

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XVI.

(\$8.00 PER YEAR.)
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.}

NO. 17.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BY CORA WILBURN.

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

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

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

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

Troops of bright angels earthward wing their flight;

In the supreme and bountiful delight,
Where whither Immortal love attests its might!

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

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

The cross and crown, soul-emblems—both are mine;

I bear the mandates of the Will Divine;
Millennial glories o'er my pathway shine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Admit me, though outside the thunders roll!
And I will lead you to fruition's goal,
To the communion bliss of soul with soul!
Lasalle, III., 1865.

THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

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

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

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

She was consumptive!

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

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

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

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

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

The two friends obeyed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She gave it to Frank.

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

"Perhaps," murmured she, softly.

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

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

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

"Already!"

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

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

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

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

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

"Miss Elise asks for you," said he.

Frank had a fearful presentiment.

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

"Yes," ironically replied the boy.

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

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

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

The young girl perceived the poet.

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

"Dear Elise!"

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

"Oh, Miss!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How good it is—the sun," said she.

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

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

"Your mother?"

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

Elise perceived Frank brushing away his tears.

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

"I promise it you, Elise!"

"Well, thanks!"

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

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

Frank and Sosthène looked at each other with dismay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XX.

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

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

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

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

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

"I listen."

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

"I should wish it; but—"

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

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

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

"How?"

"And you will be my manager."

"I do not understand."

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

"In Marseilles?"

"Yes."

"I understand less still."

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

"Yes."

"What to do?"

"To propose me."

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

Frank's name was in every meridian sheet.

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

"Not yet," replied Frank.

"You are wrong."

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

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

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

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

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

Frank's indifference frightened himself.

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

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

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

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

Tell my mother that I shall soon embrace her.

Your friend,
FRANK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frank bowed, and followed the Countess.

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

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

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

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

Madame de Régné could not believe her eyes.

"Frank, Frank," murmured she.

The Countess heard her.

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

"For poetry?"

"No—for the poet!"

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,

102 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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

THE FROST KING;

OR,
LOVE AND SELFISHNESS.

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

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

Hans made no reply, for his heart was heavy. He had journeyed on patiently and with good heart to do the errand his father had bid him; he had not minded the cold, rough winds, or his aching fingers and toes, but whistled merrily through the driving snow, and stamped his feet and swung his arms lustily against his breast. But he had hoped his journey was almost ended. He had fancied that he saw the smoke from the little village where he was destined many a time, but had found it to be only the smoke from some cottage nestled snugly under the brow of a hill. He had thought, too, that the whirling wreaths of snow hid the church spire just before him, but found it to be only a tall pine white with the ice and snow.

Perhaps Hans would have given up in despair before, had he not remembered the errand on which he was sent. As he thought of his little sister Tude's pale face and suffering body, and his gentle mother's last words: "Thou wilt hasten, Hans, for perhaps thou wilt save her life," he forgot the biting cold and his weary limbs. But now, as the night was coming on, and he learned he had four more weary miles, his heart was sorrowful.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The little boy began to cry more piteously than ever.

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

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

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

But Hans could not go thus, though he was tired and almost frozen; for, as he looked to the face of the boy, he thought, "What if Tude is out in the cold, and no one would carry her home? But still the thought of carrying the boy, tired as he was, seemed dreadful to him."

"The man is right," he said; "I must take care of myself first; and yet, if it was n't for Tude, perhaps I would take him, but I am in such a hurry!" and he took a step or two forward. "But how could I tell Tude, if I left him here?" She'd cry her little eyes out; and I do n't believe she'd care at all for the doctor or the medicine. But then I need n't tell her, or any one else—who I

Spiritual Phenomena.

Peculiar Spiritual Manifestations in Africa.

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

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

"At the commencement of the rainy season of 1850, Mr. Deale, a staff assistant surgeon, was seized with unaccountable fever. The 'Dover' arrived soon after, bringing a Mr. Campbell to relieve him. Mr. Deale was taken on board the 'Dover,' shook hands with the captain on deck, went below, and expired almost immediately.

Mr. Campbell's colleague, sat down to write out the case. It is still preserved in the medical report book at the surgeons' quarters. Toward the end the handwriting changes, becomes uneven, and sometimes scarcely legible. A few hours afterwards Trestrall was a corpse. The two surgeons were buried together.

Mr. Campbell wrote out a report of Trestrall's case. He slept alone in the quarters, in the same bed in which the others had died.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dr. Macarthy and Dr. Duggan, they heard nothing. Dr. Macarthy remained there a month, and during that time had a severe fever. He went to Bathurst, and returned in company with Dr. Duggan. Both of them were in good health at the time. Neither of them had heard the ghost story.

They slept, each in an end room, (there were six in all), and Dr. Duggan's servant, a boy of sixteen, in the centre one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"This story will interest children and the vulgar, as all ghost stories do. To them, of course, I have nothing to say. But to those who are studying the science of the spirit-world, I wish to point out the fallacy of their investigations. Purposeless as they are, they are perilous by reason of their action on the brain. You waste your precious essence of thought, and will, and electricity, that you may touch ethereal rubbish.

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

The last two paragraphs of comment upon these occurrences are singularly weak and puerile, even for one of "the hard-headed scientific men." He admits the wonderful facts, makes no pretence of accounting for them, yet wishes "to point out the fallacy" of all investigation! The fox that lost his tail strove to persuade the others to adopt the new fashion; so Mr. Reade appears to have lost the wise and witty head that produced the rest of his interesting book; and now tries to convince us that heads and brains are of no further use when

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

Remarkable Cases of Pre-vision and Mental Telegraphing.

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

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

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

Test of Spirit Presence. For the benefit of that portion of humanity who are seeking for light on the subject of Spiritualism, I send the following test, hoping that its publication in the Banner may add one more ray of light on the faith of those investigators whose souls are not yet filled with belief.

For the last four years I have been slowly journeying toward a belief in the certainty of the immortality of the soul, and its power to return to earth and manifest its identity. Eighteen years ago we were called to mourn the loss of an only son, who died at the age of seventeen years. Being of a remarkably skeptical turn of mind, and having very little natural faith, my mind was wrung with most intense anguish with the fear of the uncertainty of the continuous life of the soul. But ten thousand thanks to some power which has shed effulgent rays of light on my troubled spirit, and given me great reason to believe that "death is swallowed up in victory," that my child is not dead, but still lives and knows of his own paternal home.

In the year 1845, our boy, while attending the sugar works, (long since deserted for that purpose, however), cut with a jack-knife the initials of his name, "B. P.," and year "1845," on the bark of a beech tree, and also on a poplar tree. There was little occasion for our family visiting that part of the forest for many years past, which numbers only three—my husband, one daughter and myself—the trees were overlooked, and nearly forgotten for many years. Three years ago, however, last August, while looking for the cows that had strayed from the pasture, I quite unexpectedly came upon the beech tree, on which were the initials of his name. For several minutes I was quite overcome by my feelings. I shed many tears, and laid my hand repeatedly upon the letters, asking over and over again in my soul, that "if he had an existence, and it were possible, he would make known, through some medium, that I had been here?" I repeated my visit, alone, three times to the tree; then fearing that our neighbor, who was clearing a piece of land adjoining, might sometime cut it down, I let my husband, into the secret, and had him cut from the tree the bark on which were the letters and figures, and bring it to the house, and bid

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

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

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

This last sentence she spoke with great confidence. I then brought forward my chips with the bark on them, to the great astonishment of all present, save my husband, who knew the secret. Yours for truth and light, whether it be born in a mansion or a manger. MRS. NANCY B. PECK. Pharsalia N. Y., Nov. 15, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light. SAFE AT HOME. BY GRACE LELAND.

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

When he takes them from all sorrow, From temptation and from sin, From the tangled, weary pathways That in earth-life must begin,— Shall we weep that they are safely Nestled to that Heart Divine, That the bright, eternal sunlight Softly on their faces shines? Shall we weep when Christ, the Shepherd, Takes his tender lambs with care, Leads them from the thorny earth-paths Through the heavenly meadows fair? Could we see that Land of Beauty, Where with tireless feet they roam, We should thank the Good All-Father That our loved are safe at home! Jan. 2, 1865.

Correspondence.

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

I have also visited Binghamton, and had two fine audiences to listen to me, and found our Community of Practionists, located on about six hundred acres of land in Madison County, three miles from Oneida Station, on the New York Central Railroad. They number about two hundred and twenty souls and bodies, all in one family and common home, with such comforts and contentment and happiness, but not a remarkable degree of intelligence, yet in this, above most of the churches of our country. Their property and home is all in common, and they have a system of common industry, which is successful without tyrannical or arbitrary authority. Their social condition has greatly improved since I first visited them, near ten years ago. Since that time they have dispensed with the use of tobacco, pork, coffee, tea, and all meats, except two or three times per week, and of course find it much easier to govern their passions and appetites. All quarreling, profanity and vulgarities they have scrupulously and religiously excluded, and their looks, actions and condition all give the lie to every statement that their principles or practices lead in any way to licentiousness, lust or looseness of morals, although they annul and abrogate the marriage covenant, and yet do not separate the sexes, but all work, eat and associate together as one family. But by what rules they regulate the relation and intercourse of the sexes I do not know, for I would not ask; but I know it is such as does not do that violence to the health and happiness of females which is so common in ordinary society, nor does it crucify a part of nature as the Shakers do. The machinery they use in female labor saves at least three-fourths of the time and drudgery of common housekeeping on farms. They have a small library, good music, schools, and classes in branches of science, by which they are fast educating themselves out of ignorance, and of course, will out of superstition, also, in time, for progression is a part of their religious belief, and will save them at last from the fate of other sects of Christians. They are strictly religious and Christian, and hold up Christ as their pattern and saviour, in marriage as well as other examples, and they are certainly more consistent than any sect of his followers I have ever met; but I am not a member of their society, and I believe in Christ; hence I can judge among the sects, I think, impartially. They have left out the useless ceremony of words at meals before eating which they used a few years ago, and I know not how many more ceremonies. I can see much progress; one thing, however, they have not done, they have not learned that the only friends they have in our country who are

able and willing to defend them in their efforts to carry out their system, both socially and religiously, are the Spiritualists, and that they can and will, in spite of their prejudice, and the opposition of the mass, and with the millions of them now in our country we have the power to do it, and not because we agree with them, but because we want every conscientious and laudable effort to better the condition of the race to have a fair trial, and I know there is one, and one whose results so far, except in religion, which is not far from some other sects, has proved a success. They would increase rapidly if they admitted all who ask to join them; but they admit but a small part, and require a full and sincere conversion to their religious doctrines, which is no doubt a good safeguard, such as the old Fourth Association backed up, and for want of which they were so overrun and broken up. The community does but a small farming business, but they have a very extensive establishment for making steel traps, and have recently greatly enlarged it, (a queer business for such a society,) and they also make all kinds of valves and carpet sacks and satchels, and will soon make trunks, also. They raise and put up in the neatest manner fruits, &c. in large quantities, but do not raise sufficient grain for their own use. They are prospering finely in pecuniary ability, and consequently in social comfort and refinements. Mr. John H. Noyes, a man of noble and generous mind, of Danbury, Conn. legs in early life, was the founder, and is still a principal leader among them, and at the other family like and of them, located in Wallingford, Conn. They publish a weekly paper at Wallingford, called the Circular, which is an exponent of their views, as well as a journal of news and correspondence. Many of the members, especially the females, look like persons who have escaped from and are recovering from the effects of lust and tyranny so common in our unhappy marriages; but of all people I ever saw, they show the best signs of just looseness of morals, and they are universally branded by other Christian sects as practical free lovers, and I think they are, but without lust or licentiousness. WARREN CHASE. Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1864.

J. V. Mansfield, the Medium.

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

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

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

If a chemist wishes to make an experiment, he will come from the laboratory, and not from the street to be successful. For the same reason those who desire to realize the truth of Spiritualism, should seek to test it through good mediums, of whom there are a few. Yes, there are many good mediums, who will not pretend to give you anything but what they get from the spirits; and they get nothing but the truth.

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

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

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

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

There is a class of persons, doubtless, who think of this all-important matter in the right way, and I trust that these will agree with me in the remarks I have made. Feeling grateful for the benefits I have received through Spiritualism, I am yours truly. Philadelphia, 1864. H. H.

Meetings in Aurora, Ill.

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

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

Aurora is a beautiful little city, picturesquely situated on the Fox River, and resembles the eastern towns more than any other place I have seen in the West. Its citizens are very enterprising and intelligent, and the place is constantly increasing in population, and improving in appearance. It is built on both sides of the river, has good mill sites, and, owing to this fact, and the beauty of its location, is very attractive. Many families from the Eastern States have located themselves here, and others are constantly coming, which promises a good future for the place. DR. HORATIO L. TAYLOR. Aurora, Ill., Dec. 26th, 1864.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati, O.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her last lecture, as per engagement, was given last evening, to a large and respectable and very attentive audience, with pathos, power of argument, logical reasoning rarely equalled. Subject, "The audience," "After having done our duty to the best of our ability, and the light of our consciences that shape our destiny beyond our control?" This surpassed her previous efforts, and as it was taken down by a celebrated phonographer, I hope to furnish a report for publication in the Banner, that all the friends of the cause of the moral and spiritual advancement of humanity may become acquainted with the views of Lizzie Carley. DAVID H. SHAFER. Cincinnati, O., Dec. 19, 1862.

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

Resolved, Knowing that our public speakers, in their itinerancy, have the prejudice of an uncharitable public, and the idiosyncrasies of individuals to overcome in their social and material relations, and that often talent is not rewarded, but that circumstance is more the cause for favorable notices than merit, therefore, cheerfully extend to Miss Lizzie Carley, of Ypsilanti, Mich., our thanks for the able analytical lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy before this Society during the month of November, and especially for reorganizing in the month of December. And we would recommend our sister as a reformer and co-laborer with honest motives, pure of purpose, and well worthy of that encouragement that makes the heart glad, and the aspirations upward. A. W. PUGH, Sec. Cincinnati, O., Dec. 24th, 1864.

Letter from Mrs. Wilcoxson.

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

I am holding meetings during week evenings in Cranewille and Wheelersburg, in the little village school-houses, where I am welcomed by earnest, liberal minds, and hope to plant the seeds of a future harvest. 8. Past is now giving scenes here for a few days, his powers of test mediumship proving, as usual, highly satisfactory. Mrs. Whitfield, of this city, is acknowledged as one of the best of clairvoyants. This is the leave-taking, and we march on to victory. M. J. WILCOXSON. Newark, N. J., Dec. 17, 1864.

Wisdom is nearly the only property that people are not always willing to be endowed with.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBRIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to regenerate life.

A View from where we Stand.

After sixteen years manifestations of the great truths which are embodied in what is popularly termed Spiritualism, it is not amiss, nor can it be unprofitable, to take a review of the field that has been traveled, and to forecast the future which is promised us.

It is but a very few years ago, when a journal in this city which pretends to the very highest ability, information, respectability, and resources, was placed at the unqualified disposal of a leading and learned Harvard Professor, afterwards President, for the purpose of doing battle against a system of religion which so readily commands itself to all receptive souls as divine.

Where there were men and women, but a few years since, who, while secretly subscribing to the new Philosophy, did not care to have it openly announced, and who preferred to have other reasons to cherish their beautiful faith by themselves, and out of the reach of criticism and misrepresentation and discussion—there are large numbers of both sexes now who have very quietly, but firmly, made an announcement of their real belief, for whomsoever it may concern; convinced, by the experience which both enriches and strengthens all minds, that, after all, there may be a prudence which shall be altogether too prudent, and a regard for what others have to say which is sure to provoke more speech than no such regard at all.

There are the churches, too, which merit a remark in passing. It would be a mistake to count among the believers in Spiritualism, in the churches, only such as have been willing to make an announcement of their regenerate faith, in set terms and with open forms. That is hardly necessary. The thing is to get the heaven into the mass and set it to working. And that has been done most effectually. There are to-day uncounted numbers in all the churches of the land, who recognize, and are happy to recognize, the power of disembodied spirits to commune directly with them, and to work upon them and through them the will of the Divine Creator.

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

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

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

What We Think.

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

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

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

The Year's Account.

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

Napoleon's Secretary.

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

Losses by Fire.

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

Fort Fisher.

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

Welcome Home.

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

Mrs. Cuppy's Lectures.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Winter Campaigning.

Because we are having Union victories at mid-winter, we think that winter campaigning is clear out of the common course of military affairs. Washington cleared the British out of Boston early in March, and won his immortal victory at Trenton in December, and his Princeton victory in the January following. Jackson carried on his campaign of 1814-15 at the South in the winter entirely, and the battle of New Orleans was won on the 8th of January. The allies invaded France in January, 1814. Napoleon fought many of his most decisive battles, and won many of his most famous victories, in the months of winter. At the battle of Eylau, which was fought in February, the cavalry of Napoleon charged, and charged successfully, over ponds whose surfaces were thick with coverings of ice. We need not, therefore, express surprise with what our armies are doing now: it is clearly Grant's intention to keep all things active until the rebel forces are powerless to offer further resistance.

Railway Accidents.

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

Confinement for Insanity.

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

"Scenes in the Summer Land."

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

Oh, what magnificence of scenery—what splendor of coloring! Words are insipid and meaningless, and the pencil would fall from the hand of the disheartened artist. In front of us was a gentle elevation, beyond which spread the waves of a blue and boundless ocean, ruffled by the slightest breeze. The sky was a liquid cerulean, in which floated great island masses of clouds, like folds of silver, bordered with purple and gold. The sun was declining in the west, drawing around him his crimson cloud-mantle, and blushing the landscape with his golden hue. On earth, winter had not left his stronghold, and a few daring spring flowers by the snowbank, and a few timid spring birds, were the only signs of the season's approach. The cold fragrance of the morn'g air, and the perfume of the flowers in bloom, were the only signs of the season's approach. The cold fragrance of the morn'g air, and the perfume of the flowers in bloom, were the only signs of the season's approach.

On the eminence stood a mansion, combining the elegance and delicacy of the Oriental with the solidity, grandeur and effect of the Grecian style. Its base was a truncated pyramid of steps, on which arose elegant carved columns, entirely surrounding the building, and supporting a crystal dome. The base was a liquid cerulean, in which floated great island masses of clouds, like folds of silver, bordered with purple and gold. The sun was declining in the west, drawing around him his crimson cloud-mantle, and blushing the landscape with his golden hue. On earth, winter had not left his stronghold, and a few daring spring flowers by the snowbank, and a few timid spring birds, were the only signs of the season's approach.

"This is my home," said my spirit guide; "here, with others who are congenial in tastes and desires, I pass my time in study, in writing, or conversing with my friends." "There are few persons here at present," I observed. "They are away; some on missions of benevolence to lower circles, endeavoring to reform the erring and elevate the depressed; others traveling across the vast oceans of space to other worlds, to witness the various manifestations of Nature; while others still, are waiting for the coming of Christ, said to have been made five hundred years ago. Other halls had shelves piled with specimens from all the kingdoms of Nature, where the student might retire, and by comparing her endless diversity of forms, seek to develop the great laws of creation. It was the home of a great family, who, with pure and trusting hearts, dwelt in harmony, possessing it in common, and devoting it to a common use.

As we entered one of these halls, the mate of my guide arose and embraced him. She was listening to the narrative of a noted traveler, who had just returned from a long voyage of discovery to a remote star-cluster. After they had exchanged a few remarks, the guide turned to me and said: "Are you not fatigued?" "Yes," I replied; "I have felt a sensation of weariness for a considerable time." "Then you must not remain in this state a moment longer. Retrace this line of spiritual matter, which, you observe, has remained unbroken. It was with deepest reluctance that I left him on the brow of the spirit zone; but fate, stern and inexorable, compelled me to do so, and the next moment I was again clothed in my mantle of flesh, awaking with a dreamy consciousness—a dim, undefined recollection of the scenes of the two preceding hours. The gloom of twilight mantled the external world, strangely contrasting with the ethereal light of the region I had left.

The Old Continentals.

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

Immigration.

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

Little Girls.

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

Pardee in Philadelphia.

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

New Publications.

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

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

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

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

The New York Independent on Spiritualism.

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

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

Recognizing Maximilian.

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

Cora L. V. Hatch.

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

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

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

A Discussion.

We are informed that Elder Miles Grant of this city, and ex-Rev. J. G. Fish, of Michigan, who is now lecturing before the Spiritualists of Providence, B. I., are to hold a public discussion in Pratt's Hall, in that city, on the evenings of Jan. 17th, 18th and 19th, upon the following question: Resolved, That man has a spirit which exists after the death of the body in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of earth.

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

A New Lecturer on Spiritualism.

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

London Spiritual Magazine.

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

Mercantile Library Lectures.

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

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long. That on the stretched fore-finger of all time Sparkle forever.

HUMANITY'S FRIEND.

Let the mimic canvas show His calm, benevolent features; let the light stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame, The glorious record of his virtues write, And hold it up to men, and bid them claim A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed flame.

Time has made life too long for our hopes, but too brief for our deeds.

MOONLIGHT.

The moon now floods with silvery light The valley and the mountain height, And smiling down with matchless grace On sleeping nature's upturned face.

Oh! radiant queen, pearl of the night, Set in the blue etherial light, No gem that sparkles in night's crown, Equals in beauty thee, sweet moon.

Children often glance off from their parental probabilities at very unexpected angles.

RULE THYSELF.

Thou art loved in thine own kingdom; Rule thyself—thou rulest all; Smile, when fortune's proud dominion, Roughly touched, shall rudely fall.

We promise according to our hopes; we perform according to our fears.

A Musical Scene of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain.

A few days since I visited the circle-room for musical manifestations at 158 Washington street, and was gratified with an exhibition of the usual manifestations of spirit power in handling material things, which have been often described as attending Mrs. Chamberlain's sances, both here and elsewhere. And, believing that repeated publications of individual testimony to the remarkable phenomena of these exhibitions, though but re-affirming what has frequently and faithfully been set forth in your columns, will be of service to reach the notice of the newer readers who are constantly swelling the list of your patrons, I will, as briefly as the details will allow, recount the experience with which I was then favored.

The visitor is requested to inspect the room and its furniture, and a few glances suffice for this. The room contains two tables set together, several chairs, a side table, upon and around which are placed a variety of common musical instruments, guitar, bass-viol, triangle, tambourine, hand-bells, speaking-trumpet, tenor-drum, &c., &c., and a bass-drum suspended upon the wall, back of where the medium sits, but out of her reach when seated.

Before the company is seated at the tables, the names of each person present (as they may choose to give them) are written down for the guidance of the medium in properly seating the members (by spirit direction) to secure the greatest electrical harmony. This arrangement completed, all join hands, with the exception of the two seated on either side of the medium, one hand of each of whom rests upon the table nearest the medium. Her hands do not join the circle, but are constantly passes by touching the two sitters nearest to her; so that, though her hands are free, they each second are felt by the other two, and, therefore, are known to be occupied only as mentioned. Outside the circle sits the violinist, who furnishes the airs to guide the spiritual musical accompaniments. When for any brief moment his hands are not busy with his instrument, he places them on the shoulders of the party nearest to him, who is witness at any time that the hands are not otherwise employed.

The doors having been locked and the light extinguished, all composing the circle are requested to continue the circle strictly unbroken and not to separate hands, no matter what may take place. It may be here observed that the medium is understood to be entirely unconscious, and so remains throughout the sance.

In a brief time usually—under favorable conditions—the grand concert commences. The before mentioned instruments are at once "tuned" to the guiding pitch of the violin, and strike up singly or in chorus lively accompaniments to any air played by the violinist, and all are manipulated with great dexterity, rapidity of movement, and a physical power which might well seem to test the utmost firmness of the materials of which they are composed. The instruments are carried about the room, high over the heads of the auditory, and out of the reach of any, and are constantly played upon while floating in mid-air, so that it is quite easy for the sense to follow them in each change of direction; suddenly dropped down upon the circle-table—but never hitting any one—and as instantly taken up again in air; now striking the ceiling, then the walls; again carried over the heads of the circle, touching them for a moment all around, or resting upon each or any one for several seconds, by request; passed under the table, from which the circle sits a foot or more away, touching the knees and feet of the sitters—all the while giving forth musical sounds as before. A bee would not move with more rapidity of wing than these instruments are thus passed about the room, and under and up again from the table. Sometimes they are left upon the floor beneath the table for a little while, and, again, are suddenly caught up and borne away. They are now and then dropped noiselessly into the lap of some one, or, as in the writer's case, placed gently upon the table and against his chest, and there played also. The violin was taken from the hands of the player and treated as the other instruments, and several of the circle were repeatedly touched by the bow and the instrument, in the face and on different parts of the person; afterwards it was carefully returned to the owner. During all the "performance" every one in the circle was touched in various ways, by hands and by the instruments, in a way quite substantial, and whose touches were repeated so often and in such a palpable manner as to satisfy the most skeptical mind that lives.

The great celerity of these movements was particularly manifested when the drum-stick was made to beat the big drum and strike the centre of our table in such quick succession of alternate strokes as to almost equal the rapidity of thought itself; and again, when the tambourine was violently and with remarkable activity played upon the side-table, and instantly transferred to the circle-table, with like speed of motion from one to the other. It is well to notice that, at the wish of any one, expressed, or, often, only mentally formed, any change in the programme was readily acceded to, and in a very accommodating spirit. It was, moreover, an interesting feature of this sance, that one of the ladies present, being a good clairvoyant, distinctly saw, as she affirmed, all the movements of the spirits, plainly perceiving their forms. The same lady was the subject of the "light-fingered" operations of the spiritual "gen-

try," in having her pocket handkerchief and other articles abstracted from her dress and transferred to some person on the opposite side of the table.

After having listened to the grand concert of instruments—Inlins were the reputed performers—manipulated in all sorts of ways to produce musical sounds, and with the utmost precision of movement in accompaniments, the entire lot were thrown down, one after another, on the table, and into the laps or against the persons of the circle, in indiscriminate confusion. Upon re-lighting the rosin the side-table was found to be topsy-turvy on the circle-table, with the "big fiddle," &c., &c., all tumbled pell-mell, thereon. The noise and bustle attending this latter medley were sufficient to satisfy not only a blind man but any one on this side of total deafness. And it may be safely affirmed, that any one, having been a witness to this extraordinary entertainment, who failed to perceive spirit intervention as the only possible solution of the mystery of the phenomena exhibited, would be obliged to throw himself upon such a very sharp horn of the delirium as would read all his "unknown law of Nature" theories into fragments of unmitigated "shoddy."

Our Washington Letter.

NEW COMMITTEES—MISS NETTIE COBURN'S LECTURES—A WEDDING AMONG SPIRITUALISTS, ETC.

In sending my customary brief mention to the Banner, I will resist all temptation to indulge in those reflections which are naturally suggested by the exit of the old year, and confine myself to facts rather than to fancies—reasonable or otherwise. With the advent of the New Year, I have first to note changes in the official administration of our society here. The committee selected at the beginning of the season, resigned their position the last Sunday in December, and on the same evening a new organization was effected. A business committee, consisting of Cranston Laurie, Esq., Thos. Gales Forster, and the writer, were chosen, together with a separate finance committee of six, three ladies and three gentlemen, to solicit subscriptions throughout the city. Heretofore the meetings have struggled for an existence—sometimes their continuance being a matter of doubt. As it is, they have only been maintained by the strictest economy. The society here, instead of being established on a firm financial basis, as is needed, in order to be successful or fruitful of good, has languished from the first for lack of material support. Extra efforts are hereafter to be made to remedy this. For obvious reasons, Washington should have meetings worthy of the angel faith, worthy of the Spiritual Philosophy. The invisible have of late repeatedly declared, with significant emphasis, that such meetings must and shall soon grace the Capital of the Nation. God hasten the day.

During December the popular little Miss Nettie Coburn, of Hartford, Ct., has been speaking to us very acceptably. Externally, she possesses a petite figure, a round, expressive, pretty face, and graceful curls surrounding a well developed head. With a voice not strong, and an utterance not always distinct, she yet manages to please and instruct her audiences, which have been generally large, equal to the majority of our speakers. Her impersonations are remarkably correct—individual spirits manifesting themselves readily through her organism with rare faithfulness and felicity. Her three last discourses, from the spirit of the worthy and eccentric old Dr. Bamford, of Connecticut; of a spirit of practical thought, homely illustration and sound sense. To those who know Miss Coburn, these sermons of the old Doctor are the best evidences they could have of the truth of Spiritualism.

On the evening of the 29th inst., I was one of a selected few who attended a wedding between two of our good spiritual folks, Major Geo. Chorpenn, and Carrie V., daughter of the late Col. Robert W. Dunlap, of Philadelphia. With two or three exceptions, the company was all of one accord and one faith. Among those present I noticed Father Pierpont, Mr. Thos. Gales Forster, Mr. Colchester, Col. Daniels, Miss Nettie Coburn, Miss Hannum, and others well known to the spiritual public. All were earnest in good wishes for the welfare of the happy couple, wishes which took the form of prayers that heavenly and earthly blessings would ever attend their footsteps. Invisible friends, from their bright homes above, graciously responded to the cordial invite extended alike to them, and took occasion in words of singular beauty, pertinency and power, to express their satisfaction at the consummation of the happy event, of which they, individually and collectively, had been no disinterested promoters and participants. I would like to privately mention that the Major is one of the most earnest, energetic and effective spiritual workers in this city, while his good lady is a medium of peculiarly fine gifts. A soul union, each possessing vast powers for good, and dedicated to the noblest purposes, I feel, with unusual impressment, that they will be needed and used in the present and in the future to an extent they now little realize. Characterized by clear heads, large hearts, open hands, and an ever hospitable home, each zealous for the cause, they are both missioned to labor in the ranks of Spiritualism, and to see the fruit of their labors bless the world abundantly. May the benediction of all unselfish and aspiring souls be theirs forever.

G. A. B. Washington, D. C., Dec. 31st, 1864.

KINDLY WORDS.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

The wild rose mingled with the fragrant vine, Is calmly graceful, beautiful to me, And glorious are the countless stars that shine With silent splendor over earth and sea; But gentle words and hearts where love has room, Are better than the fairest flowers that bloom, Or the unnumbered stars that ever shone.

The fostering sun may warm the fields of life, The gentle dew refresh the drooping flower, And make all beautiful things supremely ripe In gorgeous summer's grand and golden hour; But words that breathe of tenderness and love, And gentle smiles that we are sure are true, Are warmer than the summer sky above, And brighter, gentler, sweeter than the dew.

It is not much the selfish world can give, With all its subtle and deceiving art, And gold and gems are not the things that live, Or satisfy the longings of the heart; But oh! if those who cluster round the hearth Sincerely soothe us by affectionate powers, To kindly looks and loving smiles give birth, How doubly beautiful is this world of ours!

Humility is the immortal crown which God gives to those who draw near to him. Charity is the soul of immortality. Faith is the sceptre of salvation which leads to eternity. Happiness loosens the curb of strength. The scenes of life pass like the shadow which fits before the sun. The fog of the senses envelopes men so well that they can little distinguish the difference between hypocrisy and truth. The anger of man is like the overflow of a river. Strife is the horn of the devil. A man who defers doing good, is like the hawk in the desert. The death of the just is preferable to the life of the wicked. The whirlwind of misfortune raises the wise, to place him in the bosom of the Divinity.

Correspondence in Brief.

Notes from Mrs. Matthews.

DEAR BANNER—I come by the medium of the pen to greet you and your readers from the northern hills of the Green Mountain State, wishing you all a "Happy New Year." I am now in a little village called Eden Mills, almost hemmed in by mountains; to me there is a beauty and grandeur in their wilderness. I have found a pleasant home with Bro. Saml. Scott and family, who are pioneers in the cause of Spiritualism in Eden; they first becoming interested through the mellancholy of our lamented sister, O. P. Works. "She still lives in their memory, and the light she kindled upon those northern hills has not gone out, but burns brightly in the minds of many of the people living in and vicinity. The Banner of Light waves here. The meetings are held in Bro. Denio's hall, who kindly gives it for that purpose. On our way thither in the cars, among our fellow-passengers were a band of musicians of the 8th Vermont Regiment, from the Army of the Potomac, homeward bound on a furlough of twenty days. They gave us good songs, and they all spoke cheerfully and hopefully of the war, saying, "We think the fighting must soon be over." I spent one day at Hyde Park, with Bro. Chas. Crane and his harmonical family. They gave me a kind reception, which cheered me after a journey by car and stage. I shall not forget their kindness.

In reply to the dear friend who inquires where I have been the autumn just past, I will say I have not been as idle as you may suppose by my long silence. I have been giving lectures in Langdon, Charlestown and South Charlestown. I have not forgotten friend Simonds and family and their kind hospitality. I spoke one Sabbath in Lempster, N. H. I was kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Nicola, who keep the public house, and have done much for the cause of Spiritualism in that place; and here I would say I am indebted to Bro. C. H. Roundy and excellent lady (his faithful Dinck Hawks) of Rockingham, Vt., who carried me over the hill and through the mud from place to place, lending their influence to aid me in my work. They are true and self-sacrificing laborers for the cause of Spiritualism, and have done much for the sick and suffering.

The 15th of Dec. the Friends of Westmoreland and vicinity gave me a liberal donation, which has cheered and stimulated me to press on in the work of reform. Dear friends, my soul blesses you for your sympathetic words and deeds. Upon the folds of the much-loved Banner I wait my loving remembrance to dear, kind friends, and my loved ones at home.

Lately, through faith and freedom press on, press on, Angels will uphold you, and victory shall be won over error and oppression.

My address will be Eden Mills, Vt., in care of Sabine Scott, during January.

Your humble friend, S. HELEN MATTHEWS. Eden Mills, Vt., Dec. 30, 1864.

Letter from Savannah, Ga.

MR. EDITOR—The Banner came to hand at this place, and gladly was it received after our long and rapid march from Atlanta. Now that we are once more quietly encamped, and can read our papers, the glad tidings proclaimed through the Banner are highly prized; and as the sectarian press scatters their religious calumnies through the army by the insidious agency of the "Sanitary Commission," and by and with the approval of the War Department, why do not the Spiritualists of New England imitate their example, and make exertions to have the Banner and spiritual publications sent to the soldiers by the same means employed by the Sanitary Commission? I have under the banner, and have given them to the soldiers, and though their minds are much occupied with other things not of an exactly spiritual nature, yet they speak approvingly of the Banner and the subject of Spiritualism.

With best wishes for the cause and its upholders, I remain, yours truly, HENRY STRONG. Camp 33d Ill. Vol., near Savannah, Ga., Dec., 1864.

Ohio. Spiritualism, or the new gospel of harmony and common sense, has received a new impetus in this land, through the instrumentality of sister Lois Washbrook, who has just given a course of three lectures that were well appreciated, as was testified by an increasing audience at every lecture. We can truly say that we have had an intellectual and spiritual feast. The noble and soul inspiring truths uttered in our hearing will long be remembered, and she takes with her a "God bless G. W. Washbrook, who has just given a course of three lectures that were well appreciated, as was testified by an increasing audience at every lecture. We can truly say that we have had an intellectual and spiritual feast. The noble and soul inspiring truths uttered in our hearing will long be remembered, and she takes with her a "God bless G. W. Washbrook, who has just given a course of three lectures that were well appreciated, as was testified by an increasing audience at every lecture. 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