

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII. TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862. [RETAIL PRICE PER COPY, FIVE CENTS.] NO. 14.

## Literary Department.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

But whenever has thou the right to give me death!  
I am as free as Nature first made man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude began.  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran."  
—Dryden.

During our ride, Mr. Evans gave me the whole history of the transaction which had nearly deprived Emma of her little inheritance. I will not enter into the detail, suffice it to say that all that saved it for her was the plea of insanity on the part of her father. But this only made Maurice Perry appear the more unjust. I noticed that Mr. Evans made no assertions of Maurice's guilt or innocence; he stated the facts, minutely, and left me to draw my own conclusions.

After completing his account of Emma's parents, he said:

"Perhaps, Mary, it may be well for me to examine the papers which you may have, scouring the home, or its equivalent, to yourself. I suppose you have such?"

I told him that I had never examined any business papers, that the Judge thought it was not necessary, and that women could not comprehend such matters at all, and should leave them all to men.

"I differ with him," said Mr. Evans, "women can comprehend business, and are often placed in situations where ignorance may lead to great loss. I will examine the papers myself when we return, and give you a little instruction if you will condescend to a dry dissertation from an old lawyer."

I thanked him, and felt as if a kind Providence had sent me a guide when I most needed one. But on our return, he examined carefully all the notes and deeds in my possession, but could not find those which he needed. He seemed troubled, and I searched the desk thoroughly before I recollected the papers which had fallen out of the document that I had been reading. They proved to be what he needed, and without which he could not have secured my own title. The same hand that had taken the one paper, had also taken these! I did not then tell Mr. Evans of the strange loss and recovery of these, but I thought, none the less, Mr. Evans was busy for some days, hoping each day for the return of the Judge, but he did not come as was expected.

"Your father told me," said Mr. Evans, "that he had a brother who lived a few miles from here, who was present when your husband purchased the homestead from the Judge. We will ride out and see him to-day."

I assented. We found this brother at home—a quiet man, rather reticent, and undecided in manner. He was exceedingly cautious, not venturing to express a decided opinion on any subject, save the presidential election. When happening accidentally to learn that Mr. Evans agreed with him on this subject, he talked with a little more animation, but just as soon as business matters were introduced, he appeared uneasy, and was unwilling to express an opinion.

"I can tell you when Maurice comes," was his reply to any question. Now, Mr. Evans's object was to get his opinion independently of Maurice, but with all his skill as a lawyer, and with the most delicate cross-questioning, nothing could be elicited save—"Maurice will know."

It was evident that the Judge was this brother's conscience and guide. Mr. Evans was out of patience and left, saying that brother Maurice was fortunate in having at least one devoted worshiper. However, we can manage without him," he said: "and well for us we can. A rogue I can sometimes outwit—an obstinate man I can fight—a man of wax I can melt—a man of straw I can burn—but a man that has given his intellect and will to another, and is incapable of passion, is beyond Blackstone and Kent. We have no rules for such cases, and heaven help the poor client who must depend upon such a man's testimony. He eludes at a shadow—eats syllables for beef—and takes moonshine for dessert. I respect a decided man, even when on the wrong side. Satan himself becomes sublime when he rises from his bed of liquid fire and dares the hosts of heaven to conflict. Were the world all like your brother, then we should have no wars, for none would dare to fight—no reforms, for there would be no freedom of speech—no resolutions, for none would dare to rebel; the world would be as tame as a cabbage-garden, and her tyrants, heroes, and martyrs would neither curse nor bless it."

I defended this brother.

"The world calls him a good man."

"I have not the least doubt of it; negative goodness is very popular in this world; rogues like it hugely, for it never sits up, the filthy cesspools of human wickedness, and it never uses anything but blank cartridges, for fear the enemy will be killed. I tell you, my dear, these are the men that the shrewd monkeys use to draw out the roasted chestnuts for them, and I enjoy seeing them writhe under the burning their poor souls sometimes receive."

It seemed strange that Maurice did not come, for he had left word that he should return at such a time, and was appointed to speak at a political meeting, which was held at Burnside. Mr. Evans took this place there by request of the citizens, but as his time was valuable, he could stay no longer than the

next day, and left, giving Emma's business into the hands of an honest man, and giving me much good advice. The first thing I did after his departure was to set down and write the following laconic epistle to Fanny:

"MY DEAR FANNY: Enclosed you will find Frank's letter, which was directed here to my care. He wrote only a short note to me, in which he says, 'Fanny's letter will give all particulars, and as time is valuable, I refer you to her.' So, dearest, let me hear from you as soon as possible, and if you think my theory and practice do not agree, have patience, and I will explain at some future time. In the meanwhile, I know you will rejoice at my inconsistency."

My last conversation with Mr. Evans gave me the impulse to this letter. He was familiar with Florida affairs, and had been there since my father's death. He had learned of the departure of the Ashley's and Duponts; he knew of Maurice's hasty marriage with Agnes, but was ignorant of all that had preceded that in the Perry family. He had seen Coconoochee (Wild Cat), had striven to secure to him some of the lands of his fathers, but failing in this, had seen this chief, the last of a long race, bid farewell to his home, and with three hundred trusty warriors, take refuge in the swamps and everglades of Central Florida, issuing from thence only to burn, slay, or torture the whites. The latter have been so eager to settle on the rich lands of the red man, and so unscrupulous in their efforts to procure pre-emption rights from Government, that they have forgotten justice and mercy, and they are now suffering the penalty. As one of the officers told me, "the Government agent who will secure them their claims without any tenderness of conscience toward the Indian, and the officers who can drive them successfully from the land, will not be pardoned!"

I asked Mr. Evans if he knew anything of Frank Ashley? Yes, he had heard of him as a brave young officer, very much beloved by the soldiers, but accused of having rather too tender feelings toward the Seminoles.

"I think you told me that you knew his mother many years ago?"

"Yes, poor Marguerite! I knew and loved her; but her marriage was an unfortunate one, and after losing her husband and her fortune, she had fled in a foreign land, leaving Frank dependent on distant relatives. It was against her father that some claims were made in which your brother Maurice was interested; these were settled after Frank entered West Point. The property has passed into the hands of a firm in St. Augustine, of which Maurice Perry is a member. Old Mr. Ashley died broken-hearted sometime before his daughter, affirming with his dying breath that he was most foully wronged. There is still living in the West Indies an uncle of Frank, an old man, who, it is said, is all that is now remaining of a once large and prosperous family. He has sent occasional remittances to Frank, and is interested in the boy as the only representative of the Ashley's, but is probably unable to assist him much pecuniarily. There are reasons for Judge Perry's opposition to a marriage between Frank and Fanny—the first, perhaps, his poverty and lack of connections; secondly, we never love those whom we have wronged, and then, if Fanny marries Frank Ashley, she will one day learn the past history of her father and his transactions in Florida, and he would no doubt prefer that she should be acquainted only with his home reputation."

I heard all these things in silence, but each word was one blow more aimed at my already shattered idol.

"Your brother," continued Mr. Evans, "was ambitious for position and wealth. He has labored hard, and sacrificed much, but now, I fear, as old age comes on, he is doomed to disappointment. The Land Company, formed in Florida, of which he was an active manager, have been too eager in their speculations, and Government is already directing its attention to their dealings with the chiefs and Indian agents. They, the speculators, are looking to Washington with fear and trembling. These speculations injure him politically, while his strange and sudden marriage with Agnes Dupont two years since, and her subsequent disappearance, have caused much suspicion in certain circles in Florida, and were it not for the terrible state of the territory, would have no doubt caused more; but when each day and hour teems with new horrors, such events as this are passed lightly over. Here it was not known. I am sorry, Mary, to expose your brother's faults in this way, but it is best; you should know them. Your own discernment may have read his character."—(I felt the blush of shame mantle cheek and brow as the good old man talked)—"But you are young, and may yet have to learn that the most polished manners and blindest words are often only the flowers that conceal the serpents' trail. God bless you, my child, you are very dear to me for your father's sake; our love was like that of David and Jonathan—surpassing the love of women. Come to me in any trouble, and I will aid you to the best of my ability."

How nobly Mr. Evans looked—nor is there a finer sight in this world than a hale, happy man, in his green old age, who has lived virtuously, and delights in extending his protection and care over the weak and defenceless.

After he left, Emma and myself sat round the fire in the nursery, where little Sidney was sleeping, and then Emma told me how he had heard from her friends, the Vinals, of the sale of "The Elm," and the probability of her losing all her inheritance, and that he spent time in investigating the matter, and finding there was fraud, determined to obtain

her rights—that he would take no fee or reward. Then she told me how much he was beloved at home—that he gathered the children from all classes into the Sunday School, and while he had them taught there, he did not forget them in poverty and sickness. The same voice that could thrill Congress with its eloquence could soothe the widow and the orphan.

Some two or three days passed before the Judge's return. In the meantime I had various projects as to how I should demand myself toward him. Sometimes I thought I would not take any notice of him, not even so much as common politeness might require; then again I formed another plan, so elaborate, so shrewd, so just, as I believed, that I gave myself great credit for my womanly policy. He would, of course, meet me kindly; I would receive him in the same spirit—nay, more, I would be as fascinating and as charming as women can sometimes be when they stoop to conquer. I knew all his weak points; I would flatter them. I knew his opinion of ladies dress; I would honor his tastes. I had studied his caprices; they should be indulged. I would be shy, that he might be more eager. I would retreat, in imitation of some skillful generals, only that he might follow, and when at last I had won him to my feet, I would spin him as I would spurn a venomous reptile that lay groveling before me. I would be the avenger of my husband's wrongs, I, little insignificant woman that I was, would show this base tyrant his place, and hold the mirror up to his unseemly eyes. This picture pleased me. I viewed it in all its light and shade, and became more and more pleased with my original idea. I was anxious for his return, that I might begin my outline, and was only afraid that I should not have patience to do my work thoroughly, by slow and sure steps to bring that naughty spirit down.

My impatience was appeased by the reception of a letter from Fanny, containing a copy of Frank's last, from which I will make some extracts: "You remember that I wrote you about Coconoochee, or 'Wild Cat.' The brave chieftain has at last been captured. He was seized on the 21st of May by Major Childs, and sent out of the country to New Orleans, en route for Arkansas, where Government had made arrangements to send all the Seminoles as soon as they were captured, or could be induced to emigrate."

General Worth, however, thought best to counteract these orders, and have Coconoochee returned to Florida, that he might be used in inducing the remainder of his tribe to go with him. An agent was immediately dispatched to New Orleans to intercept the party, and send them back to Tampa Bay. A large force was then sent through the country to Tampa Bay, to be there when the vessel containing Coconoochee should arrive. This force was to scour the country, plunder the strongholds of the enemy, and destroy everything that should give sustenance or strength to them. I was one of this party. On our way we penetrated the very swamp where I had been secreted and kindly nursed. I, however, followed as a soldier should, in perfect obedience to my superiors, but I feared each moment lest we should encounter Nehah, and how could I meet her reproachful looks!

We passed first through some hammocks where the soil is exceedingly rich. The magnolia trees grew there to an immense size, and the fragrance of their blossoms filled the air; it was almost impossible to penetrate the thick undergrowth of scrub-oak, palmetto and grape vines. We could only do so by sending men ahead with axes to hew the way for us. We could not see a person ten feet ahead of us. But these were easy to that terrible cypress swamp which we soon encountered. I remembered it well, and could perhaps have found a better path than the one selected. The water stands here the year round from four to six inches deep, with a thick undergrowth, intermixed with cypress stumps and trees. The trees are covered with a heavy, dark green moss, festooned from tree to tree like drapery, totally obscuring the sun, almost the light of day. A green solum floats upon the surface of the water, and when disturbed by footmen, the atmosphere is impregnated with the noxious effluvia. As I have already explained in my description of my involuntary visit to Nehah, there is connected with these wet hammocks portions of land called "scrubs," consisting of a stunted growth of oak and pine, from two to ten feet in height, with an undergrowth of bushes and vines. Such a spot had been the temporary refuge of Coconoochee and Nehah, and to it we were now approaching.

One man fell sick from exposure and fatigue; out of six hundred men two hundred and twenty were from time to time reported unfit for duty, during the twenty-five days we were on this march.

I cannot tell you my feelings as our little party came within sight of the scrub where I had been so kindly nursed. We knew, of course, that we should not meet Coconoochee there, but it was hoped that some of his band might be secreted in the vicinity, and surprised. I cannot say that I was disappointed when we found the hut, or, rather, tent and hut combined, deserted, but evidently left in haste; for the few necessary cooking utensils appeared to have been used, and left undisturbed, while a few articles of female apparel were in a little apartment which seemed to have been separated from the larger apartment. I recognized it at once as my old resting-place, but the blankets which formed the partition were gone. It was proposed to burn all that remained, including a quantity of corn and some dried roots. I looked round carefully for some relic, and finding a small box, ostensibly brimstone, but which I detected it about my person, was not so

have time to examine it for some days. When I did so I found an exquisite little water-color painting and an antique brooch. If I find Nehah I shall give them to her; if not, I will send them for safe keeping to aunt Mary, at Burnside. But I must proceed with my account.

We arrived at Tampa Bay on the third of July. Our General had an interview with Coconoochee the next day. It was one of the saddest sights I ever beheld. There was the bold, dashing young chief, whose step had been so free on his native land, now surrounded by fifteen of his chosen warriors, all chained. The degradation of shackles is never effaced from an Indian's mind. As they came slowly up to the quarter-deck to meet Gen. Worth and arrange themselves according to rank, their feet-irons hardly enabled them to step four inches. As they laid their manacled hands upon their knees before them, in the presence of so many who had hitherto hunted them as foes, they hung their heads in silence. The chief sat quietly awaiting his doom.

I saw in a distant part of the vessel an Indian woman, and recognized Nehah, but I must say I hung my head in shame as I stood there by the side of the General as one of his staff, in the position of victor. Once I caught her eye; the expression of her look was reproach, which went to my heart, but when she turned from me to the General, and from him to the other whites on the transport, the expression of intense hatred in her face was terrible. I felt that no white man was safe while she was free.

General Worth rose and took Coconoochee (Wild Cat) by the hand. "You are a great warrior," said he, "the Indians throughout the country look to you as their leader, by your councils they have been governed. The war has lasted five years; much blood has been shed; you have made your hands and the ground red with the blood of women and children. The war must now end. You are the man to do it, and must and will accomplish it. I wish you to state how many days it will require to effect an interview with the Indians in the woods. You can select three or five of these men to carry your talk. Name the time, it shall be granted; but I tell you, as I wish your relatives and friends to be told, that unless they fulfill your demands, yourself and your warriors, now seated here, shall be hung to the yards of this vessel, when the sun sets on the day appointed, with the irons upon your hands and feet. I tell you this that we may well understand each other. I do not wish to frighten you, you are too brave a man for that, but I say what I mean, and I will do it. It is for the benefit of the white and red man. This war must end, and you must end it."

Silence pervaded the company as the speaker closed. The harsh grating of the handcuffs broke the spell as each warrior raised his hand to wipe away the tear which never before stole down his rugged cheek. Coconoochee rose, his manly form quivering with excitement.

"I was once a boy. Then I saw the white man afar off. I hunted in these woods with a bow and arrow, then with a rifle. I saw the white man, and was told he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or bear. Yet like these he came upon me; horses, cattle and fields he took from me. He said he was my friend; he abused our women and children, and told us to go from the land. Still he gave me his hand in friendship; we took it; while taking it he had a snake in the other; his tongue was forked; he lied and stung us. I asked but for a small piece of these lands—enough to plant and to live upon—far South, a spot where I could place the ashes of my kindred—a spot only sufficient where I could lay my wife and child. This was not granted to me. I was put in prison; I escaped; I have again been taken; you have brought me back; I am here; I feel the iron in my heart. I have listened to your talk. You and your officers have taken us by the hand in friendship. I can now see my warriors, my women and children; the Great Spirit thanks you; the heart of the poor Indian thanks you. We know but little; we have no books which tell all things; but we have the Great Spirit, moon and stars. These told me last night you would be our friend. I give you my word—it is the word of a chief, a warrior, a brave—it is the word of Coconoochee. You say I must end the war. Look at these irons! Can I go to my warriors! Coconoochee chained! No, do not ask me to see them. If I can go to them unchained they will follow me, but I fear they will not obey me when I talk to them in irons. They will say my heart is weak, I am afraid. Could I go free, they will surrender and emigrate."

He was told that he could not be freed until his band had surrendered; that he might select three or five of the prisoners and send them out, and that thirty, forty or fifty days if necessary, should be given for them to come to Tampa Bay, but if they failed to come in, the setting sun of that last day, said the officer, shall shine upon the bodies of each one of you hanging in the wind."

I cannot describe my feelings to you, dear Fanny, at this moment. The vessel was moored in deep water, two miles from shore. The prisoners were all ironed, and surrounded day and night by sentinels. While Coconoochee was speaking, the hour of noon came, and a government schooner, which was moored near, immediately opened its batteries. As peal after peal struck upon the ear, the chief paused. "What is this for?" No answer. He could not say what man there was in his presence. "We celebrate our nation's freedom on the land which we have won from the Indian?"

Here was one whose only crime was that he loved the land of his fathers too well, and had fought only bravely in its defence. Our flag was waving

above the manacled chiefs; and while they stood downcast and chained, that flag was saluted by the roar of artillery.

Coconoochee then selected five to go into the interior and collect his band, and thus he spoke to them: "The sun shines bright to-day. The day is clear, so let your hearts be. The Great Spirit will guide you. At night, when you camp, take these pipes and tobacco, build a fire; when the moon is up and bright, dance around it, then let the fire go out, and just before the break of day, when the deer sleeps and the moon whispers to the dead, you will hear the voices of those who have gone to the Great Spirit. They will make you strong to carry my talk. My feet are chained, but my head and heart reaches you. The great white chief has given you forty days to come in, and when that time comes I shall walk the land free. Take these sticks—there are thirty-nine—one for each day; this, much larger than the rest, with blood upon it, is the fortieth. When the others are thrown away, and this only remains, say to my people that when the setting sun comes, their chief hangs like a dog, with none but white men to hear his last words. Come, then, come by the stars, as I have led you to battle. Come, for the voice of your chief speaks to you. Say this to my wife and child; here he faltered, and turned away to hide the tears which were falling profusely down from his youthful and manly face.

Without a word being spoken the irons were taken off the five messengers, and they prepared to proceed to the shore. The chief shook each one by the hand, and to the last gave a silk handkerchief and breast-pin, saying, "Give these to my wife and child."

The last one had gone. Night had come. I stood leaning against a coil of rope. The moon threw a gloomy shadow over the prison ship as the dark naked forms of the prisoners appeared, one by one, on the deck of the vessel. I observed Nehah come slowly toward Coconoochee and seat herself by his side.

"Why did you not send me, my brother?"

"I never counsel with women, nor send my words by women; what I say are the words of a man, but when put into the tongue of a woman it is woman's talk."

It was evident that he mistrusted her a little; her desire for revenge was so strong, and her hatred of her oppressors so deeply rooted that she would be unscrupulous in effecting it. She did not speak to me, yet her look was not fierce and angry, but rather, as I have said, sad and reproachful. I drew near to them.

"Nehah," I said, "I was not among those who betrayed your brother into captivity."

"I know it," said she, "you would not do so. I have trusted you, and the Great Spirit has told me that I could do so."

Coconoochee looked at me closely, as if studying my features, and then some conversation passed between them in their own tongue. Then the chief said:

"I know you now. None of your family would betray one of our tribe. Your mother was very dear to us. We called her the 'Pond Lily.' I have seen her since she went to the spirit-land."

I looked up in surprise. He noticed the expression.

"Yes," he said, "I have seen her, and she is with my twin sister who died many years ago. When I am laid in the earth I shall go and live with them. Shall I tell you about her? Your mother and she were like two flowers on the same stalk. She died suddenly. I was out on a bear hunt, and when seated by my camp-fire, alone, I heard a strange noise—it was something like a voice which told me to go to her. The camp was some distance, but I took my rifle and started. The night was dark and gloomy; the wolves howled round me as I went from hammock to hammock. Sounds came often to my ear—I thought she was speaking to me. At daylight I reached her camp; she was dead."

Some time after, when hunting, I sat alone beside a large oak. In the moss hanging over me, I heard strange sounds. I tried to sleep, but I could not. I felt myself moving, and thought I went away to a new country, where all was bright and happy. I saw clear water ponds, rivers and prairies on which the sun never sets. All was green; the grass grew high and the deer stood in the midst of it looking at me. I then saw a small white cloud approaching; and when just before me, out of it came my twin sister, dressed in white and covered with bright silver ornaments. Her long black hair which I had often braided, hung down her back. She clasped me round the neck and said, 'Coconoochee! Coconoochee!' I shook with fear. I knew her voice, but could not speak. With one hand she gave me a string of white beads; in the other she held a cup sparkling with pure water, which she said came from the spring of the Great Spirit, and if I would drink of it, I should return and live with her forever. As I drank she sang the Peace Song of the Seminoles, and danced around me. She had, silver bells on her feet which made a great noise. Talking from her bosom something, I do not know what, she laid it before me, when a bright blaze-streamed far above us. She then took me by the hand, and said: 'All is peace here.' I wanted to ask for others, but she shook her head, waived her hand, stepped into the cloud and was gone. The fire she had made was gone out—all was silent. I was sorry that I could not have said more to her. I felt myself sinking until I came to earth, when I met my brother. He had been seeking me, and was alarmed at my absence. I told him where I had been, and showed him the beads. These beads were stolen from me when I was at St. Augustine. I may be buried in the earth, or sunk in the water, but I shall go to her and live with her."

During this recital, Nehah sat with her eyes in-



tently fixed upon her brother—immovable almost as a statue. I handed her the box which I had rescued from the flames of the burning hut, and explained to her how I came by them. Her eyes flashed with indignation, when she learned the destruction of the lodge, and she talked to her brother a moment in their own language. He, however, was unmoved, his countenance expressing neither disapprobation nor approval. She opened the box, and taking out a valuable ring, said:

"This belonged to Agnes. She gave it to me on her dying bed—take it and give it to Mr. Sidney. I mistrusted him, but I was wrong. The old man with the smooth tongue was her betrayer, and wronged his brother; he has wronged our nation, too. I could have killed him. I have stolen behind him with the sharp knife in my hand, but I was held back by the spirit of Agnes, who told me on her dying bed to do him no harm. He has a daughter. I stole behind her once in the woods, and thought to take vengeance on him by destroying her, but I caught a glimpse of her face. She had Agnes' hair and her smile. I then threw the knife into the brook, and sat down to think of her who was dear to me as my own kindred. I am glad now I did so. You love Fanny, but her father will never permit the blood of the Ashley's to mingle with the Dupont's. He seeks to injure you—he hoped the red man would take your life in the war, but I have watched over you. Not one of our tribe will harm a hair of your head; but when we depart to Arkansas, whither the cruel white man has driven us, then beware. Nehah can make no promises for the other tribes. Take these things,"—handing the box to me—these, "pointing to the picture, "were the first flowers that her lover gave to Agnes. See how her little hands have preserved the memory of them. Take them to him."

I told her the sad news which your very last letter contained.

"It is well," she said, "death is pleasant for the weary. See my brother," pointing to Conchochee, "he has no fear of death, for he talks with the spirits of the departed."

"Tell me about my mother," I said.

Nehah's countenance softened.

"She was very lovely, but she had sickness and sorrow, and faded young. Your father was much on the sea, and she mourned for him. Poor Marguerite! She and Agnes were always near each other. They wanted me with them too. They would have sheltered and comforted me, and taken me with them over the water, where I should not have known this cruel war. The white man betrayed and murdered my father, the great King Philip—they have slain my brothers all but two, and they—" Wild Cat "and "Tiger Tail," have made the blood of our enemies flow like water. I, too, have betrayed the whites, have made bullets and bow strings to kill them. My brothers told me that I should be taken and sold like the beautiful wife of Osceola—but they could never make Nehah a slave. No, there is no African blood in Nehah. We love our slaves, we are kind to them, but we are not gentle and tame as they are. The Indian cannot be a slave to the white man. He is himself lord of the soil. We are not afraid of him, though he drives us as the Autumn wind drives the fallen leaves before it."

I did not like to have her dwell upon this subject, for I could see that her whole soul was full of bitterness and revenge. I again questioned Conchochee, asking about his tribe.

"They are brave," he said, "but the whites are too strong for us; they go by land and in boats. Our women and children must not suffer. I can live like a wolf, or a dog, but the feet of my warriors are chained. They will come to save their chief. My brother, will come. I have no more to say. I am sick."

I cannot describe to you the intense anxiety that we feel that the tribe should come in. Forty days! It is a long while for you to wait, knowing that life and death hang upon the faith of Indians who are already so embittered against the whites, and so averse to leaving their native land.

I feel a personal interest myself. I could not see so noble a man as Conchochee hung at the yard arm. I am afraid I should turn traitor myself, and defend this oppressed race.

Our Company will remain here during the forty days of suspense, but I shall beg hard for the fetters to be removed from Conchochee as soon as the first warriors come in. His chains are an indignity at which his proud, free soul, revolts.

Now, dear Fanny, this letter contains much which will be said to you. I thought best to tell you just Nehah's words concerning your father. I fear there is too much truth in her words, for I have learned since that he has been the means of depriving my grandfather of his estate, whether justly or not I cannot determine. The account of his marriage with Agnes, which I have since learned from a St. Augustine gentleman, shocked me. It is your father—and I will not enlarge upon the subject. I want to see Aunt Mary, and tell her many things which I cannot write. Be hopeful, dearest; life has, I believe, bright hours for us, but I must carve out our future peace with my sword. My pay is increased. I am saving it for that time, when, if your father persists in refusing his consent to our marriage, we can, with frugality, be independent of the world. He little knows the firmness of our wills, or the strength of our affection.

If Conchochee's band come in, the death blow will be given to this war, and then I shall have a full proof against my power or stratagem.

I shall write you when this forty days' suspense is over. "Lo! the poor Indian!" You remember our old school reading book?"

Frank's letter only confirmed all that had lately been told me, and yet there were moments when it seemed only a dream, and I clung to my faith in Marjorie Perry.

The day after Mr. Evans left, Emma came in with a roll of paper, which she no sooner opened than I recognized as her mother's journal, which I had thrown so impatiently aside years before.

"I found this, Mrs. Perry, in the old house; did I do wrong to take it?"

"Not at all," I said; "it is yours by right."

"Here are a few pages," she said, "which may throw light on the business of selling the old house."

I took it from her to finish under entirely different circumstances, the old journal which I had read with curiosity, but with no personal interest, so long ago.

NOTE.—The incidents in the lives of "Tiger Tail," and "Wild Cat," are taken from Sprague's History of Mexico, to which book we are much indebted. Tiger Tail and Wild Cat were not brothers, but devoted friends.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**FEARFUL.**  
BY D. DE VRIES VIKING.

A traveler came to a river wide.  
The waters were dark and high;  
He durst not cross to the further side,  
For the stream was deep, and his angry tide  
Like a spirit of wrath swept by.

Said he: "I will wait till the waves go by,  
And then I can safely pass."  
So he built a house, and with weary eye  
Watched day after day for the water's high  
To subside; but in vain, alas!

He waited and watched; for year on year  
Rolled swiftly into the past;  
His head grew white, but the stream was clear,  
And broad and deep, as when, trembling with fear,  
He shrank from its billows aghast.

Still years rolled on! the traveler died,  
But he never passed that stream.  
His form now sleeps by the restless tide,  
Which still murmurs on in its pristine pride—  
How fatal, alas! was his dream.

As travelers, often such streams we see  
In the tollsome journey of life;  
And so wait for the tide to ebb, that we  
May float o'er their billows more easily,  
And avoid all danger and strife.

And we say, "To-morrow the waves will fall  
And then we will journey along."  
So we wait, but alas, in vain! for all  
Our months and years, like leaves in the fall,  
Glide away on Time's current strong.

And still the waters gurgle and roar,  
But never, oh! never subside;  
And hope is gone that we cherished of yore,  
The Death's loud summons is heard at our door,  
But yet we are still on this side.

Ah! 't is ever thus with those who fear  
And shrink from danger; they wait,  
Supinely and weak, when the goal is near,  
For the tide to ebb and the sky to clear,  
Till Death whispers sternly, "too late."

Oh! then if we have some good in sight,  
Let nothing our progress stay!  
Let us bravely forward, and nobly fight,  
With the blessed assurance that "right is might,"  
Till all obstacles vanish away.

Original Essays.  
**ANCIENT AND MODERN  
SPIRITUALISM.**  
BY C. B. P.  
NUMBER ONE.

In airing the old theories or creeds, we shall pursue the course of the "Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land" with whatever may bear upon the same in the fuller vision. The ancient astronomies were of the greater mysteries, and blended much with the spiritualisms or religions of the early ages. This will be shown as we proceed, both from the mythology of the Bible, as well as from the mysticisms of the Gentiles. The reader of these venturings should have by his side Burritt's "Celestial Map, and Class Book of Astronomy," as a starting point for gauging the ancient personated heavens. The present October number of the Westminster Review cites Dr. Davidson as showing parts of the Biblical record to be fiction, while Bishop Colenso discovers Noah's Ark to be in a sinking condition not to be saved by the usual caulking process of pulpitry and Sunday School. In the meantime, as our vision will be coterminal with the multiplied mysteries of the Word, we shall not lose sight of the more familiar spiritualisms while sometimes moving in the stately courses to the Jordan.

"TIME AND FAITH" by the Westminster author of "Septenary Institutions," affords some assistance to the gauging of ancient Jewry, though the author does not mention, nor appear to comprehend the spiritual mode of being in the mesmeric influx or trance ghostdom of the Lord. But taken in its historical aspect, in relation to contemporary religions, this work shows the counterpart of Jewrydom in the mode of seeking the Lord by its neighbors, what ever were the assumptions of a "Thus saith the Lord," as a means of domination in that name. In Egypt, it was "Thus saith Osiris," or the Lord; in Persia, "Thus saith Ormazd," or the Lord; in Jewry, "Thus saith Jehovah," or the Lord. Among the ancients, the term Lord or God was often equivalent to our "esquire," and was applied to sun, moon, and stars, and to personated symbols of whatever kind—a title of angel, ghost, prophet, priest, king, &c., as "Beforetime in Israel when a man went to inquire of God," he said "Come, let us go to the Seer." The Seraphim, and symbols of the Cherubim were Lords and Gods. "The writers whose historical knowledge is apt to be confined to the Bible should not forget what the Bible itself teaches them that the Jews were not the only ancient people in the world. Our Septenary week originated, as we have seen, in the tables of the Astrologers"—so that we are to remember "the Sabbath day and keep it holy," because first copied from the Astrological tables by the Jewish finger of God as shown from the pattern on the Mount.

Though the sun, moon, and stars in their orbits do describe the finger of God as so many radii from a common centre, yet the old Astrological tables may not be altogether infallible in their gauge of the heavens. Jesus repudiated much that "was said by them of old time," and Peter thought it not reason that we should serve these tables to the neglect of the living God in larger light. Paul also rather abided the new moons and Sabbath days, but our modern Churches are rather disposed to hold to the old tables in gross, lest a rent be made, and the Lord break through in sunlight and ventilate the plane of Ancient Jewry.

"The first light that breaks on ancient Greece, discovers a priesthood directing all things, temporal and spiritual, and exercising uncontrolled power over even kings. No military chieftain thought of extending his conquests without marking his progress by a series of temples raised to his patron God, and devoting the richest spoils to his worship and glory. No statesman dared to propose laws, no States to enact them, without the approbation of heaven and the sanction of oracles; nor could war be proclaimed or peace concluded, without consulting auguries and omens; the exclusive right of interpretation being vested in the ministers of religion. This system of spiritual domination had flowed into Greece from the banks of the Nile, where

the hierarchal form of government had long prevailed. The King of Kings never appears on the monuments of ancient Thebes without being surrounded by a council of priests with their Gods and sacrifices."

Now we shall find this to be the counterpart of God's Word in the Bible, and that the earlier Lord was sought in the same way. It is only through our ignorance and the teachings of our priesthoods that we take the status of old Jewry as the measure of God's Word. The superstitious use of Sabbaths, feasts and sacrifices, made the sacerdotal gain but general loss, yet we do not deny the adaptation to the barbarous estate, but would not have it prolonged in the day of larger light. According to Paul, "God winked at" the old doings in his name. Well, probably some of the Heathen Gods had to wink at some things done in their names, though on one occasion, according to Homer, "inextinguished laughter rent the skies."

It would appear that much of God's Word by the old Jewry God-men was a yoke which even the Apostles and their fathers were unable to bear, though very emphatic in a "Thus saith the Lord." The Word, in the major and minor scales, had many changes rung upon it. These continue to be "winked at" even to this day. Human sacrifices are of the Word along the more ancient Jewry plane. "The Sword of the Lord" was the sacrificial knife with which "the Lord slew the first born of man and the first born of cattle," and in many a holocaust, or whole burnt offerings of victims; hence, some of the reforming prophets deny that the earlier Jewry God was other than Moloch or Melech, the Lord or King, to whom the Phœnicians and Carthaginians sometimes sacrificed human victims to appease the Divine wrath. Says our author, "The history or tradition of one of those moral paroxysms of religious panics, when a holocaust of human victims was usually called for in ancient times, may be gathered from the account given us of the origin of the Passover." Our present blood theories have their foundations laid in these old propitiations of blood, where all things by the law were purged with blood, and without shedding of blood there was no remission; though the Lord, by Jeremiah, denies that he spake by the fathers concerning the bloody oblations; and so, too, Amos, who declares the older sacrifices in the name of the Lord were to "Moloch and Chibni; the star of your God"—probably Saturn, who in astrology is sometimes supposed to be the same as Abraham. It was by slaying and offering his first born to the Lord that the King of Moab prevailed against Israel. "When the King of Moab saw that the battle was too sore for him, he took with him seven hundred men that drew swords, to break through even to the King of Edom, but they could not. Then he took his eldest son that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall." And there was great indignation against Israel; and they departed from him and returned to their own land." Thus by this "burnt offering" of the first born did Moab win the Lord from the side of Israel; for "he that sacrificeth unto any God, save unto the Lord only, he shall be utterly destroyed. Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruit, and of thy liquors; the first born of thy sons shalt thou give unto me." On this wise did the king of Moab offer up his "first born" as a whole burnt offering unto the Lord. Was the Lord the sun, a familiar spirit, or the priest? From the "liquors" in the offerings it would appear that a spirit in the flesh, or a spirit out, was the Lord. There is good evidence from the spirit-land that such as were addicted to "liquors" on this side, carry the same proclivities to the other side of the Jordan. We have such evidence, and we know of nothing in the line of causation, that a spirit out, immediately parts with the status of a spirit in the flesh, though progression rectifies perversions. There is no atoning blood on the wise of the old theories that will transform our darkness into light, but each must work out his own salvation.

It appears that cannibalism, and not the Garden of Eden, was the first estate of man. Says our author, "Human sacrifices, whatever we may think of them, were separated by a wide interval from the cannibalism by which they had been preceded. Wild plundering hordes soon ceased to kill and eat their prisoners, when a religious sanction for the feast became indispensable. Life became less cheap when it could only be taken in cold blood with sacred ceremonies. Priests, like other men, could be cruel and vindictive if their privileges were attacked, but this chiefly happened when their influence was on the wane. The powerful are always tolerant." It is the struggle for power that produces the bitterness and hate of sectarian quarrels.

Till Protestantism arose, the Roman Catholic Church was innocent of the fagot and stake, or punished with them but rarely. When Caralyses overturned the altars of Egypt, when Baal became an abomination to the Israelites, a spirit of inquiry was abroad. Before this time, the question had hardly arisen, Which is the true Church? Which is the true religion? It was felt that all religions had the same common foundation. The Mythra of Persia, the Baal of Phœnicia, the Osiris of Egypt, [the Jehovah, Zudea,] were the same Divine Being whose most glorious emblem was the Sun." Thus we see that it was simply sectarian hatred which arrayed old Jewry and its Lord God against the neighborhood to destroy utterly the inhabitants, and to fillibuster their lands, as when the Lord swore to have war with Amalek forever, though he could not drive out the Jebusites because they had ebarlots of iron. It is the same sectarian hatred which dominates the churches to-day, the Roman against Protestant, Prelacy against Non-conformity, and a general rabid Orthodoxy against Unitarians and Universalists.

"And in closing this section of our inquiry," says our author, "let us repeat the remark that we should totally misconceive the spirit of the sacerdotal age, if we considered it solely under the aspect of idolatry. Idolaters there always have been, and idolaters there remain—that is, men who bow before images with no distinct conceptions beyond them; but there never was a temple in which the earnest and reflecting did not worship the Divine. The common faith of mankind has not been in stocks and stones, but in supernatural being, or beings, more or less exalted above the ordinary conditions of humanity. The idols of old were employed only for the same purposes of devotional suggestion as the cæcilix of the Roman Catholic. The divinities that peopled the heavens, occupied, for the most part, only the same intermediate position as saints and angels. Above them was always a chief; Omnipotent and omnipresent, and the name of that being, however different in form, was to the Egyptian, the Syrian, or the Persian, the Indian, the Greek, or the Roman, as sacred a name as the Al, or Eloah, Adon

and Jehovah of the Jews, or as that of the Lord or God by which these terms have been rendered is now to us."

Our author takes up the Mosala Sabbath, and traces it to its origin. "The Saturday, or seventh day festival of the Jews, corresponds with the Saturday, day of the astrological week; and the etymology of the word Sabbath, may now engage our attention." Those who are, as usual, how much we are bamboozled, even to this day by the pasteboard barriers of the Bible, may consult our author at large. We are not disposed to spend five minutes upon a day against which Hugh Miller broke his head in trying to gear it to the Geologic days. When the people grow beyond the leading strings of their priesthoods, they will not stultify themselves in the domination of old Jewry, nor care, but as a record of time, how the children of Israel entertained their Lord, on the new moons and Sabbaths. Even Jesus, though schooled to the plane of Jewrydom, did not include the Sabbath as a way of life when asked by the young man what he should do to secure the eternal inheritance; and Paul at times fled the old dogmas as if they were the wrath to come—as beggarly elements, leaving his pupils to be persuaded in their own minds as to the Sabbath, whatever the Lord may have commanded to the children of Israel. Surely, if Jesus and Paul had outgrown the swaddling clothes which clothed the children of Israel, we ought to have progressed up to their status, after one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two years of seeking the Lord.

Our priesthoods have no more authority to single out the Sabbath day to remember and keep holy, than any other of the many rites and ordinances which were ordained as statutes by the Lord to be kept forever. The Sabbath, as a civil institution, is a very excellent day for rest and recreation, to be properly observed as every one is persuaded in his own mind; but it is an audacious assumption of priestcraft to seek to bind it upon us because it was a command of the tutelary Lord of Jewrydom. It is a day of merchandise for the priesthood, a day by which they live, move, and have their being, and if circumscription could be alike used to the enhancing of sacerdotal interests, that too would be thrust upon us to be remembered and kept holy; for, as much as the Sabbath, it is the Word of the Lord.

It appears that the Mosala festivals were rather seasons for "rejoicing" than for "afflicting" of souls, and were not confined to psalmody." But we must confess that even a Puritan Sabbath, confined to psalmody, is preferable to the going the entire looseness in the festival to the Lord, as per Moses.

"And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thine household."

"The seven days' feast of Tabernacles—the vintage festival of the Jews—during which they dwelt in tents—a feast which is said to have resembled the yet more ancient Bacchanalian festivals before they became corrupted into drunken orgies—was one of rejoicing in a similar sense." According to Servius, the sacred rites of Bacchus pertained to the purification of souls. Euripides, also exclaims, "O blessed and happy he, who knowing the mysteries of the Gods, sanctifies his life, and purifies his soul, celebrating orgies in the mountains, with holy purifications."

In old Jewry David sacrificed oxen and fallings when he took the Lord out and gave him an airing, and danced before the Lord with all his might *and cunctos*, to the shame and confusion of face of Michael his wife. The Lord before whom David danced so gloriously, and got himself honor among the handmaidens, who inspired him with timbrels and with dances, in his naked Bacchanallandom, was "the Stone of Israel," the "Rock of our Salvation," the Altar or Sacrificial God, sometimes in unbewn stone, and sometimes imaged in outline in stone or wood, and supposed to be inscribed as modern spirit tables; hence the writing on the old Jewry slabs, and on the wall, was "written by the finger of God." The Stone of Israel was only a medium for the manifestation of the spirit, and symbolized the cloudy ghost, sometimes apparent to the vision of the Seers. Hence the God, or altar stone, was supposed to be God's house or Bethel. The Stone was one with the Lord, and anointed as such; for so the Lord declares himself to have been anointed at Bethel. These God-Stones with their altars, when surmounted with horns, as was common to Jewry and the nations round about, were called the horns of the altar. The horns of some of the Heathen sculptured symbols were on the same wise as the horned altars of Jewry; for God and altar were often interchangeable terms, as when Moses set up an altar, he called it Jehovah; and when Samuel hewed Agag to pieces before the Lord in Gilgal, he probably hung the quarters on the horns of the altar or Bethel Stone, the anointed and indwelling habitation of the Lord. So, too, when the seven sons of Saul's house were "hung up before the Lord," or Sun, in sacrifice, they were probably pendant from the horns of the altar, symbol of the Lord; for the psalmist sings, "bind the sacrifices with cords unto the horns of the altar." These horns in Jewry were in mystical connection with the *Taurus* of the Zodiac, whose emblem was the Golden Calf, and symbolized by the Bull's head in the cherubim. When the Hebrew clergy blew down the walls of Jericho, they used the altar horns of Lord Jupiter Ammon, whose symbol was the Ram's head and horns, as was the bullock head in the cherubim.

It thus appears that the Jewry priesthood found the battering Ram of Ammon more potent than the God-horns of their own altars. When modern Orthodoxy conjures its Devil to affright the groundlings, he is generally in the pattern of the old Jewry "Splitfoot," or "bullock that hath horns and hoofs," a mystical symbol in the cherubimic Lord. Why has it never been thought itself of the Ram's horn battery of Jupiter? If so successful three thousand years ago, as a compound blow-pipe against the walls of Jericho, why may it not prove to-day a more potent symbol than "old Splitfoot," or "bullock that hath horns and hoofs?"

To return to our author. He says, "Among the nations, at a corresponding period, we find the professional class that assumed the gift of prophecy, and the power of foretelling events, had many ramifications. We obtain the word 'prophet,' which is not a Hebrew term, from the Greeks. The Pythia, or inspired priestess of the Delphian Apollo, was called a *prophetia*, a term signifying the mouthpiece of the Gods." The Hebrew word rendered 'prophet' in the Greek Septuagint, and prophet in our English version, is *nabi*. This showing that "the mouth-piece of the Gods" in Heathendom, "the mouth of God" in old Jewry, are

the same as the spirit utterances through our mediums of to-day, though our author knows nothing of this phase of being in gifts of the spirit, but supposes the ancient inspiration to have been from a gas, which "arose naturally from a fissure in the earth," or "was artificially generated in a brazier." True, there is much glory of the old Lord connected with incense burning which may have facilitated conditions; and a way to the Lord is sometimes opened by hashish. But this is rather the forcing system, and is not to be received as the genuine article which comes by spontaneous influx from spiritual intelligences. "The oracles as rendered by the prophets, generally in early times, took the form of hexameter verse," hence prophet and poet are interchangeable terms, and hence, too, the improvising, often very beautiful, through the modern medium as the "mouth-piece of the Lord."

**THE PERSONALITY VS. THE OMNI-  
PRESENCE OF DEITY.**  
NUMBER FOUR.

I have admitted that if space is endless and Deity is omnipresent, we may rationally accept that God is a Principle and not a Personality, and repudiating the theological dogma that matter was produced from nothing, I admit it is self-existent. Hence, in affirming that God is a spirit Personality, not omnipresent but localized, I recognize and accept the duty of accounting for the alleged co-existence of and of defining the destination between the two distinct substances termed Spirit and Matter, claimed to be alike represented in nature or the world of effects.

It is generally accepted that what are termed "the original atoms," existing originally uncombined and free in their mutual relations, constituted the immediate germ source of physical creation. It is alike accepted that through their combination in unions, originated new conditions of matter we term gaseous fluid and solid states. The point of dispute has been, or is, whether the original condition of self-existent matter was unparticled, or in the form of atoms thus uncombined and free, and the solution of this alone will determine whether they were self-existent and simple elements, or compound effects composed of spirit and matter. Assuming they were originally free, and being so did unite in new and compound conditions, let us seek to comprehend why they thus united, as we may thus best solve the problem of their origin and nature.

Those who believe the original atoms were self-existent elements, claim that their first unions were induced by an inhering tendency to act and react on each other, and assuming this to be true, thus explain their continued change in conditions, resulting in the development of gaseous fluid and solid states of matter of which physical nature is said to be composed. This theory substantially recognizes matter as the sole source of nature or the world of effects, and thus ignores the alleged co-existence of spirit therewith. But let us stop and examine carefully this alleged explanation of the conceded first unions changing the original condition of atoms, for the theory involves one difficulty which its advocates should meet and remove. If the atoms, originally uncombined and free, were self-existent, it will follow that their first unions would constitute a change of their inherent condition, which we may term "the beginning of creation," or birth of time. As self-existence implies without a beginning, this birth of time would be a dividing line between two eternities of their existence—one preceding and one future thereto. The theory, therefore, impliedly recognizes that the original atoms existed unchanged in their free condition during the eternity which preceded their first unions. This existence, unchanged in condition of being, would surely imply an inherent inertia rather than an inherent tendency to act and react on each other.

Now the point I make and ask a solution of is: How reconcile this implied inherent inertia of the original atoms during that eternity, with their alleged inherent tendency to act and react as the explanation of their gone did first unions originating new and changed conditions of being? I admit that each atom is characterized by a power of action we term force, which is either a property inhering in matter, or the attribute of spirit embodied therein. But I submit if force is a property inhering in matter, as claimed, it must have ever been operative, and we must therefore ignore the implied, unacknowledged, free condition of the atoms during the eternity referred to. If we accept their existence free and unchanged in condition during such eternity, we must infer they so existed because of their inherent inertia, and therefore ignore their alleged inherent tendency to act. It is reasonable to suppose that if the atoms were self-existent elements they would ever preserve intact their inherent character.

Hence, if they existed in their original free condition during the eternity referred to, while they inherently possessed the power of action, or even the tendency to act and react, as claimed, the fair inference would be that they possessed also the attribute of independent volition in the exercise of this power, which would imply that matter is inherently both conscious and intelligent.

Presuming none will affirm or adopt this conclusion, I will leave to the advocates of this theory the task and duty of reconciling these seemingly fatal antagonisms between its premises and conclusions, while I ask the attention of my readers to the other theory and its teachings, accounting for the existence of atoms. Its assumed promise is the self-existence of two distinct and coexisting substances, termed Deity and Matter, and recognizes these jointly as the source of nature, or the world of effects. It claims that Deity is an organized substance—therefore an Entity, having form and volume of being; inherently conscious, intelligent, and capable of independent self-action; therefore a living identity, possessing the attributes of volition and motion. Hence, it accepts, that, literally speaking, "God is a spirit," therefore a Personality, and claims He is the sole self-existent source of all life, motion, consciousness, intelligence, and volition manifested in the world of effects or nature. In recognizing the co-existence of self-existent matter, it claims that if it existed external to Deity, it is inherently unparticled in its condition, and unlimited in volume of being, therefore an endless continuity of unorganized substance, unconscious and incapable of self-action, having no volition, and inherently inert. Recognizing these two coexisting substances as the self-existent source of nature, it assumes that "before the beginning of creation," when they in their original condition comprised all that existed being Deity, or his own independent volition, exercised his inherent power to act on and change the then condition of immediate



by surrounding external matter, to accomplish, in a definite way, a definite purpose and end.

Assuming, thus, the theory assumes that power or thus exerted and projected from himself, was characterized by motion. It claims that power thus projected, could only act on and change the condition of matter by contact therewith, and that such contact would necessarily involve a resistance of inert matter acted on, while it also modifies the momentum or motion of the acting power. Hence, it assumes that the resistance of inert matter thus acted on, would result in its partial disintegration, and that the increasingly modified momentum of the acting power, would eventually result in a rest thereof, and thus res, oning concludes that this condition of suspended motion or rest, to which the projected acting power was reduced by the resistance of inert matter, acted on, and disintegrated, could only be maintained by the organization of the resisting matter, enclosing the asserted power therein, while thus holding the power in suspended action, would isolate and organize it as an Entity.

The theory claims that this result would exhibit matter organized, in the form of an "atom," and power isolated and embodied therein, thus constituting the action a compound creation, composed of two distinct constituents, each distinct in itself, and having its origin in a special and kindred source of self-existent being.

I submit, that if this is the true explanation of the origin and character of the original atoms referred to, it is clear that a continued exertion of Deific power would result in the continued creation of material atoms. Hence, if the first sun and solar system had its origin in the union of the original atoms, it is clear that the continued exertion of power would correspondingly furnish the needed supply of atoms for successive suns and systems. When we reflect that the prevailing philosophy of creation teaches that the universe is composed of innumerable suns and systems, successively born in nature, and that creation, still unfinished, involves in the future an increased multiplication thereof, it is difficult to satisfy our reason whence the material atoms, embraced therein, are to be derived, unless we accept this theory of their origin, or conclude that suns and earths die as well as plants, animals, and men. I refer to the reason of my reader to determine which alternative seems most probable.

Having thus accounted for the existence of "the original atoms," let us now consider their character and relations to the self-existent sources of their being. It is clear the atom would be composed of two distinct substances which we may term, spirit, and matter. It is equally clear, that spirit, being, in essence and condition, the projected will-power, or creative energy of Deity, thus isolated as an entity, its capacities and character would be measured and determined by the devised method for governing its action in attaining the end for which it was projected into active being. If this is correct, we may infer that the aspirations prompting it, and the powers and intelligence manifested by it in accomplishing its assigned mission, were endowed, rather than inherited, inasmuch as it would owe its origin and activity of being to the exerted will-power of Deity, and not to the economy of reproduction.

Hence, it would, as a life-entity, be finite, while, if it originated through the economy of reproduction, the inference is, it would inherit immortality as an entity from the source of its being—Deity. We are told there is an animal life and a divine life in man—the first finite, and mortal, the last immortal, and the child of Deity. If this is true, (and I freely accept it,) we may regard the animal life as being individualized will-power, or creative energy of Deity, and therefore the same in essence, as spirit, embodied in the granite rock, or atom of imponderable matter, and thus see the sense, and only sense in which we should regard the animal man as the child and ultimate of Nature. "How, when and where" the Divine and the Human, or animal life in man are united as a problem, I will not now seek to solve, though I feel it is worthy of our most careful inquiry.

Leaving the question of the origin and character of the original atoms, let us examine their relation to the source of their being. It is clear, that if they thus originated, they would, when created, exist intermediate between Deity and co-existing, unchanged matter. Hence, we may assume they would constitute a connecting medium between the two co-existing sources of their being, and thus infer that their first unions were induced by the continued exertion of power to act on, and govern the same. If this is correct, and we accept that the continued unions of atoms resulted in the organization of a sun and solar system, the conclusion will follow that the solar system was external to Deity, and intermediate between him and co-existing and external, unchanged matter. If this is true, analogy will teach that all future organized suns and systems would be alike external and intermediate, and thus logically conclude that Deity literally dwells, localized, as the central Sun of the Universe, or Physical Creation, and that it being an organized structure, or unit composed of many parts, is bounded on all sides by unparticipated matter in its unchanged, self-existent condition. It is also clear to any candid thinker, that if the power of Deity is inexhaustible, as is generally affirmed, and co-existent unparticipated matter is unlimited in volume, or co-extensive with "endless space," as this theory claims, then the process of creating atoms as germs of organized suns and earths, can be continued forever, and each Sun and Earth be exempt from death or dissolution. But he who accepts this conclusion, must recognize that God is localized, and not Omnipresent, and being the localized source of life, consciousness and power, we may and must regard him as an organized Entity—a spirit Personality.

Nov. 29th, 1862.

Success—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless, not in useless passivity, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfillment and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is sought after. It is very tedious and troublesome what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effects of what we do; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

Make Home Beautiful. Add to it some comfort, beauty and beauty. Make those who share it one. No other spot on earth is more worthy of improvement, and none other will so richly repay a display of good taste and liberality, as the spot we call home.

## WHAT THE DESTINY OF THE BIBLE, IF SPIRITUALISM WERE PROVEN FALSE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

In the BANNER of the 6th inst. is a reply to Bro. Dunn's article, which appeared not long since in the BANNER. As a general invitation was extended to those who would "feel like responding," I would be pleased to offer a few remarks in answer to two or three points advanced by Bro. Woodward, presuming that Bro. Dunn or some one else will take up the subject in detail; and for the additional reason that the subject matter contained in the communication in question was investigated to a considerable extent in the late discussion between Rev. Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, and myself, which was held at Paw Paw, in October, and a report of which will be sent to the BANNER as soon as Friend Hull shall examine and approve it.

In common with many Spiritualists, I believe the Bible would not be worth the paper upon which it is printed "if Spiritualism were proved false." There is scarcely a Spiritualist who does not appreciate the Bible more than those who claim to be its staunchest friends and supporters. Spiritualism is a key which unlocks Bible mysteries, and makes them plain and ever beautiful. E. P. Woodward, in common with Adventists, believes that the Bible teaches Spiritualism; but entirely different from Modern Spiritualism. While Spiritualists claim that it and Bible Spiritualism are analogous—hence if one is false, the other must be likewise.

"1. Will your correspondent please give us one instance in the Bible where the spirit of a dead man is said to have appeared upon earth?"

If the reviewer means to be understood by the above question whether the Bible says, in so many words, that the spirit of a dead man appeared upon earth, I would answer no.

I cannot see that the peculiar phraseology—"the spirit of a dead man"—would be necessary to prove, as the correspondent intimates it would be, that departed human spirits ever communicated in Bible times. The Bible does not say in so many words that Adventism is the true doctrine; but Adventists will not admit, *ergo*, it is false.

"2. Does the Bible ever assert that the spirit of man is conscious after death?"

It would seem superfluous for it to make any such assertion of so self-evident a fact. The Bible does not say in so many words that man is "conscious" before death, therefore, according to evidence to the conclusion of the correspondent, man is not conscious. Such sophistry exhibits its own weakness. But the teachings of Mr. Woodward with respect to the existence of spirits of human beings in a conscious state after death, are all exploded by the simple statement, "Behold there appeared unto them, (Jesus, Peter, James and John,) Moses and Elias, talking with him, (Jesus)."—*Mat. ch. 17.*

In reference to the Transfiguration, Bro. Woodward asks:

"12. Where is the proof that at the Transfiguration Elias had been dead some fifteen hundred years? Where is the record of his death?"

Of course he had been in view, when he penned the foregoing, the translation of Elijah, (the Elias of the New Testament being the Elijah of the Old,) consequently Elijah never died; hence it is inferred that it could not be his spirit that "talked" with Jesus. Let it first be proved that the existence of a spirit is predicated on the death of its earthly body, which must be done before the inference can be allowed as logical; and let it be shown that a human intelligence is not a spirit until dispossessed of its earthly body. Bro. Woodward, when stating the "meaning" of Spiritualism as "generally understood," conceived a necessary adjunct to the belief that spirits of the departed "communicate with mankind," that their bodies are now mouldering back to dust.

I do not think there is a single Spiritualist that would insist on the condition that spirits must report themselves minus bodies made of "dust"; or, that they must give clear and satisfactory proof that their "bodies are mouldering back to dust," before their claims to spiritship can be allowed. On the contrary, I believe there is no Spiritualist who would extend a kindly welcome to all spirits possessed of their earthly "tabernacle," (including Enosh and Elijah,) who thought, or felt, that they could afford them. Therefore, if Elias really did have his earthly body, why, Spiritualists will kindly admit he was a spirit—only fortunate or unfortunate, privileged or doomed to retain his old body, which was either better or worse than any new one he could obtain. But there seems to be some doubt about Elijah's going to heaven at all, and still more that his body went there, unless he had been there before; and the same rule that would prove that he had been to heaven prior to his translation, would prove that all had come from there, which, were it true, would make a saying of Christ, on an important subject, mere nonsense, viz.: "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man."—*John, 3: 13.*

"Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."—*2d Kings, 2: 11.* I repeat, is there not some doubt about Elijah's going to heaven? Or, if it is admitted that Elijah did go there, (although it is not admitted,) where is it stated that his body "went up," too? Hence, according to Bro. Woodward's logic, we are justified in the conclusion that he took the ride minus a body; and conclusion being strengthened when we reflect on the "kind of team and vehicle with which he made the journey heavenward—chariot of fire, and horses of fire."

About eight years after this occurrence, (according to Bible Chronology,) "there came a writing to him (King Jehoram,) from Elijah, the prophet." About nine hundred and twenty-eight years after his translation, occurred the instance of his talk with Jesus on Mount Tabor. Moses died five hundred and fifty-five years prior to the translation of Elijah. Fourteen hundred and eighty-three years after the death of his body, he, also, talked with Jesus.

Samuel communicated with Saul. Samuel had died, but afterwards "talked" with Saul. But the question of Bro. Woodward is:

"13. Where is it stated that the spirit of Samuel appeared to the 'medium,' If so, why did she call said spirit 'up,' instead of 'down'?"

He seems to draw the inference that what the Bible does not "state," did not exist or occur. The Bible does not state that the earth is a sphere, or nearly so, which Bible believers, for many ages, supposed was flat. There are a thousand and one other things which the Bible is silent on, for the reason, I suppose, that the writers of it knew nothing of them. The phrases "up" and "down," were forms of expression in use in those days, in the same manner in which we speak of the "sun rising," the "sun's setting," or "going down," while the fact of the earth's revolution, causes the sun to appear to rise and set.

But it matters but little, so far as the proof of the question of immortality is concerned, or the existence and communication of spirits departed, whether Samuel came "up" or "down," the main question being: Did he exist and communicate after death? If he did, the law of spirit-communication is established; and if ever a departed human spirit communicated, the like occurrence may be again, is a logical possibility. With similar conditions, a high degree of probability ensues, or, it would be more likely to be than not to be. The opponents of Spiritualism understand this when they take the broad, untenable ground that no spirit of a departed human being ever did communicate with people on earth. But facts are against them.

"What is meant by this: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die'?" The meaning to be attached to the foregoing quotation will depend upon the definition of the word "soul." If it is defined as the thinking part of man—in fact, the man, or, as often used, synonymous with spirit; and if sin is punishable with death, as the quotation declares, and the death of the soul means annihilation; then, if it be true, the whole human family are doomed to annihilation because "there is no man that sinneth not."—*1 Kings, 8: 46.* "There is none righteous—no, not one."—*Romans, 3: 10.* "There is not a just man on earth that doeth good, and sinneth not."—*Ecc. 7: 20.*

Space forbids a more lengthy review. Written for the Banner of Light. OUT OF THE CREEDS. BY S. S. B.

Out, out of the creeds am I,  
With never a touch of regret—  
But a heart full of trust in Him yet,  
With never a groan or a sigh.

Out, out of the creeds,  
Where men are made pure,  
And salvation secure,  
By another's good deeds.

Out, out of the hubbub of plans  
For an end that we cannot control—  
Who can say to his soul,  
"I have loosened the bands?"

Out, out,  
Where I breathe the free air,  
With never a doubt,  
That the Guide is there.

Out, outside,  
Of the shadows I glide,  
And into the light with my song;  
Are sunshine and peace ever wrong?  
Nov. 29th, 1862.

## Correspondence.

### A Trip to Maine.

Four times, as the Sundays of November came round, many of the best citizens of Quincy gathered at the hall to hear the spontaneous utterance of my thoughts on the Past, Present and Future of our Race, and we all seemed to have good times at each gathering, even though the elements stormed without, and sometimes closed the granite Gospel-house opposite us.

The cause prospered in Quincy. Long shall I remember the good friends, and good meetings I enjoyed there, and ever hope to visit them again. When the evening shades of the fourth Sunday had closed my labors, I took a long seat in the horse-car, and with my excellent friend White for a conductor, the ten miles to Boston were soon worn off. I found myself in reach of the early train on the Boston and Maine road, by which I was enabled to eat a late dinner "way down in parts of Maine, where timber grows in plenty, but very little grain." Yarmouth, about ten miles beyond Portland, kept me over Thanksgiving day, and one brother and three sisters will testify that a turkey's skeleton lost all of its flesh at one drolle; it seemed to be "gobbled up." Yarmouth is a town all long and no wide, with a good shipyard near one end, and a house of God, long since abandoned by Him and rented, near the other, and several others in nearly the same condition along the line. The churches in the place seem very much like the Scotchman's road, in Vermont, who said it was pretty much all down hill both ways; however, they serve pretty well to play the dog in the manger—neither use God's house themselves, nor let others, as they refused them to our friends for a lecture in defence of our national existence and the prosecution of the war, they being holy places, and controlled by persons whose hearts had been changed from nature to grace.

I met a few of the angels' chosen friends in Yarmouth, and well chosen, too, and well worthy the fellowship and friendship of angels—among them Dr. J. L. Lowell and his wife. The Doctor is extensively known and highly appreciated as a clairvoyant and test medium, and still more so as a healing medium, to which many of his healed patients can testify. Dr. G. T. Thompson, also, who essentially deals in the little pills, is an earnest defender of our Gospel. Yarmouth, on the whole, if it could be drawn together, would be quite a place, but it is long in more than shape; it has been there a long time, and has too many long faces in it. Brunswick was my next point to visit; and there two or three families always meet in the name of the angels, and they are always in the midst of them; but there are not enough redeemed souls to save the place from the fire and brimstone of Orthodoxy, and it keeps blazing at the churches every Sabbath, hot and heavy, and scorches many souls, especially of the young and ignorant. As usual, the blind lead the blind, and both fall in the Orthodox pit of superstition, and even the college does not help them out; but in all my travels, I have never met any better or more advanced souls than a few in Brunswick, Maine.

Saturday evening, November 29th, found me at the neat and elegant home of our indefatigable brother, D. H. Hamilton, in Lewiston. He had the city well stocked over with posters, giving notice of three lectures from me on Sunday—two in a large hall, and one in a church, and I gave them to the largest audiences I have met in New England this year, except in Lowell; and it has seldom been my lot to speak to more intelligent and appreciative people. Lewiston is a place of some ten or twelve thousand inhabitants; has five manufacturing corporations, and all alive with cotton and woolen mill running, and many improvements going on. It is located on the Androscoggin, with a water-power equalled by few towns in New England, and an

enterprising population, which, with the signs of improvement, made me feel as if I was in a Western city.

Bro. Hamilton, with a few others, has kept Spiritualism in the ascendant in that place. He never neglects an opportunity to keep it before the people, and has a most happy way of making his words and our philosophy jingle into rhyme, and he is always a thorn in the side of evil-doers, and even on the side of the people and the poor, and hence keeps them on his side, and, of course, the angels help him. I left my poor blessing in his pleasant home with his wife and little ones, and other good souls I met there, and hope some day to meet again as pleasantly situated. I returned to Brunswick on Monday, and soon after, with a few friends, to Yarmouth, and then parting from our heart-warm abode at friend Lowell's, left my friends, and reached Boston with the snow-storm, and soon after was at my cozy home in Taunton, with Brother and Sister Rudd.

WARREN CHASE.  
Taunton, December 8, 1862.

### Letter from a Sick Soldier.

I do not know a better use I can make of the enclosed letter from a poor Connecticut soldier, who has been switched about for nearly six months with an incurable disease, caught in the service, and in the swamps of Virginia, and for which he cannot get examined or discharged, than by putting it in the BANNER; for the truth must come out when officers neglect their duties.

WARREN CHASE.

### "CAMP CONVALESCENCE."

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 4th, 1862.

My dear Friend—I received your letter last week. I am glad that there are some who feel the importance of friends and sympathy for the soldiers. If sympathy is of any use at any time, how very important that it should be bestowed on the sick soldier, left to the inhumanity of the devils in human form, called doctors. There is need of some severe punishment for the doctors, as well as the privates. Yesterday, Harris, Covode, and Gooch made a visit to this camp, and the report has found its way into to-day's papers. They say that "it is a disgrace to humanity." I am glad that something has been done for the benefit of those here that are sick and without money. I am much better off than a great many others, though bad enough. There are cases without number, of men being sent here from the hospitals, to lay upon the bare ground without either overcoat or blanket. We could not get them here. When I came, I had a very poor pair of pants, and I wore them, until they were fairly in strings, and had to go quite a number of days in my drawers before I could get any, and had only one pair of drawers at that. There has been but very little wood furnished—not one-tenth part enough to cook the rations with, and the men have to go foraging all over a country which has previously been cleared of almost everything; digging up old stumps, and picking up anything and everything in the shape of wood, often going for miles, taking all of the strength they have, in order to cook the miserable rations which are allowed us. Humane, you must allow.

I have previously said but little about this place, fearing that you might think me grumbling without sufficient reason; but now, when such men as Covode, and Gooch have taken it up, I think that I can safely tell the truth without being charged with grumbling. One instance I will mention, showing how much feeling our doctors have.

The sergeant of our street went to the doctor to get him to come and see a sick man. The doctor answered in a gruff-voice that he was tired, and that the sergeant must go and see what ailed the man. The sergeant replied, that as he had never studied medicine, it was not his business. After a great deal of argument, the doctor at last told him to go and get some mustard, and put on a plaster. The sergeant went from one place to another, and at last got the mustard and a cloth. The doctor then told him that if the man was no better, and he was not too tired, he would go and see him.

This is only one case; there are many more of the same kind. To-day, the Pennsylvania part of the camp was moved, and in the usual way of doing business, the tents were struck; the men having to sleep on the ground without anything over them. To-day there have been some more Congressmen here, and they say that this place is not fit for men to stay in.

Dec. 5th.—In the morning it commenced to rain, and continued to rain until noon, when it changed to snow, and now it is snowing very hard. I pity the men in front; they must have a hard time of it.

There are no signs of my getting my discharge, while others, who are in good health, get theirs readily. If I had an influential friend to intercede for me, I could get it, or if I was good at bribing; but that I will not do; but never mind; there is an end to everything, so I suppose there will be to my suffering.

[Since the above was in type, Bro. Chase has forwarded us the following:]

### "MANSON HOUSE HOSPITAL."

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Dec. 9th, 1862.

My dear Friend—I have again changed my residence; and I think that now I have got to a good place. I hope so, for I have been in bad ones enough. I came here yesterday. Last Saturday, seven men froze to death, or died from the effects of the cold, they being too sick to exert themselves. I think that they have sent away those that were sick. I am so happy to get where there is a fire, that I hardly know what to do. I think that we have a decent doctor here, and that is what I have not seen for a long while.

### Written for the Banner of Light. TO THE WANDERER.

BY ANNIE EMER.

The dim old woods are all ablaze  
With gold and crimson, green and maize,  
And on the dark sods, sombre brown,  
The red, ripe leaves are dropping down.  
Hushed is the sound of music sweet,  
And gone the merry tripping feet.  
Yet do you keep no memory still  
Of long, bright hours and Dungeon Hill?  
Oh! roguish look and merry word,  
Forgot as soon as spoke and heard;  
The moon has dipped her silver bow  
In the blue waters long ago,  
And all the stars their aid have lent,  
Inviting us to sentiment.  
Yet I am watching all alone,  
And you to me and triumph gone,  
Where never more the gay tones thrill  
Of friendship brief and Dungeon Hill.  
October, 1862.

## The Children's Corner.

### ABOUT THE SQUIRRELS.

BY MRS. M. D. STROCK.

A long time ago, there lived in the forest two squirrels. One of them had made herself a nice nest, in a hole in one of the branches of an old beech tree; and the other had quite a warm and cozy place, in the hollow-trunk of the same tree. Each had a large family of little squirrels; and, unlike some children I know, these always lived and played together very pleasantly. I never heard that they were ever known to bite or scratch each other's faces, or so much as hurt a hair of each other's tails. The mother squirrels were very handsome, with glossy, spotted backs, and white breasts, and beautiful long, bushy tails. I do not know by what names they called each other, for I must confess I do not understand their language perfectly; but we will call the one who lived among the top branches, Mrs. Nimble—for she was always running about, and busy here and there—but the other we will call Mrs. Chatterbox, for she liked nothing better than to sit with her tail turned up over her back, and chatter, and sing with all the squirrels that came by.

Well, it was October weather, and the nights began to be frosty, and the nuts were dropping thickly all over the forest. Mrs. Nimble and Mrs. Chatterbox, and all their little ones, had been at work together for several days, gathering nuts into a pile, to be carried up and stowed away in their holes for winter use. I am afraid Mrs. Nimble and her children had to do most of the work; for she was a notable housekeeper, and taught her children to help her as soon as they could run about; but she was also very good-natured, and quite willing her neighbor should have half the pile. So this bright October morning, these two neighbors concluded they had gathered enough for their winter eating. There was a great heap of chestnuts, beech-nuts, and butternuts, the largest and nicest they could find in the whole forest; and they began carrying them one by one up the tree. A slow, hard way to do the work, you will say, and so it was; and when the October sunshine came through the red and yellow leaves, and told them it was noon, they were very glad to stop and rest, and eat their lunch. But while they sat there on their hind feet, with their lunch in their fore paws, suddenly they heard a great crackling of dry sticks, and rustling of dead leaves, and many loud and merry voices; and, for a second or two their little hearts almost stood still under their glossy coats. Then such a scampering as there was up into the old beech tree! They dropped their nuts, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," there was n't so much as the end of a tail to be seen. But if you had looked up in the tree, you might have seen several pairs of bright eyes, peering out to see what was going to happen. And sure enough, in a minute on came a troop of boys and girls, shouting, and running, and whooping, and laughing, till the woods rang again, carrying bags, and baskets, and tin pails, and satchels, and everything you can think of, that will hold nuts.

"Oh! look here, boys," said little Nelly; "somebody's spilled their nuts."

Then the children gathered around to look, and Tom Green said:

"No; that's a squirrel's work—that's the way they do. I've seen piles like that in the woods, many a time."

"Have you?" said Nelly. "What will the squirrel do with them?"

"Oh, he meant to carry them to his hole," said Tom; "but I shall save him the trouble. Much obliged to you, Mr. Squirrel, for helping me fill my basket."

"Oh, Tom! do n't—please do n't," said Nelly.

"For shame! Tom," said the other boys; "do n't be so mean."

"Poh!" said Tom; "who cares for squirrels, or girls either?"

"I do," said Charley Grant. "My mother says she do n't think much of a boy that do n't care for girls."

But Tom put the last of the nuts in his basket, and walked away; while Nelly, with the rest of the children, kept behind, and let him go by himself. So they went on; and pretty soon they were out of sight, and the wood was still again.

Then, one after another, the squirrels crept down from the tree, and I can hardly tell you how sad and disappointed they were. They scraped away the leaves where the pile had been, but there was nothing there. They had worked so hard, so many long days, and now the naughty boy-robbard had not left them a single nut! So they did just what most little boys and girls would have done—they all sat down and cried, as if their hearts would break. If Tom Green had seen them, I do n't think those nuts would ever have tasted good to him.

The next morning, though the wind was very cold, Mrs. Nimble put her head in at her neighbor's door, bright and early.

"Good-morning, neighbor," said she; "is n't it almost time we were at work?"

"I shall pile up no more nuts to feed greedy boys' with," growled Mrs. Chatterbox, from her bed.

"Oh, we can carry them right up to our store-rooms this time," said Mrs. Nimble; "and you know, neighbor, the snow will come very soon, and if we do n't make haste, we shall have nothing laid up for winter."

"Well, I can't help it," returned the other; "I am too tired and discouraged to work to-day."

So Mrs. Chatterbox sat in the door of her house all that day, and the next, and the next, and told all the squirrels she saw what a sad thing had happened to them, and how hard it was that they must lose all their autumn's work, until every squirrel in the forest had heard about it. At last, when diligent Mrs. Nimble had her storeroom packed as full as it would hold, Mrs. Chatterbox began to think about going to work again. So she told her children, at night, to be ready to help her in the morning. But that night it grew very cold; and what do you think lazy Mrs. Chatterbox saw, when she went to her door in the morning? Why, nothing but snow, white snow, everywhere. Poor squirrel! what was to become of her; for she had not a morsel of food to give her little ones. How she wished, in her heart, she had followed her neighbor's advice.

I am not able to tell you all that happened to these squirrels through the long winter; but when I walked in the forest, one cold day, I saw Mrs. Chatterbox, with her bones looking as if they might not prick through her fur, and her long tail that used to be so handsome, hanging straight down. She was slowly climbing among the ice-covered branches of a tree, looking for frozen beech-nuts, and when I asked after her little ones, I heard that the poor things had all died of starvation.—*Hesperian.*



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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

OFFICE, 168 WASHINGTON STREET,  
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

### The March of Invention.

There is no use in dreaming of the return of what is styled the "good old times;" they will never come back to us again. They answered very well for the time when they were on the carpet, but their day of usefulness has entirely gone by. We think so, much of them, not because they were really better in any sense than our own times, but because of our habit of worship for whatever is past and gone—a sort of superstitious reverence for that which came to us as merely traditional.

These days are the youngest days, the freshest, the newest born of Time. None have dawned so flushed with rosy promises as these. Even the cannon's roar, the dying groans, the wailing of the orphaned and widowed, and the fierce and furious clash of passions themselves, are expressions of the sweet calm of peace that is to result; a peace, not at all of toleration and sufferance, but positively desired and prayed for, because of the love we unitedly bear it and the uncounted blessings it brings. And when that day of universal longing for what is the fruit only of charity, of forbearance, of fraternal kindness, and of harmony of feeling shall arrive, we may be sure that we shall not be far off from the enjoyment of the fruit itself.

We have been reading the sketch of a lecture recently delivered in Utica, N. Y., by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, in which he expatiates at length upon the tendencies of the age as manifested in the multiplying inventions for the saving of manual labor; and the results which he recites are indeed worthy of the widest and profoundest consideration. He remarked that, even in reference to the issues of this war, the grand culminating point at issue was—Shall capital own the laborer, or shall the laborer own himself, by the triumph of mind over mechanical forces? After the powers that are folded up in fire and water were discovered and put to use, then steam was generated by contact of the two, and applied to the accomplishment of astonishing things. Then a yet more powerful agent was sought and found—Electricity. This seemed the force of forces, and could be applied to the most varied and before unthought of uses. But—added the Bishop—and here he not only verges upon, but he openly accepts the true Spiritualistic idea, "It is now seen that the nearer your force approaches the invisible, imperceptible, and intangible, the nearer it is to the highest form of power. All mechanical powers, reduced to their ultimate are Magnetism; and what is this but WILL, or the physical power of the Almighty? Man can only communicate physical power—he never creates it. Physical science demonstrates the Supreme, and does not materialize Atheism. Every process brings us back to the spiritual. Everywhere the material does homage to the spiritual." Well enough stated, and good enough testimony, to satisfy anybody. The Bishop was talking about actual and eternal Truth, and he stated it just as it presents itself to his mind; when he goes upon his Church, or his Creed, he would be as likely to turn his back on all he has said above, as anything else.

Now let us run over a few of the inventions of these modern times, which the croakers will have it are not nearly so good as the "good old times." Not such a great while ago, all our thread was spun between the thumb and the finger, and all our cloth woven in the clumsy of hand looms. Now, by means of the spinning-jenny and weaving machinery, one person will as good as make two hundred yards of cloth in a day! Before the invention of the cotton gin, one person could not prepare one pound of cotton so easily as he can one hundred pounds now. Our grandmothers could barely knit one pair of socks in a day; now, by means of a machine, one little girl will turn out a thousand dollars worth of knitted material in a day. A few years ago, we were told it took seventeen men to make a complete pin; now, a machine is fed with the raw material, and it is not touched again until rolled up in papers of pins. In Providence, there is to-day a machine that takes a strip of metal from a coil and makes two hundred and thirty feet of delicate chain out of it, in a day. The metals are no longer worked up by hand—a slow and wearing process: they are shaved, sawed, bored, and hammered with the greatest ease and accuracy, as much as if they were of the softest pine.

There is a swift yacht in New York, propelled by a calorific engine, which requires but a single cord of wood in six weeks; and it is said it will go two miles after the fire of the engine is extinguished. Our railway privileges—what indescribable blessings they are! In a few years we shall go from New York to San Francisco in four days, and carry along with us all the comforts of home! An instrument of exceedingly delicate powers has been contrived and perfected, which measures the operations of mind itself—tells the exact time it takes for a sensation in the finger to reach the brain—two tenths of a second! Go into a certain India Rubber store in New York, and you will find five hundred different articles made from that one staple—only a few years ago good for nothing but to rub out marks with—and furnish active-jawed young persons some thing to chew. As wood gives out, coal pits are found everywhere. We begin to fear for food for our lights, with which to illuminate our homes and make all things cheerful; when lo! oil is distilled from coal, and we even have streams of oil spouting out of the ground for us to fill our lamps with! Coal, once regarded as useless, is now manufactured into thirty-six different merchantable articles, some of them of great value.

We have but to add to these inventions and discoveries that of the photograph and of the telegraph; they are wonders of the first water, and challenge the admiration and gratitude of us all. When these things are to stop—who can tell? We believe, however, that the present course will go on, until, when it comes to the times of our grandfathers, they will find themselves in a very much altered state of affairs from ours; they will know how to live better, and will live better; manual labor

will have lost much of its sting, and the race can employ itself about higher, instead of lower, pursuits. No one can deny that we are rapidly advancing—that this is but a transition state—that we are upon the verge of a new era, grander and far more glorious than any the world has yet seen or enjoyed. Spirits have so declared, times without number; whoever will listen to these silent but impressive voices of theirs, will be satisfied that they have looked further along on the track of the future than we have, and that they report back to us only what is sure to come. We must work and not faint. The day of our common redemption draws nigh.

### The Gospel of Art.

The influence of the Fine Arts on society, as instrumentalities of general progress and refinement, is not likely to be overestimated in this commercial age. Indeed, we should rejoice to witness anything like a proper appreciation of their silent ministry and irresistible power on the mind, the heart and the life of a people. Show us a tribe that has no love of music, or a country destitute of the beautiful in Art, and we need look no further for a savage race and scenes of disgusting brutality. Coarseness, vulgarity and crime, are even more frequently associated with the sanctities of Religion than with the ideal conceptions and artistic creations of essential Loveliness. Indeed, the elements of moral beauty that characterized the nature and the life of Jesus have rendered his precepts all-powerful over the disciples of every age and country. It is a significant fact that the religious idea is not unfrequently wedded to the vilest passions, and in its manifestations often co-exists with a depraved moral sense and an abandoned life. At the same time the Elegant Arts not only contribute to disarm and subdue the savage nature, to promote civilization and a higher mental culture, but they also help us to recognize the divinity that veils its glorious presence in every form of Beauty.

The uncultivated mind has no power to recognize essential principles and abstract ideas. Hence the multitudes require some sensuous image or representation of whatever is to be apprehended, admired or worshiped. The Roman Catholic Church, realizing the necessity of its disciples, annually circulates millions of prints and plaster casts, representing the most touching and impressive scenes in the lives of Christ and his Apostles. Everything that reminds the disciple of his Master has a sacred significance, and the memorials of imprisoned and martyred saints at once inspire his reverence and soften his heart. Every Catholic has a picture of the Virgin, or wears the cross, as the expressive symbol of fidelity and patient suffering, and the assurance of his salvation. The reader may not require such material emblems of moral truths and spiritual realities. It is the province of the truly developed and divinely illuminated mind to dispense with the shadows of its thoughts, and to lay aside the perishable symbols of its faith and worship, while it reverently walks into the very pantheon of the gods.

But the time has not come when we can profitably part with the physical forms of the objects of our affection and our adoration. The worshiper claims the symbols of his religion, and the lover sighs for something tangible to embrace. Perhaps we all prefer—at least in some qualified sense—to find and to grasp the divine substance in the shadow. The time will never come when we can afford to dispense with Painting, Sculpture and Music—the graces whose triple influence surrounds the impersonal presence of Beauty. We require their ministry to soften the ruder features and aspects of this world, to restrain and spiritualize our passions, to inspire purer impulses and nobler motives, and to elevate the world's common thought and life. Hence it is neither profane nor irreverent to characterize the present theme as THE GOSPEL OF ART.

We have often been surprised that persons of large means expend so much for wardrobes, which are neither elegant nor convenient; for carved furniture and costly equipage; for jewels and other personal ornaments. Such a use of money certainly does not indicate a liberal culture, or any high degree of refinement. It is a vulgar taste that is fed and satisfied with such an exhibition of elaborate trifles, and the useless attentions of a long retinue in gilded liveries. The æsthetic sense is scarcely awakened in persons of this description. The more cultivated mind requires higher forms of Art and types of Beauty. It is the peculiar province of the poet and musician, the painter and the sculptor, to minister to those who find in their purest creations the distant but radiant images of the absolute Perfection. Such souls need no gilded accessories. Whilst they yet walk on earth, they wear crowns of light and are clad in the robes of a great immortality.

There is a kind of universal language in Painting as in Music; and no oral speech can better portray the delicate shades of feeling, or give to the stormy passions a more forcible expression. Pictures are mute but eloquent teachers. Forms, apparently instinct with life, passion, and sentiment, seem to start out from the silent walls of our dwellings, or they gaze at us through the dim light of ancient galleries and deserted mansions. Each is the embodiment of an idea, and its peculiar lesson is rendered more captivating and impressive by the manner in which it is conveyed.

Now that the Holiday season is here, and multitudes are expecting to receive or to bestow rich gifts, it may not be an improper intrusion if we suggest the propriety of selecting such objects as will contribute to refine the taste of the possessor, and to foster in others a love of the pure and beautiful. Pictures are especially adapted to produce this result; and we know of no place where our New York friends can find a larger and more varied collection than at the Art Gallery and storehouse of WILLIAM SCHAU, 749 Broadway, opposite Astor Place. There they will find exquisite pictures at all prices, from one franc to five thousand dollars. The readers of this journal will find no difficulty in selecting from his recent importations such as will gratify their taste, and it may be, such as will illustrate their peculiar views. Those who purchase New Year's presents, and all who are qualified to enjoy a fine exhibition of the Elegant Arts, may derive both pleasure and profit from an hour spent in looking through the splendid establishment of W. Schau. Should the visitor select any one of a thousand objects of taste that may be found there, we are quite sure the happy recipient of the same will be made to realize that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Donations to Our Free Circles.  
John M. Kennedy, Philadelphia, \$5.00; Miss Emma Harding, \$1.00.

### W. F. Anderson, the Spirit Artist.

We are highly favored by having among us a man who is endowed with most remarkable and rare "spiritual gifts." In the person of Mr. W. F. Anderson, the Spirit Artist. This gentleman is probably the only well-accredited medium possessing the peculiar qualifications which distinguish him, although one or two others have exhibited a like capacity to a limited extent.

The faculty—while standing between the living and the "dead"—of reproducing to the sight of kindred and friends the "counterfeit presentment" of the loved forms and features of the departed, who have left behind them no representations of themselves, except in the memories of the living, and almost with unfailing success, when the due conditions of harmony required are fulfilled—is confined exclusively to Mr. Anderson.

This phase of spirit intercourse and development of spirit power should attract the earnest attention—yes, the most enthusiastic regard of every lover of the true and beautiful. Let a sober moment of reflection be indulged upon the wonderful fact that a man who has no cultivation in art, whose proclivity even is not in this direction, and who is ignorant, by instruction, of the simplest principles of drawing, can take his pencil, and, with a rapidity which mocks the swiftest manipulations of cultivated talent, and in a style of execution that often rivals the finest efforts of the best artists, produce the entire forms of departed spirits, perfect to an extreme in every requisite of expression, attitude, apparel or emblem of occupation, which marked their peculiarities in life, and which would serve to make them recognized by their earthly friends; and the very demon of bigotry, superstition or insanity must have forestalled his reason, who can meet with indifference and coldly withstand such overwhelming evidences of the powers of spirits to return to earth to renew an intercourse with its inhabitants.

A person of such valuable gifts as are possessed by Mr. Anderson should be cherished as a priceless treasure, and every lover of Truth and Humanity should become interested in his welfare, and heartily desire to aid him, in thought, word and deed, toward the fullest accomplishment of his beautiful mission.

As Mr. Anderson has become quite extensively known as a spirit artist, and as his peculiarity of mediumship is comparatively little understood, it may be a satisfaction to many to meet with a summary exposition of some of the characteristics of this phase of his experience. Besides, it may serve to relieve him from much annoyance, by answering the many hundreds of inquiries of the same sort, which are constantly being addressed to him, and thus saving his valuable time for his legitimate work, instead of his devoting so much of it to satisfy curiosity seekers, or replying to impertinent questions that need not be asked if the writers were informed of a few leading features of his mediumship.

The writer has been allowed ample opportunity to become acquainted with the merits of Mr. Anderson, both as a man and an artist, and can therefore speak with more confidence than if only depending on the reports of others passing through the uncertain channel of common gossip.

Not to enter upon the details of his early development, which occurred some four years ago, it will be sufficient to notice the main features of his everyday experience, with the principal requirements his guiding spirits demand for the satisfactory production of their work.

It may first be remarked that the portraits made through Mr. Anderson's organism are drawn upon artists' paper with lead pencils; and they are given a much more life-like expression and effect than might be expected through this simple means. Even the effect of several colors can be produced from a black pencil, by the singular combinations of light and shade—though this is not ordinarily attempted.

The greatest harmony is required in the house where he may be located—that is, there must be no jarring or discordant feelings among the members of a family—provided he be with one—but all should be cheerful, and well disposed toward him and his work, particularly. The families of Spiritualists—truly such—are most congenial for his labors; for therein not only is the influence of indifference avoided, but a needed magnetic stimulus is brought to bear upon him, to encourage and sustain the exceedingly fine and subtle conditions which surround him in the atmosphere of his private room, specially devoted to the artist's labors. Indeed, this room must be magnetically and electrically prepared by the spirit artists beforehand, and kept constantly as a sanctum sanctorum, subject to no intrusion from any. While engaged at his work no one may be present as an observer. As his labors are of a very fatiguing character, from the exhaustion of his magnetic strength, but a brief time is spent in continuous occupation with the pencil, not longer, usually, than half an hour, without rest; under favorable circumstances—often less.

Although Mr. Anderson is perfectly clairvoyant, and spirits appear to him, at any time, as substantially as those in the flesh, and as free converse is held with them, yet while using his pencil he is in a nearly trance or unconscious state, and subject to the real artists who are using his organism. His pencils are sharpened with surprising rapidity, and in a style of geometrical precision which he might vainly attempt to imitate in his normal condition; and everything is done, not of himself, but by the controlling spirit for the time being.

The artists even fix their own valuation upon the portraits, according to the required style of finish and artistic magnitude of each work. The pictures are not in miniature, but of life-size, and always represent the persons, who are the subjects, in all the peculiarities of dress, &c., which belonged to them in life, at whatever time distant they may have lived. A very pleasing feature of these portraits is the lavish display of floral embellishment with which the more elaborate and highly finished ones are adorned; and these are often beautiful beyond description.

A work which Mr. A. will produce in two or three hours, would occupy artists of the readiest skill many days, and often weeks—by their own admissions—and at the same time would exhibit all the marks of consummate ability, in design, in calculation of space, and in perfectness of execution. Portraits are commenced from the lower extremities and wrought upwards to completion as often as the reverse; especially in this case when the figure is made to rest upon some elaborate pedestal.

Mr. Anderson truly labors in the cause of humanity; for his deeds are as often those of love as of pecuniary emolument. Indeed, he does not enter into the hope to become rich through his mediumship, but seems satisfied to make glad hearts by the

mourners to rejoice in, once again beholding what seemed to them to have been forever lost to sight this side the Summer Land; the skeptic to banish his doubts before the overpowering demonstration of a glorious immortality, when all the batteries of ecclesiastical councils and creeds had spent their force in vain upon him. Besides this, if he can secure a simple and unostentatious livelihood, he asks no more, and is content. The poor, who have come to him in their deep anxiety to avail of his consoling productions, are not sent empty-handed away when he can be of service to them. "The charge will be no more than you are able to pay," will be his answer to any who distrust their ability to meet his demands. By the way, the prices of his portraits range from ten dollars upward, to a hundred or more, according to the elaborateness of design and elegance of finish. Orders are constantly flowing in upon him from all parts of the country, and he has already such a large list soliciting his earliest attention, that it would be much obliging him to refrain from the present from increasing the demand upon his labors. Not having made a permanent location for the winter, but designing to do so shortly, he trusts, with a continuance of health, and patience on the part of his patrons, to soon be able to fulfill the requests of all who have been hitherto anxious and urgent to secure the aid of his services.

Mr. Anderson is a young man, born in the State of Maine, of very "Orthodox" parents, himself of the same tendency previous to his resurrection to this new and beautiful life he now enjoys in direct communion with the world of spirits; and it is his daily meat and drink to perform his mediatorial service between his fellow-men and the denizens of the upper country, who are so diligently and successfully striving, through him and others, to open wider and freer the doorway of their beautiful habitations to the plodding, avaricious and often heartlessly unspiritual world, which is the scene of our present life. Though of a deeply sensitive nature, it must needs be a great weight of misfortune that will sensibly disturb his equanimity. With him *seeing* is believing, and the evidences of his faith are ever before him.

The wife of Mr. Anderson is also a medium, of feeble physical framework, but with strong spiritual perceptions, and extremely sympathetic. He, therefore, has a doubly sustaining power, like one represented of old—Aaron (in the spirit,) on the one hand, and *Her* on the other. May both ever glide peacefully and joyously, through many years, upward in the journey of this life, and have a cloud of witnesses in the land of the Beautiful to testify of the value of their sojourn upon the earth.

### The Recent Battle.

Since the last issue of our paper, the enemy, have been met in one of the bloodiest contests of the whole war, by the gallant force of Burnside on the Rappahannock, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, Va. Burnside crossed the river with 40,000 of his men, and attacked the enemy on several points, some of which he carried, and at others was repulsed. He then fell back across the river, having lost not less than ten thousand men. Massachusetts Regiments suffered dreadfully, sixteen of them being engaged. This struggle presents the worst face of any of the battles of the war, since by this dreadful holocaust of victims offered to the God of War, no good has resulted, and the poor boys of the North are only the more disheartened. "Like Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, it is only another bloody record of mortal agony sweeping over thousands of Northern homes, at the bidding of men invested in political power, who are allowed to dictate to the armies in the field, when obedience is disaster.

The Springfield Republican pronounces the recent bloody reverse "one of the worst defeats of the whole war in many of its aspects. It produces no alarm, but much indignation and discouragement. The universal feeling is, that if our volunteers are to be thus uselessly sacrificed, and our strength wasted, no superiority of men and means can ensure final success."

### The Best Men at Top.

It is high time it was so. All our latter-day lives have been ruled and misruled—and by reason of our own negligent folly mainly—by men whose ambition began and ended with themselves, who were little scrupulous about the means employed to secure and retain public places, and whose knowledge of statesmanship was bounded by the limits of an ill-ventilated ward-room. We have changed all that, let us hope. The scum is getting skimmed off; the fine souls and brains of better quality are coming to the top. Better than all, coarse circumstances and happenings have themselves combined to extort what profoundly spiritual elements there are in men, and we see a state of public feeling to-day, considered in relation to almost all matters, such as we would not have believed it possible to develop so recently as one year ago. We see poets nominated to office, and even honest men called upon to serve their fellow citizens in responsible positions. It is all right; all will come round right at last; and we must be patient, even when we think the tide has gone out entirely for all our hopes.

### A Move in the Right Direction.

The Connecticut newspaper proprietors have decided in Convention to memorialize Congress to modify the tax on newspapers. Newspaper proprietors in other States should follow suit. Intelligence, under whatever pretext, should not be taxed. It is rank imposition to over-tax any branch of business to carry on the war while so many contractors are allowed to rob the treasury with impunity.

### "Home for the Outcasts."

We understand that Mr. Hilyard Shaw, of Eugene City, Oregon, just deceased, bequeathed by will, to Miss Emma Harding, the sum of \$5000, in aid of a Home for Outcast Females. This donation, for such a laudable purpose, will, we hope, induce others to imitate his noble example.

### Spirit Photographs.

Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, has recently visited Boston, for the purpose of investigating the subject of spirit photographs, the results of which were very satisfactory. We shall publish his report in our next issue.

### Lycæum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith will address the Spiritists of this city in the above-named hall, on Sunday next, after noon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a disoriented man.

### New Publications.

THE RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION. By M. Augustin Coochin. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Translator of M. Gaboriau's works on America. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

We announced this handsomely published work in the press of Walker, Wise & Co., some two weeks since; its appearance now fully bears us out in all we then said of it, and more too. It gives the reader simply the social and economical results of Emancipation in those countries where it has taken place, and is thus a work of prime interest and importance to the people of our time. It has been pronounced by competent critics a most remarkable book for its matter, and a most fascinating one for its manner. It is scientific in its arrangement, accurate in its display of facts, and logical in its reasoning.

The author, M. Coochin, is an ex-maire and municipal councillor of Paris, and has enjoyed unsurpassed advantages for research among private and public documents, being said to have given the main part of his life to the subject, which he treats with such an exhaustive thoroughness and captivating eloquence in the present volume. He has recently been knighted by the Pope, in acknowledgment of the ability he has displayed in this book; and the French Academy likewise awarded to him the first prize of three thousand francs for his performance.

The contents include, first, a consideration of the working and results of emancipation in the French Colonies; second, in the English Colonies; and, third, in the Colonies of Denmark, Sweden and Holland. There is also an Appendix to the English and French Colonies, bringing down the engrossing statistics to the present time.

In this volume, so carefully prepared and so attractively written, the reader will find the whole Emancipation problem discussed, in its length and its breadth, from the time of the earliest experimenting upon it. It is a treasury of facts, bearing on the great question of the day—an armory of effective weapons, from which to select any that will tell against the bald assertions and assumptions that have come to the termination of their authority. We commend the book as peculiarly a book for the hour, whose personal is demanded of every reflective man and woman in the community.

Mrs. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne;" or, "The Earl's Daughter," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Everybody has become acquainted with the brilliant and lovable authoress of this book, long ago. She seemed, for a time, to be following in the track of Mrs. Gore; but subsequent developments go to show that she has started off in quite another direction. Mrs. Wood's writings are exceedingly graphic from their faithfulness to nature, her powers of observation being acute and awake at all points; and her moral tone is as undoubted as that of Mrs. Austin or Hannah More. A distinguished clergyman once remarked—and he was a great admirer of Scott and Moore—that "no novel ought to be printed that could not be read in his own family without exciting alarm in his mind for its evil tendencies; he would not have hesitated a moment in introducing Mrs. Wood's novels into his family, nor, indeed, need any one else.

She is a skillful narrator, and a telling describer: few are more so. She conceives boldly and clearly, and her characters are as distinct and lifelike as possible: they stand out before you on the page. In her novel of "Mrs. Halliburton," she has presented us with a pure type of widowed motherhood, and likewise with a round of characters that are as natural as any that one meets in his daily experience. The story is located in an English manufacturing town, where, are objects enough for any person to study, sympathize with, or heartily dislike. She works up her material with a powerful effect. The reader never forgets the impression she leaves on the mind. Yet there is nothing morbid about her writings: she exalts no misanthropic sentiments; her strain is lofty and pure, and the reader gets actual good from her vivid delineations.

This handsome volume is sold for only fifty cents in these days of dear printing paper!—and may be sent by mail to any address that is lodged with the publishers.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR DECEMBER, contains an attractive array of articles as follows: 1. The Arts and Sciences among the Ancient Egyptians; 2. New England Individualism; 3. Genius, Talent and Taot; 4. Ought our Great Atlantic Cities, to be Fortified? 5. The Writings and Loves of Robert Burns; 6. André and Arnold; 7. Bacon as an Essayist; 8. Publishers, Good, Bad and Indifferent; 9. Direct and Indirect Taxes at Home and Abroad; 10. Notices and Criticisms.

The National Quarterly is able, learned, and fully abreast with the times. We shall refer to some of the above articles in future numbers of the BANNER, and probably quote from them. Edward L. Sears, Editor and Proprietor. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

### To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. R. G. GINNINATT, O.—Your letter was answered and returned Dec. 3d.

L. W. M., EAST WESTMORELAND, N. H.—The price will be \$1.00.

J. T. BOONTON, N. J.—Your MSS. have been perused by the brother. We will return them, if you desire. The other matter is attended to. Thank you for your good will. We shall heed your advice.

S. R., BOSTON.—We see no resemblance whatever. We have baptized the party you allude to carefully.

D. D. V., LIBERTY MILLS, MICH.—We should be happy to hear from you often.

P. W., NEW YORK.—The party you criticize are not worthy of notice. Let the sleepy ones rest. If you wake them up, they growl—that's all. They can do no harm.

SMITH BROS., SPOONPORT, N. Y.—Your letter was answered and forwarded to your address Dec. 16th.

E. W. K., GLEN FALLS, N. Y.—A stranger in the audience propounded the question you refer to. We do not remember of seeing the question in the book. There is a mistake somewhere.

IRON CARS.—The Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company is now having constructed several cars, all of iron, the invention of a French physician, who has become a citizen of this country. The inventor claims that it is many tons lighter than a wooden car, and much stronger; that it will last much longer, and in case of an accident, no loss of life would occur from splinters, the breaking out of bottom, top, or side-planks. These might be of iron and a "squeeze," but not the worse.



### Strange Developments in a Family of Episcopians.

In the quiet little town of Haverhill, about five miles from the city of Hartford, Conn., each member of a family of eight persons, were simultaneously seized, with what the people and the doctors thought to be raving insanity, for which they could divine no cause. The family consisted of Mr. Geo. L. Ford, wife, and two children, Mr. Talcott and wife, the father and mother of Mrs. Ford, and a man and woman servant—eight in all. Mr. and Mrs. Ford are in good standing in society, and in full communion with the Episcopal Church in that place, and neither had any knowledge of, or any sympathy with, Spiritualism. Mr. Talcott was a free-thinker, and only Mrs. Talcott had any knowledge of modern Spiritualism.

On Wednesday, the first day of last October, Mrs. Ford was suddenly seized with strange motions and actions, gestures, alternately manifesting great joy and great agony. Mr. Ford was greatly alarmed at such new and unaccountable manifestations of his wife. Soon, however, it was announced through the lips of Mrs. Ford, "This is the control of spirits; and this control shall be a stepping-stone to a new belief in the Old Church. Fear nothing. All is well. Be not alarmed at what shall happen."

Mrs. Ford continued to be severely exercised by, and give communications from, what purported to be a great many spirits, both happy and unhappy, until Sunday. The family was kept up with her day and night, excited, alarmed, and anxious for her safety.

On the Sunday following Mrs. Ford's first manifestations, just as the people were coming out of the church, which is immediately by the door-yard of Mr. Ford's house, Mrs. Ford rushed into the yard, as if driven by some determined power, and at the top of her voice, screamed: "Water! water!" Mr. Ford was seized by the same power, and with his wife ran into the same yard, and screamed "water," too. Mrs. Ford's father and mother were moved by the same power, and did the same as Mrs. and Mr. Ford; then the two children, and the two servants—making eight persons in all, that were in Mr. Ford's yard, right in view and hearing of the congregation coming out of the church—all of them screaming as loud as they could, "Water! water! water!" This screaming continued for about fifteen minutes, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, contortions, grimaces, and expressions of joy and of suffering. It seemed as if all the noises ever heard, and motions ever made, were imitated by them. Nearly the whole of the congregation drew near and looked upon the strange phenomenon with wonder and amazement. It appeared evident that there was no volition exercised on the part of any member of this frenzied family. Each was moved to make these curious demonstrations before the public in such a time and place, by some power over which they held no control.

After about fifteen minutes, by the aid of some friends who came from the crowd of witnesses, Mrs. Ford was conveyed into the house, and was followed by the other members of her family. She then fell into a trance, and lay, to all appearance dead, for about one hour; after which she was controlled by a spirit that made her utter the most terrible oaths and curses. It may be proper here to say that Mrs. Ford has ever had a great horror of profane language, so much so that she desired to never have a man in her husband's employ that used a profane word. In fact, Mrs. Ford, in her conduct and life, has been a faithful Christian and a devoted wife. Here she is moved by, some power that she cannot keep off, to do that which is most repulsive and revolting to her desires and practices. Mr. Ford, the same as his wife, was made to utter oaths and curses, which in his normal condition he had never done, and had a great disgust of hearing.

Both Mr. Ford and his wife stand before the world in their moral and Christian lives without a blemish; but here comes upon them a power, to show to themselves and to the world that their own will does not control their lives, but that there is a wisdom and a power above human will and human desire. No matter if this revelation be made by scenes that are ridiculous and revolting, whereby the mighty, unrecognized, unacknowledged truth shall be made more impressive. Mr. Ford, his wife, and all the family, affirm that in these strange manifestations they had no control over their actions. Mr. Ford says that during this scene of affliction, he observed that his nearest friends stood the furthest aloof, while the poor and oppressed, came nearest to him and his family, and were first to give them friendly aid. A doctor was called, and pronounced the whole scene the manifestations of insanity.

Mrs. Ford continued to be under spirit influence. She would perform the most beautiful and difficult airs in music, of which she had no knowledge. Then she would use the most horrible oaths. She would utter in a clear and intelligible manner the most heavenly strains of thought; then her utterances would be jumbled, confused, and unintelligible. Spirits seemed to hold perfect control of her, and all grades seemed to have equal access to the use of her organism. In the course of a few hours all the family except Mrs. Ford, her father and mother, entirely recovered from this fit of "possession."

A consultation of doctors was held on the cases of Mrs. Ford, her father and mother, the decision of which was, that each was positively insane. Accordingly, the selectmen of the town caused them, on the ninth day of October, to be carried to the Insane Hospital. This was done against Mr. Ford's will, he being held, by order of the selectmen, (it being claimed by them that he was still insane,) while his wife was removed from the house.

Eight days after Mrs. Ford's father's removal to the hospital, he died, and his death was calm, happy, beautiful. Mrs. Ford's mother was discharged from the hospital on the 10th of November. Mrs. Ford is still in the hospital, and is still under spirit control. Mr. Ford is most devotedly attached to his wife, but he has not been permitted to see her since she was carried to the hospital, it being thought best by the hospital physicians to keep her for the present excluded from all her friends.

The whole family of Mr. Ford, excepting his wife, are now, entirely free from anything of the influence that occurred on the first Sunday of October. Mr. Ford is very anxious to have his wife restored to him, but seems willing to do that which is for the best. It is a question that should be decided by the best treatment for a case like that of Mrs. Ford's. Should she be at the hospital? or, should she be at home? Should she be treated by Spiritualists? or, should she be treated by Materialists?

Another question suggests itself at the present time with great force upon the minds of thinking men, viz: What is insanity? Does not Spiritualism open a new view of it, and give it a different definition from that of the old school? A. B. C.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The readers of the BANNER will be gratified to learn that our talented correspondent "O. B. P." (author of "Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-land") has again resumed the pen, and will furnish us for publication a series of essays entitled "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism." The first number will be found on our second page.

The subject for the consideration of the Conference, on Tuesday evening, at 14 Bromfield street, is, "The Relation of Intuition, Reason and Wisdom."

REDEMPTION OF SOILED POSTAGE STAMPS.—The post offices in Massachusetts chosen by Government as those at which soiled postage stamps will be redeemed, are those of Boston, Worcester, Lowell, New Bedford, Salem and Springfield.

Those who have no charity in their hearts, would be benefited, we think, by reading Mr. Loveland's lecture—"Charity vs. Justice"—on our eighth page.

The many friends of Miss Barbara L. Allen will be gratified to learn that this excellent medium has returned to Boston, and may be found, as formerly, at No. 10 Dover Place.

Fault-finders usually possess sour dispositions. If they would occasionally scrutinize their own souls, they would be less ready to discover notes in other people's eyes. We pity such unhappy individuals, but do not have the least desire to condemn them.

We are requested to state that Bro. S. J. Finney will attend the Quarterly Meeting to be held at Greensboro', Indiana, on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of January next.

"I have hit the nail on the head!" as the man said when he smashed his finger end with a hammer.

A wag has truly said, that if some men could come out of their coffins, and read the inscriptions on their tomb-stones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave.

A little Hibernian girl in Northampton a few days since, went into a grocery store and procured some articles, in payment for which she produced postage stamps. The man of trade took the stamps, and while examining one more minutely than the rest, the little girl spoke up promptly and said, "That's good, for we've washed all the black off."

Punch thinks it is a bad plan not to grumble—because the wheel isn't greased till it creaks.

Follow the laws of Nature, and you will never be poor—your wants will be but few. Follow the laws of the world and you will never be rich—your wants will never be satisfied.

If a beautiful young woman lets her heart sit upon her hips, the first enterprising young man she meets may kiss the sweet prize away.

GEN. BUTLER'S BARBARISM.—The English papers delight to expatiate upon Gen. Butler's "barbarism." During the week ending November 15th, food was distributed in his department, and by his order, to 5839 families of British birth, comprising over 17,000 persons. That is more than half of the whole number he had to relieve. Will the Lancashire millionaires make a note of the fact?

THE FIFTEEN INCH GUNS.—Five of the new ironclads, the Nahant, Passaic, Montauk, Weehawken and Patapsco, are to have fifteen inch guns, which throw a four hundred and fifty pound ball. The effect on a fortress cannot even be imagined. An officer states it as his belief that if one of these shots should strike a block of buildings length ways, it would sweep them away like so much chaff. As a one hundred and twenty, or at most a two hundred pounder, is the largest shot ever fired from a ship, the first discharges of the new Monitor guns will give more information to the world than months of experimenting.

One gets an appalling idea of the sacrifices that have already been made to the Moloch of Rebellion, by an official return of the Surgeon-General at Richmond, who states that up to the present time one hundred thousand sick and wounded soldiers have been received in the hospitals of that city! From these examples one may form a conception of the enormous havoc that the war has made in the Southern population.

The American General Ward, lately killed in the service of the Chinese Government, was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and only 31 years old. His career has been adventurous and very romantic. He was a Lieutenant in the French Army during the Crimean War. He is said to have accumulated a property worth \$200,000, since he has been in China.

Is a soldier supposed to be raw, until he has been exposed to fire?

To be called a fool is bad enough; but a stutterer makes the thing worse by calling you a foo-foo-foo!

If a man slaps your face you knock him down; but you never think of resenting a smack on the lip from a woman.

Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door to show us those we love.

Nine out of every ten horsemen start in their seat whenever a horse shies, and then the horse is either by whip or spur driven up to the object. This makes horses look at any singular object with more nervousness, for they expect a thrashing at the same moment. The rider should neither shy himself, nor notice it in his horse; and far less punish him.

"Charley," said a father to his little son on Christmas day, "what did you find in your stockings this morning?" "Flnd, father!" replied the hopeful, "why, I found a big hole." The father gave the boy a cent.

GOOD SAMARITANS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says: "Since the return of Mrs. Lincoln from New York she has resumed her daily Good Samaritan visits to the various hospitals, by which during last summer she gladdened the hearts of many brave fellows who had been wounded in the cause of their country."

Mrs. Caleb B. Smith, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, in connection with other Washington ladies, is preparing to give a Christmas dinner to all the sick and wounded soldiers in Washington. Their number now exceeds twenty-five thousand, and a large outlay will of course be required.

A soldier having a large sized six-shooter in his hands, was asked, "Pray, sir, is that a horse pistol?" "No, sir," he replied, "it is only a Colt's."

In proportion as a man loves his wife he becomes celestial.—Swedenborg.

Mrs. F. W. Lander, widow of the lamented General Lander, has been appointed Lady Superintendent of Hospitals in the Department of the South, and will soon proceed with her mother to Fort Royal, S. C., to enter upon the discharge of her duties.

A girl desirous of matrimony received from her mistress a twenty dollar bill as her marriage gift. Her mistress desired to see the object of Susan's favor, and a diminutive fellow, swarthy as a Moor and ugly as an ape, made his appearance. "Oh, Susan!" said the mistress, "how small! what a strange choice you made!" "La, ma'am," answered Sue, "in such hard times as these, when all the tall and handsome fellows are off to the war, what more of a man than this could you expect for twenty dollars?"

People may like and respect each other extremely, yet not suit; even as two good tunes are not always capable of being harmonized.

### Obituary Notices.

ANOTHER ANGEL IN HEAVEN. HELEN A. BAKER, aged 13 years, left the earthly form on the 9th ult., at the home of her father, Cushing Baker, in Quincy. They mourn the loss of her mortal presence, but rejoice in the knowledge of her spirit being still with them. Transplanted to bloom in "those everlasting gardens where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens."

Passed to Spirit-life, from his residence in Madison, Wis., on the morning of Nov. 12th, 1862, IRA AUSTIN, in his 61st year.

The funeral sermon was preached by Mrs. C. F. Dodge, trance-speaker. Text: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

In the announcement of the departure to the Spirit-world from Westbrook, Me., of MARY FRANCES, wife of MELVILLE G. CRAM, her age was printed wrong—it should have been 23 years.

BRUSSELS TAPESTRY CARPETS FOR \$71.25 CENTS. Balance of Invoyces of these goods were sold at old prices. Also, 3-ply, Kidderminster and Ingrains, purchased at the auction trade sales in New York before the advance in prices. Also, all cloths at manufacturers' prices. Also, Royal Medallions and Velvets of English production, all of which are selling at much under the market rates, by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY, 75 HANOVER STREET.

CARPETS. Having placed in store a large stock of Carpets from the auction trade sales in New York, previous to the great advance in prices, we are now offering all grades at much less than the ruling rates. NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY, 75 HANOVER STREET.

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CARPETS. There can be no one fact place at which to select your Carpets. Large assortment—low prices—correct representations—no deviations from prices—terms cash. On the principles embodied in the above phrases a large trade and satisfactory to all concerned, is carried on by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY, 75 HANOVER STREET.

1,000 pieces Tapestry Brussels, of English manufacture, from the late auction trade sales in New York, now selling at much under price by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET COMPANY, 75 HANOVER STREET.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

### CONSUMPTION,

### DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, of 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J., has lately published a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL PREPARATIONS," which is considered one of the most useful productions of modern times. Accompanying this is a prescription for the permanent eradication of Fits and Dyspepsia. It also gives a new method of curing Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Liver Complaints, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Obstructed Coughs, &c. Both Treatise and Prescription will be sent free to all who will address the author, as above, enclosing a stamp for return postage.

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Letters of inquiry must contain three letter stamps to insure attention.

Nov. 27

UNION SOCIABLES

AT LYCEUM HALL.

THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will

commence at Lyceum Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVEN-

ING, November 27th, and continue every Wednesday even-

ing through the season.

Tickets, 50 cents; single tickets, 75 cents. En-

cro by Bond's Quadrille Band. Dancing to commence at

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Nov. 1

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in those whose age or debility demand the use of Spectacles.

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Diarrhoea, Catarrh, Sleeplessness,

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restored her own sight, and also that of others. Sufficient

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Nov. 23

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### PUBLICATIONS

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BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE.

The following works are by A. B. Child, M. D.:

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Davis. \$1.00.

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ple. (A Sequel to the Penitential.) \$1.00.

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Dealings with the Dead; The Human Soul, its Migra-

tions and its Trans-Migration. By F. B. Randolph. 75

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The Spiritualist's School Class Book. No. 1. 25

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Twenty Discourses on Religion, Morals, Philosophy and

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**INTERVIEWERS WITH SUPERIOR PEOPLE.**—It is the great event of life to find, and, know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints on earth. Such a one is felt to be as the gods are. In all the superior persons we have met, I noticed directness, simplicity, truth spoken more truly, as everything like obstruction and misalignment had been trained away. What have they to contend? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a perfect understanding. They recognize at sight and meet on better ground than the talents or skill they chase to possess, namely, on their sincerity.







## CHARITY VS. JUSTICE.

Lectures by J. S. Loveland, before the Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, December 14, 1892.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The lecturer announced as his topic, *Charity vs. Justice*, and quoted the following passage from Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, for his text: "What a mournful moment is that in which society withdraws itself, and passes up a thinking being forever!"

This passage refers to the sentences of the criminal law. The author says, in the sentence preceding this, "In our civilization there are fearful horrors: such are those when the criminal law pronounces shipwreck upon a man." Though written more especially in reference to the penal inflictions of civil law, yet the same principle is, if possible, more potential in those penalties which society imposes in its social code. Justice is professedly rendered in both these ways. But what is Justice? What is Charity? Are they opposed, or in harmony? The common notion is, that they are opposed to each other; that they war with each other continually. Now is there justice in those inflictions? You condemn Moses—you pretend that his code is barbarous. What was justice, according to Moses? "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." That is, you impose the same injury upon the wrong doer that he has inflicted upon another. This you say is retaliation—is the very essence of barbarism—it is not justice. Well, what is? Your acts shall answer. When your fellow has spoiled you of one tooth, you knock out all the teeth he has. When he has slightly injured one of your eyes, you put out both of his, and make him blind. When he has stolen twenty dollars, you put him in prison for years, and place on him the mark of infamy, which clings to him all his life.

In the social jurisprudence it is to condemn to perpetual exclusion the hapless victim who has, or has been reported to have, offended against the law of custom. "Society withdraws itself and gives up a thinking being forever." It digs a gulf impassable between itself and its victims. And this you call justice. Charity is a softening of this sternness. How? When, through misfortune, your brother becomes poor, your human instincts will hardly allow him to starve in the street, and, therefore, you build a pauper house, in some out of the way place, and hire some one to take care of these outcasts, for paupers are cast out from all the ordinary enjoyments of social life. Society sometimes, in its representations, goes and inspects these paupers, as it would the barns of its horses and cattle—to see that, as animals, they are comfortable. In some rare instances, the religion of the day sends a minister to preach to them, as well as a sermon. This, you call charity. When some one has trespassed upon the social notions, and become sinful—criminal in the social code, you pity them, and read them a very pathetic lecture upon moral reform, and this, also, you call charity! Through all the ramifications of social life, we find the same principle and practice in constant manifestation. Justice is only the vengeful inflictions of excited justice, while charity is only the momentary overflow of excited sentimentality. Of justice and charity as absolute principles, few have even dreamed. But if there be a Divine Personality, whom men have called God, possessing perfect wisdom and power, then must all principles tend to the same end. Justice and charity must be tending to some ultimate result, and that the welfare of man.

Absolute justice is the eternal law of sequence, which binds in irrevocable union cause and effect, and their consequences, means and ends. As are the acts of men, so are the results. If evil, or pain-causing, the result will be pain to the evil doer. Action and reaction are equal in the moral, as in the natural world, and the force of evil in man, acting upon others in pain inflictions, will come back in painfulness upon the evil doer. This is the first movement of justice, but it is not the final end; for, if so, then justice would be vengeance. But it—the reactive force of evil upon the doer—is the means to a higher end—the enlightenment and salvation of man. All experience enlightens man. That of pain shows him the evilness of sin, the folly of sin, and thus becomes a mighty power to aid in the upward path of Progress.

Charity is love, good will to all men. Charity is essential goodness. Charity belongs to the spirit. It never stoops, for it is never puffed up with self-righteous conceit. It is low as the lowest and high as the highest, for it regards all humanity as on the same broad plane of equality. Charity knows nothing of the discriminations of earth. The spirit is spirit, man is man, irrespective of all the accidents of his conditions. Charity has no fault to find with justice, but treats man as man all the same, in one condition as another. Thus charity works in harmony with all other potencies in the universe of soul. Charity does not sinper and cry, when man suffers for his follies. It never pities, but ever loves. It is ever sentimentally whines over all sufferings. It is never tender to all men, at all times. It shows the same face in the storm as in the sunshine—to the criminal as to the devotee. It harmonizes with justice. One reveals the ill and hell of earth and evil, the other discloses the peace and charm of heaven. Both are saviors.

Do we need to be just? Are we in want of charity? Let us see what is justice and charity of the present doers. Suspicion breathes forth its dark thought against some man, or woman, and busy slander, on wings of eager swiftness, bears the blighting poison far and wide. It may be true, it may be false—it matters not which—the effects are, in many respects, the same. The social man rises up. He assumes the awful attitude of accuser, judge, jury and executioner. The individual is tried and sentenced. Society casts him out of its pale, and passes him as a dog, or a serpent. He must seek companionship with those cast out before him, or wander in the dark isolation of loneliness. The individual asks of society love and respect; he meets with hate and contempt. He demands instruction; society reads him its lesson in silent scorn, or bitter invective and denunciation. It turns to him its dark and bitter side, and he learns hate therefrom. Or, perhaps, in grief and despair he pines away the sorrowful years of his earthly life. May be despair breaks out in moral madness, and takes insane delight in outraging all the feelings of society. In either case, the good which man can do to his fellow is not done to the social criminal. But is all the evil visited on the victim? By no means. Remember, you have as far as possible cast out a soul. That soul is rich with immortal wealth. The crime you allege against its earthly investiture did not injure any one. It was a crime against a tradition of the hoary past. It was—that is, if there is any sin at all—the sin of a single passion, and you punish the whole man, and in so doing punish yourselves. The man you punish is wise, but you have exiled his wisdom. You have looked it up in his own bosom. You have thrown away the only key—charity—which can unlock that treasure and make it inure to your welfare.

To-day society is poor and lean because it has banished so many from its pale of charity. But supposing it is found impossible to carry out absolutely these vengeful edicts of the social man, that some members rebel, still though the evil is modified it is not destroyed. You have made acquaintances, you have contracted friendships, and you go to see and greet those friends. The slanderer has been there and retailed poison-truth, or falsehood, and charity has fled. You see the change. You are too grieved or too proud to ask the cause, and go away like the wounded deer, to weep and bleed in silence. Your disappointment is sore and bitter. Where none are perfect you are condemned for a single lapse, or for a suspected one.

We see, then, how individuals and how society suffer for lack of charity, for want of justice. The justice of to-day and that of the past outrages and

hardens. Its charity enfeebles and emasculates society of the manly vigor of charity. In the ways we have indicated, and many more, do we groan and suffer for lack of these saviors of man. Away, then, with our sickly, puling, sentimental sympathy which builds the mis-called benevolent institutions of to-day and apes the name of charity, and instead, seek the development of that charity which feels and acts the equal brotherhood of man. Down with that vengeance which rewards evil with evil and hundred fold, and implacably sits on the throne of justice, and inaugurate in its stead that rectitude which sits far removed from the revenges of earthly passion, and in the immaculateness of its holiness allows each soul to punish itself to the limit of its just desert, and to the end of its own rectification and happiness.

## EVENING LECTURE.

## CRIME AND ITS CURE.

With God there is no crime; with man there is. Crime does not displease God, but it does man. God is in the darkest crime as in the highest possible holiness. He is equally pleased in either case. Both harmonize equally with his attributes—they are only different sides of the same deity. There can be no sin, no crime against God; there can be against man. But what is crime? How can it be cured? Crime is sin in action. Sin is selfishness. Selfishness, as we showed last Sunday, is an attribute of the earthy or semi-animal part of man's present constitution. The animal is necessarily and divinely selfish. All its appetites centre in self.

So far as man is dominated by selfishness, he is sinful to the feelings of the spiritual nature. There is only self-love in such persons. Selfish men and women may say they love you, and may think they do, but it is not so. They love themselves, as the animal does, and they regard you with fondness as a medium or means for their own gratification. And however far away from self their love may seem to be, rest assured that self is the real object. To the unspiritual this seems entirely right—they know no higher law than selfishness.

Whence comes the feeling of selfishness? It comes through growth. The infant has no conscious intellect. It is born as the child grows in age. But when far grown in intellect it still has no consciousness of its spiritual and immortal nature. Nor has it conscience in the just sense of the word.

Psychological impressions may have been made upon the mind, so that God is feared; and sin against him, which is an impossibility, is also feared. And this fear is falsely termed conscience. But, sooner or later, man becomes spiritually conscious—feels the motions of the awakened spiritual and immortal. Then begins the inward strife, the spirit strives with the flesh, and the flesh lusts against the spirit. The flesh, selfishness, says this is the best way; but conscience, or the spirit, protests, and will not be silent. The spirit is universal, the animal is the special, particular. The spirit is unselfish. The race is one. When the Biographies of those who have wrestled in agony to conquer sin is read, we may ridicule, but it is real, and every one must pass through it, sooner or later. It is the spirit's struggle to escape from its selfish surroundings. It feels, for a time, implicated in the sins of the earthy nature.

We have said that God could not be sinned against, for God cannot be injured. Man, as a complex being, can be injured. He can be made to suffer pain. His person or his possessions may be injured by his fellow. So also the good name he bears may be falsely impeached. Men do injure their brethren in all these ways. Why do they cause pain to others?

What is the source, or cause of sin? This question has been partly answered in the definitions already given. The ignorant selfishness of immature humanity inevitably sins. But there are other things to be considered in elucidating the causes of crime, in the present stages of human progress. The two great exciting causes are repression and want. Religion, which is, in its present state, the result of the imperfectly developed reason, seeking to interpret the spiritual instincts, has for ages demanded the stern repression of the semi-animal passions of man. These passions or appetites have their normal or healthy demands, and are holy when not exceeding that standard. Religion, however, demands. Man must fast—must afflict his body to save his soul. This repression runs all through our social life. The very innocence of childhood is perverted and poisoned. Boys and girls must sit apart in school, and, formerly, the great punishment of the school was to seat one with the other. What is the result? After awhile the repressed socialities and passions burst all barriers, and thousands of prostitutes and throngs of libertines walk your streets and churches every day. So of gaming, drinking, religion, and other ways in which men are said to sin. The once pious New England is now extremely infidel. The most severely pious parents have most ungodly children. Action and reaction are equal. Depress below the normal standard, and excess—extremism will follow. This is a most potential cause of sin and wrong. What is twin brother to repression.

English statistics show that four-fifths of the thefts in London can be traced directly to absolute want. No doubt this will be found true everywhere. It will be very difficult to make any man a thief when all his necessities are fully met. A happy man never commits a crime. An unhappy man can never be considered safe. Wants unset create unhappiness. Vigorous, pulsing life repressed, and denied expression has the same result, and powerfully excites to crime. A careful dissection of our social condition will show these intimately related causes, to be the grand exponents of criminal conduct.

But how does society propose to cure crime? Astonishing as it may seem, it essays the cure by the very same means which produce it—repression and want. Nor has Society as a whole, or the Church as its leader, any other means. Thoroughly analyzed, every pretence is resolved into one of these two methods. The criminal law takes away man's liberty, his time, and consequently robs him of his pleasures, and his means of living. For stealing a few dollars, it takes years of time, and gives the man no reward. It feeds him coarsely, and clothes him in a garb of infamy, and at last turns him out a pauper, or nearly so, upon the cold and bitter contempt of that society which provided the means for his torture. The criminal feels outraged. There is no proportion between his crime and punishment. He has taken pennies, he is robbed of pounds. He has done a small injury to his fellow, one so enormous is imposed on him that he reels and staggers under his great agony. His crime has not harmed the good name of the injured, while he is branded with the mark of Cain. His disgraces cling to him. Society has injured him, and will not forgive. He is told that an example must be made of him, so that others may be deterred from crime, he falls to see the justice of injuring him that someone else may possibly be benefitted. All the powers bearing on him stir up the earthy, selfish nature, and he learns to hate mankind, and leaves his cell hardened and bitter, a worse man than when he entered.

You have notoured him. You have followed him as though actuated by implacable hate, and he hates in return. You have repressed his social nature in every possible way. You have confined him alone in his cell. You have not allowed him to even speak to his fellow. You have isolated him from the saving influence of woman's smile and love. No word of his can reach a loving soul, till some cold-hearted official has read and licensed it. You pretend to give him religious instruction, but it is only adding insult to injury. It is wonderful that the once criminal, usually continues such? The Democratic maxim is, that that people is governed best which is governed least. In other words, where there is the least outside repression, there will crime be least. The framers of the Constitution of the United States recognized the same principle, when they prohibited cruel and unusual punishments for crimes. Such punishments produce cruel and unnatural crimes.

But it is possible that we, who have been learning

In this school of wondrous mental manifestations for these twelve or more years past, have not learned better the philosophy of crime and its cure? Have we not learned that we cannot shut up hate in a prison? That the magnetic forces go forth and act upon other persons, stimulating them to do the deeds of hate which the convict can only wish to do? How vain, then, to oppose evil to evil, hate to hate. It is the animal warring with itself, and it only devours itself in so doing. Crime can never be cured by punishment. By punishing men, we keep their selfishness in extreme activity, and these life-emanations, going out from so vast a number of criminals, flow into minds susceptible, and thus crime is multiplied and perpetuated.

To cure crime we must strike at the exciting causes. We must take off all the unnatural forms of repression, and prevent all want. The sad failures of the past admonish us to this course. Men will seek for external stimulation so long as their spirits are depressed. No man seeks the stimulus of alcohol unless some form of want impels him thereto. Parents, brothers, sisters, or wife fall in their great duty, and man becomes a drunkard. The real temperance reform is yet to begin. So long as multitudes are pinched with want, crime will prevail. They must be bread. They must have more than bread, for it is written, "man shall not live by bread alone." The social wants are as imperative as others. The social man must supply the individual man's wants, in a measure, or else suffer the consequences in his wrong acts. The least society can do is to take off its iron heel of repression from its members. Do you say this is Socialism? Well, so be it. Thank heaven for Socialism, if it reveals the true way to cure crime. Our theme leads us to the great idea of human unity. I am not a man of one idea; but there is one idea—the unity and brotherhood of man—which is the central sun of my philosophy, around which all else revolves.

It is in its light that all the problems of human weal and destiny must be solved. The naturalness of charity—its harmony with justice—is clearly seen. How evident the method of curing crime! Evil is to be overcome with good. Evil done to another is injury to all men, instead of one. Will we learn the lesson? Can we longer continue to render evil for evil? Look for a moment at the heart of the criminal—the real criminal. It is a frightful web to feel that others have ceased to respect us—that our once friends have ceased to love us. Still, man can brave this—can endure it. But there is one whose wrong he cannot brook—whose respect he cannot cheaply forfeit. That one is himself. The criminal has ceased to respect himself—he hates himself, as well as others. He writhes and groans in agonizing torture. Hell is kindled within him. The undying worm gnaws away all his hopes and joys. Will you add fuel to the fire? Will you whet sharper the fang which tortures him? Forbid it, Heaven. May the inspiration of the wise and holy of life's highest heaven aid us to learn and work aright.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## DEATH, HEAVEN, PROGRESSION.

BY D. H. HAMILTON.

Death has no power to bring us heaven—  
It dwells with all the pure;  
A change of worlds brings heaven, nor hell.  
But finds us there, as here.

There must be just as many heavens  
As there are grades of men;  
No two on earth are just alike,  
Nor will they be so then.

Progression proves a growing heaven,  
As men unfold within;  
Heaven above heaven keeps rising,  
As goodness conquers sin.

Good and evil, it is certain,  
Are but terms which we may use,  
To represent the soul's progression,  
As it onward, upward moves.

Thus 't will be for countless ages—  
Higher good will be possessed,  
But the ladder which we climb on,  
Will be left for all the rest.

Leicester, Me.

## Answering Sealed Letters.

For the reason that mediums for answering sealed letters are continually changing their residences, thus subjecting those who desire in this way to communicate with their spirit friends to much trouble and uncertainty, we have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer letters of this class. The terms are one dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington street, Boston.

## Notice.

The Vermont Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists will convene at Bridgewater, on the first Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of January, 1893. It is hoped that amid the din of war and turmoil of conflicting elements, that enough of the spiritual can claim its identity, to induce all lovers of reform, who can make it convenient to attend, that we may have a soul-cheering season, giving and receiving.

Good accommodations can be had among the friends, and at a good hotel near the church, for all who will attend. Speakers in and out of the State are cordially invited to assist in and partake of the feast. Bro. Austin E. Simmons, and Sisters Horton, Wiley, and Works, are expected to be present.

CHARLES WALKER, I. E. POWERS,  
NAPHEA LAMB, G. W. TOPPITT,  
J. E. WILKS, MYRON M. RIMICK,  
G. W. RAYMOND, E. B. WILKS,  
I. M. HOIT,  
Bridgewater, Nov. 29, 1892.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold a Three days' Meeting in Uncle Seth Hinshaw's New Hall in Greensboro, Henry Co., Ind., commencing on Friday, Jan. 2, 1893, and continuing over the following Sunday. All who desire the good of the race, and are willing to cast in their mite toward the removal of the accumulated abuses of Creeds and Priests which have been manifested in all the departments of Religious, Political and Social Life, are invited to come up to our free meeting, which embraces a platform so large and liberal, that all who are inclined of every name, kind or creed, can be heard. It is designed to resolve the meeting into a kind of Thanksgiving Celebration. In joyful anticipation of the fruits which the friends of liberty and the rights of man are expecting as the result of the President's Emancipation Proclamation.

By order of Committee, I. H. HILL,  
Knightstown, Dec. 10th, 1892.

## Notice.

Warren Chase may be engaged to lecture in New England for several Sundays between January and May by writing him soon at Taunton, where he speaks all of December, and in Providence in January. He will spend May in central New York, near Syracuse, when the four Sundays of that month may also be engaged by early application.

Association of Spiritualists Teachers.

The "Association of Spiritualists Teachers" will hold their second Quarterly Meeting at the Hall, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 6, 7, 8, 1893.  
F. L. WADSWORTH, Cor. Sec'y.

The Spiritual Sunday School Class-Book.

This little book is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, 25 cents; see advertisement.

## NOTIONS OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TAUNTON ST., (opposite head of South street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2 1/2 and 7 p. m. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Annie Davis Townsend, Jan. 18 and 25; Mrs. M. S. Kingsbury, Jan. 14 and 21; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, Jan. 14 and 21.

CONFERENCE HALL, 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every afternoon and evening. Every arrangement is made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seats free.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 28.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.; Leo Miller, Esq., Feb. 1 and 8.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists in this city have removed from West Hill where they met so long, to the church corner of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will continue their Sunday services, afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 6 1/2 p. m. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Dec. 28; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Jan. 4 and 11; Mrs. A. A. Curtis, Jan. 18 and 25; Mr. A. E. Simmons, Feb. 1 and 8; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury, Dec. 14 and 21; Miss Lizzie Olsen, March 1 and 8.

CHICOPPEE, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Anna M. Middlebrook, December 28; N. Frank White, Jan. 20 and 27; Miss Lizzie Olsen, during February.

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

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon, at 10 o'clock, and evening at 7 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Speaker for Dec. Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury for Dec.; Warren Chase for January.

## LIST OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call attention to the BANNER. Lecturers will be careful to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

Mrs. ANNIE DAVIS SMITH will speak in Boston, December 28.

Miss LIZZIE DOWEN will lecture in Philadelphia through Dec. Address, care of Banner of Light.

Miss EMMA HARRINGTON will lecture in Springfield, Mass., in January, and will receive applications for lectures near New York City. Address, Lexington Avenue, 82 door above 524 street, New York.

H. B. STORER, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Rye, Jan. 7 and 14. He may be secured for Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 30 Pleasant street, Boston.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Marblehead, December 28; in Taunton, Jan. 4; in Randolph, Jan. 11; in Boston, Jan. 18 and 25; in North Andover, Feb. 1 and 8; and in Philadelphia, Pa., in May.

Mrs. E. A. KINGSBURY will lecture in Moriah, N. Y., Dec. 21; in Ludlow, Vt., Dec. 28; in Bridgewater, Jan. 4; in Reading, Jan. 11.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Quincy, December 28; in Taunton, Jan. 4 and 11; in Chicopee, Jan. 18 and 25; in Putnam, N. Y., during Feb.; in Philadelphia in March; in Chicago May 1 and 8.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Taunton, four Sundays in Dec.; in Providence, R. I., during January. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. QUINER will speak in North Haverhill, N. H., Dec. 28. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

A. H. DAVIS has returned from his lecturing tour to his home in North Andover, Mass., and will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, or on Monday or Tuesday, at any place within thirty or forty miles from Boston. Address as above.

Miss EMMA HARRINGTON will lecture in Bangor, Me., until Feb. 13. Those wishing to engage her services week evenings or Sundays after that date, can address her there.

Miss MARTHA L. BROWTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Somers, Conn., December 28; in Stamford, Conn., Jan. 4 and 11. Will answer calls to lecture during the winter. Address at New Haven, care of George Rockwith. Reference, H. B. Storer, Boston.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Bradford, Me., Dec. 28; in Exeter, the first Sunday in January. Address as above or Livermore Falls, Me.

LEO MILLER will speak in Springfield, Mass., the four Sundays in Dec.; in Putnam, Conn., the two first Sundays in Jan.; in Taunton, Mass., the two first Sundays in Feb. Mr. Miller will make engagements in New England for the last of Jan., and the last of Feb.; also through the month of March. Address as above, or Springfield, Mass.

R. S. OSWELL will lecture during the winter in Western New York. He is willing to visit places where lectures on the Sabbath, or on Monday or Tuesday, at any place within thirty or forty miles from Boston. Address as above.

Mrs. MARY MAUGHAN WOOD will lecture in Putnam, Conn., the last Sunday in Dec. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

ANNE LORE CHAMBERLAIN, Musical medium, may be addressed at Richmond, Me. until further notice.

Mrs. E. A. KINGSBURY will speak in Providence, R. I., during Dec.; in Lowell, Feb. 14 and 21. Address accordingly.

Mrs. LAURA DEFOREST GORDON will lecture in Portland, Me., during Dec. Address, care of box 403, in Lowell, Mass., Jan. 4 and 11; at Providence, R. I., during Feb. Address as above.

L. E. COONEY, trance speaker, will lecture in Cleveland, O., in Dec. Will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly. Mrs. S. A. Cooney will be addressed at Newburyport, Mass., until further notice.

W. K. DIXLEY will speak in Portland, Me., during January. Address, as above, or box 505, Bangor, Me.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN will lecture in Milwaukee Wis., the last two Sundays in Jan. She will, in desired, speak in the vicinity of Milwaukee on week day evenings. She may be addressed Waikanae, Ill.

J. M. ALLEN, N. Y. Bridgewater, Mass., inspirational lecturer, will answer calls to lecture in Plymouth and adjoining counties.

Mrs. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS, of Lowell, Mass., will receive calls to lecture in towns in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermont. Address East Westmoreland, N. H.

Geo. A. PRINCE, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak to the friends of Spiritualism in towns in the vicinity of his home, occasionally, if the friends of the cause request, for two or three months, or till further notice.

Mrs. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to lecture on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Pennsylvania or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired. Address, care of James Doolittle, or H. B. Storer, Boston.

Mrs. R. E. FARNER will answer calls to lecture abroad two Sundays in each month. Is engaged the remainder of the time in Berlin and Omro. Post office address, box 14, Berlin, Wisconsin.

J. S. LOVELAND, will answer calls to lecture. Address, for the present, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 87 Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lecture.

P. L. WADSWORTH, care of A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, N. Y.

Mrs. C. M. Brown may be addressed till further notice, care of T. J. Freeman, Esq., Milwaukee, Wis.

CHAS. T. IRISH's address for a few weeks is Lynday, Conn. He will receive calls to lecture in the neighboring towns.

M. A. HUNTER, M. D., will receive calls to lecture. Address, box 200, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. H. B. BURNHAM BURNHAM may be addressed at Worcester, Mass., care of James Doolittle.

W. W. WEAVER is lecturing on Geology and General Reform Address for the Fall and Winter, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

L. JUD PARRIS, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

Mrs. MARY A. RYKER, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BURNHAM, 37 Spring st., Cambridge, Mass.

Rev. STEPHEN FELLOWS, Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. J. B. BURNHAM, Plymouth, Mass.

B. J. BURTT, Hopkinton, Mass.

Wm. F. WHITMAN, trance speaker, Athol Depot, Mass.

ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

N. B. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.

Miss B. A. BURNHAM, Plymouth, Mass.

## New Books.

## A BOOK FOR MEN AND WOMEN!

## LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION;

## OR,

## Marriage as it Is, and Marriage as it

## Should be,

## PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

## BY CHARLES S. WOODRUFF, M. D.

## IN THIS NEW VOLUME the people have a want met

which has already wrought up the world. Sin and unhappiness are the fruit of ignorance; one need no longer be ignorant, if he will take this little book and make its facts his own.

All wrong notions and delusions about Marriage are here explained away and exploded. The matter—so momentous to every person living—is made clear and plain; stripped of its mockeries and glosses; presented just as it lies in every one's comprehension; and its profound principles to every one's comprehension; and its profound principles to every one's comprehension; and its profound principles to every one's comprehension.

The author rests his statements and conclusions wholly on Nature, unwilling either to thwart her plans or neglect her suggestions. He shows that marriage makes more people actually wretched than happy, because it is not sought with an understanding of the right principles. He proves the utter selfishness and unworthiness of too many marriages, and charges them with woe and sorrow. And he demonstrates very conclusively that, if society would redeem itself and become fresh and new, it must apply itself to this most important of all topics first of all. Marriage, in his opinion, is something more than a co-partnership, or simply an agreement between two persons to try to live together without quarrelling. It must be a holy of love, or it is a failure.

Everybody will receive benefit from the bright pages of this book.

Price 75 cents. For sale at this Office. If Nov. 29.

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