I will explain that shortly," (with another smile); "but first allow me to present to you my daughter, Maria."

I clasped the little hand within my own, and at once experienced a thrill—the like to which I before was an entire stranger. Without the slightest diffidence, but yet with an air of cultivated, refined modesty, the little angel exclaimed, in the purest of English:

"Father and I are strangers in America, and have yet fifteen hundred miles to travel before finding any of our friends. We have been informed by the spirit of my maternal mother, that you, who are a kind-hearted gentleman, are going to nearly the same place where our friends reside, and will take pleasure in guiding us on our long journey."

I bent down and kissed the sweet little face, as I would have kissed my own sister, and replied:

"I have no faith in spirit-raps or communications, but it will afford me pleasure to assist you on your journey, and, if possible, to deliver you safely to your friends."

The man quickly turned to his daughter, and with evident pleasure exclaimed:

"The very words you said he would use!"

Then turning to me he continued apologetically: "I see, sir, that you are not a believer in spirit-philosophy, and that we excite your pity rather than your sympathy; but as I have faith in your heart and your honor, if you will accept it, I will give you proof of my assertions by relating the leading incidents of my life, which will fully explain how and why, on this morning, you become the recipients of your blessings."

Proceeding with my new friends to their hotel,

an unpretending building kept by an old German—we seated ourselves in a private room, and I listened with great interest and wonder to the following narrative. I relate the story from memory as near as possible in the exact language used by the narrator.

"My name is Jacob Vandervere. I was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main, that little disputed spot probably designated as *free territory*, because it is governed and ruled by the despotic will of Austrian and Prussian soldiers, and Rhine-German Barons. My parents were in affluent circumstances, and I had the advantage of the best schools in that wealthy, intellectual and aristocratic city. At sixteen years of age, I was betrothed to a motherless maiden—Margaret Varnitz, daughter of a captain in the Austrian Regiment of Colonel Wesson, the 'Bloody Brute,' so-called from his irritable disposition, and the success of his many deeds.

On returning home late one evening, from a supper, by a literary club, of which I was a member, I was brutally accosted in a narrow street by Colonel Wesson—who was slightly intoxicated—and ordered in the most insulting manner to give up all claims to the hand of the beautiful Margaret, as he intended to claim her as his own.

Knowing his ungovernable passion, I tried to pass him by without making reply; but he construed my wise caution into cowardice, and instantly made a thrust at me with his drawn sword. Springing aside with the dexterity of youth, and without for a moment thinking, in the heat of passion, of the consequences, I quickly drew a pistol, and shot the Colonel dead on the spot.

After the deed was done, I realized in a moment the horrors of my situation! I had taken the life of an Austrian officer, and however much I might justify myself on the plea of self-preservation, military law would look upon it as *murder*, and the desperate thirst for bloody vengeance could only be assuaged by my death on the gallows, and the entire confiscation of my father's property.

It was not a time for long deliberation. My plan was formed in a moment. The murder was as yet unknown. Before it was discovered, I should be seen to fall into the Main! Hastening to the opposite side of the city, and staggering past the guard, like a reeling inebriate, I fell backward from the high bank into the rapid river and disappeared. By great exertion I kept my head beneath the surface, until I had sufficiently neared the opposite bank to escape observation. I now resolved to fly the country at once, and thereby avoid the trying ordeal of a despotic military examination, and the risk of my young face exposing my guilt.

Without stopping to bid farewell to my parents, or to write a word to my beloved Margaret, I set off at once for Cologne on the Rhine, where, as an apprenticed mason, under an assumed name, I worked two months on the Cathedral, and then, through the influence of a friend, fled to England.

At the expiration of two years I wrote a number of letters to my parents and to Margaret; but as I received no reply, I concluded that, having been mourned as dead, my letters were possibly supposed to be forgeries, or perhaps my guilt had leaked out, and I was disowned.

While in this misanthropic state of mind, I married an English girl of good family, and commenced the happy life of a rural gardener and teacher of the French and German languages.

A few days after the birth of this daughter—my only child—(she here affectionately kissed the lovely girl) my wife died, and I again felt as if I was alone in the world.

Leaving the infant in charge of its fond and wealthy grandparents, I enlisted in the English army, and was one of the dashing 'six hundred,' immortalized by the poetical pen of the gifted Tennyson. I wildly, recklessly and madly sought death; but all to no purpose. My companions were mown down as ripened grain before the keen sickle; while I, at the expiration of five years, returned to my little home in England without even a wound.

I found that my daughter had been kindly cared for, had grown into an interesting and beautiful child, was intelligent and informed beyond her years, and was in every way—with one exception—all that could be wished by a fond and doting parent.

This one exception gave me and her grandparents great anxiety. She was subject to *visions*! By some they were pronounced 'fits' by others, 'mental delusions'; and again by others, 'softening of the brain, which would in a few years lead to insanity.'

These visions invariably appeared in her waking state, and lasted from five to fifteen minutes, during which she appeared to converse with the spirits of the other world; and often, while in this state, she so minutely and accurately described past and future events, as to astonish and bewilder the wisest philosophers in England.

On first learning these facts, I was greatly alarmed; but as her health was invariably good, and she rapidly progressed with her studies, I soon began to look upon the peculiarly as one of but little account, which, as the brain strengthened, I supposed would soon disappear and be forgotten.

You may judge of my surprise, then, as we were strolling hand in hand, some six months since, on the hillside near my small Academy, when she suddenly turned to me and exclaimed in subdued but sweet accents, peculiar to her vision state:

'Father, mother is here, and wishes me to say to you that the reason is, why you received no reply to your letters to Frankfort-on-the-Main, your parents, after mourning you as dead a few months, left the

country for America. As Capt. Varnitz was killed in a duel a few days after your supposed death, your parents adopted his daughter, Margaret, as their own child, and she accompanied the family to the Western World. After two years' residence in Willoughby, Ohio—where Margaret became the wife of Gustave Rhinhardt, a worthy farmer—both families removed to the German city of New Ulm, Minnesota, where, in six months after their arrival, the husband of Margaret was drowned, and she again became a member of your father's family.'

I was as much astonished, as delighted at these joyful revelations, for up to this time the names of either of my parents or Margaret Varnitz had never passed my lips since my midnight flight from Frankfort-on-the-Main; and how much I might nurse my philosophical skepticism, I was actually forced to become a believer in the divinity of my daughter's spiritual visions.

All the minute particulars of the attack made on me by Col. Wesson—of his death by my hands, and of my singular but successful escape, were enumerated with a laudible truthfulness that even my own lips could not have equalled.

After devoting a few weeks to the careful investigation and thorough examination of this, to me, new and wonderful power, I resolved to dispose of what property I had accumulated in England, and with my daughter start at once for New Ulm, America, for the final test of the truth of these visions relative to Margaret Varnitz and my parents.

On landing in New York three days ago, my daughter informed me that we must at once proceed to Albany, where we would meet a gentleman who, though not a believer in spirit-power, would accompany us to the far West.

She minutely described your appearance, your dress, and the exact place where we would meet; and said that on being applied to, you would exclaim:

'I have no faith in spirit-raps, or communications; but it will afford me pleasure to assist you on your journey, and, if possible, to deliver you safely to your friends.'

You now have my history, as far as developed, and I throw myself and daughter entirely on your kindness and generosity!

Jacob Vandervere, weeping, and looked anxiously into my face, seeking some reply. For a few moments I sat lost in silent reverie; for truth compels me to say I was undecided whether I was in the presence of a fool or a lunatic. Finally, concluding to make the best of a bad bargain, I bent down to again kiss the child; but as my lips neared her pale but lovely cheek, I saw an indescribable something—not a film, nor a cloud, but a "shadow of light," so to speak, such as we sometimes see flash across the face at the precise moment when the spirit leaves the body, and I drew back and looked with astonishment.

Little Maria was gazing with a sweet, subdued smile into vacant space—the eyes wide open—having that mellow, watery, swimming, joyous expression never seen in man, and only on the face of young and buoyant maidens when suddenly blessed with unexpected, unalloyed happiness. "Slowly extending to me her tiny hand, she exclaimed in slow but impressive tones:

"Kind sir, this is new light to you; but you, as well as all the rest of us, have friends in the spirit-world! The spirits of your twin brothers who were drowned, are now with us, as is also that of your only daughter, who was killed at the railroad accident in Norwalk, Connecticut. Have patience, and you shall soon know more!"

She now turned to her father, and said with nervous rapidity:

"We have not a moment to spare! The lives of our friends are in danger! Indians are rising, white men are fleeing, women are butchered in cold blood—many of them worse than killed! Haste, or your parents and your Margaret are lost!"

With a sudden start from the chair, she sprang upon the knees of her parent, and exclaimed:

"Father, I have had a fearful vision. We must not delay a moment, but take the first train by the most expeditious route for the far West. Let us leave this morning!"

I set in wonder and astonishment. My thoughts flew with lightning-like rapidity, but my philosophy all disappeared and faded away before the wonderful developments which I had witnessed. I could only take the hand of my new friend, wish him a pleasant morning, and promise to meet him at the depot half an hour hence, ready for the first train West.

I was expected to visit some dear friends in Cleveland, Ohio, and my travelling arrangements had been made accordingly; but I had now become interested in solving the mystery connected with the strange visions of this beautiful girl, and I at once resolved to forego all pleasure visits, and take the most expeditious route for the great West.

I accordingly met my young German friend and his daughter half an hour afterward in the depot and procured tickets for the party, via Utica, Rochester, Niagara Falls and Detroit, over the Great Western road, and thence by the Michigan Central to Chicago; where by the cars of the great Northwestern we were hurriedly conveyed to La Crosse, Wisconsin. We here took passage on the steamer McClellan, Capt. Martin, and in seventeen hours were safely landed in St. Paul.

During this pleasant but rapid journey my interest in the welfare and happiness of my new made friends had ripened from an easy indifference to an enthusiastic friendship, and I had promised to accompany them far into the history of Minnesota, and there to test the truthfulness of the little girl's visions

of friends, bloodshed and Indian depredations in New Ulm. But alas! though the spirit was strong, the flesh was weak. The labor had mental excitement consequent upon constant travel night and day compelled me, on reaching St. Paul, to pledge myself in the hands of a physician, who positively forbade my leaving the city under two or three weeks. The next morning I was attacked with a fever and confined to my room.

Little Maria wished at once to become my nurse, but earnestly insisted that her father should proceed without delay to the up country. The noble-hearted man however claimed that he was at least indirectly the cause of my illness and exhausted condition and generously refused to leave my bedside until the physician had stated at the expiration of the fifth day that the fever had abated, and that I was in a fair way for a speedy recovery. Then, with tears in his eyes, he warmly grasped my hands, wished me a quick return to health, and took a hasty departure for the interior, leaving his lovely daughter in charge of Mrs. Spencer, the worthy landlady of the American, where I was stopping.

He had been absent but a few hours, when the little angel came mournfully into my room, and with tears in her mellow, heart-searching voice, exclaimed:

"Oh, how I wish that on the day of our arrival in St. Paul father had left at once for New Ulm, as I requested him to! The murder and carriage which appeared in the vision at our first meeting in Albany has commenced! Grandfather has been cut all to pieces! Grandmother was so severely wounded with hatchets and scalping-knives that she died after nine hours of untold agony. Father's only sister, Mary, has been taken prisoner by the Sioux Chief, Little Crow, and having ceased to hope for release, she is now praying for death as the only relief from her constant torture. Her little brother, Ralph, in company with Margaret—father's early affianced—escaped to the woods, and the two are now stealthily creeping through a dense hazle-bush thicket. God have mercy on them, and help them to escape!"

Reclining on my couch as I was, I received these statements with emotions entirely indescribable. I did not, I could not believe them; and yet they left an impression on my mind which no power on earth could dissipate.

I have neither the time nor disposition to moralize, philosophize, or give my present impressions of Spiritualism. The reader must draw his own deductions.

I proceed with my story:

Two days from this time word was brought to St. Paul by express riders, and published in the daily papers, that the Sioux Indians, led by the ferocious and bloodthirsty chieftain, Little Crow, had arisen in a body, were committing murder, robbery, and indescribable atrocities on the white people in all the border settlements; and where a few days before were large and spacious barns, neat and comfortable cabins, and extensive and ripened fields of grain, nothing now met the eye but the charred remains of burnt property and the unburied bodies of murdered whites. That the beautiful and enterprising town of New Ulm was almost entirely destroyed. That Esquire Vandervere, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the place, having tried to protect his wife from the brutal, unbridled passions of the fendish savages, had been cut into hundreds of pieces; that his accomplished and amiable wife had been so severely wounded that she died in two hours after being found by the express riders.

The above news fell upon the citizens of St. Paul like a thunderbolt. Knots of people were seen at every street corner, giving or receiving additional Indian news, which now came in by express riders every few hours.

A few, a very few, were frightened on hearing of the Indian massacre, and left the city in great haste for the lower country, but the great mass responded to the intelligence as bravery, patriotism and humanity could only dictate. A company of brave men were quickly mounted on the best horses to be found in the city, and starting at once for the up country, increased their number every day with fresh recruits.

The history of this war has been written by able pens than my own. I shall therefore confine myself exclusively to the story in hand.

Although greatly reduced on reaching St. Paul from the peculiar mental excitement and over-exertion of an already exhausted physical system, I soon began to realize (after the fever was broken) the wonderfully strengthening power of the pure, bracing air in that section. At the expiration of three weeks I found that the fresh and invigorating air was doing even more for my impaired constitution than my Boston physicians had given me cause to hope for. In fact, I felt an elasticity of limb, a strength of lung, and a buoyancy of spirits to which, for more than ten years, I had been an entire stranger. I now resolved to procure conveyance of some kind and to start with Vandervere's little girl for the interior, and obtain, if possible, some information of the whereabouts of her father; for, since her vision of the massacre of her grandparents, she had been in such a constant state of excitement, that she appeared to have entirely lost her peculiar power of mental sight-seeing.

On applying at the livery stable, I found that horses could not be obtained on any terms for so reckless and dangerous a trip, and I therefore concluded to take conveyance by Burbank's stages, eight miles up the Mississippi to St. Cloud, and there, if possible, obtain a team to go across the country to New Ulm.

stage for the little girl and myself, by the politeness of J. C. Burbank, I soon engaged the honest-hearted and loquacious driver in vivid accounts of the heartless and barbarous atrocities of the infuriated Indians on the white settlers up country. He was very communicative, and evidently felt no little pride in the humane and noble stand taken by his employers, the Messrs. Burbank.

"Did you try to get a horse at the livery to go across the country?" asked the driver.

"I informed him that I did."

"Yes, I thought as much. Could not get one, though, could you? Fact is, there's too much risk of the Indians stealing 'em! Indians are either 'killin' or stealin' everything, now days. They've tried two or three times to steal some of our express horses, but they could not come it. Fact is, they can't get much ahead of the Minnesota Stage and Express Company! The Burbanks ain't asleep—they ain't! They don't do business on borrowed capital—either of money or brains—they do n't! Perhaps you've heard of the Burbanks. They came from Ludlow, Vermont, where the boys learn to whittle out basswood comb-comber reeds 'fore they can talk plain. Well, they do!"

"What is the extent of their business?" I inquired, with a view of humoring his loquacity.

"Why, there ain't no extent!" he said proudly. "Business is growing all of the time! They now employ one hundred and twenty men, four hundred horses; keep in constant motion forty stages and express wagons, and run over fourteen hundred miles of express and mail routes daily. They commenced this business in 1861, when the whole State was new and wild, and drivers thought themselves lucky if they had a bed to sleep in on a month."

"What success have they met with?" I inquired.

"Judge for yourself!" he exclaimed, touching the off-leader, gently, with his long and flowing hair. "Millions of dollars and hundreds of tons of freight, have been transported through every county in the State, and not a dollar has ever been lost by the Company. What other Company can say the same? Since the Indian War broke out, we have carried over fifty tons of furniture and fixtures belonging to the flying settlers, without ever charging a cent. Well, we have!"

"Are the white settlers still flying?" I asked.

"I guess the worse of the scare is over," he continued—"but we, have a few fugitives to carry 'em most every day, but they are mostly women and children—they are. The men are Jimin' the troops of Ex-Gov. Bibber, and Col. Marshall; and the way they are cleanin' out the redskins is a caution to wild cats. Well it is. I saw a man last night right down from the Yellow Medicine county, and he says that the whites are rising all along the road, and Jimin' the troops with great enthusiasm. It seems that there's a Dutch left-tenant with Col. Marshall, who's got a charmed life. The Indians have shot at him (ill they dare n't shoot any more! I have never seen him myself, but they say he's bigger 'n I am, and as strong as a horse! Whenever the soldiers catch up with the savages, this left-tenant Vandervere jumps off his horse, runs right in among the red devils, and mows 'em down like pig weeds, as does. They say he acts as if he wanted to be shot on account of losin' his friends; but 't ain't no use—they can't shoot him!"

"What did you say this lieutenant's name was?" I inquired.

"Vandervere!" he replied. "And they say that he has just come to this country from Germany—and is a son of Esquire Vandervere, who was so awfully cut to pieces by the Indians in New Ulm!"

Little Maria here warmly pressed my hand, and looking up with an expression of happy pride, exclaimed:

"Yes, it's father! We'll see him shortly!"

On our arrival at the Central House, St. Cloud, my little companion, hastily ran into the private room of Mrs. Stillabee, wife of the worthy host, and inquired if there was not a lady in the house who had escaped from the Indians.

She was informed that there was, but that she was an invalid, and at present confined to her bed. Without waiting to hear another word, the little cherub tripped across the hall, entered the apartment of the lady and closed the door.

What transpired there, I am unable to say, as an hour or more passed before the child again made her appearance. I soon learned, however, in the office below, that Margaret Rhinhardt, an adopted daughter of Esquire Vandervere, of New Ulm, had lately been picked up in the woods by some hunters, and brought to St. Cloud, after she had walked one hundred and seven miles through the wild and tangled forest. That the noble-hearted girl had led and carried her adopted brother, Ralph, a little fellow of ten summers—this entire distance—travelling by night and skulking by day. That for eleven days, this tedious and perilous march through briar, bramble and swamp, was hopefully and prayerfully prosecuted—without evening obscured by the face of a single white inhabitant. That the entire subsistence of the women and boy during these eleven days of perils and stealthy marching, had been but five ears of raw corn, with what berries and acorns could be picked up on the way. That, worn down with privation, over-exertion and constant vigilance, the woman was in the Central House, a welcome recipient of its famed hospitality; and that the bright-eyed boy Ralph, through the kindness of Judge Evans, the talented Mayor of St. Cloud, had been furnished with a home in one of the wealthiest families in the city.

Anxiously, joyously, I received the above information, and I said to myself, here in truth is Esquire

Obtaining a "through seat" on the box of the

THE MYSTERY OF LA SUZE CASTLE.

A TALE OF 1440.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

On yonder hill stands a massive castle. Its walls, formed of huge blocks of sandstone, rise far above the reach of the common scaling ladder, and its towers, colossal in size, rise far above the walls.

Safe within his stronghold, surrounded by his vassals, the Lord of La Suze committed himself to the control of the most cruel passions which ever blacken the heart of man. Lord Retz knew no fear of man.

History presents no parallel case of the abuse of talent. Immensely wealthy and powerful, he united great understanding and culture with a handsome person and captivating address.

My short and simple story commences at a time when darkest suspicions settled in the minds of the peasants, and many children from the town had been lost. It was a bright summer morning, and the landscape appeared too beautiful not to enjoy.

"Good morning, dame," exclaimed Viva, and was about passing, when the hag, extending her hand, cried in a croaking voice:

"Miss Viva, I have news for you, and haply have we met, else these worn limbs must have carried me to your hotel."

"I am glad I have unconsciously benefited you but what possible news can you bring me from the castle?"

"You know Walter Montfort? Ah, do not blush. One would think a girl like you rather young to love, but then it is not uncommon, and nothing to be ashamed of.

"Half blinded by her tears, she followed the dame to the castle near at hand. The drawbridge was down, and the gate swung back. Nothing obstructed their ingress, except a sentinel, who, from a glance of the dame, asked no questions.

"So sudden was this action, she did not realize her situation for several minutes. When she collected herself, she looked around her on the naked walls of her prison, for such it was.

Hours passed, as pass they will, though every one be an age in length, and our anticipations, or torture, what it may. The setting sun shot a red gleam through the crevice in the wall, and with its disappearance behind the distant hills, the old dame appeared with a wooden trebuchet, on which was the rude supper prepared for her.

"Why here?" she asked. "Let me, here, have your supper, child. Just eat a morsel, and you will be revived. To-morrow you shall see your father, and you must not grow pale and wan in my absence; else he will be for leaving me with his own hands."

"Viva made no reply, but sank again on her knees. The dame, after a long homily and gossip, departed, leaving the door again bolted her.

"Viva was insensible, but not bere the insensibility of sleep. She was only awakened by a feeling as though she was slowly sinking, down, down, down. She looked up to the window which admitted a gleam of light.

shall see your father, and you must not grow pale and wan in my absence; else he will be for leaving me with his own hands."

"Viva made no reply, but sank again on her knees. The dame, after a long homily and gossip, departed, leaving the door again bolted her.

"Viva was insensible, but not bere the insensibility of sleep. She was only awakened by a feeling as though she was slowly sinking, down, down, down.

"She heard voices in conversation, and in a few moments a light in the centre of a large hall, dimly lighted. She looked around. The walls were covered with strange symbolic characters, apparently painted with blood.

"The reader will conjecture who were the three beings who surrounded her, they were Lord Retz and his two attendants.

"A pretty lass, truly," exclaimed the Italian. "The sacrifice will be the more acceptable," replied Retz.

"Do not be hasty, my lord, some oversight may have been committed; we had better give another hundred. There are plenty of children in the country, a plague to parents, and they can here become very useful."

"Slaying in your honor, my lord!" "Yes, our death," replied Retz, "the choir of our master Diabolus."

"And, although you at first shrank from plucking their quivering limbs, and laying them yet palpitating on our altar, you are far from feeling so now."

"Ay, far from it. If I stop I do not know how I can content myself. The shriek of the tortured victim is sweetest music to my ears. You say two hundred victims will yield me honor, wealth, fame. Well, if you said one thousand victims were demanded, I'd grow grey, ay, silvery, in my devotion.

"I must confess," said the Englishman, "I do not like that chattering."

"Ay, that is music. Those moans uttered death groans once, and every groan, so the stars inform us, will yield an atlas weight of wealth, and what is better, of power. I love that chatter. Wish we had all our sacrifices chattering, or better to hear them all groan together."

"Come," said the Italian, "let us talk no longer. Our victim is ready. Ere she revives, let us place her on the altar."

"They raised her up and carried her toward the place of sacrifice. As they approached, the golden serpent erected its head, unloosed its coils, and as soon as it felt her weight, closed them around her.

"Let us proceed," exclaimed Retz. "Not until she revives, else we lose all the accruing benefit."

"True, I would not lose that, or hearing the death-gurgling; but we can go on with our incantation." "Yes, proceed; first invoke."

"Prince of Darkness, fallen, yet all-powerful spirit, arise, arise, arise!" cried Lord Retz. There was a sound as of rushing wind, and the Prince of the other world, stood behind the altar.

"Poison Spirit," continued Retz, "this completes our second century of victims. Art thou satisfied?" The air grew dark; a sudden echo came like the voice of the mad ocean afar off.

"Well, then, I yield myself; grant me gold, knowledge, power, only for the little term of my life, at the end all will be yours."

ed, and I replied to the town. There, for the first time, I found the Bishop, the Chancellor of Brittany, and the Vicar of the Inquisition and Pierre de Hospital. I presented the charges against this Lord, and they, believing themselves powerful enough to punish him, immediately set him off with this armed band.

"Saying which he bore her in his arms to a secluded room, and leaving her on a soft couch, returned to complete his orders.

Beside the four score skulls on the wall, two tons of calcined bones of children were found in the vaults of the castle. The country people quickly hearing the news, rushed in to gain some knowledge of their lost children, for almost all had lost one or more.

"When brought before the tribunal, Lord Retz confessed his crimes. He had emissaries to decoy children to his castle. He sacrificed them to the devil, to gain gold, knowledge, power."

"These fearful spectacles had become his pastime," and he would "roar with laughter at the tortures of the victim's contenance." He repented not, but believed he was fully acquitted by the masses he had seduced. He was condemned to the stake, but in mercy he was killed by the executioner before the flames reached him, and his body was buried.

Reader, my story is improbable; nevertheless it is a true draught from the bloody cup of French History. Written for the Banner of Light.

HYMN FOR THE TIMES. BY DE YEAH VINING.

Lo! a glorious day is breaking On the realm of thought and mind; Truths sublime the world are shaking, Man is from his slough awaking.

Reason long obscurely beaming Through the fumes of prejudice, Now in truth's own guise is seeming, And with bright resplendent gleaming, Starts, as in some frightful dreaming, From the fatal precipice.

For our country is in danger, From a fierce, relentless foe; Let that word so long a stranger Arm for strife each brave avenger, To oppose the fell estranger. Who now seeks her overthrow.

Justice, long in silence sleeping, Now asserts his sway again; Eyes long wet with hopeless weeping Now are dry; glad hearts are leaping As in might, he, onward sweeping, Hastes to right the wrongs of men.

Long has slavery oppressed and blighted With its breath our glorious land; But the fires of truth are lighted, Every wrong shall now be righted, And this sepulchre all whitened, Shall be cleansed by Freedom's hand.

Foemen! on from hill and valley; Onward, to the glorious fight! From your homes and loved ones rally, Round your standard firmly rally, God himself is now your ally, And your cause is deathless BIGHT.

"NOT YET." BY WARREN CHASE.

Not yet, says a friend far away in the prairie land are the signs of peace hovering over us. But I think my friend stands down in the fog that settles over the low lands.

Many of our citizens overlook our progress—get discouraged because we have not done all they hoped, and because we have had some disasters, such as all important wars have thrown on both sides.

"What is that?" "Satan himself, by all the saints and martyrs!" cried one of Walter's companions, as he approached the unsubstantial shadow and struck it through with his sword.

"Ob, Walter, I have had a horrid dream," said she, hurrying her face in his bosom. I thought you were in prison, and I was in such a dreadful place."

"If I repeat this question to myself, I must ask, Where is my Faith?—Where is my Justice?—Where is my Love?—Where is my Charity, my Benevolence, my Truth, my Selfhood? Have I been all that I have professed to be? Have I done the best, the truest, the noblest? Am I now the best, the truest, the noblest I am capable of being? But if I ask this for myself, others must ask for themselves; for there is no self, other than another's consciousness. There is a power within each that applies to each."

What cannot we do? We are approaching peace, and that the war-angel shall soon return and perch on the new dome of the Capitol at Washington, with his wings spread for protection over all the States, once in and of the Union; it seems to me is blinded by political or other dust, scattered by the gervile press and polliolous. While if we are beat back at some points a few rods, while we crowd the enemy as many leagues in another? What if we lose a battle now and then, while we gain four or five to each one lost? What if we lose some prisoners, while we have several thousand aboard on the parole for exchange? What if we lose the most men in a few engagements, while in four out of five we kill and cripple nearly two to one?

The worst of all, thus far, has been the loss of so many in camp and hospital, by disease, and often, by delay, which were not justified by necessity or military expediency; but even this we can bear for the sake of our officers, who gain the confidence of their men even while they die a death far worse and far less glorious than one on the battle-field.

One feature is fast growing into importance, viz., Negro regiments to guard and protect the southern coast and cities; and they will be needed and useful when the war is over. They being most loyal of any in the South, will have to guard the country for the future, as they are doing New Orleans.

Original Essay. A New Year's Discourse for the Readers of the Banner. BY FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

The New Year has come, my friends. We are all so much nearer the to do. So much more is added to the has been. To be sure a new year is only a line laid down—a mark placed; it is only a point on the year-dial—something to indicate a position—just as yesterday and to-day are but arbitrary terms, indicating time present and past. Yet still, from association we have learned to note all events in our lives by years and seasons. Therefore, we, by association, learn to consecrate certain seasons. It is an immemorial habit, bearing upon it the sacredness of ages, and therefore we know it to be an instinctive impulse—something necessary and not to be put off.

Certain laws of our being lead us to order and system—to act by times and seasons. Is it too much to suppose that our bodies and spirits have within them sympathies with the eternal order of God and of Nature? Can we not believe that seasons telegraph to our natures somewhat of their peculiar language, so that we have to translate their peculiar features into our feelings and thoughts? Certain it is we are not separated from Nature and her laws, and I believe the more perfectly we accord our lives with the order of the universe, the more harmonious we shall become.

The Atlantic Nations believed that the world was created in the autumn; and therefore they dated their year from that time. The Jews celebrated the first day of the first moon of the year by a feast, called the Feast of the Trumpets—the priests blowing trumpets from sunrise until sunset.

The New Year has always been a season of rejoicing, as if the heart of man were able to lay aside then all its trials and griefs, and begin anew. A sort of re-birth seems enacted each season. As if one had done with what has been, and must rejoice in what is to be. This is right and necessary, doubtless, for there is no virtue like the virtue of joy—ascetic and long-faced religionists to the contrary notwithstanding; rejoicing proves goodness; it is the expression of satisfaction, and satisfaction springs from an adaptation of what is best and necessary to the body, spirit and soul of man.

But all seasons bring also retrospection. It is as natural to look back as forward. It is always satisfactory to sum up the past, and it is seldom that retrospection brings sorrow. The divine harmonies of the universe are such that only the sympathetic and beautiful can live in perfect beauty and completeness, so that we always treasure up the sweet, tender memories, and they grow glowing and beautiful, according to their adaptation to our natures. We do not look often upon the repulsive, because it is natural for us all to love the pleasing.

Did you ever notice the action in your mind that leads you to turn from a disagreeable event in the past, or else weave about it so much that was fascinating, that finally it became quite tolerable—an event quite consistent, if not pleasing? This has always seemed to me a most beneficent law. It seems like a tender mother's love; as if Nature, like our mothers, had determined to bring us every pleasure, and separate us from every ill.

But the New Year's office as retrospector is quickly laid aside. Its most efficient work lies in the future. It says most clearly, Look forward; thy labor is not amid what has been, but it lies in what is to be. It demands a new experience, a fresh life; it calls for new scenes, new tests; it is like the fresh, unplowed field, where the seed is to be sown, and the harvest gathered—and it is labor alone that is to do what is to be done.

But there is one question that is forced upon us at this season. The time itself asks it of us, and we ourselves are the answer. Where art thou? The truth is, few of us know ourselves thoroughly, and therefore we slip past the index-finger of time, which points ever to the question, Where art thou? as if it only meant, What's the year?

Where art thou, oh Soul of Man? That question began in the first dawn of conscience within the human brain: Adam, where art thou? It was Conscience, with her first hisping speech: Where art thou?

If I repeat this question to myself, I must ask, Where is my Faith?—Where is my Justice?—Where is my Love?—Where is my Charity, my Benevolence, my Truth, my Selfhood? Have I been all that I have professed to be? Have I done the best, the truest, the noblest? Am I now the best, the truest, the noblest I am capable of being? But if I ask this for myself, others must ask for themselves; for there is no self, other than another's consciousness. There is a power within each that applies to each."

But besides our individual and personal consciousness, there is a general or cosmic consciousness. There is, besides individuality, humanity; nationality; fraternity; society, family; and each of these we represent some part, and therefore we are united and for each, where art thou? The world regards the question, and our answer to it, should be such that the people could feel should require it. They are short for food; we have a surplus, and are sending it in

A real life! Margaret, the faithful, the pure, the noble-hearted daughter of Captain Varant, had escaped from the Indians, and with a sword and Christian spirit that would have gained any heroic history ever produced, had rescued the little brother of Jacob Vandervere, her early affianced—whom she had long mourned as dead.

And now Margaret was in her well-furnished room, and by her side was the little angel-faced Maria, daughter of Jacob Vandervere!

What transpired at the first meeting of these two pure and noble hearts, I never wished to know, for I felt that it was a holy privacy, which it would have been almost a sacrilege to have encroached upon.

The following morning we received a visit from little Ralph—who bore a striking likeness to Jacob, and we were all wondering where the famous "Dutch leftenant" could then be, when a squad of Volunteer troopers dashed up to the hotel and proclaimed themselves as having been detailed by Col. Marshall for the purpose of intercepting and capturing *Hobbs-in-the-Day*, the famous Chippeway Chief, who had just been discovered as an ally of *Little Crow*, the leader of the Sioux warriors.

I was drawing up the curtains to obtain a better view of the hardy and patriotic Volunteer, when little Maria screamed with joy—"Father's come! Father's come!"

Raining down stairs with the speed of love, the little angel showered the astonished and delighted lieutenant with happy kisses, and soon led him up into the parlor in the presence of his little brother, and his early, his fondest love—wed and won as the beautiful Margaret Varant.

To attempt to describe the scene that followed, would be a libel on the heart's emotions. But few words were spoken; but with a genuineness of feeling unknown in conventional society, we all embraced, and we all wept; and the truly devout lieutenant knelt in prayer and thanked the Giver of all blessings for this, the happiest moment of his life.

Noticing Judge Evans on the opposite side of the street, I called him in, introduced to him the leading characters and incidents of this "Life's Drama," and politely hinted that as he was Chief Magistrate of the city, the Second Act of the Play could close with nothing better than a wedding.

Seconding my proposition, the noble-hearted Judge bent his dignity to the occasion, and for the time we were like so many children at a frolic.

An hour afterward I kissed the cheek of the second wife of Jacob Vandervere—"The dashing leftenant of Col. Marshall's Company of *Dare Devils*."

The next stage brought us that through the influence and ability of Gov. Ramsey, a new treaty had been formed with *Hobbs-in-the-Day*. And so closed the Chippeway expedition, and the military career of the German lieutenant.

The war is now over. Mary Vandervere has been recovered, unharmed, from the Indians. Peace again reigns triumphant over the broad, fertile fields of Minnesota, and Jacob Vandervere, happy in the devotion of his early love, is leading the life of a wealthy and contented farmer, near New Ulm.

I have no comments or philosophical deductions to make relative to the foregoing narrative. I have simply related the bare, naked facts, which can be testified to by numerous witnesses.

After three months residence in Minnesota, I found myself enjoying better health than I had before known for fifteen years, and I again returned to my profession in glorious old Boston—"the hub of the Universe!"

Believers and skeptics in "Spiritualism," "Clairvoyance," "Sight-Seeing," "Spirit-Philosophy," and "Sensationalism," may adduce arguments and explanations to suit themselves!

My task has been to give the plain, unvarnished facts—and have done so!

Written for the Banner of Light. A VISION OF THE NEW YEAR.

'T was New Year's eve, and I sat alone Amid the solemn stillness of the room. While pain, and shadow, and the night-wind's moan, Were shedding o'er my soul their fearful gloom. I thought upon the year, now fading fast— The battle storm of fire, and blood, and woe— The shame upon our ancient glory cast— Our flag, by folds in the dust laid low.

The wraiths of all the mighty ages dead Went sweeping by in one sepulchral train; But over each the pall of Death was spread, And each was dark with blood, and strife, and pain; Till, wearied by the tumult and the woe, At length my saddened soul took up the song Which all the bleeding, tolling ages know? And all the martyrs cry, "O Lord, how long?"

Correspondence in Brief. Mrs. Brown. Having been very anxious in publishing an answer to a reader's letter...

Dear Banner. We are in great want of a Healing Medium. How shall we proceed to obtain one?

A subscriber, writing from Greenville, Bond Co., Ill., says: "I continue to be pleased with the Banner of Light..."

Bro. E. J. Durant, in remitting to us \$12, for six copies of the Banner one year, remarks: "I hope I may be able to increase the list somewhat..."

Nathan Lamb writes from Vermont: "At our Vermont Quarterly Convention a few of your friends having a desire for the prosperity of your circles..."

Dr. E. Gynix, writing from Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have procured for you three new subscribers within the last six weeks..."

A lady residing in Boylston, Mass., writes, on renewing her subscription: "I am over eighty years of age, and my husband is five years older..."

E. M. Wolcott writes from Elm Cottage: "I have just been reading your words and the words of Warren Chase..."

A friend at Fort Warren writes: "For one must cast in my mite to help sustain the Message Department of the glorious Banner of Light..."

A patron, writing from Harveysburg, Ind., Jan. 15th, says: "Dear Friends—I have been a reader of the glorious Banner of Light for more than three years..."

Bro. Charles A. Hayden, writing from Dexter Maine, says: "I have delivered five lectures in this place. I have had increasing numbers to hear me each night..."

To Correspondents. [We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

B. M. R. Owen's Grove, Iowa. The publisher of the "New Republic" sent us his prospectus, which we printed as an advertisement...

Those who send us obituary notices of their deceased friends, should prepare them in a more condensed form...

O. H. B. CANAAN CENTER, N. Y.—We hardly know how to answer your question. What is suitable food for one man is not acceptable to another...

L. B. BETHANY, N. Y.—Send out your own spirit to them, and they will be enabled to respond as soon as they can...

"A Friend in Illinois" sends \$100 in aid of the cause of our Free Church. Additional contributions of \$1000 are occasionally being made by friends in different parts of the country...

With the names of the donors in full, were permitted to do so, but we shall give simply their initials in our next...

Mrs. A. Z. W. COCHRAN, Ohio.—We think you had better address Mrs. A. M. Spence, New York City. She is somewhat interested in the subject to which you allude...

H. R. N. WABSAW, Ill.—We should be pleased to hear from you often.

J. K. B. WABSAW, Ind.—We will reply to your letter by mail, soon.

H. W. A., New York.—Send, and we will judge.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS. FIRST PRINCIPLES IN THE STUDY OF NATURE, an essay by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., will appear in our forthcoming issue...

A young lady, residing in the country, of good education and experience, wishes for a situation in a dry goods store in this city...

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.—Subject for the Boston Spiritual Conference, Tuesday, Jan. 27th: Does the soul produce the physical body of man and his acts?

U. CLARK IN NEW ENGLAND.—Uriah Clark will lecture and give his public test examinations in New Haven, Ct., on Thursday and Friday evenings...

WARREN CHASE speaks on the War in Sanson street Hall, Philadelphia, Jan. 31st, evening, and at same place at 3 P. M., Feb. 1st.

By a notice in another column, it will be seen that our friends held a Convention in Bangor, Me., commencing on the 30th inst., to continue three days.

The French Government has decided not to proceed with any more iron frigates, as recent experiments, more especially with that headed shell—the missile Mr. Whitworth has employed with this startling effect...

Why was our common mother like a certain modern institution? Because she was Adam's express company.

Why is the President like an owl in the day-time? Because he's always a blinkin'.

Major General Rosecrans, who is supposed by many to be a German, represents the sixth generation of the native American Rosecrans.

Do not forget to be present at the Sociable at Lyceum Hall on Wednesday evening of the present week.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.—In response to an inquiry from Washington, asking the Assembly to fix a sum necessary to compensate the slaveholders of the State, Mr. Strawn introduced a joint resolution...

The Louisville Journal denounces the organization of paper manufacturers as gnawing at the vitals of the country in their greed for gain.

"Arrah! Miko," cried a son of Erin's Isle, who was attending on a gun, in one of the latter engagements, "the cannon's getting hold of the better stop first!"

An order has been offered in our State Legislature inquiring into the expediency of providing for the organization and equipment of all able-bodied males in the State, from the age of 18 to 45.

A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it: "Please send your cow this way." To which the landlady retorted as follows: "Waiter, take care where the milk is bleeding."

"Was your son engaged before he went to the war?" asked Mrs. Bugg of a neighbor. "No, but he has had several engagements since," was the answer.

GRANT THORNTON, the renowned forist, whose gossamer communications about men and things nearly three-quarters of a century since, have been such pleasant reading, died at New Haven, Conn., Jan. 21st, at the age of ninety years.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How brave a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence toward God or man!

At a wedding, recently, when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Will thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" She dropped her prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty that lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

Henry Ward Beecher says that the enemies of New England can no more get that section out of the Union, than they can get the air out of the atmosphere. If the nation would allow New England to carry forward, by its policy and its religion a process of regeneration, its fair daughters will marry in every section, and carry forward the good work by the original generation.

Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be found food enough for it. In the stillness night the air is filled with sounds for the ear that is resolved to listen.

A gentleman with rather a steady forehead, on some time ago attended a funeral in the fashionable Grace Church, New York City. He took a prominent seat, but the ceremonious sexton sent him off to a free pew near the door...

The average value of slaves in Maryland as figured for purposes of taxation, is \$158. The real value is said to be considerably less.

Our California brethren do not feel the war much. The year just closed is said to have been the most prosperous in the history of the Golden State.

Boston has a debt, unpaid and funded, of \$10,689,807. The war loans amount to \$1,175,000.

It seems to be the inevitable lot of distinguished men to excite in others some of the worst passions of our common nature—misrepresentation and slander.

ADVERTISEMENTS. As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Three Useful, Instructive and Highly Interesting Books, for \$1.00. BY WARREN CHASE.

LIFE LINE OF THE LONE ONE, an Autobiography of himself. A narrative of forty-five years, with many thrilling incidents, which have brought smiles and tears to many a face...

THE FUGITIVE WIFE, a criticism on Marriage, Adultery and Divorce. 110 pages. In paper. Price 25 cents.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS. Eighty-two pages. In paper. Price 20 cents. A comprehensive and critical review of the causes and issues of the great rebellion...

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE! West's Superior Medicated Candy. An excellent article for Croup, Croup, and Sore Throat, and what else you know not, but it has one objection, that is, it is so good, that it is a spiritualist, and this may injure it for some throats.

SECOND ANNUAL COMPLIMENTARY BALL TO ALONZO BOND, (Leader of Bond's Cornet Band), will be given at Lyceum Hall, (Trinity street), on Friday evening, Jan. 20th, 1883. Tickets \$1.00.

UNION SOCIABLES AT LYCEUM HALL. THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will commence at Lyceum Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Nov. 29th, and continue every Wednesday evening through the season.

PROF. HENRY W. ADAMS, M. A., OF NEW YORK. HAS invented a new and wonderful SPIRIT TALKER, through which spirits readily send truthful dispatches to their friends on earth.

THE MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, (110 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass.) continues to examine and prescribe for the sick by sending a letter with age, name and sex. Charges \$1.00. (Medicines furnished, if desired.)

REALLY WONDERFUL CURES! DR. BEERS, ELEOTRIAN AND PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN, for the cure of all curable diseases, is located at No. 107 West Washington street, Boston.

ASTROLOGY AND MEDICINE. DR. LUTEL, 25 Lowell street, can be consulted in person or by mail. Full (Astrological) 50 cents; oral or three questions answered by mail, for 20 cents in U. S. currency.

Electro-pathic Institute. DR. E. L. LYON, Electro-therapist and Spiritualist, Patented, has located in Boston, No. 21 Court Street, a new and complete system of Electro-therapeutics.

Sinclair Tousey. 224 Market Street, Boston. Would send gratis to the attention of a friend, a copy of our new and improved "Banner of Light" for the year 1883.

JUST PUBLISHED. THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1883.

An Almanac, A Spiritual Register, AND A GENERAL CALENDAR OF REFORM.

The hearty and encouraging response which the issue of the first PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL (for 1882) met with, has warranted the publication of the second series, enlarged and greatly improved.

The lists of Writers, Speakers and Workers in the different fields of human Progress and Reform, have been prepared with care, and are the most complete ever published, comprising more than One Thousand Names.

Table of Contents: Prefatory Remarks. DAWNING OF A NEW DAY—By A. J. DAVIS. A Happy New Year—By SARAH M. PATTON.

ANOTHER NEW BOOK. JUST PUBLISHED. ANSWERS TO Ever-Recurring Questions FROM THE PEOPLE.

ANSWERS TO Ever-Recurring Questions FROM THE PEOPLE. (A SEQUEL TO THE PENETRATOR.) BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK. JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES. A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis.

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH. CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE Human Body and Mind.

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Message Department.

The Banners at which the communications under this heading are given are held at the BANNER OFFICE, No. 108 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and no communications are admitted after that time.

These Messages go to show that Spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression as much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Jan. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Lona Barker, of New Orleans, La., to her father, Lona Barker; Maria Combs, of Princeton, N. J., to her mother, Catherine Combs; printed in No. 1711 Light Water Hill, yard of Greenboro, Ala., to his uncle, Benjamin Hilliard, in the Confederate service.

Monday, Jan. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Daniel Frazier, to Ben Wilkins, of New York City; Elizabeth Kinsley, to her father, a Colonel in the Rebel Army; Lavie Wm. Mason, to Benjamin Bragg, of Memphis, Tenn.

Tuesday, Jan. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Alfred McKean, to his brother; Rebecca Gill, of Lexington, Ky., to her children; Col. Thomas Cass, of the 6th Mass. Regiment.

Thursday, Jan. 15.—Invocation: The Philosophy of Thought; Margaret Ashley, to her father, Dr. John K. Ashley, of London, Eng.; Henry B. Ball, of the 103rd Mass. Regiment, Co. G; Maria Clewson, of Raleigh, N. C., to her mother, in Philadelphia, Penn.

Monday, Jan. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Levi H. Griswold, of Montgomery, Ala., to his father, Dennis M'Quire, of the 9th New Jersey Regiment, Co. C, to Mr. Malone, of Chesapeake City, N. Y.; Henry T. Sawyer, late of Boston, Mass., to his friends in Hampton, L. C.; Adelaide M'Quire, to her father, in New Orleans, La.

Tuesday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; General J. B. Ince, to Anson Carter; Sidney T. Grant, killed at Antietam, to his brother, Rev. Charles H. Graves, of Kingston, Pa.; Mary E. Lane, of St. Louis, Mo., to her mother, Mary Kitee.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Almighty and Infinite World of Good, we feel we are floating upon the bosom of the River of Life, and that whether we will or not, there is a something within our being hurrying us toward thee. Oh, thou World of Infinite Good, thou art ever with us. We feel that we are permeated by thy Divine Presence continually; that the mighty tide of thy being flows in upon our souls with restless power. Oh, thou World of Infinite Light, we need not pray that we may never be separated from thee, for so sure as we are launched upon the River of Life, so sure our barks will approach thee, oh Divine One. There is not a sunbeam or shadow that is circling upon the River of Life, but what is accepted by thee, and light or dark, high or low, all are recognized by thee, and all will find a place in thy kingdom hereafter. Oh, thou world of Light and Wisdom, we hear even now the cry of onward! forever onward to thee, as it falls from the lips of thy children. Oh, inspire us anew with divine wisdom from thine own Infinite Fountain of Wisdom. We ask no blessing, oh world of Infinite Light, for we know that continually it is being showered upon us. We feel the blessing, oh Infinite Light, and we thank thee, oh Eternal One, forever and forever.

Stephen A. Douglas.

I have been requested to visit you this afternoon, and have been invited to speak upon the possibility and probability of Foreign Intervention. I am well aware of the vast variety of opinions with regard to this subject, that are floating in the minds of humanity at the present time. I am well aware, too, that this question has not been settled by any party or individual satisfactorily as yet. This indecision arises from a want of power to penetrate beyond the surface into the internal, to penetrate to that which underlies all else, namely, the cause.

Now it is not to be supposed for a moment that all disembodied spirits are clairvoyant. They are not; nor should you suppose that those who possess even the highest clairvoyant powers are always capable of answering your questions, for it is not so, inasmuch as their thoughts are generally directed into one channel, or are confined to a few sources which are given them. Thus, should a spirit, either in or out of the body, prophesy to you concerning your civil war, you are not obliged to believe the prophesy, for spirits are liable to err as well as mortals, for they are finite like yourselves. Infidelity is given only to the Great Godhead, the Divine Power of combined Wisdom and Truth, that dwells in all creation.

now—and they have no desire to wage war with you, unless the necessity of the times enforce it upon them. They have no desire to either fight for or against you; but the under-current, that which will soon burst upon the surface in greater fury than it ever has been known to do before, will sooner or later compel them to declare war against you. We believe this to be so; nevertheless, it is possible that you may make some fair move on the checker-board of your national life, and your friends may see light enough stealing through the darkness, to give them the assurance that the day is speedily coming when you will again stretch out your right hand to save them. We say it is possible that you may yet make some favorable move upon your national checker-board, and thus enable your foreign friends to hold on to the neutral position they have thus far maintained toward you as a nation. But we cannot hope that they will remain so many months longer, if the reverses which have been yours in the past, continue to attend the footsteps of your army; and much as we should deplore to see foreign intervention, yet unless the great tide of power is turned in another direction, we feel almost sure that the sword will ere long fall heavily upon you.

We are told that you are fighting for the Constitution and the Union; that you are fighting to support the wisest and best of governments; but we are enabled to see that you are fighting with eyes closed, and all your senses almost paralyzed by division. Divided you are, and although you are not enabled to see it yourselves, yet to our clairvoyant eye, the thing is perfectly apparent. Thus, we behold here a little flock and there a little flock, which may be gathered together, but the mass of humanity at the North is divided, and this great fact is not unperceived by foreign powers. Therefore, knowing as they do that strength lies only in union, it is not to be wondered at that they express the belief that your civil war will last some twenty or thirty years. Why, my friends, no longer ago than last Thursday, I, as an individual, heard these words as coming from the Chief in office at Paris: "I do not believe that the civil war in America will end for thirty years. From all I am able to learn, I am sure, quite sure, that there is no possibility of a cessation of hostilities before that time. Now if this be the case, what shall we do? Why, lend our force either for one side or the other, and thus terminate that which is ruining them or us." These words I listened to no longer ago than last Thursday, and I know they did not come from the lips, but from the internal being of the individual who gave utterance to them.

Now "what shall you do to protect yourself against foreign intervention?" In the first place, would counsel that you cease at once to find fault with those in office; cease at once to wage war with your own countrymen, strive to be united, and become determined in division no longer. And when you have done this much, fight with the sword of the spirit, and fight for right, and then we shall begin to see the morning light streaming in from the East; then will the whole face of your horizon be changed, and instead of having defeat after defeat, and Bull Run after Bull Run, you will begin to learn something of success. I believe; yes, you will begin to grasp at victory. But if you do not do this, in the name of Almighty God, how can you expect to conquer? Now I can tell you one thing, which is, that if you are not more united and less divided, and determined to conquer and open your ports to free commerce, that before eighteen months your foreign friends will interfere, and your towns and cities will be deluged with blood.

If prayer in your behalf could avail aught, your spirit friends would willingly pray for you; but I, as an individual, prefer to see prayer floating side by side with the action, for then we should begin to see something of life; then would come the good time so long hoped for, and which, at the best, we fear is yet far distant.

I would say I am unused to controlling this subject, and again, I find her in a very weak condition. But I have endeavored to give my views here, and I desire those friends who have urged my coming here and speaking upon this important question—to-day, to be frank and independent enough to come forward and own, at least, that I have heard them, and have answered them.

Benjamin Creggan.

Capt'n, I'm in no hurry, but I'm not one of the kind who like to wait long. [You came in rather quick, I noticed.] It's best to, when there's nothing to hinder, is it not? My name was Ben Creggan. I was born at Bellows Falls, Vermont, and was born again from that cursed battle-field, Bull Run. I laid on the field three days before death came to take me across. I was wounded in four or five places—I don't know where, but so bad that I could only move my head and left arm, and not a drop of water all that time! Oh my God! I thought I wouldn't think of it when I come here, but I had n't help it. [Was there no one to take care of you?] Not a soul; and there were plenty of others who were as bad off as I was, although I don't think they had the strength to hold out so long as I did. I had a pretty tough constitution, and it took death a long time before he could conquer me. And I wanted to help him, and would if I'd had anything to have done it with. But I did not have anything that I could seem to use. I thought I could blow out my brains with my pistol, but I could n't navigate with my left hand as I did. I tried to beat my brains out with the end of my pistol, but I could n't raise out with my hand. I then got out my knife and tried to cut my throat, but I could n't do that.

Capt'n, it's a hard case. I was in a raging fever, and, along at the last of it, I suppose, I was unconscious. I thought to myself that if my poor old mother and some of my friends knew how much I was suffering, they'd feel pretty bad. Now, Capt'n, I don't know as there's any one to blame in this matter; but I think there are plenty whose business it is to take care of the wounded, and if there ain't enough to do this, why Government ought to provide more surgeons. I did n't mean to say anything about it when I come here, did I mean to think of it at all, but somehow or other it was almost the first thing I thought of when I got here.

I've a mother—or I suppose I have; I do n't think she's dead, because I haven't met her in the spirit-world—in Bellows Falls. She's near eighty. I can't tell her exact age, sir. I have a sister in Warren, Massachusetts, and another brother in the army. God save him from the fate I had! I want to say just a few words to my father. I want to tell her I was n't afraid of death, not a bit, and I don't know but that I'm quite as well off as if I'd have belonged to the meeting-house—I mean the church. My mother's a good, pious old lady, and wanted to see her children all Christians. But I find it's all the same where I am. I've seen plenty in the spirit-world who died with their prayer books under their head, and the chaplain praying over them, who are no better off than I am, and some of them are not so well off. This kind of artificial religion do n't seem to be thought much of in the spirit world. My God! I would n't have killed any one if I had n't felt I was doing my duty, and I would n't have minded spending the last cent I had to keep a fellow-creature from distress. I never could keep anything when I was here on the earth, and now I'm glad I could n't. My poor old mother used to worry about it, and say that I ought to try and lay by something for a rainy day. But I used to tell her that the fair days took care of themselves, and I guessed she was right. And then again sometimes I used to get a little the worse for liquor, and that's the worst thing I have to contend with in the spirit-world, because it affects the spirit more or less; but still they tell me I shall soon conquer it. One thing is certain: I do n't have to solicit the aid of any chaplain. [Do n't you?] No, Oh, they're good enough in their place, but we're no use for them in the spirit world. I do n't mean to say any harm of them, but I say this much only, I say they're of no consequence to any one.

Capt'n, if you're a man of the Church, and do n't like my talk, you can say, "Dry up." I do n't mean any offense, but I was n't a Christian myself, and I was kind of anxious to let folks know how all off I am in the spirit world. No reflection, you understand. [I do.]

I was thirty-six years old when I died; was n't married, and I'm thankful for it, because I've left no wife and children to cry after me. Well, Capt'n, they say you are going to have worse times than you have had, and if it's so, I pity you. I want my sister and brother—if mother's alive, and I suppose she is—to take good care of her, and not to be afraid of death when he comes. If they are as glad of him as I was, they won't have much fear of him. I was tired of staying on this side, but I was afraid I should have to stay longer than I did, for it took some time before death could get the strongest. Good-day to you.

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Clara Fallow.

They say you're kind to friend and foe. I come with the hope of speaking with my father, General Fallow. My name is Clara, and I have been in the spirit-world sixteen years. I have many things to say to him; but oh, not here—not here. I cannot say them here, sir. Is there no other place? [You can call your father's attention to you through the columns of our paper, and ask him to give you a private interview.] Oh, ask him to let me speak to him—ask him to let me speak to him, if it be only for once. Oh, tell him I shall tell him something that will be of great use to him, for I am one of his guardian spirits. He wonders why it is that he thinks so often of me. Oh, tell him it is because I watch over him, and am so anxious for his welfare.

I know he is your enemy, I know he has taken up arms against the Government which has sustained him, but he has been only one of the causes used to produce certain effects in this war. Oh, have charity, have pity! Should I speak to him, I should tell him that I love you all. I should tell him you are his brothers. I would tell him that there was love in the heart of the Yankee, and I ask for your charity. [Are you his daughter? Does he know you? I am. He does. [Can you give any other incidents that will help to identify you to your father and friends?] I was eight years old when I died. I died of fever. It was said to have been cholera, but I was told in the spirit world it was fever. Farewell, sir.

David Daniels.

With the kindness of your superintendant, I am enabled to use this human form to speak to those of my kindred who still live on earth. I was but six years old when I parted with my own body. Were I living in that body now, I suppose I should number thirty years. For a short time I have been earnest in the desire to return to earth—and commune with those I have living on the earth. I was told I could do so by coming here to this place. At first I thought it would not be possible for me to speak through human lips, but I soon found that a natural law controlled our coming here, and that as I was a child of Nature, it would be easy for me to avail myself of it.

When here on earth I was David Daniels, son of David Daniels, of Danvers, Massachusetts. 'Tis so long since I have heard my name as belonging to myself, that I scarce know how to utter it, for we have not such names attached to ourselves after death, sir.

Be kind enough to add that, as I find myself in close connection with persons called mediums on the earth, I earnestly desire to make use of this means in communing with my friends. I am advised by my spirit friends to adopt this course, as this coming here will call the attention of my earthly friends to me.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art Master of Time and Sovereign of Eternity, thou who art building in the midst of the Universe great temples, and art calling upon man to enter them and learn of thee—oh thou Master of Mind and Matter, we perceive thy divine command permeating all Nature; and we know that divine command is to all atoms composing life, whether organic or inorganic; and we know that each, however insignificant, may become teachers unto the minds of mortals. Oh Soul of the Infinite, we will enter those vast and magnificent temples and learn of thee. Those temples we will enter and view creation through the mirror that is placed there for our use; and while we gaze we perceive that all objects are touched with thy divine radiance. Oh thou Master of the hour, we will read the divine inscriptions that are written everywhere in the Universe, and feel that each atom is to us a teacher, for we know that each and all of them are filling up the great vacuum of mind, and giving us all wisdom. Oh thou whom we have been taught to call our Father, we recognize thy power in the tiny grains of sand beneath mortal feet, and we acknowledge thy presence in the great rolling worlds floating in space; but most of all we acknowledge thy power in the human intellect. And before it, oh Almighty Sovereign, we bow in homage, forever and forever.

The Philosophy of Memory.

The Philosophy of Memory is the subject upon which we are to speak this afternoon. The theme was suggested by the reception of the following question:

"Where is the organ of memory located? And is it capable of forever retaining impressions once received?"

The subject is one that demands our profoundest attention. It is a mystery upon which the human mind hath stumbled from the beginning of thought to the dawn of intellect; a mystery that no sage of the past or present has been able to unfold; a something seeming to lie so far beneath the surface of things, that it were impossible to grasp it or to learn its nature. It is found in heaven, on the earth, and in hell.

Science, as relating to the human body, and founded upon that department called Phrenology, declares that it is a separate and distinct organ, by and through which the divine gift of memory continually acts. But the science spiritual, as relating to the peculiar theme before us, unfolds new ideas, and invites us into a great temple of new thoughts, or thoughts that are new to us, as they have never before come within the sphere of our comprehension. Let us pause for a moment to consider the subject of natural forces, or that portion of science which acts upon and vitalizes the things seen by us, and which are realized by your external senses. Let us penetrate into the depths of things before us, and learn something of the imperponderable forces of nature.

Phrenology says the gift of memory acts upon one specific organ; but we, from spiritual observation, are obliged to differ to some extent from the received theories of Phrenology. The human spirit, or that imperponderable essence by which these human bodies are noted upon and made to take upon themselves that which we call life—that imperponderable essence called spirit, whose power we all recognize—is compounded of an innumerable amount of sublimated particles, which are so far sublimated as to be imperponderable to human senses, so far etherialized as to belong to the realm of spirit. These minute particles composing spirit, which seem to be unindividualized, are, nevertheless, individualized, are all gifted with memory. Each and all are organs of memory, each takes upon its surface the impress of every act of your lives; every picture which has been presented to you may be found faithfully daguerrotyped upon the spirit forever.

Thus, memory must of necessity be eternal, and is not confined to one object, but belongs to all. Whatever has once been engraved upon one of the particles composing your spirit body will forever remain there; and the spirit, after it has dissolved its connection with your mortal body, is capable of reading the vast volume of human nature. The disembodied spirit can practice no deception with those like itself; for every act or thought of the heart or present is stamped or engraven upon your spirit body. This is memory—not confined to one specific organ

in the human body, but covering the entire spirit, and filling it with a power all its own. This is our definition of memory. We may fall to reach the sensibilities of many in regard to memory; we may fail to impress upon your spirits the truth of our remarks, enanced as you are with bodies of death; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that when you, like ourselves, shall have cast off your mortal covering, you will then perceive that each atom composing your spirit body is like a diamond of many surfaces, that takes upon it all that comes within its power, and retains it, too.

Oh! if our theory of memory be true, as we believe it to be, is it not worthy of your highest efforts as mortals to make every atom of your being what you could wish it to be in the future? Oh, learn, ye mortals, that ye are mirrors, each one of you; that the great eternity of the past is mirrored upon your spirits, and inasmuch as you strive to overcome evil with good, and to ascend in the scale of human goodness and wisdom, so shall your spirit bodies present not deformity, but harmony and beauty. Such as you are as individuals now, you will be hereafter.

Then learn from the atoms around you; gather your lessons in Time, and they will serve you well in Eternity, for memory is eternal, and however much you may desire to forget any acts of your past life, you cannot do so. You cannot forget them, for the Great Law has stamped them upon your being, and no power, either within or without you, can ever efface them.

This is our idea of memory. If our questioner remains unsatisfied, let him question us still further, and we will give him all the light that comes to us from the great Realm of Spirit.

Query.—My memory begins to fail me. I forget things which happened only a few hours ago. Will these occurrences ever be revived? If so, when?

Ans.—Most certainly they will. Your defect is in the Physical and not in the Spiritual. When you lay off your mortal casing, every act of your past and present life will be revived at will. The intellect of many is oftentimes incapable of reproducing pictures of life. But the memory of the spirit, aside from the physical, is not like the memory of the physical. There is no defect in your spirit. That can always reproduce pictures of its life. Indeed, they are always there, and you have only to look upon them to know that they are a part of your being.

June Alden.

Oh, it's so hard to feel that you are separated from your friends, with no possibility of ever speaking to them again on earth. Oh, but it is, wild joy, to feel that you may come to them and tell them of your existence beyond the tomb, that you may tell them that you are not dead at all!

I've only been a spirit without a body since early this morning. I died at Hagerstown, Maryland. My name was June Alden, and I was born in New York. I went South to attend a dear friend, and while there I was taken sick and died there. I had some knowledge of this thing before death, and I used to tell my friends I'd show them after death that I could return. I'm here—here, speaking before the news of my death reaches my friends in New York. Let me see, the message which will precede my body runs like this: "Your niece died this morning between four and five, of fever, brought on by exposure and over-exertion. She received the best of attention." So I did, the best the place afforded, and I'm no fault to find with it. I went home happy, and was only sorry that I was obliged to leave the dear friend I went to attend, suffering on the earth. But I'm told that he, too, will follow soon. So I am satisfied.

My uncle and aunt, to whom I was indebted for the blessings attached to this life, are rigid in the Episcopal faith. A few months ago I learned something of the truth of this new religion, and I wanted to tell them about it; but they said, "June, do n't bring that delusion home to us, and do n't never go where it is to be found." I said, "Well, if I go to the spirit-world first, I'll come back with proofs of my identity."

Oh, perhaps I've come too soon! Tell them to seek for me where I am to be found. Not in the grave—not in some far-off heaven.

Milo S. Davis.

Mr. Chairman, I am told that you extend your sympathy and hand of fellowship to all who visit you. [We do.] I am Milo S. Davis. I hail from Portsmouth, Virginia. You are doubtless on no very friendly terms with Jefferson Davis. He is my uncle. This is Boston, I believe. [It is.]

I am here for the purpose of speaking with an uncle I have in your city. When your rebellion—so you see fit to term it—first made its appearance, I entered the Confederate ranks as a private. I remained a private until I received the commission of Lieutenant, after being wounded at the battle of South Mountain. I was enabled to serve my friends but a short time in that capacity, being wounded again at Fredericksburg. I was nineteen years of age at the time of my death, and, with your permission, I desire to speak with an uncle I have in your city. [You are welcome to do so.] It may be possible that this uncle is living in your city under an assumed name, although I never believed falsity to form any part of his character. Therefore, I expect he will be under true colors.

Say to him that I visited your place, your Spiritual Post Office, and that I desire to commune with him privately. I have no message to send my friends at the South, for I am not assured that it would reach them were I to do so. I am satisfied with my condition as a spirit. I think, were I here again in body, I should take a different course from what I did. Good-day.

Benjamin Powers.

Hey, Captain! one of your Southern aristocracy do n't frighten me a bit! He says he was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. I was not only wounded, but got shelled out. But whenever I meet one of your cusses, I want to pitch in, just a little. I do n't mean any offense, but they deserve it. I'm from Indiana; this is Massachusetts, I take it. [Yes.] Well, I wonder if any one would like to hear from Ben Powers. It's pretty soft business, Captain; it's treading on pretty soft ground, but I'm going to try it anyway. Now see here, Captain. I've got folks that might be glad to hear from me, but I'll take it they would. Now they might be glad to know how I went out. Tell them I was shelled out. A part of my head was carried right away, and I went out, pop! so easy, that I hardly knew when it happened.

Now I hear tell something about mediums before I died, and I suppose there's folks out West that you can talk through like this body. [There are.] I should like to have my sister's husband talk with me. He's one of the rank Oriskany kind, and if I do n't give him a piece of my mind, it will be because I'm not able to. The folks used to wonder how it was that I dared to talk so to one that knew so much more than I did when I was here on earth. Well, I'm one of your straight-forward chonk-going folks. He's a good man, but then he'd have you go to hell, when God would send you to heaven. Now he's a man that's got me a mind that I have. He knows more than I do, for I had n't much education; had n't anything to brag on, and he's got considerable. Now I propose that he shall out a part of his mind to me, and I may be able to give him some new ideas. Come and talk with me, and if I do n't prove that I'm Ben Powers—well, I won't try but once. I'm honest in all I say. Can't do much, but what I can do I mean to do up square.

What's your charge, Captain? [Nothing. Can you tell what Regiment you belonged to, and the name of the place you lived in?] Oh, yes, I can do that. I belonged to the 10th Indiana Company. Oh, I wasn't none of your officers. I was a rank boss that I lived in Princeton, Indiana. My age? Thirty-five. [Can you give the number of brothers and sisters you had living in the spirit world?] I had two brothers, but I don't know where they are now.

one left, and one sister. [Is your father living?] No, the old man's gone up. Dead, and not dead, either. What shall I call it? Resurrected; that'll do. He went some time ago. Well, Captain; if you want any one to pilot you round when you get here, call on Ben Powers, and I'll show you as good a right hand as the next one. Jan. 8.

The Seven Volunteers.

Written for the Banner of Light. BY ANNIE EMERSON.

More than a year ago. We saw them down the village street, marching with strong, unflinching feet. No need had they of drum or fife. To lead them to their chosen life. But every one, from first to seventh, went forth to join the bold Eleventh. In haste to meet the foe.

Fall soon the meeting came. A baptism of blood and shot and shell. The Eleventh foremost, and fighting well—So well, that it won for itself, that day. A fame that shall ne'er be wiped away. And after the fight and the rout was o'er, Our little squad numbered its ranks once more. There were Herbert and Châville, Joe and Dan, Jesse and Ira—every man lo! name!

No! there is one lost name! John! where, oh, where was he? God knows there was no such word as "shirk." In the book that held plans of his brief life work, And they left him there on the blood-red field, Where he could not conquer, and would not yield. His slight frame shattered—his spirit strong Still to do the right and to dare the wrong. One look he gave to the cruel foe. One thought to the young wife who mourned him so. One prayer for the two little children left In a soldier's house—of his care bereft— And the next hour he was free.

Oh, far in that "vale of tears," Lies an unknown grave 'neath the trampled mould; And the Summer's heat and the Winter's cold Have brightened and darkened, while many a form Has been folded away from the battle-storm. Father and husband; brother and lover, Brave heart and fond lips the dark sods cover. And many a wall has rung through the land, Since first he severed the little band. Of the Seven Volunteers!

Letter from Cora Wilburn.

Friends and Readers of the Banner—Christmas morning beheld me seated in the lumbering stage-coach, at the early hour of half past five; it was as bright a morning as ever greeted an expectant world, and, wonderful to relate, in the climate of Minnesota, the air was mild as in April. Slowly we rolled out of the pretty little city of Saint Paul, and rumbled through a beautiful country, until the sun gladdened the prospect, and the town of Hastings greeted our eyes. There we alighted to breakfast, and then en route again, slowly but sure over the slightly frozen ground. In the afternoon we reached Red Wing, where the Christmas dinner was prepared for those who chose to partake; but I refrained, for kind friends in St. Paul had filled my satchel with provisions.

That night at eleven o'clock we reached Wabasha, and after a good and plentiful supper, partaken of by all, we again mounted the cumbersome vehicle and pursued our way. Mild and balmy as a night of Spring was that Christmas night, and we sang the contraband's song of "The Kingdom's Coming," and the stirring refrain, "His soul is marching on." There were several passengers, and one lady, whose voice was sweet and musical as her heart was strong for freedom. I took out maps during the night, and the next morning dawned clear and Spring-like as the Christmas morn.

We reached the picturesque town of Wynona in time for breakfast; then on we clattered to Ridgway to dinner. Six o'clock P. M. brought us to La Crosse, and there the frozen river was to be crossed, but it was partly opened by the exceeding mildness of the weather, and the cumbersome coach could not pass. So, oh most novel experience, trunks, mailbags and passengers were placed upon sleds and drawn by hand power across the ice. The stars were glittering, and the sky was clear, as we sped on in this strange fashion, till we reached water, when we were embarked in row boats, and thus reached the city of La Crosse, Wisconsin. There I rested for three days at the hospitable home of Laura De Force, receiving kind attentions from her parents and sisters and brother.

Then, after a night and day of railroad travel, I reached Chicago, and the next day took the cars for this pretty and quiet place, where I am now sojourning with a friend of past days. I am glad to inform my friends that my health is much improved; that change of scene and rest from brain labor has done me much good.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year, fraught with plentiful gifts of spiritual advancement, to our country the blessings of universal liberty and peace, I am Yours for truth, CORA WILBURN.

Perry, Illinois, Jan. 23, 1863.

Punch's Cyclopaedia.

London Punch is publishing what it styles "the penny-allers Cyclopaedia" and paragraph-makers companion." He thus gives the pith of some of the newspaper circumlocution which has become so tedious. "When at that moment, horrible to relate!" "Oh, yes!" "Then." Again:—"A project, originating in the inventive talent of Mr. Wm. Snooks, of Poplar; has been ventilated, and may tend to the facilitating the traffic of that busy vicinity."—"Snooks, of Poplar, wants the road widened." "Damn more!"—"The divorcing element extended its ravages to the adjoining edifices;"—"The next house was burnt." And still again:—"But, from the comparatively unimportant nature of the injuries which the unfortunate individual, has sustained, his intelligent medical attendant offers assurances that the result will not be permanent." "As he has only got some scratches, the doctor says he will be at work again in a week."

A visitor at the British Museum, after having seen the curiosities that were there shown him, inquired of the assistant, "Pray, sir, have you the skull of Oliver Cromwell in this house?" to which the assistant answered, "No, sir." "Well, sir," said the stranger, "I wonder at that, as they have one at the Ashmole Museum at Oxford."

The grocer who is dishonest in the use of his scales, lies in wait to deceive. Life is a lottery, but he who draws many cards would be likely to draw the blank. A man may make an observant Bible, but God never did. The world is a stage, and we are but players in it. The world is a stage, and we are but players in it. The world is a stage, and we are but players in it.

Pearls

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long...

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I went one night to my father's house— Went home to the dear ones all—

Men do on this world as if it were never to have an end...

EDUCATION.

Has scattered verdure o'er the land; And smiles and fragrance rule serene...

How can a man hope to find God at the moment of his death...

THE BLESSED HOPE OF TRUTH.

Better trust all and be deceived, Than doubt one heart that, if believed...

Vice stings us in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pain.

MEMORY.

Dear heart! the legend is not vain Which lights that holy hearth again...

The sum of Morality and Christianity is: Give and forgive—bear and forbear.

Remarkable Spiritual Manifestations in 27th street, New York.

In one of our best up-town houses, in a street fashionable, much frequented, and eligible in all respects...

Some time ago, not long after the persons now occupying a handsome residence in Twenty-seventh street moved into it...

At this moment, hundreds in the thickly inhabited neighborhood to which we have reference, could, if they chose, attest the truth of our foregoing narrative...

On New-Year's eve an address was voted to President Lincoln, at a large meeting in London, held under the auspices of the Emancipation Society...

Gov. Bradford on the War and Slavery.

An interesting and suggestive correspondence is printed in the Baltimore American. A slaveholder at Leonardtown addressed a letter to Gov. Bradford...

It is a state of war—a war of such character and extent as modern times have never witnessed...

The Governor reminds his correspondent that the national flag, which he seems to regard with so much affection...

It is the form," he says, "of a man about thirty years of age, of tall stature and heavy frame, weather-beaten countenance, and sad, or rather stern expression...

Since then the existence of his ghostship, and of others like him, is undisputed; and other parties have attempted to face him, and, if possible, extract from him "a statement" for the papers...

In a country town in Massachusetts, many years ago, lived a man known as Uncle Zeke Cushing. He had a neighbor, Tower, whom he hated most religiously...

GEN. BANKS ON THE DURATION OF THE WAR.—It is now about two years since the rebellion fired its first shot at the National flag...

CANADIAN OPINION.—The Montreal Witness, the most widely circulated paper in that city, remarks of the emancipation proclamation:

"The thanks of the human race are due to President Lincoln and his advisers for this great act, which Providence will surely reward to the entire overthrow of Slavery in the United States."

Announcement. Cora Wilburn desires to inform her friends and the readers of the Banner of Light especially those engaged in the publishing business...

Obituary Notices. On the 11th of January a bright and beautiful spirit escaped from the frail and shivering case, leaving the shell in its mother's arms...

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In Washington County, Ohio. In the following year, business requiring his return to Massachusetts, he performed the journey...

Our respected Bro Kellogg was brought up in the land of steady state, and adhered to the doctrine, and belonged to the Congregational Church...

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residence...

The Spiritualists in the valley of the Penobscot and vicinity will hold a Convention at the Pine Chapel, in Bangor, commencing on Friday, the 30th inst...

NOTICES OF MEETINGS. SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYONS HALL, TRAMONT ST., BANGOR, ME.

CHALMERS.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every afternoon and evening...

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, sittings and evening.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Hon. Warren Chase for January; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during April.

LIST OF LECTURERS. Parties noticed under this head are requested to call attention to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give us notice of any change of their arrangements...

CONTRIBUTORS. PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTON, of New York City. HOSEA DUBBER, LL.D., of New York.

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Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each year's matter...